

It's time to lure the smile along... And help the world be gay!

It's time to hold the flag for mirth... And about lusty to Glee!

The people on the shore shouted to the yacht to keep off, and hurried imprecations at the reckless voyagers...

Fishing is a noble sport, for such as have the proper temperament. Nervous, impulsive fishes naturally find it no great fun.

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An Old Woman's Romance.

By HERO STRONG.

I am an old woman now, widowed and alone. All my children have gone before me, and it is not long before I shall follow, and the thought gives me great comfort.

Countess of Huntly. She was a gay, beautiful woman, about my own age, and her husband—an easy-going sort of man—owned a house in London, a manor house down in Dorsetshire, quite near the coast.

I am going to unfold for you a leaf of my early life. Perhaps the skeptical among you will not believe what I am about to write, but if so, pray ascribe whatever is improbable and unreal about it to the wandering vagaries of a poor old woman, and think no more of it.

When I was invited there to witness the nuptials of my lady's only brother, Lord Albert Trevelyan, of course I was immensely delighted with the idea. About Lord Albert there had always seemed to me something very strange and interesting, not that I had ever seen him, but I heard his sister tell so much about him.

I was the daughter of an English country curate. Of course my father was poor—curates always are. I had one brother, older than myself, a wild, reckless, unprincipled fellow, whose conduct broke my father's heart at last.

As I lifted my face from his pale lips I met the basilisk eyes of Lady Christine glancing down upon me. She fixed an iron hand upon my shoulder.

Gerald, that was my brother's name, was continually getting himself into trouble, from which only money could extricate him, and there was on one to help him but my poor father, and the consequence was that the family purse was always at the lowest ebb, and my mother and myself were put to all sorts of shifts to keep the family wardrobe in a state of shabby decency.

Richard Earle and Lord Albert Richard Trevelyan was one and the same. At the time of his visit to our village, he had taken the name of his cousin, Richard Earle, simply to escape notice.

When she died—I was sixteen then—I had a suit of mourning. They were my very first new clothes, and dating from that time onward there has always been to me a sort of funeral significance about new clothes. I always shudder when I put them on, so vividly do I remember the dismal stiffness and coldness of that mourning bombazine, with its heavy folds of charnel-house smelling crepe.

My marriage with Lord Newbury had followed immediately after, and Albert had left the country, rich and disgusted with life.

A year after my mother's death, Richard Earle came to the rectory to board for a few weeks. He had come down from London for his health, and meeting my father in the village, had asked for rooms in our little house.

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In all my life I had never known what happiness was until, looking into my eyes, Richard Earle told me that he loved me. Ah, then for me rose the new heaven and the new earth created, and all the hours ran in golden sands; for, no matter how tenderly she may have been shielded and cared for, a woman never knows what joy is till she loves and is beloved; neither does she know the meaning of pain until love has made her heart soft enough to feel it.

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There was some mystery about Richard, which he could not then make clear to me. He trusted the time would soon come when he could claim me as his own, and until then he asked me would I wait? Would I? I would have waited for him until the grave covered me, and never have thought it long if I had constantly the assurance of his love.

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So he went away, and for many weeks his letters came—oh, so tender, so gentle, and loving! They ceased.

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A month of anguish, and my father brought me a London paper. In it I read a notice of the marriage of Robert Earle and Lady Arethusa Cleares.

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After that I felt like a stone-cold, passionless and apathetic.

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It was at this time that Lord Newbury pressed his suit. He had long loved and admired me, and my poor father was very earnestly bent on the marriage; for Lord Newbury was very rich and generous, and my poor father had faced poverty all his life, and no wonder, now that old age was approaching, he coveted a little rest, and a home where privation was not a constant guest.

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Lord Newbury was three times my age, but he was a true, loyal-hearted English gentleman, and I respected him highly. When Richard was lost to me, what mattered it what became of me? As well one thing as another!

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To hurry matters on, Gerald became involved in a daring forgery, and the prison stared him in the face. Then my father pleaded with me to save him. If his son was sent to prison, he could never hold up his head again. If I valued my father's life, I would become Lady Newbury, and then my husband would take care of his wife's family honor!

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So I suffered my lord to marry me, and Gerald, for the time, was saved.

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Three years went by, and I had drunk my fill of the world's admiration. I was a great favorite in society, and my husband was very proud of me. He was one of the noblest and best of men, and Heaven knows I was never anything else to him than a faithful wife, though I never loved him.

