

THE GIRL AND THE DOG

By Roi Cooper Megrus

"Hello, Chum!" he said, as he disappeared into the big chair before the fire. "I have been having a gorgeous time. The devil invented afternoon teas when he was particularly keen; I met all the people I've been trying to forget for ten years."

"She was there," the man said; "she was there. Ah, she's a bully girl, the prettiest, the daintiest, the best; she has the dearest mouth and the softest voice, and the gentlest hand. But you don't understand, do you, Chum? Come here, old boy." The bull terrier, with uncut ears—for the man was tender, even with his dog.

"You'll like her, old boy; she won't ever whip you when you chase cats"—the dog lifted his head, and then, seeing no feline enemy, sank down again. "Just think, she said 'Yes'—that wonderful girl said 'Yes' to me—aren't you surprised? No, of course you wouldn't be. I guess you love me as much as she does—may be more, which is it? But Chum was snoring comfortably beyond dog dreams of heaven. But the man went on talking; since he had been alone, Chum asleep or awake, was his confidant—and one who never criticized.

"I can't quite believe it—that it's me she loves. But it must be. Money? Not with those eyes. We'll miss each other a bit, you and I"—the man said softly. "We'll miss all our good times and romps and fun with the cats and the snapping fox terriers and the walks. But of course we'll have them now and then." The man added hastily, "Just for old times' sake, eh, old boy?" The man sat quiet and drew the terrier closer to him fondly.

The girl did look fair, wonderful, as she sat there in her radiant kimono with her ankle boldly peeping out.

"You do love me," said the boy. "Love you? You ask that?"—and the boy knew in his heart there was no need to ask.

"But I hear everywhere that you are going to marry the big American."

"Money," she answered tersely; "money; but I shall be still yours, all yours," and she took him in her arms.

"What's that?" said the girl, drawing away.

"That, why, that's Chum," said the man, laughing. "I don't believe you two have met, so I brought him around; you don't mind, do you?"

"I hate dogs," said the girl; her voice was not gentle now.

"Oh, come," said the man, unbelieving. "You don't hate Chum. You two are going to see a lot of each other, and he's my best friend—eh, Chum?" But Chum did not wag his tail; he was pulling with all the force of his forty pounds toward the girl. His tail switched almost like an angry cat's; his lips twitched, baring long pointed teeth that made the girl shiver slightly. Then Chum growled low, rumbling.

"I hate dogs," the man had never seen her look like that before. Then Chum barked, dangerous, threatening, and growled even more, thought the man, than if the girl had been a cat.



"You must get rid of him," said the girl, tensely.

"I could hardly do that," began the man, apologetically, "you see—" "You may do as you please," she said, coldly, "but you must choose between me and that—that brute!" She trembled again slightly; that angry dog, seeing behind her mask, was not a pleasant sight. "Please go at once, now—get rid of him."

"Well, of course, I will—still—poor Chum—he's my best friend."

"You'll be very good to him," he said to the man at the kennel, with just a tremor in his voice. "You see, he's never been alone much—and he's a good dog." Chum was quiet, very; he seemed to scent something wrong. "Good bye, Chum, good bye." The man turned to leave, and the dog, in the anguish of being left, threw

himself again and again, at the wire netting; his face was bleeding from the sharp impact; one of his nails, caught in the mesh, had been pulled out. But he was watching the Man, who was slowly getting further and further away. Once the Man, hearing these pitiful yelps, stopped and turned back; the yelps changed to those of joy; the dog had seen. But the Man, thinking of the Girl, went on.

He entered the room; there was no great white ball bounding from the lounge to greet him, with wagging tail. It was lonely this room, now.

"I have done as you asked," he wrote the girl, "but it seems rather unfair to the dog and to me. I am sure he would love you and think you would come to love him. Shall I get him back?"

There was no one to talk to this night, and so he went to bed. He was in no humor to see the girl. The next morning there was a reply from her. "You may do as you please, but as I told you, if I am to marry you I can't have that horrid, nasty, treacherous brute around. That is final; surely this is a small thing for me to ask."

"Nasty, treacherous"—poor old Chum, who's stuck by me, richer or poorer, better or worse, for six years. I wonder if she'd do as much." And he pondered. The sight of Chum's whip, of the fragments of a rubber ball—he could find none which Chum could not demolish—the unmussed pillows, and a few white hairs—all smote him keenly. It was lonely without the terrier! "Gad, what a baby I am, but Chum stuck by me, I ought to be to him."

He went out for a walk, but it was unenjoyable; there was no Chum trailing at his heels, or frolicking about. He met three cats—and they passed him unmolested—poor Chum!

Home he found a letter from the kennels. "You asked me to let you know how your dog was. He cried all night, and won't eat this morning. He'll probably be better in a week or two, they usually are."

