

Old Gascoyne

By Charles Lotin Hildreth
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I HAD RIPPEN very late and was divining my attention between the remains of my breakfast and my newspaper, with no very keen interest in either, when there came a light, hesitating rap at my door.

"Come in," I called without troubling myself to get up from my seat.

The door opened, and I saw, wavering motion, and an old, low, peaked personage entered the room, made me a very low bow and carefully closed the door behind him. He was an old man, seventy at least, I judged, small of stature and feeble than his age would warrant. His eyes, knotted, bony hands shook with the constant uncertain movement which is the result rather of weak mentality than of physical disability. His long, grizzled locks and beard framed a pale, cadaverous face, out of which looked a pair of eyes, wondrously bright in a sallow, depressing fashion which seemed habitual.

A drooping, shabby, woebegone old gentleman he certainly was, an object to excite laughter or pity, according to the mood of the beholder.



"It is kind of you, sir."

I was not in a particularly expansive frame of mind myself at the moment, and it irritated me to see the old man there, crooking his knees and wagging his head with what he evidently intended should be the most conciliating of salutes.

"Well," said I sharply, "what do you want?"

"I thrust my hand into my pocket in search of a small coin.

"Fardon me," huskily interposed the old man, comprehending my gesture. "You mistake my errand. I wish to ask if you are the Hon. Egbert Gallatin-Senator Gallatin?"

"I am Senator Gallatin. What then?"

"My mistress desires me to present to you her card and requests the favor of a brief interview."

I took the slip of pasteboard from his trembling fingers and read, "Mme. Henriette Doncourt, Paris."

I breathed more freely. Mme. Doncourt of Paris was not likely to be one of those leeches which hang upon the legislative body, called "lobbyists," a species I knew only too well.

"Mme. Doncourt would be greatly obliged, sir," continued the old man, seeing that I was studying the card, "without reply," "you would very kindly call upon her."

I put aside my paper and, donning a black coat, signified to the old man that I would follow him. With slow and shuffling steps he led me along the corridor and up the flight of stairs to the fifth floor. The old fellow was evidently very decrepit or very ill. With an impulse between pity and impatience I took his arm—how miserably thin it was—and supported him with the vigor of my more youthful muscles.

"Come, friend," said I. "You are evidently not well. Lean upon me, and I will give you a lift."

He turned his gray, cadaverous face upon me with an expression of amazement.

"God bless you for a kind hearted young gentleman," he muttered. "Perhaps I ought to tell you—but no, I am not to blame. No, no. I had sent my card."

With these enigmatic phrases he passed before a door and rapped. A woman's voice bade us enter, and I passed into a handsome sitting room. A lady simply but exquisitely attired in a morning robe of rich texture arose to welcome me. During the second in her face she moved in the light of day offered hand I received what might be called a photographic impression of her. She was distinctly the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She was very tall, but her proportions were so perfect that her height was not apparent. The dress she wore outlined and accentuated the magnificent sweep and curve of her noble figure. Every movement she made, every gesture, was marked by a certain sinuous grace which might have been termed leonine had it not been so exquisitely feminine.

There was a jar, a discord, a want, somewhere, but it was in my mind.

I found Henriette Doncourt reclining upon a sofa in temporary lodgings. I was shocked at the awful change which had taken place in her. Her face was ghastly, her eyes hollow, wild, gleaming with fever. Her whole aspect was that of one standing perilously near the verge of madness.

"You have come," she cried as I approached her couch—"you have come to hear my confession. Egbert Gallatin, do you know what I am? I will tell you—an adventuress; yes, just that. Telling upon my history, I have made men my game. I should have married you because you are rich and because, yes," she smiled drearily—"I almost think I loved you. I meant to make you my victim, as I have done scores before you, but—knows—there is always a seam in the steepest armor. But if you desire recited my story, I passed and drew her breath heavily, "Old Gascoyne, the servant, the drudge who gave his life for mine last night, was"—she sank back upon her pillow and lay looking up at me with fever bright eyes a moment—"my father's—"

