

ALOYSIUS COLL

hood to get after us," said McIntyre,

the same time keeping close watch over

The noises behind were becoming

louder and more distinct. High above

directing, scolding and raging at the

"We'll dodge around these box cars

shadow they can't see us so well.

They were now close to the tipple of the

Atlas plant and proceed farther toward

the face of the coke ovens would be to

expose themselves in the bright glare of

the fires. As they passed around the

cars, they saw a tall man racing up

the coke yard, in full glarg of the ovens

a night shirt.
"It's pap," said the girl, shivering.

He had on a pair of dark trousers, and

McIntyre gritted his teeth. Before

him was the tipple, grimy and black.

White steam was puffing out of the

exhaust pipes of the double hoisting

engines and the shieve wheels were

turned gracefully in their journals high

from these signs that a night shift was

"Come on," said he to the girl.

The two passed the door of the en-

after Maloney, went up a little incline,

and came to the track-way of the tip-

ple. Before them was the dark mouth

of the Atlas slope. A trip had just passed up to the dumping place, and

they could hear the coal bumping down

"I don't know, yet-just-what-to-

"I've kept up so far, haven't 1?" she

"Here, hold onto your bundle." Bob

said. He picked her up in his arms and

carried her a short distance down the

slope. It seemed to the girl that she

not more than fifty feet," he said, when

"Ding, ding-g-g-g," sounded the sig-

nal in the engine room, and the next

"I must put you in, pet," said Mc-

Intyre. He lifted her into the dusty

car, and climbed in beside her. Voices

sounded at the mouth of the slope

McIntyre, reaching to the wires, made

"O, how dark!" cried the girl draw

ing close to him. The damp, powdery

"Good thing, or they could have seen

us from the mouth of the slope. Brave

girl!" He held her in his arms, with a

tenderness born of his sudden appre-

ciation of what she was doing for him

"Don't, Bob," she protested, "it's too

Suddenly the car seemed to have

struck level track and with the rat-

lling of the rope in the rollers it came

to a standstill. The glare of the elec-

move or say anything. Just sit still.

You'll see in the end that it's all right."

"Hello, Bob!" said the driver, "what

"Well, I've changed my mind for

"Are you going out G?" asked Mc-

"Let me take it out for you; I'll show

"You stick on the end and do the

pragging." McIntyre took his place

apon the front wagon, within which sat

he demure Kate, scarcely knowing

whether she were alive or dead. She

felt relieved when Bob put an arm in-

side the wagon. It was something to

"Get out of here, now," yelled Mc-

intyre, at the mules. The chains tight-

ened with a snap, the trip jerked for-

ward. Jolting and bumping along, it

"Gee!" muttered "Spraggy" Jones on

he rear end, "I wouldn't drive down

iere like that. But he hasn't given me

Never had Jones gone down the head-

ng at such a gait. The mules gal-

mew the heading better than the cor-

until the trip came within sight of the

landing at the Star slope. Jones mar-

velled at this, too, since he looked ahead

and noted that no signal to stop had

of the coal rib. The trip came to a

placed-a safety lamp in a niche

hundered down the heading.

"I wondered," he said, "what

soon are you going to pull out?"

intyre, ignoring the last remark.

"Yes," she assented passively.

said McIntyre, "don't you

tric lamps was upon them.

air of the pit swent over them.

right up that way they went."

the two wires-once-twice

two elopers, stopped quickly.

the starting signal.

and doing blindly.

ones that spoke.

aused the delay.

you how to drive."

"All right."

"Yep.

ling to.

loss, I guess.

bumpy.

house. Some one said: "Yes,

the dark.

same time

engine house."

into the bins.

tracks?" asked the girl.

inswered the man, dublously.

there they come!"

OB MINTYRE, boss driver in the terrible voice of Patrick Maloney the Atlas mine, ought to have "I'll stop you, you-The old man stuck a bare leg out the been happy, as he hurried along window. With one quick jerk Melnto work, with nature in her most glorious mood around tyre hurled the ladder from the house The old man drew in his leg, and the him. And more so, since he loved a girl that loved him. Only the two lovers fled. day before he had laid off work to go to the county capital and have the marcommotion behind them. riage license made out. His darling

wedding. But McIntyre frowned as he walked along, "Old fool!" he blurted, clipping the milkweed stalks with his long, limber "Not good enough for her-huh! Took him a long time to decide about it. I suppose because I get out at 5 in the morning and wear pit clothes I'm not as tony as Artie Gilkins, assistant bookkeeper, who don't go to work till the common din the fugitives could 7, and who wears a white collar all day long. But that's the way with dad- hear Patrick Maloney's storming voice,

Kate Maloney had prepared for the

Embittered and resentful McIntyre took his mules from the stable and on the siding," said McIntyre; "in the went down the slope. At 11 o'clock the drivers were gathered at the main haulage landing, eating from their tin

"Why, you're a nice pickle of a lover!" said "Spraggy" Jones from off G flat. "Now, I'd have such a grin on me that the rats'd be charmed in the heading if Kate'd given me the warm heart.'

