

# NOT LIKE OTHER MEN

By Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey,  
Author of "The Brotherhood of St. Louis," "The Quality of a Sin," Etc.

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(Continued from last week.)

## CHAPTER XV.

PROUD TO BE A WOMAN.

CRAIG THOMPSON went away with a heavy heart, but his faith in Lisle was unshaken, and deep down in his own mind he knew that she was right. He was a firm adherent to the principle that personal perplexities are best fought out in solitude, and in reality he admitted Lisle for her determination and upheld her in it.

While Mr. Thompson and his daughter remained with him he was content to let things go as they were, but when the week of their stay came to an end and they had departed he soon became moody, a condition which always immediately preceded one of his fits. Just before the guests left him Erna brought him to ride or send over to Crescent and Cross for information concerning Lisle, but the old frontiersman was obstinate.

"I won't do," he said gruffly. "When Lisle wants me, she'll send for me, and I agreed not to bother her until she did. She's got sand, Lisle has, and it won't do to cross her in the mood she's in just now. She won't start a fit. She'd take the bit in her teeth and get to buck jumping so's she'd throw the whole gang of us. You and your pop more right along to Kansas City and say nothing, and when Lisle has her stampe out she'll quit down and go to feeding all quiet and serene. After that I'll take her to Kansas City to see you, and then we can fix her up and regulate matters."

Nevertheless his restlessness increased as the days passed. The one week he had spent in the city had lengthened into three and then four, and Craig developed a habit of riding off alone on the plains and being absent all day. At such times he inevitably rode in the direction of Lisle's ranch to a spot where the ground was more than half way between the two places and sufficiently high so that from it he could with the aid of his binoculars quite plainly see upon the veranda of the ranch house where he believed Lisle was still engaged in "fighting it out." He used to dismount from his horse, turn him broadside toward the ranch, and resting his arms upon the saddle, study for an hour at a time every moving object that came into his range of vision. Sometimes he thought he recognized the figure of Lisle, and during the ensuing 24 hours there was always an appreciable lifting of the cloud that rested upon him. But he never went farther than that particular point, and he never permitted one of his men to do so.

"If I don't keep my word with her, she'll never trust me again as long as I live," was his constant lament whenever the inclination to obtain information on the sly proved almost too strong for him. But he became more and more morose as the weeks passed, hoping all the time that she would not permit the entire two months to come to an end before he communicated with him, but at last, when only two weeks remained until the time would be up, he began to count the days, convinced that he would never hear from her until the expiration of the time.

When the morning of the great day arrived, he was up with the sun, his moroseness had vanished, and Craig Thompson was himself again. He possessed implicit faith that Lisle would keep her word, and he felt as certain that he would have news of her or see her before the time was up, that he would live until that hour. That day he did not ride out, as usual, but he remained restlessly about the place and, much to the astonishment of his men, whistled gayly while he "inspected" the place.

As the day advanced and began to decline he became uneasy, and at last, when the sun glowed like a ball of fire in the west preparatory to hiding itself behind the Sierras, he began to talk to himself, swearing under his breath in a manner which, if he had uttered the words aloud, would have horrified the most accustomed ears.

The sun dropped out of sight, and still there was no sign of Lisle. "The day won't be up till midnight," muttered Craig. "I'll wait till then, but not a minute longer. When the clock strikes 12, I'm going to light out for Crescent and Cross."

When evening fell and darkness settled upon the earth, he did not go inside, as was his custom. He brought an easy chair out upon the porch and settled himself in its depths with waiters straining his ears to catch the slightest sound that would announce the approach of a stranger, and at last, when the hour was considerably past, he bounded to his feet with sudden interest, for he had detected the unmistakable footfall of a galloping horse. In a moment more the rider came into view and presently drew rein immediately in front of the waiting man.

"Is this Thompson's ranch?" he inquired.

"You bet it is," was the quick response.

"I want Craig Thompson."