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In the third year of my married life I became acquainted with the

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support, for I knew what I was to see. The people on the shore shouted to the yacht to keep off, and hurried imprecations at the reckless voyagers for their temerity in venturing so near the hazardous coast; but all unmindful, the yacht stood on, making for Little Good Harbor, just below.

Suddenly a great wave came thundering along and enveloped the wretched vessel from keel to masthead. She careened, shivered, went over, and the next moment her broken timbers were hurled on the shore at our feet. And through the blinding spray, and the death-cold foam of the waves, as scattered by the sharp rocks, it pierced my garments through and through, I saw Richard Earle's set face, and heard his voice calling my name: "Elizabeth! Elizabeth! my love! my love!"

The first body which came on shore was his. I had it in my arms ere yet the wave had left it dry upon the sand. Dead! but he had loved me in dying. Could ever a woman ask for more than this?

As I lifted my face from his pale lips I met the basilisk eyes of Lady Christine glancing down upon me. She fixed an iron hand upon my shoulder.

"What was he to you?" she hissed. "My life's one love!" I answered her.

"And my plighted husband. Well, I understand now why I have hated you!"

I do not remember anything more of that dismal time. When I was fully myself again, I was with my husband at our beautiful country place in Middlesex, far away from the cruel, glittering ocean.

My husband was kind and gentle to me as my mother might have been. He had learned everything from my wild ravings during my long illness, and to his cautious and well-directed inquiries I owe my knowledge of Richard Earle's history after he left the rectory. For Lord Newbury—ever the most generous of men—had solved all the mystery, and when I was well enough he told me gently what he knew.

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He wanted rest, and if he traveled as Lord Albert Trevelyan he would be obliged to receive a great many civilities from the gentry, which he wished to avoid.

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He had never ceased to love me, but he would have married Lady Christine. This was what Lord Newbury had learned, and what he told me.

And if I had never loved him before I loved him then, for his noble and thoughtful forbearance toward me.

But through every dark hour of my life, one sweet thought has ever been present to comfort and sustain me. In dying my only love loved me! And so alone, and yet not sad or weary, because hope gleams so brightly in the distance, I am waiting to go to my better and truer life when the Master calls.—Good Literature.

A Test Case. Railroads and newspapers throughout the country are interested in the test case that the Interstate Commerce Commission is preparing to bring to determine if it is legal for a railroad to give transportation in return for advertising, under the ruling of the commission that transportation must be paid in money.

A Supplementary Statement. Old Dr. Ryland, clergyman and educator, was greatly beloved in the South, and his visits were always enjoyed by his former pupils and parishioners. In his later years it was his custom to offer prayer whenever he made a ministerial call.

An Unmentioned Ancestor. Mr. B. is very proud of his ancient lineage and never lets slip an opportunity to boast of it. At a dinner where he had been unusually rambling on this subject a fellow guest quieted him by remarking: "If you elumb much further up your family tree you will come face to face with the monkey!"—Lippincott's.

The Swiss Government is considering two new transalpine tunnel schemes. One is to pierce the Spiggen, and the other the Greins, in the cantons of the Grisons.

Happiness rarely is absent: it is what we know not of its presence. The greatest delight is getting over nothing if we know not that we are happy. There is more joy in the smallest light whereof we are conscious than there is in the approach of the mightiest happiness that enters into the soul.—Maeterlinck.

Many a blessed revelation is given to the willing and waiting soul, but scarcely any that surpasses this—the disclosures that sometimes come to us of the exquisite goodness in human hearts. Well for us if we find out that goodness, because we have that in ourselves which is akin to it and calls it out.—George S. Merriam.

Honesty is the best policy, but he who acts from that principle is not an honest man.—Archbishop Whately.

He who has reached something like the measure of a full-grown man finds no great difficulty in getting over offense or injury. It is the small man who never can get over such things.—Herald and Presbyter.

We like to come to a height of land and see the landscape, just as we value a general remark in conversation. But it is not the intention of nature that we should live by general views. We fetch fire and water, run about all day among the shops and markets, and get our clothes and shoes made and mended, and are the victims of these details, and once in a fortnight we arrive perhaps at a rational moment. If we were not thus infatuated, if we saw the real from hour to hour, we should not be here to write and to read, but should have been burned or frozen long ago.—Nominalist and Realist.

