

HOW DOES IT SEEM TO YOU?

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow
Nor clocks don't strike nor gongs don't sound
And I'd have stillness all around.

Not really stillness, but just the trees'
Low whisperings or the hum of bees
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly tangled tones.

Or maybe a cricket or ladybird
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid
Or just some such sweet sounds as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'twere't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like a city pretty well,
But when it comes to getting rest
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust
And get out where the sky is blue
And say, Now, how does it seem to you?
—Eugene Field.

WITNESS TO THE DEED

BY M. QUAD.

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My mistress in Gainsborough road had lost a £5 note in the house, and the thief was the parlor maid. I knew it from her actions, and three months after I left the house she was caught in a similar offense and owned up to the first theft. However, the crime was laid off on me, and because I made indignant and perhaps impudent protest I was flung out of the house at half an hour's notice and refused a character. I was idle for the next three months. The first thing demanded when I applied for a place was a character. As soon as it was learned that I had none it was useless to talk further. It was for this reason that I finally paid a fee to an intelligence office in Margate street and was at length sent for to take a place at general housework. It was an old man named Dyson who wanted me. He was willing to take me without a character because he would have to pay less wages and because, as he grimly asserted, there was nothing lying around loose in his house for one to steal. As we sat face to face I sized him up as mean and peevish, but I did not see any evil in him. He had an aged and infirm wife, he told me, and I would be the only servant.

It was not for me to pick and choose. I must have a place and hold it long enough to get a character again. I went with him miles and miles out to the Holborne road, and we at last arrived at the cheaply built and cheap looking cottage he occupied. It was a place devoid of almost all conveniences and had been selected for its cheap rent. I found the old wife deaf, almost blind and palsied, and it was apparent that she had no care whatever. She had become childish and petulant, and before I had been in the house half an hour Mr. Dyson whipped her with a strap for saying that she was hungry. As he whipped her I saw him look at her in a way to give me a chill. In the course of three or four days I made up my mind that he regarded her with detestation and abhorrence and was hourly hoping for her death. I wondered that he had not pushed her down stairs or found other means to bring about an "accidental" death, but the old man was full of craft and cowardice. I soon had evidence that he was in love with a widow in the neighborhood, or at least he desired to be free so that he could marry her. The man had no occupation and seldom left the house. During my first two weeks in the place he never allowed me to see the wife except in his presence and found fault if I cooked anything extra for her or expressed my sympathy. He had a way of whispering to himself, and a dozen times over I heard him say:

"I've waited for five years, but I won't wait much longer. I'll get rid of her and be happy."

My natural impulse on finding out how he felt toward his wife was to fly the house, but I have explained how I was situated. And, too, I soon got the feeling that I ought to stay to protect the poor old woman. I figured it out that, while he might thirst for her death, he would not proceed to extremities while I was in the house. It seemed as if he would have lived on alone, as he had done for the last two months, if he meditated anything of that sort. I didn't know the depth of his craft, however. He had brought me there to work her death through me. The first thing I suspected this way was one morning when he asked me to help her down stairs. The stairs were steep and shaky, and he had tried slide from under our feet. As a matter of fact, it did give way, but I caught myself and saved the woman. When old Dyson saw the failure of his plot, he looked chagrined and savage and presently found excuse for cutting the poor wife's ears.

In the course of a couple of weeks he declared that the cellar was full of rats and gave me the money and commanded me to buy arsenic. He recommended me to go to a store miles away and to say that I wanted it for my complexion and to give my own name. I went to a drug store only two blocks away and gave his name, and when he discovered this he was highly indignant for a day, and I rather expected to be thrown out. However, in the course of three or four days he developed another plan. After coaching the old wife he left me alone with her for the first time, and she begged me to get her some laudanum for toothache and not mention the matter to him. It was easy to tell that she had been coached what to say, and I refused to buy the drug. A few days later, as I was preparing her a soup, I had to leave the kitchen for a minute. When I returned, the soup was giving out a strange odor, and, being satisfied that the husband had poisoned it, I of course threw it away. He scolded

about my waste, but when I looked him square in the eyes he dropped his and had no more to say.

