THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-SATURDAY. OCTOBER 29, 1898.

AUNT ELVIRA'S BUREAU.

"I am afraid," said Robert Dawson | said: "More shame for you. That old to his wife, as he took his place at the daintily spread dinner table, "that John Archer is finding out that marrings is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner."

"Why, my dear, are you not rather hard on Mrs. Archer? What has she done to deserve such severe censure?" Well, you see, John wanted her to take in his old aunt, Elvira Brown. She is the only one belonging to him now living and has been like a mother to him. It seems he had made all the arrangements necessary, then her high mightiness kicked over the whole plan and would not allow the old lady to come there. I hope I am not a tyrant. but if my wife's was too good for my it would be too good for me," said Mr. Dawson with decision, and when his wife looked at him perhaps she was relieved to know that her mother-inlaw was cleeping the sleep of the just." 'It certainly does seem hard, but

there are always two sides to a story. Did John tell you"" "He tell me? Not he. 1 found it out

by accident. "Perhaps, then, you have not heard-

the whole of it." "Perhaps not," replied Mr. Dawson,

sententiously, and let the matter drop. John Archer had been the friend of Robert Dawson for years. He was a simple, quict fellow, some years the senior of his wire. He was fond of domestic life, of the letter side of which he had seen very little, as he was left an orphan at a conder age, his solo surviving relative being the Elvira about three weeks afterward Mr. Daw-Prown in our silion

John had not been looked upon as a marrying man, but from the first he Boop greatly taken with Miss Smith, who was a new light on the firmament of the suciety of Waterville. and had pushed his suit with such vigor that he had carried off the prize from the younger and wealthier men. Miss Smith had not always moved in the class of society which she at present geneed. She had during her early ing venerated with the rest of herkindred upon a farm, and not a fertile farm, either.

the tide which is said to be in the affairs of max had swept mineral oil beneath the story had of soil which father and brothers had hitherto tiled with such scaret returns, and with its discovery wealth flowed into the family core-s until its members all forget that they find ever been poor.

All Waterville considered the match between John Archer and Mirs Smith a very suitable one. Mrs. Archer's father had bestowed a lovely little daughter, and with bealth and a fair income they certainly cught to have been happy

Mrs. Dawson was fully as foud of John Archer as her husband was, and therefore took an interest in his affairs. She did not tike the thought of outside goesip getting about concerning the young wife, and because of this made up her mind to investigate the story for herself, and to do what she could to smooth down the rough places. It was a charming little drawing-

room in which Mrs. Archer received Archer herself opened the door. her callers, beautiful and costly things. filling every neck and corner. There was not much in common between the sedate Mrs. Pawson, who was old mouth to be Mrs. Archor's mother and that airy young matron, who evidently had made up her mind to carry things with a high hand. Mrs. Dawson had too much good ense to broach the subject herself, but the old man to bring it here. Besides, Mrs. Archer was a great talker, and sure, I wasn't paid for hauling it." soon came around to the matter, which was evidently uppermost in her mind. "John and I have had our first quarrel." Mrs. Dawson, "A week or two ago he quite insisted upon the thought this a rum go, but so long as propriety of offering his Aunt Elvira he got his pay it did not matter much. a home with us. It seems that the her place are going out west to their the furned to go he said: "Must I take married children. John does not want it back to the old place where I got to put the old lady into the care of it, ma'am?" strangers. I gave only a reluctant consent, for I cannot ablde elderly peos only have to be brought back here ple-they are so fussy. But John ugain Do what you like with it, my caxed and pleaded until I gave in. good man, bur don't bring it back here We agreed upon the large front chamber for her, and I went with the best grace I could muster to invite her in person. Then the fues began, I found en to me, and I refuse to take it, I give she had a van bad of personal property, a cat and a parmet. I agreed to the old furniture. Then John went to see her, and she consented to come with to come into my house. I told her I friturns, did not have a single article of old rurnings in my house, and I could

bureau is worth a dozen of new-fangled ones.' Anyway, she wouldn't give in: neither would I, and so the whole thing is off. John is very angry, I am afraid, but I don't care."

"Oh yes, you do. I am sorry, my dear Mrs. Archer. It is evident that the craze of the antique has not struck in the you, or you would be wild to have that old bureau."

