

A Double Elopement

Hester Blake finished sweeping the snow from her front porch and then looked dubiously at the huge drifts lying across the road and slaty sky above.

"They won't come," she assured herself. "Cousin Emma'll never venture out such a day as this. It'll be the first Christmas I've ever spent alone."

Mrs. Blake lived in the outskirts of the village of Clifton. She kept a boy to do the chores, had a cow and chickens and lived in a comfortable way on a tidy income.

"Don't scold her, Aunt Hester," burst out Charlie. "It wasn't her fault, I asked her to go."

"Well, what's she crying about?" questioned Mrs. Blake, severely. "Didn't she consent, or did you carry her away by force, Charlie?"

"Of course, I said I'd go—but I wish I hadn't. I was sorry right after we'd started, and I—I made Charlie stop here instead of going to the minister's."

"I don't want to run away," she wailed, still clinging to her lover. Over her head Charlie looked with despairing eyes at the older woman.

With swift determination to help him, she took the girl's trembling hands in hers. "Elvie," she demanded, "do you love Charlie Brock?"

"Of course I do," answered Elvie, looking at her in surprise. "Well, then, I don't know's I ought to advise it, but your mother's dead, and your pa'll never let you marry Charlie, because he's too poor; but that's no reason for separating young hearts."

Lee blustered, but she stopped him with quiet dignity. "Yes, it was, Samuel. It was my business not to let Elvira spoil her life as you spoiled yours, for you ain't bein' happy any more'n I have."

"I didn't have enough money for you, and you shilly-shalied between me and Lida, and finally married her without sayin' a word to anyone, and so—at last I married Isaac. He was a good husband."

"Hetty," a joyous warmth breaking into the squire's voice, "Hetty, you said—you said 'any more'n you were.' Do you mean that you've cared, too, all these years? Have you, Hetty?"

"Yes," she answered simply. "I've cared. And there hasn't been a day in all these years when I've seen you growing harder and harder that I ain't said to myself, 'He'd 'a' been different if he'd married the woman he loved.' Elvie's just like you. She'd keep Charlie off and on, and some day she'd go and marry somebody else and be miserable."

"I didn't mean her to be miserable," the squire stammered slowly. A great wonder held him fast. Was this the quiet, self-repressed woman who all these years had sat across the aisle from him every Sunday morning in church, this slender, vibrant creature trembling in the midst of her demand for happiness for this motherless girl?

"Hetty!" he cried, and held out his hand. She took it and stood looking sadly up at him. "Hetty, I didn't think you cared—in that way, I thought you hated me for the way I'd treated you—after goin' with you for two years. I never thought you missed me as I've missed you all these years. I'd give them all only to live over the two happy years when we kept company. How different—"

"You've remembered!" the widow cried, and her wan cheeks flushed. "I'm very lonesome here, Samuel, but I won't be any more when I know you've remembered—now go out and put up your horse. Tommy's away for the holidays, an' I'm all alone. The young folks're coming back here for dinner and you must join 'em sociable like, an' forgive them for running away."

"Hetty," pleaded the Squire, the light of determination in his eyes, "let's run away, too! My horse is better'n Charlie's; we'll get to the parsonage most as quick as they do. Here, put on your wraps!" he commanded.

"No, no, Samuel," her face flaming. "Not after the way I talked—it looks as though I was hintin'—"

"We've wasted altogether too much time 'rady, Hetty. Put this scarf over your ears; it's too cold for a bunnit'."

"Oh, Samuel, we're too old to be so foolish," she faltered. "We're not too old to love," he assured her as he tied on the scarf.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

In 1817 one Richard Thornton, called to the bar of the King's Bench charged with the murder of Mary Ashford, in open court threw down his glove and defied his accuser. Whereupon there was a pretty to-do. Wager of battle, it was supposed, had died a natural death in the dark ages, but Lord Ellenborough, after much consultation of precedent, held that it was still the law of England, and ordered a field to be prepared. Thornton's accuser thereupon declining combat, the prisoner was discharged. Next year Parliament passed an act abolishing this privilege of appeal to the strong right arm.

Few people probably know that dead flies have a commercial value. As reported from London, they come annually in barrels to the English capital, where they are sold at auction, and finally serve as food for birds and goldfish. They come from Brazil, where they hover close above the surface of the Amazon River, and are caught in nets by the fishermen. Until recently a pound of dead flies cost in London fivepence, but the growing demand, for which there is no corresponding supply, has increased the price to a shilling and a half a pound.

CAUSE OF INSANITY. It Has Not Been Traced to Disease of the Brain.

Insanity is not a disease of the brain, because no anatomical investigation, microscopic or otherwise, can show the least difference between either brain cell or fibre of a person dying insane and the healthy brain of one killed in an accident.

But the same absence of brain changes is noticeable in a whole class of important chronic nervous diseases—such as migraine, neurasthenia, hysteria and epilepsy. None of these shows post-mortem any characteristic changes from normal brains.

