A SONG OF THE TOILERS.

Early and late we have borne
The burden, the heat of the day;
Visions and dreams of the morn
Have vanished forever away.
Heartily, friend by friend,
Our willing hands we have set
To the weight of the world—and the end
Hath not come yet.

Once, in the dawning, we stood
By the side of a beautiful stream,
Slow issuing, strong, from a wood,
With songs on its lips, and the gleam
Of light from the heavens above
Astir in its tranquil breast;
But the name of that stream was love—
Was love—not rest.

We toiled on the mountain at morn,
We stood on the glorious height
And saw the full valleys of corn
In a rapture of plenty and light;
But the reaper came forth from his cot
His parted lips still wet
From a hasty repast—and his lot
Finds no rest yet.

We sat in the shade of the trees
A moment when noontide was won,
Uncovered our heads to the breeze,
And smiled in the face of the sun.
But the trees were building apace
Staunch timbers the storms to fret,
And the sun wrought on in his place—
There is no rest yet.

Steadfastly, gladly, till eve
We bore our full part with the strong;
Why should we falter or grieve,
Thus doing our brothers wrong?
We said: "We shall rest to-night
When the flowery ways are wet;"
But the moon in the East shines bright—
There is no rest yet.

Oh, strongly the world hath stood
On pillars of toil till now.
The taste of our bread is good
Seasoned with sweat of the brow.
The streams are turning the mills,
Their hands to the firm wheels set,
And the slow dark trees on the hills
Are building yet.

The vigilant stars in the sky,
Each on his errand pressed,
Goes with his torch borne high,
Nor falters, nor asks for rest.
Patience! be strong, O soul,
In God's high purpose set!
Somewhere, at some fair goal,
Thou'lt rest thee yet!

—Ida W. Benham, in New York Independent.

HOUSE ON LONG HILL.

A BICYCLIST'S ADVENTURE.



N the way back from Fitchburg to New Haven, after a Yale College vacation, I rode across Connecticut on a bicycle. The second day of the trip I stopped at Pomfret to visit Putnam's wolf don. This took more time than I expected so that it was dark before I reached the Nathan Hale monument at South Coventry.

Here I left Lake Wangumbaug on my right and soon entered a lonely road where woods added their shadow to the darkness as evening rapidly fell. The track was grass grown, stony and bad for a wheel. Many cart paths made the way uncertain, because, in the darkness, the main road could hardly be distinguished from them. The mountainous character of the country increased as I proceeded; sharp declivities and steep hills frequently alternating, and compelling me to walk much of the way.

After a few miles of this slow work, I saw that I was nearing a huge elevation that lay across my course like a dark, partly rocky and partly wooded range. I thought that the road would soon turn and lead me through some pass between two hills that the darkness had shaded into one, but instead of that it approached the base directly.

I jumped off my wheel and began to climb a hill so steep that I did not see how a horse could be driven up or down. After a while I began to think it had no top; but at last I was at the summit, where, in a small clearing, stood a half-fallen chimney, like the monument of a family wholly gone. The landscape beyond looked dark and wild. A few lights glimmered so far away and remote from each other as to intensify rather than relieved the loneliness.

The descent of the hill was not quite so steep, but it threatened to be even longer than the ascent. I had carefully run down the rough road for a long distance when a light suddenly flashed out on my right. I discovered that I was passing the entrance of a lane that led back several rods to a house from which a lantern just then passed to a well. The light revealed the stone chimney and the ancient windows of a house that had, perhaps, survived a former century.

The well-sweep tipped and rose again and the lantern quickly disappeared at a side door. Here I rapped and the door was opeded by a young woman about twenty years of age. She was modest to the verge of diffidence, and one more unaffectedly dignified and graceful I have never seen. Her answer to my inquiries convinced me that in order to reach the nearest hotel I should have to pick my way in the deepening darkness along several miles of road no better than I had already found.

I made bold to ask if I might remain till morning where I was. She turned and referred the question to "Grandma," who appeared aged and infirm as she sat in an old wooden rocking chair.

"Ask the gentleman in, Carrie," she said.

