

THE BLACK CAT'S WARNING

By Spencer Boyd.

MAN and a woman stood upon the broad piazza apparently in the act of parting. A cat, black as midnight, perched upon the girl's shoulder and formed a pleasing contrast to her white dress, and set off to advantage her blond loveliness.

Flora, in defense of her pet, was wont to declare that it possessed a soul that had once inhabited the body of one of the Magi, or even that of Zoroaster himself.

Mr. Lyndon did not share her admiration of the animal—it seemed to regard him with a peculiar malevolence.

Just before leaving, she asked his assistance in closing a number of windows, which had been left open on account of the warm evening.

The situation of the house was somewhat remote, sheltered from the street by extensive grounds and intercepting shrubbery, and to one unfamiliar with the place, might have appeared lonely.

This tendency was ordinarily restricted through reason of the immediate family consisting of some five or six persons, but for various reasons, as Flora explained, almost every member had been called away from the city, and now there was only her brother at home, though her father was expected on a train that arrived about midnight.

Mr. Lyndon listened to this explanation with great apparent interest. It was surprising, indeed, with what gravity and attention he hung upon her words, or, rather, it was natural and flattering. Not the least pleasing element in his consideration was that his regard seemed more deeply enlisted as the evening wore to a close—a striking tribute to the girl's fascinations.

He performed the task of closing the windows with great care, which may have accounted for the time it occupied, or perhaps he was deliberate rather than careful, so as to extend his visit and engage to the furthest limit a social intercourse so charming.

Indeed it must have been the latter reason, for one of the windows was left unfastened, though the negligence was not apparently detected.

It was now near 11 o'clock, and all having been arranged, Mr. Lyndon took his departure.

Flora passed into the house, and as she did so, a certain uneasiness possessed her—an occult prophecy of evil which she vainly tried to banish. As is usual with these impressions the cause was direct, and, in this case, even immediate; but failing to appreciate the logic of the situation the girl felt tormented and mystified.

A bat careered through the hall, creating intense alarm with its silent ghost-like rushes. The silence and the sound were equally terrifying and intolerable. She determined to knock on her brother's door, that, even though ridiculed, her fears might be allayed.

There was no light within, but she persisted in her summons, first with a timid appeal, then with peremptory vehemence.

No answer was elicited and finally she opened the door. The bed was unoccupied, and the girl realized that she was alone in the house.

She then very cautiously deposited upon the bureau a package, the contents of which had quite recently occupied Mr. Lyndon's attention as well as her own.

She felt now that she had been a little indiscreet, for Mr. Lyndon was a comparative stranger, yet the desire for display had overcome her scruples and her judgment, and she felt, with some regret, that she had allowed to go unchallenged a laughable estimate of the casket's value—one very largely in excess of the truth. The casket contained some score of diamonds.

Mr. Lyndon, in the meantime, pursued his way towards the center of the city. Happening into a saloon which was frequented by college boys, he saw, with half a dozen comrades, the brother whom Flora thought safe within his own room. While lounging near the group he inadvertently heard that the party were about to adjourn to certain private rooms where the great American game would occupy their attention for some hours.

This, of course, was but slightly interesting to Mr. Lyndon, so he proceeded on his way, after discovering that the train which Flora expected at twelve was some hours late.

He stood and studied the time table with earnest attention, seemingly engrossed to the exclusion of all other duties and diversions.

Flora determined to remain dressed until her father should arrive. She was a girl of more than ordinary courage, and, though at first he loneliness oppressed her, she felt reasonably secure. She settled into a easy chair and began reading.

This was an excellent idea, she thought, and well designed to protect her from any feeling of nervousness.

After reading for some time she, merely out of curiosity, raised her eyes to look at the clock. To her surprise it had stopped, yet—no, she distinctly heard it ticking.

It was ten minutes after 11 when she began reading and now it was three minutes later. She had read for at least half an hour—of course she had—and it must have been that the clock had stopped and then resumed its work. In the morning she would have the clock repaired.

Four times she read for similar half hours, and four times the clock stopped. Therefore it must have been after one, though the clock indicated less than a quarter of an hour for her entire literary recreation.

She rose to her feet, wondering why her father did not come. Feeling oppressed, she opened a window and gazed inquiringly into the unanswering night.

The cat purred contentedly on the arm of her chair. For some reason she did not continue her study of tactics—she had been reading the "Manual of Arms," left through her brother's error.

