UNDERTAKERS

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

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Once a ripple came to land
In the golden sunset turning—
Lapped against a maiden's hand,
By the ford returning.

Dainty foot and gentle breast—
Once across be glad and rest.
"Maiden, wait," the ripple saith;
"Wait awhile, for I am Death!"

"Where my lover calls I go—
Shame it were to treat him coldly—
'Twas a fish that circled so,
Turning over boldly."

Dainty foot and tender heart,
Wait the loaded ferry cart.
"Wait, ah wait!" the ripple saith;
"Maiden, wait, for I am Death!"

"When my lover calls I haste—
"Dame Disdain was never wedded!"
Ripple—ripple round her waist,
Clear the current eddied.

Foolish heart and faithful hand,
Little feet that touched no land.
Far away the ripple fled,
Ripple—ripple—running red!
—Translation.

"Respect the aged!"

It was a thick voice—a muddy voice that would have made you shudder—a voice like something soft breaking in two. There was a quaver in it, a creak and a whine.

"Respect the aged! Oh, companions of the River—respect the aged!"

Nothing could be seen on the broad reach of the river except a little fleet of square-sailed, wooden-pinned barges, loaded with building-stone, that had just come under the railway-bridge, and were driving down stream. They put their clumsy helms over to avoid the sand-bar made by the scour of the bridge-piers, and as they passed, three abreast, the horrible voice began again:

"Oh, Brahmins of the River—respect the aged and infirm!"

A boatman turned where he sat on the gunwale, lifted up his hand, said something that was not a blessing, and the boats creaked on through the twilight. The broad Indian river, that looked more like a chain of little lakes than a stream, was as smooth as glass; reflecting the sandy-red sky in mid-channel, but splashed with patches of yellow and dusky purple near and under the low banks. Little creeks ran into the river in the wet season, but now their dry mouths hung clear above water-line. On the left shore, and almost under the railway-bridge, stood a mud-and-brick-and-thatch-and-stick village, whose main street, full of cattle going back to their byres, ran

"BUT THAT WHICH WE HAVE JUST HEARD IS WISDOM."

straight to the river, ending in a sort of rude brick pier-head, where people who wanted to wash could wade in step by step. That was the ghaut whence the village of Mugger-Ghaut took its name.

Night was falling fast over the fields of lentils and rice and cotton in the low-lying ground yearly flooded by the river; over the reeds that fringed the elbow of the bend, and the tangled low jungle of the grazing-grounds behind the still reeds. The parrots and crows, who had been chattering and shouting over their evening drink, had flown inland to roost, crossing the outgoing battalions of the flying-foxes; and cloud upon cloud of water-birds came whistling and "honking" to the cover of the reed-beds. There were geese, barrel-headed and black-backed, teal, widgeon, mallard and sheldrake, with curlews, and, here and there, a flamingo.

A lumbering adjutant-crane brought up the rear, flying as though each slow stroke would be his last.

"Respect the aged! Brahmins of the River—respect the aged!"

The adjutant half-turned his head, sheered a little in the direction of the voice, and landed stiffly on the sand-bar below the bridge. Then you saw what a ruffianly brute he really was. His back view was immensely respectable, for he stood nearly six feet high, and looked rather like a very proper bald-headed parson. In front it was different, for his Ally Sloper-like head and neck had not a feather to them, and there was a horrible raw-skin pouch on his neck under his chin—a hold-all for the things his pick-ax beak could capture. His legs were long and thin and skinny, but he moved them delicately, and looked at them with pride as he preened down his ashy-gray tail-feathers, glanced over the smooth of his shoulder, and stiffened into "Stand at attention."

A mangy little jackal, who had been yapping hungrily on a low bluff, cocked up his ears and tail, and scuttered across the shallows to join the adjutant.

He was the lowest of his caste—not that the best of jackals are good for much, but this one was peculiarly low, being half a beggar, half a criminal—a cleaner-up of village rubbish-heaps, desperately timid or wildly bold, ever lastingly hungry, and full of cunning that never did him any good.

"Ugh!" he said, shaking himself dolefully as he landed. "May the red mange destroy the dogs of this village! I have three bites for each flea upon me, and all because I looked—only looked, mark you—at an old shoe in a cow-byre. Can I eat mud?" He scratched himself under his left ear.

"I heard," said the adjutant, in a voice like a blunt saw going through a thick board—"I heard there was a new-born puppy in that same shoe."

"To hear is one thing; to know is another," said the jackal, who had a very fair knowledge of proverbs, learned by listening to men round the fires of an evening.

