

Cinderella.

By Walter Frank.

Cinderella entered the Castle from the West Terrace with many a backward glance at the warm sunshine and the flowers she was leaving, merely, as she thought, to go and hear something unpleasant. For that was usually the end of a summons to the library.

"Come and sit down, my dear," said Lady Portallen as her step-daughter entered. "I've some very important news for you. It concerns all your future life."

"I'm quite satisfied."

"So you say now, but hear my news first. Someone actually wants to marry you, Grace."

"I new it was something unpleasant," groaned Cinderella. All her indifference had gone now, and her eyes were troubled.

"I don't want to be married," she said slowly. "I'd rather so much rather stay here with the others and father and you."

Lady Portallen shook her head angrily, noticing the hesitation before the last word.

"Your father wishes you to marry Mr. Craddock," she began in her most metallic tones.

A sudden flush spread over Cinderella's face and disappeared, leaving her very white. "I can't marry him," she whispered almost to herself. "I don't now the man; I don't like him enough."

Lady Portallen leaned forward suddenly toward the shrinking girl. "It amounts to this," she said, "your father has lost a great deal of money lately, a very great deal. I don't know what will happen, but you have the chance of saving the family, of smoothing the last few years of your father's life. Mr. Craddock is very wealthy, and that wonderful mine of his, and he is prepared to settle a large sum upon you."

Cinderella lifted her white face for a moment. "What does my father say?"

"I have told you before. He wishes you to marry Mr. Craddock. I have explained to him that it would be folly and worse to refuse."

"Then," said the girl miserably, "for my father's sake I consent."

If anything could have reconciled Cinderella to her engagement to a man she did not love, it would have been the kindness of the man himself.

Lady Portallen had admitted to him that her stepdaughter did not love him yet. Our little Cinderella is very young, Mr. Craddock, and was seen so carefully brought up."

And John Craddock protested his willingness to wait. "But I'll wait for any length of time or lose her altogether," he declared earnestly, rather than have her inclinations forced at all."

"You quite startle me," said Lady Portallen gayly. "It is only in the novels that mothers force their daughters to marry desirable parties. Our dear little Grace has decided entirely for herself."

Often in the later days he would have given anything to have clasped her once for all to his heart, and spoken the words that sprang to his lips and strained for utterance every time he looked at her. But that would only have distressed.

All this time the manner of John Craddock had not varied in the slightest degree. But as time went on and the shackles of winter loosened, and the hedges burst into a sudden greenness again, and the sap began to stir in the leafless trees, causing them to send out little green shoots, the shadow of her dislike, born of her forced engagement, fell away from Cinderella like a winter garment and she began to appreciate the character of her lover.

One morning about this time Lady Portallen sent for Cinderella and showed her a letter from Craddock offering to release her from the engagement. "It's not that any feelings towards Cinderella have changed at all," he wrote, "but there has been some disagreeable trickery in connection with the new mine company. The strange drying up of the mine will, of course, put a stop to my income from that source. The shares of the company are worth little or nothing, and I have made over the whole of my other resources."

"That is all," said Lady Portallen, as she folded up the letter.

"It is quite sufficient," replied Cinderella hotly.

"I am glad you take the sensible view, my dear. I never liked the fellow, for to say the least of it he was no gentleman. And now, as though to make bad worse, he actually throws away what little money he has left. The man is a fool."

"The man is an honorable man and a gentleman," said Cinderella distinctly. "The letter alone is sufficient to prove that."

"I shall write him to-day and release him from his engagement," stormed Lady Portallen.

"He has written me also," said Cinderella quietly, "and I have already written back to say I will not terminate the engagement."

"Quite melodramatic!" said Lady Portallen coldly. "Positively, I think you must be in love with him."

"Yes," said Cinderella. "I'm only afraid I can never love him as much as he deserves."

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Symbol of the Marble Gallows.

You will read in "The Cloister and the Hearth" of the gallows of white marble and fine workmanship that stood over against the dukes palace in Venice. It was there as an ever-present warning to the people's chief servant that if he was faithless to his trust he would be hanged.

We are pleased to consider that later period of the middle ages as rude and simple. In its familiarity with all forms of coldly administered death it would justify this unthoughtful estimate. Yet even in that sinister marble admonition of vengeance there is a certain symbol of good faith, of high ideals of public service, that shows strong in any civilization. With all our justly cherished progress we might wish for as fine a sense of honor in our public stewardships.

Let us claim at once that the basis on which our public service rests is far better than it was in even the Italian civic republics. There is not the caste of birth; there is not now the fatalistic classification of rank, at least politically—and while there was in the period of the Renaissance a reward for culture, learning, and arts and craftsmanship, still, today, we have a fairer field which many more can enter. But when that claim is made and allowed there was a certain something in the old noblesse oblige which has not yet permeated democracy as it can and must some day pervade it.

A burgo-master in a free Dutch or German city, a duke or magistrate in an oligarchical Italian republic, even a feudal lord in any country, exemplified a respect for the obligations imposed by his position that our experience has shown us is not so prevalent now. Let us acknowledge that much in a system of government, a framework of society, which is happily left behind. Let us admire the civic virtue of those Venetians who "let no man, not even their sovereign, be above the common weal." And let us realize that, even in the great advance in the social and political order we have made since that fifteenth century of "The Cloister and the Hearth" there is still lacking the respect for the place of trust, the fine reverence for the common weal which eventually will be the perfect flowers of popular government.—Kansas City Star.

