Janey looked at her marigold with thoughts of reclaiming it (it seemed unappropriated and unappreciated lying there on the pillow), and then she heard the coaxing voice of A'nt 'Cindy's small granddaughter calling from the big crape myrtle tree (she was not allowed to trespass farther upon the front yard): "Janey! Janey! I got a pooty fur ye, Janey!" And she trotted off to hestow her society where it was most

Jane may not have been blessed with many ideas, but she gave profound attention to those that did visit her. She pondered all day on the possibility of Blossier becoming a teacher of French, and after supper she went over to consult Mrs. Pembroke about

"Of course," she said after she was seated on the gallery in the starlight and had introduced her subject, "nobody can do much with the war going on but I'm willing to make some sacrifices for Janey, and Mr. Blossy wouldn't expect much. We could just share what we've got with him till times are better. I'm afraid he's been awful pore lately. And, after all, the town would 'a' been most burned down sure if it hadn't been for him.'

Miss Catherine had no little children to be instructed, so Jane, with difficulty and hitches, got out so much sug-

That's all true, Jane," replied Miss Catherine cheerfully, "but everybody ain't as anxious to recollect them kind of things as you and as your mother was before you. I remember now how she cherished that old Mammy Dinah of yourn just for the way she nussed you when you had that terrible typhoid sickness when you was little. semed like she couldn't do enough for that niggah when she got old and wuthless. Good niggah she was too." There was a pause, and just as Miss Catherine was again taking up the

"Mr. Blossy ain't a niggah, and it seems kinda dreadful to see a white man live like he does here in Strathwhite either. He's got education, I've pers. He's got some now at my house." about them like other people. He's door. een here doing niggah's work years, but it don't seem exactly like any other white man doing it. He's just a Frenchman first or last, and for them that wants to learn French I reckon that's what they want. I s'pose it would be a good thing for the pore old body, but ou can't do much, Jane, with the war going on, and the Lord only knows"-Then loyalty to disloyalty sealed her lips against the first expression of tale of the conflict. As to the present she was right. There was small inter-

and went her own way. Long before poor Andy McGrath, gaunt and tattered and despairing and beaten, came back to his home Strath Evans." boro had become familiar with the sight of Blossier going about his work with a tiny figure by his side, a little girl with the most marvelous double rows of brown curls under her cornshuck hat curls as stiff and slick and regular as if they had been done out of wood with a turning lathe. Strathboro admired the curls unanimously but an accomplishment of their owner filled them with an even livelier interest. That little thing could speak French, talk it right along with old

The pair were continually called upon to demonstrate the fact. When old Mrs. Farnley came in from the country to stay with her daughterin-law, she was not to be convinced by

the ordinary exhibition. "You, Mr. Blossy," said she-"you can clean out there by that there crape myrtle and stay there where I can see you. Janey, you tell Mr. Blossy when he comes back to give me my stick Tell him in French." Janey was a lit tle mystified, but she was used to ex hibiting her French, so she successfull performed the feat required of her and when Blossier, with a bow, handed the old lady her staff more witness es than one had a new realization that

less jargon. Andy McGrath's soul was as much like Jane's as one cornfield pea is like another. The Infinite mind doubtless saw distinctions between them, and Jane knew that Andy took more sugar in his coffee than she did, and Andy knew that she would spank Janey sometimes when he would not; but so far as other human beings were concerned, they might as well have had interchangeable identities. When the got married, Mrs. Pembroke remarked



Blossier, with a bow, handed the old lady her staff.

to Mrs. Kitchens that it was curious to see two such good, dumb, clever, say nothing bodies marry each other, but then, she added, perhaps it would have been more curious yet if they had

Of course Andy accepted Blossler in | 4eard one of his pupils, a middle aged exactly Jane's spirit. He felt a little at a loss as to how to conduct bimself with a Frenchman, finding himself without social traditions on that point, but he had the best will in the world but he had the best will in the world to adapt himself as well as he could to any new effquette required. Neither he she was doing anyhow," and that it

By Viola Roseboro'

nor Jane had a touch of the usual sore contempt for ways new to them, so little may a large spirit be dependent on experience or intellectuality.