"No, indeed. I never could abide old traps. I like new, bright, expensive furniture. I was going to get the old lady a beautiful new chiffonier. But it is all off now."

"Well, I must say I think it is a pity. You know, my dear Mrs. Archer, that Mrs. Brown is all the mother your husband ever knew, but we must all grow old in time." mid Co., Marshall, Mich

"That's true: but she never did anything extra for John. Besides, I am under no obligation to her. I would rather have her room than her company at any time, and why should I give in when she won't."

Why, indeed, thought Mrs. Dawson, though she did not give expression to her thought. Nevertheless, she did

remarked, "an' if you push that chist back there out of the road, Tom will ay what she could to the young woman about forebearance, and felt when get some one to help him in with it the night. I niver was much on the she left as if her visit had not been in vain, and that if John took the lift. right way his wife would finally con-'All right, Maggie, But I must be off now. I have a good job waiting sent. It was evdent, however, that John Archer did not follow the lead for me to haul a trunk. By the powers. I ought to be there this minute."

that Mrs. Dawson had given him, for Not till we see what's in this ould his aunt did not become an inmate of Mrs. Archer's pretty home, and bit of paper. Faix, Tim, me boy, 'tis money, 1 think." on brought home word that the old

Faith, Maggie, you were always a lady was dead. caution for thinking things. But let "And the funny part of it all is," us see, me jewel!" said Mr. Dawson, with a chuckle of annuscment, "that she left that bone In a mement Tim's strong hands

had rent the paper, and then an exclamation from the both. "Holy mother! What a sight!" of contention, the old bureau, to Mrs. Archer, 'her beloved niece,' by will, Her real estate goes to John; she made When the flat parcel was spread open upon Mrs. Connelly's clean kitchen provision for her pets and her old servants, but the bureau without table it proved to be a lawyer's folder scrap else, goes to Mrs. John. The old woman had a strong sense of the humfor holding legal documents, and it ontained such a pile of treasury notes orous. I wonder what my fine lady that it fairly bulged and took the will do with it, now?" breath from Tim O'Flaherty and sister to even try to count them.

"I wonder, too, ' said his wife, It was therefore with some natural later, when they grew calm they urfosity that Mrs. Dawsor called once found the sum total of the amount to be ten thousand dollars in bills of more upon her young friend, whom she found in a high state of indigan- large determination. Besides the tion money was a queer little will contain-

"Spiteful old thing! She was just do- ing the childish phrase, "Finders are termined to make trouble between me keepers. and my husband, dead or alive. John in-This simple little will was legally sists that the bureau must come here. drawn, properly signed and duly wit-The idea! But I shall not allow the old nesred, and bore such a recent date rattletrap to come inside my house, I that it must have been executed a am on guard-have been for days-and few days before the old lady's dewhen it comes I shall send it off again, mise. She had evidently planned it as house, charmingly furnished, upon his I guess I am a match for John and an a surprise for her nephew and niece, id woman. never thinking that after her death

While the lady was speaking an ex- the bureau would still prove unacpross wason drove up to the pretty ceptable from eritance, and the driver dis-Tim Flaherty and his sister made mounting dropped the tail-board of his no secret of their find. They were wagon and drew a very solid-looking the finders, and according to the de-Id-fashioned bureau to the back. Then visor's will the keepers of the find. opparently remembering that he ought The Archers, of course, were territo make some inquiries as to the disbly cut up, especially Mrs. Archer, position of the article in his charge who was very fond of money, but she before shouldering it, he opened the could do nothing, though at first Mrs. gate and walked toward the house. He Archer was full of the idea of going did not get a chance to ring, for Mrs. to law to recover the money. However, John Archer would not listen "You can take that old thing away to a word. again, my good man, I do not want it

"It would be only throwing good noney after bad. The will is perfectly legal. You had your opportunity

would be cavalry, as a matter of course,

CARELESSNESS.

Carelessness about so simple a thing

as piles has often caused death. Hem-

morhages occur during surgical treat-

ment, often causing death.

will do it-Pyramid Pile Cure.

stroped down and picked it up.

