

HER LITTLE ROMANCE

FROM THE CHICAGO RECORD.

GERALD GORDON, the new school superintendent for the town of Peacedale, was young—that is, comparatively young, say not more than 32 at the outside—and, for some reason best known to himself, still a bachelor.

It was not what would be called a handsome man exactly, but he was the possessor of a graceful, well-knit figure, and a clean-cut, self-reliant face, from which a pair of honest gray eyes looked forth unflinchingly upon the world. Just now they were looking into a pair as honest as his own—the troubled blue eyes of Ethel Ellis, the teacher in one of Peacedale's half-dozen schools. Troubled was not their natural expression, but troubled they certainly were at that moment.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Gordon, that you should have heard such poor reports of my school," she said, looking the new superintendent frankly in the face. "Yes, I am very sorry, indeed—and the speaker's eyes certainly looked as if she meant it; in fact, Gerald Gordon was almost certain he detected a tear in one of them at that very moment—but I don't think it is wholly my fault. I have tried hard enough to keep order, and if the three or four big boys who have made all the trouble had a spark of civility or manliness in their nature I should have no difficulty in controlling the school, but do you know, Mr. Gordon, there are boys who simply won't behave, and there is nothing in their make-up, no sense of fairness nor justice, no gentlemanly instincts, absolutely nothing to which one can appeal to induce them to do so?"

"You put the case rather strongly, Miss Ellis," replied the new superintendent, thoughtfully. "But, after all, there is little doubt that you are right. Such boys are natural-born bullies and cowards as well. There is nothing that appeals to them except a good thrashing, and you are almost too tender to attempt anything of that kind."

"Oh, I shouldn't think of such a thing, Mr. Gordon. I am too tender-hearted to punish my pupils. It would hurt my feelings worse than theirs. I am afraid, and if I cannot conquer them by love I shall have to give up doing so at all."

"You would have an easy task before you if I were one of your pupils," said Gerald Gordon, with a glance of admiration at the blue eyes before him.

The petite and attractive school-ma'am smiled for the first time during the interview.

"I'm not so sure of that, she said, archly. "If you were a boy again—and, of course, you couldn't be one of my pupils unless you were—perhaps you would be just as incorrigible as any of the rest of them."

"Do you really think so, Miss Ellis?" Her blue eyes fell before the ardent glance of his gray ones.

"Well, I—I hope not," she stammered. "Thank you," said he, with a graceful bow. "And now, Miss Ellis, if you will ring the bell for the children to come in I will remain an hour or so while your classes are reciting and see how they do. The majority of the boys do the same, but bringing up the rear were a half dozen of the larger boys, scuffling and shoving each other about, and behaving in anything but an orderly manner.

They kept it up until they were inside the school house door, and when the embarrassed teacher requested them to come to order the one who was evidently the ringleader stepped out: "All right, ma'am, just as you say!" and then, reaching out and deliberately upsetting an empty bench standing a few feet in front of the rest, he swaggered to the back part of the school room and took his seat.

"Peter Crane," said the teacher, quietly, "you will please walk back here and pick up that bench you upset."

But Master Crane, a thick-set, bullet-headed youth of 16, was very busy with his books just then, and apparently failed to hear the teacher's command.

"That is a fair sample of what I have to contend with. Now, what can one do with a boy of that kind?" said the frail young teacher, in low tone, turning helplessly toward the new superintendent.

"Like a flash, Gerald Gordon was on his feet, with flushed face and eyes blazing with indignation.

"Peter Crane!" he began, in firm, even tones. "I am the new superintendent of schools for Peacedale, and I would like to know if you intend shooting your teacher's request to pick up that bench which you purposely upset?"

"I dunno," muttered Master Crane. "Well, I know, young man!" rejoined the new superintendent, briskly. "You are going to do it inside of one minute by the clock or get a thrashing that you will have good reason to remember for the rest of your life!"

Master Crane gazed doggedly at the new superintendent for a moment, and then he came slowly forward, and, picking up the bench, replaced it in its original position. Then, casting a scowling look in the direction of his teacher and the superintendent, he turned and shuffled back to his seat.

"Not much there to work on," said Gerald Gordon, in tones intended only for the teacher. "It is just as you say, Miss Ellis—there is nothing in such a nature to appeal to. The only thing that has any effect on that sort of young man is physical force, or the fear of physical force. The fear of it answers as well as the reality in most cases, as I have found in my experience that boys who behave in that way are invariably cowards at heart."