Andy had been home a week, and it was the evening after they had first persuaded Blossier to sup with them. Janey, her curls tumbled into merely human tresses, but presumably dream ing French dreams, lay in her trundle bed, and close by Jane and Andy sat at the window, cooling off and, as they said, "talking things over." Jane now opened up the subject she had had so

"'Pears, Andy, like Mr. Blossy's too good to be doing niggah's work all the time. Of course with a Frenchman things is different, but seems like if he can teach Janey he might teach oth-

"It 'pears like it would be more fitting," said Andy, seizing the idea. "It's called a smart thing to know French. There's Babe Tucker.' "Blossy must know all about it," re-

sponded Andy again. "Yes; I heard Judge Caldwell say years ago that he was educated."

"It's bad time now, Jane." "I know that, Andy, but we must just try and get him started. The war's over, and people got to educate their children quick if they're going to at

"Well, Blossy's right here, and a

heap of houses beside ourn would 've burnt down if he hadn't been. It won't cost much. He'll be better off anyhow than working all the time like a niggah. You talk to your brother Ben, Andy. He'll like to have his girls as smart as Janey," concluded the self sacrificing Jane, with a sigh. Ten years from that night Judge

Caldwell was saying to a guest, a law yer from west Tennessee: "Yes, sir; Strathboro can show more people, old and young, accomplished in the French tongue, sir, than any town-a larger proportion, sir, so accomplished-than any town in the state. There are numerous children in Strathboro that talk French with each other together boro. It gin't as if he was a real poor at their play, sir, sometimes. In fact there is a little niggah here about the heard tell. He reads French newspa- house somewhere now that I heard say ing- You, 'Liza, where's that picka "Well, he's a foreigner, you know, ninny of yours?" The judge interrupt-Jane. You never can tell anything ed himself to call a servant passing the

"Very well; never mind."
"Well, sir, I must let you hear that little darky talk French in the morning. It sounds comic; it does indeed She picked it up from my grandchil dren. Strathboro always had a literary taste. This county has produced : large proportion of the great men of middle Tennessee, Mr. Hunter-a large proportion, even take the whole state together, sir-and, owing to the circumstances I have related to you, a rivalry in the French language and lit est in Strathboro in those days in the erature sprang up among our people-acquirement of French by any means hatsoever. Jane accepted this fact now, sir, almost as many of them have read 'Corinne,' sir, Mme, de Stael's masterpiece, as are familiar with the 'Beulah' or 'St. Elmo' of our own Miss

The indee spoke truly It had about that learning French was the game the town most affected, and Blossier was, of course, the teacher.

The tone about him had not greatly changed. A familiarity with French had not much decreased Strathboro's sense of the anomalous in the existence of a Frenchman, but the face of life had greatly altered to Blossier. Stimulated by the gentle proddings of Jane McGrath he had studied to fit himself for his new calling, and it had come about that he had developed a cising his few wits, and, bless him, was enjoying the sweets of the intellectual

Moreover, though the tone of the town about him had not much altered, Its tone to him was necessarily in the new circumstances more friendly and considerate, and that deeply touched and pleased the little man.

He still lived by himself, but now it vard, and so he was within the pale of rivilization and could be looked after if he fell sick. Jane had not rested till that possibility was provided for. But fate is apt to pass over the possibilities scrupulously provided for. Blossier had never spent a day in bed since he recovered from his burns when one autumn the dear Jane herself sickened and died and was laid away in that shadow village always growing, growing silently and ominously, by Strath-

boro's side Poor Andy McGrath was indeed left, as A'nt 'Cindy said, like the half of a pair of scissors. Yes; that was it. He was now a something absurdly useless, unnaturally unfit for existence, a some thing to provoke the mirth of Olym-

How strange a thing, still strange in its awful familiarity, that a creature so inoffensive, living in dumb, helpless good faith the life thrust on him, could seem so played upon!

