His Vacation

A little group of men stood in front of the booth where, visitors to the summer amusement park, throw balls at a row of grotesque dolls.

A big fellow with a hoarse voice and a very red face was disputing with the proprietor.

"I gave you a dime," he snarled. "It wasn't a nickel, it was a dime." The proprietor of the booth, a milld little man with weak blue eyes, shook

"I haven't taken in a dime to-day." he said. "Here's my bank." And he pushed an open cigar box toward the

"I don't care anything about your bank," the big fellow cried. "I tell you I give you a dime. I've had my three shots-now gimme my change,

The little man looked about despairingly. No park policeman was in sight. The crowd was growing larger. You give me a nickel, said the little man, "but I dont want any

The big man snorted.

"Do you mean to say I'm a liar?" he demanded. "That's what you are," came a

voice from the rear of the crowd. The big man whirled around. "Who said that?" he reared.

"I did" the voice replied. The big man straightened up on tip-

"Where are you?" he cried.
"Here," replied the voice. sounded from the left of the crowd, which had now grown to considerable

proportions. "Lemme git at him!" roared the big

And he pushed into the group. "Look out where you're going," cautioned a stout man as he thrust

an elbow into the fellow's side. "Easy there," snapped a little man. You're on my feet." And he kicked the big fellow viciously.

In an instant the sentiment of the group changed. The loungers had enjoyed seeing the little proprietor balted by the red faced man. Now it turned against the bully. It pushed and buffeted him and when he was clear of it he had lost all desire to find the man who had impeached his veracity. As for the latter, he seemed to have melted into the air.

The crowd broke up with the departure of the bully, and in a moment or two there was no one left in front of the booth save a boy.

He was a boy perhaps nineteen, a clear eyed lad with a sunburnt skin and dark curly hair. He was neatly dressed, but his clothes were old fashioned in cut, and he wore a broad brimmed straw hat that had seen other summers.

The boy looked up at the little proprietor.

"Bad man," he said. The proprietor nodded.

"Yep. He was out for trouble all right. That was a big bluff, of course, but what could I do? I couldn't afford to have any trouble with him. Business is bad enough as it is."

He sighed as he spoke The boy looked at him curiously.

"Bad season, eh?" "Worst I ever knew. An' I've had some pretty tough ones." His eve wandered over the grounds. "There's that loafer, now. He's having a fuss over there at the chutes. He'd better not fool with those fellows. They'll drop him in the pond." He softly chuckled. "I wonder who 'twas called him a liar?

"I did," said the boy.

"You! Why, you wasn't even lookin' at him.'

The boy laughed.

"Guess I hadn't the courage to look at him when I said it."

But the voice came from over there," persisted the proprietor.

"It was my voice." The boy said dealy stooped as if to pick something from the ground. As he did so a dog snarled and barked at the proprietor's

"Get out!" the little man shouled as he quickly looked around-and lo! there was no dog there. He turned to the boy. "Did you do that?"

The little proprietor pushed the balls toward him.

"As many shots as you like," he

"Thank you," said the boy. "Not Business is bad, eh? Want a partner?"

"There aint' a livin' in it for one let alone two."

"But suppose a partner could build it up and put it on a paying basis?" "That's the kind o' partner I want."

The boy nodded. "I'm looking 'round," he said. "You've noticed I'm from the country. I had a chance to go on a farm after I finished school, but I thought rd rather go up to the city and see if I couldn't find some sort of opening. I don't want anything permanent just yet-I've got too much to learn. At

the same time, I've got to get a living. Maybe you'd better take me on a salary for a spell. I dont' want to tie up for long. Wait. You needn't give me a cent if I don't put your business here on a fair paying basis. When I do I want a reasonable share of the profits. What do you say?"

The little man stared at him. 'You beat anything I ever saw," he said. "Where did you learn that ventriloquial business?'

The boy laughed. "Out in the woods," he answered. "I was cutting wood last fall, and, being alone, I fell to trying tricks with

my voice. Pretty soon 1 found 1 could talk to myself in quite a sociable fashion."

"I'll give you a job right away at the terms you mention," said the little proprietor. "What do you propose to do to help the business?"

"I propose to look around the park first of all," the boy replied. I'll come back again a little later."

"You'll be sure to come?" "I'll come," said the boy as he turned and walked away.

He put his hand in his trousers pocket and jingled a few coins. His finances were getting low. At the same time he realized that he was hungry.