"That's me, stranger."

"All right. I've got a message for you. I was instructed to deliver it before sundown, but my horse went lame, and I had to foot around half a day before I could get another."

He handed over a sealed envelope while speaking, and then he leaped to the ground.

"Turn your mount into the corral," said Craig, taking the letter in his hand. "You'll find it over there." And he vaguely indicated the direction in which it was located. When you get back, I'll look up some grub for you."

The messenger led his horse away, and Craig stepped through the door into a lighted room. He studied the direction of the envelope a moment or two and then gingerly broke the seal. Then, while he read the contents of the short message, his eyes opened wide, and wider, and at last he uttered a long, low whistle.

The missive was written in Lisle's hand upon stationery of the Palace hotel, San Francisco, and was as follows:

Dear Craig—You will be surprised to learn that I left Crescent from the following your departure and came directly here. Since then I have been very much occupied, as you may suppose, I shall leave here tomorrow for the city of New York and will establish myself at the Hotel House, where I will wait your coming, for I know that you will come. You may travel at your leisure, as there is no need for haste. Then after we have met and discussed things, I will return to the city, and when I see you I will find me arranged in feminine attire, as I will offer no further explanation in person.

LISA MAXWELL.

The look of perplexity upon Craig's face deepened, but it was softened by a tender smile, which somehow wonderfully transformed it.

"She's a ruster! Lisle, I'm proud of you! And all the time I was jacked enough to suppose that you were moping all alone within 20 miles of where I was sitting and waiting for you to get 'tally hoed'!" He turned to the door and opened it just as the messenger who had cared for his horse was on the point of entering it.

"How far did you come with that letter?" he demanded.

"From San Francisco," was the quiet reply.

"What! Did you bring it clear from there?"

"Yes. Those were my instructions, came by rail as far as Reno, and from there I've made the trip on horseback, by way of Belmont—a roundabout way, but the best travelling I was born of and knew the country thoroughly. I used to know you when I was a boy."

"Shake! You're all right! Now I'll find you something to eat!"

One week later Craig Thompson arrived in New York, and it is doubtful if his familiars in Nevada would have known him had any of them chanced to encounter him at that time. His unkempt beard had disappeared. His unkempt hair was gone. His mustache had been trimmed and trained, his hair was shorn, and his costume was all that the most fastidious city bred man could desire. All the indications of the fact that his alterations seemed entirely familiar to him, and he was as thoroughly at ease as if he had lived all his life in the sphere to which he had been born.

"Home," he said aloud as he stepped from the train to the platform. Home again after all these years, after having sworn that I would never again put my feet upon the pavements of New York! Twenty-five years since I left home and lost myself on the Nevada plains and among the names in the Sierras! Eighteen years since I left that three I came back for that one flying visit—arrived in the evening and left in the early morning, bitterly sorry that I came, more than ever determined never to return—and here I am!

He signaled to a cab, entered it, and was taken to the Hotel House, where he knew that he would find the object of his journey, and an hour later he rose from the couch where he had awaited the return of the boy who had taken his card to Miss Maxwell—figure to meet a tall, faultlessly clad man who entered the room at a figure who rapidly approached him, which had Lisle's face, which looked upon him out of Lisle's eyes, which spoke to him in Lisle's voice of rich contralto, but which in no other way resembled the young friend from whom he had parted on the plains of Nevada.

"Craig," she said and hesitated. Her surprise was as great as his, for the transformation in him was not less marked than it was in her. But the hesitation was almost imperceptible, for with both hands she drew his head toward her and kissed him upon his brow.

"Have you been undergoing a course of instruction also?" she asked, seated at the table.

"The change in you is as great as it is in me. It is an improvement in both cases; don't you think so?"

"Yes. With me, Lisle, it is simply the resumption of my own. I was born here, lived here until I was 18; then I went away. Once I came back, that was 18 years ago. I intended never to come again, but you needed me, and here I am."