At the funeral, after Jane was laid in the ground and the earth was well heaped over her, Andy turned his poor bewildered, pain dazed eyes upon the faces about him, and amid their wea ried assumption of solemnity, beneath which the usual easy little interest in the commonplace was already asserting itself, he saw Blossier, his features eyes that did not see upon the hideous

It was not in Andy to feel resentment against the others. Perhaps he, too, realized in the depths of his wordless consciousness that poor humanity could hardly exist except as it is "well wadded with stupidity," but his heart went out to Blossier and was eased a little at the sight of his grief. He went to him and took his hand, and without a word the two men, the

two piteous old children, went away together from Jane's grave. Months went by, and Strathboro berame used to seeing them together and had almost ceased to gossip about the queer taste Andy showed when one lune day new fuel fed the flame of

topular criticism. The week before Blossier had overanmarried lady, say in his class to her rearest neighbor that "it was a plun shame the way poor Mrs. McGrath's little girls was running wild, with no-

was her "'pinion that pore Miss Jane would rather they had a stepma than to have 'em left with no raising at all Jane had left four daughters. This

profound reflection. He reflected to some purpose. That night, instead of going and sitting on the gallery steps Copyright, 1902, bu

Andre as usual, he Andre as usual, he after supper with American stopped outside the front gate and called with a portentous, mysterious air, "Mees-tere Andee, Mees-tere Andee air, "Mees-tere Andee, be beckoned," In answer to the invitation be beckoned, after supper with Andy, as usual, he stopped outside the front gate and American Press Association

\*\*Coppress Association\*\*

\*\*American Press Association\*\*

Associa

little incident gave Blossier food for

still mysteriously, with sidelong, backward nods of the head, for Andy to Andy reached the gate, now assuming a light, degage air, totally inconsistent with his previous manner. "Come chezmoi, these eve-ning."

When Andy was seated on the steps mint julep and, with a glass of cheap claret for himself, the one luxury of his presses her, though, 'soft as the memprosperity, sat himself down in the

"Mighty nice," said Andy politely. Get your mint close by?" But Blossier was so absorbed in trying to arrange his thoughts for presentation that he forgot to answer.

"Mees-tere Andee," he at last began, "your leetle daughtere air-r much upon my meditation. I weis zey have ze bess ondition possible. Andy stopped with the uplifted glass

half way to his mouth and began with a troubled countenance scrupulously to study its contents. "My fatere was one taileur, Mees-

tere Andee," Blossier inexplicably proceeded, putting his glass down on the step and talking eagerly, with outstretched palms, "and my moo-tere was -was-she make tay, mose delicate wiz fin-gere, et moi, me—I help, I help bote when I leetle, when I biggere." Andy had forgotten his glass now and was staring and yet trying to look polite and not too conscious of the

strangeness of French ways. "And, Mees-tere Andee, my fin-gere also, alway, even now-I sew for my clo'es myse'f alway, you not know? I know I do ainvt'ing zat way easee. beautiful, and ze maniere, ze politeness -ah, Mees-tere Andee, you know ze French peepul zey have ze maniere-I teach ze leetle daughtere all, I keep ze houze, I sew de clo'es, so not in Strathboro is such clo'es. Mees-tere Andee, si vous-peremeet me, Mees-tere Andee, come chez vous to your houze-you

comprehend?" By this time Blossier was standing on the walk in front of Andy, rapidly pantomiming his ideas and pleading with gesture as well as voice, as if begging that children of his own should be cared and labored for by Andy. For a moment Andy stared on in silence, and Blossier's heart was in his mouth. Then he got up, caught and wrung the Frenchman's hand an instant, dropped it and, turning his back, pulled his old soft hat over his face. Two days later Strathboro had the enormous excitement of seeing Blos-

sier's household goods-a queer little cartload they made-moved to Andy McGrath's house, and behind the cart walked Blossier, carrying our old friend, the double bass. So was established the oddest house-

hold south of Mason and Dixon's line. It was a year before Strathboro counded the full depths of its oddity and ceased to vibrate with the excitement of fresh discovery. Blossier took completely a woman's place in the household economy, and the world has rarely seen few more touchingly funny sights than that little man sitting cross legged on the floor of Jane's old sitting room making feminine fripperies of an olous and modish, airy and coquettish, but stolid Janey. He sits there yet, bald, a little shaky, annoyingly dim of sight but still enjoying turning out, confections of laces and ribbons as no other fingers in Strathboro have ever concocted. Strathboro has long ago accepted Andy McGrath's establishment-for Andy still heads it-as one of its peculiar possessions and takes much pride in it, and Jimmy Pendleton, who buys goods in Memphis, or one of Judge Caldwell's granddaughters, who is a belle and visits the best people from Louisville to New Orleans, or any of the most traveled residents little genuine simple interest in exer of the place, will tell you again and again that the fame of its French and its Frenchman has gone abroad as far

