

LOVE AND NATURE.

Dear Love, when spring has come, all nature wakes
And from her languid lids the bandage takes
To look with wondering eyes upon the world.
The trees unfold their robes of silvery green,
And thrifty insects from the blossoms glean;
Each birding finds a mate both fond and true,
And I, dear Love, have you.

Dear Love, in summer time each lengthened day
To harvest fields a tribute rich must pay
Of sunshine packed in grains of yellow corn.
The earth is weighted with the season's store;
No creature, tree nor vine can ask for more.
Nature has satisfied each bird and bee,
Has given you to me.

Dear Love, chill fall doth paint in colors rare
The forests and the fields that soon grow bare
As winter claps them to her icy breast.
Nature must wake and work and rest awhile,
Must sleep and cry, perchance, as well as smile;
And nature, life and love are one, I know,
Because I love you so.
—Anne C. Steele in Harper's Bazar.

CHILI SAUCE

HOW BARSTOW BROWN AND ELVIRA RICHARDS CAME TOGETHER.

The household art is the only dower
I can bring save myself to him I wed.
Can you find the roof and earn the flour?
Then I can make home and sweet white bread!
—Harper's.

The last scarlet bar of the gorgeous autumn sunset was fading out behind the tall poplars along Turkey creek when Barstow Brown's creaking old farm wagon turned the corner of the road which led to his lonely and ill kept home.

"There's the light a-burnin' already in Mis' Elvira Richards' window," he commented. "It does git dark awful early nights now. Seems like her'n's the cleanest kep' an the cheerfulest lamp in the hull township."

And indeed it did seem to illuminate with its friendly radiance the little one-story house by the roadside. It looked like a beacon—a star. It made Farmer Brown think in admiring but unformulated fashion of a steadfast love—pure, unwavering, brilliant. It attracted him. It drew him—the worn and harassed body and soul of him. Unconsciously he tightened the reins. But it was not until the plodding horses stood still in response that he wondered whether he might venture in and what excuse he could give for his visit.

Suddenly he lifted his head and sniffed—once, twice. Then he hurriedly twisted the reins around the whipstock and clambered down from the high seat. Swiftly, soundlessly, excuse and encouragement had come to him—in the guise of an odor at that.

"Chili sauce! If she ain't a-makin' chili sauce!" He was hurrying up the short path to the front door, at which he knocked. "I'll tell her I want the receipt for Susie Reilly to make some by. That's the ticket! Oh, howdy, Mis' Richards! I was goin' home from mill an the nicest smell come a-floatin' down the road! Seemed 's if I was back in mother's again, an she was puttin' up chili sauce." He sighed and moistened his lips at the recollection. "So I thought I'd come in an find how you make it. Our ripe tomatoes ain't all gone yet. Maybe Susie Reilly could make a quart or so?"

Forty placid and benignant summers had passed over the brown head of Elvira Richards, but where was the girl along Turkey creek who carried herself with more grace and dignity, and what matron could boast such a fresh complexion and bright eyes as she?

"To be sure!" she cried heartily. "You come right in, Mr. Brown." She drew forward the best rocking chair, with the Battenberg tidies on the entreaty red plush arms.

"Tisn't much I need make, livin' alone as I do, but a good storeroom is a fine thing to fall back on. You'd need a lot in your house, I'm thinkin'. I'll give you the receipt with pleasure, an a jar to take home for Susie to taste by. How does she get on, Mr. Brown?"

Barstow Brown looked around the bright little room, at the shining glass lamp with the red flannel wick, which stood behind the row of freshly potted geranium slips in the recessed window, then back at the plump, white aproned figure opposite.

"Not too well, Mis' Richards. She's kind of shiftless. It comes natural to some folks to be shiftless. Seems like the work allus keeps a bit ahead of her. Seems like she can no more catch up with it than—than she could with a cottontail. But she means well. Most shiftless folks allus means well. I got to be movin'." He rose reluctantly. "The young ones, they'll be a-missin' me."

"Land's sake, now, an you couldn't wait till I make you a cup of coffee? No? That's too bad. Wait till I get you the chili sauce, anyhow. What's that? Could you come out to the kitchen while I'm a-gettin' it? Why, of course, Mr. Brown!"

Twitting and stepping briskly, Miss Elvira tripped ahead, and Barstow Brown plodded after. He was aghast at his own temerity, but the appetizing smell of the chili sauce drew him to the kitchen as the white brilliance of the lamp had drawn him to the parlor.

"My!" He breathed and stopped short. "This beats"—He was looking around the gayest, coziest, most immaculate little kitchen he had ever beheld. From the black mirror of a stove, with its golden grin through the opened draft, to the shining plates on the dresser, the row of crimson filled glass jars on the table, the dishpan that glittered like silver and the cat asleep on the braided mat, all things bespoke industry, energy, comfort.

