

THE MIRACLE OF DAWN.

What it would mean for you and me if dawn should come no more. Think of its gold along the sea. Its rose above the shore! That rose of awful mystery, Our souls bow down before.

Waggon and there was a momentary lull in the conversation. Suddenly the air was rent by a series of yells which would have put to shame an Apache on the warpath.



LOVE.

Hope's window looketh to the East; There sits she, while the bushes spread; She sees the pale fires overhead To burning crimson flames increased.

LITTLE THINGS.

The Serviceableness of Just Every-Day Living and the Common Duty of Every Hour.

Faithful in the least is God's order. The most serviceable thing, after all, and about which we should concern ourselves the most, is just every-day living, the common duty of every hour.

DEVIL LOOSE IN MEXICO.

Many Unpleasant Things Happen There on the Day of San Bartolo.

A big fire, a suicide and a number of accidents in the city and a heavy wind and rainstorm here and numerous crimes and accidents in many parts of the republic were the natural consequences, it is to be supposed, of the annual one day's leave of absence taken by his diabolical majesty the devil yesterday—a leave of absence which his majesty spends in this earthly planet doing a number of devilish tricks, says the Mexican Herald.

It is a common belief among almost all Mexicans that on the day of San Bartolo the devil is loose and many unpleasant things happen. The devil is supposed to be very busy all the year around roasting bad people in the inferno, but on the day of San Bartolo he takes a little rest and comes to the earth to see how things are going on.

Many people are so superstitious about this that they stay at home all day and refuse to receive calls because, according to tradition, it occurred one time that the devil disguised himself and called upon people whom he wanted to carry away. The object of the visit was briefly explained and the interested parties were so scared that most of them dropped dead, whereupon the devil carried away their souls.

The superstition is much more widely spread in the states of the interior. In Guadalajara, for instance, they claim that San Bartolo is the day when the city shall be destroyed by a flood and a hurricane, according to the prediction of a priest who died many years ago, although nobody knows the name of that prophet nor the year when he made his prophecy.

AND JONES GOT HIS RAISE

Smart Trick of His Friend Willie Unexpectedly Helped Him to Get It.

"The question is," said the young man according to the New York Sun, "whether the joke is on me or Jones."

"You see, Jones came to me. 'I ought to have my pay raised five a week,' says he, 'but I hate to tackle the boss. How would you go about it?'"

"Why don't you write to him saying that Mr. Jones is a diserving young man, who has done good work for the firm, and ought to have his pay raised five dollars a week?" says I. "Then sign it 'Lewis Jarvis,' and send it in."

"By Jove, that's a great idea," says he. "I thought he'd take it as a joke, of course. But that night Jones came up to me, grinning all over."

MANY AMERICANS ABROAD.

Stated That More Than 100,000 Are at All Times Residing in European Cities.

Year by year the number of Americans residing in the chief European cities has been increasing. Two years ago an estimate of the number of Americans living in London was made and the number was shown to be 15,000.

There are according to the last estimates 25,000 Americans residing in London permanently, 30,000 in Paris, 5,000 each in Rome and Berlin, 2,500 in Munich, 1,500 in Florence and 1,000 in Venice.

There are at all times between 100,000 and 150,000 Americans resident in European cities, apart from the number of Americans who make a summer trip to Europe and come under the designation of either transients or travelers. Most European countries do not include in the census of inhabitants taken unaccustomed foreigners, and for that reason the figures of the number of Americans are not always easy to get.

Ten per cent of the population of Paris, exclusive of transients, is made up of foreigners—250,000 foreigners constantly in Paris, of whom 20,000 are Americans.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

We never know the sweetness of mercy till we trace it up to its source. It is no use talking about growing in grace while you are standing in sin.

Lies are always losers; they gain no confidence, and they lose all character.

The devil flees from the man who is not afraid to look his own faults in the face.

It is better to learn how to accept loss than how to make great gains selfishly.

The will of God is soon forgotten when you get anxious about keeping the good will of men.

Every man may be born with his feet in the dust, but he is born with a heart that longs for the Divine.—Rum's Horn

A Real Bad Man

HE yellow sands of the Painted desert flew past the car windows as the train plunged into an Arizona twilight.

The glamour of a desert sunset, where the great red ball of fire sinks slowly behind the San Francisco peaks, fell upon the party of railroad officials who were traveling in the private car.

"It was the most natural thing in the world that under the influence of the exhilarating and peculiar beauty of the desert, which is all its own, the eastern men should start a reminiscent discussion of life in the wild and woolly west. Orders had been issued not to light the lamps in the cars until the twilight had given way to the darkness of the night.

The fact undoubtedly added to the zest as the discussion of the bad man of the west and his terrible deeds grew more interesting.

"I'll tell you what it is, fellows," declared K—. "I don't believe there exists to-day a good example of the

old-style 'real bad man' of the west. You read about 'em in stories written by these newspaper fellows who have never been west of the ponds in Jackson park and who are made up of three-fourths imagination and one-fourth froth."