"Have you forgotten how to swear, Craig?"

"No; I have only laid the habit aside with my other clothes. They fit each other and are to be worn at the same time. Lisle has any one told you that you are a beautiful woman?"

"Yes," laughing gayly. "I have not lacked for information on that point."

"You were a handsome boy, but now you are superb. Before you go into anything else I want you to tell me all that has happened during these two months and more since I parted with you."

"Oh, that is quickly told. My father always kept a supply of cash in the house. There were several thousand dollars there at the time he died. I took it and went to San Francisco, traveling in my cowboy costume, for it was the only dress with which I was familiar. I had formed a plan of procedure, and when I arrived at my destination I carried it out to the letter. It consisted in finding a woman who would be at once a friend and an instructor, and I found one. I knew of a gentleman who had visited us once when I was quite young. He was a banker, and my father had business dealings with him, so that letters frequently passed between them. Among these letters I discovered his address, and as soon as I arrived in San Francisco I applied to him. I told him, of course, that my father was dead and that I desired his advice regarding several matters, the first one being a suitable place to live. He settled that in the way I wished him to do, for he invited me to his own home, and in his wife I found the friend I needed. My course of instruction began that same day, for I at once told her what I was, and I can assure you that my path has been strewn with roses from that day to this. Mr. and Mrs. Parsons came east with me and are here in the hotel. They are in their parlor now waiting for me to take you to them, for you may be sure that I have told them all about Craig Thompson. Will you come now and let me present you to them? They will be surprised, for you are not the Craig Thompson whom I have described to them. It is very funny. I have been apologizing all this time for your rough ways, which I have insisted are as natural to you as it is for me to run down hill. Will you go with me now?"

"Yes, and afterward I'll get a carriage, and we'll take a ride together. I want to talk to you, not to strangers. But before we go to them, Lisle, there is one question that I want to ask you."

"What is it, Craig?"

"Are you sorry now that you are a woman?"

"No, Craig; I am glad that I am a woman. My heart is very light and very glad to be a woman, and I am proud to know that I am a woman!"

"Thank God! So am I; but prouder still because you are always Lisle. Fate can alter your dress and your outward appearance, but it can't change Lisle Maxwell. That's what I'm proud of, little woman! Now take me to your friends."

CHAPTER XVI.

TO MAKE TWO WOMEN HAPPY.

EIGHTEEN years had not greatly altered the appearance of Daniel Maxwell. He was still the same square jawed, still visaged man with whom Philip Barrington had discussed his fate that long ago when he had stolen his baby girl away from his mother and disappeared as utterly as if the earth had opened and engulfed him, and the disappearance had been utter and entire even to him, for he had never been better informed regarding the real location of his client than had the mourning wife so cruelly deserted. Such correspondence as they had had was carried on through the medium of a banker in San Francisco, and the New York lawyer had never made the slightest effort to learn more concerning his former friend than that friend chose to tell him. Knowing nothing, he could impart no information. Being himself uninformed, he could truthfully say "I don't know" to all inquiries. He had never given the acts of Philip Barrington his personal approval, but he had nevertheless obeyed instructions without deviation. Personal liberty of action was the maximum of his daily life, and he adhered to it in the regulation of his own affairs. Nothing had ever moved him from the straight course of duty as he recognized it. He was a philosopher and a stoic, and it was his practice to impart all kinds of information which he had to be would have said, "It is raining." He rarely smiled, and he never frowned. Surprise never altered a line in his face nor changed the inflection of his voice. With him no man meant no and no man meant yes, and nothing could alter his expression after he had once uttered it; so that when a card which bore the name of Lisle Maxwell engraved upon it and with Craig's name penciled beneath it was given to him early in the evening following the interview between Lisle and Craig he put it aside and said calmly:

"Admit them."

