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Advertising pays when it is gone about in an intelligent, business-like way, as men work to get their money out of any other investment.

The Supreme Court of Arkansas has decided that the governor has the right to appoint members of the Legislature where vacancies have been caused by death, resignation or other causes.

Compensation can now be obtained in France by the victims of judicial errors. The Versades magistrates have recently given a man, wrongly sent to prison for fourteen days, an indemnity of \$60.

An English expert declares that he knows of at least 600 counterfeits of the old masters which are now hanging in the private galleries of the United States, and all of which were originally purchased in Europe at very high prices.

A London jury has recently granted nominal damages against the chairman of a corporation meeting, who refused to put a motion offered by one of the members. The damages would have been substantial if the commercial loss could have been proved.

Arizone, Indian Territory, has a unique fire alarm. The inhabitants are great believers in the fabled qualities of a Colt's 45-caliber revolver, and on the first intimation of a fire, every man pulls his gun. Of course, it sounds like a pitched battle for a while, but it is said to have the desired effect of getting out the boys, which no end of church-bell-ringing has hitherto been able to do.

In addition to the Red Cross and White Cross, there has just been established in Vienna a new order, to be known as the Green Cross. Its object is to give succor to Alpine climbers and excursionists in mountain regions. It originated in the Austrian Alpine Club. The intention is to establish huts on high mountains and to keep supplies and relief stores or boxes containing articles likely to be required in emergencies at conveniently located points.

In the new "distless" railway coach built for the Texas Midland Railroad, water-drenched ventilators are located in the walls of the car between the widows, and water-pipes produce a shower of artificial rain in each ventilator. By means of an apparatus the water is carried under pressure through the pipes to drench each of the wire fabric air-filters in the ventilators. The power is derived from the axle and is transmitted through the medium of flexible coiled wire bands, by side on the combination and wheel. The same water is forced through the pipes and ventilators repeatedly, being used over and over again.

Recent inquiries in Baltimore have disclosed what must be recognized as one of the gravest perils of the schools. It appears that thousands of children attending these institutions are suffering from defective vision, and that many of them are in danger of losing the power of sight altogether. Of the 53,000 school children thus examined in Baltimore, 9,951 were found to have eyes so badly impaired that further school attendance was pronounced absolutely unsafe. In addition to these there were several thousands of others to whom prompt and intelligent medical treatment for the eyes was regarded as indispensable. To these latter it was said that continued school attendance without such treatment would be extremely dangerous, involving not merely the likelihood of permanent impairment of the eyes, but in many cases actual blindness. This showing is positively alarming, exclaims the New York Mail and Express. That nearly twenty per cent. of the whole number of children examined in a city like Baltimore should be found to be victims of defective vision means that somewhere in the raising of these little ones gross carelessness or dense ignorance, or both together, are doing their evil work. That many parents are neglectful in caring for their children's eyes is undeniable, but it will doubtless be necessary to seek elsewhere for the causes of the serious conditions which exist in Baltimore.

Boy Nature. When a boy says "no" at the table it doesn't mean no; it means that he is trying to be polite.—Atchison Globe.

A FAMILY STORY

THE TWO MR. MORTONS

DOLLY is the most maddening, tantalizing, perverse and charming—I might as well admit it, you'd soon have found it out—young woman of my acquaintance. I've been in love with her for five years, and it's a wonder my hair isn't white; sometimes I think it is turning gray, but when I spoke to Dolly about it, she said not to bother, I was old enough to be gray anyway. Ah! that's where Dolly hurts, and she knows it, for I am fifteen years older than she is, and when that willful young woman wished to be particularly cruel, she treats me with respect.

I know that among my friends I am considered to have fairly good sense; I can talk rationally on most subjects, and I stand well enough in my profession, at least enabling me to keep my head above water. But when I'm with Dolly, or in her presence, I'm an ass, a driveling, foolish ass. A fanatic from an asylum would be a brilliant conversationalist compared to me. And alas! Dolly knows that too, and she torments me and makes life an unutterable burden to me. I start to make a sensible remark, when suddenly I meet Dolly's eyes; then I stumble and say the wrong thing, and she will remark, "Do you really think that?" with such a wicked look in her beautiful blue eyes, while I don't think it at all but have just said it. And so it goes until I wonder sometimes if I am quite right. When we go to dances—I say we, I'm always there if I know she is going—things are a little worse than usual, for Dolly dances past me with beads and caps of men, and I stand about the wall watching her. She never will give but two dances to me, so I have nothing to do in the meantime but watch her.

One night I was desperate. I had sent her violets as usual—she is particularly fond of them, and most of my money goes that way. Sometimes she wears them, and often carries them, but this night they were nowhere to be seen, and in her hand was one large red rose. I went up to her; appearing to be sorry to see me was the particular form of torture which commended itself to her on this special night. "You here!" she said, lifting her eyebrows in astonishment and without a smile; all put on, of course, because I am always where she is.

"Oh, no, I'm not here, I'm somewhere else," I said wittily. She laughed immoderately.

"You're—so—funny," she remarked, choking.

"Yes," said I severely, "I suppose I am funny, very funny—but where are my violets?"

"Why, had you—any—violets?" she said, "I didn't know—how should I know?" She said it seriously, but there was a look in her eyes that I was used to; I'd have liked to shake her.

"Dolly, you know exactly what I mean; where are my violets?"

"If you mean the violets you sent me," she replied with dignity, "I understood that after they left you they belonged to me; do you want them back?" This freely.

