

A SINGLE STITCH.

One stitch dropped as the weaver drove
His nimble shuttle to and fro,
In and out, beneath, above,
Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow
As if the fairies had helping been—
One small stitch which could scarce be seen,
But the one stitch dropped pulled the next stitch
out,
And a weak place grew in the fabric stout,
And the perfect pattern was marred for aye
By the one small stitch that had dropped that
day.

One small life in God's great plan,
How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may or strive how it can,
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!
A single stitch in an endless web,
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb,
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed,
And each life that falls of its true intent
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.
—Susan Coolidge.

**GENTLEMEN
CONVICTS**
By M. QUAD.
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It was a queer chapter of accidents that overtook the bark Nonesuch on the South American coast in the year 1870. We were bound from Philadelphia to Pernambuco, being a well found craft and a willing crew, and we lost a man overboard before we had been out 24 hours. Off the Bahamas the second mate and two men pulled away in the dingy to inspect some wreckage which seemed to prove the loss of a steamer, and as they were returning a small whale rose under the boat and smashed her to match wood, and then two sailors were drowned. This left us three men short, and we put in at the Windward Islands to replace them. After much trouble we got two men, but as we were leaving port the captain was bitten on the cheek and the first mate on the hand by a flying insect somewhat resembling the so called "darning



THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE AT THE WHEEL.
"needles" to be found in the United States. Within an hour they were suffering as much as if they had been stung by an asp.

The captain's wife was aboard, and of course she did all in her power, but it was three or four days before the men could move about again, and then only the mate could return to duty. The captain had what seemed to be a carbuncle appear under his right eye, and for ten days he suffered so acutely that at times he was out of his senses. We should have run into Demerara had he not begun to improve, but it would have been better had we done so anyhow. The two fellows we picked up at the Windward Islands proved to be worthless sailors and bad men, and they worked the bark an evil turn. One night as we lay becalmed, with the captain and mate still suffering from the poisonous bites, they overpowered and bound the second mate, provisioned and lowered a boat and induced four of the original crew to embark with them. We afterward came to know that they had been talking a great deal about a treasure buried on the Dutch Guiana coast, from which we were distant about 75 miles. We were thus left with only three able hands aboard, and the captain's wife had to take her trick at the wheel while we headed for Cayenne to get relief. We had crawled along to within 30 miles off the French penal port when the wind headed us, and we could do no better than drift off to the eastward and wait for a change.

After about 30 hours of drifting the wind changed in our favor, and one morning at sunrise we were making shift to get on our course again when we espied a raft with 12 men on it close at hand. With the naked eye one could make out that they were clothed in convict garb, and of course the deduction was that they had escaped from the coast. There were two rude sails on the raft, and the clumsy structure had had a fair breeze behind her for a day and a half. As the raft was not easily managed, we could have evaded it by putting up our helm. We were for doing this at once, all but the captain's wife. She knew they were convicts and desperate men and that once aboard of us we should be at their mercy, but she nevertheless insisted that we should pick them up. They were 50 miles off the coast, with the signs of a storm coming on, and she declared that it would be a cruel act to leave them to perish. I was of a mind to lock her up in her stateroom and dodge the raft. But the other two men were against me, and ten minutes later the float was alongside and the convicts were climbing aboard. I expected nothing less than an immediate attack from them, for 12 tougher looking men I never set eyes on; but, to my surprise, they halted at the rail while their leader advanced, doffed his cap, with a scrape of his foot, and in passable English inquired for the captain. He was told of the captain's illness and of our being short handed, and he bowed and scraped again and said to the woman:
"Madam, have no fears. You prob-

ably know that we are escaped convicts from Cayenne, but no man will offer harm to any one aboard. We may be robbers and murderers, but we are also gentlemen in a way. There is bad weather coming on. We have arrived at an opportune moment. Most of us are sailors, and all of us are at your orders."

