

MY DAY'S A-COMING.

I know my saying's common, But it's no less wrong for that (It's like some other proverbs That we rattle off so pat.)

In God's last grand accounting They are every one for you; Your day, if you'll but use it For the best that you can do.

ATTACHED to all that splendor of a golfing apparel which the noxious loves had carrying a brand-new leather bag of clubs, Robinson strode across the hall from his own studio to a hall-gazed door whereon "J. Gilmore" stood out in large black letters.

Miss Charnock, in short skirt, cape, and Tom O'Shannon, was waiting impatiently when Robinson reached the door. She looked at him, although it lacked but a second of their train time, and her eyes were fixed on his face.

Robinson had not in the least been aware of the door opening, and a very slight start he gave when he saw the woman who had been waiting for him.

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."

one thing to another! Well, one was—um—um—one was the doctor and the other was—I forget who the other was."

"You'll have to get hold of the doctor, then, and make him give you an affidavit. And perhaps he can tell you, who the other was."

"By Jingo, Robinson, I believe you've got some sense, after all!" Gilmore also expressed his passing feeling of admiration in a wild-eyed stare. "Make 'em swear they saw Wyse give me the other paper, eh? Say, old man, it's nearly a hundred miles up there, I'd better pack my grip and get off to-day."

"If you can," said Robinson, with a snarl at the awesome chaos about him. "Of course you can't go to the hills, so I'll make your excuses to Miss Charnock. Ta, ta!"

Off went Robinson secretly rejoicing. But he had gone only a few blocks when his joy was turned to misgiving. What right had Gilmore to be so sure of Miss Charnock as to be indifferent to her passing the whole afternoon alone with him, Robinson? It was all of a piece with his calling her "Bernuda" to her face, even.

Miss Charnock, in short skirt, cape, and Tom O'Shannon, was waiting impatiently when Robinson reached the door. She looked at him, although it lacked but a second of their train time, and her eyes were fixed on his face.

Robinson had not in the least been aware of the door opening, and a very slight start he gave when he saw the woman who had been waiting for him.

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."

"I thought, of course, I would see you and then you would—afterward you know—and he would laugh at me."

"I see." "He—Jack—Mr. Gilmore hasn't the least idea I'm connected with anything, has he? It would just kill me if I never thought Mr. Schraeder would go so fast; he only said he could, and he would. How can I ever face him now?"

"Mr. Schraeder?" "No, him." And so, as if hypnotized, wondering why he did it all, Robinson helped Miss Charnock out of the cab, followed her into the house, and waited until she had written her note to Schraeder: "Please stop proceedings about Mr. Gilmore's contract with Henry Wyse," which he straightway took and delivered at the lawyer's office.

Returning to his own studio, a strange fancy prompted him to kick the panel of Gilmore's door in passing, and he was astonished to hear the thunder of Gilmore's cordial "Come!" sound from within.

"Hello!" said Gilmore. "Back already?" "I believe so. Why haven't you gone to Phoenixia?" "Remembered something I had to do before starting. Hadn't been too late I'd have rushed after you. Never mind; I can go after dinner."

"Then you'll arrive about midnight?" Gilmore roared his own magnificent laugh. "You old gump! I mean to Bernuda, of course, not Phoenixia. Robinson, I'll tell you something in confidence—strict confidence, mind. This was the day I fixed to propose a regular proposal, you know—propose to Bernuda. She came of age last week. We were going to lose you out on these hills."

"Thank you." "Yes, the idea of a lawyer's letter put it all out of my head till I got your scheme of hitting up those witnesses, Phoenixia and all."

"It was just a few days before marriage. He and she were as moon-eyed as young idiots usually are at such a period. Sitting side by side on the sofa, they were hand in hand and eye to eye. And, occasionally, lip to lip. Falls, Tuesday, Philadelphia Bulletin."

"Oh," he murmured, ecstatically, as his eyes rolled upward, "you are very, very dear to me!" "Darling," she purred, "it makes me happy to hear you say that. But will you stay 12 months hence?" "I shall never alter in my opinion," he protested. And they closed their eyes again.

And at the end of 12 months, when he had paid over the housekeeping accounts and the dressmakers' and milliners' bills, he sighed. But, like a hero, he braved it.

"Darling," he said, wincing as he spoke. "I said I should never alter in my opinion. And I desire to state with no mental reservation whatever, that you are very, very dear to me."

Robinson had not in the least been aware of the door opening, and a very slight start he gave when he saw the woman who had been waiting for him.

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."

To Cure a Cold in One Day. The Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. This signature, E. W. Brown. Cures Croup in Two Days. on every box, 25c.