"No doubt you are right, Mr. Gordon, but you see, I'm not big enough to frighten them, and as nothing else seems to answer the purpose I am having rather a hard time of it trying to keep them within bounds, and I wouldn't care so much, but this is my first term at schoolteaching, and I wanted to make a good record, so I could retain the place, as I am fond of teaching and would prefer making a living in that way to any other. I presume, however, that the school committee won't want me another term unless I can manage somehow to keep better order—and if they dismiss me I'm sure I don't know what I shall do."

"Well, Miss Ellis, if I were in your place I shouldn't be at all discouraged. Keep on doing the best you can with your school and I will get around as often as possible and assist you in straightening matters out in case I find it necessary to do so. I think I shall be able to visit your school three times a week, or perhaps oftener for the present, and if there is anything requiring my attention at any time I trust you will not hesitate to let me know."

"Of course I do, though I didn't intend you to hear me, Mr. Gordon," responded Miss Ellis, blushing vividly, as she turned toward the speaker. "I'm sick and tired of being only a woman."

"Why, I wouldn't have you anything else for the world," exclaimed

Her voice trembled as she spoke, and the big blue eyes, as innocent and confiding as a child's, looked up with pathetic helplessness into his.

"Never mind, little girl. Keep up your courage and things will come out all right in the end," hastily uttered Gerald, Gordon, and then, with a sympathetic pressure of the hand, he turned and strode away.

THE TEACHER'S ROMANCE.
And during the rest of that long summer day, and the many long summer days that followed, that dingy little schoolroom somehow grew brighter and brighter; but even in the sanctity of her own chamber, with only her conscience for confessor, pretty Ethel Ellis dared not whisper to herself what it was that caused the change.

That was a secret, sacred to her heart alone, the mysterious, world-old, yet ever new and precious secret which many a daughter of Eve has cherished, alas! in vain and carried unconfessed to her grave.

Was that to be her fate? Doubtless it was, she told herself, for there was no reason why any one should love or care for her. She was only a school teacher, struggling for a living, working hard, not for luxuries, but for the bare necessities of life. Mr. Gordon was very polite and kind to her, it was true, but probably not more so than he would have been to any woman situated as she was.

Sometimes she had thought there was something deeper than mere friendship in his looks and tones, but no doubt this was only her fancy. Why should a man like Gerald Gordon, who could have his pick of any of the petted society belles of the town, care for a young woman who was compelled to teach school for a living?

Nevertheless the mere fact that he had come into her life as a friend and counselor brought a brighter smile to her lips and a sense of contentment to her bosom. If things could only go on so forever she would be perfectly content and happy. But she dreaded the awakening—the day when perhaps she would be weighed in the balance as a teacher and found wanting, separated perchance from the companionship she had learned to treasure and the work that she still loved in spite of its drawbacks, and with shattered hopes turned adrift in the world to sink or swim as fate might will.

The school term was fast drawing to a close, and yet no word had come to Miss Ellis regarding an engagement for the term to follow. For some time she had been in the daily expectation of hearing from the school committee, but as day after day passed and no message came for her she began to fear the worst.

None knew better than she her shortcomings as a teacher, and how utterly she had failed in checking the turbulent element in the school until it had been awed into reluctant submission by the frown of the new superintendent. Since his advent she had succeeded in keeping better order, but there were many times even yet—too many of them, she sadly realized—when the school got beyond her control and gave her many uneasy moments.

HER NEW POSITION.
Though she had done her best, she felt that her teaching that first year had been far from a success, but she hoped, oh, how eagerly she hoped, that they would give her another trial!

But if they did not, she felt that she could not blame them. It would be only what she deserved. She was too weak, too soft-hearted to teach school. As she thought of it she fairly hated herself for being a woman. School had been dismissed for the day, the scholars had all gone home and Miss Ellis was following out this train of thoughts and clearing up her desk preparatory to taking her departure, she suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, dear! I'd give anything if I were only a man!"

Just then a quick step crossed the threshold, and a cherry voice sang out: "Ple, he, Miss Ellis; what a wish that is. But, of course, you don't mean it."

"Of course I do, though I didn't intend you to hear me, Mr. Gordon," responded Miss Ellis, blushing vividly, as she turned toward the speaker. "I'm sick and tired of being only a woman."