Janey only of the children, with her husband and her children, lives in the old place. The rest are married and scattered, and Andy and Blossier seem to depend on each other more and more as the years go by. They never was in "the office," in Mrs. Pembroke's had anything to say to each other, and they have nothing now, but they love to sit side by side on the gallery on summer evenings or by the open fire in winter, as might two rough coated, long acquainted old dogs and with no more sense of failure of companionship in the silence. Each understands how past and present are mingled in the other's mind as Janey's children tumble about, nightgowned for their final romp, and each knows the dear figure that as wife or patron saint is ever in the other's thoughts, though Jane Mc-Grath has been buried so long that even in this small world she is become to others little more than a name on a tombstone, and together these two look forward quite trustfully to the time when their names also shall be on tombstones. And, surely, if there is assurance for the merciful and the meek and the pure in heart-for the walt of the earth, in short-as to that veiled and awful door through which

as west Tennessee and southern Ken-

tucky and even northern Alabama.

they may be assured.

The habit of overeating is far too the was going to cry.

"Mr. Jones offered me so much," she day laborer may habitually indulge in an amount of food without injury to be assuming tragic proportions. The which would seriously affect a person two men exchanged looks. working convulsively as he gazed with of a less active mode of life because "We shall walt outside the studio to his heavy work burns off the excess of hear the particulars of the joke," said food, but in most cases the excess of Stedd half heartedly. It struck him as food is not carried off by a so called incongruous that this girl was to perbilious attack, and then, if there is no petrate it. Her face was too white,

poor humanity is always crowding,

this bulk disinclines to exertion, so is done, while there is a growing disin- justing her wraps, and they went down clination to exertion, even a repug- the stairs

As a rule stoutness is connected with ly after he had explained matterserrors of diet-errors of excess perhaps "will you stand here?" oftener than people are prepared to ad- Miss Peyton posed obediently against mit, but often to errors of kind .- Jourthe canvas, from which the "Portrait nal of Health.

A net ton of coke of the quality suitable for domestic purposes runs about forty-eight to fifty bushels to the ton

McCuller threw himself into a chair.

"You?"

M'CULLER'S From the alcove where the frame "My very ears deceive me," McCuller said irritably, "Why on earth do these i hallucinations persecute me? Have I

PORTRAIT of Zuleika," tall, perhaps. Humanity is not machinery, sheer, with the introspective | however much we may try to identify gaze of old time saintship in them. There is always the soul. Ah, the eyes that looked out that's it! With these higher powers, from under gold shot hair lying in dap- | why might one not- Pshaw! I am pled rings across the forehead; short | nervous, run down. I need a tonic." on which the paint gleamed fresh.
Her bent his head critically. as good as you make 'em," suggest- ton's eyes met his dreamily a second;

d his friend from a lounge in the cor- then-"No," said McCuller; "wants life. It is the artistic basis which I lack; ex-

ory of buried love.' Humph! Not quite. What do you say, Pybus?" He turned, weighing the palette in had I known." his hands. "Strange how the face clings to me! An idea, my idea, matejialized, created from nothing, like God's world. For the furtherance of what? My own glory? Not as long as

the eyelids appear as if they had never | It was raining"winked. See: they stare too much." Pybus raised himself on one elbow to look at the picture through half shut eyes. "Push it back against the portiere-so. Crimson sets it, as it vere, in relief. There; that's better. Now she breathes." "No; but I wish she did. Pybus, it

is Pygmalion over again. I could love her if she lived." "And feed her? McCuller, you are crazy. If she lived, you would have to



They gazed at each other. support her, and she would worry you. As it is, you possess her and she need not eat. Be thankful."

"I am. But, Pybus, what a glorious conceit to command life to the eyes, call the blood from heart to lips"-"You did not paint the heart."