The room into which I was invited extended almost across the rear of the house. At the end opposite to that where I entered a door standing partly open gave a glimpse of a small bedroom. Half way down the room on one side was an open fireplace, with its crane, its andirons and its stone hearth. Paneled woodwork extended around the sides of the room, and as far up as the window-sills. In one corner was a tall, old-fashioned clock. In another corner, at the end farthest from the bedroom, stood a closet that was like a square box set on end and pushed back into the angle where the side met the end of the room. The corner itself made the back walls of the closet, while the two front sides made an opposite corner that projected into the room.

Its door was fastened with a wooden button, put on with a big wrought nail. This closet was used for a clothes press for overalls and other things worn about the farm. Like almost everything else to be seen in this room, it helped the illusion that transported me back to colonial tices.

I accepted a chair near the old lady, who was deaf, and found her an interesting and intelligent talker. But conversation was made a little difficult by the deafness of the elder and the diffidence of the younger one. Both characteristics, however, seemed to fit the place charmingly.

They asked about my trip. When I mentioned my destination the young lady surprised me by remarking:

"I have a brother at Yale."

I inquired his name.

"Your brother is well known in college," said I, "he is one of the best men among the juniors."

She blushed at this praise of her brother, and turning toward the door I had noticed, said:

"You will occupy his room; that one behind you. I am afraid it may seem a little lonely," she added, "but our hired man will come home before very late and his room is directly over it."

"Nothing so lonely as that road from Coventry is likely to fall to my share to-night," I replied.

"It must seem so to a stranger. I suppose, too, that this is the longest hill you have seen on the way."

"Yes, and I hardly saw this one for the darkness. But I realized its length."

"Long Hill is its name."

"It is a fitting one. We have a high hill, or mountain, in full view near Fitchburg, almost as aptly named. It has a bare stony look as if stones might roll down from the top, and we call it Rollstone."

"Isn't Mt. Wachusett near Fitchburg?"

"Not so near as old Rollstone. How far down this hill have I come?"

"Almost half way."

"How far off in this direction are your nearest neighbors?"

"A mile and a quarter. There is only one house in three miles, except one or two old deserted ones."

"And do you two always live here alone?"

"No; most of the time we have a hired man."

"I should think you would be dreadfully lonesome. Aren't you afraid sometimes?"

"We never think of it. You know we have always lived here. This is as natural to us as Fitchburg or New Haven is to you."

"In reality you may be safer here. Sometimes burglars make calls there."

"We had a burglar here once."

I begged to hear the story.

"It was when my father and mother were living," said the young woman. "They had started that day for Norwich, taking me with them, for a short visit at my uncle's. I was a little girl then and my brother Joe, who is now in college, was only twelve years old. He was never given to frightening himself with things that did not happen, and he rather enjoyed being left alone as man of the house, with grandma over night.

"In the middle of the night he waked and thought he heard grandma in the kitchen. He knew it would be of no use to call and ask if she was ill, for she was as deaf then as she is now. So he jumped out of bed and came right out here into this room. A few coals left in the fireplace made a dim light. He was surprised to find no one here. Soon he noticed that one of the windows had been left open. Then he saw that the button was turned from the closet door. The door moved slightly. He sprung with his whole force against it and turned the button."

"Good for little Joe!" I exclaimed.

"It had been still since he first moved," she continued, "but there was noise enough now. I am telling him what a rumpus the burglar made when he found himself in Joe's lock-up," said she, turning to her grandmother, who could hear very little, but was watching my countenance while I listened.

"Dear me!" said the old lady, "I never was so frightened. I waked up and was sure there was a great noise somewhere. My first thought was that some of the creatures were loose in the barn. Then I heard a man yelling an I I couldn't think what on earth had happened! When I caught the sound of little Joe's voice in the kitchen I came out as quick as I could get here. I couldn't see anybody but him, but he seemed to be holding a lively discussion with some one. 'Shut up your noise,' he shouted. 'Hush!' said I. 'Whom are you talking to like that?' Then I heard somebody roar, 'Let me out of this, youngster, or I'll break every bone in your body.' 'You'll break your own bones if you don't stop that kicking,' says Joe, as saucy as could be for all my hushing.

"In the morning we hailed the first man driving by and asked for his help. We found the door still buttoned, but could not get any answer. When we turned the button the fellow dropped all in a heap on the floor apparently dead. The burglar revived after a while, but not till little Joe and his helper had bound him securely."