"We'll take this in first, Tim," she

curb.

ears.

for we hadn't horses enough to mount even what men we had. There were 15,009 Often Causes no End of Suffering. " thereabouts up near Harper's Ferry, Probably half the people who see this and no horses to put them on. Well, the other day, just as I expected. Grant sent article suffer from Piles. It is one of the commonest diseases and one of the most obstinate. People have it for years and just because it is not imyears and just because it is not im-He doesn't ask me to do impossibilities for mediately fatal they neglect it. Care-lessness causes no end of suffering. him, and he's the first general I've had

..... Travel as an Educator. From Scribner's.

The usefulness of travel for rightly Files are simple in the beginning and easily cured. They can be cured even trained and constituted lads is sogenerally recognized that it is not at all unusual for worst stages, without pain or parents who wish to give their sons every chance possible to increase in wisdom to offer them the choice between spending loss of blood, quickly, surely and completely. There is only one remedy that several years in Europe or going to col-ege at home. Each of us knows one or two men who have pursued education in

It allays the inflammation imme-diately, heals the irritated surface and this way, and we are used to compar them with their college-bred coevals an with continued treatment reduces the swelling and puts the membranes into pass opinions as to which method of infellectual development resulted best. Ev-ery year there are lads who were fitted for college and, perhaps, entered, but went abroad. To compare them six or effaht, or ten or twenty years later with good, sound, healthy condition. The cure is thorough and permanent. Druggists sell the Pyramid Pile Cure at 50 cents. Send for Free book on cause and cure of Piles by addressing Pyratheir schoolmates who went on and took their college degree is, perhaps, the most available test of the respective efficiency

f the two methods; and it seems safe Flut his words fell upon dull o say that, according to that test, the ducational fruits of travel and study Something about the package claimed his sister's attention, and she broad compare very well with the prolucts of the domestic tree of knowledge

PRETIUM LIBERTATIS.

For The Tribune, evening, and the sun was setting With its gold and crimson glow, was wandering by the brooklet, Listening to its gentle flow-Smilling as the glinting sunlight Fell upon a small gold band, Loved for him who lately placed it As his pledge upon my hand,

n the hush of April twilight, With a clear blue sky above, Round me close an arm came stealing; On my car fell tones of love. Little need had I to question Who it was beside me there, For no other's teuch could thrill me With a joy so sweet and rare.

Long we lingered, till the surget Faded to an amber light; And the wee stars, coyly peeping, Lit the path of coming night, ingered till the amber faded From the silent, shadowy west, And the new moon in her beauty Rose above the mountain's crest,

But

We were talking of the future And the joys it held in store: When our lives, made one forever, Should be parted nevermore. And his words so full of gladness, Made my loving heart rejoice, fill an undertone of sadness Love detected in his voice.

Laughingly I ralled him On his sad and thoughtful air. Told him that I thought my presence Ought to banish every care. Then in accents of compassion, Underneath the moon's cale beams, He. my lover, rudely shattered All my fond and happy dreams.

Teiling me that very evening He had joined the patriot hand, Who would meet the Spanish forces And for Right ard Justice stand. 'But," he said, to soothe my sorrow; "Let this thought, dear, he your pride, You will be a soldier's weetheart. And, some day, a soldier's bride."

brough my tears a smiled and answered Choking back the sobs which came; When you come back with your laurels I'll be proud to bear your name." 'hen, in eloquence of silence Clasping close each other's hand, Speaking language which but hearts

speak And hearts only understand,

moonlight nath we wender

FICKLE AUTUMN DAYS. No Danger if Warner's Safe Cure Is Used

A chill air and a lowering sky in the morning, a sudden , Fush of heat in the middle of the afternoon, then a cutting wind after sunset-such is the history of an autumn day in who after subsci-such is the history of an autumn day in the north temperate zone. This is the weather that threat-ens not only the avowed invalids, but many who fancy themselves stronger than they are. It strikes them in the back. It stops the free action of the kidneys. Then come feelings of cold, headache, nervoushess, and, worst of all, the grinding, cutting rheumatism which may hard for tensor definitions.