"Oh, you don't know about these domestic quarrels between man and wife," said Jack Connelly, soberly, whereat the others laughed-all except young August Bloom, the rosy-cheeked German that furnished most of the fun for the jolly Atlas whisp. "What do you know about it,

Dutchy?" asked Jones, "that you don't up over the coal bins. McIntyre knew agree with us?" "Vell, don' I board at dat hause?-at

Kate's hause?" Connelly clapped his hands. "Great Scott, Dutchy-and yo've gone and cut

McIntyre out?' "I vish I did. But I didn't. My knife was too-too dull."

All laughed except McIntyre. Connelly, without standing up, dexterously began to wrap his long whip around Bloom's legs, while he cried mockingly: "Vell, vas ist, Deutscher-vas ist?"

Bloom squirmed without the range of the whip ere he explained: goin' a move tomorrow; makin' Bob not glad."

McIntyre lifted his face up with sudden interest. 'You're lyin', kid," he said.

"Nein," the German insisted, drifting into his own tongue; las' night dey all haf a fight 'bout someding. Kate she say all time 'I will,' und her fatter he say mighty mad, 'Never.' Und he say Tomorrow you go mit me to Summit, und get some dem senses back once more. Und Kate she goes out mad like, und packed up for movin'."

"Time's up, boys," said McIntyre, putting his watch back into his pocket. had gone a mile, when he stopped and Laughing and joking over McIntyre's troublesome love affairs, the drivers hitched their mules to their trips, and in a few moments all that could be

young man silently approached House No. 22, in Hen Peck row, a line of company houses on the hill above the Atlas plant. In his arms he carried a ladder. Standing it upon the ground, directly under a front window, he softly leaned the top against the house. It reached just to the window sill.

"Kate! Wh-ii-st!" Again he uttered the sound, "Wh-i-st!" A small white bundle tumbled down upon the ground at his feet- a girl's coat followed, and settled down over him. Then, for the first time, he saw the girl, as she turned about and start-€d backwards to climb down. She had come three rungs before he reached her. "Darling!" he murmured, directing each foot safely onto the rungs as they descended. When near the ground he leaped off the ladder and taking her in his arms stood her upon the

"Don't," she said, in a low, warning voice, avoiding his embrace. "They're awake: that's why I didn't answer you, but just tumble the things out. Have you them?" Before he could answer a towsled

head showed in the open window above them. "Kate, you huzzy!" thundered

dark was a favorlocked in a dark room and crawled stealthily from until some false step made one of them the target for bullet or

in the dark with disease. One false step, one mistake, and the attack comes swift and sudden.

ical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and untrition, and makes the body strong and healthy.

strong and healthy.

"I was suffering very much with my head and stomach." writes Mrs. W. C. Gill, of Weldon, Shelby Co., Ala., "head was so dizzy when I would raise up in bed would fall right back. Could eat but very little, in fact scarcely any hing, there seemed to be a heavy weight in my stomach so I could not rest; I had to belen very aften and would vomit up nearly everything I ate. I was in a bad condition. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Gelden Medical Discovery and five of his 'Favorite Prescription' and am now well and hearty. I feel like a new woman and rige Dr. Pierce's medicines credit for it all. I had taken medicine from physicians without any benefit as I could see."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical

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standstill just after crossing the intersections of the two main headings. The Star adjoined the Atlas, and the working were now connected with many cut-throughs.

"Here," said McIntyre, resigning the whip. "I have to get off."

Jones gave the breech mule a cut with the whip. "HI, up," he called. "Whoa!" yelled McIntyre, authoritatively. "I have some freight to get

He lifted the girl from the wagon. "Great heavens, Bob, what's that?" said the astonished driver. "It's all right, thank you, Jones,"

"But-" Jones was not to be so mystified and came closer.
"Oh! it's only Kate. Please keep our honeymoon secret for two hours, will vou?'