I had been with the Dysons five weeks when the climax came. The old woman was holding her own, if not getting better, and the husband's impatience had a savage edge to it. Their bedroom was on the north side of the house. All along on that side was a deep excavation for a factory, and the cellar was full of stones and water. From the bedroom window the distance to the cellar bottom was all of 30 feet. I slept on the west side, with two rooms and two doors between us, but so poorly built was the house that if voices were raised above a whisper they could be heard, and there were also many cracks and crevices to peer through. At 10 o'clock one night I lay wondering if he really meant to take her life and how he would finally accomplish it when I heard a half suppressed scream from his room. I got softly out of bed and went to the farther door, and, looking through a crack, I saw that the window was up and that he stood before it with his wife in his arms. She was hanging on to him with fingers of steel and making a great struggle. I heard him breathing heavily and snarling and growling as he tore her fingers loose, but I did not know what he planned to do till of a sudden he staggered to the open window and flung her out. She screamed as she went to her death, and in my fright I echoed the scream. I remember the man rushing across the room at me, of his dashing open the door, of his striking me down, and then came darkness which lasted for weeks. He struck me with a piece of iron and fractured my skull. He then carried my body down stairs and bore it a quarter of a mile away and flung it into another excavation. Before taking me from the house he put on my hat and cloak, and thus it appeared to those who found my unconscious body next morning that I had been coming home the night before and fallen into the pit. As to his wife, he gave the alarm and brought the police and made out that it was a case of suicide. While he was fast asleep, as he claimed, she had stolen to the window and leaped to her death.

His story went, and it was seven months before there was any contradiction. I had a fractured skull, brain fever and pneumonia and for weeks and weeks lay as one dead. When I mended, my memory was confused, and it was seven months before I told my story and put the police on the track. Long before that Dyson had married the widow and sailed for America, and though efforts were made to find him, nothing came of them. Never did a man deserve the hangman's rope more, and yet, if living today, he is free and has no fear of the law.

Stood on His Dignity.

A few years ago John Best, the eminent organist, a very dignified man, was present at a great public dinner at Liverpool, and it was understood that he would contribute a short organ recital to the harmony of the evening. "The organ will now play," was the curt style in which the mayor, who was in the chair, chose to announce the performance, and Mr. Best sat still in his place, taking no notice whatever of the observation. The mayor repeated the words in a louder tone of voice, and still the great musician made no sign.

A waiter came and whispered to Mr. Best: "Didn't you hear his worship, sir? The organ will now play." Mr. Best merely looked up with a surprised and injured air. "Confound the organ!" he said. "Let it play!"

The message was duly conveyed to the mayor, and then the mayor rose again. "Our distinguished fellow townsman, Mr. Best," he said, "will now very kindly oblige us with a selection of music on the organ." Then and not before Mr. Best arose and entertained the company.

Mellifluous "Bahoo" English.

The late G. W. Stevens gives an example of "Bahoo" English in his book, "In India." It is an effort to express admiration for the speech of Pundit Madan Mohan Malavayya at a native congress:

"His speech is as mellifluous as his name. He has a sweet voice and is one of the most enthusiastically welcomed of men on the congress platform. Neither tall nor short nor stout, but thin; not dark, dressed in pure white, with a white robe which goes round his shoulders and ends down below the knees, Mr. Madan Mohan stands like Eiffel's tower when he addresses his fellow congressmen."

"He stands slanting forward, admirably preserving his center of gravity. His speeches are full of pellucid and sparkling statements, and his rolling and interminable sentences travel out of his mouth in quick succession, producing a thrilling impression on the audience. There is music in his voice, there is magic in his eye, and he is one of the sweet charmers of the congress company."

Respected His Memory.

She entered the office of the tombstone company, and the clerks immediately became sad of countenance.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the chief mourner.

