HOW AUNT SAVANNAH SAVED THE DAY

By Margaret M. Page

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AUNT SAVANNAH HAMILTON was by far the most active and energetic negro in Pentonville. Unlike the majority of Florida negroes, who bask in idleness until an empty larder or depleted wardrobe compels them to earn a little money, she was always ready to work. Her husband had been wont to consume a great part of her earnings in drink, but it was commonly reported that during the three years which had elapsed since his death she had accumulated a considerable sum of money. The excellence of her cooking brought her into constant demand when the little town was filled with northern boarders. She was also accounted the best singer in Pentonville.

Although she was fully fifty years of age and exceedingly stout, the combined attractions of good cooking, fine singing and the possession of a bank account would have made her a formidable rival to the young girls of Egypt, the name commonly given to that part of Pentonville occupied by the colored people, had she chosen to enter the matrimonial lists. In fact, she had received several offers of marriage, but had rejected all such propositions with intense scorn, saying that one husband was one too many for a sensible woman.

However, it began to be whispered about that since the arrival of Mr. James Pendergast, a tall young mulatto from Georgia, the citadel had been successfully attacked. James possessed a magnificent tenor voice, and when it rang out in "p'ar nearer" above the other voices Aunt Savannah clasped her hands and rolled her eyes in ecstasy, while her clear soprano was hushed in admiring silence. When James escorted Aunt Savannah home from meeting one evening, Sis Sukey Johnson observed to Creesy, Aunt Savannah's married daughter:

"Fo' de Lawd, Creesy, 'pears like yer ma done got catch at las' by dat Georgy sucker!"

Aunt Savannah had lived alone in her one room cabin since the death of her husband. Near by stood the cabin in which Creesy lived with her husband and two children. Both of these humble homes were shaded by orange and lemon trees, and in the plots of ground in the rear some cabbages were growing. Between the two houses a rudely constructed henhouse and a chicken yard surrounded by a slat fence seemed to receive more care than either cabins or gardens.

One day soon after the act of gallantry which had caused Sukey Johnson's comment preparations for some great event were being made in Aunt Savannah's cabin. All day she had been cleaning and cooking. As it neared sunset her labors appeared to be completed. The table, covered with a snowy cloth and neatly set, stood in the center of the room. Bouquets of roses, honeysuckles, jasmines and oleanders arranged in cracked cups and pitchers stood in every available spot and filled the room with fragrance. On the hearth, where the fire had burned to a few embers, stood a platter of fried chicken, and the roasted sweet potatoes and corn pone were still covered with the ashes to keep them warm.

Presently Aunt Savannah emerged from behind the curtain which partitioned off one corner, used as a bedroom. She was dressed to do credit to the occasion, whatever it might be. A black alpaca skirt and purple plush

HE BENT LOW BEFORE HER.

basque finished at the neck by a broad lace collar, which was fastened by a large gold brooch, and a white apron, crisp and shining with abundant starch, set off to advantage the ample proportions of her figure. Large gold hoops depended from her ears, and an orange silk handkerchief was bound in turban fashion about her head.

As she stood in the doorway shading her eyes with her hand from the level rays of the sun Mr. James Pendergast appeared in sight.

James was also dressed for a great occasion. He wore nankeen trousers, a red and green plaid waistcoat and a blue coat adorned with brass buttons. On his head was a much worn silk hat, and he jauntily carried an orange stick cane. As he approached Aunt Savannah greeted him with a deep courtesy. In acknowledgment he put his cane under his left arm, placed his left hand on his heart and with his right hand lifted his hat and nearly swept the ground with it as he bent low before her.

"Good ebenin', Mr. Pendergas'," said she. "How does yo' fin' yo'se'f dis ebenin'?"

"Po'ly, Miss Hamilton, po'ly. When er man picks oranges all de day long de prickin' ob de thawns en de fragmunce ob de blossoms min's him pow'ful ob de sorrers ob a single life."

"I yearn tell, Mr. Pendergas', as how yo' was ingage fer a gal up in Georgy."

"Well, Miss Hamilton, I owns as dere was a sort ob kin' ob ingagemint," said James as he followed Aunt Savannah into the cabin in response to a courtly wave of her hand.

"Res' yo' hat on de flo' en draw a cheer ter de table, Mr. Pendergas'."