"He had escaped from prison," said Carrie, "and had been hiding in the woods. He saw father drive away and when he found that he did not return, he thought there was a good chance to get a disguise to wear instead of his striped prison suit. But he is wearing that still. Joe saw him not long ago in one of the prison shops at Westherfield, where he is serving out a long sentence."

Soon afterwards, as I rose to go to my room, the grandmother said:

"I hope the story of Joe's burglar won't affect you as it did Pat, our hired man. When he first came here he noticed the peculiar construction of the closet and I told him about Joe's adventure. He declared the next morning that he didn't sleep, but a couple o' three winks all night."

"I shall sleep all the more soundly," said I. "Nothing will disturb me."

But I was mistaken; something did disturb me. I had been dreaming that I held a door against a man who was trying to push his way into a room and that another one had just fired a revolver through the window at Carrie. My dream and the story I had heard before I went to bed were mixed in my mind as I was roused by the careful moving of a door.

Half asleep, I rolled out of bed and reeled into the dark kitchen. Bang went the chair on the floor, while a knock on the shins, with the noise brought me to my senses. A quick, heavy step started from the other end of the room, and with a rush, some one sprung upon me. He was a powerful man, but Yale athletics served a good purpose. Some wild passes were made on both sides in the dark, but there were others that were not wasted.

How we did hustle around that old kitchen. Chairs, tins, pans and everything movable tumbled about and made a terrible din. But science tells and I soon had him at a disadvantage, though he struggled hard, and we fell against a sharp corner. It was the closet. In a twinkling I had the door open. Before he knew it, I swung him around, when a sudden charge backed him against the wall. Instantly the door slammed, and I turned the big button.

Another burglar was a prisoner in the lockup.

By this time there was voices somewhere and a light began to shine. I suddenly realized that I had not been fighting in armor, and at the first prospect of a vivandiere's approach I ran like a very coward from the victorious field. Hastening to my room, I began to jump into presentable clothing.

"Is that you, Patrick," called a voice from the distance. "What is the matter?"

"Matther enough, mum. Look afther yersilf; there's a burglar in the hoose, mum."

"Where are you?"

"It's in the closet I am. The thavin' spalpeen locked me intil the closet bekase I did be near breakin' the rashkilly head of him."

A laugh from my room, where I was hurriedly dressing, told them who Pat's burglar was. His own smothered answers had already identified mine. I expected another round when I opened the door, but when each saw the other's battered condition both were satisfied.

Next morning at breakfast, Carrie soberly asked grandma whether this house had been entered, first and last, by three burglars, or by one. Grandma gave up the conundrum, and, not being asked, I did not try.—Philadelphia Times.

Boiling Water With a Wire.

An electric boiler device adapted to be applied to any pot or kettle has been patented to F. W. Schindle Jenny, of Kennelbach, Austria-Hungary. This invention comprises a ring-shaped heating body of refractory insulating material, containing resistance wires and surrounded by a suitable protection casting. A handle is attached to this ring for raising or lowering into or out of a pot or kettle. The resistance wires are connected to an electric circuit by suitable insulated wires passing up through the handle. If it is desired to boil a pot of potatoes, the ring is lowered into the pot by its handle, and the current switched into the resistance wires in the ring. The latter immediatly becomes hot because of the heat generated in the wires by the resistance of the same to the electric fluid. In a few minutes the water in the pot will be boiling and the potatoes cooked. The ring can then be removed and washed and the coffee boiled in the same manner. The pots and kettles all rest upon the top of an ordinary wood table during the process of cooking. The sight of a pot boiling while resting upon a table and with only a small flexible wire extending into the same is indeed a very unusual one and would no doubt excite many modern housekeepers greatly upon seeing the same.—Electric.

Cuba's Poorly Guarded Coast.

Captain McLean, of the schooner Benjamin C. Cromwell, which arrived in Portland a few days ago with a cargo of clay for the pottery, has a story to tell of his recent experiences in Cuba. During his vessel's stay in Philadelphia, whence she sailed for Cienfuegos, she was watched very closely by the United States customs men to see that no contraband articles were stored away for the Cuba insurgents, and even after getting out of the harbor a crew from a revenue cutter came on board and searched her from stem to stern, but found nothing. But Captain McLean says that if he had munitions of war on board for the insurgents, he would have had no difficulty in landing them in Cuba, for although he met five Spanish men-of-war in Cuban waters, only one of them even took the trouble to speak to him. The customs officers in Cuba did not watch the Cromwell at all, and Captain McLean says that he does not wonder that the Cuban army receives plenty of supplies.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Pains-taking is gains-making.

