Our Mary Jane has been to school (she Yours sincerely, calls it "Female College") (
To get the hang of languages and other kinds o' knowledge

We scraped and saved to put her where we thought it best would pay Her mother making butter; her daddy

Eddlers lond astvartages—she has 'em, you can bet. She's learned a heap of other things (it's them that makes the fuss); about content to know herself, but wants to teach to us.

Since Mary Jane's been home from school vould scarcely know the place; The eld-time parler fixings has got their

koop de grace: The sampler that my mother worked, the have wreaths that sister made.
The new rag carpet Mandy sewed (she'd

barely got it laid).

The hair cloth sofa, chairs to match—they all had got to go.

For Mary June decided they were scarce-"comm eel fow;

The new pershaires of shells and beads (they took a year to make). But they're banished to the garret, for "higher cultshure's" sake.

Since Mar' Jane's been home from

school 'twould puzzle any man To name the things we get to eat, and as

I never go table without offering up a That when I get to Heaven, they'll feed

me fa mer's fare, For the "r goos" and the "entries," the "horse dee over"

"Ain't near as satisfying as a pork and turnip stew;
And the "trifles" and the "suffles," the

Jellies and the cake.

Don't till a feller like the pies that Mandy used to make.

And then again our manners, they mayn't be "up to snuff," But still for me an Mandy they was al-

ways good enough; But Mary Jane, "Lord bless us!" finds fault from morn till night!

There aint a thing we do or say we do or say it right. It's true we brought it on ourselves, and

it's awful sad. I'm clear worn out with listening, and Mandy's fust as bad,

if we drop off the perch, just write it on our grave; They died from 'higher cultshure' and a learning to behave."

-Helen Combes, in N. Y. Sun.

### WHEN THE PLOT THICKENED.

·++++++\*

DUDLEY explained his idea with enthusiasm.

"Something is bound to come of it," he said. "We will exchange mail at one's own funeral," he commentfor one week. You must read my ed. "If all hould ever find out that letters and answer them as if they I am the author of the panegyrie were your own, without consulting she will consult think me too efferme, or even telling me their con-vescent to write a history of her detents, and I will do the same with ceased here to I must warn Henry yours. By following up this misfit to say " correspondence I'll be sure to get a If he s'

But what do I get?"

"The satisfaction of seeing me and possibly a check, if that do asquent Boston firm comes to time."

length, "but since I get searcely any brought another letter from Mrs. mail up town except annalry bills and McKeever. circulars from local tradesmen, the chances of your prying into any of my secrets seem exceedingly slim, so I suppose I can safely accommodate you. When do you wish to put the system into operation?"

"To-morrow morning, if you're willing," said Dudley, "My imagination seems to be afflicted with a most aggravated case of dry rot these days, and the sooner I get to work on a plot from real life the better."

At no delivery on the following day were there any letters of importance for either of the friends, but in the ten o'clock mail on the second morning there was a letter addressed to Grant that promised interesting results. The envelope bore unmistakable earmarks of feminity, and in spite of their agreement Dudley hesitated before opening it. "It seems hardly fair to the girl."

he thought, "Still-" lie looked across the table at

Grant, who had finished his breakfast and was smiling over a communication to Dudley from the ponderous Boston firm.

"That settles it," growled Dudley. "Tre's got the check, confound him, so I might as well get even by making the most of this innocent little note."

The letter was written in a sprawling, fashionable hand, and covered several pages. Before he was half way through Dudley perceived that be had been precipitated into the thick of a plot far more unique than any he had counted on discovering.

"My dear Henry," the letter ran. After many months of hard work I have come to the conclusion that the editing of the papers left by my ate husband, Gen. McKeever, is too ig a job for me to finish alone, and I have decided to place them in the hands of some trustworthy literary man who will do justice to the general's memory. The question is, whom shall I employ? I wish you would advise me. I know that you | see me. Yours. have a large acquaintance among writers, and it has occurred to me that you might be able to recommend some person for the place. From our previous conversations on the subject, you are tolerably well aware of the nature of the data left by the general, and consequently you will know what qualifications are eshe very liberal, and whoever accepts saide all other work while engaged 

MIGHER CULTURE ON THE FARM earnest attention, and advise me at soon as you have made a choice,

LUELLA M'KEEVER. "Hawthorne Apartments, Septem-

Dudley read the letter several Even after he knew it by We sent her for a four-year term, we heart he kept on reading it. Presently Grant started down town, and then he made preparations for answering it.

"She's the same old Luella," he mused, over ink and notepaper. "I've been thinking ever since I heard that the general was dead that I would look her up and see if she were as sweet and pretty as she used to be. This is an unparalleled opportunity. It's a blessing I made that contract with Grant. He wouldn't have recommended me in a hundred years, but I shall have no hesitancy in recommending myself. Luella refused me once, in another capacity, and she may refuse me now in this, but I certainly shall not fail through want of endeavor."