"Quite true. So, to make sure, I took care of that puppy while the dogs were busy elsewhere."

"They were very busy," said the jackal. "Well, I must not go to the village hunting for scraps yet awhile. And so there truly was a blind puppy in that shoe?"

"It is here," said the adjutant, squinting over his beak at his full pouch. "A small thing, but acceptable now that charity is dead in the world."

"Ahai! The world is iron in these days," wailed the jackal. Then his restless eye caught the least possible ripple on the water, and he went on quickly: "Life is hard for us all, and I doubt not that even our excellent master, the pride of the ghaut and the envy of the river—"

"A liar, a flatterer and a jackal were all hatched out of the same egg," said the adjutant to nobody in particular; for he was rather a fine sort of a liar on his own account when he took the trouble.

"Yes, the Envy of the River," the jackal repeated, raising his voice. "Even he, I doubt not, finds that since the bridge has been built good food is more scarce. But, on the other hand, though I would by no means say this to his noble face, he is so wise and so virtuous—as I, alas! am not—"

"When the jackal owns he is gray how black must the jackal be," muttered the adjutant, who could not see what was coming.

"That his food never fails, and in consequence—"

There was a soft grating sound as though a boat had just touched in shoal water. The jackal spun round quickly and faced (it is always best to face) the creature he had been talking about. It was a twenty-four foot crocodile, cased in what looked like treble-riveted boiler plate, studded and keeled and crested; the yellow points of his upper teeth just overhanging his beautifully fluted lower jaw. It was the blunt-nosed mugger of Mugger-Ghaut, older than any man in the village, who had given his name to the village; the demon of the ford before the railway bridge came—murderer, man-eater and local fetish in one. He lay with his chin in the shallows, keeping his place by an almost invisible rippling of his tail, and well the jackal knew that one stroke of that same tail in the water could carry the mugger up the bank with the rush of a steam engine.

"Auspiciously met, Protector of the Poor," he fawned, backing at every word. "A delectable voice was heard, and we came in the hopes of sweet conversation. My tailless presumption, while waiting here, led me, indeed, to speak of thee. It is my hope that nothing was overheard."

Now, the jackal had spoken just to be listened to, for he knew flattery was the best way of getting things to eat, and the mugger knew that the jackal had spoken for this end, and the jackal knew that the mugger knew, and the mugger knew that the jackal knew that the mugger knew, and so they were all very contented together.

The old brute pushed and panted and grunted up the bank, mumbling: *"Respect the aged and infirm!"* and all the time his little eyes burned like coals under the heavy horny eyelids on the top of his triangular head, as he shoved his bloated barrel body along between his crutched legs. Then he settled down, and, accustomed as the jackal was to his ways, he could not help starting, for the hundredth time, when he saw how exactly the mugger imitated a log adrift on the bar. He had even taken pains to lie at the exact angle a naturally stranded log would make with the water, having regard to the current of the season at the time and place. All this was purely mechanical, of course, because the mugger had come ashore for pleasure; but a crocodile is never quite full, and if the jackal had been deceived by the likeness he would not have lived to philosophize over it.

"My child, I heard nothing," said the mugger, shutting one eye. "The water was in my ears, and also I was faint with hunger. Since the railway-bridge was built my people at my village have ceased to love me; and that is breaking my heart."

"Ah! shame!" said the jackal. "So noble a heart, too! But men are all alike to my mind."

"Nay; there are very great differences, indeed," the mugger answered, gently. "Some are as lean as boat poles. Others, again, are as fat as young ja—dogs. Never would I causelessly revile men. They are of all fashions, but the long years have shown me that, one with another, they are very good. Men, women and children—I have no fault to find with them. And remember, child, he who rebukes the world is rebuked by the world."

"Flattery is worse than an empty tin can in the belly. But that which we have just heard is wisdom," said the adjutant, bringing down one foot.

"Consider, though, their ingratitude to this excellent one," began the jackal, tenderly.

"Nay! nay! not ingratitude!" the mugger said. "They do not think for others, that is all. But I have noticed, lying at my station below the ford, that the stairs of the new bridge are cruelly hard to climb, both for old people and young children. The old, indeed, are not so worthy of consideration, but I am grieved—I am truly grieved—on account of the children. Still, I think, in a little while, when the newness of the bridge has worn away, we shall see my people's bare brown legs bravely splashing through the ford as before. Then the old mugger will be honored again."

"But surely I saw marigold wreaths floating off the edge of the ghaut only this noon," said the adjutant. Marigold wreaths are a sign of reverence all India over.