As James seated himself at the table and placed his battered hat carefully at his feet he beamed approvingly at the viands which Aunt Savannah hastened to set before him.

"Would yo' kin'ly pernounce de bless in', Mr. Pendergas'?"

With one partly closed eye on the chicken, James hurried through an elaborate blessing, ending with a sonorous "Amen," in which Savannah heartily joined.

"Hab some ob de orange marmalade en he'p yo'se'f ter de guaba jelly, Mr. Pendergas'."

"Tank yo' mos' kin'ly, Miss Hamilton. Am dis jelly some ob yo' own pussiviin'?"

"Bless de grashus, yes, Mr. Pendergas'. I allus does my own cookin'. My stummick hain't no sorter fancy fo' takin' in de contrapshuns what oder folks musses inter. I 'spec' dat Georgy gal's a mighty scrumptious cook, now."

"I'LL SPEAK TER PAHSON DAVIS TER-MORRER."

"Dat Georgy gal's needer yere nor dar en ain't ter be menshun in de same week wid some folks which p'r'aps I hadn't orter speak ob 'em."

"I s'pose yo'll be bringin' him down yere befo' long?"

"Nebah, Miss Hamilton, nebah. I done make up my min' as how dat gal don't noways 'gree wid my con'stutions."

"What's de marter wid her?"

"Well, fo' one ting, she hab a mos' owdashus, rip t'arin' temper. When dat gal gits her mad up, de hull wide creashun am bleedze ter stan' out fum under. En she cyan't sing no more dan one ob dese yere tukky buzzuds. Tain't nachel fo' a man what kin sing ter be jine ter sich a onmusikle creetur."

"En am dat all, Mr. Pendergas'?" said Savannah as she handed her guest a cup of coffee.

"Well, not adzackly all," he replied, inhaling the aroma of the coffee and then taking a large gulp; "not jes' intirely adzackly. It 'll cost me 'leben dollars ter brung dat gal yere. Mighty back breakin' wuk ter c'rn 'leben dollars pickin' oranges fo' ter git a gal wid a owdashus temper what sings like a tukkey buzzud when dar am folks clus ter yer oller wid a smilin' face which dey kin sing wid de melojusness ob a song sparrer. De trufe am, Miss Hamilton, when I sees some oder folks which p'r'aps I hadn't orter menshun 'em, my 'feckshuns fo' dat gal am pow'ful lackin'."

"Fo' de grashus goodness, Mr. Pendergas', do hab some mo' ob de chicken en anudder yam!"

"Tank yo' mos' kindly, Miss Hamilton, but befo' we perceeds furder wid dis meat could yo' 'spon' ter my perosennunce ob marriage?"

"P'r'aps I mought, Mr Pendergas', ef yo'd 'gree ter spen' dat 'leben dollars in fixin' up de shanty."

"Dat I'll mos' sho'ly do, en I'll speak ter Pahson Davis termorrer 'bout habin' de obs-squies immejit."

"Mr. Pendergas', I mus' reques' de pos'ponemunce ob de obs-squies ontwel I gits myse'f a set ob store teef. I've sot my heart on 'em en couldn't t'ink ob bein' jine nohow widout 'em."

"Miss Hamilton, a woman which kin cook sich chicken en co'n pone as dese yere don't need no teef ter chaw 'em wid, en a mouf which lets such hebenly soun's ob singin' out'n it as yourn does don' need 'em fo' beauty."

"Dar am no use ob argyfyin' de marter. I'm sot plum flatfooted on habin' dem teef. De presence ob de orange blossoms in de ha'r en de ebsence ob de feeries in de mouf don't 'gree ter-gedder noways permiseous. When yo' han's me dat 'leben dollars fo' ter fix up de shanty en my mouf am likewise sot out wid dem teef de percession 'll be ready ter mobe on."

The couple left the cabin and seated themselves under the orange trees, where for two hours they laughed and talked with the light heartedness of children.

A month passed before Aunt Savannah had secured the dental ornaments which she considered so essential to her trousseau. In the meantime James had given her the "leben dollars," which she had expended for furniture.

