

NOTHING LOST.

Not every glistering pearl of dew Like rich set jewel finds a rest Upon a rose or, nesting dove...

THROUGH OTHER EYES.

The Story of One Who Bore His Burden Cheerfully.

He had been sent by one of the large downtown stores to lay a carpet in the spare bedroom. He whistled merrily in the intervals when his mouth was not full of tacks...

The young mistress of the house had come into the room and was watching him from the window seat, the only available resting place in the room.

She watched the man in moody silence. Why did he take any interest in his occupation? How could he be happy when for him the future evidently contained nothing but work?

"Have you a large family of children?" "No children at all, ma'am, and I guess it's a blessing I haven't, the way things have turned out," he replied cheerfully.

"You have had some trouble in supporting yourself, then, I conclude?" "Myself? Gracious! It wouldn't be any trouble to provide for myself. Anything's good enough for me. But, you see, all my life long I've had somebody on my hands to take care of. I was just a small kid, though I was the oldest of five, when my father died. Then mother said:

"Joe, you are a little fellow, but you must do what you can to support the other children." And so I went to work, and you might say I never was a child from that minute. Then mother she married again, because she thought it would be better for our children, she said. My stepfather was a good hearted man, but my mother she was not so kind to the river after...

"Then Aunt Jane, my stepfather's oldest sister, came from Iowa on a visit. She was considerably drawn up with rheumatism, and she said she thought the trip would do her good. That was ten years ago, and she is with us yet."

"Why, you have no right to support her. She is not related to you in the slightest degree."

"That's so; but, then, she ain't related to my brothers and sisters either, so they couldn't be expected to take her. She has no money, no other relatives of her own and no place else to go. Naturally I've got to look after her. She'd be a heap more agreeable, though, if she was not so cranky and fond of finding fault. If the tea is green, she says it's black, and if it's black she says it's green, and so on. But, then, we all have our faults." He placed a tack on the edge of the carpet and hammered it in.

"I should think any home would be unpleasant that contained such a woman," remarked the mistress of the house when the noise of the hammer had subsided.

awkward on the floor." And he chuckled softly.

The last tack was in now. He stood up and surveyed his work with an expression of satisfaction and then began to gather up his tools.

"Tell me about your marriage and what it is that makes you so happy," said the mistress of the house persuasively.

He seemed quite willing to comply with her request. He slipped on his threadbare coat, and, leaning, tall and ungainly, against the doorpost, he folded his arms and began half apologetically:

"I know very well that I hadn't ought to marry, there being circumstances in life when a man has no right to think of his own comfort. The rest all took it for granted that I'd never marry, and I always said I wouldn't. But that was before I'd seen Lizzie."

"She was all alone in the world, poor little thing, and worked in a restaurant down town. I couldn't afford to take many meals at restaurants, as you may guess, but I used to drop into that one sometimes and order a doughnut and a cup of coffee. If I couldn't get a seat at Lizzie's table, I could watch her wait on other people, and even that was worth a good deal."

"You considered her pretty, of course?" "Yes, ma'am, as a picture. You'd never see a prettier complexion nor clearer blue eyes nor nicer hair, of a light color and soft as a child's, and her hands were little bits of white hands, like a born lady's. She had such a kind look on her face, too, and wearing her white apron, always so spick and span clean, and that little white cap she looked like an angel to me, though I expect angels don't ever wear aprons and caps."

"I don't know, I don't, indeed, how I ever mustered up courage enough to ask a girl like that to marry me, but I did, and she said 'Yes,' though I was a good deal older than she was and was poor and nothing to look at. Then there came the dread of telling the folks at home. I know most well that they wouldn't like it, and they didn't. Father and mother were both awful huffy about it, and Aunt Jane was just wrothy; said she'd always known that men were selfish, but she hadn't thought that even I could be so bad as to take the bread out of my own family's mouths to give to a stranger, a silly girl, she said, who'd flaunt round and put all my wages on her own back."

"Well, I did feel a little guilty when they called me selfish, and I could understand just how they felt about it, but I lost my temper and made Aunt Jane keep quiet when she began on Lizzie."

"After we were married—that was four years ago—my wife wanted to keep right on in her old place, but I wouldn't hear to it. I'd married her to take care of her, and I was going to do it if I worked my fingers to the bone. But she was such a good housekeeper and fine manager that she saved money out of what I gave her for the butcher and groceryman, and we just had loads of pleasure on what she saved. Saturday she'd fix a lunch in a basket, and when my work was done we'd meet some place and go to Lincoln park, where we'd have a little picnic all to ourselves, and sometimes we'd take a trip to Cheltenham or even go as far as Pullman. In the winter we sometimes went to the theatre—not the expensive ones where they cut and slash around in grand style, but to the 30 cent shows, where they come out and sing and dance."