Something in his attitude of timidity, in his look of wonder, that was almost one of awe; in his neglected personal appearance, went straight to the woman's warm heart of Miss Elvira Richards. He had been such a spruce,

good looking fellow 15 years ago! Her glance, that was keen if kindly, noted all things—the shirt, with the band all gone; the coat, with holes at the elbows; more than all, the hollows at his temples and in his cheeks. Those—and the weak tears that came into his eyes! She busied herself writing out the recipe—and talking.

"It ain't any too easy, I guess, with only Susie. She never was a hand to look after children, an there's three to your place. I expect it ain't been like home since—since Cyrilla went away."

Barstow Brown was silent. It had not been a happy home before Cyrilla died. But he could not tell Miss Richards that. No, nor any one else. Only he had meant—had honorably meant—to ask Elvira to marry him before the pretty, painted, fiftieth little city girl had come down to the country town and taken his fickle heart captive.

"Here's the receipt, an here's the jar. Yes, you must take the big one, an—why—Barstow!"

For there was a look in his eyes she had not seen since those happy days before Cyrilla aired her city graces on Turkey creek.

"I'm a good deal of a failure, Elvira," said Barstow Brown. "I don't know but you'll turn me out when you hear what I been wantin' to say ever since it would be right an proper to talk that way. But the farm's a good one, an the house could be made the best hereabouts if 'twas fixed up right, an the children—"

"They're dear children!" declared Miss Elvira, and she meant it.

"Well, they like you awful well. You allus was a one to git around youngsters. I—I"—he dropped his eyes—"I guess you know what I mean, Elvira—what I want?"

"Of course I do!" she cried cordially. "You want the receipt an the chili sauce."

"Now, Elvira! You know I want—"

"Well, you got to take them if you take me!" Her tone was delightfully coquettish. "I got one in each hand!" He stared at her, eager, half incredulous.

"Do you mean it—really? There's been others?"

"There's been others," Miss Elvira agreed complacently, "but—I haven't took any of 'em—have I? There—now, Barstow Brown! Do behave! I reckon I might git ready in three weeks, but—your team will be clean froze waitin'. Oh, Barstow, I didn't think 'twas in you to act so dreadfully silly! Land's sake, look out! Let me set down this jar of chili sauce anyhow! There—now—go! It'll be all of 9 o'clock when you get home—Barstow Brown!" —Chicago Tribune.

Food Values.
Blanched almonds are the highest kind of nerve or brain or muscle food, having no heat or waste, says a writer in Good Housekeeping. Walnuts give brain or nerve food, muscle, heat and waste. Green water grapes are blood purifying, but of little food value. Blue grapes are feeding and blood purifying, but too rich for those who suffer from the liver. Tomatoes have higher nerve or brain food qualities; they are thinning and stimulating. Juicy fruits give more or less nerve or brain nutriment and some few muscle food and waste. Apples supply the higher nerve and muscle food, but do not give staying qualities. Prunes afford the highest nerve or brain food, supply heat and waste, but are not muscle feeding. Oranges are refreshing and feeding. Green figs contain nerve and muscle food, heat and waste. The great majority of small fresh seed fruits are laxative. Lemons and tomatoes should not be used daily in cold weather; they have a thinning and cooling effect. Raisins are stimulating according to their quality.

John's Many Names.
The majority of the names that you see on the signs of laundries or tea stores kept by Chinamen are simply fancy names adopted for their auspicious significance. They are simply mottoes, having no reference to the proprietor or the members of a firm whatsoever.

Every properly constituted Chinaman has five names besides his surname or cognomen. The last is fixed and handed down from one generation to another.

Every male child born in China is first called by his "milk name." When he grows old enough to attend school, he takes a "book name." When he has learned the mysteries of composition, he competes for literary honors under an assumed name, which is finally adopted. When he successfully passes his examinations and obtains his degree, his equals address him by another, either coined by them or adopted by him. At his marriage he adopts still another, called "style." —Chicago Chronicle.

Would Have to Borrow One.
Some time ago a well known barrister had under cross examination a youth from the country who rejoiced in the name of Sampson, whose replies were the causes of much laughter in court.

"And so," questioned the barrister, "you wish the court to believe that you are a peaceful disposed and inoffensive kind of person?"

"Yes."

"And that you have no desire to follow the steps of your namesake, and smite the Philistines?"

"No, I've not," answered the youth, "and if I had the desire I ain't got the strength at present."

"Then you think you would be unable to cope successfully with a thousand enemies and utterly rout them with the jawbone of an ass?"

"Well," answered the ruffled Sampson, "I might have a try when you have done with the weapon." —Spare Moments.

NeuBurger's HOLIDAY STORE - NEWS.