"Why, I wouldn't have you anything else for the world," exclaimed

Gerald Gordon, moving a step nearer and earnestly gazing down at the troubled face before him. "Only a woman, you say, but to me you are the dearest, sweetest and best little woman in the whole world, and I need you just as you are. Miss Ellis—Ethel—I love you. Will you be my wife?"

A few moments later, as they were walking slowly homeward side by side, she glanced shyly up at the stalwart lover upon whose arm she was leaning and said:

"A dreadful suspicion has just come to my mind, Gerald. I believe you proposed to me out of pity, because—because I'm a failure as a school teacher, and if so I wish to revise my answer. It is love I want, not pity."

"Why, dearest, didn't I tell you that the committee re-elected you for another term at their meeting last night?" exclaimed Gordon, smilingly.

"I meant to, but more pressing news got ahead of it. You received a unanimous re-election, but I took the liberty of declining for you on the ground that you were about to accept a private school, with a more tractable pupil—in short, that you were soon to become my wife."

"Why, Gerald! How dare you tell them that when you hadn't even asked me yet! I'm almost tempted to punish dear old you for your embery by—"

"What dearest?"

"Making you wait a whole month longer before I marry you."

ELKINS AND BLAINE.
From the Saturday Evening Post.

One of the warmest political friends of the late James G. Blaine was Stephen B. Elkins, senator from West Virginia. Their friendship began this year, early in the seventies, when Mr. Elkins, privileged to speak but not to vote, he wanted to make a speech upon a subject dear to the hearts of his constituents. Mr. Blaine was speaker of the house and Mr. Elkins was a new man and, being unknown, was without influence. He determined to be heard, nevertheless, and planned to meet the speaker privately.

As luck would have it, one night while Mr. Elkins was dining in Welker's restaurant Mr. Blaine walked in and took a seat near him. Waiting all formally, the young member introduced himself and laid his case plainly before the speaker.

"All right," said Mr. Blaine, when he had ended. "As soon as you get your speech ready I'll recognize you and you shall be heard."

And heard he was. The speech was in a small way Mr. Elkins' political beginning, but it was of even more importance to Mr. Blaine, for the young man promptly pushed himself into a commanding place in national politics and soon afterward married a daughter of Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia. He became a senator from that state from the date of that speech until 1892, when Senator Elkins marched the forces of President Harrison to Minneapolis, he was among the foremost champions of Mr. Blaine's presidential candidacy.

General Harrison had delayed naming his predecessor for the place. In December Mr. Elkins wrote to the president-elect saying that nine-tenths of the Republican electors in the country would be greatly disappointed if the giving out of Mr. Blaine's name as secretary of state were delayed much longer. This letter was mailed from a post office in New York and two days later, to the assembled reporters in Indianapolis, General Harrison announced that Mr. Blaine had accepted the post of secretary of state in his cabinet. The letter had had its effect.

He Felt Sure.
"Is this new play immoral?" asked the friend. "No, sir," answered the theatrical manager. "Are you sure?" "Absolutely. The demand for tickets has been the smallest of any week since the house was opened."—Washington Star.

IN APRIL.
Written for The Tribune:
In the sweet sequestered silence of the green-wood glade,
Sitting in the shadow that the spreading pines have made,
I am list'ning, idly dreaming, thro' the golden hours of day
To the witching voice of spring-time with her promises of May.

Where the rippling waters of the brooklet clear and sweet,
Murmur fairy music as they flow just at my feet,
Tune thy soul to hear it, for 'tis of higher birth,
Spirit unto spirit come the dearest things of earth.

Where arbutus hails its modest bloom of dainty blue,
And patriot hepatica with flowers red, white and blue,
List their spirit voices. "We have not come to stay,
But just to bring a promise that will be fulfilled in May."—Rose Van B. Speer.

PENNSY'S GOSSIP OF THE CAPITAL

SENATE VOTE IN THE QUAY CASE A SURPRISE.

Many Flagrant and Vicious Rumors Afloat Regarding the Influences Brought to Bear Upon the Senators Who Voted Against Mr. Quay. Postmaster General Smith in No Manner Responsible for Utterances of the Philadelphia Press—Mr. Quay's Explanation.

Washington, April 25.—The senate vote in the Quay case was a surprise to everybody except the opposition Republican senators. And, possibly, they didn't know when Senator Hanna left Washington, without being paired, that his vote was necessary to defeat Mr. Quay. Up to the very hour of the roll call the result was a matter of speculation. The doubtful quantity was the Democratic vote. At the last moment the faltering Democrats were lashed into line by the Democratic floor manager. To Senator Jones belongs the credit of Mr. Quay's defeat. Despite the Republican opposition, had the Democratic vote materialized the result would have been different.