Book borrowers are generally good book keepers.

The man who sits down to wait for a golden opportunity to knock at his door will need a thick cushion on his chair.

The trouble with the man who is always talking about what he'd do if he had plenty of money, is that he never has any.

Such as thy words are, such will thy affections be esteemed; and such will thy deeds as thy affections; and such thy life as thy deeds.

The true way to be humble is not to stoop till you are smaller than yourself, but to stand at your real height against some higher nature that shall show you what the real smallness of your greatest greatness is.

It is always hard to go beyond your public. If they are satisfied with cheap performance, you will not easily arrive at better. If they know what is good and require it, you will aspire and burn until you achieve it. But from time to time, in history, men are born a whole age too soon.

Leave children an accumulated fortune of memories and inspirations and examples and hopes, so that they are rich in brain and heart and soul and service. Then, if you happen to leave them a fortune besides, if they have all these, the fortune will be shorn of its possibilities of evil, and will become an instrument of higher and nobler good.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places. A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds.

Color of Uniforms.

Referring to the agitation for the abolishment of the scarlet uniform in England, the Admiralty and Horse Guards Gazette says: "It is so frequently taken for granted that red is the most conspicuous color that could be used for that purpose, that to hear it combated, and with irrefragable arguments, is something of a novelty, even for those who are ready to be convinced in favor of the smarter accouterment. A German officer declared that the white coated cuirassieas were more conspicuous even against the snow than the red coats of the Ziether Hussars, and complimented Englishmen on being so practical a race as to embody this fact in the uniform of their soldiers. He further mentioned special experiments on the ranges in corroboration of his statement, the results furnished being three hits to the blue target against one to the red. As a further illustration, a squad of ten volunteers, two dressed in light gray, two in dark gray, two in scarlet, two in dark blue and two in green, were ordered to march off, and were carefully watched by a number of volunteer officers, and the result attained was as follows: First the light gray disappeared, next the scarlet, then the dark gray, and long after this the dark blue and the dark green were still visible. The importance of these experiments cannot be overrated, and it is to be hoped that they will be followed up until a definite conclusion has been arrived at."

The Strong Jaw.

Among all Old World apes the teeth are the chief weapons for defense against natural foes and for combats for mates or tribal supremacy. The canines are in most cases enormously developed, insomuch that ill-informed naturalists have suggested that a near relationship must exist between the primates and the carnivora. As a matter of fact, these formidable teeth have nothing to do with alimentation, but are as purely weapons of war as are the bayonet and the Maxim gun. In practically every emergency demanding unusual energy, obstinacy—and courage, they come into play.

In every conflict the temporal and masseter muscles are the chief arbiters of war. To become a great and powerful anthropoid, it is absolutely and brutally necessary to have a large and strong jaw, to give firm attachment to the teeth and good leverage to the muscles. That for an immense epoch our pre-human ancestors achieved success in life in like manner is as clear as the print of "Maga" to those who have learned to read Nature's handwriting.

Since those days of true Arcadian simplicity our life has become bewilderingly complex, and our methods for settling social difficulties have changed generally for the better. But here, as in so many other instances, the habits of a past age have left an indelible impress on the nervous system.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Woman Who Shot.

Miss Sallie Bain, of Knox County, who was pardoned by Governor Bradley for shooting and wounding a man, was interviewed the other day by the Lexington Gazette. She said: "There are lots worse shootin's than that, an they ain't sent to the pen. Why, some fellow dies up thar every day with his boots on, an' you don't hear of 'em going to the pen, but they sent me fur shootin' a man in the leg; that's how much they think of a woman in the mountains."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tips Deducted From Wages.

Some of the postmen in London each receive as much as $125 in Christmas gifts from people whom they serve with letters. When the post office officials learn of these tips the amount is deducted from the postmen's salaries.

$15 TO $60 PER WEEK ❋ EASILY MADE

Selling our lines of Kitchen and Housekeeping Goods. Consisting of



Roasters and Bakers, Coffee Pots, Dish Washers, Cake Pans, Pie Tins, Mincing Knives, Combination Dippers, Egg Poachers, &c., &c.