"If what I hear is true," protested one of the party, "there are, on the contrary, a few of the real article left around there very same bad lands we're spouting through at this moment."

"Oh, poLaw," retorted K—. "It's just like the stories of the cowboys which we read every day. The real, sign-on article in the cowboy line don't exist any more except in fiction. Travel the west over and you won't see one of 'em, and I know what I'm talking about. Hain't I eaten with 'em, bunked with 'em and helped 'em sober up many a time in the early days, when I was a freight agent in Colorado? They are not to be found, I tell you, and in this respect they are just like the typical 'em I mean of the west. Oh, of course," he conceded, "there are a lot of counterfeits hikin' around, simulating the real article, and making the tenderfoot believe in 'em. That's easy enough when a fellow is a tenderfoot, but if I should see one of those blamed, howling, counterfeiting coyotes hanging around I'd know him for what he really was."

"I dare say you are right," replied one of the party. "Of course, you are familiar with the west, while the rest of us are more or less green in this respect."

"I should say I was familiar with it," declared K—. "There isn't any kind of western character that I am unacquainted with, and I know how to handle them, too, the bad man included."

As K— concluded the train slowed down for water at Winslow. The shadows were beginning to

blurred in the distance as the train started again. "My good fellow, what is all this row about?" "Well, I'll be blankety, blankety blanked if there ain't a real 'rismo,' declared the bad man. "Say, pard, take off that whitewash collar and line me. We're the boys who can do it."

The bad man laid a large, grimy "paw" upon the railroad man's shoulder and tried to kiss him. Upon the railroad man's resenting this familiarity the fun began. Out came two forty-fours simultaneously with another war-whoop which made a record.

"You onery, sneakin' coyote," shouted the bad man, "I like the looks of this blamed car and so I'll just take it and make you come along. And when I take possession you can bet you'll take off that whitewash collar."

Into the car plunged the bad man, emptying a couple of chambers in his revolvers by way of emphasis. This had the effect of scattering the occupants. M— made a wild dash in search of the conductor, convinced that K—'s last hour had come.

K— massed up his mind to the same effect, massing up his mind to the same effect. He could reach his own revolver in the sleeping room of his car. Making a run for it, he tried to beat the bad man to it, but it was no use. Like an avenging Nemesis the terror of the plains came charging down the center of the car, letting loose a picturesque flood of billingsgate directed at K— and the whitewash collar. As he reached the trunk in his room and sought to grasp his revolver K— glanced over his shoulder and saw the terrible westerner standing in the doorway with both cannons poised for action.

Therefore he decided not to stop at the trunk, but to go right on out of the window, which he did. Landing upon his head and shoulders, the railroad man picked himself up and started for the rear of the train just as the bad man began to show his appreciation of the empty car by giving vent to a series of blood-curdling war cries.

On his way to the rear K— encountered the conductor, to whom he breathlessly told the story of the bad man's invasion of his car. Without a word, but with a peculiar smile on his face, the conductor hastened to the private car, K— following at a respectful distance. Without a moment's hesitation the conductor sprang into the private car just as the bad man had concluded telling the world that he owned it. When the bad man saw the conductor he dropped both revolvers and started for the forward end. But the conductor was too quick for him, and grasping the westerner by the coat collar he exclaimed:

"You measly bum, I've been looking for you all through the train. I told you that if you ever bothered me again I'd break every bone in your cowardly body."

"Drazing the limpid terror to the car platform, the conductor administered a lusty kick which sent him plunging headlong into the sands of the desert. As the bad man picked himself up and limped dejectedly away the expression on K—'s face was a study.

In the excitement of the moment you didn't recognize your friend, did you, Ed?" asked M—, laughing. "Is he the real thing?" "Just couldn't bear to hurt him, I suppose," said another.

"Well, it wasn't up to Ed, anyway," declared a third. "He wasn't running the blamed train."

"Well, anyhow, boys," retorted the crestfallen general freight agent, "he's a bad man else he wouldn't hit the boss so hard."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Peculiarity of Eshotters. While a large band of Dukholers, from Russia, were in London the other day on their way to Canada, many persons sought of them for curious some of their train steels. They refused to take more than what each utensil actually cost them. They have all things in common. When a box of candy was given a little girl she at once distributed the contents.

Self-Made. Joseph Chamberlain, the celebrated Englishman, is not a graduate of any university nor large public school. He was a full-fledged business man at the age of 16, and when 38 his fortune had assumed such proportions that he was able to retire from commercial life and devote himself to the study and practice of politics.

Hopvine Heads. Kentish (English) farmers say that the heads of young hop vines are a superior substitute for asparagus. In the country districts of Kent, hopheads are largely eaten, when in the early part of the season the superstitious to shoots are cut away from the plants.

Two Statements. Knox—Some people are saying that you made most of your money in politics. Leader—But others are saying I made most of my money out of politics. "So who are ya going to believe?" —Philadelphia Ledger.

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