On an evening in April the elite of Egypt were invited to attend the wedding. By this time the orange blossoms were nearly gone, but enough had been obtained to grace the occasion appropriately, and other flowers were abundant. A bower, beneath which the couple were to be married, had been built under the orange tree in front of Aunt Savannah's cabin. Beside Creesy's cabin stood a table adorned with flowers and loaded with trophies of Savannah's skill in cooking. The space between the cabins was to be devoted to dancing, and the fiddlers were already giving their instruments premonitory twangs, to the great delight of the arriving company. Aunt Savannah and James moved about among their guests, greeting them with gracious and elaborate speeches of welcome.

About the time when the guests began to arrive the train from Jacksonville stopped at the little station, and a young colored woman alighted and looked around. She was tall and thin and wiry, with snapping black eyes and a vixenish expression. Walking up to the baggage agent, she asked him in a high, sharp voice:

"Does yo' know ob de wharabouts ob a gemtleman which he name am Jim Pendergas'?"

"Yes, I know where he lives, but he won't be at home tonight," said the agent, with a grin.

"Whar am he, den? Dat's what I wants ter know."

"I reckon he's at Aunt Savannah Hamilton's, down in Egypt. He's to be married to her tonight."

"Married!" shrieked the woman. "De owdashus wilyin'! I'll stop dat business right spang off. Yere, yo' young raskill," catching hold of a colored boy who stood looking on with open mouthed interest, "take me to dat place dis minnit ef yo' knows what am good fo' yo'se'f. Start now. Don't gib no sand fleas time ter hop under yo' feet whiles yo're gwine." Away they went at a rapid pace, the boy impelled partly by curiosity and partly by fear of the virago who pushed him fiercely by the shoulder.

The guests were all assembled. Parson Davis, book in hand, stood beneath the bower, and Aunt Savannah and James were just taking their places in front of him when a furious woman burst through the crowd, shrieking:

"Whar's dat rapscallion, Jim Pendergas', who done c'ared out en lef' his true lub, which he done promus her 'leben dollars ter kim yere en be jine ter him?"

James dropped Savannah's hand and, turning round, cried wildly:

De Lawd hab mussy on us!"

"Axin' fo' mussy, am yo'? What mussy hab yo' had on me, yo' mizzable, low down, no 'count nigger? Didn't I wuk my fingers ter de bone ter buy yo' dat idenkle suit ob cloes yo' hab

"WHAR'S DAT 'LEBEN DOLLARS YO' DONE PROMUS ME?"

on dis idenkle minnit? Whar's dat 'leben dollars yo' done promus me? Kim along, yo' raskill, befo' I puts yo' in jail fo' stealin' ob dem cloes. Dar won't be no weddin' yere ternight."

Before the company could recover from their astonishment she was dragging the luckless Jim away. The young women shrieked with laughter, the young men burst into loud guffaws, as they watched the couple depart.

Aunt Savannah was the first to recover, and she at once took the situation into her own hands.

"Ladies en gentermen," she cried in a loud, firm voice, "de fust ting dis company better do am ter perceed ter dat table en eat de supper befo' de chicken fixin's spile. After dat we'll tu'n dis festibal 'casion inter a pra'r meetin' fer de kinvershun ob onregen'rit liars which dey don't know der own min's while dey am speakin' ob de words. I'm afeard dey'll be eberlas'in'ly tore by de claws ob a temper which am fa'rly t'arin' up de yearf dis blessed minnit. Creesy, yo' step in de shanty en brung out one ob dem new cheers fo' Pahson Davis ter sot on. Now, let dem fiddles strike up a marchin' chune while we marches ter de table en gits de vittles."

By this masterly stroke the victory was won. After all, the supper and the music and the gayety of the occasion were what the people had come for, and since they were not to be deprived of these they saw no reason why they should change their attitude toward their hostess for so slight a thing as the kidnaping of a bridegroom.

Stepping to the Curb.

"Did you ever notice," said the man who prides himself on his powers of observation, "that every one uses the same foot almost every time in stepping up or down the curb at a street crossing? Maybe you haven't, but it is a fact just the same. It may be the right foot that is used or it may be the left, but it is the same one pretty much all the time.

"The movement is made so often that it becomes a habit of the most tenacious kind. By one of those involuntary actions of the nervous system the nerves of the eye and the leg and foot work in unison. The eye of a person approaching a crossing gauges the distance to be traversed before the final step is taken, and the stride is regulated to bring the favorite foot forward in time to take it. The same thing happens when the curb on the other side of the street is reached.