Now, no one can minimize the importance of these nervous diseases. Insanity alone is serious enough. When that dread spectre appears, there is no getting used to it. Years of familiarity with it, both in private and in official relations, do not lessen my recoil from the spectacle of a permanent, instead of—as with drugs—a temporary, mental derangement. But it is facts connected with these same insanities produced by drugs entering the blood which awaken the hope that we may find elsewhere than in the brain the cause, and therefore, with the cause, the best treatment for this dreadful affection, as well as also for the other nervous diseases which causes no brain changes.

If the brain of a man who has been addicted to immense doses of opium for years still shows in it no trace of this mind-deranging agent, while chemistry quickly finds the reactions of this drug in his blood, the mistake of years on this whole subject begins to come into view. It is singular how long the sway of that error has continued, for even yet many physicians, including some neurologists, cannot see the two sides of the problem.

The Ideal Diet. Too much food is as bad as too little and occasions a waste of energy and strength in the body as well as a waste of nutritive material, says a writer in "What to Eat." While in the case of some foods as purchased, notably meats, some waste is unavoidable, the pecuniary loss can be diminished, both by buying those kinds in which there is the least waste, and by utilizing more carefully than is ordinarily done, portions of what is usually classed as refuse. Much of the waste may be avoided by careful planning so as to provide a comfortable and appetizing meal in sufficient amount, but without excess.

Cause of Leaves' Change of Color. When sap ceases to flow in the autumn, and the natural growth of the tree ceases, oxidation in the leaves takes place. Under this oxidation the leaves change to red, or, with a slight change of the condition, it might be yellow or brown. This, however, is only the chemical explanation. Life, or, as we would say, vital power, has to bear a part. If a branch is entirely cut off from the main plant, no change of color occurs. On the other hand, if a branch is injured, though not entirely cut off from the tree, a change of color takes place, even if it be mid-summer. In other words, chemistry alone cannot account for the bright colors of autumn foliage; the mysterious power we call life has to work at the same time.

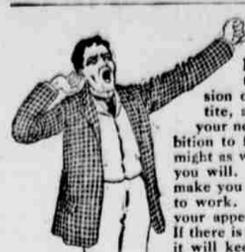
Home Life in Spain. No hospitality can be more whole-hearted and far-reaching than that which Mrs. Ellen Maury Slayden and her husband enjoyed in Barcelona, and of which she has written for the Century.

"One of the prettiest things in home life all over Spain," she says, "is the natural and kindly way in which the servants are made a part of the family. In the don's house the little maids often took part in the conversation, spoke to the guests, and asked them to stay longer; and even the porters and kitchen visitors popped their red-capped heads into the door to say the Spanish equivalent for 'howdy' to the family, just as old negroes do in the Southern states."

Critical Eye for Babies. The five-year-old daughter of a Brooklyn man has had such a large experience of dolls that she feels herself to be something of a connoisseur in children.

Recently there came a real live baby into the house. When it was put into her arms the five-year-old surveyed it with a critical eye. "Isn't it a nice baby?" asked the nurse. "Yes, it's nice," answered the youngster hesitatingly. "It's nice, but its head's loose."—Lippincott's.

Brazil's Modern City. Situated in the middle south of Brazil, the capital, Sao Paulo, has a population of at least 250,000, and is much more modern than any city in South America, excepting Buenos Ayres.



Do You Feel This Way?

Do you feel all tired out? Do you sometimes think you just can't work away at your profession or trade any longer? Do you have a poor appetite, and lay awake at nights unable to sleep? Are your nerves all gone, and your stomach too? Live ambition to forge ahead in the world left you? If so, you might as well put a stop to your misery. You can do it if you will. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will make you a different individual. It will set your lazy liver to work. It will set things right in your stomach, and your appetite will come back. It will purify your blood. If there is any tendency in your family toward consumption, it will keep that dread destroyer away. Even after consumption has almost gained a foothold in the form of a lingering cough, bronchitis, or bleeding at the lungs, it will bring about a cure in 98 per cent. of all cases. It is a remedy prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose advice is given free to all who wish to write him. His great success has come from his wide experience and varied practice.

MISSION OF A TINY FISH.

To Destroy Mosquito Eggs and Save Inhabitants of Malarial Regions.

C. Kenrick Gibbons has discovered that all the pools and swamps in Barbadoes are stocked with swarms of millions, a tiny fish which gets its name from its vast numbers and which feeds on the larvae of the mosquito.

Some specimens have been got to England successfully and flourished there in the insect house at the zoological gardens. Mr. Gibbons has proposed that the millions be imported into malarial districts, and his suggestion has been acted upon with happy results. The health board of Antigua, another island, being convinced of the useful part played by these fish in consuming mosquito larvae, has arranged for their systematic distribution throughout the ponds and streams of the island.

Like tidings come from Jamaica, whither a consignment of the fish was sent not long ago. The secretary of the agricultural society there writes that the tanks at a certain hotel are full of them and that he has been informed that there has been a marked diminution of fever round about, the millions evidently accounting for the mosquito larvae. They have also been sent to Colon and British Guiana. It is suggested that these useful fish get a trial in the malarial regions of Africa, if like the malarial mosquito, the insects which carry terrible diseases which are endemic there pass the larval stage of their existence in water.