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Why not speak English? The use of some words in the singular and plural. Is there an English word? If so its plural is cherubs, and not the Hebrew word cherubim. Is lexicon an English word, and criterion also? If so their plurals are lexicons and criterions, not the Greek lexica and criteria, and index and vortex? If so the plurals are indexes and indices and vortexes, and not the Greek indices and vortexes. Is memorandum an English word, and curriculum, gymnasium, medium and sanatorium? If so their plurals are memorandum and curriculum, gymnasium, medium and sanatorium, and not the Latin memoranda, curricula, gymnasia, media and sanatoria. Is formula an English word and nebula also? If so the plural is formulae and nebulae. Is hero a French word, and bureau, and the French beaux and bureaux. Is libretto an English word? If so its plural is librettos, and not the Italian libretti. Why not speak English?

Crisis is thoroughly indicated in the French language, and the French, and yet there are those who prefer crises and theses to the normal and regular crises and theses. Perhaps they are seeking to avoid the unpleasant hissing of the English plural, but none the less they are falling into pedantry.—Blander Matthews in Harper's Magazine.

THE THURSTONS AS MATCHMAKERS

By L. E. CHITTENDEN
Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McChere

In the hay loft six Thurstons sprawled at ease and wished something would happen.

"Say," said Don excitedly, sitting up, "I know something. You know Mrs. Wilson's nephew, Jim Wilson, who comes in at football?"

"Yes."

"Well, I heard daddy tell mother that he's fallen in love with Amy Smithers. Did you ever hear of such a silly—a great big fellow like him, in love? But he's," continued Don, looking around, with a disgusted air.

"You're right," said Ted, with the air of a connoisseur, "is the prettiest girl in the town. She's a brick, too, and the best Sunday school teacher I ever had. I intended to marry her myself."

"Well, you can't," continued Don, "for Mr. Wilson either, for daddy says Mrs. Wilson is awful mad about it on account of Mrs. Smithers being a farmer and talking boss and having whiskers, and Amy's her niece, you see."

"Well, the idea," said Polly indignantly. "Why, Mrs. Smithers is an awful good woman, and you don't know a thing about her whiskers when you think of her."

"Mrs. Smithers is mad, too, and says Mrs. Wilson is a stuck up thing, and Amy's not allowed to have anything to do with that nice Mr. Jim Wilson. Daddy's about crazy with hearing both sides and not being able to do a thing about it, and he says he's glad he and mother are going to the school next week, and he hopes something will happen while he's gone to fix things up. So let's us."

Five Thurstons with renewed interest lay in a huddle.

"How do you feel about this?" asked Don.

"Then Molly, struck with an idea, said, "Don Thurston, how'd you ever hear all this?"

"Had the toothache the other night and couldn't sleep, so I hid down on the floor behind the stove. Well, all hands were up from the sitting room, and daddy was talking so I couldn't help but hear," said Don.

"You ought to have conveyed or something," said Molly severely.

"Never mind," said Polly. "I'm glad they're all so interesting. Let's think of something to do."

"Let's have a dinner party," said Molly, "and ask the bishop to come and Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Jim, and ask 'em all separate and tell them not to tell any one, but to come and meet the five Thurstons at the school next week, and we'll have it all dark and Miss Amy and Mr. Jim in the library concealed, and we'll spring the lights on, and nobody'll dare get mad with the bishop there, and they'll all say, 'Heaven bless you, my children.'"

"How do you see with mother gone?" asked Polly.

"We'll get Mrs. Flanagan to help, and we'll have it the evening father and mother come home."

"Where'll we get the money?" asked Ted, suddenly developing a practical side.

"We've got a dollar apiece saved for missions, we can use that and save some more for missions," suggested Don.

"This is a kind of mission, I think," said Polly, trying not to wonder what her father would think about it.

"How do you feel about this?" asked Don.

"Well, I don't think it's a bad thing to do, but I don't think it's a good thing to do either. It's a kind of mission, I think, and we'll have it the evening father and mother come home."

"Where'll we get the money?" asked Ted, suddenly developing a practical side.

