

MEMORY AND THE FULL MOON.
 O nights of silver memory, O nights!
 Here at this casement, as of old, I stand
 And greet the moon at full, flooding the land
 With mystery and unmeasured dream delights.
 But they who with me gazed on those green
 heights,
 Distanced in moonlight, while the night wind
 bland
 Bore income from deep forest allias fanned.
 Ah, whither gone, with giddy seasons' flights?
 Intenser than of old thy burning orb,
 Those planet lone in star forgetting skies!
 Each ray from those with tender purport
 smites.
 Say, didst thou not those love lit souls absorb,
 Wherefore thy splendor aches against mine eyes?
 O nights of silver memory, O nights!
 —Edith M. Thomas in Harper's Bazar.

IN THE HEDGE BOTTOM
 How the Harvest Mice Built
 Their Home.
 BY MARY ELLIOT.

Little Mrs. Harvest-Mouse loved a hedge bottom. She always said it was more private than the open field, and also she thought about the farmer and how he comes to cut the corn, but leaves the long, stiff grass in the hedge bottom safe and standing when the corn is all carried away to the barn. So when Mr. Harvest-Mouse began to talk to Mrs. Harvest-Mouse about where to build their home she begged him to choose the long, stiff grass in the hedge bottom rather than the corn in the field. That is how it happened that their tiny nest was built between the grass stems, and they built it very cunningly of narrow blades and bits of feather or any soft and bending stuff that they could find, and they fixed them all in such a clever way that at last a weevil would not be bigger than a cricket ball was fixed high up among the stiff green stalks as if it grew there by itself. It was soft and light and very thin, so the summer air blew gently through and kept it nicely aired. The taller grasses standing round about hid it from the hawks, and a little birdweed then grew up and helped them. It twined around the stems and twisted its tendrils from one to another, then hung its tiny bells about and made a merry garden near the nest. Mr. Harvest-Mouse was very pleased when all was done and felt happier still when eight little baby mice were snug and safe inside. They fitted into the soft, round nest quite perfectly, which shows how well they were. And now through the hot summer days, while Mrs. Harvest-Mouse was busy with the children, Mr. Harvest-Mouse was running here and there collecting news for his wife and flies and other food for himself and his family. What a gay, clever, little mouse he was, and as for her, she was the quickest, daintiest little lady in the land, and she taught her children to be quick and dainty too. She also taught them to be good, though what she would have done had they been naughty I cannot tell, for there was not a corner in the house to stand them in. She ran nimbly all about the outside of the nest, and when the little ones began to bite each other's tails for fun she patted gently through the open network of the walls and told them how their long tails would be useful when they came to climb the tall, stiff grasses in the green and mazy world of the hedge bottom where they lived. And the birdweed quite agreed in what she said, for it knew the value of a tail to hold by. One warm evening the little mother sat on the top of her little round house, while Mr. Harvest-Mouse was chatting with a neighbor in the corn close by, and then it was she told the children a great deal about the world. She told them how as she sat there she could see the green grass blades bending over her and a sweet birdweed bell swinging gently under the weight of a bumble bee. She said that far away, quite high above the birdweed bells, quite high above the grass blades in the hedge bottom, even higher than the corn, there was blue, blue sky. She could see patches of it now as she looked up through their tangled screen. The tiny mice inside the nest got restless at the very thought of that, and they asked her to get a bit and poke it through for them to see. "You silly, silly ones," she said, "there are great things that you cannot understand in the big world, and one of them is the blue, blue sky. It is only to look at, not to touch, and some day you will learn that it comes with the sunshine and goes when it rains. A lark once told me that he loved it even more than the green world, for though the sweet grass cools his breast and holds his nest and his little ones, yet the blue, blue sky is quite full of joy and goes far up above the farmhouse smoke and above the hawks and is wider than the widest field, and though he were to sing his heart out from dewy dawn to sunset he could never fill it all with music. Oh, the big blue sky is very wide, indeed, and very far away, as you will see one day when you are strong and quite grown up." Just then a gnat flew by, and Mrs. Harvest-Mouse sprang up and caught it and gave it to the children through the wall, for though she talked about the sky she knew that they were hungry and saw the gnat and caught it cleverly. And now that the sun was getting low she talked about the winter. She said as surely as the night came on when the daylight died away so surely would the winter come when summer time was ended. What could the winter be? the children thought, and one mouse made bold to say he did not care, and it might come any time for him. He had just caught and eaten a tiny fly that had crept through the network of the nest, and he would catch and eat the

