TO THE BELOVED.

Oh not more subtly silence strays
Amongst the winds, between the voices,
Mingling alike with passive bays
And with the music that rejoices,
Than thou art present in my days.

My silence, life returns to thee
In all the pauses of her breath;
Hush back to rest the melody
That out of thee awakeneth,
And then wake ever, wake for me.

Full, full is life in hidden places,
For thou art silence unto me.
Full, full is thought in endless spaces,
Full is my life. A silent sea
Lies round all shores with long embraces.

Thou art like silence all unvexed,
Though wild waves part my soul from thee;
Thou art like silence unperplexed,
A secret and a mystery
Between one footfall and the rest.

Most dear pause in a mellow lay,
Thou art frowned with every air;
With thee the wildest tempests play,
And earthquakes of thee everywhere
Make little heavens throughout a day.

Darkness and solitude shine for me,
For life's fair outward part are rife
The silver noises let them be.
It is the very soul of life
Listens for thee, listens for thee.

Oh, pause between the sobs of carol
Oh, thought within all thought that is,
Trance between laughters unwarned
Thou art the form of melodies,
And then the essence of prayers.
—Alice Meynell in London Athenæum.

ROMANCE OF THE WAR

The battle at last was finished. The victory was lost and won. And while the defeated army had fallen back to take shelter in the woods and mountain passes the victorious host had encamped upon the field of action. A thick misty haze hung over the landscape, through which the setting sun shone like a great copper shield burnished and ready for combat.

Since early morn the battle had been in progress, and the carnage was frightful. Even the sturdiest of the surgeons had more than once turned pale as they worked over their improvised operating tables, and all had felt a sensation of faintness that they did not care to own.

In one corner of the field when the fight had been the hottest, in a little grove of half a dozen trees at the angle of a stone wall, knelt the colonel of a New York regiment beside the prostrate form of his own lieutenant, a young man of English birth and a great favorite among his comrades. His breath came slowly and painfully, and when he strove to speak the lifeblood welled up in his throat so as to almost choke all utterance.

"Creston, my boy," said the colonel in the low voice which he always used when in the presence of suffering—for the colonel was as kind and as gentle as a woman to the sick—"is there anything more that I can do for you—any word or message that you want to send? For you know"——

Creston's lips parted with a faint and almost imperceptible motion, and the colonel bending low caught the words. "Lift—me—up."

Raising the dying man to a half sitting position, the colonel held him in his own strong arms and gently wiped the red froth from his lips.

"Colonel"—the words were weak and low—"my vest—open—the—the—pocket—inside"——

The exertion was so great that he could say no more. The colonel, opening the vest, drew from an inner pocket a miniature, the portrait of a young and beautiful girl, so beautiful that even then the colonel could not help gazing upon the likeness with interest and admiration.

"And this?" he questioned as he held it up to the eyes of his dying comrade. The pale face of the sufferer grew strangely bright when he looked upon the bit of painted ivory before him.

"In England," he whispered, "she lives—Densmond in Devonshire—you'll remember—take her this, yourself—no one else. Find her in Densmond, Amelia Burton. Tell her—I didn't—forget"—

A torrent of crimson lifeblood gushed from his lips, and all was over. The colonel arose, folded a blanket and placed it beneath the head of the corpse. Then the night winds gathered and whispered among the trees and brushed with their dark pinions the bright, cold drops that stood on the pale forehead of Herbert Creston.

* * * * * *

Already the sun was casting long shadows over the landscape around the pretty English village of Densmond in Devonshire, for Densmond was pretty and everybody said so—that is, everybody who had ever been there said so. And as for those unfortunate beings who had not been there, they were so very much in the minority that no one ever cared a straw what they said or thought.

The day had been hot and sultry, and with the advent of the cooling breezes of evening every one who could possibly get out of doors did so, for the air was delicious now after the overpowering heat of the day.