When I looked into their vicious faces, I could not help but suspect that they had a game to play and were only delaying it, but it was policy to take them at their word. As soon as the captain and mate heard of the arrival of the gang they became almost panic stricken and advised this and that, and the wife was the only one who had the least confidence in the promises made. It was well that she had and that her advice to trust them was followed by all of us. We could not have kept them from coming aboard with our feeble crew, and to have shown our distrust afterward would have angered them. They took hold with us at once after being given food, and before night we had cause to rejoice that they were with us. We got dirty weather, which lasted three days, and but for their aid the Nonesuch would have become a helpless wreck or gone to the bottom. We had to run off to the east during this spell, and it was only when the weather cleared that the leader of the convicts had a conference with the captain and his wife and asked that his gang be set ashore in Brazilian territory. This was promised him, and I must say that I never worked with a more cheerful and willing crew aboard of any craft. Seven of the 12 had been convicted of murder, and all were desperate men, but they were as obedient as children and as good natured as you please. They were careful of their language, respectful in their demeanor, and not once did I hear one of them grumble or complain. We ran into the Amazon and up that river for 40 miles to set them ashore. In his gratitude to them the captain gave them sallow for two tents, a musket, a lot of clothes from the slop chest and all the provisions we could spare. With cooking utensils, fishhooks and a few carpenters' tools they were fairly well rigged out for a life on the banks of the stream for half a year to come, and at parting there were as much handshakings and as many farewells as if a band of old friends was breaking up. Their escape from the colony was a desperate one and the authorities made an exhaustive search; but, so far as I have been able to learn, not one of the dozen has ever been retaken.

Not Above His Business.

Young Brodhead, son of a wealthy family, cherished journalistic ambitions and, like a sensible youth, had resolved to begin at the beginning.

He had applied for and obtained a position as a reporter on a daily paper at a moderate salary, where he was treated precisely like any other reporter, shirking no assignment that came in his way and putting on no airs on account of his wealth or social standing.

He had not thought it worth while, however, to acquaint the family servants with the nature of his daily occupations, and when a fellow reporter came to the house one day with a message from the city editor the flunky in attendance at the front door took him around the house and brought him up to the young man's room by a back stairway.

"Why didn't you show Mr. Craig up by way of the front hall?" demanded young Brodhead.

"He's only a reporter," whispered the butler.

Imagine the dignified flunky's horror when his master responded in an audible voice:

"I'm only a reporter myself, you donkey!"—Youth's Companion.

Webster and the Trout.

With each increase of Webster's fame as a lawyer and an orator, writes Professor McMaster in *The Century*, friends and admirers grew more and more urgent that he should once more return to public life. He did indeed consent to serve as a presidential elector and for ten days sat in the Massachusetts legislature. Many years afterward in the course of a speech Webster referred to this service and told his hearers a story quite characteristic of the man. "It so happens," said he, "that all the public services which I have rendered in this world in my day and generation have been connected with the general government. I think I ought to make one exception. I was ten days a member of the Massachusetts legislature, and I turned my thoughts to the search for some good object in which I could be useful in that position, and after much reflection I introduced a bill which, with the general consent of both houses of the Massachusetts legislature, passed into a law and is now a law of the state which enacts that no man in the state shall catch trout in any other manner than in the old way, with an ordinary hook and line."

Pickled Railroad Ties.

Pickled railroad ties are now being used to a great extent all over the country. A number of railroads, including the Burlington, the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific, have plants of their own in which the ties are pickled. How to preserve the ties and add to their life and durability has been a serious problem for railroad operatives ever since the early days of transportation by rail. The constant wear and tear of ties has necessitated their replacement as soon as they were perceptibly worn. A solution of chloride of zinc is applied by a specially arranged process. The ties are put in large airtight cylinders, the air is pumped out and the ties are heated by steam. The chemicals are then pumped in and the ties kept in the solution under high pressure until they are saturated.—Philadelphia Record.

IT'S PRICES THAT TALK AT NEUBURGER'S Freeland's Greatest Store.

Several Lucky Purchases Have Brought to the Big Store Positively the Greatest Stocks of Clothing, Shoes, Dry Goods, Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Notions, Etc.,

Which are now offered at the lowest prices high-grade merchandise has ever been sold at in Luzerne county. Without all question of doubt (which a visit of inspection will prove to you) NeuBurger's offer extraordinary bargains during the sale of these stocks. The goods are all of this season's make and were bought from manufacturers hard-pressed for ready cash. They came direct from the factories and workshops to NeuBurger's, thus insuring you the greatest bargains that will be offered this season. The brief group of values offered below were picked at random from the tremendous stock.