winter, too, no doubt. Why not? He was getting strong and bold enough for anything. His mother gave a pat where his little car showed pink between the grasses and silenced all his silly talk at once and then went on to tell how the winter was as far beyond their thinking as the blue, blue sky was high above their heads. "The warm, soft wind that rings our birdweed bells," she said, "and makes sweet music in the grass will turn to cold and bitter blasts that will blow the leaves about, and then the bells will wither one by one and fall away, and the grasses will turn quite dull and dry and rub against each other with a shrill and fearsome sound as the wind sweeps up along the hedge bottom." At that the little mouse, whose ear was tingling still, felt frightened, and he quivered while his mother talked and wondered what would come of it. She knew just how he felt, and now she gave him comfort and advice about the future, and she told them all what they must do. "For," said she, "the winter is too great and strong for tiny creatures like ourselves, and so while the big world and the hedge bottom are bearing the cold weather we may sleep quite peacefully, each in a tiny hole, until the winter time is over and the summer comes again. You must seek your holes when the right time comes and then be sure to curl your tails well in to keep them from the frost."

They all squeaked a little promise to remember what she said and not think they knew better, and then they whispered softly to each other of the great world and the sky and the winter time and how quite soon they should be grown up mice. And while they talked and chattered merrily, catching flies from time to time and trying who could be most clever and saying how much they had grown since yesterday Mr. Harvest-Mouse came home and rubbed noses with his wife with a grave and anxious air, for he brought bad news from the corn close by. The hawk had come and caught their kind neighbor, Mr. Field-Mouse. But this he said quite gently, sitting close to Mrs. Harvest-Mouse, lest the little ones should hear. "Ah," she said and heaved a sigh, "how glad I am we chose the long, stiff grass in the hedge bottom rather than the corn in the field!" "Yes," said he, "we did well to choose the hedge bottom." And with that he ran about the nest and counted his eight children anxiously and scolded them a little and then went a-hunting for his supper till by and by the quiet night came down and settled on the little family and all was peace and darkness for awhile.—Black and White.

Better Than Rubber Heels.
 Every one knows that when soldiers cross a bridge they are ordered to break step so that the regular vibration of so many feet shall not endanger the safety of the structure. An army surgeon of France discovered that the brain jar due to long marches in regular step is as trying on the human frame as such marching is on the structure of a bridge. To the regular repetition of a shock to bones and brain caused by this uniform and long continued marching are due the peculiar aches, pains and illness of the troops. On a one day march, he says, this shock is repeated 40,000 times, and often the strongest men who can walk the same distance without trouble when not in line succumb to the strain in two or three days. Therefore this surgeon proposed as a remedy the use of rubber heels. This device has been tried in the French infantry with great success. But our army has a better plan than that. We simply break step with the command "route step." At this gait the men march in columns of fours at the rate of 3 to 3½ miles an hour. They carry their pieces at will, keeping the muzzle elevated. They are not required to preserve silence nor to keep the step. And that's why the American army doesn't wear rubbers.—New York Press.

Rural England a Land of Song.
 The love of song is strong as ever among the agricultural folk of England, and at the harvest home supper there is always plenty of melody of a sort, says a London newspaper. The old ballads and songs of the peasantry as found in broadsides and manuscripts are full of character. In the great majority of cases the authorship of these poems is unknown. One of the old favorites for recitation at country festivals used to be a dialogue between a husbandman and a serving man, and Mr. Bell in his collection of poems and ballads says he heard this on one occasion recited at Selborne by two countrymen, who gave it with considerable humor and dramatic effect. They delivered it in a kind of chant or recitative.

Curious Medical Case.
 A curious case occurred in one of the Paris hospitals which excited much comment in medical circles. Some time ago a woman named Legros, 55 years of age, was found lying in the road in a state of insensibility and absolutely rigid. She was removed by the police to the hospital, where for three weeks she remained in the same state. The doctors then decided that she was dead and had been so since she was found, the preservation of her body being due to the amount of alcohol she had imbibed.

Wrong Diagnosis.
 A song with the title "There's a Sigh in the Heart" was sent by a young man to his sweetheart, but the paper fell into the hands of the girl's father, a very unsentimental physician, who exclaimed: "What wretched, unscientific stuff is this? Who ever heard of such a case?" He wrote on the outside: "Mistaken diagnosis; no sigh in the heart possible. Sighs relate almost entirely to the lungs and diaphragm!"

There Was a Mistake.
 "I think," he began as he halted a pedestrian, "I think I made a mistake with the cabman who drove me to the Corcoran Art gallery. I am quite sure I gave him a \$10 bill, but he must have mistaken it for a \$2 bill."
 "And you hope to find him again?" asked the man of the stranger to the city.
 "Why, yes, I have hopes."
 "Well, you are about as green as they make 'em. That cabman deliberately swindled you out of many dollars."
 "I can hardly believe it. He looked so honest and truthful that I—"
 "That you ought to have asked him to hold your watch and the rest of your money! My dear old Josh from the cornfields, let me say!"