"We've got a dollar apiece saved for missions, we can use that and save some more for missions," suggested Don.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE

Valuable Real Estate.

Estate of Margaret Deen, Deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Montour County granted to him for such purpose, the undersigned, Administrator of the above named decedent will expose to public sale (freed and discharged from all liens and encumbrances whatsoever) upon the respective premises situate in the First Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, on

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6th, 1903

beginning at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, the five following described messages, tenements and town lots of land of the said decedent, to wit:

LOT NO. 1. All that certain message, tenement and town lot of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning on the northwestern corner of lot of the estate of Samuel Myerly deceased on the south side of Front street, thence along said lot in a southerly direction one hundred and twenty-five feet to an alley, thence along said alley in a westerly direction twenty-five feet to other lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased, thence along said last mentioned lot in a northwesterly direction one hundred and twenty-five feet to the southern side of Front street aforesaid, thence along the southern side of said Front street in an easterly direction twenty-five feet to the said northwestern corner of said lot of the estate of Samuel Myerly deceased, the place of beginning with the appurtenances.

LOT NO. 2. Also all that certain message, tenement and town lot of land situate in the First Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the northwestern corner of the other lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased last herein before described on the southern side of Front street, thence along said last mentioned lot in a southerly direction one hundred and twenty-five feet to an alley, thence along said alley in a westerly direction twenty-five feet to another lot of the heirs of James F. Deen deceased, thence along said last mentioned lot in a northwesterly direction one hundred and twenty-five feet to the southern side of said Front street aforesaid, thence along the southern side of said Front street in an easterly direction twenty-five feet to the eastern corner of lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased last herein before described, the place of beginning, with the appurtenances.

LOT NO. 3. Also all that certain message, tenement and town lot of land situate in the First Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the southwestern corner of the lot of the estate of Hannah Still, deceased, on the northern side of Water street, thence along the northern side of Water street in a westerly direction twenty-five feet to another lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased, thence along the said last mentioned lot in a northwesterly direction one hundred and fifty feet to an alley, then along said alley in an easterly direction twenty-five feet to the northwestern corner of the said lot of the estate of Hannah Still, deceased, thence along the said last mentioned lot in a southerly direction one hundred and fifty feet to the said southwestern corner of the said last mentioned lot on the northern side of Water street, the place of beginning, with the appurtenances.

LOT NO. 4. Also all that certain message, tenement and town lot of land situate in the First Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the southwestern corner of another lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased last herein before described on the northern side of Water street, thence along the said northern side of the said Water street in a westerly direction twenty-five feet to the southeastern corner of another lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased, thence along said last mentioned lot in a northwesterly direction one hundred and fifty feet to an alley, thence along said alley in an easterly direction twenty-five feet to the northwestern corner of other lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased last herein before described, thence along the said last mentioned lot in a southerly direction one hundred and fifty feet to the said southwestern corner of said last mentioned lot on the northern side of Water street, the place of beginning, with the appurtenances.

LOT NO. 5. Also all that certain message, tenement and town lot of land situate in the First Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the southwestern corner of other lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased, thence along the said last mentioned lot in a southerly direction one hundred and fifty feet to the said southwestern corner of said last mentioned lot on the northern side of Water street, the place of beginning, with the appurtenances.

Notice of Inquisition.

ORPHAN'S COURT OF MONTOUR COUNTY.

IN RE PARTITION OF THE REAL ESTATE OF CATHERINE KRATZ LATE OF THE BOROUGH OF DANVILLE, IN THE COUNTY OF MONTOUR AND STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, DECEASED.

To Regina Henrietta Aten and Henry J. Aten, her husband, 217 Lombard street, Highland town, Baltimore, Maryland, Julia Murphy and John Murphy, her husband, Danville, Montour county, Pennsylvania, Clara Miller and William Miller, her husband, also of Danville, Montour county, Pennsylvania, in the state of Washington, heirs at law of the said Catherine Kratz, Deceased.

You and each of you are hereby notified that the Orphan's Court of Montour county aforesaid has awarded an Inquest to make partition and valuation of the hereinafter described real estate of the said Catherine Kratz deceased, and that the said Inquest will be held on

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16th A. D. '03

at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day upon the following described premises, when and where you may attend if you deem proper.