They entered the same room into which Lisle's father had borne her the night before he went away, a self-denied outcast, and the quick mind of the lawyer already grasped the fact that it was the child who had returned, doubtless to acquaint him with the information of Richard Maxwell's (Philip Barrington's) death, but he made no sign when the young lady, accompanied by the tall stranger, entered the room, only saying with his aggravating calm:

"Be seated. What can I do for you?"

Lisle did not reply. She stepped forward and without a word of explanation gave the letter which her father had addressed to Craig into the lawyer's hands. He read it through to the end, raised his eyes and asked:

"Have you other proofs of your father's death?"

It was Craig's turn to act, and he stepped forward and laid the death certificate upon the table.

"H'm!" said the lawyer, examining it. "He has been dead something over two months. Now, young lady, if you will wait a few moments until I read a letter which your father left with me to be read by me after his death I will know how I am to talk to you."

He was exasperatingly slow in opening the great safe that was in one corner of the room, in the deliberation with which he took therefrom a bundle of papers, and at last separated one from the others. It was an envelope, sealed with red wax, which he opened and, still crumpling before the safe, read it to the end.

"Very good," he said at last, rising and resuming his chair. "Your father's letter places me entirely at my ease. I am told that, unless you otherwise determine, I am to act as your counsel in all things and that I am to exercise my own judgment in replying to any question upon which you may desire to be informed. Your father will appoint me your guardian until you are of age. In addition to that, I am your attorney."

# THE CORN HARVEST.

Best Time to Cut Fodder—Points of Handling the Crop.

Extensive experiments to determine the best time for cutting corn have been conducted at the Pennsylvania station at one time and another, and the results are remarkably uniform, all pointing to the advisability of allowing the corn to become quite well matured before cutting and shocking.

In every experiment the amount of dry matter increased very rapidly after growth had apparently ceased. This increase takes place in the grain. Practically these same conclusions were reached in Maine. The large growing varieties of the west should, according to the Maine station, be harvested before they are quite mature, but flint corn should be allowed to stand until well ripened.

Cutting and Shocking.

Other things being equal, a large shock should be planned for, especially in the west, where there is less disposition to handle the fodder. A shock sixteen hills square is the favorite in most sections, although in some localities where the corn is very heavy a twelve hill shock is the favorite. In the east and north shocks are seldom more than eight hills square. The climate also has something to do with the size of the shock. In the humid regions small shocks are more desirable. Care must be taken in putting together shocks of different sizes. It is most desirable to start the shock, cutting about one-fourth the fodder, allowing it to dry out thoroughly, then putting on another fourth and continuing until the shock is completed, allowing at least twenty-four hours between each cutting. If, however, rain comes during the cutting, much more of the fodder will be injured. Great care must be exercised in standing corn about the shock, so that the shock will not twist or blow down.

Improved Machinery.

The corn binder is coming into use rapidly, some big farmers operating as many as one at a time. They are so constructed that corn can be handled even though it be badly blown down. It operates best in corn of medium size, the cost of tax is largely offset by the smaller amount of labor required for shocking and hauling. Where the corn is on the green order it is more dangerous of muddling until wanted. This results in a loss of about 20 per cent, depending upon the weather, size of shock, etc. Where large shocks have been made this loss of course is reduced to a minimum. Stacking corn fodder after it has been shocked is a very important matter. The corn should be stored in a place where small quantities are to be taken care of. This is also true in the older states where the fodder is stored in barns.

When on Corn Ground.

Wherever the three year rotation is practicable but little plowing is done for wheat, says an Ohio correspondent in National Stockman. The yields of wheat on corn ground are so satisfactory in many places that the economy of growing wheat in this way is no longer disputed. The probability of a higher level of prices for wheat on account of worldwide competition makes cheaper production imperative. The corn farmer would eliminate wheat from the rotation altogether were it not for the connecting link between corn and grass. No other crop serves this purpose quite as well. Better crops of wheat are grown on corn ground, but the corn is not so good. The difference is chiefly due to the better treatment of the seed bed. Then it was the custom to sow the seed broadcast and cover it with a double shovel plow. The seed could not be covered with a uniformity of earth, and if the soil was left uneven and cloddy, if moisture was deficient in the fall, the wheat would be a failure.