At that minute a cab rattled up, and the driver dismounted and said: "See here, old man, there is a mistake. You probably meant to give me a \$2 bill, and I thought it was one when I gave you \$1 in change."
 "But I think it was a ten, my friend."
 "No; it was a twenty, and I have been driving about for half an hour to find you and restore the money. Here it is."
 "And what was it you were going to say to your dear old Josh from the cornfields?" asked the old man as he turned to the wise person.
 "But the wise person was there no longer. He was flying for a car as if running for his life.—Washington Post.

Green Not Restful to the Eyes.
 It seems as though cherished notions were no sooner on an apparently firm foundation than some inconsiderate iconoclast comes along and throws them down. People have for many years supposed that the color green was restful to human eyes and have been referred to the green grass and green foliage that nature has been so prodigal with for the benefit of wearied vision. Now, according to a German professor of Berlin, nature wasn't thinking of human eyes when she made her profuse verdant display and that her color scheme was carried out absolutely regardless of the visual needs of humanity. He says that green does not protect the eye, and he denies that it has any beneficial effects whatever. He declares that green paper, green shades, green glasses, green decorations and green umbrellas are all a mistake and that by increasing the green light we are simply provoking a nervous disturbance. He says that each of the colors tires a different set of nerves of vision, and therefore looking at one particular color saves one set of nerves at the expense of another. The best method, he says, is to dim all of the rays of light by smoked or gray glasses, which rest all of the optic nerves.—New York Herald.

Safe Way to Watch Fights.
 The colonel and I sat talking under a shade tree in front of the town post-office when a dogfight started down the street.
 "Come on!" I said as I sprang up.
 "Come this way," replied the colonel as he seized my arm and drew me into a doorway.
 "But I want to see the dogfight," I protested.
 "Yes, I reckon you do, but you also want to keep clear of the shooting."
 "Why should there be any shooting?"
 "Because one dog has got to lick 't'other, and the owner of the licked dog ain't goin' to let it rest that way. There they go!"
 Ten minutes later we stepped out, to find one man lying on the ground with two bullets in him and some people carrying away a second with half a dozen.
 "Dogfights are beautiful affairs," said the colonel as we walked away, "but the safest way to see one in Kentucky is to wait till it's all over and the dead carried off."—Chicago News.

Put Money Aside.
 Take 10 cents to the nearest available savings bank and deposit it to your credit. Keep it up until you have a dollar.
 Don't wait to do this until you have a situation. Do it now. If you have change for car fare, walk.
 This is the only way to save money. If you wait until your salary is raised, or until you happen to have an errand near the savings bank, you may be dead before you lay by a cent.
 There is only one way to save money. That is to begin now.—New York Journal.

A Little Short.
 At one of the railway construction works in Glasgow the other day a clergyman who takes a great interest in the members of his flock engaged at the cutting saw one of them entering a drinking place. He hailed him, but Pat simply looked and walked in. Waiting till he came out, the reverend gentleman accosted him thus, "Pat, didn't you hear me calling?"
 "Yes, your reverence, I did, but—I had only the price of one!"—Exchange.

Couldn't Do the Impossible.
 No, the citizen would positively not buy any of the hair restorer.
 "Do you think you can make a monkey of me?" he hissed, with asperity.
 "Oh, not at all," replied the vendor cheerfully. "We don't pretend to be able to restore the hair lost in the process of evolution!"

An Odd Epitaph.
 A visitor to a cemetery at South Vernon, N. H., will find the following upon a gravestone there:
 Oh, he she went, and am she gone
 And left poor I here all alone?
 Oh, cruel fate, to be so blind
 To take the 'fore and leave I 'hind!
 Her can never come back to we,
 But us must surely go to she.

Another Romance Spoiled.
 "Tell a good story and stick to it," is an old maxim that is illustrated in a story that is going the rounds along the Rialto. A certain well known actor floated into his home one morning about 2 o'clock. The wife of his bosom was waiting up for him. He told her he had been out all the evening with one of their friends, Charlie B., and then related an interesting fairy story of how Charlie had taken a crowd to supper, how funny Charlie had been all the evening, how well Charlie looked in his new suit, how he said this, that and the other. After telling a 15 minute story, to which the gentle partner of his joys and out of work periods listened with respectful attention, but cynical mien, he paused for breath. Then she, in a confident now I've got you, said:
 "That's a lovely romance you've been giving me, and I hate to spoil it, but Charlie has been here nearly all the evening waiting to see you about an engagement. He left you about half an hour ago."