Along the dusty highway a man, well dressed and evidently a stranger in the country through which he was passing, was walking slowly, evidently absorbed in thought. He was about 40, of a bronzed complexion and dark hair, now slightly tinged with gray. On the whole he was far from handsome, nor did the scar of a saber wound across his forehead add to his attractions.

Just now he paused before a cottage that stood somewhat back from the public road, almost buried in flowers, like a modest and retiring cottage that it was. Sounds of happy laughter came from an arbor, concealed by the surrounding hedge. Colonel Nathaniel Pember paused but a moment, however, before he opened the gate.

"Can you tell me," he asked one of the party of young girls that met his view as he entered, "if you know of any one residing in this neighborhood by the name of—of Amelia Burton?"

"Yes, indeed," answered one of the young ladies, with a meaning smile, "but you'll have to hurry, though, for there will be no such person here after to-night."

"She—she is not sick—not dying, is she?" questioned the colonel hastily.

"Oh, not at all," answered the young lady, with a pleasant laugh, "only she's going to be married to Lord Littel to-night."

"Married!" said the colonel, half to himself, then aloud: "Can you tell me where she lives? I must see her upon business—something very important."

"It's not very far from here. The house in the park that you see on the left belongs to her father. But you must hurry. It's after 6:30, and you've scarce an hour."

Colonel Pember turned and walked hastily along the road. "Married—married—then I am too late. Perhaps not. I don't understand it. I can't." And with every step he took came the refrain, "Married, married, married."

The next day Densmond was all excitement. The daughter of the Hon. Crofton Burton had refused at the last moment to marry Lord Lorloose Littel. And then, too, the appearance of this suspicious looking American. That must not be overlooked. Surely there was something in this, "if those as knew would tell." But the Hon. Burton, M. P., would tell nothing, and as Lord Littel had left for town that morning he could tell nothing, and Miss Burton, she had declared that she would tell nothing. So there the matter rested, and like every other sensation was almost forgotten 10 days after.

Almost, I say, for Colonel Pember had taken lodgings at the Pot and Kettle, and scarcely a day passed but he made his way to The Oaks, the residence of Mr. Burton, who seemed to have a great fancy for his company.

Nor was it long in becoming common talk that the colonel had returned to Miss Burton on the eve of her intended wedding a blood-stained miniature, the token of a schoolgirl love that she had given to Herbert Creston, the village actor do well, and that as she saw the picture, stained with his lifeblood, the old love had returned, and she had refused to marry any one else.

So passed a year, and again summer visited the little village, sprinkling the lawns with yellow dandelions and the [illegible] with all manner of wildflowers. From the many farmyards came the sounds of cattle and of fowls upon the clear and silent air, mingled with the distant dashing of brooks. The trees, resplendent in their "garments of green," cast grateful shadows for the noonday wanderer. And then the gardens! Roses everywhere. The air was one mass of perfume, delightful and overpowering, the first sweet gift of summer.

During this time Miss Burton had not been seen by the village folk, save on one or two rare occasions, and those who had viewed her reported that she was looking pale and sickly, and that she scarcely ever spoke. Now, however, at the approach of summer she had thrown off her gloomy aspect, laid aside the "inky cloak" that she had insisted upon wearing and had even gone so far as to ride out into the country, and always with the colonel as a companion.

One night they walked together in the gardens that almost entirely surrounded The Oaks. There was no other light than that of the stars. As Amelia passed the colonel placed his arm about her and held her hand.

"You have my answer?" he questioned softly.

She raised her face slowly. Their lips met.

"It is 'yes?'" he asked.

And she answered "Yes."

* * * * * *

Far away in the wilderness of Virginia the night winds gathered and whispered and murmured and muttered, and with their dark pinions brushed the bright cold drops of dew that clung to the blades of grass above the unmarked grave of Herbert Creston.—Exchange.

Know All About It.