Exceptional and Matchless Opportunities TO HOLIDAY SHOPPERS.

The Big Store, never in its history, offered such a Magnificent Array of Useful and Practical Christmas Gifts at the astonishing low figures that each and everything has been priced at for this special sale.

Suits and Overcoats.

What is more substantial or would be more appreciated by the young or old than a NeuBurger Suit, Overcoat or Reefer? You can make your selections at NeuBurger's out of a stock fully three times as large as any in Freeland.

<p>CLOTHING.</p> <p>Boys' all wool blue or black Knee Pants, per pair 19c</p> <p>Boys' Reefers, regular \$1.50 kind, reduced per pair to 98c</p> <p>Boys' extra fine \$4.00 Reefers, in three styles, reduced to 2.48</p> <p>Child's \$2.00 Vestee Suits, neatly trimmed and well made 1.25</p> <p>Boys' fancy all wool hair-line striped \$2-50 Suits, now 1.69</p> <p>Ten styles in Boys' fine \$4.00 Cassimere Suits, reduced to 2.48</p> <p>Boys' three-piece Long Pants all wool \$5 Suits, reduced to 2.98</p> <p>Men's absolutely all wool \$5 Black Beaver Overcoats 2.98</p> <p>Men's absolutely all wool Tan, Covert, Oxford and custom-made Melton \$8 Overcoats 4.98</p> <p>\$8.50, \$9.50 and \$10 now places at your disposal an array of custom-made Gents' Suits and Overcoats in the very newest shades, fabrics and styles which were built for \$12 to \$15 selling.</p> <p>Our complete stock of Men's Suits ranging from \$2.98 up are now offered under the binding guarantee that they are 20 per cent cheaper than you can buy them elsewhere.</p> <p>Men's heavy rubber-lined Duck Working Coats, large storm collars 1.25</p>	<p>HOLIDAY - NICETIES</p> <p>Holiday Slippers</p> <p>Jewelry Novelties</p> <p>Fancy Purses</p> <p>Silk and Linen</p> <p>Fancy Handkerchiefs</p> <p>Neckwear</p> <p>Mufflers</p> <p>Umbrellas</p> <p>Artics and Wool-Lined Shoes</p> <p>For the Old Folks</p> <p>and Rubber and Felt Boots</p> <p>For the Little Folks</p> <p>Ladies', Misses' and Children's</p> <p>Jersey Leggings</p> <p>Furs Collars Muffs</p>	<p>FOOTWEAR.</p> <p>"The Very Latest" is the motto of our Shoe Department. In leather goods nothing but strictly solid leather finds its way to our shelves. In rubber goods nothing but strictly first qualities and those we offer you at exactly the same prices you pay for second grades at other stores.</p> <p>Our Holiday Slipper Stock is a wonder and prices are incomparable.</p> <p>Ladies Dongola and Felt Slippers, per pair 50c</p> <p>Men's Fancy Velvet and Felt Slippers, per pair 50c</p> <p>Ladies' \$1.00 fur-trimmed Nullifier Slippers 75c</p> <p>Misses 90c fur trimmed Nullifier Slippers 65c</p> <p>Child's 75c fur-trimmed Nullifier Slippers 50c</p> <p>Our entire stock of Slippers has been equally low-priced for rapid selling.</p>
<p>UNDERWEAR</p> <p>For young and old, in wool or cotton. Positively the greatest assortment in lower Luzerne county.</p> <p>Men's heavy Random wool Underwear, each 19c</p> <p>Ladies' heavy fleece-lined Under-vests, each 19c</p> <p>Boys' heavy fleece-lined Underwear, each 25c</p> <p>Men's heaviest and best fleece-lined Underwear, each 40c</p> <p>Men's extra fine pure Sanitary wool Underwear, each 75c</p>	<p>CLOAKS.</p> <p>Everything new and nice in Cloaks for Ladies, Misses and Children.</p> <p>Everything in Shirt Waists, Jackets, Capes, Shirts and Wrappers in an unmatched assortment at lowest prices in the county.</p> <p>DRY GOODS.</p> <p>Our Dry Goods Department is more complete than ever. Everything in Dress Goods, Linens, Domestic Flannels, Laces and Ribbons, Blankets and Comfortables are priced for rapid selling.</p> <p>Potters best 49-inch Table Oil-Cloth per yard 19c</p> <p>25c Turkey-Red Table Linen, per yard 16c</p> <p>All Shades 50c Dress Cloths, per yard 30c</p> <p>Lancaster Apron Gingham, per yard 5 1/2c</p> <p>All standard makes best 6-cord 200-yard Spool Cotton, per spool 4c</p> <p>Extra Heavy 10x4 Blankets in White or Gray, per pair 59c</p>	

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