Grant's was an easy hand to imitate, and after a couple of hours' practice Dudley flattered himself that his writing would pass muster before anybody less skilled than an expert. That feat accomplished, he wrote to Mrs. McKeever.

"My dear Luella," he said. "I am very glad that you consulted me in regard to a competent literary man to finish editing the general's papers, because it gives me a chance to recommend a man whom I think remarkably well fitted for the post. Clarence Dudley is the man I mean. You have no doubt heard his name mentioned frequently of late, for he has been doing some very creditable work. Dudley is a particular friend of mine. I have known him intimately for many years, and have always found him the right sort. I have never known a man whom I liked so well. He is, by all odds, the best friend I ever had, and if you can see your way clear to trusting him with your book you will be conferring a favor upon me personally, Aside from his attributes as an all-round ed fellow, Dudley is so well quipped mentally that I feel sure he would give excellent satisfaction, and I hope you can strike a bargain with him. Let me know at once what you think of my selection. If your decision is favorable, I will have Dudley call on you, and you can settle the matter to suit yourselves. Yours,

Dudley did not view this effusion with unalloyed pride.

"HENRY GRANT."

"It is pretty fulsome praise to sing .g about our compact. give me away, my vanity would extainly prove fatal."

1 ms that night. He sent word that Le should be out of town for a day make a stake with an original sto- , or two, but that Dudley was to stick to their bargain and continue to auswer his share of their mail, as usual. Grant pondered the proposition There was very little to answer, but it made up in quality what it lacked "M's a crazy notion," he said, at in quantity, for Thursday morning

"I was somewhat surprised at your choice of literary executor," she wrote. "I knew Clarence Dudley several years ago, and have rather pleasant recollections of him, but I had hardly thought that his literary qualifications are exactly what I require. Still, you seem to be in a position to judge him from every standpoint, and I will gladly grant him an interview. Before sending him to me, however, there is one point that I must make clear to you. I should have mentioned it in my last letter, but shrank from doing so. But it is too important to be put off longer. It relates to the commands of Gen. McKeever. It was one of the provisions of his will that no one except myself or my second husband should write a line of his biography. Naturally, he preferred that I should do it without assistance, but he was not a jealous or a selfish man, and he realized that I, being a young woman, should probably marry again. If I found the book too great an undertaking to accomplish alone, and decided to marry before its completion, he expressly stipulated that my husband should carry on the work. So, you see, before entering into a literary agreement with any author I must come to an understanding with him in regard to that clause in the general's will. You will see, my dear Henry, without further explanation, that my position is most awkward. By the general's commands I am bound to see that the book is put on the market, yet I am unable to finish it myself, and am constrained to seek help only from some man at whose head I am virtually bound to throw myself in marriage. For pity's sake, Henry, help me over this difficulty. Explain the situation to Mr. Dudley as delicately as you know how. I think it much better that you, rather than I, should

"LUELLA."

Dudley spent less than ten minutes

on his reply to the second note. "My dear Luella," he said. "Dudunderstands the situation thoroughly. I must say that his remembrance of you seems to be exceedingly vivid, and he is anxious to sential in the man who undertakes to . meet you again. Notwithstanding swish the book. The payment will your frank criticism of his work, I still think him the very man for the The position can well afford to lay place, and if agreeable to you he will call on you Saturday afternoon at 3.

Mrs. McKeever was plainly nervous through the preliminary handshaking when they met on Saturday afternoon, but Dudley had braced himself for the occasion and acquitted himself as became the literary trustee of

a noted general. "I must confess," said Mrs. Me-Keever, "that I was astonished when Henry Grant proposed your name as an accomplished historian. I did not know that you aspired to fame in that direction. Furthermore, I didn't know that you and Henry were such close friends."

"Oh, yes," said Dudley, carelessly. 'I've known Grant for years."

"So he tells me. He seems very fond of you. I really did not know it was possible for one man to care so much for another. I hope that you are equally devoted to him. His praise of you is unstinted. He says that you are the best friend he ever had and that he likes you better than anybody else in the world."

"Does he?" murmured Dudley. 'Dear old Hank!"

"And, besides, he is so very proud of your literary achievements. If I didn't know Henry to be such a levelheaded fellow I should accuse him of gushing. I should be afraid that his judgment had been warped by the heat of friendship and that his recommendation was not entirely reliable. However, I have decided to take his advice, and if you are willing to-to enter upon the probation which I explained to him would be required of you-why-"

She shifted her eyes uneasily. Dudley felt that he had skated safely over the thinnest parts of his duplicity, and he filled up the pause buoy-

"Now, see here, Luella," he said, 'you ought to know pretty well how I feel about the matter. I put the onestion to you six years ago, and you turned me down most beautifully. I swallowed the dose, I flatter myself, with fairly good grace, but I kept on thinking of you pretty constantly, even after you married Gen. McKeever and went to Chicago to live. Ever since you've been single again I've been aching to sound you on the subject, but I felt rather afraid of you and thought I'd better go slow. I want you, Luella, and I want to write the general's biography. Are you willing to let it go

"Yes," sighed Mrs. McKeever; "if you're satisfied, I am."