COURIERS ACROSS SAHARA.

New Service From Niger to Mediterranean—A 1,000 Mile Desert Route.

Though a journey across the Sahara is still an undertaking of some magnitude, the pacification of the central region by the French has been wonderfully rapid during the last five years.

Removed as it seems from the exciting influence of events in Morocco, and undisturbed by Senusite propaganda, the French officers have been able to establish friendly relations with the Tuareg and other Berber tribes, and have organized a chain of posts right across the desert connecting Algeria with French West Africa. The route for the telegraph has been surveyed and a "wireless" installation is being established.

Meantime, by the last mail from Dakar the Governor of French West Africa reports that he has instituted a monthly service by couriers between the Niger and the Mediterranean. The southern point of departure will be the ancient town of Gao on the Niger some two hundred miles south of the rail head in the Sud Oranais. Intermediate posts have been established at Agades and the Ahaggar. The oversight of the new route covers fully 1,000 miles of desert.

Much is expected in the way of accustoming the wild tribesmen of the Sahara to the new order of things from the regular running of this service, and possibly some development of trade may follow. But at present it will be useful chiefly as a means of rapid communication between the French military posts. It is intended that officers selected for service in or returning home from the Niger districts shall make use of the transsaharan route, which will be more direct and less costly than the journey from or to France via Senegal or Dahomey. Both horses and camels will be used on the new service.

ILLINOIS TURTLE FARM.

Owner Expects Also to Raise Gold Fish and Guinea Pigs.

A mud turtle farm, which will also be devoted to the raising of mushrooms, gold fish and guinea pigs, is the latest venture of the head of one of the big Western railroads. President H. I. Miller of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois is the man who has hit upon this novel form of diversified farming as a relief from business cares, and he intends incidentally to show the farmers of the grain belt that 200 acres of terrapins and guinea pigs will pay bigger dividends than even 80 cent corn.

The farm is located at Barrington, a suburb of Chicago, and is a tract of rolling timbered land. Numerous lagoons and roads are being dug at various points on the property and an elaborate system of irrigating ditches will be established. The guinea pig yards will cover several acres and will be the largest it is expected in the country. The mushrooms will be allowed to grow wild wherever they will in marshy spots and damp nooks in the woods.

With the starting of the farm comes to light some interesting facts about a little known industry. It is estimated that over 10,000 turtles are consumed annually in Chicago restaurants. Some of them are terrapin, but the greater part are mud turtles, soft shells and snappers. The demand for mushrooms is enormous.

Derivation of Chauffeurs.

Chauffeurs—literally "firemen"—existed long before there were automobiles. About the year 1795 there sprang up in France, principally in the eastern and central regions, fantastically-dressed men, with their faces blackened with soot and their eyes carefully concealed, who gained admittance to farmhouses and other isolated dwellings at night and committed all kinds of depredations and outrages. They had an atrocious habit, from which they obtained the name that posterity has preserved for them. They first garrotted their victims and dragged them in front of a great fire, where they burned the soles of their feet. Then they demanded of them where their money and jewelry were concealed. These were the first "chauffeurs."

Earthquakes as Warnings.

The belief that earthquakes are signs or warnings owes its origin in part to prophecies in the Bible, where, for example, we read that "there shall be no famines and pestilences and earthquakes" as portending future calamities. Earthquakes have led to the abolition of oppressive taxation, the abolition of masquerades, the closing of theaters and even to the alteration of fashion. A New England paper of 1727 tells us that "a considerable town in this province has been so far awakened by the awful providence in the earthquake that the women have generally laid aside their hooped petticoats."

Why China Has Few Trees.

Frank N. Meyer, the scientific explorer for the government in his recent penetration of China, saw farms that had been under irrigation since before Columbus discovered America. To the credit of the pagan priests, he said, all forms of plant and tree growth were cherished and encouraged around the temples. The priests gave Meyer what information they could. The extent to which forest devastation has gone in China can be inferred from the fact that the Chinese have rooted and grubbed out every vestige of tree growth the size of your finger above the graves of their revered ancestors.

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COLUMBIA & MONTGOMERY E. R. R. TIME TABLE IN EFFECT June 1 1904, and until further notice.

Cars leave Bloom for Espy, Almedia, Linn 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.

Leave Bloom for Catawissa A. M. 5:15, 5:55, 6:35, 7:15, 7:55, 8:35, 9:15, 9:55, 10:35, 11:15, 11:55. P. M. 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).

Wm. Terwilliger, Superintendent.

Bloomberg & Sullivan Railroad.

Taking Effect Feb'y 1st, 1905, 12:05 a. m.

Table with columns for NORTHWARD and SOUTHWARD, listing stations and times. Includes stations like Bloomsburg D. L. & W., Bloomsburg P. & R., Paper Mill, Light Street, Orangeville, Forks, Zaners, Bentons, Edsons, Coles Creek, Lantbachs, Grass Mere Park, Central, Jamison City.

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