STAND MAN. She (over phone)—Those wraps I spoke of are more expensive than I thought. \$2.25 and \$3.25. One I made of French flannel and the other of lady's cloth, but they're both pretty. He—But which is the more expensive? She—Why, the \$3.25 one, of course. Stupid!—Philadelphia Press.

There is a Difference. The Irrepressible Child—Ma, is there any difference between love and fat? His Mother—No, dear. The I. C.—Then why did pa get angry when Mr. Jones said he was a flathead, and then feel good when he heard that Mr. Smith said he was level-headed?—Columbia Jester.

Wise Beyond His Years. "Now, Johnny," said the teacher, who had been describing a warship to the class, "how is the deck divided?" "A deck is divided," replied the bright boy, "into spades, hearts, diamonds and clubs."—Philadelphia Press.

The Original Girl. She's quite original, they say. A blythe and winsome elf. She plays her thym in a way He didn't know himself. —Washington Star.

WOULD CAUSE A RELAPSE. But few would frown and frow would weep Down here beneath God's sure dome If people always tried to keep Their company members on at home. —Chicago Record-Herald.

A Pleasant Prospect. Mrs. Crawford—she married a carpenter. Mrs. Crabshaw—Isn't that just lovely! Now she can have shelves put up whenever she wishes, without having to ask the landlord over and over again.—Puck.

The Middleman. Mrs. Reuben—You're a big fool to pay a hundred dollars for that gold brick. Reuben—Don't worry, I'll sell that there brick to St. Hopkins for two hundred. He's twice as big a fool as I be.—N. Y. Journal.

A Cheerful Loser. Miss Johnson—He admits that he gambles—but says he only does it to try to get money 'nough fo' us to get married on! Miss Jackson—Wal, ah reckon dat's de truest! Dey say he's jes' de cheerfulest loser in Blackville!—Puck.

Not so Very High. "I have been told," said the new patient, "that you are the highest authority on appendicitis." "Oh! I don't know," replied the eminent surgeon. "I only charge \$1,000 per operation."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Light That Failed. Mrs. A.—When I was engaged to my husband he was the very light of my existence. Mrs. B.—And now? Mrs. A.—The light goes out every night.—Brooklyn Life.

Asked and Answered. "What," asked the youth from the low, "is the great secret of success?" "The great secret of success," replied the Norwood philosopher, "is to find something you can't do—then don't do it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FURNITURE..... If you are in need of Furniture, Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Oilcloth, Linoleum, Lace, Curtains, Window Shades, Pictures, and Picture Frames, give us a call. We can suit you in Style and in Prices..... Our stock is new and up-to-date. It is no trouble to show goods and quote prices. REPAIRING neatly and promptly done. Lewistown Furniture Co., No. 12-14 Valley St. Felix Block

Spring Opening At the NEW STORE... Ladies Muslin Underwear, May 1st to the... H. F. Clemme 416 Market St., SUNBURT Three doors east of the Market

FURNITURE Do you need any furniture? If so, don't fail to come to our store and get our prices. We can suit you style and price from the cheapest to the best grade. Elegant Three-piece Bed-room Suits Hard wood, golden oak Only \$12.50 Mattresses - \$10 Bedsprings - \$10 Good White Enamel Bed with Springs \$50

Schroyer & Smyse FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS. Represent only first-class companies. All business entrusted to us will be promptly attended to or otherwise. OFFICE CHESTNUT ST. In Schroyer's Building, near BELLESGROVE, Snyder County.



STUCK TO HIS WORD.

After 12 Months of Wedded Life the Young Man Still Called Her "Dear."

It was just a few days before marriage. He and she were as moon-eyed as young idiots usually are at such a period. Sitting side by side on the sofa, they were hand in hand and eye to eye. And, occasionally, lip to lip. Falls, Tuesday, Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Oh," he murmured, ecstatically, as his eyes rolled upward, "you are very, very dear to me!" "Darling," she purred, "it makes me happy to hear you say that. But will you stay 12 months hence?" "I shall never alter in my opinion," he protested. And they closed their eyes again.

And at the end of 12 months, when he had paid over the housekeeping accounts and the dressmakers' and milliners' bills, he sighed. But, like a hero, he braved it.

"Darling," he said, wincing as he spoke. "I said I should never alter in my opinion. And I desire to state with no mental reservation whatever, that you are very, very dear to me."

Robinson had not in the least been aware of the door opening, and a very slight start he gave when he saw the woman who had been waiting for him.

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked, looking at her. "You're waiting for me?" "Yes, I am," she answered, "and I've been waiting for you for some time."