"Oh, Dolly!" I said, reduced once more to my usual condition of asininity, "I didn't mean it, dear, I don't want the d— I beg your pardon, of course I don't want them; I only wanted you to wear them or carry them, you know, darling."

But she saw that she had the best of me, so carried things with a high hand.

"The rose was sent me by a friend," she hesitated, "and I suppose I have a right to wear what I please; but sit down, don't stand so long, you'll be tired!" This was an allusion to my age, and it maddened me.

"You are exceedingly rude!" I said, turning away and leaving her.

It was the most severe speech I had ever made to Dolly, and I suffered at the thought of it. For four days I didn't go near her or send her violets once. It was an awful four days; I neither slept nor ate, but just reviled myself as a fool for becoming estranged from the only woman in the world. In my despair I even went so far as to take Jane Hunt to a dance where Dolly was sure to see us, and she did. And when I passed her and she looked over my head with her small nose in the air, I wished Miss Hunt was in—well, somewhere else, that I might rush over to Dolly, throw myself at her feet—and kiss them! Yes, I acknowledge that I have often wished that.

Finally I wrote to her, fully conscious that it was a very silly letter, wherein I told her I was merely angry at myself for not knowing she cared for red roses, and I sent three dozen. The answer I received was characteristic.

Dolly was repentant, but that her violets had faded, and she wanted more. So I sent them, hundreds of them, hoping that willful and fascinating young woman would be appeased.

But the greatest of my misfortunes has not yet been set down. There was another young man, an acquaintance and admirer of Dolly's, with exactly the same name as myself—Richard Morton. I, of course, had taken a huge dislike to him, in fact I hated him (for Dolly once remarked that he was a nice fellow, and I don't think he had an extraordinary affection for me. We were no relation; I was glad of that. A few days after I had been such a cad to Dolly I called upon her, and heaven favoring me, I found her alone.

"Dolly, dearest," I began, "I am so sorry—"

"Don't," she said, that incident is closed. There are so many nice things to talk about; Jane Hunt for instance, I shivered; I was about to be punished.

"Is she nice?" said I.

"What do you really think of her?" said Dolly with rather an anxious look I thought; but of course I was mistaken.

"Oh, she's a very good girl, very good!" with a desperate desire to make Dolly jealous if I could, which I couldn't.

"Is she?" Dolly tossed her head.

"Well, Mr. Morton, do you want to know what I think she looks like?" The "Mr. Morton" was ominous; I shivered again.

"I can't imagine," said I lightly, thinking how very pretty Dolly was with that pink spot in either cheek.

"I think she looks like a cook!" she declared triumphantly, while I, inwardly agreeing, protested:

"Oh, Dolly, a cook!"

"Yes," she went on spitefully, "and not even like a good cook!"

"Dolly! Not like a bad cook?"

"Yes," she went on, "like a very poor cook!"

I was obliged to laugh, I couldn't help it.

"Splendid wife she'd make!" said I, not meaning to rouse Dolly.

But suddenly she turned and said the most terrible thing to me that she'd ever said since I'd known her.

"Then you'd better marry her!" This from Dolly!

me as if she was going to take me out, but something in my face must have stopped her.

"What is the matter?" she said, turning a little white.

"Dolly," I said sternly, "will you give me the first two dances after supper?"

"Of course—if you want them; but won't you dance now?" I never saw Dolly so meek before.

"No," I answered, almost roughly, "not now." She left me with a strange look on her sweet face.

It seemed centuries until supper; I tried to think of what I should say to her, but my mind was in such a chaotic state that I decided to depend on the inspiration of the moment.

At last supper was over and I found her, tucked her arm in mine, and marching off to a quiet nook, put her in the only seat, and stood accusingly before her.

"Dolly," I began, look at me! This she did, a little timidly, I thought, and I almost forgot what I was going to say in the joy of looking at her.

"My darling," I went on, "I have loved you so long, so well, and hoped that in the course of years you might come to care—"

"She dropped her eyes; just then I remembered that horrible gossip, "but to-night, Dolly, I heard something that turned my heart to stone."

"What was it?" she asked.

"That you were engaged to—"

"Who?" breathlessly.

"Morton," I gasped, "that wretched, cadish—"

"Stop!" she said, with dignity.

"Tell me, you shall," I grasped her wrists; "is it so?"

If it had been any woman in the world but Dolly I should have said she was embarrassed. She actually blushed.

"No," she said slowly, "it is not so, but—" her hands went up and covered her face. My heavens! suppose she should cry.

"But what?" I insisted cruelly; "you're not engaged to him, but you're in love with him?" She took her hands away and her face was very red; if it had not been such a serious moment I should have said she had been laughing.

"Mr. Morton has—never—asked me to be his wife—if he does—I shall—"

I was beside myself.

"And if he does?" I hissed.

"I shall say yes," very softly. A terrible silence ensued; the earth was sinking beneath my feet.

"You love this Mr. Morton?" I said sharply.

And then the very queerest thing in the world happened; Dolly's face whitened a little as she rose and put out her hand.

"Yes, you old goose," she said, "I love this Mr. Morton!" It didn't take me long to gather Dolly into my arms. The next five minutes are not to appear in this narrative.

"Dolly," said I, blissfully, "did you ever know such a stupid old fool as I am?"

"Never in all my life," said the sweetest of girls, her voice coming from the vicinity of my coat collar.

"And do you suppose that woman meant me when she told me that gossip, my darling?"

"Of course she—did," said the voice, "and I'm glad she said it—I don't believe you'd ever have asked me, otherwise!" My answer would not look well on paper.

"Do you know, Dick, that you never have asked me before?"

And when I came to think of it, I never had.—The Peterson Magazine.



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