"Sometimes, especially when one is walking rapidly or when the street is crowded, it takes a deal of jockeying to get the chosen foot into position, but the rule is seldom broken. You needn't try to find the truth of this principle by keeping tab on your own steps, for in so doing your will power will come into play and you will use whichever foot you please. Just watch some other fellow, and you will find out that what I am telling you is a fact."—Philadelphia Press.

A Stag Hunt.

"I shall never forget an experience I had one winter," said a visitor from northern Michigan. "It was during the deer season when I went out alone one day to see what I could get. Well, I hunted all day long without even seeing a deer. Finally I sat down on a log to rest and to meditate on my bad luck, when all of a sudden I looked up and saw a big buck making a dead line for me!

"He threw up his flag as soon as he scented me, and I had buck fever for an instant. There we were, both motionless, each staring at the other and both frightened stiff. The next instant, though, I collected myself and brought him down with a shot. It seemed a queer thing to me that after I'd hunted all day long without success that big deer should come walking right into the nozzle of my gun. But I suppose that's the way with the world."—Detroit Free Press.

Funny Old Signs.

One of the most notable of old London signs, "The Dog's Head In the Iron Pot," had its beginning in the early years of the reign of that same bluff King Hal. It stands out, a lonely figure, on Blackfriars road at the corner of Charlotte street, the sign of a wholesale ironmonger's establishment. The dog is in the act of eating out of a three legged iron pot which it has overturned. There were also "The Black Dog" and "The Dog and the Duck." "The White Greyhound" was the sign of John Harrison in St. Paul's churchyard, a bookseller who published some of Shakespeare's early works.—St. Nicholas.

Odd Hair Styles.

Some of the New Hebrides people do their hair up in a bunch on the top of the head and stain it yellow, while the inhabitants of Ombri island pass it all through a tube so as to make a kind of plume. The Marquesas chief's favorite method is to shave all the head except two patches, one over each temple, where he cultivates two horns of hair. No doubt this is to render him more a thing of terror to his enemies than of admiration to his friends. His reason for shaving the rest of the head is to allow more space for tattooing, as if all the available skin of the body were not enough.

A Miner's Deference

[Original.]

There were three women in the coach, and when night came on one of the passengers, a rough miner, insisted on every man getting outside that each woman might have a seat to herself on which to sleep. When we were seated on the coach top, I offered the polite miner a cigar and remarked:

"You treat women with great respect out here."

"That's 'cause there's so few on 'em. They'd oughter pass a law ag'in their comin'."

"I suppose it was your admiration for the sex that leads you to treat them so unselfishly."

"Not a bit. It's my advice, stranger, for any man to let 'em alone. I never had but one experience with any on 'em, and that was enough for me. It was when we was workin' in Zigzag gulch. There was a lot of us there washin' out consid'able ore and all doin' well. One day a grizzly headed ole feller come along totin' a gal. She was the fust specimen we'd any on us laid eyes on for months. Stranger, d'y' remember when y' was a boy and went into a store to buy a pocketknife? Among hundreds on 'em the knife y' bought didn't look especial fine, but when y' got it home away from the rest on 'em, great Scott, how it did shine! Well, that's the way it was with the gal. There wasn't no more on 'em to compare her with, and we was only used to each other's hairy faces.

"The ole man said he'd come out to dig for gold, and his daughter was go in' to do his cookin' for him. It wasn't long before I seen that the gal was givin' me a preference to all the other men in camp, and I felt just as if I was bein' filled with laughin' gas. I was as proud and happy as if I'd struck a vein of pure gold. Pauline—that was her name, Pauline Maryweather—she was as dead stuck on me as I was on her. Only one thing troubled me. She wouldn't take no notice on me except when we was alone and no one to see us. She said her father never would consent to her marryin' no miner and hop in' to make a strike and marry her to some big gun in the east. However, at last she consented to let me try what I could do with him, and I did.

"'Mr. Maryweather,' I said, 'I am in love with yer daughter and want her for my wife. I got $2,000 worth of dust in my shanty, and when I git double the amount I'll go east, set up a store somewhere and live respectable.'

"'You jist let my daughter alone,' he said, 'or I'll put more lead into yer vitals than y' got gold in yer cabin.'