"Yes; my husband, John T. Abernathy, has died, and I would like to secure some suitably engraved headstone—something with an appropriate inscription, if you please."

"Certainly, madam. Right this way. Now, here is a very pretty thing in the stone line. Right over this cross we would carve, 'Here lies John T. Abernathy, and'—

"Ah, sir," interrupted the widow, "you must think me cruel! I would not say 'Here lies.' That was one of his faults in life, and I will not follow him with the accusation now that he has gone."—Denver Times.

WOMAN AND FASHION.

A Smart Evening Gown—Millinery That Sparkles—A Hint From Paris.

The model is a very handsome princess gown in strawberry pink moire gauze strewn with comlike scrolls in silk muslin of a deeper tint of pink and outlined with paillettes. The long sweeping skirt is quite void of adornment, while the bodice portion is cut



A PRINCESS GOWN.

away at the waist and bust, revealing a pouched vest of black silk net spotted with black chenille. Above this vest the moire gauze is prettily draped and caught up high on the left side by a buckle of sparkling diamonds. The décolletage is bordered by a large revers collar of white moire edged with three rows of fancy glittering cord. The very short sleeves of gauze fit the arms snugly, are cut out in the form of an inverted V on the upper part of the arm and edged with a rather wide finely plaited flounce of the black net spotted with chenille, the flounce being carried to the top of the V.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Millinery That Sparkles.

Panne and velvet are by all odds the most fashionable of all materials for the winter hat, with chenille as a second, and nothing will take precedence of the all black hat in elegance. A handsome model of this class is of black panne with a spangled brim. The crown is soft and flat and is encircled with loose folds of the panne, knotted on the left side, where the brim is indented slightly. Ostrich plumes, two above and one under the brim, and a jet buckle complete the trimming. Ostrich feathers have advanced in price to such a degree that they will be seen only on the handsomest and costliest hats. On others they will be replaced largely by manufactured feather ornaments.

Flowers are said to be out of the running, although they are seen, with foliage and fruit, on the late fall hats. Broad blade feathers with velvet disks painted to imitate cherries or berries applied upon them are among the novelties in trimming. Gold braid in combination with silk and velvet will be used in bands around the crown and in large, loose bows.

A Hint From Paris.

This costume, for morning outdoor wear, is of navy blue serge. The skirt



BLUE SERGE COSTUME.

fastens behind beneath three wide plaits. The jacket, which barely reaches the hips, is pointed in front and ornamented with old silver buttons. The collar, yoke and jacket are embroidered with black braid.—Paris Herald.

A SIXTY DOLLAR BILL.

Probably the Only Piece of Money of Its Kind Extant.

Spokane has the only \$60 paper bill in United States currency known to be in existence.

It was issued at the first session of the Continental congress in 1778 and carries with it all the crudity of that age. It is a peculiar looking document, being a piece of greenish paper of much the same material as the present paper money, except that it is heavier. In shape it is almost square, with dimensions of about 4 by 3½ inches.

On one side of the bill is written the receipt, which is as follows: "This bill entitles the bearer to receive 60 Spanish milled dollars for value received in gold or silver, according to a resolution passed by congress at Philadelphia Sept. 26, 1778."

On the back of the bill is drawn a bow with a set arrow. Along the margin the value of the bill is again printed and at one side the words, "Printed, Hall & Selers, 1778." At the bottom of the face is the signature of some one in authority. The letters have so faded out that it is almost impossible to follow the characters. Some have imagined they could trace the signature of George Washington upon those lines, but others could not imagine what authority he had to distribute money at that date.

This rare bill is the property of Otto Flechtl of the Flechtl quartet of the Cour d'Alene. It was presented to him at the Charleston earthquake in 1886 for the saving of an Irishman's life. The open hearted act of the big German toward his hereditary enemy so overcame the man from Erin's isle that he gave him the only article of value he possessed.

