

THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

"Well," said Mr. Roland Wayne, when he came into his office, after several days' illness with a wretched neuralgia, which affected him whenever the east wind blew, "you got some one for the telephone—did you, Burns?"

"Yes, sir," the head clerk replied. "The young lady has been here since Tuesday."

"Young lady!" exclaimed Mr. Wayne, testily. "Why did you get a woman? A broker's office is no place for a woman."

"Why, you see, sir," said Burns, with an obvious embarrassment and apprehensive glances towards a light oaken partition behind which the operator sat in concealment, "you did not say anything about that—only that Mr. Richards had his hands full with the wires and that there should be some one to take charge of the telephone; so I—"

"That is just like you, Burns," said Mr. Wayne, stamping back into his private office. "Any one else would have known better."

"Why, you see, sir," said Burns, in a defensive tone, as he followed him back, "I didn't think it would make much difference. The young lady is very capable and she seemed to want the place so badly. She is very poor, sir, and supports her mother. I know something about her, you see."

"Oh! Some flame of yours, I suppose, Burns? Very nice arrangement for you, no doubt."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Burns, in an offended manner. "I am a married man."

"By Jove, so you are," said Roland Wayne, with a laugh. "I had forgotten that. Though," he added humorously, "that doesn't always make a difference. Well, try her, anyhow. Where's the mail, please?"

"I tell you what, Burns," one of the other clerks observed, when that individual finally emerged from Mr. Wayne's office, "the boss is in a fly humor, isn't he?"

"He's all right," Burns answered warmly. "He has given me a ticket to Atlantic City and two days off."

"The clerk whistled. "Why, I thought he was going to take your head off."

"You don't know him. I am sure it is no shame to a man whose nerves are always twinging with neuralgia if he loses his temper now and then."

Roland, meanwhile, had taken up his pen and was writing a lengthy account of Brisket's new deal in P., Y. and M.

"If the cat jumps this way," he said in conclusion, "the bears have got him sure. Danbury is on our side. He has given Brisket the cold shoulder, and, if I am not mistaken somebody will get woefully left. I don't intend that it shall be me. If everything goes as I think it will I shall pocket \$200,000, and then I am going out of the brokerage business. It doesn't suit me, and my health is so poor that I must get away somewhere or I shall go to pieces."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said a soft, tremulous voice at his elbow. "I am Miss Archer, Mr. Wayne."

Roland dropped his pen and rose politely as he saw a slight, graceful figure in black standing before him.

"Be seated, Miss Archer," he said with a smile, which no man could have withheld when he saw the fairness of her fresh young face, and that shy, sweet flush on her cheeks. "What can I do for you?"

"I am the telephone operator," she began rapidly, and with a nervousness she could not conceal. "I could not help hearing what you said to Mr. Burns a little while ago, and—and I came to say that if you are not satisfied to have me in the office you need only say so."

"Not satisfied?" Roland echoed in manifest confusion. "Well, really, you know, I have not given you a trial; and as to what I said a while ago, I am sorry, Miss Archer. I am afraid you will have to set it down to neuralgia. I am quite willing to have you stay if you will."

"You are very kind," she said, lacing and unlacing her fingers in some confusion. "I should like to stay—indeed it is very important that I should have this position or something else. But if what you say is true—if a broker's office is no place for a woman—I—I think I would rather not stay."

How Roland Wayne abused himself when he thought of his careless words, and then marked how her lips quivered, how her eyelids drooped to keep back the tears!

"I think I spoke too hastily, Miss Archer," he said. "A lady's place is where she makes it. We are not a lot of savages," he added with a warm smile. "If you remain here I think I can assure you courteous and considerate treatment on the part of every one in this office. If such is not accorded you you have only to inform me and I will know the reason why."

"You are very kind," said the girl, with a bright, flashing smile. "I should like to stay. I really can not afford to resign my position."

"Then stay by all means," said Roland. And, to the edification of the clerks, he got up and opened the door for her when she went out.

After that he caught himself listening to the soft yet distant voice in the other room holding conversation over the phone.

When he was at home with an attack of neuralgia and had to communicate with the office by wire, he often remarked how well he could hear Miss Archer's voice when all the others had ebbed away into a babel of sound.

"Burns did a fine thing when he got that girl into the office," he mused one day when he was kept a prisoner very opportunely. "I don't know what we should do without her, now especially, it's had enough as it is. I couldn't have an attack at a worse time. But I envy everything's all right. Danbury's ood for any amount this side of a million. By Jove, though, it would be pugh on me if anything went wrong now. It would clean me out completely."