"The world is full of people who think they know it all," said John A. Starr, "and in no subject is there so much superfluous knowledge rolling around as that which relates to food adulteration and substitution. What little money I have has been made out of sugar, and I profess to know something about that indispensable and very popular article. But I learned something the other day which neither I nor any one else ever knew before. I was eating breakfast with a chance acquaintance I had picked up on the cars, and he called for some crushed sugar, objecting to white lump because, as he assured me confidentially, it was all made from glucose, which was nothing else but animal refuse.

"I explained to him that he was quite right in his idea excepting in two respects, one of which was that white lump was not made from glucose and the other that glucose was a product of corn and not of animal refuse. He seemed rather to resent the information at first, and as he proceeded to destroy the flavor of his coffee by the use of some very dark sugar which was little more or less than glucose itself he told me that he had the information from an authentic source, and that he could not be persuaded to ruin his internal organs at the request of the first stranger he happened to meet."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mistaken Diagnosis.

Last year 469 mistakes were made in London by doctors in notifying cases of infectious diseases for removal to hospitals, with the result that 103 of the mistaken cases resulted fatally.—Exchange.

An Afterthought.

"That is an excellent little thing about the Lord tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, is it not?"

"It sounds well—yes; but did you ever reflect that lambs are not shorn?"—Truth.

Green Snow.

Three places at least are known where green snow is found. One of these places is near Mount Hecla, Iceland, another 14 miles east of the mouth of the Obi and the third near Quito, South America.

To a Would Be Medical Student.

A correspondent who signs himself "Duffy" asks, "Will you please inform me if there is a medical school in New York in which the lectures for the first year are given in the evening or any time after 3 p. m?"

Duffy, you and dozens of other "would be doctors" think you can study medicine in the happy go lucky way the law pills study law—lectures in the afternoon; office work in the morning. You must give up that idea at once. Medicine requires 25 hours out of 24, and more on Sundays and holidays. The lectures in every medical school are given when the professors and lecturers can find time for them. They're given in the morning and in the afternoon and the evening, and some of the private "quizzes" begin at 10.30 or 11 p. m. and stop in time to get ready for breakfast if you dress quickly. Now, Duffy, if you ask because you think medicine is a snap like these afternoon law schools, you'd better keep out of it, but if you can stand the pace and ask simply because you're ignorant, why, go ahead, and with good health and hard work you may get your license to "kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!"—New York Sun.

A Lifelike Stone Camel.

One of the most curious rock formations in the world is to be seen in Arizona. It is a short distance east of the stage road between Tucson and Oracle and stands on a knoll several feet above the surrounding sand hills. When first seen, the effect is startling, and the mind has to get over a shock before the peculiar object can be comprehended. It is a most perfect representation of a camel and is formed of one piece of granite.

This curiosity is of colossal size, but perfectly proportioned. It is about 60 feet high and is very white and smooth. There are very few fissures on the surface, and they strangely are in the proper places to form features. The only real projection from the surface is exactly placed for an eyebrow. The two humps are plainly to be seen, and the neck is curved beautifully.

The rock is really a solid piece rising from the ground, but the effect of legs is produced by a clump of dark colored brush that grows beside the stone. The white stone shows plainly at both sides of the brush, and the effect of the legs is unmistakably produced.—Philadelphia Record.

Carrying Good News.

During the siege of Vicksburg an important artillery position had been assigned to a battery commanded by Major Schwartz, a German attached to General Grant's command. Late in the day while Grant was in his tent receiving dispatches from the front a German orderly made his appearance earnestly inquiring for "Zhineral Grant." After much parley his bearers, being convinced that his business with the general was important, admitted him to the latter's tent, where he made the announcement, "Schwartz's battery is took!" "Well," said the general calmly, "did you spike the guns?" "What?" shrieked the little German, "spike dem guns? Dem new guns? Vy, it would schpile 'em!" "Well, what did you do?" said Grant impatiently. "Vy, we took 'em pack again, by tam!"—Life.

Meanness In the Chaste Dove.