"When I tole Pauline about it, she looked sad, but didn't say nothin', and I begun tryin' to persuade her to run away with me. She was dead set ag'in it at fust, but at last she come round and laid out the hull business herself. I was to go down to the fork of the creek and wait there for her. One thing she insisted on. She said if she once made the move her father 'd never forgive her. She trusted me, but there might be some slip, so she would not stir unless I'd let her carry my dust. This looked reasonable, and the night before we was to dig out I met her in a lonely place up the creek and turned the dust over. She seemed mighty discounsarted and clung to me as if somepin awful was goin' to happen. At last she kissed me goodby, makin' me promise once more that I wouldn't fail her, and then we separated.

"Waal, we was to meet at 4 o'clock the next afternoon. I was at the fork by 3, and 'bout a quarter to 4 my heart begun to beat like a drumstick, beatin' faster and faster till my watch stood 4 p. m. Then it beat at the same gait till a quarter past 4, and, seein' Pauline didn't show up, it begun to slow down. I waited till 5, and then, concludin' that the ole man had got on to the deal, I went back to the gulch.

"Things was a workin' as usual except I missed seven of the most successful miners there was among us. I set down on a stump to rest, and while I was a settin' there Dick Tutt, one of the missin' men, walked in lookin' 'bout himself kind of suspicious. Then from another direction come Phil Thriggs. He 'peared mad at somepin and makes straight for his cabin. While he was there along comes Tom Bannard. Triggs comes out of his cabin and yells, 'What's become of that ole galute, Maryweather?'

"He was tole by the miners that Maryweather and his daughter had left the place a leetle before 4 o'clock with a big sack that it tuk the two on 'em to carry.

"Waal, the game was out. The gal had made love to the seven of Zigzag gulch's wealthiest citizens and got every one on 'em to turn over his dust except Triggs, who suspected somepin and insisted on takin' his'n to the meetin' place hisself, instead of which he buried it and left a bag of sand in its place, so that in his case the thieves didn't get nothin'.

"A couple of year after that I went to Kansas City. I did nothin' for the fust day but stare at the women; they looked so purty. Then I got used to 'em. One day on the street I met a redheaded, frowzy, freckled gal with a pug nose. And who do you suppose she was? Pauline Marywether. I tell you, stranger, what you want to do with wimmen is to treat 'em as you would a leopard—stroke 'em mighty soft, and don't get in the way of their claws. And if you think one on 'em purty jest set her up along side some more on 'em."

GARDINER FORBES.

A Giant In Strength.

"How's the baby getting on?" asked a family friend. "Growing bigger and stronger every day, I suppose?"

"He's growing bigger every day," said the proud father, "and he's plenty strong enough now to suit me. You remember what a tremendous voice he had when you saw him three months ago? Well, it's still more tremendous now, yet he lifts it a dozen times a day."

Valuable Insects.

Perhaps there are few substances contributed by animals to the materia medica of greater value or more extensively beneficial than certain species of insects. Of these there are none more highly esteemed for medical purposes than those beautiful, shining green colored insects known as blistering beetles, or cantharides. Their corrosive action is so great that they frequently inflame and excoriate the hands of those who collect them, and on this property their chief medicinal virtue depends. They are generally used in the form of plasters or ointment, and in cases of violent visceral inflammation their external use can scarcely be supplied by any other medicine.

FOR THE SAKE OF APPEARANCE

By Hubert McBean Johnson

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"May I not have this one?" said I. "For the sake of appearance, you know," I added, noting her hesitation.

"Well," replied Phyllis in an uncertain way, "for the sake of appearance, then."

The room was hot and stuffy, and dancing is warm work anyhow.

"The veranda is a lot cooler," I suggested.

"For the sake of appearance also?" questioned Phyllis, elevating her eyebrows.

"Certainly," I answered, glancing in the direction of Mrs. Gillespie. "It might look strange if we didn't, you know."

"It has one advantage," said Phyllis—"one does not need to talk out there."

Phyllis laughed. It sounded kind of good to hear it. Phyllis has a pretty laugh and particularly so when one has not heard it for a whole month.

"Did you hear the latest?" I asked by way of changing the subject.

"Which is"— questioned Phyllis apathetically.

"Of my engagement?" I finished.