"None the less possible to will it into existence To will-do you understand? For, if the emanations of a divine will can effuse themselves into created material substance, why should not human will by the potency of its divine germ evolve into a sentient, an already visible, conception?"

"Goodby, McCuller. I came here to unmistakably Parisian character, friv- recreate, not to speculate upon divine emanations. There is nothing divine to be worn by his favorite, the faithful but stolid Janey. He sits there yet, "Yes; it is speculation, Pybus. Every-

thing is speculation. You and I are . Do not imagine" – But for Janey's bables now, such dainty Pybus slammed the door, and McCuller finished his speech alone.

> "Pybus." "Well?"

"Will we succeed in getting this insane idea out of McCuller's head?" "Don't know." "Jones says he's getting morbid on

"Who is-Jones?" "No; McCuller." "He's about right." "Who-McCuller?"

"No: Jones." There was a knock at the door, and Stedd blew away a cloud of smoke as he said, "Come in!"

The door not opening immediately, he rose, swearing beneath his breath at the trouble. He got half way across the room before a slight figure crossed the threshold and a tremulous voice began:

"I was told to come in"-"Yes," Stedd executed a bow, "Miss"-"Peyton." "Ah! Mr. Jones sent you?"

"Has he told you what you are to

"Yes, sir. He said I was to stand in a frame and personate 'Zuleika' for a form to sit among the audience and joke. I—he told me it was being done smoke their cheroots until it is time to ridicule a friend of his out of some

morbid idea." "Yes; it is all right. Mr. Jones happened to see you at your window and was struck with your resemblance to The play is, as a rule, far too realistic the picture. You are almost an exact reproduction. We concocted this plan | the Burmese follow the fortunes of the

in order to have a laugh over our friend." "So Mr. Jones said. And-you will pay me as soon as it is over?" "Oh, yes! You said-Mr. Jones said -your father was ill, unconscious?"

"Yes." Her lip quivered suddenly. "It was solely on his account that I consented to come. We are very poor. I can't get anything for him, and I am Afraid he will"-She broke off abruptly. Stedd thought

practice moderation in other ways. The ended brokenly, "I could not refuse."

work to burn up the supply, what hap- and the strained expression in her eyes smote him.

In some constitutions dyspepsia, in "It is tonight?" she asked in a reothers an ever increasing bulk. Now signed tone, and he nodded seriously. "Yes. Can you go with us now?" that with increase of bulk less work "Yes." She drew down her veil, ad-

nance in extreme cases to any form of "Say, Pybus, call a cab." Stedd whisexercise. These cases are among the pered it shamefacedly, pushing his most difficult the physician can treat, friend forward, and Pybus led the way for the sufferer, though he may wish for relief, lacks the energy to find it.

"Do you mind," he asked deferential-

> of Zuleika" had disappeared. Her gray draperies threw out the soft tints of eyes and hair, and Pybus, lowering the lamp on the mantel, left the room with a lugubrious "perfect" on his lips. Soon

Says Nothing, Sails Away.

A well known New Yorker was asked the question why he always kept his intended departure for Europe a se

"As a matter of fact" said he "It's ecause I want to escape being made a purchasing agent for a dozen or two eople whom I know. Whenever they earn that I am about to go abroad of all kinds.

"One man wants a photograph of a natchsafe, which may be bought at a ertain shop in Paris; a third is anxand others want umbrellas, sticks, opomething else.

utes after that. Then the girl said: "You have forgotten me, of course; but, believe me, I would not have come "Who are you?" McCuller tried in vain to recall some incident connected with the girl's face, but it eluded him. "Dora Peyton. You helped me over a crossing with my father a year ago. "Yes; I remember now. Your father

Was"-"Not himself." She drew in her breath quickly. Then all at once she gave him her hand. "Oh. I have never forgotten! There were so many looking on and-laughing. They were all unkind, but you"-"Cleared the crossing and took you

daubed and striven for this, to degen-

worked too steadily, brooded too much,

He strode toward the alcove and

flung aside the portieres. Miss Pev-

They gazed at each other three min-

"Well, as a reward you have come here to- What is it that you have come here for, and who told you to "Your friend, Mr. Jones. He said

McCuller laughed lightly.

you were" "Insane?" "No. morbid about 'Zuleika.' I was to personate her-for money-but had

"Were the boys going to play a joke on me? Well, you have spoiled it."
She started. "I did not think— Of course I will not take the money." "Are you so much in need of money?