Cases of meanness are not numerous among the animals. A surprising one is the innocent dove, which sometimes hides under her wings food for which she has no need simply to deprive her companions. The sense of property is manifested in the competition for prizes, as in the struggle for the female or for food, rank, territory or nests. The dog distinguishes the property of his master and even discriminates between objects belonging to different members of the same family.—Current Literature.

The Music Lesson.

"Your little daughter, as she went out a while ago, seemed the very picture of misery."

"She was going to take a music lesson."

"And your oldest daughter, who is now going out, looks even more miserable."

"She is going to give a music lesson."
—New York Press.

A Dog-cow Narrative.

Jones—Schmidt, the brewer, told me a wonderful story this morning.

Brown—Illustrated with cuts, I suppose—Puck.

Disturbed In the Street.

There is a young colored damsel in Washington whose soul is at present filled with wrath because of the summary action taken by a society woman to whom she had been handmaiden. With ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the young woman proved herself conversant by making away with articles of value. Among these was a silk dress of which her mistress had been especially fond. Though accused of the theft, the woman stoutly denied it and took her dismissal, vehemently protesting her innocence. Not long afterward, as the daughter of Ham was sailing down the street in all the glory of the stolen garment, she came upon her mistress rapidly walking toward her with the look of a great purpose in her eye.

Retreat was impossible, as was a failure to comply with the astonishing demand that she then and there divest herself of the gown. As the alternative was to be immediately handed over to the police, the perturbed young woman did as she was bid with all speed possible, and in as brief a time as it takes to tell the tale she stood with her ebony perfections exposed to public view while in an opposite direction her former mistress walked away, bearing in triumph the stolen property.—Kate Field's Washington.

Back From Georgia.

She drove up to the depot in an old cart drawn by an ox with lines attached to his horns, and she repeated her inquiries about the train from the east so often that the depot agent finally asked:

"Are you expecting friends on that train?"

"I'm lookin fur my son Sam an his wife," she replied.

"Coming on a visit?"

"No, sah. They dun moved over to Georgy six months ago, but they doan' like it and are comin back."

"Mighty good state that Georgia."

"I've heerd say so, but Sam can't git no work. Good lands and good crops, but the peoples too scrumptious."

"How scrumptious?" he queried.

"I dunno exactly know, but I reckon Sam can explain. He hadn't bin thar but fo' months when they tarred an feathered him an rode him all over the country on a rail."—Detroit Free Press.

Herennius, the Sicilian, showed signs of madness and was confined by his friends. Determined to thwart them he beat his brains out against a post.

Trusts and Combinations.

Are unpopular. But there is one form of trust against which no one has anything to say. That is the trust which the public reposes in Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the best of it is the trust is fully justified by the merit of the medicine. For, remember, Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

Camille Flamarion has arrived at the conclusion that in less than ten million years the land on our planet will be covered by water.

Forest fires in this country destroy every year $12,000 worth of timber.

Little vegetable health producers. De Witt's Little Early Risers cure malarious disorders and regulate the stomach and bowels, which prevents headache and dizziness T. D. Thomas, Druggist.

A dash of saltpetre in the water keeps cut flowers fresh.

We could not improve the quality if paid double the price. DeWitt's Witch Hazle Salve is the best Salve that experience can produce, or that money can buy Thomas, Druggist.

It scares a man who has done wrong to be told that he has an expressive face.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

In Japan women work a stevedores.

Ignorance of the merits of DeWitt's Little Early Risers is a misfortune. These little pills regulate the liver, cure headache dyspepsia bad breath, constipation and billiousness. T. D. Thomas, Druggist.

A 68-year-old resident of Leavenworth, Kansas, is cutting a new tooth.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Reber Lehighton; and Biery Weissport.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in aid of need.

Base ball is one business which can't flourish without strikes.

The wind from the North blows sharp and keen, and bad effects of colds are seen. One Minute Cough Cure so safe and sure, will quickly perform a wonderous cure. T. D. Thomas.