In the first thrill of victory Dudley felt that the only way he could honorably square himself was to confess his double dealing. Many times in the course of the afternoon he was on the point of making a clean breast of it, but modesty always forbade.

"If I hadn't spread it on so thick in my own behalf I shouldn't mind," he argued. "Since I did, I think I'd better let things go as they are. I'd feel pretty sneaking to have her know that I blew my own horn so loudly."

Grant came home that evening, but Dudlay was too hasy pondering over the outcome of his epistolary enterprise to say much to him. Just before they went to bed he remembered that he must caution Grant to keep their scheme a secret.

"By the way, Grant, you haven't told anybody about our exchanging letters, have you?" he asked.

Grant yawned. "No," said he, "only one person, I told her the ment." evening the plot was hatched, but she doesn't count. She'll never say anything about it."

"She?" echoed Dudley. "Who is

"Oh. nobody but Luella McKeever. She's all right." Dudley caught his drooping head in

both hands. "Good Lord," he said, "I've got a

plot, now, with a vengeance."-N. Y.

#### When Jackson Dined.

While the dinner hour still clings to the noontide among country people it has advanced in the cities, until now it occurs at any time between noon and midnight. And that reminds me of the many stories about Col. Davy Crockett. While he was a member of congress and was at his home in Tennessee, some one asked him about the dinner hour in Washington. He said the common people ate dinner at 12, the next above them at 1, the merchants at 2, the representatives at 3, the senators at 4, members of the cabinet at 5, and the vice president at 6. "But when does the president dine?" "What! Old fliction .- Tit-Bits. Hickory?" said Crockett, auxious to fix a time that would suit his idea of Jackson's greatness, "Well, he don't eat till next day!"-Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

#### Indignant.

At a certain military post just after "taps" one night a detail was called for from one of the companies to bring from the married quarters to the guard house one of the men who was beating and abusing his wife. The first sergeant of the company called for Corporal Walters and Privates Spicer and Carney to form the detail. The first two immediately rose from their cots and prepared for duty, but Carney was apparently sound asleep, although but a moment before he had been swapbroach the subject. Then, if he does ping yarns with his "bunkie," The not positively revolt, let him come to sergeant orded Spicer to wake him, when Carney got to his feet with the disgusted protest:

"Why don't you wake some one who isn't asleep?"-N. Y. Times.

School for Crime.

He-I thought you used to have parrot?

She-We did.

"What became of it?" "Dead."

"What was the matter?" "Oh, we lived so close to the golf links I guess the poor thing died of envy."-Yonkers' Statesman.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. 6. 7. Brove

CHARLEST OF FULL SECTION OF THE SECT

Asked and Answered. He-When poverty comes in at the door what is it love does?

She-Why, it flies out of the dicing room window, of course.-Chicago Daily News.

No Accounting for Tastes. Chollie-She has promised to mar

Mollie-Well, some girls will marry any old thing -Youkers Statesman.

It has been found that a postal clerk arrested for robbing the mails has been carrying on his operations for 20 years. In this case justice seems not merely to have been leadenfooted, but to have sat down. Cross Purposes.

The young man in the guise of an old farmer was consulting his particular girl, who was doing the fortune telling act at the charity bazaar, and each had penetrated the other's disguise. "You love a fair maiden," she said,

inspecting his palm, "who will give you a severe jolt when you propose to her." "Good heavens!" he exclaimed,

quickly recovering himself. "Then she will accept me!"—Chicago Trib-Prefer to Remain.

Though oft we complain that this life is unkind, That too much of its hardship we get, After all, there are very few anxious to

The casiest way out of it yet. -Philadelphia Bulletin

THEY VARY.



Daughter-I don't want to marry just yet. I'd rather stay at school. Mother - You must remember, dear, men do not wish clever wives. Daughter-But all men are not like papa.-Chicago Daily News.

Expinined. Some folk there be who cannot drop Prolixity with pen and ink; 'Tis plain they never think to stop Because they do not stop to think, -Washington Star.

Giving Him an Incentive. "I hope," said the girl's mother, after the young millionaire had departed,

that you gave him proper encourage-"Oh, yes," she replied. "I told him I was engaged to a man who was crazy "Why, in my whole wardrobe there to marry me the minute he got through | isn't a night gown worth over \$10!"college."-Chicago Record-Herald.

An Apprehension.