Agents sell to every family and find the business very profitable all the year round.

New articles brought out every few weeks. If you wish

A PERMANENT POSITION WITH A RELIABLE HOUSE

which succeeds in keeping its agents year after year, and which has already kept some of them for over seven years, write at once for catalogue, terms and methods of business to

Paxton Hardware Manufacturing Co.,
1896 Railroad Ave., Paxton, Ill.

To always have the best results, use nothing but

BLANKE'S HIGH GRADE



Baking Powder.

Perfectly Pure. Made of the very best pure, wholesome material.

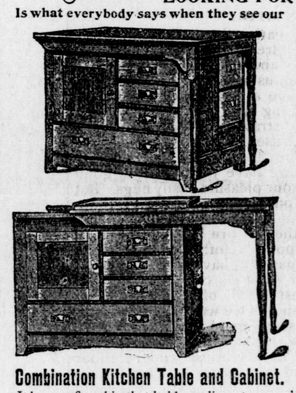
It is the very best on the market.

Try it—you will like it. For sale by Grocers.

MANUFACTURED BY
C. F. BLANKE TEA AND COFFEE CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR

Is what everybody says when they see our



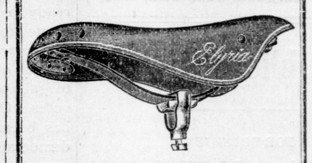
Combination Kitchen Table and Cabinet.

It has one flour bin that holds 100 lbs.; two meal drawers in end that hold about 25 lbs. each; has four drawers in front; a zinc-lined bread cabinet; kneading-board and rolling-pin. Size of top, 30 x 42 inches. Ask your furniture dealer for it.

MADE BY THE
AMERICAN FOLDING BED CO.,
Write for catalogue. Sheboygan, Wis.

FITS THE BODY.

Elyria Bicycle Saddle.

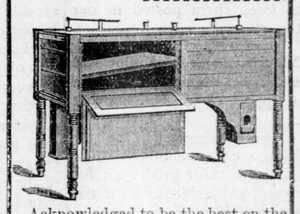


THEY WILL PLEASE YOU.

Send $3.00 for Sample by express prepaid.

THE TOPLIFF & ELY CO.,
ELYRIA, OHIO.

Superlative Incubator



Acknowledged to be the best on the market, and the price very materially reduced. If you wish to be successful in the poultry business, buy the best, get the

SUPERLATIVE

Fancy Poultry and Supplies, Collie Dogs, Chester White Swine, Pedigree Stock. Send for circulars.

KUTZ & GARIS,
353 NORTHAMPTON ST.
Easton, Pa.

BANTA'S CHEWING GUM (GRAINS PEPSIN PACKAGE) PEPSIN GUM

IT CURES Dyspepsia, Heartburn and Sour Stomach, and Sweetens the breath



The finest piece of pure, unadulterated Chicle Chewing Gum on the market.

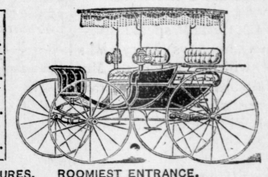
FOR SALE BY ALL RETAIL STORES.

MANUFACTURED BY
F. J. BANTA, LIMA, O.

QUEEN SURREY TRAP. THE HIGHEST TYPE OF A FAMILY VEHICLE.

Utility.	FULL CANOPY. FULL CURTAINS all around.	EACH SEAT Independent.
Beauty.	WEIGHT only 440 lbs.	NO JOINTS to Rattle.
Comfort.	PLENTY of Leg Room.	GRADE the Highest.

Combines the always popular SURREY with the Phaeton and the Bobby Trap.



ELEGANT DESIGN. NOVEL FEATURES. ROOMIEST ENTRANCE.
Both seats equal comfort. Double-tilting front seat—can enter either side. Rear seat folds down out of sight when not in use;
MORRIS WOODHULL, Factory: DAYTON, OHIO.

ROBERT B. DIXON & CO.,

EASTON, MD.,

☞Are Headquarters for

Lumber AND Building Material,

Constantly receiving from the South Cargoes of SHINGLES, FRAMING, FENCING, POSTS, Etc. Door, Sash and Blinds kept in stock.

Anthracite and Cumberland Coal.

☞Give us a call before purchasing.