The said premises in question are described as follows: All the certain message tenement and town lot of land situate in the Fourth Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the county of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, bounded, numbered and described as follows: Bounded and fronting easterly fifty feet on Vine street, on the south by an alley one hundred and twenty-four feet westerly, on the west by an alley fifty feet northwesterly, and northwesterly by a lot number 148 one hundred and twenty-four feet easterly to Vine street, containing in width on Vine street fifty feet and in length one hundred and twenty-four feet and numbered 150 as marked in the plan of York Addition to the said Borough of Danville, with the appurtenances, and whereupon are erected a double two-story frame dwelling-house and other usual outbuildings.

MICHAEL BRECKBILL, Sheriff.

EDWARD SAYRE GEARHART, Counsel.

Sheriff's office, Danville, Pa., October 7th, 1903.

Shoes Shoes

Stylish! Cheap! Reliable!

Bicycle, Gymnasium and Tennis Shoes.

THE CELEBRATED

Carlisle Shoes

AND THE

Snag Proof Rubber Boots

A SPECIALTY.

A. SCHATZ.

SOMETHING NEW!

A Reliable

TIN SHOP

For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work.

Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

PRICES THE LOWEST!

QUALITY THE BEST!

JOHN HIXSON

NO. 116 E. FRONT ST.

2-Story Frame Dwelling House, with kitchen attached, and other usual outbuildings.

Terms of sale will be made known on said day of sale, by

MARY E. MITCHELL, Executrix of David Vansickie, deceased.

EDWARD SAYRE GEARHART, Counsel.

Orphan's Court Sale

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

Estate of David Vansickie, Deceased.

By virtue of an order of sale granted by the Orphan's Court of Montour County the undersigned will expose to public sale on the premises, on

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, 1903

at three o'clock P. M. all of the real estate of the said decedent situate in the Second Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, with the appurtenances and upon which are erected a

THE COAL DEALER

SELLS

WOOD

—AND—

COAL

—AT—

344 Ferry Street

JOHN W. FARNSWORTH

INSURANCE

Life Fire Accident and Steam Boiler

Office: Montgomery Building, Mill Street, Danville.

Liver Pills

That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness and give you a good digestion. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation and biliousness. Gently laxative.

25c. Druggists.

Want your mouths or heard a beautiful voice? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the throat.

Religious Training of Japanese.

Little importance is attached to the religious training of Japanese children. Whether the parents be Buddhists or Shintoists it matters not, for in either case the children rarely take any part in the religious life of their parents or elders, and indeed usually grow up in blissful ignorance as to what it is all about. True, they may occasionally be taken to the temple and taught to rub their palms together, clap their hands and incline their heads toward the shrine as they toss their offering of rice through the wooden grating of the huge money hill. They may have some vague notion that there is something meritorious in all this, but nothing more, although every Japanese home has a lattice niche, or kamidana, dedicated to the service of the household Lares and Penates, or Daikoku and Ebisu as they appear in Japan.

Nasal CATARRH

In all its stages there should be cleanliness.

Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and relieves the diseased membrane. Restores catarrhal discharges away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not cause sneezing. Large box, 50 cents. Small box, 25 cents. Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 70 Warren Street, New York.

J. J. BROWN,

THE EYE SPECIALTY

Eyes tested, treated, fitted with glasses and artificial eyes supplied.

Market Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Hours—10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

The Iron Pillar of Delhi.

The famous iron pillar of Delhi is dealt with in Cassier's Magazine. The pillar is a solid shaft of wrought iron, sixteen inches in diameter and of a length that is variously reported. The total length is from forty-eight to sixty feet under ground and above including a capital of three and one-half feet. The pillar contains about eighty cubic feet of metal and weighs about seventeen tons. The metal is, of course, charcoal iron, made directly from ore in small billets; but how it was welded up no one can tell. It is made of iron and steel, and is the result of dealing with great masses of wrought iron. An inscription roughly cut or punched upon the column states that Rajah Dhara subdued a people in the Sindh, named Valhikas, and obtained with his own arm an undivided sovereignty on the earth for a long period. The date of the inscription has been referred to the third or fourth century after Christ, but on this authorities are at variance.