News and Notes.

The onion outlook is rather unpromising, a poor rate of yield and a glut of onions from some sections and nothing more than average in others. The large a reagent, however, compensates to some extent for these conditions.

Georgia's 1902 peach crop is expected to be a record. The crop is estimated at 1,500,000 cartons.

Cutting and curing tobacco progressed favorably, and the crop has generally done well, says the government weather bureau report.

Corn prospects continue promising in the principal sections. The crop is generally good, leads in castor bean growing, and the crop is a good one this season.

There is much interest in hairy vetch for a cover crop, but the seed is scarce and costly.

The combination of a number of the large manufacturers of harvesting machinery in the United States into a corporation with a capital of \$120,000,000 is announced.

Not Unreasonable.

There lives in a Massachusetts town a young woman whose courtesy never deserts her, even in the most trying moments. Not long ago she stood awaiting back and forth, holding to a young man in a crowded next car on a rainy day.

A young man who stood next her had a dripping umbrella, with which he emphasized his remarks to a friend. As he pointed it down on the floor of the car an expression of anxiety gradually came upon the young woman's face, and at last when the umbrella had become quiet for a moment she spoke.

"I beg your pardon," she said in a clear, calm tone. "I am sorry to trouble you, but could you please hold your umbrella to my other foot for a moment so that I may empty the water out of my rubber shoe in which the umbrella is now fastened?"

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"Yes, but a dollar looks like a dime that, and you look like a miracle."—Baltimore News.

# MY "WALLFLOWER"

(Original.)

The winter festivities were at their height. I was young and impressionable, just the age to be run away with by a fancy, especially for a woman. One evening at one of the large entertainments of the season I noticed a young girl sitting alone in the corner of a sofa. There was that in her appearance which attracted me strangely. Perhaps I showed my admiration in my expression, for when our eyes met she colored slightly and turned her glance quickly away. Turning to a lady standing beside me, I asked if she knew the "wallflower" and if she would introduce me. The lady glanced at the girl and shook her head. I tried another and another, with no better success. The girl soon noticed that I was trying to secure an introduction to her and could not express an unambiguous wish. Presently an elderly clerical gentleman came in and took her away from the room and the house. I went to the host, described the young lady and asked her name. He could not name her, but he referred, but suggested, in view of the lack of attention paid her, that she must be some poor minister's daughter from the country.

I went home, expecting to forget all about the incident, but was surprised to find that it or at least the girl would not be forgotten. At the end of a week there was no change, and at the end of a month I had discovered that I was in love.

Three months passed, and when a warm spring day came on I set out on my saddle horse and took a ride in the park. A carriage passed me, and there, lying back on the cushions, was my wallflower. On seeing me a scarcely perceptible smile flitted across her face, and she was gone, leaving me in a flutter of excitement. Then, as soon as I could recover my wits I turned and dashed after her. A policeman seized my horse and took me to the station, where I paid a fine of \$10 for fast riding.

Our first meeting was at the sailing of an ocean steamer for Southampton, England. I came to bid adieu to my friends, and as the ship left the wharf, a white cloud of handkerchiefs waving on both wharf and steamer, there, leaning over the rail, was my wallflower. She saw me, laughed, as though the matter were amusing, and faded away from me.

I secured a stateroom on the next steamer for England and in less than ten days was in London. I had not realized the folly of attempting to find my innamorata till I reached the great smoky city. However, concluding that all Americans make some stop at the British capital before going on to the continent, I went to the principal hotels, scrutinized the faces of those who asked questions about the persons who bore them, went everywhere where strangers were sure to go, but saw nothing of the girl I was hunting. Then I went to Paris, Berlin, Vienna and a host of other places, returning to London only to find the steamer waiting for me. One day while riding up the Strand toward the city a carriage passed me, driven by a coachman in a dark colored livery, with a footman in patent.

