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

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

"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 any-thing about that—only that Mr. Rich-ards 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 marial man." ried 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, Burna," 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 broker. and then I am going out of the broker-age 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 Ronald Wayne abused himself when he thought of his careless words, and then marked how her lips quivered, how her eyelids drooped to keep back

"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, fleeting smile. "I should like to stay. I really can not afford to

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

After that he caught himself listening o the soft yet distant voice in the other oom holding conversation over the

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

"Burns did a fine thing when he got hat girl into the office," he mused one ay when he was kept a prisoner very acpportunely. "I don't know what we ould do without her, now especiallyt t's bad enough as it is. I couldn'. ave an attack at a worse time. But I uess everything's all right. Danbury's ood for any amount this side of a milon. By Jove, though, it would be pugh on me if anything went wrong ow. It would clean me out com-letely."

He was walking up and down the room, trying to repress the nervous agi-tation 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-hello!" 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, in-

voluntarily.

"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 named was mentioned.

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

"Yes' said Mr. Danbury it'll bury him alive. It's a good thing he's shelved 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 were the matter of a very

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.

Mr. Brisket and Mr. Danbury, at the evening conference at the hotel.

It was a stormy scene that ensued be-tween Royland Wayne and these two men who had combined against him-a scene from which the young broker is-sued pale with exhaustion, but still triumphant.

What had passed no one knew, but the next day the street was fairly elec-trified 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

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

"Miss Archer," he said, "I have come | their fore-mothers. 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-

"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. 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.

gether.

"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

"I have just been talking to your mother," said Roland, bowing to Mrs. Archer. "I am going abroad. My health requires it, but I do not like the idea of going alone. I want you and your mother to accompany me. It will do you both good—indeed, you need it as much as I—and I won't take a re-

This is how Helen Archer took her first trip to Europe. When she came home Roland Wayne had got her a situation as-his wife. - Waverly Maga-

No Doubt About It.

Jaggs-I heard of a young lady who gets a great many people into trouble. Gaggs—You did; what's her name? Jaggs-Miss Representation.-Truth.

As You Look at It. Hustler-To think that a man spends one-third of his life in bed! Slowboy-Humph! It's the other two-thirds that trouble me ! - Puck.

That horse seems to be putting on

"That's because he's a draught horse."

-Rider and Driver.

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 Scan-dinavia, to study her specialties still

Mrs. Flora M. Kimball, of California, selected the trees and superintended their planting on seven miles of the stroots 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 peri-

Miss Jogaunadham, 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 Gorindurajulu, 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 expen-

Perhaps the only woman who was ever buried like a warrior with the stars and stripes for a winding-sheet was the late Mrs. Cutter. 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 their fallen bearer, and rushed through the smoke with the flag in one hand and asword 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 Cometery.

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 hunt-ing-women find they neither look well nor go well on a man's saddle they will certainly abide by the side-saddle of

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 regis-tered on the key. The musical paper-weight has a calendar attachment, and is in the form of astem-winding watch. The face of the weight indicates the day, month and year.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE KITCHEN.

"Sit down and feed and welcome to our table."-"As You Like It," ii, 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 themwere 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,"

"Weke, Weke! so cries a pig pre-pared to the spit."—Titus Andronicus," iv, 2. "The capon burns, the pig falls from

the spit. The clock hath strucken 12. -"Comedy of Errors," i, 2. "This is a devil and no monster; I

will leave him, I have no long spoon. —"The Tempest," ii, 2. "If you do expect spoon meat; be-speak a long spoon."—"Comedy of Er-rors," iv, 3.

"He must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil."—"Comedy of Errors," iv, 3.—Compiled by the "House Furnishing Review."

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Stackhouse Win. pattern makes
Stackhouse Wm., pattern maker Berwie Tubbs N. A., mason Bento
Vansickie A. B., laborer. Sugarios
Zaner Clemuel, farmer

١	TRAVERSE JURORS, MAY TERM, 1893. FIRST WEEK.
	Achenbach Albert, farmer, Orange Ashworth J. T., laborer. Franklin Beaver Daniel, stable boss Centralia Berninger C. E., farmer Beaver Bloom A. H. teller Bloom Eaver Peter, laborer. Bloom Beaver Peter, laborer. Uohyngham Biddle Ambrose, farmer Mathor Coffman's harles, mechanie Hloom Cohen L., merchant Bloom Cohen L., merchant Bloom Cohen L., merchant Bloom Cohen L., merchant Bloom Cala John, bartender Greenwood Harp John, farmer Greenwood Harp John, farmer Mt. Fleasant Hess Harrison farmer Fishingcrosk Hartman Wm. laborer Hemiock Hagenboneh E. D., farmer Soott Kisner Henry W., blacksmith Greenwood Kile Clark M. farmer Sugarloaf Kilestark M. farmer Mailson Kilngaman John, farmer Mailson Kilngaman John, farmer Mailson Laycock Bradley, farmer Mt. Fleasant Levan W. M. farmer Catawissa McHenry U. P., miller Greenwood Rnoads Francis, hotel keeper Conyngham Reedy Peter, laborer. Bloom Ringler R. H., book keeper Greenwood Schoch Wm. foreman Catawissa Stout Elias, laborer Briarcreek Sayder Wm. E., Justice of the Peace Locus Utt Elias, laborer Fishingcreek Yost Charles, laborer Bloom Wynn John, farmer Fishingcreek Yost Charles, laborer Bloom Schoth Wynn John, farmer Fishingcreek Yost Charles, laborer Bloom Schoth Wynn John, farmer Fishingcreek Yost Charles, laborer Bloom Schoth Wynn John, farmer Fishingcreek Yost Charles, laborer Bloom Schoth Wynn John, farmer Bloom Bloom Zimmer Bloom Bl
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	SECOND WEEK.
Appleman Ger	o. W., agent Orang
Ash P. W., far	merFishingeree
Burns Patrick	. laborer Central
Betz Miles, lal	orer Room
Black N. W.,	armer Green zoo
Cole Alinas, m	iller Clear name
Curran H. I	eacher Contest
Cherrington I	W., farmer Roaring area, farmer Locus
Dimmick F. P.	, farmer Locus
Dimmick Luth	er, farmer Loon
Dixon Holly,	aborer Ret ea
Dyer John, lal	orer Rosringer s
Emmett J. P.,	farmerHemloc
EATER 1DO' M.	Insurance agent Berwie
Fetterman Ha	rvey, butcher Roaringcree
Freus Jas. P.,	farmerBriarcree
Groves & B.	harness makerBloom
Goretty Thorn	armerMat as, laborer
Gellinger M.	aker
G.ddsworthy	John, hotel keepercentrall
Havenbuch T.	W., farme Cent
Hurnagle John	, farmerMimi
Lorah Wm. 14	borer Catassias
Laycock Danie	el, moulder Bloom
McHenry Isaa	C. mechanic. Orano
McHenry Ira l	t., undertakerBento
Mordan Inc. H	t., undertaker Bento , farmer Mt. Pleasar
Musselman Is:	alah J., farmer Seot
Mellenry Sutt	on, driver Bento
Prentis Samue	d, driver
Runge Charles	s, farmer Roaringcree
Singley Josep	a farmer Beave
Terwilliger A.	F. teacher Scot H., mechanic Sugarior
Pennington G	H., mechanic Sugarior
watther Corn	elius, laborer

THE MARKETS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

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.10

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