

The VILLAGE ALIEN

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By Viola Roseboro

Jane looked at her maid with thoughts of reprimand, but she was so preoccupied and unappreciated lying there on the pillow, and then she heard the cooing, voice of Aunt Cindy's small grandchild calling from the big curly maple tree (she was not allowed to trespass farther upon the front yard, "Jane," Jane? "I got a posty for you, Jane," she said, trotting off to bestow her society where it was most prized.

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 it.

"Of course," she said after she was seated on the couch in the parlour and had lunched on her subject, "nobody can do more than the war going on, but I'm willing to make some sacrifices for Jane, and Mr. Blossier wouldn't expect much. We could just share what we've got. I'm afraid I'm not as well as I used to be, and I'm sure I've been well lately. And, after all, the town would be much better off if it had a school here."

Miss Catherine had no little children to be instructed, so Jane, with difficulty and litanies, got out so much suggestion of Strathbore's obligations.

"That's all true, Jane," replied Miss Catherine cheerfully, "but everybody isn't as anxious to recollect their kind of things as you and as your mother. You've been a French girl for many years before you. I remember that old Mammy Dinah of yours just for the way she missed you when you had that terrible typhoid sickness when you were little. Seemed like she couldn't do enough for that nigrah when she got old and worthless. Good nigrah she was too. There was a pause, and just as Miss Catherine was again taking up the thread of reminiscence Jane interrupted.

"Mr. Blossier ain't a nigrah, and it seems kinda dreadful to see a white man live like he does here in Strathbore. It ain't as if he was a real poor white either. He's got education, I've heard tell. He reads French newspapers. He's got some now at my house."

"Well, he's a teacher, you know, Jane. You never can tell anything about them like other people. He's been here doing nigrah'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 I think that wants to learn a French I reckon that's what he wants. I s'pose it would be a good thing for the poor old body, but you 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 doubt as to the conclusion and after tale of the conflict. As to the present she was right. There was small interest in Strathbore in those days in the acquisition of French by any means whatsoever. Jane accepted this fact and went her own way.

Long before poor Andy McGrath, gaunt and tattered and despairing and bent, came back to his home Strathbore had become familiar with the sight of Blossier going about his work with a tiny figure on his side, a little girl with the most marvelous double rows of brown curls under her cornucopia of hair, and she looked and regular as if they had been done out of wood with a turning lathe. Strathbore admired the girl's monomaniacal bore as an accomplishment of their own filled them with an even livelier interest. That little thing could speak French, talk it right along with old Blossier.

The pair were continually called upon to demonstrate the fact.

When old Mrs. Farnley came in from the country to stay with her daughter-in-law, she was not to be convinced by the ordinary exhibition.

"You, Mr. Blossier," she said, "you can clean out there by that there curly mangle and stay there where I can see you. Jane, you tell Mr. Blossier when he comes back to give me my stick. Tell him in French." Jane was a little mystified, but she was used to exhibiting her French, and she successfully performed the feat required of her and when Blossier, with a bow, had led the old lady her staff nor witness as she had a new realization that the strange tongue was not a meaningless jargon.

Andy McGrath's soul was as much like Jane's as any curdled 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 had the best will in the world to adapt himself as well as he could to any new etiquette required. Neither he

McCULLER'S CREATION

Copyright, 1935, by American Press Association
A PORTRAIT OF ZULEIKA, tall, slender, with the introspective gaze of old time salubrities in the eyes that looked out from under dark hair lying in dappled rings across the forehead; short lips on which the paint gleamed fresh.

"As good as you make 'em," suggested his friend from a lounge in the corner.

"No," said McCuller; "wants life. It is the artistic basis which I lack; expresses her, though, 'soft as the memory of buried love.' Humph! Not quite. What do you say, Pybus?"

"I tried, weighing the palette in my hands. 'Strange how the face clings to me.' An idea, my mate, materialized, 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 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. Crimmon sets it, as it were, in relief. There; that's better. Now she breathes.'"

"No; but I wish she did. Pybus, it is Pybusian over again. I could love her if she lived."