Then suddenly he remembered—he had been too love blind to do so before—in all their six years together, Chum and he, Chum had only growled at three people like that, and all three had proved rotten bad—rotten bad. Was she? No she couldn't be. Yet now when he thought it over she had looked venomous yesterday when she had said, "I hate dogs," and people who didn't like dogs, and whom dogs didn't like—that had always been part of his creed of friendship. He caught sight again of the orderly lounge, of the whip, of the half-eaten slipper—and in his mind he could hear Chum yelping pathetically and refusing to eat, and Chum was always so hungry! He rose uncomfortably; Chum had proved himself time and again—had he girl?

"You told me to do as I pleased," he wrote, "on second thought I choose the dog."

Chum was standing in his wire prison as his master came walking quickly down the road; his head and tail drooped pathetically; he was misery. There was the sound of a familiar whistle, but Chum was inattentive; he had been deceived so often these last few hours. The man stood before him. Chum could not believe it; then suddenly he did. Tail, head, body, legs, in whirling contortions, all testified madly to joy, supremest joy. Staccato barks, expressive yelps, a mad desire to chew his master, made Chum a fair demon of happiness, and the man had a bit of a lump in his throat as he looked down on his small white friend. He walked home, and it was all very natural, very joyful. Chum was trailing at his heels, now jumping all over him, now in a mad scramble after cats. The man disappeared into the big chair before the fire. "It's good again, Chum, isn't it? Come, old boy."

"A note for you, Sir," said the butlers. "Get it, Chum." The dog wagged his way back with the note in his mouth.

"Dear old Pal: Forgive my intrusion in your affairs, but I have just heard of your reported engagement to that girl. I hope it isn't true. Her husband, one of my clients, is suing her for divorce, and we've only just located her whereabouts. Let me know when I can come to tell you all about it."

"Buttons," said the man with a jump that sent the dog sprawling to the middle of the floor; "Buttons, get me pounds of raw meat, and a steak, and some chops, and some liver. Hurry."

"There you old rascal, you intelligent, nasty, horrid brute; that's all for you. This girl business is all your fault," and he hit Chum over the head lovingly, and Chum bit back affectionately. "Chum, you are a friend."

It Didn't Work. "George," said the Colonel to a colored man whom he met on the street. "I wish you would spread news around among your people that I am going to set a spring gun in my hen house, and that if any of them are shot it won't be my fault."

"Yes, sah, I'll do so, but I don't reckon it'll do any good." "But why won't it?" "Bekase, sah, as I understands de stuanshun, dey dun cleaned your hen house out last night and won't have any occasion to go back dar!"

A LAND OF MANY LAWS

Germany Has an Abundance of Legal Restrictions.

DRUG STORES LIMITED

Government Regulates Number of Apothecaries—Strangers Have to Register at Police Station—Newspaper Slights to the Emperor Punishable by Fine and Imprisonment

A correspondent writing in the Chicago News says: The law keeps close track of everybody who comes into Germany. Strangers must be registered at the police station, at the latest within three days after their arrival in any place, so that if the police have occasion to want them, they will know where to look.

Wage earners are obliged to have reports, amounting to recommendations, which each of their employers must sign and which every new employer may, and generally does, ask for. This is a custom excessively hard on both parties concerned.

The law requires that employers and employees give each other notice of a full month's time when either intends to discharge or to change his position, as the case may be. Hasty discharges must be paid for by the employer.

Everybody knows, of course, how extraordinarily careful people must be in speaking or writing about the emperor. An insult or derogation is punishable by a fine and imprisonment. Editors must be on the constant guard, but as it is impossible for them to be respectful under all and any circumstances, they not infrequently find themselves in trouble. And in order that the right person may be punished if there be any such occasion, all publications bear the name and address of the one responsible for the contents.

The railroads in Germany have been owned by the government since the years immediately following the Franco-Prussian war in 1870-1. At that time it was found difficult to transfer the troops and to prevent another such situation the government took over the management of trains, so that it could have every train at its disposal in case of war. It has succeeded wonderfully well in this undertaking.

The German government controls drug stores. I was a good deal shocked to learn this coming from a country where almost any man can settle down in peace in almost any business he may choose. Far different is it with German druggists, and far different has it been, too, for several centuries. The government decides the location of the drug store, and does it in this way: For every 10,000 people in each city there must be a drug store, and for every 4,000 people in the country. There is a similar kind of arrangement in regard to chimney sweeps, whose wages are paid them by the government out of a special tax fund. These particular drug laws apply only to Prussia. The other divisions of Germany—Bavaria, Wurttemberg and so forth—have other, but similar, regulations.