Another Name For It.

"And how," said the inquisitive person who had been asking all sorts of impertinent questions of the raw-boned mountaineer who sat at his cabin door smoking a corn-cob pipe—"now I will explain to you why I have been so inquisitive. I am a sociological investigator and I am doing my best to get the interest of science and humanity."

"How things do change!" remarked the mountaineer as he leisurely stretched himself. "Whenst I were a boy we called you kind of people dern snoop nosed meddlers!"—Baltimore American.

The Farmer.

The farmer ought to be the cleanest man in his neighborhood, both as to his person and in his character; the greatest of all gentlemen, the most prompt to meet every obligation, financial and otherwise; the most ready to see and help the neighbor who is in trouble, and in time of all his farm operations, ready to take a hand in straightening out any crookedness in the public affairs of his community and of the larger field in which he happens to live, kind in his family relations, positive in all his convictions, yet not self-assertive enough to drive upon his neighbors, and indeed usually grows up in blissful ignorance as to what it is all about. True, they may occasionally be taken to the temple and taught to rub their palms together, clap their hands and incline their heads toward the shrine as they toss their offering of rice through the wooden grating of the huge money hill. They may have some vague notion that there is something meritorious in all this, but nothing more, although every Japanese home has a lattice niche, or kamidana, dedicated to the service of the household Lares and Penates, or Daikoku and Ebisu as they appear in Japan.

A New Bird Thing in Potatoes.

"Bird potatoes" is the name of a new product evolved by the South Carolina agricultural experiment station. The potatoes are half-baked, peeled and expounded in a machinery and will remain in perfect condition for years. Like many other new ideas, this promises to be a big thing. It is reported that an acre of potatoes yielded 327 bushels, which made 163 bushels of the bird potato, nearly a pound to three and a half pounds of the raw product. Exports, 1000 bushels.

Myself

"I hardly know how to explain myself," said the lady, with downcast eyes and bosom heaving with emotion. "Perhaps I had best speak frankly."

She bent upon her husband the story of her eyes. Such eyes frankly I had never seen before. "I am American by birth," she went on, "though I married in France. At the death of my husband, M. Doncourt, I resolved to return to the country of my birth, but now you have heard of my relatives and friends of the old days either dead or dispersed. M. Doncourt used frequently to speak of an old college companion, Egbert Gallatin, at the Lycee. Last night, utterly broken hearted, lonesome, friendless, I saw your name in a paper and, to my great joy, discovered that you were a guest in this hotel."

"Yes," I responded, "I remember Doncourt at the Lycee. We were very close companions; it is true, but that should make no difference in the service I shall endeavor to offer his widow. Command me, madame, and I will do my utmost to do all that I can for you," replied the beautiful woman. "All I ask of you is simple friendship. I have ample means, but I am so utterly alone in this great country, where I expected to find the love of relatives and old associates, that the sight of a kindly face now and again will be all that I can require."

"If mine will serve your purpose, madame," I said warmly, "you may count upon it."

I am forty years old and a cynic, so far as the passions go, but I left that room when I had not been there, at least as utterly befogged and fascinated by that wonderful woman as ever a school-boy was by the smile of a girl.

During the days that followed I visited her frequently, and at every visit the fascination grew and deepened upon me. In this beginning my passion for her was tinged with something like a doubt. I was oppressed with a gloom; I cannot call it distrust, but I was

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"If mine will serve your purpose, madame," I said warmly, "you may count upon it."

I am forty years old and a cynic, so far as the passions go, but I left that room when I had not been there, at least as utterly befogged and fascinated by that wonderful woman as ever a school-boy was by the smile of a girl.

During the days that followed I visited her frequently, and at every visit the fascination grew and deepened upon me. In this beginning my passion for her was tinged with something like a doubt. I was oppressed with a gloom; I cannot call it distrust, but I was