"It wasn't reasonable to expect that such luxury and happiness could last long, and it didn't. Lizzie was taken sick and had to go to the hospital, and there were weeks and weeks of misery for her and for me. When she came out, she was like a little ghost, and, though her eyes were as pretty as ever, she couldn't see out of them any more."

"His voice faltered, and his listener said sympathetically: "That was very sad for both of you." "The doctors gave us a little hope, but told us not to build too much on it. They said that, as her blindness was caused by a surgical operation and not by a disease of the eye itself, she might get her sight back some time and suddenly."

"She must have led a miserable life all day with the old people, and 'em so fretful and she all in the dark, but the little woman never complained. When I'd ask her about it, she'd beg me not to talk about her, but to tell what I'd seen during the day. And I used to tell her of the fine houses I'd been in and of the ladies I'd seen and describe what they had on, though I don't think I could write for a fashion book. I'd tell her the funny things that happened to make her laugh, and as I don't see much really being always so busy when I'm in people's houses, I got to making up lots and lots of things that never happened. Why, it was only yesterday that I told her of a quarrel I heard between a fat old man and a cross eyed woman, and neither of 'em ever lived in this world or any other. Ananias ain't it with me!"

"But this morning, this blessed morning, while I was taking my breakfast my wife got up from her chair, and, putting her arms around my neck, began to cry. 'Oh, Joe,' she says, just like that, 'Oh, Joe!'"

"It wasn't a bit like her to act so, and I says, astonished: "Why, Liz, what's the matter with you? And she says, 'I can see!'" The mistress of the house turned her head and looked out of the window, but her eyes were veiled by a mist.—Chicago Evening Post.

A Bolsterous Ghost. "What was known as the Shepard house on the old Bay road, near Easton, Massachusetts, was for many years reputed to be haunted by the ghost of a former occupant of the house who had hanged himself," writes Samuel S. Kingston in The Ladies' Home Journal.

"Strange stories are told of the annoyances experienced by various tenants at all hours of the night, but they were never favored with a sight of the intruder. In one of the chambers was an old fashioned corded bedstead, and on several occasions its occupant was awakened suddenly by finding himself on the floor, the cords which sustained the bed having been removed by unseen hands without being noticed or cutting. Many times the whole family were alarmed by what sounded like a wagon load of stones falling from a great height on to the roof, threatening to crush it. These disturbances became so frequent that it was with difficulty that tenants could be found for the house, so much dread did people have of ghostly intruders."

A Bright Soldier. A captain, possessed of the importance of patriotic precept, thought that he noticed a lack of enthusiasm in a young recruit.

Putting It Delicately.

"George," said Mrs. Ferguson as they went in to dinner, "I wish you would tell Benny in some way, so it will not offend him, that he takes too much sugar in his coffee. It isn't good for him, and I know his mother wouldn't allow it."

"Benny," said Mr. Ferguson a few minutes later, turning to the young nephew who was visiting him, "you don't mix quite enough coffee with your sugar."—Chicago Tribune.

An Indian Summer.



—Chicago News.

Persona Non Grata. "No," said Broncho Bob, "Crimson Gulch hasn't any theater. You see, we are a peaceable set, and we don't want any trouble if we can avoid it. A magician came along, and we had to treat him so rough that it spoiled our taste for the drama."

"Did he make himself disagreeable?" "Very. He did a lot of those sleight of hand tricks with cards and then tried to slip into a friendly poker game."—Washington Star.

Realism In Music. Potted Daughter—They asked me to play at Mrs. Highup's this evening, and I did, but— Fond Mother (proudly)—Were they not entranced? Potted Daughter—Hum! When I played "Life on the Ocean Wave," with variations, half of them left the room.

Fond Mother (ecstatically)—That's wonderful! They must have been senseless.—Spare Moments.

Another Unmannerly Interruption. "The great trouble with us," said the president of the Pickpocket club, "is that we are inclined to take things too seriously."

"Is that so?" yelled the policeman, who had managed to slip in unobserved. "O! I ought the main trouble with ye is that ye took things too alzy. Come on now! None av that, or O'll smash in your tinpan!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Free With Every Bottle. Customer—I hear you give away a dime novel with every bottle of that great tonic of yours. Barber—Guess that's a mistake, sir. It's so cheap we couldn't afford to. Who told you that? Customer—A friend of mine. He said every bottle had a hair raising story printed on the label.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Not Afraid of Her. "Why are you putting all those sharp, daggerlike things in your hat?" asked the husband of Mrs. Strongmind. "I am hoping the hat snatching woman will grab it in her hands while I am down town," replied Mrs. Strongmind, closing her lips firmly and putting a few more sharp and glittering stickpins in her headgear.—Chicago Tribune.