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inst for years, defying common remedies, ointments, lini-ments, etc. The worst of diseases begin in the kidneys, and in the fickle autumn weather the seeds of danger are sown. Avoid the saddest consequences of these uncertain Strongthen your kidneys with Warner's Safe Cure, days. P. W. Lewis, of Clyde, Ohio, writes:

'I had been confined to the house for months with sciatic rheumatism, not able to get into or out of bed with-out help, and had despaired of ever being able to walk again. A friend advised me to take Warner's Safe Cure. I told him I had been lame so long I had no hopes of getting well. But a drowning man will grasp at a straw, so I sent for two bottles, and when I had taken them I walked to my barn, with the aid of two canes.

"I got more Warner's Safe Cure, and it served the sciatic rheumatism as Admiral Dewey served the Spanish ships at Manila. It also knocked my old enemy, kidney trouble. 1 was soon able to dispense with my canes and to go about my business."

The connection between the kidneys and the rheumatism was probably obvious to Mr. Lewis, but it may not be to everybody who reads the story of his recovery, The diseased kidneys, sluggish and incompetent, instead of taking dead tissues from the blood and hurrying it out of the body, acted as a dam. In such a case, with every heat of the heart, the blood is laden with a substance as truly polsonous as argenic or strychnine. But it is a lingering poison, except when the rheumatism touches the heart; then It kills like lightning.

There is no hope for the rheumatic unless he attend to his kidneys and, by making them sound and strong, rid his system of the enemy. There is more than hope: there is certainty of renewed health in Warner's Safe Cure. Can any fair-minded man, or woman, doubt this, after reading Mr. Lewis' letter?

MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

Other High-Priced Metals.

usually mention gold as first, plantinum as second and silver as third," said the proprietor of a large assay and re fining establishment in New York to few aluminum to the list, Now, let us see how near the truth they would be Gold is worth about \$250 per pound troy, plantinum \$130 and silver about \$12. Nickel is worth about 60 cents and pure aluminum from 50 cents to \$2 to

"We will now compare these prices with those of the rarer and less well-known metals. To take them in alphabetical order, barium, the metal which Davy isolated from its ore, baryta, in 1808, sells for \$950 a pound when it is sold at all, and calcium is worth \$1,800 a pound. Cirium is a shade higher; its cost is \$160 an ounce, or \$1,920 per pound. These begin to look like fabulous prices, but they do not reach the highest point, chromium being \$200. Cobait fails to about half the price of silver, while didymium, the metal isolated by Masander, is the same price as calcium. Then comes gallium, which worth \$3,259 an ounce. Dith this metal the, highest price is reached, and it may well be called the rarest and most precious of metals.



Strike Quickty. "On the instant when a fion shows his tem-(1) " shull is hannouse liton tainer "eut him quickly over the face. Don' over the face. Don't wait until he springs at you." This is equally good advice for treat-

ing the lion of disease. Many an attack of dangerous illness would be headed off if at the first premonitory symptoms the victim would strike quickly.

would strike quickly. Those severe coughs, bronchial affections and wasting discases which merge into consumption would never get their savage tech into the constitution if their early signs were headed off by Dr Pierce's Gold-en Medical Discovery. Is provides such an abundance of rich nourishing blood that there there is no change to and tubercollosis germs have no chance to get any lodgment in the lungs. It clears the skin and purges all the impurities from every organ. It invigorates the liver to expel all billions poisons from the circula-tion. It creates healthy tissue, vitalized nerve fiber and eives solid strength. nerve fiber and gives solid strength.

herve fiber and gives solid strength. "I have thought for a long time." writes first "The would net do you justice if 1 did not write and tell you how I was cured of that freedy high solid tell you how I was cured of that freedy high solid tell you how I was cured of that freedy high solid tell you how I was cured of that freedy high solid tell you how I was cured of that freedy high solid tell you how I was cured of that freedy high solid tell you how I was cured of that freedy high solid tell you how I was cured of that freedy high solid tell you how I was cured of that was high solid tell you how I was cured."