"An error—an error. It was the wife of the sweetmeat-seller. She loses her eyesight year by year, and cannot tell a log from me—the mugger of the Ghaut. I saw the mistake when she threw the garland, for I was lying at the very foot of the ghaut, and had she taken another step I could have shown her some little difference. Yet she meant well, and we must consider the spirit of her offering."

"What good are marigold wreaths when one is on the rubbish heap?" said the jackal, hunting for fleas, but keeping one wary eye on his Protector of the Poor.

"True, but they have not yet begun to make the rubbish heap that shall carry me. Five times have I seen the river draw back from the village and make new land at the foot of the street. Five times have I seen the village rebuilt on the banks, and I shall see it built yet five times more. I am no faithless, fish-hunting gavial, I, at Kasi to-day and Prayag to-morrow, as the saying is, but the true and constant watcher of the ford. It is not for nothing, child, that the village bears my name, and 'he who watches long,' as the saying is, 'shall at last have his reward.'"

"I have watched long—very long—nearly all my life, and my reward has been bites and blows," said the jackal.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" roared the adjutant.

"In August was the jackal born,
The rains fell in September;
'Now such a fearful flood as this,'
Says he, 'I can't remember!'"

There is one very unpleasant peculiarity about the adjutant. At uncertain times he suffers from acute attacks of the fidgets or cramp in his legs, and though he is more virtuous to behold than any of the cranes, who are all immensely respectable, he flies off into wild, cripple-stilt war-dances, half opening his wings and bobbing his bald head up and down; while for reasons best known to himself he is very careful to time his worst attacks with his nastiest remarks. At the last word of his song he came to attention again, ten times adjutanter than before.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ETIQUETTE IN WASHINGTON.

Senator Edmunds Was Authority on the Delicate Subject.

The wife of a new senator once told me that she was determined to make no social mistakes, so—wise woman that she was—she asked Senator Edmunds, who she knew was thoroughly conversant with every detail of official etiquette, by reason of his long career in the senate, if it was not incumbent upon her to make her first visit to the wives of foreign ministers, says Kate Field's Washington. He replied:

"Certainly not, madam; a senator never makes the first visit upon a foreign minister."

So, thanks to her good sense in consulting an old senator, this lady did not make the mistake that a few less wise new senators' wives have done of making first visits, when etiquette required that they should receive them. Of course, as the senate has increased in size the last few years, it can hardly be expected that foreign ministers should call upon new senators, but they ought to upon the old ones and upon others whom they wish to know.

I think the charming wife of one of the diplomats has adopted a very wise rule, as she remarked to a senator's wife to whom she had just been presented: "I know it is my place to call on senators' wives, but I wait until I meet them, and I shall now give myself the pleasure of calling upon you."

If the ladies of the diplomatic corps would follow the lead of this popular lady, they would avoid some of the mistakes that they now make in our official etiquette.

Bird Song.

The gift of bird song is largely a masculine prerogative, an expression of tender sentiment by which the affection of the opposite sex may be attracted and retained. Indeed the birds furnish no exception to the sweeping assertion that "'tis love that gives the key to all earth's music." They sing from love and happiness, says one; from love and rivalry, another asserts; while joy and buoyancy of spirits are said by a third authority to be answerable for their music. That most of the species sing best in the spring is well known, the motive that is responsible for the generous outpour of song being a result of its influences; they are happy to be at home again in the old haunts, to be surrounded by plenty and to feel the matchless sweetness of returning springtime.

The annoying, countless apostrophes to spring which decorate every editorial waste-basket do but show that the great human heart throbs in sympathy with the season, and its voice—like the birds'—rings out in endless praises!

One of the most delightful of our American essayists believes all birds to be incipient or would be songsters then—that even the hen has a homely, contented carol—and he credits the owl with a desire to fill the night with music. The light of love within the little bird's heart is brightest at that season and overflows and illumines his song; "the language of passion keeps time to the heart's rhythm" until the full beauty of the flower of love is reached in the thousands of beautiful homes about us.

Undoubtedly they sing at times for very joy, just as we go singing about our work because our hearts are light and happy, and the song sings itself; we have only to listen to it.—Nelly Hart Woodworth in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

The Empirical Treatment of Disease.