The Mercenary Thunderbolt.

A party of American tourists who were comfortably established in a hotel in Germany, discovered a new contribution to "English as she is spoke," only this time they found it in the written word. The building had been recently wired for electricity and under the bulbs in each room directions were posted in French, German and English. The French was irreproachable, the German nearly so. The English read as follows: "To open and shut the lightning electrical on, is requested to turn to the right hand. On going to bed it must be closed. Otherwise the lightning must be paid."—Boston Herald.

The Czar's Children.

The children of the Russian czar are being physically educated on the English plan, their royal mother being much in favor of English ideas. The little ones wear short socks, exposing the leg, and rather short sleeves both winter and summer, the idea being to habituate them to changes of temperature. Their study hours are short and much time is given to play. The two oldest speak English.

THE REAL COWBOY.

No Longer an animated Battery—But a Broncho Buster Still.

It is quite true that the cowboy of today is not a college man, nor one at all familiar with the manners and customs of polite society, says Out West. Neither does he go about his daily task with a brace of six shooters slung at his hips and a repeating rifle held in the crook of his arm.

Barbed wire fences, steam railroads, police courts and penitentiaries have rendered such aptitudes superfluous. And immediately after pay day he does not swoop down upon the nearest town, shoot out the lights and take part in a gun fight or two.

For the \$30 or \$40 a month which he receives a strict attention to the duties of his job is expected, and in these days of strenuous competition a job is a precious thing. The life of the modern cowboy is as full of hard and monotonous work as that of an Eastern farmhand, and there is very little difference in the intellectual and social standing of the two.

Though thousands of cattle are grazed in the plains of the Southwest, very few are shipped direct from the range to the market. The places of individual cattle kings have been taken by great stock companies which own numerous tracts of range land in various parts of the West.

A few years ago a dry season in southern Arizona meant the loss of many cattle and very frequently the financial ruin of their owners. The old timers will tell stories of having walked for incredible distances on the carcasses of dead steers.

But all that is past—they do things differently now. Let a dry year come upon the Southwestern ranges and the cattle are hustled on board a train and transported to the cattle companies' range in Colorado or Montana or Dakota, where the season is good and the feed abundant.

No long drives of hundreds of miles in search of new range as in the old days. Simply a day or two of rounding up then a few hours drive to the nearest shipping point on the railroad. Then perhaps a day in town for the cowboys and back again to the home ranch and the regular grind.

Though the cowboy is not a college graduate, he is by no means an ignoramus. Usually he is American born and fairly well read, taking the same active interest in current topics and politics that other American citizens do. As a general rule he has been raised in the section in which he is employed and is of youthful appearance. He differs very little from the average American working youth. Western dialect stories to the contrary, notwithstanding.

In the cowboy bunkhouses there is a pile of current magazines, the contents of which are devoured with avidity. And one is not infrequently treated to the amusing spectacle of a youthful cowboy becoming so enamored of the kind of punchers pictured in modern fiction that he purchases a pair of utterly useless six shooters, commences to walk with a swagger and to imitate the dialect of Red Saunders.

But if marksmanship is no longer a qualification of the cowpuncher horseman is. The modern cattleman is as proud of his ability to ride anything on four legs as was ever the broncho buster of bygone days, and this is the first fact impressed upon a tenderfoot.

Kid Gloves From Rats.

In Paris there is a rat pound. It is a deep walled pit in which some thousands of rats are kept. A dead mouse is thrown into the pit at night and rats strip the carcass of its flesh. Once a month there is a general slaying of rats by gas. The rats are sleek and plump and their bodies are in excellent condition. Their skins are removed and treated and eventually are made into "kid" gloves.

English capitalists and Japanese match-makers are engaged in a trade on the market for Japanese. The aim of the trade will be to export the smaller match-makers. One of the match-makers will be imported by the Japanese and the other by the English. The match-makers will be imported by the Japanese and the other by the English. The match-makers will be imported by the Japanese and the other by the English.

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Cars leave Bloom for Espy, Almedia, Lim Ridge, Berwick and intermediate points as follows: A. M. 5:00, 5:40, 6:20, 7:00, 7:40, 8:20, 9:00, 9:40, 10:20, 11:00, 11:40. P. M. 12:20, 1:00, 1:40, 2:20, 3:00, 3:40, 4:20, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20, 7:00, 7:40, 8:20, 9:00 (9:40) 10:20 (11:00) Leaving depart from Berwick one hour from time as given above, commencing at 6:00 a. m.

Leave Bloom for Catawissa A. M. 5:15, 6:15, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00, 12:00. P. M. 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:20, (11:00) Cars returning depart from Catawissa 20 minutes from times as given above. First car leaves Market Square for Berwick on Sundays at 7:00 a. m. First car for Catawissa Sundays 7:00 a. m. First car from Berwick for Bloom Sundays leaves at 8:00 a. m. First car leaves Catawissa Sundays at 7:30 a. m. From Power House. Saturday night only. P. R. K. Connection. WM. TERWILLIGER, Superintendent.

Bloomsburg & Sullivan Railroad.

Taking Effect Feb'y 1st, 1908, 12:05 a. m.

Table with columns for NORTHWARD and SOUTHWARD, listing stations and times. Includes stations like Bloomsburg, Paper Mill, Light Street, Orangeville, Forks, Zanders, Stillwater, Benton, Edmons, Coles Creek, Laubachs, Grass Mire Park, Central, Jamison City.

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