As the pair went over the hill, into "Only Kate!" echoed the girl, petuthe little valley, they heard a great lantly. Leaving the astounded Jones open-"He's routin' up the whole neighbor

mouthed in wonder, the two elopers started toward the bottom of the Star burrying along as fast as he could, at McIntyre had picked up a lamp, and this he carried in his teeth. One every step of the girl, lest she fall in hand took care of Kate; the other, her bundle. "Yes, that'd be pap." said she. "Tell "There's no trips running her." the whole row his troubles. O, Bob,

said, as they came to the bottom landing. "We'll have to walk up." And they did. Then they cut across he hollow, and made haste to the home

of Father Conroy, the shepherd of a little church on the hill. The good man was routed out of his

"Why you. Bob!" he said in astonishment, when he recognized one of his own parishloners "And Katle!" "But the license?" he said, when heir mission was explained. It was shown, the elopement was explained

openly to him, and being a man with tender spot for the young, and especially the lovers of his congregation, he tied the knot.

Outside the parsonage the two clopers paused in the night air to think it all over and to hold a unique recep-tion under the stars. There was something very sweet in this victory of the night and the young couple were not

in a hurry to get back home. The sound of a horse's hoofs aroused them. Out of the darkness they saw the merging figure of the animal galloping up the road, and upon it the towering form of Patrick Maloney.

"Father!" gasped the girl. "Yes, father, indacent huzzy! Nice time to be callin' on yer father. But I knew I'd catch up wid yez, clumsy as the ould plug is. You shameless-"
"Enough, Pat!" said McIntyre, ad-

vancing to the horse's nose, and taking the bridle. You might have talked that way to Kate when she was your daughter, but not now-when she's my

"Phwat! Yez were married afore stopped ye comin' to my house! Kate!" "No, father, we were married only

tonight.' "Yes," added McIntyre. "Go in and ask Father Conroy. Your plug was too dow."

"Th' saints bless us! Ye must a' had wings. Shure th' whole mob av us come over th' hill from th' Atlas shlope, where we last heard o' yez, like a pack o' wolves; an' I spies th' old nag on th' roadside, and hopped on. Ach! What kind of a knot could a priest tie in that time. McIntyre, you're lyin'! Yez couldn't both get over th's hill ahead o' me and get it done." "No, you're right. We didn't come over the hill. We went under it."

The Geniuses.

ETAPHORICALLY speaking, the whom any young wife might justly be went forth of the projected allithe announcement came as a shock.

Frank was such a tremendous favor-"There's your father rushing into the te with everybody who had welcomed him as their pet and darling ever since mere sunny faced stripling, he made gine room, which they had slammed his bow to society.

From the first they had decided h vas to be a second Paderewski, and every musical composition he sent forth was as extravagantly admired and extolled as if he had in truth borne that magic name.

Frank himself-handsome, gay and "Are we going to cross over those debonair - cordially appreciated his easily gained laurels; and if it all slightly turned his youthful head, his Then he turned to her. "It's desperthat to his women friends at least it ate, but it's the only thing to do," he was rather a naive attraction than a fortunate mesalliance. said, in a low voice. "Are you with failing, while the men accepted it tolerantly as a pardonable attribute of his genius. answered in an injured tone. Just then Somehow no one had ever entertained angry voices sounded outside the en-

the idea of his marrying suddenly, more especially an unknown wife of his own hoosing.

That was where the sting lay. Frank, the elegant, the fastidious and refined, with his artistic temperament and passion for the beautiful, to choose as wife such a hopeless woman as Mary

gently stood her upon his feet. "It's Markham! The loud and disparaging descriptions she questioned him. The empty trip of the timorous young woman who had heard of them was the indistinct, muf- had started down the slope. He was dared to rob society of its favorite made that Mrs. Variey, though certainly no fled rumble of their wagons far down groping with his hand for the signal me quite anxious to meet the original. planist herself, was yet wrapped heart the dark tunnels.

Groping with his hand for the signal me quite anxious to meet the original. Planist herself, was yet wrapped heart and I confess that when I did, shortly and soul in music and reveled in ing to bring them together. "But I after the marriage, my first impression have it now," he said, fishing a key was that the accounts had been sur-

from his pocket and laying it across prisingly unexaggerated. She was almost painfully shy and retiring-worst possible accoutrements for society encounters, causing her inmoment the trip, now almost upon the as awkward, dull and empty of ideas. Then she was quite plain, possessed a squat figure, which she dressed atrociously, and had not the slightest idea attractions she could boast of. How she had ever attracted the young

everyone. Frank himself, however, was obvious-

new Mrs. Varley.