She now determined to retire, feeling perfectly quiet after her first nervousness. It was really absurd that she should have felt agitated at all. How different everything would appear in the morning—the sunshine's tranquil gold dreaming upon the floor—the melody of the birds whose notes fell in liquid showers amid the showers of dew.

She would listen, too, for the woodpecker with its crimson head of fire burning behind its driving bill, like the glare of the explosion that gives the projectile its furious energy.

She would know the exact time to arise by noting through the transom when a golden lance of sunshine ripped the palpitating shadow in the hall.

As she lay meditating, with her hand upon the soft fur of her pet, she felt soothed and lulled by its soft purring. Suddenly the sound ceased. The cat rose with arched back and glaring eyes.

Glancing up, she saw outlined against the transom a human head. Death was hers for the asking, and less!

She looked upon the floor and in a moment it was peopled with shadowy faces, and she felt the carpet torn by champing teeth.

The paralysis of her terror was also her safety. She made no sound that would direct the attention of the head from the diamonds to herself.

Terror had wrapped her so close in his weaving that she could not wound herself against the thorns of danger.

Slowly the girl realized her situation. The first signal was like a stunning blow; then she came to the realized anguish, the nerves working into tormented surprise, the chaos of misery, excitement and fear.

She wondered what would be the outcome. Death, indeed, but under what circumstances? Remote from human aid—choked with strong hands about her throat—that grinning sepulcher of a head against her face, while the congested veins blackened. Oh, the horror of such a death! And worse than all physical pain, the nameless agony of fear.

Was there no help? Could that desperate intruder terminate the whole design and mystery of her existence? Doubt and agony and groping hope lay upon her heart.

How long she lay in that condition she could not tell. The great house seemed buried in night and silence. The world had fallen away in its circuit, and this fragment whereon the house was builded lay lost in space. She felt that the fathomless ocean held no more imperious or sterner solitude.

After these maddening moments that deride the longevity of the centuries, she suddenly thought of an escape.

She rose slowly. It were easier to step barefoot on burning plowshares, yet the girl did not falter. She reached the bureau where the diamonds lay, drew them with trembling fingers from their case and stood absentmindedly fingering the blazing jewels as though loath to leave their sparkling company; then, without replacing any of the stones, she left them in scattered confusion and walked slowly to the other end of the room.

Those blazing crystals might well hold the attention of that terrifying head for the moment at least. Then, summoning all her resolution, she rushed to the door and with furious haste pressed the spring that closed the heavy transom.

As it closed with crushing force upon the clinging fingers an unearthly cry rang out upon the stillness of the night, and the black cat sprang through the open window into the impenetrable gloom.

Some hours later Flora's father and brother returned. Their return was not coincident through design, but the result of an accident which was eliciting an earnest but incoherent narrative from the younger man and an appearance of dark disapproval from the elder. Their conversation was abruptly terminated as they entered the house by moans and curses. The two men sprang up the stairs in mad haste, and a moment later stood before Flora's door.

Hanging suspended from it, his bloody fingers a mangled, monstrous mass of bruised flesh, was Lyndon.

Calmly regarding him with malignant eyes lay the black cat, while upon its elbow fell the blood from the wounded hands fell in long, spattering drops. Flora lay within, huddled into a scarce recognized shape of chattering fear, excitement and tears.

The cause of the tragedy—the diamonds—by that common law of perverse fate, were the only actors in the play that showed no sign of the experience.

A MODERN APOSTLE.

Richard Janasch, a German Enthusiast, Leads a Strange Nomadic Religious Life.

Richard Janasch, the modern apostle, is the latest phenomenon in the religious world which at the beginning of the twentieth century boasts of an endless variety of factions, sects and theories. Richard Janasch is at present tramping through Bohemia, where, during his peregrinations in the cities and villages, he is followed by vast throngs, many of whom believe in him. Here is the doctrine of Richard Janasch in a nutshell:

"Provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses; nor script for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves. Eat no meat and drink no strong drink. Abide in the dwellings provided by the rocks and other elements of nature."



THE MODERN APOSTLE. (Queer Garb Worn by Richard Janasch, a German Evangelist.)

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In accordance with these partly Biblical and partly vegetarian rules, Richard Janasch goes about dressed in a single toga and tries in coiffure and other ways to look as much as possible like one of the ancient apostles. He has followed this nomadic life for some time now and, though he adds healing by herbs and natural means to his vocation, he has not been molested by the authorities on the continent.

