

### THE OLD CHURCH BELLS.

Ring out merrily,  
Loudly, cheerily,  
Bithe the old bells from the steeple tower;  
Rejoice, joyfully,  
Merrily, joyfully,  
Through the world from the maiden bower.  
Cloud there is none in the fair summer sky;  
Sunshine flows down from an high;  
Children sing loud as the train moves along,  
"Happy the world the sun shines on."  
Knoll out dearly,  
Measured and warily,  
Sad old bells from the steeple gray;  
Prisoners chanting lowly,  
Solemnly, slowly,  
Passeth the corpse from the portal today,  
Drops from the laden clouds heavily fall,  
Dripping over the plume and the pall;  
Murmur old folks as the train moves along,  
"Happy the world the rain raineth on."  
Toll at the hour of prime,  
Mafin and vesper chime,  
Loving old bells from the steeple high;  
Boiling like lady waves  
Over the lowly graves,  
Floating up, prayer fraught, into the sky,  
Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach;  
Stern is the preaching your iron tongues preach,  
Ringing in life from the land to the bloom,  
Ringing the dead to their rest in the tomb,  
Peal out evermore,  
Peal as ye pealed Sabbath day,  
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day;  
In sunshine and gladness,  
Through clouds and through sadness,  
Bridal and burial have passed away,  
Toll us life a pleasure with death are still rife;  
Toll us that death ever leadeth to life,  
Life is our labor, and death is our rest;  
If happy the living, the dead are the blest.  
—Dublin University Magazine.

### MAROONING A BOY...

By M. QUAD.

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We were loading the Liverpool brig Nemo for London at Bombay and I had been shipped as second mate of her when one day a boy about 16 years of age came down to the craft and endeavored to ship as cabin boy, assistant to the cook or as an apprentice. He was an English lad who had run away from home and wanted to get back. He was frank spoken, had an honest, innocent face, and I was glad to help him to an interview with the captain. It did him no good, however. Captain Joyce was a selfish, hard hearted man, and he not only refused the lad the place he could easily have made for him, but cursed him roundly for having dared to come aboard. I felt sorry for the boy and slipped him a crown, and when he went over the side I advised him to try other vessels and not get discouraged. I did not know that the boy returned and worked on the sympathies of some of our crew and was stowed away by them in the forehold, but that was what happened. Had I or any other officer of the ship got an inkling of his presence the stowaway would have been hauled out of his hiding place very quickly, but he was smuggled aboard so adroitly that only two or three sailors knew of his presence.



THERE WAS THE HULL OF THE SUNSHINE, once and we were three days at sea. Then by his advice he showed himself and offered to do anything he was set at to pay his way. Some shipmasters would have put him to work and said no more about it, as he could have been made very useful, but Captain Joyce was pleased to look upon it as a heinous offense not to be overlooked. After abusing the lad for ten minutes by word of mouth he picked up a rope's end and flogged him till some of the men cried out against it. That stopped the flogging for the time being, but the lad was set at the dirtiest of work, given only food enough to keep soul and body together and was cursed at and struck whenever the captain could reach him. The first mate joined his superior in this, while I stood as neutral as I could. Had I openly sympathized with the lad I should have had a row with the captain, but I could and did show him decent treatment and encourage the men to do likewise.

We had run as far south as the Laccadive Islands and owing to a strong gale had been set in much nearer than our course lay when one day, as the brig was becalmed under the lee of one of the smaller islands, I was ordered to take a crew and row the boy ashore and leave him. I was at first refusing point blank, as it was a monstrous thing to do, but I saw that the captain was in liquor and would have the affair carried out at any cost. Any refusal to obey orders would result in my being disgraced and clapped in irons. I realized also that I could help the wanderer more by going than by refusing. While the boat was being made ready I slipped down to my stateroom after matches, a knife, some fishhooks and other things and upon returning to the deck found that the captain had provided the lad with about ten pounds of hard bread, the same of pork and an

old kettle. He refused him matches, however, and it was a lucky thing that I had brought three or four dozen along. The lad made no fuss about going, although he knew that he was to be set ashore on a lonely island. I know he was in deadly fear of the captain and mate and to escape them in any manner was a relief. On the way to shore I advised him as best I could, and the men at the oars were not backward in expressing their sympathy, and when we left Joey on the beach he was feeling quite stout hearted.