SENATOR HANNA.

The disposition here is to blame Senator Hanna for Mr. Quay's defeat. But why Hanna more than the other 13 Republican senators who voted against Mr. Quay on "constitutional" grounds? It is asserted that he influenced the opposition Republican vote, but it is more assertion, and every one of the Republican senators who voted against Mr. Quay indignantly resent the imputation. It is asserted, too, that Senator Hanna represented the administration in voting against Mr. Quay. That is not more than a vicious misstatement made for political effect. It is boldly asserted, too, that Postmaster General Smith influenced the administration against Mr. Quay. That also is a flagrant and vicious insinuation. It was not Mr. Harrington to prevent Mr. Smith's endorsement of the vice-presidency. It seems to have been a good enough Richmond for that purpose. A score or more of other stories are current here in the diligent efforts of Washington lawmakers to account for Senator Hanna's vote. It is known, however, that two weeks ago he declared his intention to Senator Burrows to vote against Mr. Quay. Nobody knows positively that he ever had at any time any purpose to vote otherwise.

A CENTURY OF DISCUSSION.

The power of the governor of a state to appoint a senator after the failure of the legislature to elect has been a debatable question in the senate for nearly a century. And there is a hundred years more of controversy in the future on the question unless senators are elected by a direct vote of the people. The vote in the Quay case settles nothing. The doctrine of stare decisis and res adjudicata so pertinaciously applied in opposition to Mr. Quay didn't make a single vote. There is no such thing as precedent in a hybrid political body like the senate's vote. Will the Republican senators who shall succeed Populist Senator Allen, of Nebraska, and Butler, of North Carolina, both creatures of accident and affliction, accept their vote in the Quay case as a precedent for the future? According to the public utterances of these two Populist "constitutional lawyers," they would abolish the Supreme court of the United States as a means to accomplish the imposition of an income tax. Is it likely that any reasonably intelligent person in or out of the United States senate will attach the slightest weight to Allen and Butler's vote in the Quay case as establishing a precedent? It is likely that the country will accept the votes of Allen and Butler, who made the bare majority of one that defeated Mr. Quay, as a settlement of the question against the votes of Allison and Spooner? Will the generation of senators to come accept the votes of North Carolina, as authority on constitutional construction and consider the question res adjudicata, or will they look to Hoar of Massachusetts for light? It seems idle to ask such questions. But if Tillam and Butler, Allen may vote their constitutional opinions in opposition to Mr. Quay without public criticism why should Senator Hanna's vote be questioned?

THE ADMINISTRATION.

The stories connecting the president or any member of his cabinet with Quay's defeat are preposterous. No intimation of any sort emanated from that source on the subject. No opinion and no wish in any direction has ever been expressed by the president or any one connected with his administration. Postmaster General Smith has no connection whatever with the Philadelphia Press and is in no way responsible for the opinions or policy of that paper. The suggestion of Mr. Smith's nomination for the vice-presidency has been treated with stolid indifference by the Press. With few exceptions every leading paper in the country has commended Mr. Smith's name in connection with the nomination. Conspicuous among the exceptions stands the Press. Yet Mr. Smith is held responsible for the utterances of the Philadelphia paper with no more reason than Senator Hanna is held responsible for the opinions of the administration. The president is not a figurehead. He is surrounded by able, vigorous and honest cabinet officials. They are not clerks.

Around the council table they are the peers of the president. In strictly political matters the president is in close touch with the Republican leaders both in and out of public life. He does not assume to know everything. He is not above advice. He invokes co-operation. He seeks information—He is a close student of men and a close observer of current happenings. He is not afraid of congress and does not resent the important efforts of the many industrious congressmen in his desperation to secure executive favor. He is a gentleman under all circumstances. The long, close intimacy between Senator Hanna and himself is wholly responsible for the flagrant insinuations about Mr. Hanna's influence at the White House.

The two men understand each other and love each other as brothers, but that relation does not blind the president to the fact that Mr. Hanna's judgment is not infallible or that his opinion is to be accepted without subjecting it to the test that estimates the value of the opinions of other Republican leaders. As the head of the Republican party and as a life long and tried friend he enjoys the fullest confidence of the president. That is his right and privilege. It doesn't follow



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