Phyllis was interested. She leaned forward in her chair and rested her chin on her palms.

"This time to"— she pursued.

But I was not going to commit myself.

"What do you think of Gracie Rawshaw?" said I.

"I thought you preferred taller girls and blonds," commented Phyllis.

"Beauty is only skin deep," I quoted sententiously.

Phyllis herself is exceptionally pretty.

"I suppose so," she said dreamily, taking no notice of my remark. "But it's awfully funny," she concluded, with a little laugh.

"I fail to see the humor of the situation," I replied stiffly. "This is not exactly a jesting matter with me."

"I should not imagine so," said Phyllis dryly. "But I'll apologize. I used the wrong word. I ought to have said, what a coincidence."

"Coincidence? How?" I queried in consternation.

I anticipated something, but I don't think Phyllis knew it. I flatter myself that my cigarette never trembled. I have always prided myself on my nerve.

"I might make a little announcement myself," said Phyllis quietly, but just the faintest suspicion of a laugh in her voice.

I flicked off a sixteenth of an inch of ash. Ashes are so liable to fall on one's clothes, you know.

"And the man?" It's remarkable how tobacco steadies one.

"I believe you will find people congratulating Mr. Dawson Graham this evening," replied Phyllis demurely.

"Lucky devil!" I ejaculated impolitely. I said other things to myself. I never had much use for that fellow anyway.

Phyllis bowed in mock courtesy.

"People are good enough to say so," she assented. "I really can't say that I see it myself, but"—

I laughed. The thing was appealing to my sense of humor. It's a most excellent thing, you know, to possess a sense of humor.

"We wouldn't have believed all this a month ago," said I. "I would have laughed had any one suggested such a thing."

"How fortunate!" said Phyllis, with apparent irreverence.

"Which?" I asked. "That I wouldn't have believed it or that I would have laughed?"

"That we found out in time." Phyllis seemed quite serious. "Afterward it would have been apt to create such a scandal."

"True," said I. "We did quarrel occasionally."

"Occasionally!" sniffed Phyllis. "You might better say eternally. Why, I remember one time"—

"When you were staying at Boreas Beach," I interrupted.

"No, not that one," corrected Phyllis —"when I was"—

"And I used to sail up the river to look at you. You wore a yellow dress that summer, you know, and I could see you on the veranda. How I used to wish I could get up the courage to land and go up and talk to you! I don't suppose you ever even saw me."

"Why didn't you?" said Phyllis unreasonably.

I knew why. My imagination gave me a vivid picture of Phyllis turning her back and walking inside. Phyllis knew too. But I had sense enough not to answer.

"Then there was that time"—

"Are you going over them all?" asked Phyllis wearily.

"I suppose there won't be time," said I. "But you have no idea how much I thought of you that summer, little girl."

"And now?" questioned Phyllis softly.

"Isn't it rather late to dream of such things with both of us engaged to other people?" said I.

"Yes," answered Phyllis. "I suppose it is."

"You suppose," said I bitterly. "I'd like to punch Dawey Graham's head. That's what I'd like to do."

"Perhaps"— began Phyllis gently.

"Oh, here you are!" interrupted Mrs. St. Clair, coming out of the house. "I've been looking everywhere for you two. Phyllis, I want to introduce you to Captain MacDougall. Come; I'm sure Jack will excuse you for this dance."

"If I may have the next," said I, seizing Phyllis' card and jotting down my initials on it before she could remonstrate.

Turning into the hallway I came face to face with Dawey Graham.

"Hello!" cried I, restraining my desire to get a half Nelson on him. "They tell me I'm to congratulate you. You're certainly a royal flush if ever there was one."

"Thanks, old man; thanks," said Dawey, linking his arm affectionately into mine and drawing me outside with him. "You're the very fellow I've been looking for. You see, it's this way. We've been engaged now for about six months, and this announcement is merely a prelude to an early wedding. I want you to support me in it. Will you? What do you say?"

Six months, thought I! It took my breath away. The little vixen! And me to support him! If that wasn't rubbing it in!

"What's your governor think about it?" I queried to gain time. "I suppose he's known about it all along?"

"Not much!" cried Dawey. "Not much! He just found it out tonight when it was announced. But he likes it all right. Why, say, do you know, when he heard it he actually made a pun. He said, 'Well, my boy, you're no longer the graceless young scamp you always have been!'"