What happened to that lad after we sailed away reads like a romance. He had been marooned on one of the most easternmost of the group, and perhaps the island had never been explored by white men. It was three miles long by two broad, with a ridge running its length. Indeed, there were two ridges, and between them was a creek running to the north. At its mouth this creek widened into a little harbor. The boy had been on the island for a week before he climbed the ridges and found them full of living springs which fed the creek. He followed the creek down to its mouth and there made the strangest of finds. Three years previously, while on a voyage from Bombay to Liverpool, the bark Sunshine had been dismasted at sea and deserted by her crew for a wreck. She was laden with wool, hides, dyewoods and minerals, and her cargo was appraised at nearly a million dollars. Her crew had been picked up at sea, the vessel listed and the insurance paid, and yet as Joey reached the little harbor there was the hull of the Sunshine with her nose on the beach. Wind, wave and current had drifted her all of 700 miles and finally whirled her into that spot. Her hull was sound and her hatches on, and her cargo had not been damaged to the amount of a hundred dollars.

Three weeks later the boy's signal smoke on the beach brought a vessel to his rescue, and he said not a word of his find till he reached Bombay and found men in whom he could trust. Then an expedition was fitted out, the hull and cargo were got to Bombay in safety, and the courts allowed the boy salvage enough to make him rich to the end of his days. In marooning the poor stowaway lad whose only crime was wanting to return to his native land Captain Joyce had as good as thrown \$300,000 at him and raised him up a thousand friends.

### Why Albinos Do Not See Well.

According to Dr. A. D. Williams, the white, flaxen hair of albinos shows that there is a deficiency of coloring materials in their bodies. Further proof of this fact is found in the absence of the necessary amount of pigment in their eyes. Such persons have pink eyes because there is not pigment enough in the iris and upon its posterior surface to prevent the red reflex of the fundus from shining through the iris. Albinos are always greatly annoyed by strong light because there is not sufficient coloring to prevent the ingress of a flood of it, the bright glare entering not only through the pupil, but through the substance of the iris as well.

The choroid being likewise deficient in pigment, the excessive amount of light dazzles and greatly confuses the vision. Furthermore, the deficiency of pigments in the choroid prevents the light after it has acted on the retina from being absorbed, that being the main function of the choroidal pigment. Albinism is an unfortunate condition, as there is no way to supply the deficient pigment to the iris and choroid.

### A Lively Camp.

In 1851 Mokelumne Hill was one of the worst camps in California. "Who was shot last week?" was the first question asked by the miners when they came in from the river or surrounding diggings on Saturday nights or Sundays to gamble or get supplies. It was very seldom that the answer was, "No one."

Men would race up and down the thoroughfares in single file, as boys play the game of "follow-my-leader," each imitating the actions of the foremost. Selecting some particular letter in a sign they would fire in turn, regardless of everything but the accuracy of the aim. Then they would quarrel over it as though they were boys playing a game of marbles, while every shot was likely to kill or wound some unfortunate person.—Exchange.

### Best Way to Take People.

One of the greatest lessons in life is to learn to take people at their best, not their worst; to look for the divine, not the human, in them; the beautiful, not the ugly; the bright, not the dark; the straight, not the crooked side.

A habit of looking for the best in everybody and of saying kindly instead of unkindly things about them strengthens the character, elevates the ideals and tends to produce happiness. It also helps to create friends. We like to be with those who see the divine side of us, who see our possibilities, who do not dwell upon the dark side of our life, but upon the bright side. This is the office of a true friend, to help us discover our noblest selves.—Success.

### It Looked Inviting.

I was visiting a magistrate in Kerry county when a stalwart fellow was brought in a prisoner, charged with nearly killing an old baldheaded man, whose head was a bloody mass. "What was it this fellow did to you?" asked the magistrate. "Nothing," "Then what made you do it?" "Well, I'll tell you honor God's truth. Ye see, I came late into the fair, luck was ag'in me, for all the fighting was over, so as I was strutting about looking for some boy to cross a stick wid I saw this poor man's bald head poked out of a slit of the tent that he might cool it, and it looked so inviting that for the soul of me I couldn't help hitting the blow."—S. C. Hall's Diary.

### JOHN ADAMS' WIFE.

A Letter From Abigail Adams—The Vice President's Function.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 6, 1797.  
Dear Sir—I received your letter of Nov. 24 by the post of yesterday. With respect to the notes you write me about, I wish you to do by them as you would by your own, as I do not want at present either principle or interest. I think it would be most for my interest to do by them as you propose. The method you mention, of adding to the outhouse so as to give me a dairy room, I like very much and would leave it to your judgment. I think it would be best to have it large enough to take of a closet that cold victuals, etc., may not be mixt in with dairy affairs. I should be glad to have it completed if possible before I return in the spring, but the winter has set in with great violence here, and the rivers are already frozen up, so that I fear we shall not have a chance of getting any cheese here.