He stepped into the restaurant near the big gates and sought a seat at one of the small tables. A waiter took his simple order and while he was gone the boy studied his syrround-He was interrupted by the return of his order and by the appearance of a tall man who took a seat opposite to him. The boy looked at the man. He was slender and a little gray-a man close to forty. He had sharp eyes and a firm mouth, and the sharp eyes were now bent on some slips of paper that he scanned pencil in hond

He looked up suddenly and caught the boy's curlous glance.

"Bad thing to bring your business to the table with you," he said with Towniy Carter in the ear. a quick smile. "You must never let the thought of money intrude upon

vour diet. "Wouldn't the present price of beef excuse it?" drawled the boy,

"Good," said the tall man. "First time here? "Yes. I'm enjoying my first sum-

mor vacation.' "How do you like it?"

The min man smilled. "See any chance of improving the

"I see a chance of adding to the nttractions.

"En! Perhaps you'll kindly enlighten me.

"I'd run a menorall line across the entire plaza. The tall man stared at the boy. 'A monorall line! May I ask what

you know about monoralis?" "I knew something," replied the boy with a quick laugh. "We have an old inventor down at our village, and what he doesn't know about mechanics-old principles and newisn't worth knowing. But he hasn't the ambition to carry out any of his own schemes. He's just contented to be the village gunsmith. We are great friends and I've spent a good

That's where I found out about monorails." The keen gray eyes were studying the boy.

many Saturdays in his old shop.

"Would your car be on the principle of the Englishman's inventionthe gyroscope idea?"

"No," replied the boy. "I would use a narrow car seating four people. I would balance it on the rail by four twenty-foot steel rods, depending on either side and weighted at the lower ends. I would have it run by gravity. When it reached the opposite side I would have it hoisted by an elevator and sent back on another rail. It would be safe, speedy and a great

curiosity." "When did this scheme occur you my boy?" the tall man asked.

"Five minutes ago. I picked out the locations for the two platform." "Oh, you have. What are you going to do this afternoon?"

The boy laughed. 'I've got an engagement, to per a

man's business on a sound financial basis."

"Eh. Who is the man?" "He's the man who runs the booth

with the dolls that you throw at." "Oh, yes. Old Tommy Carter, Tommy's in hard luck. And you're

going to help him out?" "He has my promise."

"Good. But you mustn't make any further engagements without consulting me? Wait. I'm John Temple, engineer and showman. People usually call me Colonel John Temple. I'm one of the owners of this and a half dozen other parks. That's why I don't want you to be running about wild with that monorall idea."

"My name is James Harrison," said the boy. "Where I'm known they call me Jim."

The tall man laughed and put out his hand.

"Glad to know you, Jim," he said. "Here's to our better acquaintance." He looked at his watch. "When can I see you again, my boy?"

"Will you be in the park this even-

"Yes." "You'll find me at Tommy Carter's booth.

"Goodby, boy." "Goodby, colonel."

The attendance was large in the park that evening. And those who strolled near the Carter booth noticed that the little proprietor had labelled his dolls.

There were only five of them now, and above the quintet stretched a placard which announced in large letters that they were the Original Gooseberry Family. There were "Pa Gooseberry" and "Ma Gooseberry" and "Little Willie," and "Sister Sue"

and "Aunt Jane." Tommy Carter's weak eyes almost sparkled as he chanted the merits of his show

"Right this way," he called, "An take a whack at the only original Gooseberry family. Three throws for a nickel an' three elegant cigars for a hit. You cant' miss 'em. Three throws for a nickel. There's Sister Sue and Aunt Jane, too. You can't miss 'em." And he turned around and winked at Jim Harrison, who was

standing back ready ready to gather up the balls.

His voice was so cheery that a little crowd speedily gathered and the first nickel was tendered.

The marksman drew back his arm. "Stop, sir," cried Aunt Jane in a high cracked voice, "would you strike a lady?

"Wh-what's that?" stammered the marksman.

"Take one of your own size," said Aunt Jane; "hit the boy,"

The crowd roared and the marksman threw wild. He threw wild with the second ball and the third, and then he bought six more.

"Why, that's Peleg Saunders," said Pa Gooseberry, "Howdedo, Peleg." Again the crowd reared and again and again the chuckling marksman threw wild.

It was a big crowd now and all the new comers wanted to see and hear talking dolls. The nickels streamed in, and there were dimes. too, and even quarters.