Janasch is a glassblower by profession. Had he continued at his trade he would have been a physical wreck. He was advised by his doctor to seek some outdoor employment. For farming he was not strong enough, so he entered on the nomadic life in emulation of the ancient apostles of Christ. He is described by the German press as an eloquent preacher who draws great multitudes, especially from the working classes in large centers.

EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE.

The Only Recreation in Which the Lesser Napoleon's Widow Indulges is Yachting.

One of the most familiar figures in European waters in recent yachting seasons is Eugenie, the ex-empress of France. She is now cruising in the Mediterranean. Her yacht, the Thistle, was once the property of the late duke of Hamilton. To meet the requirements of her majesty the vessel was considerably enlarged. As always, Eugenie is attended by a numerous and stately retinue, for she still enjoys the traditions of a great court following, though her personal attire in these untoward days follows the simplest lines of the tailor's art.



EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE. (Napoleon's Widow Now is a Devoted Yachtswoman.)

enjoys the traditions of a great court following, though her personal attire in these untoward days follows the simplest lines of the tailor's art. One of the best friends of this woman of former majesty is the captain of the Thistle, who, though an Englishman, invariably escorts her from the yacht to the train at the end of a cruise, and, at leave-taking, bends over and kisses her hand with a courtliness worthy of the days of Louis XIV. Though Eugenie is always treated in England with the greatest consideration, her life has been sadly embittered by the long exile from France. Her nearest friends declare that her passion for yachting has been the means of preserving her life through the trying vicissitudes that have followed her through nearly three decades. She still retains traces of the rich Spanish beauty that made her famous in Paris half a century ago, when an emperor sought her hand.

THE RENEWAL A STRAIN.—Vacation is over. Again the school bell rings at morning and at noon, again with tens of thousands the hardest kind of work has begun, the renewal of which is a mental and physical strain to all except the most rugged. The little girl that a few days ago had roses in her cheeks, and the little boy whose lips were then so red you would have insisted that they had been "kissed by strawberries," have already lost something of the appearance of health. Now is a time when many children should be given a tonic, which may avert much serious trouble, and we know of no other so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the nerves, perfects digestion and assimilation, and aids mental development by building up the whole system.

AN INVOLUNTARY LESSON.

It Was Rather Shocking, But Proved to Be the Beginning of Better Things.

"The girls treated principal and teachers with an exaggerated respect that they most certainly showed to no other mortal in the world," writes Mary Louise Graham, of "My Boarding-School for Girls," in Ladies' Home Journal. "They could not grasp the idea that they could talk to me as they would to any woman of my age at their homes. I don't quite know that I ought to tell what was the opening wedge, the beginning of the new order of things. I have never regretted it in spite of the fact that it was rather shocking, and that I was lame for days afterward. We were all assembled in the schoolroom for prayers. I sat down inadvertently on an optical deflusion of a chair, and as I reached the floor I exclaimed involuntarily at the top of my lungs: 'The devil!' I wish to remark parenthetically that I am not in the habit of swearing, that I think it most un ladylike custom, and I would advise my girls against it if I ever dared approach the subject. In this instance my swearing was probably a case of atavism, my grandfather being a most ungodly old specimen of a Puritan. But, to return to that morning in the schoolroom, there was a silence which lasted about two seconds; then one girl giggled. Well, it ended with two cases of hysterics, and we didn't have any prayers that morning. But the episode proved that I was human, and so it was the beginning of better things."

BRIGHT PROSPECT FOR HER.



She—But can you afford to marry? He—Oh, yes, dear! I have a friend of mine, a clergyman, who will do it cheap.—Ally Sloper.

What a splendid type of tireless activity is the sun as the psalmist describes it issuing like "a bridegroom from his chamber and rejoicing like a strong man to run a race." Every man ought to rise in the morning refreshed by slumber and renewed by rest, eager for the struggle of the day. But how rarely this is so. Most people rise still unrefreshed, and dreading the strain of the day's labors. The cause of this is deficient vitality and behind this lies a deficient supply of pure, rich blood, and an inadequate nourishment of the body. There is nothing that will give a man strength and energy as will Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It does this by increasing the quantity and quality of the blood supply. This nourishes the nerves, feeds the brain, builds up enfeebled organs, and gives that sense of strength and power which makes the struggle of life a joy. The "good feeling" which follows the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" is not due to stimulation, as it contains no alcohol, whiskey or other intoxicant. It does not brace up the body, but builds it up into a condition of sound health.