He was walking up and down the room, trying to repress the nervous agitation which attacked him.

"Seven o'clock!" he said, glancing at the time. "The office is closed long ago. In another hour Brisket will sign over those bonds, and then—hullo!" as the shrill alarm of the telephone summoned him across the room. "There is no one at the office," he thought, taking up the receiver. "I wonder what's up now? Hello! Who are you?"

"Helen Archer, Mr. Wayne," said a voice he knew well.

"Why, what are you doing at the office this time of night?" he asked, involuntarily.

"I am not at the office—that is, not at your office. I am at the Central Station. Can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"I have something important to tell you. Our wire got crossed with Mr. Brisket's to-day, and I could hear every word said over it. I could not understand what they were talking about, only Mr. Brisket was talking to a man named Danbury."

"Danbury!" exclaimed Wayne, in great excitement.

"They were talking about bonds, and said a lot of things I couldn't comprehend, but at last your name was mentioned."

"This will put Wayne in a hole," Mr. Brisket said.

"Yes," said Mr. Danbury, "I'll bury him alive. It's a good thing he's shelled to-night. There is no danger, I suppose, of his getting wind of this before 8 o'clock."

"No danger at all," said Mr. Brisket, "if you don't go back on me. There will be a new deal around and we'll boost the market over Wayne's head."

"Do you hear distinctly what I say?" she inquired.

"Yes, yes!" Wayne said, excitedly. "What else?"

"Nothing more that I could understand, except that they were to meet at the Continental Hotel to-night. I came here because I was afraid to talk from the office. I thought some one might get on our wire, and I have you here direct. That's all. Good-by."

For Roland Wayne to dress and leave the house was the matter of a very short while after he had received this message from Helen Archer. His illness and the danger of exposure were quite forgotten.

He was present, very unexpectedly to Mr. Brisket and Mr. Danbury, at the evening conference at the hotel.

It was a stormy scene that ensued between Royland Wayne and these two men who had combined against him—a scene from which the young broker issued pale with exhaustion, but still triumphant.

What had passed no one knew, but the next day the street was fairly electrified by the news that Wayne was closing up his affairs to go abroad.

"That will throw us all out," said Burns, gloomily.

Helen Archer heard the news with a sinking heart. She was late that night in going home, having some small errands to attend to on her way, and, moreover, her steps lagged with the consciousness that she had bad news to carry to her ailing mother.

"You are late, Nelly," Mrs. Archer said, as she came in. "This gentleman has been waiting to see you for some time."

It was Ronald Wayne who rose and held out his hand warmly.

"Miss Archer," he said, "I have come to thank you for the service you did me last night. Thanks to you, I have saved my fortune from absolute ruin. If it had not been for your prompt action I should have been a beggar to-day."

"I—I had no idea it was so serious as that," Helen said hastily. "I am very glad I could do you such a service."

"I shall never forget it," Roland said, with a steadfast look into her soft, gray eyes, "and I have learned a wholesome lesson. When I went into the brokerage business I did not dream that so much of my intercourse would be with men wholly devoid of conscience or principle. I am sick and disgusted. Last night I had expected to make \$200,000 by one transaction. To-day I find myself thanking heaven—and you—that I got out without losing anything. I am tired of such chances. I do not feel that I can enter into contract with men like Brisket and Danbury without compromising myself, and so I have decided to get out altogether."

"I understand that you are going out of business," said Helen, quietly.

"Yes, I am. I shall close up the office as soon as possible."

"I expected that, and—and I don't wish to trouble you, Mr. Wayne, but if you see an opening for me anywhere, would you be so kind as to remember me?"

WOMAN'S WORK AND AIMS.

Mrs. Margaret Sunderland Cooper, the only woman awarded a gold medal by the American Humane Association, is a member of the Society of Letters and Art of London, England.

The Lady Mayoress of York enjoys the distinction of being the only English mayoress who wears an official chain of office. The custom dates back to the beginning of the seventeenth century, when an exquisitely-worked chain of gold was presented to the then mayoress, and has been handed down in lineal civic succession ever since.

The famous Bryn Mawr School, near Philadelphia, has for its medical director a lady, Doctor Kate Campbell Hurd, who is the daughter of a physician, and after her college course had practical experience in hospital and dispensary in Boston, then took up athletics under Professor Sargent, and finally visited England, France, Germany and Scandinavia, to study her specialties still further.