"Yes. My father is lying at home unconscious. I had to come"— She paused hopelessly.

"So it was your face that clung to me." McCuller smiled. How utterly absurd that a factory girl leading home her drunken father in the dead of night, saved by him from being followed by a feering mob-that this face seen for a moment in the gaslight should have formed his conception of "Zuleika." And the girl herself? He had forgotten her entirely.

"You say you remember me?" he asked curiously. "It was a year ago." She only nodded. She did not say, 'Yes; I thought of you, dreamed of you as the one chivalrous here amid anyway." countless scores of rufflans whom I

have remembered him. It was also like a hoodoo." natural that he should have forgotten

"You will not think I meant to play a toke on you?" she said anxiously, laying great stress upon the "you Then she looked at him with "Zuleika's" eyes and smiled at him with "Zu-leika's" mouth. McCuller was morbid. He had worked too steadily; he was run down and needed a tonic. "If I let you go," he said irrelevant

ly, "'Zuleika' will seem more dead to "Well," she said in a little grieved, heartbroken way, "she is dead." "Are you jealous of her?" he asked heavily padded apartment.-Los Anreflectively, for her eyes had grown geles Herald.

quite wet.

back her gold shot hair-"no; I am not dealous. She is dead." "That is true," he said. "Well, will you let me love you instead of 'Zulel "If you wish it very much." she said. letting him take her hands with an af-

"No," she said untruthfully, pushing

fectation of reluctance which pleased McCuller greatly. "So I have waked my 'Zuleika' after all," he said five minutes later and went to the head of the stairs and

called: "Come up here, you traitors!" They came up.
"Stedd, Pybus," then, turning to them, 'my future wife." And Pybus stammered something incoherently, while Stedd said explosively, "'Pon my word, McCuller, if you can originate noth-

ing else you can create a sensation." Entertainments In Burma. There is no Burmese theater, but when a Burman wishes to entertain his friends he engages a troupe of actors and actresses to give a performance in a space which he curtains off outside his house. Scenic effect is entirely dispensed with, the stage being simply a platform decorated with flags. When the actors and actresses have said their parts, they step down from the platfor them to go on again. No dressing rooms are provided for them, and they are therefore compelled to make up before the admiring gaze of the audience. to please respectable Europeans, but prince and princess-the chief charac-

ters are almost invariably royal personages-with the greatest interest. The performance generally commences at 9 o'clock at night, and frequently the doings of the hero and herolne are strung out to such an enormous length that daybreak finds the actors still performing and the audience as interested as ever. Sometimes the play is so long that it takes three nights to get through it.

He Could. "Can I put up here tonight?" asked the seedy man who was signing his name in the hotel register. "Yes, sir," said the clerk; "in advance.'



Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spread over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is im-nediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Drug by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

J. J. BROWN, THE EYE A SPECIALTY. Eves tested, treated, fitted with Zlas

and artificial eyes supplied. Market Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Hours-10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Aid to Health. ret. He said he was forced to do so of fear, so that worry tends to the to be saved from his friends. production of indigestion. Indigestion tends to put the body of the subject in a condition that favors worry. There

shall never forget.

is thus established a vicious circle which tends to perpetuate itself, each lement augmenting the other. It is necessary to secure a cheerful, wholesome atmosphere for the dystable where there is good fellowship and where funny stories are told. He

ertain tower of the Castle of Heidelrg; another wants a peculiar kind of ontribute his share of this at the table, ous to have a few London neckties, even if it be necessary, as it was in one era glasses, eigar holders, jewels or by and seriously collect funny paragraphs from the press, and at first in-"It's a nuisance, in the first place, to terject them spasmodically during lulls

buy these things, especially if you are in a hurry.

York you are likely to have trouble with the customs officials, because your friends always expect to get their articles in duty free. Besides, no one ever pays you in advance, and you have to go around dunning the people. "You often buy things that do not suit the persons who have asked the oughly discouraged and blue is one we favor of you, and their disappointed looks or words make you feel unpleasant. I have been through these experiences several times."-New York Her-

Simple, but Effective.