The teller of the tale looked rather dazed for a moment as if he had been struck. Then quickly gathering himself together he assumed a bold front, with hands in his pockets, head thrown back and, in defiant innocence and emphasizing each word, said:
 "Well, that's my story, and I'm not going to change it for anybody."—Clipper.

Army Jokes With a Moral.
 "During the civil war," said an ex-army officer, "the authorities for some reason were anxious to move troops up the Tombigbee river. Word was sent to the engineer in that district asking what it would cost to run up the Tombigbee. That official got gay and reported that the Tombigbee ran down and not up, a joke that promptly landed his head in the basket, as the matter was serious.
 "At the bombardment of Charleston it was extremely desirable to bring to bear on the city an extra heavy gun called by the men the Swamp Angel. The gun took its name from the swamp in which it stood, and to move it through that boggy morass was an engineering feat of extreme difficulty. However, the commanding officers were determined to have the gun brought within range of Charleston and issued orders to that effect. At the same time they sent word to the engineer having the matter in charge of requisition without regard to trouble or expense for anything necessary to accomplish the desired object. His first requisition called for men 26 feet 6 inches in height. Another officer promptly took the matter in charge, from which it can readily be deduced that it is not a paying investment to make jokes in the army at the expense of your superiors."—New York Tribune.

A Contrast in Cooks.
 In an article contributed to a London paper John Strange Winter, who has been living for many months past in Dieppe, compares the French to the English cook, rather to the detriment of the latter. "In the French kitchen," she says, "there is no waste. It would seem that the French mind does not run to waste or revel in it as the lower class English mind invariably does."
 The French cook will not only do a bit of the housework, but she will do it cheerfully and as a matter of course.
 "You cannot buy your French cook too many pans, and her soul loves copper in her kitchen. Certainly an English cook would grumble if she was expected to keep a kitchen full of copper pans bright and clean, but a French one has them in a condition akin to burnished gold. Her pride is gratified if her kitchen walls are hung with these ornaments, and even if she does the greater part of her small cooking in little enameled pans she will daily rub up the copper ones which hang on the wall."

She Guessed It.
 He was desecrating with vigor on the exceptional quality of the dinners that are served at one of the fashionable clubs of Brooklyn at a very low figure for a first class meal on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. Equally toothsome luncheons could be had on other days of the week, but dinners in course only on those days.
 "And why on only those three days?" queried the New Yorker, to whom the delights of life in Brooklyn were being rehearsed.
 "Wash day, ironing day and the girl's day out," quickly responded one of the ladies of the party. "That's no sort of a conundrum to a woman who has ever had the care of a house. Better try a harder one next time unless you happen to be in a stag party."—New York Times.

"All Fish."
 Mrs. Thorlow says that Cardinal Wiseman went to dine with some friends of hers. It was Friday, but they had quite forgotten to provide a fast day dinner. However, he was quite equal to the occasion, for he stretched out his hands in benediction over the table, and said, "I pronounce all this to be fish," and forthwith enjoyed all the good things heartily.—"The Story of My Life," by Augustus J. C. Hare.

Misunderstood.
 Uncle Reuben—I jes com' t' town t' git a couple o' sideboards an thot I'd drap in t' see you.
 City Niece—Why, Uncle Reuben, what do you expect to do with two sideboards in your house?
 Uncle Reuben—Say, I'm talkin about my farm wagon. What air you talkin about?—Columbus State Journal.

Prussian blue does not come from Prussia. It is a chemical product of which England makes her full share. Irish stew is not an Irish, but an English dish, and Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, but in Russia.

There Is Only One Other Hat As Good As The Hawes, And That's Another Hawes.

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 The finest brands of Domestic and Imported Whiskey on sale. Fresh Roghester and Shenandoah Beer and Youngling's Porter on tap. 36 Centre street.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES
 LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.
 November 25, 1900.
 ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
 LEAVE PHILADELPHIA.
 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, Westport, 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 PHILADELPHIA.
 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, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Pottsville, Shamokin, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton.
 7 29 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
 For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.
 JOHN H. WILBUR, General Superintendent, 26 Corlandt Street, New York City.
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 J. T. KEITH, Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.
 Time table in effect April 18, 1901.
 Trains leave for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Hazle and Hazleton Junction at 5:30, 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a m, 2:38 p m, Sunday.
 Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 5:30, 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a m, 2:38 p m, Sunday.
 Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a m, 2:38 p m, Sunday.
 Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a m, 2:38 p m, Sunday.
 Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Onedia at 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a m, 2:38 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 7:03 a m, 2:38 p m, Sunday.
 Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 6:45, 6:28 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, Jeannette, 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. K. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, 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 9:30 p m, daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 10:30 p m.
 LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.