"There are good trusts and bad

trusts," said the hopeful man.
"Yes," answered the cheerless citizen; "but the bad ones are accumulating so much profit and power, that I'm afraid it won't be long before the good trusts are led into temptation."-Washington Star.

Her Opinion.

"You know I intend to pay you, Mrs. Hashley. I, a theological student-" "Yes, I know. I think you'd be

more likely to have the money if you had some other kind of a job."--A Stickler About Words.

City Chap (angrily)-Look here! You warranted this horse to me to be entirely without faults, and now I find he is stone blind! Country Chap (cheerfully)-Wa'al,

blindness ain't a fault; it's an af-

No Flatterer.

"They tell me your little boy looks like you." "Yes, everybody says so. Have you seen him?"

"No, I don't think I care to see him."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. A Cinch.

"Loozout is a lucky dog!"

"Why, he has failed at everything he has tried." "Yes, but he's lucky to have a

father-in-law to take care of him."-Brooklyn Life. Nothing to Take Back. Dissatisfied Customer-Say, these gigars are the vilest I ever smoked.

Dealer-I do, sir. I guarantee them to be as good as any other two-cent cigar in the market.—Chicago Tribune.

Breaking Up Housekeeping.

You said you'd guarantee their quality.

"I understand that Judge Brown is breaking up housekeeping." "That can't be. He's very busy these days deciding divorce cases." "Well, isn't that what I said?"-N. Y. Herald.

His Philosophy. "Don't you think that you sometimes overestimate the value of money?" asked the friend.

"Mebbe," answered Senator Sor- shopping in town for my wife.-Philaghum; "but it's just as well to keep delphia Inquirer.
on the safe side."—Washington Star

# FURNITURE

It was are in need of Furniture, Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Oilcloth, Linoleum, Lace Curtains, Window Shades, Pictures, and Pieruse Frames, give us a call. We can suit you in

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When the girls will they will, and

here is fresh proof of it: The cab-

men of Evansville, Ind., recently

formed a combine and advanced their

prices for taking a couple to the the-

ater from one dollar to two dollars.

This led to the formation of a "gum

shoe" union on the part of the society

girls, who walked rather than pay the

price demanded. The business of the

cabmen fell off, and they had to go

back to the old prices. The girls are

now rejoicing over their victory, to

which they were helped by the sup-

port of the traveling men, who were

affected by a corresponding increase

of other rates and had arranged to ask

the city council to pass an ordinance

establishing a uniform price for

Nothing Accruing.

interest in the Sweatman mine?

Transcript.

was made up.

Town Topies.

said.

Granger-I understand you have an

Lamb-I have an investment there;

but I have seen no interest on it up

to the present moment. Boston

An Insuperable Obstacle.

After the accident the woman's mind

"I cannot go to the hospital," she

"But," urged her husband, "it is the

only thing to do. Modern surgery will

then have its full swing and your life

"It cannot be," she said, faintly.

So the Se.

WORSE THAN A NIGHTMARE.

"You look so haggard to-day, dear!

"Yes, dreadful! Only think, I

dreamed that the dressmaker had

made my new dress with those old-

fashioned puff sleeves!"-Unsere Ges-

A Wish.

Woman's Queer Ways.

a divorce case complains that her hus-

band would go days at a time without

"That's just like a woman. You'll

Red-Letter Day.

tion? You might be mistaken.

"A Chicago woman who is figuring in

Let others wish for coin and bonds-

Kind fate I'd greatly thank If I could have a check book on

-Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Some solld, hard coal bank

speaking to her."

Record-Herald.

Did you have a bad night?"

ellschaft.

A man down in old Santa Fe
Is often suspiciously ge.
There are people who think
He is given to drink,
But the fact is it's only his we.

-Chicago Tribune.

Nevertheless she was firm.

Notic At the NEW ST We have decided to

Felix B

duction on all Ladies the holidays, so as to body a chance to buva coat before Christmas price. This sale will to-day. We will surpe customers when the prices.

Remember, every or new and the styles are Special bargains in I Comfortables, Underwe

Goods. Come in an trouble to show goods A specially grand lo wake y lections from

H. F. Clen 446 Market St., SUN Three doors east of the

Do you need any If so, don't fail too store and get our p We can suit

style and from the est to the grade.

Bed-room Hard wood, gelde Only \$1 Mattresses Bedsprings Good W

withsp Chairs, Rockers, is boards, Fancy and tension Tables, is and Go-carts. M. HARTMANFU

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FIR INSURA AGEN Represent only list panies Lighting cla Threshing permit and

never hear of a man going into court We are commissed panies to issue i de business at our office for such a thing as that."-Chicago office. Lawyer (to witness)-Why are you

All business entitions will be promptly attention so positive, Mr. Suburban, that the or otherwise. event occurred on the date you men-Mr. Suburban-Impossible, sir. It was the day I didn't have to do any

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