The three little girls of the three immer boarders had been blueberrying with the farmer's daughter and all four had come home with stains on their skirts. The three little boarder flew upstairs to their respective moth ers, and the farmer's daughter repaired to her mother in the kitchen. Late in the afternoon the boarders

sought the farmer's wife on the kitchen

"Just look at the children's skirts! We've tried that new powder on them and three kinds of stain soap and benkine and everything we had to take out those blueberry stains, and they've only spread. Could you suggest anything more?"

Mrs. Brown looked at the skirts and thook her head. "I'm afraid you've set 'em in too firm," she said. "I got Jane's out with-

out a mite o' trouble." The boarders gathered close around Dr. King's New Discovery, as she exhibited Jane's skirt, spotless and unwrinkled. "Oh, do tell us what you used!" they

chorused eagerly, and a mild smile of triumph played over Mrs. Brown's lean countenance. "I just took and put it over a bowl," she said calmly, "and poured boiling water over it. Took about a cupful to get the color all out, but I cal-late to fill the kettle about once in so often,

nongoo Started Trouble. "Some people I know," he began in Well, it was natural that she should an insinuating tone, "act very much

"Who do?" asked his indignant and suspicious friend. "Yes, that's what I said-hoodoo!" "Well, answer my question-who

"You stupendous ass, that's what I say-hoodoo! Hoodoo!" "You hopeless, gibbering idiot, that's what I'm asking you-who do? Who

do? Who do?" At last their friends found them locked in a deadly embrace, chewing each other's ears, and long before the attempt at explanation was completed each had been placed tenderly in a

Your Tongue

If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver is out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right.

Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists. r moustache or beard a beautiful BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the

## AN ORDINANCE.

To Regulate the Licensing of Shooting Galleries or other Temporary Establishments, Devices or Appliances for the test of skill or Strength or for the Purpose of Amusement, in the Borough of Danville in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, and for other pur-

ugh of Danville in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania in ouncil assembled, and it is hereby rdained and enacted by the authority of the same: That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to open, display, exhibit or conduct any shooting gallery or other temporary establshmet, device or appliance for the est of skill or strength, or for the urpoes of amusement, within the imits of the Borough of Danville unil a license therefore shall have been irst obtained from the Chief Burgess of the said Borough and for which said icense such person or persons shall pay a minimum charge of five dollar for the first ten days of such license, and no less than fifty cents nor more than one dollar per day for each and every day thereafter, at the discreioon of the Chief Burgess. Any person or persons who shall violate any of the provisions of this section of this ordinance shall forfeit and pay a fine of not less than twenty dollars nor more than one hundred dollars for

each and every such offense. SECTION 2. All fines, penalties and license fees imposed by any of the provisions of this ordinance may be sued for, collected and recovered before any Justice of the Peace of the said Borough of Danville as debts of like amount and fines and penalties mposed for the violation of Borough Ordinances are now by law collectable and recoverable, and shall be paid over to the Treasurer of said Borough for the use of said Borough.

SECTION 3 All ordinances or part of ordinances inconsistent with or contrary to the provious of this ordinance are hereby repealed. WILLIAM G. PURSEL,

Chief Burgess Attest: HARRY B. PATTON, Secretary of the Borough of Danville. Council Chamber, May 15th, 1903.

A GOOD PRESCRIPTION.

LACKAWANNA RAILROAD. Worry is but one of the many forms

A. M. A. M. A. M. P. M. 11 30 2 45 .... .... A. M. ar 553 1006 .... ly 635 1010 156 \$19 A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. v +6 35 \*10 10 +1 55 \*6 19 16 35 \*10 10 11 53 \*6 19 6 39 ... 6 43 19 17 2 03 6 18 6 48 10 24 2 10 6 28 6 57 10 33 2 17 6 89 7 00 10 41 2 23 6 55 7 08 10 46 2 27 4 49 2 51 ... 715 10 52 2 54 4 67 ser 721 10 56 2 40 6 55 lar 740 11 10 2 30 6 44 lv 710 10 40 2 30 6 44 lv 721 10 56 2 40 6 53 in the conversation at the table. The shiekshinny. Very efforts and determination of the Hicks Ferry.