Congress are but just getting into business, and the vice president is not yet arrived to sit six months together. Regulating debates, moderating warmth and reading papers is a laborious task and what, I fancy, the present V. P. does not like so well as rocking in his pivot chair or amusing himself with the vibration of a pendulum. I have never yet seen the southern man, Washington excepted, who could bear close application for any length of time. What a ringing would here have been in all the Jacobinical prayers from one end of the United States to the other if somebody else had done so!

We are all well. The cold weather has entirely put a stop to the yellow fever, and no person would now suppose that such a calamity had ever befallen the city. The synod recommended a day of fasting and prayer. The difference between this place and N. England was this: Being recommended by a body of Presbyterian ministers, none of the church clergy would join in it. Every shop in the city was open as usual, and a very small proportion of the inhabitants attended worship. Business and pleasure went on as usual. Remember me to Mrs. Tufts and all other friends. From your ever affectionate  
ABIGAIL ADAMS.

### THE BRITISH TOURIST.

He was Pleasantly Surprised by the Train Boy's Attention.

The British tourist sat in the car and gazed idly across the bleak prairies. He felt a slight touch and, looking around, found that a uniformed youth had deposited several ruddy oranges on the seat.

"He didn't wait for the money," remarked the tourist, gazing from the fruit to the rapidly retreating train boy.

"He never does," said the fellow passenger, with a knowing smile.

"Oh, I see! It is one of the advantages of your great railroad system. Free fruit for its patrons."

The British tourist was just peeling the second orange when a dainty package of chocolate confectionery was deposited on his knee.

"My Jove," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "this is delightful! When I return home, I shall write a paper on the excellence of American travel."

In less than ten minutes he was the recipient of another package. It was a little box containing a black cigar and two matches.

"No wonder you Americans like to travel," he said, biting the bitter end of the cigar. Then he found that a comic publication had found its way to his seat.

"This is great!" he grinned. "I am going to tip the boy. Wait a moment." The train boy halted, and the tourist held out a dime.

"What is that for?" asked the boy. "For yourself."

"You owe me a half, mister!" "Owe? I thought you were giving these things away?"

"Not today. The half, please." "But why don't you take the money when you leave the stuff?"

"Because we'd never sell it." The tourist reluctantly handed over the coin.

"Going to write about the excellence of American travel?" asked the fellow passenger.

"Not I," responded the British tourist. "I am going home and tell the nation about the train robberies over here!"—Exchange.

### Vitality of Hebrews.

If the future population of the earth is to be estimated on the basis of race vitality, then there is no question but that the Hebrews will yet be in the majority. Statistics show that the average longevity of the Hebrew race is greater than that of any other. Their numbers must therefore be increasing relatively to every race, and they certainly are. Whether it is due to the sanitary measures enjoined by their religion or because of native vitality is for students of sociology to decide, but the fact still remains. Yet numbers are not always to control the destiny of the race, and it is to be supposed that fraternity and good sense are slowly wiping out race distinctions.—Boston Globe.

### A Humble Apology.

"We feel that an apology is due," explains the editor of the Spiketown Blizard, "to the estimable young woman who teaches at the schoolhouse in District No. 5. Through the wretched blunder of a worthless tramp printer whom we trusted with the setting up of an item just as we were closing the forms for our last week's edition we were made to say that 'Miss Ruby McConnell, the handsome and popular teacher in Riggs neighborhood, is the proud possessor of an elegant new black beard.' We wrote it 'blackboard.'"—Chicago Tribune.

### A Kentucky Decision.

Judge Nunn of the Hopkins county circuit court (Louisville, Ky.) has temporarily enjoined the collection of strike assessments, forbids the union men from asking others to strike, forbids the collection of union dues and forbids the distribution of food to the strikers in Hopkins county. The matter will come up for final argument at the present term of court.

For several years efforts have been made to organize the coal miners in Hopkins county. Several strikes have been failures. The present strike has been on some months without decreasing the output of the Hopkins county mines.

The St. Bernard, Reinecke and Monarch Coal companies brought suit before Judge J. T. Nunn against the Illinois Central mines and certain of their employees asking \$100,000 damages for alleged conspiracy to close down the plaintiffs' mines. This suit is pending. Now the same plaintiffs ask for an injunction that the defendant mining companies discontinue the collection of assessments out of wages of their employees, alleging that the purpose of the assessment is for the organization of the Hopkins miners, which would be hurtful to the business of the plaintiffs.

### A Great Railway Union.

The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, which met in Milwaukee recently, now has a membership of 75,000 and a fat treasury. It was started by 15 brakemen in Oneonta, N. Y., 17 years ago.

### A Happy Ride.

Jawson—How did your automobile journey turn out?  
Dawson—Beautifully. Although I ran over two pedestrians and three bicycles and knocked two wagons into a ditch, my motor was not at all injured, and I arrived just on time.—Tit-Bits.