"And feed her? McCuller, you are crazy. If she lived, you would have to support her, and she would worry you. As it is, you possess her and she need not eat. He thankful."

"I am, but Pybus, what a glorious cartoon! To command life to the eyes, call the blood from heart to lips!"

"You did not paint the heart?"

"None the less, 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?"

"Goodly, McCuller. I came here to recreate, not to speculate upon divine emanations. There is nothing divine about me, Goodby."

"Yes; it is speculation, Pybus. Every thing is speculation. You and I are speculators. Do not imagine! But Pybus slammed the door, and McCuller finished his speech alone.



They gazed at each other.

Says Nothing, Sails Away.

A well known New Yorker was asked the question why he always kept his intended departure for Europe a secret. He said he was forced to do so because of his friends.

"As a matter of fact," said he, "it's because I want to escape being made a purchasing agent for a dozen or two people whom I know. Whenever they learn that I am about to go abroad they overwhelm me with commissions of all kinds."

"One man wants a photograph of a certain tower of the Castle of Heidelberg; another wants a peculiar kind of matchsafe, which may be bought at a certain shop in Paris; a third is anxious to have a few London neckties, and others want umbrellas, sticks, opera glasses, cigar holders, jewelry or something else."

"It's a nuisance, in the first place, to buy these things, especially if you are in a hurry."

"Then when you arrive back in New 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 dining the people."

"You often buy things that do not suit the persons who have asked the favor of you, and their disappointed looks or words make you feel unpleasant. I have been through these experiences several times."—New York Herald.

Simple, but Effective.
The three little girls of the three summer borders had been blueberrying with the farmer's daughter and all four were home with stains on their skirts. The three little borders flew upstairs to their respective mothers, and the farmer's daughter repaired to her mother in the kitchen.

Late in the afternoon the borders sought the farmer's wife on the kitchen porch.

"Oh, Mrs. Brown," said one of them, "just look at the children's skirts! We've tried that new powder on them and three kinds of stain soap and benzine and everything we had to take out those blueberry stains, and they've only spread. Could you suggest anything better?"

Mrs. Brown looked at the skirts and shook her head.

"I'm afraid you've set 'em in too firm," she said. "I got Jane's out without a mite of trouble."

A GOOD PRESCRIPTION.

Worry is but one of the many forms of fear, so that worry tends to the production of indigestion. Indigestion tends to put the body of the subject in a condition that favors worry. There is thus established a vicious circle which tends to perpetuate itself, each element augmenting the other.

It is necessary to secure a cheerful, wholesome atmosphere for the dyspeptic. He should eat his meals at a table where there is good fellowship and where funny stories are told. He should himself make a great effort to contribute his share of this at the table, even if he is not in the mood to do so under any circumstances, but he should seriously collect funny paragraphs from the press, and at first interject them spasmodically during lulls in the conversation at the table. The very efforts and determination of the man to correct his own bad habits at table, to correct his feelings of discouragement and worry, were in themselves a promise of success. The effort made was adequate to the obstacle to be overcome. He succeeded, and the spectacle of that man trying to be funny at table when he felt thoroughly discouraged and blue is one we shall never forget.

Laughing is in itself also a useful exercise from the standpoint of digestion. It starts up all the abdominal organs. It increases the circulation of the blood, it increases peristalsis, it increases the secretion of gastric juice. Five minutes' deliberate laughing after each meal would be an excellent prescription for some people.—Family Doctor.

The Roorbach.
Over fifty years ago a writer of monumental but plausible lies in Thurloe Wood's Albany Evening Journal signed his letters "Baron Roorbach." There was no such baron. But the absolute falsity of the writer's statements was 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 injury when he could not find time to avert the harm. The lie of politics, the lie started for political purposes, is the "roorbach" most in use the week before election.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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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 that, she added, perhaps it would have been more curious yet if they had married.

Of course Andy accepted Blossier in exactly Jane's spirit. He felt a little at a loss as to how to conduct himself with a Frenchman, finding himself without such traditions on that point, but he had the best will in the world to adapt himself as well as he could to any new etiquette required. Neither he