One can easily understand how such remedies as weasels' gizzards, does' hoofs, snails, etc., have gained their favorable reception among ignorant persons. Used first in all likelihood in some case of illness mistaken for an incurable disease, the nostrum has been followed by spontaneous healing, and has carried the stolen credit and the faith which go with reputation to other sick bedsides, sometimes with like spurious results. It cannot be doubted that some such confidence in the horrors of empiricism lingers among our own poorer population, especially in country districts. In view of this fact the practice adopted by local vestries of inculcating active sanitary measures as the true preventive of infection, and impressing the necessity of obtaining prompt medical aid cannot be too highly commended.—London Lancet.

The Sign Language.

It is evident that with the aid of a means of communication having the scope of the sign language, and learned without effort by simple intercommunication of deaf mutes, general knowledge may be rapidly instilled into the minds of those who are deprived of hearing. They improve remarkably fast; but this system is not without its drawbacks, for if the sign language is depended upon too greatly the pupil does not make that progress in the English language that is essential to his communication with hearing and speaking people, nor for his improvement by the reading of both textbooks and current literature.—Scribner's.

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Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R. 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R. 8.45 a.m., 12.05 and 11.35 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08 a.m., 1.30 p.m.

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"The D. L. & W."

DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILROAD.

Commencing Monday, day, July 30, all trains will arrive at new Lackawanna avenue station as follows:

Trains will leave Scranton station for Carbondale and intermediate points at 2.20, 5.45, 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20, 3.55, 5.15, 6.15, 7.25, 9.10 and 11.20 p.m.

For Farview, Waymart and Honesdale at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20 and 5.15 p.m.

For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 5.45 a.m. and 2.20 p.m.

For Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 7.45, 8.45, 9.38 and 10.45 a.m., 12.05, 1.20, 2.33, 4.00, 5.10, 6.05, 9.15 and 11.38 p.m.

Trains will arrive at Scranton station from Carbondale and intermediate points at 7.40, 8.40, 9.34 and 10.40 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 2.34, 3.40, 4.54, 5.55, 7.45, 9.11 and 11.33 p.m.

From Honesdale, Waymart and Farview at 9.34 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 3.40, 5.55 and 7.45 p.m.

From Montreal, Saratoga, Albany, etc., at 4.54 and 11.33 p.m.

From Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 2.15, 8.04, 10.05 and 11.55 a.m., 1.16, 2.14, 3.39, 5.10, 6.08, 7.20, 9.03 and 11.16 p.m.

Del., Lack. and Western.

Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East, 1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m.; 12.55 and 3.50 p.m.

Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the south, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m., 12.55 and 3.50 p.m.

Washington and way stations, 3.55 p.m.

Tobyhanna accommodation, 6.10 p.m.

Express for Binghamton, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12.10, 2.15 a.m. and 1.24 p.m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Bath accommodation, 9 a.m.

Binghamton and way stations, 12.57 p.m.

Nicholson accommodation, at 4 p.m. and 6.10 p.m.

Binghamton and Elmira Express, 6.05 p.m.

Express for Cortland, Syracuse, Oswego Utica and Richfield Springs, 2.15 a.m. and 1.24 p.m.

Ithaca, 2.15 and Bath 9 a.m. and 1.24 p.m.

For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Danville, making close connections at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South.

Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6.00, 9.55 a.m. and 1.30 and 6.07 p.m.

Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8.03 and 11.20 a.m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3.50 and 8.52 p.m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains.

For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office, 328 Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

NEW YORK ONTARIO AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

SCRANTON DIVISION.
In Effect Sept. 16th, 1894.

North Bound.				South Bound.		
205 Local Pass	203 Pass Exp	201 Local Pass	Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday)	202 Local Pass	204 Ontario Day Ex	206 Local Pass
	P M		Arrive Leave		A M	
....	7 05	..	N Y Franklin St	....	7 40	....
....	7 10	....	West 42nd St	....	7 55	....
....	7 50	....	Weehawken	....	8 10	....
P M	P M		Arrive Leave	A M	P M	
8 20	1 15	....	Hancock Junc.	6 00	2 05	....
8 10	1 03	....	Hancock	6 06	2 11	....
7 58	12 51	..	Starlight	6 18	2 22	....
7 51	12 44	....	Preston Park	6 25	2 31	....
7 45	12 40	....	Cono	6 32	2 41	....
7 38	12 35	....	Poyntelle	6 40	2 50	....
7 33	12 28	....	Belmont	6 45	2 58	....
7 23	12 13	....	Pleasant Mt.	6 55	3 06	....
7 19	f12 09	....	Uniondale	f6 58	3 09	....
7 06	11 49	A M	Forest City	7 10	3 19	P M
6 51	11 34	9 15	Carbondale	7 24	3 34	5 34
6 48	f11 30	9 12	White Bridge	7 27	f3 38	5 37
f6 43	....	f9 06	Mayfield	f7 32	f3 43	f5 42
6 41	11 23	9 03	Jermyn	7 34	3 45	5 45
6 35	11 18	8 57	Archbald	7 40	3 51	5 51
6 32	f11 15	8 54	Winton	7 43	3 54	5 54
6 29	11 11	8 50	Peckville	7 48	3 59	5 59
6 25	11 07	8 44	Olyphant	7 52	4 04	6 04
6 21	11 05	8 41	Dickson	7 54	4 07	6 07
6 19	11 03	8 39	Throop	7 56	4 10	6 10
6 14	11 00	8 36	Providence	8 00	4 14	6 14
f6 13	f10 57	8 33	Park Place	8 02	f4 17	6 16
6 10	10 55	8 30	Scranton	8 05	4 20	6 20
P M	A M	A M	Leave Arrive	A M	P M	P M