"Isn't this Mr. Archer's place?" "Yes, this is Mr. Archer's place, I don't you understand, I don't want that oureau. You are to take it away,' "But I have only just brought it, and

> "Very well, I will pay you for hauting it. How much is it

"Seventy-five cents," said the young Irishman, with a grin. He evidently And the extra quarter would come in old people who have always cared for handy. Mrs. Archer paid him, and as asked last week that I withdrew very

> "Certainly not. If you did, it would 'All right, ma'an). You're sure nothlug will be done to me? "Perfectly sure. The bureau was giv-

to you. Do what you like with it." "All right, ma'am, I am glad this the live stock, but I drew the line at lady hears the discourse. My name is

"No, no, I don't want your name only her trunks, but at the last mom-ent she stuck to a most discountable except that you get that bureau away old bureau, and I would not allow it from my front gate before my husband

"All right, matem," the expressman not think of allowing that old bureau said for the third time. He slinned the to come. That made her mad, and she three quarters into his pocket and valked back to his wagen in the most deliberate fushion. like one in deep thought. Mrs. Dawson saw that her lostoss was very anxious to have him epart: but he was naturally slow in is movements, and it was evident that the old bureau was a kind of white lophant on his hands. But at last he was off, and Mrs. Archer breathed freer, Mrs. Dawson own saw that she was in too excited mood to enjoy her visit, and with some regretful thoughts over her coung friend's future happiness, the

derly lady took her departure. Meantime Tim O'Flaherty drove thout to several second-hand stores to dispose of his present. The first dealer efused to take it at all, and the second ffered him only 50 cents.

"Deed and I'll not take that for it." ald Tim. "It's an illigant chist of

drawers. I'll take it home to my sisters to kape the children's clothes in. It'll be fine for that, sure." So saying, Tim got upon his wagon and drove

"Hore, Maggie, me jewel," he said a Ittle later, to a comely young Irish wo nan, who, upon hearing the sound of wagon stopping, ran from her tiny ottage in a narrow street to "spake" NAMES AND A DESCRIPTION OF A CARDIN AND A CARDINAL AND A CA

o her brother, "here's an illigant chist of drawers for you. It was given to ne by a lady a bit ago. I was going to ell it, but jist in the nick of time I hought of you."

The Lord bless you, Tim, for a good brother." said Mrs. Connelly, "TU'EL he very thing of all that I want the The childers' things be that nuesed that I don't know what to do with them sometimes." "Well here you are. Give me a

hand with it, for it is rather heavy to lift alone '

But somehow Mrs. Connelly was not sirong, or she was awkward, for the ald bureau went down with a thudsuch a thud that a board clattered off the back and fell with a flat package tied up in brown paper into the gutter. Tim pushed the package and the board aside with his foot, while he in-structed his sister how to take hold of the old bureau to lift it up on the

nd lost it through a whin 10 18 1 pretty costly lesson, but I nope ii cill not be thrown away," he said, and history does not record what reply where must I take it to? I was told by Mrs. Archer made, - Philadelphia Times.

A RECENT "CONVERSAZIONE."

"harles flattell Loomis, in Life,

"Conversationes" still continue to b opular at the department stores, 1 hav? never been invited to one, and 1 felt so like an interloper when I attended one un-

I approached the hostery counter and found that the "conversatione" was already in progress. "Mame Quintan has a face like a crime," pleasantly remarked an angular young indy, whose own face resembled a misde-

mail least. "Rock, that just hits it off, Fd be hanned to have a steady if I had a fave n me like that." I here interpedated: "I d like to book at under 12 black socks, not too expen-

"Rosic" glanced at me, but evidentiy usidered that I had taken the wrong cue to begin, for she went on: "Why, she's so this in the face that her cheeks crowd her roughe. Say, for the love er crime look at that non floorwalker. He looks doney. I wonder does he think ev-

unduly clated at basing been recog nized as a party to the "conversazione," and I thought enough of what I had said cerning socks to repeat it.

'How much d'ver want to pay?' Before I had three to reply, the other party to the dialogue said. "Oh, Rosh, re you go'n' to the Ninth Ward Gentle ien's Sone' Picnic." "If me mother gets me dress dor

How much d'you say you wanted firmer. to pay?" she asked me. She was evi-dently annoyed at me. She had no "Er-ten cents." I said, being flustered "We don't have 'em as cheap as that." Then to her friend: "Say, I was to the concert at the park Sunday aff'noon an' it was lus' gran'.

"Never min' who took me." This with fascinating left. "We got some for quarter. Oh, that reminds me, Stella ulan has a neo steady an' ne's a terri good-looker." "He must make Stella look sick.