"Well?" I queried as the landau drew up beside me. Mrs. Kingston looked at me for some noments with an air of reflection before

replying. Then, "I never pronounce sentence upon one hearing." she pro- his brilliant circumstances. claimed judicially. Whereat I knew that Mrs. Kingston was divided in her Not long afterward we had arranged

some expedition together. On her way limbed out of the wagon and walked Mrs. Kingston intended paying a second orward to meet a driver coming toward call on the musician's wife. The lanthe trip, his lamp upon the tin peak of dau was to come on, pick me up and return to terminate her call at precisely 4 o'clock. ire you doing down here? I thought I was unavoidably delayed, however,

ou didn't like double turns." It was and it was nearer the half hour when, not without great inward trepidation. I drew up outside the Varley establishonce," answered the boss driver. "How ment. It had been previously arranged that on no account was I to lose time "Right away." As he spoke Jones by descending and going in. She was vas dragging his chain back, and his to come out immediately.

well trained mules were wheeling On my way thither fancy conjured up lurid visions of that charming and irate lady, furiously indignant, waiting on the topmost step. I breathed supreme relief at seeing she was not there. Then, at length, she appeared, smiling

and unapologetic. "Well?" I observed grimly. She beamed unabashed.

"Why didn't you come in?" she jueried, surprise tinged with reproach. I leaned back and gasped "And you told me particularly no

"Did 1?"-innocently. "Oh, well-but did not know her so well then!" I forebore to remind her that I was still in that unenviable state of ignorance, and contented myself with my former question.

"Well?" Mrs. Kingston looked at me with sparkling eyes. "If I were a man," said she with finality, "I'd marry that woman tomor

"Shall you make the rest of the world be of the same opinion?" I asked curiously. She colored faintly

"No." she decided, a shade defiantly 'I shall keep her as a charming oasis in my arid social desert." She looked away from my condemn

ng eye. "Anyway." she maintained, self-ex usingly, "she was never intended for a society but erfly. Nothing would tempt her from her seclusion, I am convinced, so it would be no good trying. Certainly Frank was a husband

world stood still when the news proud. And, strange to say, it seemed to be his marriage that had evolved his ince between young Frank Varley and | genius. Up to that time his marvelous Mary Markham. I confess that even gifts seemed all to lie in the future; he to me, philosophic though I am by na- was brilliantly clever and would astonish the musical world one day. But I must confess that his reputation had depended chiefly on what people said and the applauding favor of women.

But with his marriage came a subtle and increasing change. All his declared, incipient genius seemed to expand and blossom forth. As yet he did not seek to fly high, fearing the strength of his now wings, but the dainty caprices, sonatas, and, above all, songs that flowed with such amazing swiftness and delicacy from his facile pen, put his name in the mouth of all London.

Of course his world professed no astonishment. It was only what they had conceit was so frank and so outspoken prophecied all along. And more than ever now did they pity him for his un-I reminded them mildly that he did

not seem to consider it in the same light, but evoked an indignant chorus instantly. "Of course he pretended to be quite content and in love, and all that, but

everyone could see plainly that it was nly pretense." "A woman like that!" summed up old Lady Fairleigh emphatically -but there, Lady Fairleigh is a vulgar old woman. Moreover, she possesses six unmarried

daughters "without a soul or idea beyond bables and dinners!' I happened to know, at first hand, Frank's genius

Since that first meeting I had come across her continually at Mrs. Kingston's. Mrs. Kingston had, in the language of the day, taken her up. And it was amazing, the transformation she stantly and scornfully to be stigmatized | had effected in the too unvain young woman. The pretty, untidy hair was waved loosely back from the low brow and coiled becomingly at the nape of her neck: the shyness and awkwardof how to make the most of the scant ness had almost entirely disappeared, and with them the unbecoming, nervous stoop of the shoulders; while as musician was a complete puzzle to for her dress it was as tasteful and a la mode as Mrs. Kingston's own.

could mere man say more? Frank himself had altered a good deal since his marriage-grown quieter and I chanced to meet Mrs. Kingston on graver-older, it seemed; his boyish her way back from her first call on the spirits were not quite so indefatigable as they had been, and he sunned himself less often, and with less satisfaction, in the eulogies and flatteries of his admiring circle. Sometimes, too, I caught a look of trouble in his sunny blue eyes, strangely at variance with