Mr. Flechtl was desirous of ascertaining the true value of the bill and in 1893 sent it to Washington, where it was kept for six months while the treasury department investigated the issuance of the bill. It was adjudged legal, as the issue of \$60 bills at that time was known to have been made, though this is the only one which has not been returned to the treasury department. The piece of money has considerable value outside of the amount upon its face. The Spokane man now in possession of the relic has refused an offer of \$1,000 for it and says no price could induce him to part with it.—Spokane Chronicle.

The Foreign Soldier.

Martin B. Schroeder of Philadelphia, a soldier now serving in China, writing of the occupation of Tien-tsin, says: "If a soldier wants any work done, he lays hold of the first Chinaman he encounters and compels him to do his bidding. The Russian soldiers are the worst. They work the Chinks almost to death during the day and then kill them at night. Many of the soldiers are well supplied with money which they have taken from the Chinese. An American here is held in high respect by the people of all other nations. The Japanese make fine little soldiers, but they are being butchered without mercy. Here we see Tommy Atkins. He is all right, but a fouler mouthed lot of soldiers I never heard. The French soldier is a disappointment. He looks like a dry goods clerk with an ill fitting uniform. The Germans are all about the same size and never tire singing. The Russians are the poorest and dirtiest looking soldiers here, and they have the least friends because they are so merciless in their treatment of the Chinese."

Glad He Wasn't Home.

Though the Teuton loves his fatherland he is sometimes very glad to be out of it, as the following story which I heard the other day bears witness to: The other day a young German, a well known operative singer, meeting some compatriots in a west end cafe, made a few disparaging remarks about the Kaiser. "Later he sought quarters in a hotel. Early in the morning he awoke and for the nonce was puzzled as to his latitude. He remembered that he had said something uncharitable respecting Emperor William and got into a condition of blue funk, as he thought he was in for a year or two of imprisonment for the offense of lese majesty. Suddenly he heard the "mee-ow" of the milkman, and he jubilantly exclaimed to himself: "Thank himmel, I am safe? I am in London. Donnerwetter, I fancied I was in Berlin!"—London Household Words.

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RAILROAD TIMETABLES

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.
November 25, 1900.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

LEAVE FREELAND.

- 6 12 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
 - 7 40 a m for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton.
 - 8 18 a m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
 - 9 30 a m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.
 - 12 14 p m for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points West.
 - 1 20 p m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
 - 4 42 p m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
 - 6 34 p m for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points West.
 - 7 29 p m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel and Shamokin.
- ARRIVE AT FREELAND.
- 7 40 a m from Weatherly, Pottsville, Ashland, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton.
 - 9 17 a m from Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel and Shamokin.
 - 9 30 a m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
 - 12 14 p m from Pottsville, Shamokin, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton.
 - 1 12 p m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and Weatherly.
 - 4 42 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
 - 6 34 p m from New York, Philadelphia, Allentown, Bethlehem, Ashland, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton.
 - 7 29 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
- For further information inquire of Ticket Agents:
J. L. B. WILLIAMS, General Superintendent, 26 Cortlandt street, New York City.
CHAS. S. LEE, District Passenger Agent, 36 Cortlandt street, New York City.
J. T. KEITH, Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect April 15, 1897.
Trains leave for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Hazleton Junction at 5:30, 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7:15 a m, 2:38 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Hazle Brook, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 5:30, 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a m, 2:38 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Drifton at 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a m, 2:38 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Shepton for Oneida, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Oneida Junction, Hazleton Junction and Oneida at 7:11 a m, 12:40, 6:22 p m, daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a m, 3:44 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a m, 3:44 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:45, 6:20 p m, daily, except Sunday; and 10:10 a m, 5:40 p m, Sunday.
All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeanesville, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.
Trains leaving Drifton at 5:30, 6:00 a m make connection at Deringer with P. R. R. trains for Westover, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.
For the accommodation of passengers at way stations between Hazleton Junction and Deringer, a train will leave the former point at 3:50 p m, daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 4:10 p m.
LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.