The Prussian laws are exceedingly numerous and complicated. After the prospective druggist has passed his examination, he must obtain a concession from the government to open a place of business. There is a great variety of concessions, too. When a man has opened a new place he must keep his books in good order for inspection. After three years he is pledged to give over to the government a specified percentage of his profit, year by year, according to his concession. The government also fixes the maximum profit which a druggist can make on various goods.

But what are the objects and results of all this? The fundamental object is the security of the people, the secondary object, security for druggists. For the profession is not dissatisfied with all these laws and all this government. On the contrary, the United German Druggists' Association is very decidedly in favor of it. The business, which very easily becomes overcrowded, is kept in a normal condition. The Germans have observed in other countries that free competition in this as in other lines lowers prices. By restraining the freedom of druggists, the profession is made secure, because when there is only one drug store to 10,000 persons the owner is sure to be kept busy, and as he is protected in demanding profit—all his colleagues are doing the same as he—he is assured of a livelihood. But the public, generally at the mercy of the apothecary, is also benefited; fraud and exorbitant charges cannot be made. Every community, too, is sure of having a drug store.

The "Coming Nation." Now the American immigration question in Canada has reached a climax. It takes only three years for an immigrant to earn a vote in Canada, and 75,000 former American voters will soon come into their Canadian suffrage. There are, in round numbers, 190,000 males more than 18 years of age in western Canada who formerly lived in the United States, 160,000 of whom are old enough to vote. There are now between 750,000 and 800,000 settlers, with a possible voting population of 240,000, a high percentage because many cattlemen without families are emigrating from Montana and Wyoming.

In eastern Canada thousands of people believe that this invasion means the ultimate annexation of western Canada by the United States. It is called "the coming nation."—World's Work.

Galalith, or "milk stone," is being much used for decorating, and promises to take the place of marble.

King Edward has appointed King Alfonso a general in the British army.

CHINESE DOCTORS POPULAR.

Have a Lucrative Practice in Western Cities.

The method of treating sick persons in some cities is similar to that of the other physicians of the United States and those of Great Britain. They depend much, however, on the examination of the pulse. Their sense of touch is so wonderfully developed that it is said they can determine the condition of the heart as well as some of the other organs merely by the feebleness or strength of the beats; but they say there are no less than twelve different movements of the arteries in the human body, all of which can be detected by feeling the fingers, wrist and arm, says an exchange.

When a patient calls on him for examination, the doctor first presses the arm, wrist and fingers, touching nearly every part. Sometimes ten or fifteen minutes is occupied with this examination. Then he may ask if the patient is married or single, and also his age; but this is about the limit of the examination. Apparently he can tell the nature of the disease without questioning further, and if the caller wishes a prescription he writes one in the ordinary Chinese characters on a generous sized square of paper.

Ring a bell, he hands the prescription to the Chinese attendant who enters, for each physician has his own shop, filled with the ingredients which he uses in treatment. If he has a large practice he may employ a native chemist, who makes up the prescription.

One of the curious features of Chinese medical treatment is the way in which the physicians administer their remedies. Nearly all the offices of the principal doctors have what may be called a tea room attachment. This is a spacious apartment, well lighted, frequently ornamented with oriental pottery and pictures, and containing small tables, each with two or three chairs. If the invalid does not wish to take his medicine at home, he is ushered into this room, and, while seated at one of the tables, drinks his prescription as he would a cup of tea or a glass of wine. With but few exceptions the medicine is in liquid form, and served hot in dainty Chinese bowls, for most of it is composed of a decoction of herbs.

Each table contains a bowl of raisins, and when the attendant brings in the medicine he also brings in a glass of tepid water. If the drink is bitter, as it usually is, the patient can eat some of the raisins to remove the taste, while with the water he rinses his mouth and throat. Then he is ready to go home, returning the next day for another examination and dose.

Charities of Joe Jefferson

"There need be no surprise at the comparatively small estate left by Joseph Jefferson," said A. L. Erlanger. "To be sure, the immense earnings from his many seasons in 'Rip Van Winkle' and his keen sense of business led the public to believe that there would be millions of dollars left when the great old man of the American stage died; but to those who knew of the charitable side of his personality, and the free hand with which he gave money away to members of the profession who needed it, there should be no surprise that this is not the case."

"I was associated with Mr. Jefferson for many years, and knew, probably, more about his charities than any one else. In fact, I distributed thousands of dollars every year for him, without being asked to account for it in any way. At the least call for aid Mr. Jefferson would say, 'Look up this fellow—I used to know him—and if he needs the money let him have it; only he's kind of proud, so don't let him think it's charity.'"

"If I wanted to, I could tell you the names of a dozen or more actors, some of them now living, who received regular weekly amounts from Mr. Jefferson, ranging from \$25 up to \$100. The late C. W. Couldock I used to pay \$100 every week, and it was Mr. Jefferson's orders that Couldock should never want for anything."