"Hit me if you can," screamed Sis ter Sue. "I don't care, I don't care!" "She's nailed on," said little Willie

"Naughty, naughty!" cried Aunt Bow, wow, wow!' barked Little Willie, and the bark was so heree and so natural that the man with the ball nervously jumped and almost hit

And the crowd roared with laughter and pressed in closer.

"Tis th' inst rose of summer," sanga Gooseberry in a cracked soprano, "Hit her! hit her!" shouted the undutiful Willie.

But every thrower who came forvard was so convulsed with laug' er that northing like good marksmanslide was impossible. Old Tommy Carter's stock of cheap clears was scarcely broken into.

And still the crowd pressed forward and still the nickels and dimospoured in.

"Getting tired" Tommy Carter found the opportunity to ask the boy. The latter straightened up with a ball in his hand.

"No," he answered, "this is only fun. How's the financial basis?" "Its nickle plated an' a yard wide," chuckled Tommy Carter.

"What a very handsome young man," said Aunt Jane in her mine'ng tenes as the next thrower poised the

"Willyum!" said Pa Gooseberry se-"Dodge, pa, dodge!" shouted little

advised little Willie.

"Don't you believe a word she says,"

Willie. "That's the champion thrower takin' aim at you!" And the crowd roared, and the nickels flowed in and Tommy Carter wore an indelible smile, and the big-

gest crowd in the park pressed around and fought for chances to throw. And when the time was up and the big bell over the main gates sounded the signal for clearing the grounds

the crowd reluctantly dispersed. Tommy Carter turned and caught the boy by the shoulder. "You're all right, lad," he said and

his voice broke a little. "You're all

right, partner." The boy had suddenly turned at Tommy's words. Now he just as sud denly turned back.

'Why, it's Colonel Temple," cried Aunt Jane. "Howdedo, colonel? 1 hope you're quite pernicketty

Tommy Carter looked around with a frightened start. "Hush," he hoarsely whispered to

the boy. The tall man strode forward. He had laughed until his eyes were wet. "It's all right, Tommy," he said "Jim and I are on the best of terms. I'll forgive you both for drawing the crowd away from the other shows

Where are you stopping, Jim?" "Anywhere, colonel." "Then you'll stop with me to-night. You needn't be afraid, Tommy: I'm not going to steal your partner away. from you. I'm going to make hir; a proposition for use later on. Come.

The lad looked around. "I'm not quite ready to settle down

o anything permanent, colonel." "And when will you be ready, my

"As soon as I finish my summer vaention. Good-night, partner." "Good night," Towny called after them.-W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain

Denier.

Try a Change.

Drop persecuting your wife with growls about how big the bills are for the children's shoes. Carry her away for a day of spring rest and recreation, and get a new viewpoint yourself. Take your eyes off the stock ticker and freshen them with an afterncon's vision of the blue sky. Pull your head out of your cash drawer, go to a baseball game and blow some aunshiny air through your musty brain. Give over being a worm merely grubbing for money, run out into the open and be a red-blooded, virile human being for a change. Then you will have some real work in you fighting to come out like steam out of a boiler under 300 pounds' pressure. The problem of the children's shoe bills will be solved-and a lot more besides. Quit existing. Try living .-New York Press.

Cow Never said a Word.

When one of the fenders of the City rallway cars picked up a young heifer at the corner of Third and Jersey streets the conductor filled out the required report blank to Superintendent Edward Howell. In answer to the question: "What did the victim say?" he employe wrote: "She was carded along on the fender for a short listance, then rolled off and ran away without saying a word."-Dayton Coluzebus Dispatch.

BEAUTIES OF THE BLACK ROD.

He is the King's Messenger, Yet Doors are Slammed in His Face.

Black Rod is perhaps the most picluresque functionary of Parliament. His titles are Chief of All the Ushers of England and Custodian of the Doors of the High Court called Parliament. As such he sits in a box to the right of the bar in the House of Lords and controls the admission of strangers.

But his chief title is Messenger of the Sovereign. When the King appears in the House of Lords the members of both chambers must be present. In his capacity as royal mossenger Black Rod has to go and summon the Commons.

As he walks through the lobbies one of his ushers heralds his approach with cries of "Black Rod! Way for Black Rod!" Yet it would seem from his reception at the door of the lower chamber that he is regarded there with hestility.