That Was Different. "Never mind," said the comforter to the rejected lover. "Don't let one refusal deter you. Ask her again. A woman's no often means yes."

"A woman's no often means mean yes," replied the rejected one, "but I am convinced that a woman's 'nit' means no."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Her Preference. Jack—Don't you think that woman, as a rule, prefers a man who is her master? Ethel—Not at all. She prefers one who think he is.—Smart Set.

Two Down to Cupid. "Oh, Jack, please add my card for me!" Thus spoke a nut brown lassie in love (I thought) with naught but her insouciant clerk and driver. I'd waited for her at the ninth, My looks belied disquiet, But as the winsome maid drew near My sluggish pulse ran riot! When to the green so radiant Like him of autumn's blending, Of gold and russet tints, she came, A smile seemed lapsing.

ROUND THE REGION.

In an explosion of powder in the Exeter mine, Pittston, one man was instantly killed and two others were seriously injured. They are: Anthony Usitus, miner, killed; Anthony Seboro, skull fractured, body terribly burned; Michael Losh, face and body seriously lacerated. The accident was caused by a premature blast.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve will quickly heal the worst burns and scalds and not leave a scar. It can be applied to cuts and raw surfaces with prompt and soothing effect. Use it for piles and skin diseases. Beware of worthless counterfeits. Grover's City drug store.

The case of Ralph J. White, the old farmer who, it is charged, shot and killed his nephew last month, was down for trial yesterday at Wilkesbarre, but was postponed because another nephew, whom he is alleged to have wounded, is so weak that he cannot leave his bed to testify.

Both makers and circulators of counterfeit commit fraud. Honest men will not deceive you into buying worthless counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The original is infallible for curing piles, sores, eczema and all skin diseases. Grover's City drug store.

Mrs. Howard Gould, a young woman of 22, yesterday publicly horsewhipped M. J. O'Toole, associate editor of the Scranton Scrantonian, for an article which appeared in the last issue of the paper.

Upon receiving their pay yesterday, 130 men employed at the Star washery, at Trescow, went on strike because they had not been given the 10 per cent increase.

When you want prompt acting little pills that never gripe use DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Grover's City drug store.

Conrad Hartman, aged 12 years, shot himself while gunning yesterday. He died in great agony a few hours after the accident at his home in Pottsville.

Imprisoned by an Ostrich. A guardsman in the reserve of officers who is better known for his swagger than his brains had an unfortunate experience in South Africa.

He was stationed about 100 miles from Cape Town at a remount depot. One morning a farmer stopped him as he was taking a constitutional and warned him against crossing an inclosure containing a cock ostrich which had become bad tempered. The guardsman said that no ostrich ever hatched would turn him out of his way and went on unmoved.

As he had not returned home four hours afterward his brother officers were alarmed and sent out search parties. What was their surprise to discover him lying on his back unhurt, with a cock ostrich sitting on his chest. The bird had knocked him down each time he had tried to rise, but could not hurt him while he lay flat on his back. Yet leave his enemy he declined to do and therefore sat quietly upon him until driven off by the rescue party.—London Express.

Adjourned In Due Form. "Mr. Nevergo," the young woman said, suppressing a yawn, "when the business of a meeting is ended what is the parliamentary form for bringing the proceedings to a close?" "Somebody moves that the meeting adjourn," replied the young man, "and then"

"Well, if you'll move," she interrupted, "we'll adjourn."

Her Opinion. "You see," said the helmsman confidentially, "my father likes the count very much. But he is afraid the dear boy is inclined to be careless about money matters. What do you think about it?"

"The fact that he has proposed to you," said Miss Cayenne thoughtfully, "might possibly be taken as very good evidence to the contrary."—Washington Star.

Boots and Shoes. Rubber Goods. All Styles, Qualities and Prices. Latest Designs. Largest Stocks, Lowest Prices. McMenemy's Gents' Furnishing, Hat and Shoe Store. 86 South Centre Street.

State Normal School. RAILROAD TIMETABLES. LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD. MAY 27, 1900. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. LEAVE FREELAND.

The Cure that Cures Coughs, Colds, Gripe, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption, is OTTO'S CURE. The GERMAN REMEDY. Cures throat and lung diseases. Sold by all druggists. 25 & 50 cts.

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Condry O. Boyle, dealer in LIQUOR, WINE, BEER, PORTER, ETC. The finest brands of Domestic and Imported Whiskey on sale. Fresh Rochester and Shandooch Beer and Yeungling's Porter on tap. 98 Centre street.