Young Mrs. Varley fell ill. It was quite sudden; only a cold at first, but mind and halting between two opin- it settled on her chest and turned to neumonia, and her life was in danger. With this trouble Frank's genius collapsed like a pricked bubble. He never touched pen or paper from the first moment of her illness. In a week he was white and haggard ghost. For three weeks she was desperately

> Then the bulletin went out that hope was abandoned and Mrs. Varley's hours on this earth numbered. That night, to everyone's amazement

Frank appeared at the club. "How is-your wife?" someone tioned, with an effort.

"Dying!" Frank replied briefly. He stood up and faced them with his

oung, drawn face. "There is something-I wanted to say to you," he announced, forcing his words. They stared at him in silence. He drew a great breath and passed his shaking hand across his eyes. "I-am a liar and a coward! I am a hypocritical cad!" His face went gray. "I have been meaning to confess for a long time. I am not what you think me. All this year I have been living and acting a lie. I will tell you. It was so hard and so fatally easy." He choked and gritted his teeth hard; his eyes were pitiful. "Everyone had slways thought me so brilliant and predicted such a glorious future, and I had always accepted the predictions as a matter of course until a year or two back

Then for the first time I began to doubt, and the doubt was awful. "As far as technicalities went I knew all that art could teach me, but it began to dawn upon me that despite my passion for music I possessed little originality. I composed, but my compositions were in no ways brilliant or wonderful, and an awful terror of my own crushing failure began to grow in You could never understand what that thought was to me. Then temptation came. I married." He lifted his steadfast, white face. "Before God, I married solely and wholly for love, with not the slightest idea then-He paused for a moment and then went on rapidly: "One day I heard Molly singing to herself, and the tune was so quaint and so taking that I asked her

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1902

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Something new every year. Now it's Shoes-Men's Shoes, Youths' Shoes and Boys' Shoes.

Shoe Department

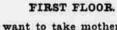
FIRST FLOOR.



Shoes are something new with us, but we are going to give them a flyer. We have secured the services of an experienced buyer and the services of experienced salesmen, and we feel that we can give the same satisfaction in shoes that we have in clothing. We have never misrepresented in our clothing department and we are not going to do it in shoes. We value the reputation we have made in the business world and we are not going to risk it on shoes. feel that we have secured a very excellent line of shoesthe best in the market. They are of the best leathers and the best workmanship. They are the shoes of today—not the shoes of yesterday. As we look

the stock over we're rather proud of it. Just step in and see these shoes, on the first floor. We know we can sell shoes cheaper than other dealers, and consequently we are going to make a feature of shoes. Shoes for all male feet.

Children's Clothing Department





We want to take mothers into our confidence for a few minutes, just to tell them about this department. We can't say all we want about it. We have enlarged the department this season, and we are quite positive in the opinion that we have the best appointed and decidedly the largest stocked Children's Department in the city. We take great interest in the Little Man, and we want mothers to bring him here and see what we can do for him. We are deeply interested in the Little Man. We know if we clothe him now, we will clothe him when he is a Big Man, and he will bring his little men to us. This take such pains in providing for the

We feel in this department, we use our best judgment. We do not overlook style, or the decrees of fashion, but we have a very pronounced regard for the quality of the material in Boys' Garments. We want the boy's clothes to have lasting qualities. We are very particular about the workmanship on these goods. This is such a popular department that we are very careful of its good We would especially invite mothers to visit it, and examine the Peter Thompson line of goods we have here; also the Norfolk Suits and Blouses.

Men's Department

SECOND FLOOR.

The department is so well known and so popular that we scarcely know what to say about it. We have spent the Summer months in stocking it, and we feel it never looked better or never before were we so well prepared for the Fall and Winter seasons. We have a top coat for autumn dress that we feel is the nobbiest thing out this season. It is dressy and comfortable and the correct thing. It is the coat that will have the run this year and we want to see you in it.



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THIRD FLOOR

The boy of last year is probthe youth of this. We have had him in mind. We have watched his career, and we fancy we have just what he wants-the tasty, the nobby, the genteel suit that makes the young gentleman. We want the youths to come and see what we have for them.