Fined at Last. Here is a dispatch from Chicago which should be painted in large letters on signboards and stuck up conspicuously on the shores of all ponds, lakes and rivers frequented by those who seek the waters for pleasure during the summer months: "A man and a woman accused of robbing a rowboat in which they were rowing in Washington Park Sunday afternoon, paid for their fun yesterday, when they were fined by Municipal Judge Lantry. The woman, Mrs. Annie Pinto, was fined the court costs amounting to \$7, and the man, George Morris, was fined \$25 and costs. Both paid and promised never to rock a boat again."

Fish Worth Catching. The talk around the club table shifted to fish and fishing, with the usual astonishing consequences. "Well, gentlemen," said the man who was fortunate enough to tell the last story, "the best day's sport I ever had was off the coast of Southern California. There were three of us in the boat, each of us had three lines out, and we simply couldn't pull them in fast enough."

Chambersburg.—Rev. John Agnew Crawford, D. D., died at his home here. He was born in Philadelphia in 1822 and was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1841, studied in the Reform Presbyterian Seminary in Philadelphia and was licensed to preach in 1844. He was pastor in Milton, Pa., Xenia, O., and Brooklyn.

Reading.—John A. Esterly, landlord of the Central House, at Sinking Spring, died of consumption, aged 54 years.

Stroudsburg.—Dr. M. G. Lesh one of the best-known physicians in Monroe County, is dead, aged 57 years. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in the class of 1873. He was for twelve years surgeon for the Lackawanna Railroad Company for this territory.

Consular Agent A. E. Carleton, reporting from Almeria, says that the first direct boat leaving that Spanish port for America, which will reach New York in September, carries something like 10,000 barrels of Almeria grapes.

Fishes in a noble sport, for such as have the proper temperament. Nervous, impulsive fishes naturally find it no great fun. Patience and the philosophic calm are requisite to the highest enjoyment of fishing. Fishing is a dangerous sport; but danger within limits adds a charm. If it were not in some degree dangerous it were not sport.

The appeal is both physical and mental. The powers of body and of mind are at once taxed, and a delightful and salubrious balance of effort induced.

A worm never tastes as sweet as when it has been stung off a hook, and the weakest digestion is not incommoded by it; while getting away after being caught brings an enlargement of spirit such as they who have experienced it include ever among their choicest sensations.

Some sensitive souls object to fishing because of the tollsome part it imposes on the human being at the other end of the line. This is going too far. What are these human beings created for, if not for our uses?—From Puck.

Words of Wisdom. Take thy self-denials gayly and cheerfully, and let the sunshine of thy gladness fall on dark things and bright alike.—J. F. Clarke.

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WORDS OF WISDOM.

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MEMORIAL HOME GETS \$100,000.

Lancaster (Special).—The Memorial Home, at Orville, will come into an inheritance of \$100,000 eventually through the beneficence of the late David Landis, who committed suicide by hanging at his home in Lancaster Township a week ago.

SCALED BY HOT TOMATOES.

York (Special).—White watching her mother can tomatoes Mildred Haack, 5 years old, was fatally burned. The mother had filled the jar and after screwing on a cap inverted it as a test for leakage. It was then that the jar burst and the boiling contents poured over the little girl who was standing nearby.

TWO DEAD, TWO DYING.

Mine Boss, Fatally Wounded by Italians, Kills Two. Pittsburg (Special).—Charles Gardner, a mine boss, and his sister, Mrs. George Rexford, were attacked by Italians and fatally shot at Crowbecker, a new mining camp in the northern part of the county.

WOULD ROB BONDHOLDERS.

To compel compliance with the mandates of this statute by the plaintiffs means robbing the bondholders of their securities, in which they placed their money at a reasonable rate of interest in good faith, deprive the community of the facilities for transportation of freight and passengers, which they now enjoy, and confiscate the property and franchise of the stockholders. And for what purpose?

TOT OPENS MOTHER'S LETTER.

Harrisburg (Special).—Seven-year-old Robert Leonard was sent to the House of Detention pending trial at the next term of Juvenile Court, charged with opening a registered letter addressed to his mother. He claimed that his sister opened the letter and burned it. It is said the lad believed that the letter contained money because it was registered, and that prompted him to open it.

POURED OIL OVER WIFE.

Fights Fireman Who Came To The Rescue Of Woman. Pittsburg (Special).—Crazed with drink, Rupert Smittaner, aged 41 years, of 202 Spring Garden, Allegheny, attempted to set fire to his wife's clothes after he had poured kerosene oil over her. Neighbors heard the woman's screams and notified the Allegheny fire department. Operator Brady dispatched firemen W. Reismayer and Ben Hilderbrand to the woman's rescue. When the firemen entered Smittaner waved a huge knife about his head and yelled that they were too early, that the fire had not commenced.