Idle men do not think; they only dream.

All that honesty, experience and skil can do to produce a perfect pill, has been employed in making De Witt's Little Early Risers. The result is a specific for sick headache, billousness and constipation.

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All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as one trial of De-Witt's Witch Hazel Salve for scalds, burns, bruises, skin affections and piles.

Make your mistakes all teach you something.

Hon. W. V. Lucas, Ex-State Auditor of Iowa says: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family and have no hesitation in saying that it is an excellent remedy. I believe all that is claimed for it. Persons afflicted by a cough or a cold will find it a friend." There is no danger from whooping cough when this remedy is freely given. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale at Reber's Lehighton and Biery's Weissport.

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A MILLION FRIENDS.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Carber, of Cooksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Free Trial Bottles at Reber's Drug Store, Lehighton, and Biery's Drug Store, Weissport. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00.

Too many folks are fine talk and bad walk.

The following item, clipped from the Ft. Madison (Iowa) Democrat, contains information well worth remembering: "Mr. John Roth, of this city, who met with an accident a few days ago, spraining and bruising his leg and arm quite severely, was cured by one 50 cent bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm." This remedy is without an equal for sprains and bruis s and should have a place in every household. For sale by Biery Weissport and Reber, Lehighton.

The Improved Industrial Dwelling Company of London, England, has a capital of $2,500,000. The death rate is low in its properties.

A woman never loses faith in a man who treats her well.

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To Owners Of Wagons,

would say that before you take your wagon to the shop for repairs look over the painting I did last year, see whether I use inferior Paint and Varnish. Then compare prices, also in the purchase of a new one, Buy of a Carriage Man! And buy where you get the same article for, Oh! so much less money, for my place is noted for that, namely, to sell cheaper than any other, because I sell for the ready stuff you see.

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Scott's Emulsion

POPULAR ELECTIONS.

THE STEADY GROWTH OF INTEREST IN STATE ELECTIONS.

Lessons That May Be Drawn From the New York State and National Elections—The Percentage of Voters to the Population Greater in the Country.

A comparison of the election returns at the end of the last century, about the time of the adoption of the constitution of the United States, with the returns for the last presidential election, shows how widely the suffrage has extended in the United States. In Massachusetts, between 1778 and 1794, the proportion of votes cast to the population varied from 2 to 5 per cent. In several counties of the state of New York there were cast at the election of 1792 almost one-third as many votes as there were inhabitants.

It is the habit of many people to take it for granted that the earlier institutions of the United States were more democratic than the present ones, and that the tendency of these times is to put the political power in the hands of a few men and to take it away from the multitude. No such theory is borne out by the election returns. At one of the most hotly contested elections in Virginia, when Chief Justice Marshall's father was a candidate for membership in the house of burgesses, or what would correspond to assemblyman here, there was only one vote cast to every 10 inhabitants, a ratio smaller than that cast in any county in this state for a great many years. There was a property qualification for electors in this contest, and it was frequently the case that the voting, instead of being by secret ballot, was viva voce. There were so few electors that they would all come together on election day, and their names would be called, every man naming his choice.

With all the talk about the large vote of the city of New York and the power of its majorities to settle the result in the state, it is somewhat contradictory that the election figures should show that New York has the smallest ratio of voters to inhabitants—less than half as large as the ratio in many of the rural counties. Brooklyn comes next and Buffalo third.

Throughout the state it is general that the Democratic counties cast fewer votes to the number of their inhabitants than the Republican counties. In New York the number of inhabitants to each voter is 6.89, in Kings 5.95 and in Erie 5.56. While in Cortlandt and Otsego the ratio is 3.11 to 1; 3.16 in Yates, 3.25 in Genesee, 3.28 in Delaware, 3.35 in Allegany, 3.36 in Madison, 3.37 in Ontario, 3.22 in St. Lawrence. This shows a ratio twice as large in New York and almost twice as large in Brooklyn and Buffalo as in the rural counties.