All trains run daily except Sunday.

f. signifies that trains stop on signal for passengers.

Secure rates via Ontario & Western before purchasing tickets and save money. Day and Night Express to the West.

J. C. Anderson, Gen. Pass. Agt.
T. Flippcroft, Div. Pass. Agt., Scranton, Pa.

Erie and Wyoming Valley.

Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on the Erie railroad at 6.35 a.m. and 3.24 p.m. Also for Honesdale, Hawley and local points at 6.35, 9.45 a.m., and 3.24 p.m.

All the above are through trains to and from Honesdale.

An additional train leaves Scranton for Lake Ariel at 5.10 p. m. and arrives at Scranton from the Lake at 7.45 p.m

Trains leave for Wilkes-Barre at 6.40 a. m. and 3.41 p.m.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE FROTHINGHAM.
Thursday Evening, NOV. 8.
Coming Events cast their shadows before.
America's Representative Irish Comedian,
HERBERT CAWTHORN,
The Funniest Man on Earth, in Hoey's Masterpiece,
A CORK MAN
Supported by
LEOLA BELLE AND A CLEVER COMPANY.
New Songs, New Dances, New Music, and a Bevy of Beautiful Girls.
Sale of seats Tuesday. Regular Prices.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
THURSDAY, NOV. 8.
McFadden's Elopement
A Farce-Comedy of a lively and entertaining nature by
FRANK DUMONT
Introducing the inimitable and original Comedian,
JOHN - KERNELL
Plenty of Good Singing and Dancing. Novel Features. An evening of Good Solid Fun. Excellent Array of Farceurs.
Sale of seats opens Tuesday.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.
BETTER THAN BEFORE.
THE STOWAWAY
Vivid, Realistic, Startling.
The Yacht in Mid Ocean.
London by Moonlight.
Champion Villa at Sunset.
BEST .·. COMPANY .·. TRAVELING
Royal and Romantic Return of the Renowned Reformed Burglars, "SPIKE" HENNESSEY and "KID" McCOY, who will "crack" a Real Safe with Surprising Swiftness.

THE FROTHINGHAM.
Friday and Saturday | Nov. 9 and 10 | Saturday Matinee
Two Gala Nights with the American Players.
FRIDAY NIGHT, NOV. 9, A Grand Production, Charles Fechter's Great Play. (From the French.)
THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
Special Scenery. Every Accessory.
SATURDAY MATINEE, a Great Play, La Tentation, Or Led Astray.
SATURDAY NIGHT, Monte Cristo.
MR. FRANK KARRINGTON and JOSEPH RANSOME,
The distinguished American Actors, in the Leading Roles.
Sale of seats Wednesday. Regular prices.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12.
THE GERMAN SINGING COMEDIAN,
MR. - GUS - WILLIAMS
In a Successful Laugh-Provoking Melo-Farce, by C. Wallace Walten, entitled
APRIL FOOL
(Up to Date.)
Jolly Comedians, Sweet Singers, Merry Soubrettes, Graceful Dancers
Sale of seats opens Friday, Nov. 9.

DAVIS' THEATER
Thursday, Friday and Saturday,
The .. Counterfeiters
—BY THE—
HOLMES-FORRESTE CO.
ADMISSION, 10, 20 OR 30 CENTS
Two performances daily at 2.30 and 8.15 p.m.

FIRE SALES
Are often money-makers, but realizing sales are money losers to the merchant who is compelled to push them.
Freeman's valuable stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, etc., is being slaughtered daily at private sale.
Put a price on anything you see, and if it's within our power to let it go you can have it, as we must raise money.
Auction Sale every Saturday at 7.30, corner Penn ave. and Spruce st.