Mrs. Flora M. Kimball, of California, selected the trees and superintended their planting on seven miles of the streets of National City, Cal. She was selected by the supervisors as the most competent person to direct this work of town improvement, and it was a labor of love with her. Mrs. Kimball is an authority in horticulture and arboriculture, and a contributor to many periodicals.

Miss Jogannadham, who was the first Hindoo woman to study medicine in England, was for a while resident medical officer in the Edinburgh hospital for women and children, and is now house physician at the Cama hospital in Bombay. Inspired by her success, another Hindoo woman, Miss Gorindurajula, has begun a course in Spurgeon Square, London. She had been house surgeon in the hospital at Mysore, and the Mysore government has given her two years' absence and her expenses.

Perhaps the only woman who was ever buried like a warrior with the stars and stripes for a winding-sheet was the late Mrs. Cutler. She will be remembered for her bravery at the battle of Fort Donelson, when she snatched the colors of her husband's regiment from their fallen bearer, and rushed through the smoke with the flag in one hand and a sword in the other. After the war she made the care of veterans and their families the charge of her life. She is buried among the soldiers in Arlington Cemetery.

It is not true, it now appears, that ladies, to the number of five or six, are in the habit of following the Devon and Somerset stag hounds astride upon their horses, after the manner of men. Only one female rider makes bold to bestride her horse with these famous hounds, and as yet she has no imitators. One swallow does not make a summer, and it is not probable that this bold, and very likely bad, rider's example will affect her sisters, or abolish the side-saddle. She is probably a bad rider, because some horsemen say that a side-saddle gives a more secure seat than a man's. To ride in a side-saddle is also a prettier attitude for a woman than to sit astraddle of her horse. In parts of the south of Europe women habitually bestride their mules and ponies, and the seat is ugly. If hunting-women find they neither look well nor go well on a man's saddle they will certainly abide by the side-saddle of their fore-mothers.

Mrs. Ella Nelson Gaillard, who was a Maryland belle in her youth, has since distinguished herself as an inventor. Among her inventions are the amusing automatic toy called the "Irrepressible Conflict," being the figures of an Irishman and an African engaged in a fierce fight; the eyeless needle, now almost universally used by surgeons; the musical top, which plays a full tune while spinning; a folding basin for travelers, a folding flat-iron, a novel bird-cage chain, a musical fountain, which renders music while throwing a stream of water from a statuette with such precision that not a drop escapes to spoil the carpet; a dress shield and a "sweat band" for hats, both said to be superior to anything previously known; a carriage telephone, a musical paper-weight, and a lock which enables any one, by simply looking at the key, to determine whether the door is fastened or not, the locking being registered on the key. The musical paper-weight has a calendar attachment, and is in the form of a stem-winding watch. The face of the watch indicates the day, month and year.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE KITCHEN.

"Sit down and feed and welcome to our table."—"As You Like It," iv, 7.

"Let housewives make a skillet of my helm."—"Othello," i, 3.

"Were I not a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth."—"Taming of the Shrew," iv, 1.

"Green earthen pots, bladders and mustard seeds. Remnants of pack thread."—"Romeo and Juliet," v, 1.

"Her andirons—I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids of silver."—"Cymbeline," ii, 4.

"Let's have the tongs and the bones."—"Midsummer Night's Dream," iv, 1.

"She would have made Hercules turn spit."—"Much Ado About Nothing," ii, 1.

"Weke, Weke! so cries a pig prepared to the spit."—"Titus Andronicus," iv, 2.

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TRAVERSE JUDGES, MAY TERM, 1901.

Table listing names and locations for the first week of the Traverse Judges, May Term, 1901.

FIRST WEEK.

Table listing names and locations for the second week of the Traverse Judges, May Term, 1901.

SECOND WEEK.

Table listing names and locations for the second week of the Traverse Judges, May Term, 1901.

THE MARKETS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Table listing market prices for various goods such as Butter, Eggs, Lard, Ham, Pork, Beef, Wheat, Corn, Oats, Rye, Buckwheat flour, Wheat flour, Hay, Potatoes, Turnips, Onions, Sweet potatoes, Cranberries, Tallow, Shoulder, Side meat, Vinegar, Dried apples, Dried cherries, Raspberries, Cow Hides, Steer, Calf Skin, Sheep pelts, Shelled corn per bus., Corn meal, Bran, Chop, Middlings, Chickens per lb., Turkeys, Geese, Ducks.

COAL.

Table listing coal prices: No. 6, delivered; 4 and 5; 6 at yard; 4 and 5 at yard.

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