There are two main reasons to account for this. One is the difference in the election laws in the cities and in the counties, and the other is the difference in the character of the population. It cannot be a difference in politics, for Schoharie, one of the few rural Democratic counties, shows a ratio of 3.13, and Greene, another Democratic county, has a ratio of 3.36. The percentage of voters is lower in the cities than in the rural districts. The two counties of Schenectady and Schoharie are Democratic and contiguous. Schoharie is a purely agricultural county, while a great part of the population of Schenectady county is in Schenectady, which is a flourishing little city. Schenectady has 6,000 more population than Schoharie, but it casts several hundred fewer votes, and there is a difference of a third in their ratios.

One reason for the high ratios in New York, Brooklyn and Buffalo is the large number of aliens in those cities. The aliens count in the population, but they do not count in the number of voters. According to the state census New York's population is one-fourth alien, and the ratio in Buffalo is almost as high.

Another thing is the difference in election laws. In the cities a man has to go to the polling place twice to vote—once to register and once to cast his ballot. In the country he has to go only once and that time to vote. His name may be put on the registration list by his friends.

A comparison of these returns with the election returns at the time of the Revolutionary war and the adoption of the constitution shows that political interest is increasing every year, and that the percentage of those who participate in elections is also increasing. In Massachusetts toward the close of the last century, when discussions respecting the federal constitution were going on and when there had been an actual rebellion in one part of the state, not over 6 per cent of the population voted, although the census of those days shows that about three times that percentage of men were entitled to vote. In New York state at the last election the census and registrations lists were almost identical in many districts, and there were some districts where there were more votes cast than the census showed of residents in the district in the spring when the census was taken.

It may be that to the rich men and men engrossed in the management of large business affairs politics and political matters are not relatively so important as they were when the United States began, but a comparison of the election returns shows that aside from the widening of the franchise the proportion of those who vote is greater in this state than ever before.—New York Sun.

Oiling Shears.

If your shears squeak or bind while you are using them, run your finger thoughtfully down the side of your nose and rub it over the inside of the blades, and the scissors will generally work as easily and noiselessly as any one could desire. There is always a little oil collected in the corners on the outside of one's nostrils, and those who know it can "oil up" squeaky shears without trouble or without fear of making the scissors greasy. Another simple way to accomplish the same end is to draw the blades of the shears over the hair, on which, when it is healthy, there is always a little oil.—Writer.

How to Select Good Help.

One of the most astute business men in New York city, who has through his own efforts built up an enormous establishment, and who gives employment to hundreds of men, some of them at very large salaries, told me he had very little difficulty in finding the right kind of men for any department of his work. I was surprised to learn this and asked him what was the secret of his success. He said:

"I have men to whom I pay as much as $6,000 a year. I have sometimes been disappointed in my selection of helpers, but as a rule I never fail to get the kind of a man I want. My first rule is to select for experienced help only the men who have succeeded in what they have undertaken.

"No matter how prepossessing a man may be, how taking in appearance or in apparent qualifications, I never engage him," he added, "if I find that he has made a failure in anything. On the other hand, no matter how plain and unpreposessing a man maybe, if I learn from his story that he has been promoted step by step; that he has always remained in a place until he was advanced, and that every change he made was a change for the better, I engage him at once. Such men never disappoint me."—New York Mail and Express.

Tremendous Possibilities.

The great secret which many electricians believe to be nearing discovery by some of their number is how to extract from coal direct all of the energy which it contains—the utilizing of it all, with none of the present remainder of dead waste. If they really do this, all their claim and expectation of revolutionizing present methods of heat, lighting and transportation will be justified. If, as they also claim, they will then make war methods tremendously destructive beyond any yet known, the world may look forward at an early day to the beginning of a period of undisturbed peace.—Scranton Truth.

A Detroit school uses the Columbia postage stamps as a text for essays. They form quite a picture gallery and, as is generally known, are descriptive of the discovery of this country.

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