Beach Haven nan to correct his own silent habits at table, to correct his feelings of discouragement and worry, were in themfort made was adequate to the obsta-

-BLOOMSBURG

cles to be overcome. He succeeded, and the spectacle of that man trying to be funny at table when he felt thor-Laughing is in itself also a useful exercise from the standpoint of digestion. It stirs up all the abdominal organs, it increases the circulation of the blood, it increases peristalsis, it increases the secretion of gastric juices. Five minutes' deliberate laughing after each meal would be an excellent prescription for some people.-Family Dos Over fifty years ago a writer of monumental but plausible lies in Thurlow Weed's Albany Evening Journal signed his letters "Baron Roorbach." There was no such baron. There was no man 12 08 named "Roorbach." But the absolute falsity of the writer's statements was 12 14 12 17 such that a "roorbach" became a synonym for any kind of lie, especially for the kind against personal character suddenly issued against a man for his

Consumption, Coughs and Colds Shoes Shoes Than By All Other Throat And Lung Remedies Combined.

This wonderful medicine positively cures Consumption, Cougns, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Paeumonia, Hay Fever, Pleurisy, LaGrippe, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup and Whooping Sore Throat, Croup and Whooping Cough. NO CURE. NO PAY Price 50c. & \$1. Trial Pottle Free.

The Roorbach.

injury when he could not meet it in

time to avert the harm. The lie of poli-

tics, the lie started for political pur-

poses, is the "roorbach" most in use the

week before election.—Brooklyn Eagle

MORE LIVES ARE SAVED

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, TIME TABLE

In Effect May 24th, 1903.

A. M. P. M. P. M .. \$10 35 | 2 45 26 00 | 10 42 | 1 2 52 16 07 | 10 50 | 3 01 6 17 | 11 07 | 8 20 6 37 | 11 16 | 3 31 6 47 | 11 26 | 3 42 | 7 00 | 1 A. M. P.M. ..... 3 42

bek Haven. lv 212 10 1 8 45 ...
lipsburg 4 4 85 8 802 ... unbury ..... lv | 9 50 § 1 59 | 5 10 18 31 arrisburg .... ar | 11 30 § 3 15 | 6 45 10 10

Philadelphia. ar § 3 17 | 6 23 | 10 20 | 4 25 Baltimore ... 9 3 11 | 6 00 | 9 45 2 30 Washington ... 9 4 10 | 7 15 | 10 55 4 05 BE IT ORDAINED AND ENACT-ED by the Town Council of the Bor-

> AM Lewistown Jo. ".... Sunbury ..... ar Washingto 2 . IV 10 40 . 4 7 50 10 50 Earltimore . II 20 4 4 20 8 30 11 40 Fhitadelphia . II 20 4 20 8 30 11 40 A. M. A. M. A. M. P. M. 1v | 3 35 | 7 55 | 11 40 | 3 20 | 3 20 | 3 20 | 1 08 | 5 6 5 learfield... " 3 50 ....
> hilipsburg... " 4 40 ....
> yrone.... " 7 00 ....
> ellefonte... " 8 16 ....
> ock Haven ar 9 15 .... P. M. A M A M P M Williamsport . .

Weekdays. 1 Daily. f Flag station.
Pullman Parlor and Sleeping Cars run on hrough trains between Subbury. Williamsport and Erle. between Sunbary and Philadelphia and Washington and between Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West.

For further information apply to Ticket Agent For further information, W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'n'rAgt

Stylish!

Cheap!

Reliable! Bicycle, Cymnasium and Tennis Shoes.

THE CELEBRATED

Carlisle Shoes

AND THE Snag Proof Rubber Boots

A SPECIALTY.

A. SCHATZ,

## SOMETHING NEW!

TIN SHOP

A Reliable

For all kind of Tin Roofing. Spouting and General Job Werk. Stoyes, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

PRICES THE LOWEST! QUALITY THE BEST!

JOHN HIXSON

NO. 116 E. FRONT ST.

PEGG

The Coal Dealer

SELLS

WOOD

-AND COAL

-AT-