"Couldock was a peculiar old man, honest and candid, and a little thing like \$100 a week did not prevent his saying what he thought of Mr. Jefferson. Once Jefferson bought an apartment house up in Harlem, a fine, new building, then very fashionable and well appointed."

"Couldock needs a good place to live," he said to me. "Furnish a nice apartment in the house for him, and tell him to occupy it, rent free, with my compliments, just as long as he wants to."

"I sent for Couldock and gave him the glad tidings. His gratitude was something surprising. He stormed, fumed and swore, and finally blurted out in his most approved 'You are no longer a chee—ild of mine' tone: 'What! Live in a tenement on that old miser's bounty! No, sir, No, sir. Never-r-r-r!'"

"He stalked out of my office, pounding the floor with his cane, and I never dared mention the subject to him again."

The Power Behind the Purse.

The determining factor in all modern life is money. The hand that holds the purse rules the world, though the spirit must regulate it. Man is the wage-earner, but the purchasing power of the nation is in the hands of the woman—that is, among the only women who are of any account in the empire, the women of the middle (in all its tiers) and the lower classes.—London Mail.

Liberia exports about 50,000,000 gallons of palm oil a year. It is made from the outer part of the palm nut, not from the kernel.

In Bangkok you travel from the steamer to the hotel on the back of an elephant.

THE JEW AS A RACE.

Modern European Jew Probably Not Connected With Biblical Jew.

That 9,000,000 out of the 10,000,000 Jews now existing may not be Israelites in the strict sense of the word, but may represent a large proportion of Slavic, German, and Hun intermixture, was the suggestion made recently by Dr. Maurice Fishberg as the result of his long study of the anthropology of the Jews of New York.

The problem which the doctor set himself to work out was whether there was any truth in the statement generally accepted by anthropologists that the Jews of today are direct descendants of the Israelites of ancient times, and that little if any intermixture had taken place between them and the various peoples among whom they had lived. Dr. Fishberg measured about two thousand persons as to the stature, cephalic index, eye color, and hair color, and found that by comparing the averages of these several measurements with those of the corresponding characters of the Christian races of the countries where the Jews had been born that Jews coming from Russia, Germany, Poland, Galicia, and Roumania resembled in type the Christian inhabitants of these countries.

The possibility of racial intermixture is strengthened by the fact that the Jews have lived in these several countries for many hundred years, monuments proving conclusively that they have been in southern Russia for 2,000 years and in Poland for 900.

There is one source of difficulty, however, and this is in the matter of eye and hair color. A large proportion of Jews of all localities are light haired or light eyed or both. But, strange to say, where the Christian population is most blonde the Jews are least, as in Lithuania or northern Russia and Germany. In southern Germany and Russia, on the contrary, where the natives are darker, the Jews are lighter. Dr. Fishberg is not yet able to explain this contradiction. One thing is clear from all this. The modern European Jew is much more allied by physical characters with the native Christian population than with the races generally looked upon as pure Semitic as the Arabs and the peoples of Palestine.

It is very probable, therefore, concluded Dr. Fishberg, that the modern European Jew is not intimately connected by blood with the true Semitic Jews of the Biblical times.—New York Evening Post.

Fighting Fires in China.

"I was in Pekin," said a tourist, "when a fire broke out a few doors below the house in which I was lodging, and at the first alarm I rushed out and into the burning structure to see what could be saved. I was at once arrested, and, later on, discovered the Chinese way of fighting a fire."

"A policeman first required an affidavit of the head of the household to the effect that he did not deliberately set the house ablaze, and, for this purpose, took him before an official half a mile away. A second was stationed to see that no one removed any furniture until the papers had been made out."

"After a lapse of forty minutes the firemen arrived. They looked at the burning house and decided that it was on fire. After much argument, it was further agreed that it would be a waste of water to try to put out the flames. After the name, age and habits of the owner had been taken, the fire department retired in good order. As the flames were unhindered, the house burned to the ground, and when the owner returned he was beaten by his neighbors for endangering their property. I was held in durance vile for two hours, and then fined 35 cents."

Lost Language.

A monument to a lost language is to be found in the village of St. Paul, near Penzance, in Cornwall, and it is believed to be the only monument in existence which marks the death of a vanished tongue. It commemorates the death of the last woman who spoke in the Cornish language, and was erected by a Frenchman.

It is a granite obelisk about seven feet high and is built into the churchyard wall, the front facing the highway, where it is plainly discernible by all who pass that way. The upper part is in the form of a Maltese cross. The inscription reads as follows: "Here lieth interred Dorothy Pentreath, who died in 1777, said to have been the last person who conversed in the ancient Cornish, the peculiar language of this country from the earliest records till it expired in the 18th century in parish of St. Paul."

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