A winning smile isn't to be mentioned in the same breath with a winning hand.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart acts directly and quickly, stimulates the heart's action, stops most acute pain, dispels all signs of weakness, fluttering, sinking, smothering or palpitation. This wonderful cure is the sturdy ship which carries the heart-sick patient into the haven of radiant and perfect health. Gives relief in most acute forms of heart disease in 30 minutes. Sold by C. A. Klein.

RAILROAD NOTES.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. REDUCED RATES TO SCRANTON.—Account State League of Republican Clubs. For the meeting of the State League of Republican Clubs, to be held in Scranton, September 17 and 18, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Scranton from all stations on its line in the State of Pennsylvania and from stations on the Belvidere Division, Trenton to Belvidere, inclusive, at the rate of one fare for the round trip (minimum rate, 25 cents). Tickets to be sold and good going September 16, 17 and 18, and to return until September 20, inclusive.

D. L. & W. RAILROAD. REDUCED RATES TO SAN FRANCISCO.—For the triennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Lackawanna Railroad will sell excursion tickets to San Francisco, Cal., at the very low rate of \$66.25 for the round trip from Bloomsburg. The tickets will be on sale from September 18th to 25th, inclusive. Stop-over will be allowed at Buffalo to permit passengers to view the Pan-American Exposition. Stop-overs will also be permitted at and west of the First Colorado, Wyoming, Texas, Montana or British Columbia point on route. The tickets must be used through to San Francisco before midnight of October 2d. Return trip may be commenced at any time after October 3d, and final return limit will be November 15th. Side trips, including Los Angeles and Portland, may be arranged for at rates slightly above those quoted herewith. For further particulars consult ticket agents.

REDUCED RATES TO SCRANTON.—For the meeting of the State League of Republican Clubs the Lackawanna Railroad will sell excursion tickets to Scranton at one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold September 16th to 18th, inclusive, and will be good for return until September 20th.

It doesn't take an agriculturalist to raise a row.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Works Both Ways.

He against common sense offends. Who burns the candle at both ends. Yet where is there a way more complete by which we can make both ends meet?

A Had Luck Story. She—Don't you love to hunt four-leaved clovers? He—No; I hunted them with another girl once; and we ran upon one in a jeweler's window—green and white enamel—diamond dewdrop in the center—\$25.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Call Again Next Month. "Do you find people generally pretty civil?" asked a life insurance agent of a debt collector. "Oh, yes, indeed," answered the latter; "they nearly always ask me to call again."—Tit-Bits.

Disqualified. Mabel—There is the telephone call, Amy. I wish you'd answer it. Amy—Why don't you answer it yourself?

Mabel—Well, you see, I've been eating onions.—Harlem Life.

Looking Backward. Mrs. Nagg—We were wedded in June, the marriage month. Mr. Nagg—Yes. I fell in love in March, the mad month, and proposed in April, the fool month.—Town Topics.

Take one of Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills after dinner. It will promote digestion and overcome any evil effects of too hearty eating. Safe, prompt, active, painless and pleasant. This effective little pill is supplanting all the old school nauseous purgatives. 40 doses, 10 cents. 100 doses, 25 cents. Sold by C. A. Klein.

The armless wonder of museum fame has to be handy with his feet. A woman can't throw a stone, but she can heave a sigh.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

DR. T. C. HARTER, Pres. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Soft Harness EUREKA Harness Oil. You can make your harness as soft as a glove and so much more complete by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would. Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

A PLEASANT DUTY.—"When I know anything worthy of recommendation, I consider it my duty to tell it," says Rev. Jas. Murdock, of Hamburg, Pa. "Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder has cured me of Catarrh of five years standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me in five minutes. 50c. Sold by C. A. Klein.

It takes a pretty sharp fellow to flatter successfully. THOSE WORRYING PILES.—One application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will give you comfort. Applied every night for three to six nights and a cure is effected in the most stubborn cases of blind, bleeding or itching piles. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures eczema and all itching and burning skin diseases. It acts like magic. 35 cents. Sold by C. A. Klein.