REGULATION IS REMEDY.

Where it is shown in the language of the constitution that charter rights are found to be injurious to the citizens of the Commonwealth, let the law be asserted, the power abridged, and conduct regulated by a proper tribunal or the charter revoked.

ACCUSED OF DESPOLING GRAVE.

York (Special).—Ida Hollingshead, 15, and Clara Chimmus, 13 years old, were arrested, charged with stealing images of an infant from the grave of a newly buried infant in St. Patrick's Cemetery, near this place. The warrants were sworn out by the father of the dead infant.

STATE OBITUARY.

Millburg.—George W. Foote, editor of the Millburg "Times," suffered a stroke of apoplexy at his printing office. He was conveyed home unconscious, and at midnight died.

MARRIAGE ANNULLED.

Woman Found After Eleven Years. First Husband Was Living. Plymouth (Special).—Mrs. Ada S. Kepp, who found after being married to Benjamin Kepp for eleven years, that her first husband, Hiram Steele, was alive, was awarded an annulment of her marriage to Kepp. Steele had deserted her in 1889. Two years later his brother wrote her that he was dead. Then she married Kepp and they had lived happily for eleven years.

KILLED, POCKETS FULL OF MONEY.

Meadville (Special).—John Yocum, aged 64, gang foreman of carpenters at the Erie Railroad shops, was strangled at a trial at Walpole Street crossing and killed. He had a widow and two daughters. Yocum had \$1017 in his pockets when he killed.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

Norman Green, a 14-year-old colored youth, of Chester, while stealing a ride on a Reading freight train fell beneath the moving train and his right leg so badly mangled that it had to be amputated. Requests of \$1,500 each to the three Reading hospitals, \$500 to two churches and \$500 to two charitable institutions fall in the will of the late Mrs. Kate Hawley, who was the widow of Jesse G. Hawley, the millionaire publisher of the Reading "Eagle," because the will was written without attesting witnesses. The potato crop in York County is short. The yield has not quite been two-thirds and farmers are holding back their crops with a view of getting a dollar a bushel. Contractor D. D. Nye broke ground at Doylestown for the erection of a silk ribbon mill on Harvey Avenue, 75x50 feet, which will furnish employment for several hundred persons. Joseph Market was held up by four highwaymen near Shamokin who clubbed and stabbed him until he was senseless, after which they robbed him of \$10 and fled. He is in a serious condition. While aiding in extinguishing a fire at a business house at Shamokin, Frank Liseok, fireman, fell thirty feet from a ladder and was seriously injured. The State water supply commission had approved the plans for the pier of the Pennsylvania Railroad's new bridge at Linden, near Williamsport, on condition of removing the old piers after the new bridge is completed. Eliza Mitchell was appointed postmistress at Spangler, Cambria County, by the President. Jewish residents of Lebanon have subscribed liberally to a fund for the building of a synagogue there. A congressional committee was organized to be known as Beth Israel.

ALLTOWN SPREADS OUT.

Allentown (Special).—Three hundred acres comprising that portion of Salisbury Township known as South Allentown, were annexed to the city of Allentown at a meeting of City Councils. The newly annexed portion of the city has a population of approximately 2800 and is Democratic, according to recent election results in the ratio of about 3 to 2.

HUNG TO BED POST.

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PHYSICIAN LOST AN ARM.

Oil City (Special).—Dr. C. O. Deffenbeck, of Strattonville, one of the most prominent physicians in Clarion County, was the victim of a peculiar accident. He was replenishing his gasoline tank of his automobile when the inflammable stuff ignited from the heat of the machine, burning him so badly that amputation was necessary.

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SOFT DRINKS ADULTERATED.

Picnic Refreshments Usually Made Of Acids and Dye. Harrisburg (Special).—Reports from Dr. William Frear, one of the chemists of the Dairy and Food Department, made to Commissioner Foust, show that all kinds of soft drinks are adulterated more or less, especially those prepared to be sold at State gatherings and big picnics. At the encampment of the Second Brigade of the National Guard samples of root beer, pop and lemonade were taken, all of which were adulterated with drugs like dye stuffs, artificial flavor and sweetened with saccharine instead of sugar. Lemonade was principally made of acids.

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