The moment he is heard coming, the sergeant at arms springs trom his bair, which is close to the main entrance to the chamber, and, rushing to the open door, not only closes it with an inhospitable clang in the very face of Black Rod, but proceeds securely to bolt it. Presently three blut knocks are heard. The aergeantat-arms peers into the loboy through a grated peephole with a wooden not in the stout oaken door and sees Black

According to the program not a sord is spoken. All that is heard is he subdued knocking at the portal, hat soft and humble request is trusdelible, and at a nod from the Speaker the door is flung open by the orgount-at-arms and in walks Inc King's messenger.

The post of Black Rod, it must be vilained, is in the personal gift of the King. It is invariably bestowed on old naval or military officers, a sailor and a soldier alternately enjoying its dignity and emoluments. The leatleman Usher of the Black Red gots £1,000 a year, and he has a depaty known as Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod, whose salary is £500.

But whether he be a soldier or a sailor, Black Rod is not a very tormidable looking person as he is seen on his visits to the House of Commens. On occasions of state he dons his full military of naval "fig." When he comes to summon the commons 'e wears his official dress-a black cutaw y tunic, knee breeches, silk stockings, and silver buckled shoes,

There is not the faintest suggestion of aggressiveness in his appearance, notwithstanding the sword that dangles by his side, and the short ebony rod of office, surmounted by a golden lion rampant, which he carries in his hand. His message, too, is absolutely blameless.

When the door of the House of Columnos is opened to him, the loud voiced usher preceding him stands at the bar and cries: "Black Lod!" If there be any business in hand it is at once interrupted. The Speaker respectfully rises to receive the mesare of the sovereign. Members reain their seats, but uncover,

Black Rod advances slowly to the table with solemn mien, as n to show that he is becoming impressen by the lightly and sanctity of the chamber, He further manifests his awe by making three low abeisances to the chair. On reaching the table, he simply says:

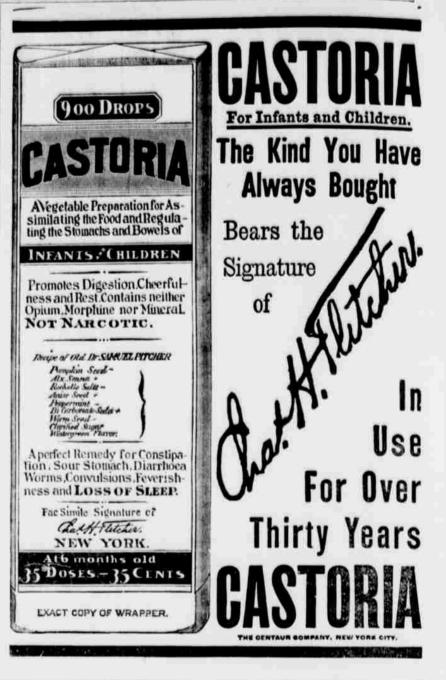
"The Lord's Commissioners desire the Immediate attendance of this honmable House in the House of Peers." When the King is personally prosent in the House of Lords the message which Black Rod delivers to the Commons is more peremptorily worded. It runs: "The King commands tals conorable House to attend his Malesy immediately in the House of Peers

to hear the King's speech read." liaving thus said what he was sent to say, Black Rod retires respectfully b. kward, bowing as he goes, to the bar, where he awaits the Speaker, and escorts him, followed by the Ministers and others of the Commons, to the House of Lords. Sometimes so accountrack is Black Rod in the presence of the mighty Commons that he forcets even the words of his short

and simple and innocent message. There was the case of Gen. Sir Michael Biddulph, R. A. He was a brillian soldier. He served through the Crimean compaign with great distinction. For his gallent services at the occupation of Candahar in the Afghan war he received the thanks of both houses of Parliament. Yet I have seen this great soldier shaking with nervouzness when, as Black Rod, he stood at the table to desire the presence of the Commons in the House of Peers.

What then is the meaning of this hostile banging of the door of the House of Commons in Black Rod's inoffensive face? Why must the King's messenger humbly knock three times for admission and wait submissively on the mat outside until the representatives of the people decide to open their doors unto him.

We find in this most interesting spectacle a demonstration of the right of the representatives of the people to conduct their deliberations in secret, should they deem it necessary, to shut their doors, especially against messengers of sovereigns or Feers, and also a declaration that no stranger, low or high, dare enter their chamber without permission, humbly asked and expressly granted. Seven lines too long.



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