Inside the carriage was my wallflower. I called loudly to my driver to stop, but the coachman would not so great that he did not hear me. We were blocked for a moment. The girl saw me, seemed intensely amused, and her carriage passed on. I finally called my driver's attention and told him to turn and follow the carriage; but, when he had done so, he could get a free passage we had lost all trace of it. I remained in London a month, hoping for another meeting, but was obliged to return to America disappointed.

The next winter one of my invitations attracted my especial attention. It was for a dinner and cocktail at the house where I had seen my wallflower. Since the affair was a select one for twenty couples I had no hope of seeing a "poor minister's daughter from the country." Had it not been for a desire to look at the world which she had said I should have sent my regrets. As it was, I accepted. On the evening of the dinner I went to the house a little early, and as no one was in I drawing room to receive me I went to the sofa where I had first seen my wallflower. I sat down, and in a few minutes she gradually the room filled, and the host made his way to me. "Come," he said. "Let me present you to the lady you are to take to dinner. She's not known here, though she has met me here before. She's engaged at present." A few minutes later he approached me with a lady on his arm.

"Great heaven! Who should she be but my wallflower, my 'poor minister's daughter from the country'! I did not see her till she was seated at my table, looked up my habitually expression changing to surprise, delight, confusion, while she—how did this woman whom I had been hunting all over the world greet me? She laughed.

Dinner was announced, and I felt the lady who I so longed to see on my arm during the evening I got her story. She was the daughter of a rich Episcopal bishop. The year before, when I had seen her sitting alone, she had come among strangers, and the social graces were prepared for her. When she visited England with her father the next spring, he was called "my lord bishop," and his daughter, being furnished with an opportunity, became a social success.

Alas, she was betrothed to an English nobleman, and she was to be married. But how can I state in a few words all that comes after that little word? The settlement was not satisfactory to his lordship. My settlement was satisfactory to the bishop, her father.

# GREGSON'S POLICY

(Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson.)

Franklin Howard regarded the group on the porch with a curiosity which was returned with interest. He was the latest arrival at Stony Brook farm, and the other summer boarders looked upon a newcomer with satisfaction.

Howard was a big, clean faced fellow, with clear eyes and an alert air, a pair of which attracted me strangely. Perhaps I showed my admiration in my expression, for when our eyes met she colored slightly and turned her glance quickly away. Turning to a lady standing beside me, I asked if she knew the "wallflower" and if she would introduce me. The lady glanced at the girl and shook her head. I tried another and another, with no better success. The girl soon noticed that I was trying to secure an introduction to her and could not express an unambiguous wish. Presently an elderly clerical gentleman came in and took her away from the room and the house. I went to the host, described the young lady and asked her name. He could not name her, but he referred, but suggested, in view of the lack of attention paid her, that she must be some poor minister's daughter from the country.

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# ALL GOOD THINGS

must win upon their merits. The International Dictionary has won a greater distinction upon its merits and is in more general use than any other work of its kind in the English language.

A. H. Sayce, LL.D., D.D., of Oxford University, England, has recently said: "It is indeed a marvellous work, and difficult to conceive of a dictionary more exhaustive and complete. Everything in it—not only what we might expect to find in such a work, but also some of the things we would ever have thought of looking for."

A supplement to the new edition has brought it fully up to date. It has been looking through the latter with a feeling of astonishment at its completeness, and the amount of labor that has been put into it.

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# LACKAWANNA RAILROAD

BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

WEST.	A. M.	P. M.
New York	9:30	10:00
Scranton	10:00	10:30
Buffalo	10:30	11:00
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Scranton	12:00	12:30
Buffalo	12:30	1:00
Scranton	1:00	1:30
Buffalo	1:30	2:00
Scranton	2:00	2:30
Buffalo	2:30	3:00
Scranton</		