READ EVERY ITEM CAREFULLY:

CLOTHING

- Boys' all-wool fast color Never-Rip Knee Pants, per pair **19c**
- The ESBE 75c cavalry-seated Never-Rip Knee Pants, with patent hold-fast buttons, ten styles, in sizes 3 to 16, 60 per pair during this sale at **50c**
- Young Men's all-wool Cassimere Trousers, per pair **98c**
- Men's all-wool tricot long gray mixed \$1.75 Trousers **98c**
- 200 Children's all-wool \$2.00 Blouse Suits in four colors—steel, gray, drab and blue—during sale **99c**
- Youths' \$2.00 Double Breasted Blue Suits **1.25**
- Youths' \$3.00 Double Breasted Blue Suits **2.00**
- Children's Pure Worsted Serge Blouse Suits **2.00**
- Young Men's three-piece all wool Long Pants Suits **2.98**
- Youths' three-piece silk-striped Teasdale Cassimere \$6.00 Suits **3.98**
- Men's \$5.00 Fancy Worsted Suits **2.98**
- Men's \$8.50 Fine Black Clay Worsted and Cassimere Suits **5.00**
- Men's custom-made absolutely pure wool Suits, ten styles, the greatest value of the season, at **7.50**
- The Men's Suits which we are offering at \$9, \$10, \$12 and \$15 are the finest to be had and the values are not to be matched in the state.

SHOES

- Our Boys', Youths' and Misses' Shoes are unequalled at **98c**
- Men's strictly solid leather Dress Shoes in all the new shapes, per pair **1.25**
- Men's Best Mining Shoes, per pair **1.10**
- Men's Fine Vici Kid Oxford Ties and Shoes, \$2 values, per pair **1.50**
- Ladies' Fine Vici Kid Shoes, with patent and plain tips, the Arline make, \$1.75 value, per pair **1.25**
- THE ALBION Ladies' Fine Kid Shoes which are as well made as Ladies' shoes can be and are the shoes so extensively advertised at \$3 under another name. We offer four styles of these high grade shoes, per pair, at **2.00**
- THE CRUSADER Men's Fine Dress Shoes advertised very extensively throughout the land at

\$2.50 under another name and made of same stock and in same way they are made for us in large quantities and with our price, \$1.69, stamped on bottom of each pair. **1.69**

FURNISHINGS

- Men's large size fancy border linen finished Handkerchiefs, each **2c**
- Men's seamless 10c Socks, per pair **5c**
- Men's reinforced back and front heaviest quality black and white stripe cheviot full 36 inch long Shirts **38c**
- Boys' 8-oz heavy Blue Denim Apron Overalls, sizes 4 to 14, per pair **25c**
- Men's 9-oz Blue Denim Overalls, made with double stitched felled seams, Swinging Pockets, coats of same material, made with 3 pockets **45c**
- Boys' and Men's 75c absolutely fast color Madras Cloth Shirts, made in Shirt and Shirt-Waist styles, with the new style box pleat bosoms and plain. Twenty styles to select from of the prettiest ever shown in town. **50c**
- Children's Blouse Waists, six styles **25c**
- Men's 50c imported French Ballbriggan Fancy Underwear **38c**
- Boys' and Girls' Fast Black Heavy Ribbed Double Knee, Heel and Toe 15c Stockings, per pair **10c**

DRY GOODS.

- The Greatest Values ever in Summer Dress Goods we have now placed on sale.
- The P. W. P. fine fast color fancy figured lawns in the season's newest shades, made to be and are sold at 9c, per yard **5c**
- The "Alloette," the prettiest and most serviceable Cotton Fabric made for this season's dresses, in all the pretty combination of colors on grounds of the season's rage—Old Rose, Rosanti, Pastel Green, Nill Green and Lavender—a full and regular 18c Dress Fabric, per yard **12c**
- Lancaster Apron Gingham, per yard **5c**
- Full yard-wide fine Muslin, per yard **5c**
- Best Calicoes, per yard **5c**
- Potter's Best 49-inch wide Table Oil Cloth, per yard **14c**
- Fine Bleached Table Linen, per yard **25c**
- Old Rose, Pastel, Ecu and all the popular shades in fine 40-inch Henrietta **25c**
- For Ladies' and Misses' Shirt Waists, Skirts and Wrappers we are showing an endless stock at very lowest prices.
- Our Hat and Cap Department is the most complete in town, and every new style is to be seen at way down prices.

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