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spring. It is now entirely too late."

nost gardens will be bare of flowers

for many weeks the following season.

ering bulbs are like an onion. The

roots and foliage die away, i. e., "ripen

off." leaving the naked bulb, in the

heart of which are stored incipient

flowers, stems and leaves, which are

therein sustained while the bulb re-

mains in a dormant condition. During

the dormant season bulbs may be dug

up, shipped, stored and replanted, like

so many potatoes, and after their term

of rest has expired, conditions being

congenial, they will again start into

growth; first throwing out roots, and

As the majority of hardy flowering

bulbs ripen off during the early sum-

mer months, and as they do not natur-

ally remain in a dormant condition

longer than from three to six months,

and flowers.

"She laughed and confessed that her delighting the spectators with their favorite amusement was to put her gorgeous hues. The same old answer has to be re-

end. You can guess the rest. "I meant to own up, but you know how shy she is. I still meant to confess, but each time my courage forsook me. Once I came here strung up purposely. It was the day Harkness congratulated me. After that I felt is would have killed me to own up. And so I let you all think. • • • And now proper time to order and plant hardy

favorite verses to music of her own

fancy. That was the beginning of the

she is dying!' Frank laid his head down on his arms

After all, Mrs. Varley did not die She recovered to find herself, to her amazement and unfeigned dismay, a celebrity, courted and cajoled by all She protested bewilderingly, imploring us to tell the world it was a huge mistake and that all the glory was genuinely Frank's. Indeed she declared honestly that more than half the compositions were wholly his.

Mrs. Varley was capable now of holding her own anywhere in face of the whole world. To Frank's utter astonishment and

humiliation he is as great a favorite as ever. He still sends forth his brilliant compositions, and it is rumored that there is a grand opera in serious contemplation now. But upon everything appear the double names of Mrs. and Mr. Frank Varley .- Chicago Tribune.

TULIPS AND HYACINTHS. Now Is the Time to Plant If You

Want Them. From Country Life in America. "I should like to procure some plants like those beautiful ones in bloom in the park." is an order given to the

it is absolutely essential that they be

Bulbs planted very late in the fall tell you.' or carried over winter in cold storage and planted in the spring seldom give satisfactory flowers, for the reason seedsman many times daily during the that the foliage and flowers commence spring, while hyacinths, tulips, narcissi and other spring flowering bulbs are fore the flowers cannot develop beyond effort to restore order.

the sustenance supplied by the rootless bulbs, and this sustenance is usually exhausted when the flowers are about half grown. While it is true that the peated again and again: "The flowers you describe are produced from bulbs flowers, etc., are formed within the which must be planted in the fall; bulb before they ripen off, yet it is abthey will then flower the following solutely essential for their maximum development that the bulbs become It is really surprising how few peothoroughly rooted before the tops are allowed to start. ple realize that while their gardens are in their autumn glory it is also the

A good rule to follow as to the proper time to plant hardy spring-flowerspring-flowering bulbs, without which ing bulbs in the open ground is from four to six weeks before freezing nights are expected. Then the under In fact, there are many people who do soil is still warm enough to induce not know what bulbs are. For the root-action, while the cooler surface benefit of such I may state that flow- and air checks top-growth until spring.

A NERVE DEFINED.

Quick Answers From Kindergarten Pupils.

From the Brocklyn Eagle. A certain Brooklyn kindergarten contains during the school term many bright little folks, and their answers to questions are often very amusing On a morning not long ago the head then diveloping the stored-up leaves teacher was giving a talk on physiology

and asked: "Who can tell me what a nerve is?" "I know," said one little tot.

"Well, what is it?" "It is what makes the tooth hurt when you have the tooothache." This created a laugh and a number of

planted in the fall. This permits them other answers followed, when a little to make their root-growth before freez- girl, who is usually depended upon to ing weather sets in, and the better the give a reply to almost every question, root-growth the better will be the flow- raised her pointed finger and said: "I know the answer, teacher; I can

"You may answer, Emily," said the teacher, "What is a nerve?" "When any one is too fresh my

mamma says. 'Oh, what a nerve!' " to develop as soon as the roots; there- The lesson ended after a desperate



way for an attack by disease is neglect of the symptoms of stomach trouble. When eating is followed by undue fullness, belchings, sour or bitter risings, etc., disease is attacking the stomach. The best way to frustrate such an atis to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Med-

the signal to sprag yet. And he's the loped ahead, far out in front of the trip, but they were sure of foot and ners of their own feed boxes. The cars threatened to leave the track on curves. but Jones received no signal to sprag