### Pan-American Exposition.

Low fares via the Lehigh Valley Railroad to the Pan-American Exposition. Five-day tickets, good only in day coaches, will be sold on Tuesdays and Saturdays, May 1 to October 31, from Freeport at the rate of \$7 for the round trip.

Ten-day tickets will be sold from Freeport every day, May 1 to October 31, good on any train, except the Black Diamond express, at the rate of \$10 for the round trip.

A few months ago, food which I ate for breakfast would not remain on my stomach for half an hour. I used one bottle of your Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and can now eat my breakfast and other meals with a relish and my food is thoroughly digested. Nothing equals Kodol Dyspepsia Cure for stomach troubles. H. S. Pitts, Arlington Tex. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat. Grover's City drug store.

Low Fares to Pan-American Exposition. Via the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Five-day tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Saturdays, from Freeport, at the rate of \$7.50 for the round trip. Tickets good only in day coaches.

Ten-day tickets will be sold from Freeport every day, May 1 to October 31, good on any train, except the Black Diamond express, at the rate of \$10 for the round trip.

The Doctors told me my cough was incurable. One Minute Cough Cure made me a well man. Norris Silver, North Stratford, N. H.—Because you've not found relief from a stubborn cough, don't despair. One Minute Cough Cure has cured thousands and it will cure you. Safe and sure. Grover's City drug store.

### Low Fares to Detroit.

Via the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Account of the meeting of the National Educational Association. Tickets on sale July 6, 7 and 8. See ticket agents for particulars.

Ezema, salivarium, tetter, chaffin, ivy poisoning and all skin tortures are quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The certain pile cure. Grover's City drug store.

### The Wise Assistant.

The Photographer—But this picture does not look like her.  
Astute Assistant—Of course not, but it looks like she thinks she looks.—Philadelphia Record.

### The Retort Courteous.

"What are you worrying about? Don't you know care killed a cat?" "That's all right, but 'don't care' has killed more."—Philadelphia Press.

### That Boy o' Rogers.

That boy o' Rogers, Lord spare me From rain such a hot as he! He ever mischief was boiled down Into a freckled, red haired clown An turned loose on two spindlin shanks T' bother mankind with his pranks, 'Twas that ar boy o' Rogers!

Th' wa'n't no question that he'd be Inside 't' penitentiary. Alone he was a man full grown He could conspire more tricks alone Than any boy I ever seed. Th' biggest scamp, we all agreed, Was that ar boy o' Rogers!

He turned up missin; went out west; I 'low we thought it was 't' best 'Ting that had ever happened yet. When he made up his mind to git For us he couldn't go too far, An we all said, "Good riddance," sir, 'T was that ar boy o' Rogers!

He left us twenty years ago; I was out west a month or so Las' spring, an Jack, my boy, says he, "I'll take ye up today!" see Th' governor! Well, sir, I'm cussed, I knew him when I seed him first— 'Twas that ar boy o' Rogers!

—Blomack Tribune.

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### RAILROAD TIMETABLES

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD, June 2, 1901.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. LEAVE FREEPORT.

6 12 a m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
7 34 a m	for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton.
8 15 a m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Delano and Pottsville.
9 30 a m	for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shamondah and Mt. Carmel.
11 42 a m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shamondah and Mt. Carmel.
11 51 a m	for White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and the West.
4 44 p m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shamondah and Mt. Carmel.
6 35 p m	for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points West.
7 29 p m	for Hazleton.
ARRIVE AT FREEPORT.	
7 34 a m	from Pottsville, Delano and Hazleton.
9 12 a m	from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shamondah and Mt. Carmel.
9 30 a m	from Hazleton, Delano and White Haven.
11 51 a m	from Pottsville, Mt. Carmel, Shamondah, Mahanoy City, Delano and Hazleton.
12 48 p m	from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and Weatherly.
4 44 p m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
6 35 p m	from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Mt. Carmel, Shamondah, Mahanoy City, Delano and Hazleton.
7 29 p m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

TOLLIN H. WILBUR, General Superintendent, 30 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, 30 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

G. J. GILDROY, Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect March 10, 1901.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia, Hazle Creek, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Heppston at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:05 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:53 a. m., 4:22 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Heppston at 6:22, 11:10 a. m., 4:41 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Deringer for Onedia, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 5:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 5:37 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Sheppston for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 7:11 a. m., 12:40, 5:26 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Sheppston for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddio and Drifton at 5:52 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 5:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddio and Drifton at 5:59 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 10:16 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.

Train leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m. makes connection at Deringer with P. R. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, Harrisburg and points west.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.