"I guess I won't whit for those socks,

It had just come over me that I was flected of place. "Beezy Halloran lost her job has, week She was too mattentive, the floorwalke

I saw the floerwalker just then, but ? idn't say anything. I took the point of low that I had introded upon a social enction to which I had not been asked. and I boucht my socks at a "gentlemen's furnishing store" where they don't have

Lincoln's Fondness for Grant.

From the Pitteburg Dispatch., An annusing and possibly instructive an ecdate, in which Lincoln and Grant figure and showing the latter's estimate of eav arry, is related by Mr. William O. Stod ary, is related by Mr. William O. Stod-land, for some time one of the former) rivate secretaries. The general had mong been in command of the Army of th Potoneae, when one day Mr. Stoddard isked Lincole's option of him. "Grant." replied the president. "is the first general "we had Heis a general" Remember. og the high esteem in which McCielian urnside, Hooker and Mende had beer furnside, Hooker and Mende had been reld, Mr. Stoddard asked Lincoln to ex-

plain, and this is what he said: "You see, when any of the rest set ou a campaigt they'd look over matter nd plck out some one thing they were hort of and they knew I couldn't give em, and tell me they couldn't hope to win unless they had it; and it was most gen-erally cavalry. Now, when Grant took hold, I was waiting to see what his pet impossibility would be, and I reckened it

Leading to my faiher's Where, with sad farewell we parted Till the day of peace should come Sorrowing I sought my pillow, And, with aching heart, I went, But in youta hope buds and blossoms And e'er long I sweetly slept.

When the first faint streaks of dawning Heralded the coming day arose, for just at daybreak Our brave boys would march away Mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts, Aye, and nged fathers, too, Watched that day 'neath aching cyclids, The receding line of blue

Then returned to homes made lonely, All to do our dutles there And to bear at night to Heaven Each her dear one's name in prayer o await with anxious longing. News from those we loved so well And receive their first fond missives With a joy words cannot tell.

Scon the soil of suffering Cuba With our bravest blood was wet, And no message came to lighten Pears that now my soul beset. "Can it be," my sad heart questioned, "That I'll see nim ne'er again?" Each day but brought disappointment And an added weight of pain.

But at last one pleasant morning Ere the flowers their dow had shed, ery one is nutlern' him. I wouldn't bother with him if I had eyes in me ten fingers. Did you want anything ". This to me. 1 Down the sunny path I hastened. When the birds 'mid leafy howers Bilthely sang above my head. Joy's bright smile upon my face, In my hand the precious letter, To our dear old trysting place,

> And the brooklet's gentle murmur Memories fond and sweet awoke, As upon its bank reclining Easterly the scal I broke. Words of strongth and marky courage, Words of tender love and cheer, Soon dispetied, like summer cloudlets, Every lingering thought of fear,

As I read in sweet contentment Each line o'er and o'er again-Near the close a strange handwriting Sent a chill through every vela. I heard's the birds chiep o'er me But I searcely knew I heard. And the summer breeze, urhended, All the leaves above me stirred.

All my hone in life was ended, All my joy forever fled.

For the long-system of letter Sold the one I loved was dead. It was finished by the comrade Who had held his dying head And received the last fond message For the one he ne'er might wed.

"fell her," he had feebly whispered, "That our last farewell is o'er We will most with happy greeting Over on that better shore. I have given to my country All a soldier has to give: And at death I will not murmur, Though for her I fein would live."

flien his mind had seemed to wander. And he dreamed of love and home: And he dreamed of love and nome: Thought we stood lossife the streamlet Where so off we used to roam; Dreamed he held once more my lingers Closely classed within his own. While he told love's old, sweet story. In a low and tender tone.

But his pule lips censed their motion, And from dreams of home and love That brave soldier's ransomed splrif Passed to realms of light above. There, where breezes from the ocean Touch the land with kisses warm, With the sed to Freedom given, Covered they his wasted form.

When the years my hair have sllvered, Softening even grief's deep sigh, I may juy that war no longer Calls our patriots to die. That above the tyrants' ensign Liberty's bright banners wave-But my heart for aye liss buried In a soldier's unknown grave. Inez Blessing.



AJAX REMEDY CO., For sale in Scranten, Pa., by Mathews Bros. and H. C. Sanderron, druggists, BRING QUICK RETURNS.