A remedy for nasal catarrh, which is drying and exciting to the diseased membrane, should not be used. What is needed is that which is cleansing, soothing, protecting and healing. Such a remedy is Ely's Cream Balm. Price 50 cents at drug stores, or it will be mailed by Ely Brothers, 55 Warren St., New York. The Balm, when placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. A cold in the head vanishes quickly.

It's the easiest thing in the world to offer assistance to people who don't need it.

CASTORIA The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

A. N. YOST, Treas. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THE KEYSTONE COPPER MINING CO., Incorporated Under the Laws of South Dakota, June 15, 1901. Capital Stock, \$1,000,000. Divided into 200,000 Shares of Par Value of \$5.00 Each. FULL PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE. We call special attention to the fact that one share of this Company, whose entire Capital Stock consists of only 200,000 shares of the par value of Five Dollars each, secures an interest in its property equal to 5 shares in a Company of One Million Shares of the par value of only One Dollar each, as is the case with nearly all Mining Companies offering shares at a price seemingly lower than the present price of the shares of this Company, but in reality much higher.

Property of Company. This is very extensive, consisting of four mining properties, each over one mile in length, on a great copper vein over 100 feet in width, pronounced by Copper experts as among the widest and richest copper veins known, lacking only the necessary development to place same in the front rank of the greatest dividend and copper producing properties. It is on the same great Copper Mineral Belt upon which are located the world's present greatest copper mines, each paying many millions of dollars annually in dividends and developed to the depth of from 1000 to 2000 feet, thus fully establishing the fact that the veins are not alone inexhaustible, but widen and become even more profitable with depth. The great vein on this property is of such unusual width and so prolific in copper ore from surface that only moderate developments are needed to begin the production of ore on a scale to insure large dividends on the shares of this Company. The Company is sinking a shaft now nearly 100 feet in depth on the vein of one of its four properties, the "Pay Roll." This shaft is entirely in ore, which, by tests, gave values at the surface of from 3 to 4 per cent. copper; at the depth of fifty feet tests gave values of from 8 to 10 per cent. copper; at the depth of seventy feet tests gave values of from 12 to 14 per cent. in copper, while selected samples show values as high as 12 per cent. copper and nearly \$15 in gold and silver per ton. The value of the gold per ton will enable the Company to produce copper at very low cost.

As showing that this great vein is not alone of unusual width, but also of rare richness in ore as compared with some of the richest copper mines, we refer to the great "Anacostis Mine," paying over \$5,000,000 annually in dividends from ore averaging less than five per cent. in copper; or to the "Boston and Montana" paying over \$6,000,000 annually from ore averaging less than six per cent. in copper; or to the "Great Verde," paying nearly \$5,000,000 annually in dividends from ore averaging less than six per cent. in copper. To give an approximate idea of the amount of ore and its value, that can be opened by a moderate development in only a small part of such a vein, the following estimates are given: Estimating pay ore vein at only 25 feet in width, depth of shaft, 500 feet, length of levels, 500 feet, would open up 6,250,000 cubic feet of ore, or over Five Hundred Thousand Tons. Estimating the net Profits at Twenty Dollars per ton, would give total net profits of Ten Million Dollars, or Ten Times the Amount of the Par Value of the entire Capital Stock of the Company, and sufficient to insure dividends to amount of Ten Dollars for each share of the stock. As the length of the vein on this one property, the "Pay Roll," is over one-quarter mile in length, and the depth to which same can be worked many thousands of feet, it will be seen that as a copper investment the shares of this Company offer an unusual opportunity.

The property of the Company is situated in Rio Arriba County, in the northern part of New Mexico (only 40 miles from the southern boundary line of Colorado), convenient to Railroad Station and in a section heavily timbered and one of the healthiest in the United States.

The Company has no debts or mortgages. Its property is free and clear and its management is under able mining experience.

One-quarter of the entire Capital Stock of the Company being 50,000 Shares of the par value of \$200,000 has been placed in the Treasury of this Company as a working capital, of which a limited amount is offered for sale at

\$1.00 PER SHARE Until October 1st, when the price will be advanced to \$1.50 per share.

As there are only 200,000 shares in this Company it will require net earnings of only \$200,000 to pay dividends at rate of \$1.00 yearly upon each share. This will require only a moderate development. Those wishing to purchase shares can make remittance, by check or otherwise, to

The Keystone Copper Mining Co., Harter Building, 208 Main St., BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.