"I don't see it," said I lamely enough. "Where's the pun?"

"Why, graceless," explained Dawey. "Don't you see—graceless—Grace Rawshaw, you know."

"Oh, yes," said I weakly. "Ha, ha. I see now. How stupid of me! I wasn't thinking."

I certainly did see. I saw several things that Dawey did not.

"And you're going to stand up with me?" asked Dawey anxiously. "Wedding's to be early part of September."

"Am I?" said I emphatically. "Glad to, my dear fellow. Nothing could give me greater pleasure."

And that wasn't just politeness either. I like Graham. He is really an awfully decent sort, you know.

"Thanks!" he cried enthusiastically. "I knew you would. I must go and tell Grace. Well, see you later."

I walked across the floor to where Phyllis was standing with Captain MacDougall.

"Isn't this ours?" I asked.

"Why, yes," said Phyllis, ostensibly consulting her card. "I believe it is."

"Phyllis," said I a moment later, "Dawey Graham has just asked me to act as his best man."

There must have been something in my tone that warned her, for Phyllis looked up and caught my eye.

"Jack," she said, "candidly, you're a goose. I told Grace this afternoon that I would act for her."

"Suppose," I suggested, "that we go outside on the veranda and sit it out?"

"For the sake of appearance?" asked Phyllis, looking up at me and smiling roguishly.

"Not entirely," said I.

A Remarkable Statue.

Some years ago a melodrama was being performed in a country theater, the chief actor in which had made himself, from his haughty and overbearing conduct, disliked by all. In the last scene he was supposed to visit the tombs of his ancestors. In the center of the stage upon a marble pedestal stood the statue of his father. A heavy fold of drapery covered the figure. Enter Albert, who thus addressed the statue:

"I am here once again to gaze upon those features which in life so often looked on me with tenderest affection. Father, thy mourning son now comes to pay thee adoration. Let me remove the veil which from the vulgar gaze shields the beloved image of a once dear parent!"

Off went the drapery, and, behold, the father stood upon his head! The effect cannot be described. It was electric. The shouts of laughter which followed the mistake of the super effectually put an end to the scene, which changed to the next as quickly as possible amid the jeers of the audience, the anger of the manager and the uncontrollable rage of the actor.—London Tit-Bits.

A Painful Similarity.

"I am surprised that Gayboy didn't pay you. I thought the fellow had good points."

"So have pins, yet they'll stick you!"—Judge.

In Charity's Name.

He—Don't you think Miss Sp'nnett is passing fair?

She—Well, to tell the truth, I think she is past.—Chicago News.

Constipation

Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, headache, dyspepsia.

25c. All druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H. Sold by R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

Economical in Theory.

Hill—I suppose my wife is the most economical woman that ever stepped.

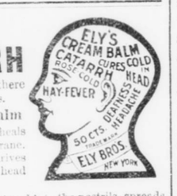
Dale—So?

Hill—Yes; she never spends money for anything that she does not say she will save it in something else.

Dale—And does she?

Hill—Well, you see, we never have got so far as that yet. But it is the principle I was talking about.—Boston Transcript.

Nasal CATARRH



In all its stages there should be cleanliness.

Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives 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 produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

50¢

"It Opens Here"

Free Trial

"A Perfect Chopper," says Mrs. Rorer. Write for cook book by

Mrs. Rorer

Rollman Meat and Food Chopper No. 11. At your dealer's, 50c. If not express 75c. Your MONEY BACK if not satisfactory.

ROLLMAN MFG. CO., 140 Penn Ave., Mount Joy, Pa.

Nothing has ever equalled it. Nothing can ever surpass it.

Dr. King's New Discovery

For CONSUMPTION COUGHS and COLDS. Price 50c & $1.00

A Perfect Cure: For All Throat and Lung Troubles.

Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles free.

J. J. BROWN,

THE EYE A SPECIALTY.

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

Market Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Hours—10 a. m to 5 p. m.

A TIRED BRAIN.

There Is Only One Doctor In Existence Who Can Cure It.

Is "brain fag" to be regarded as the distinguishing feature of life in the twentieth century? Following on this alarming question comes a list of symptoms—pain round the sockets of "otherwise healthy eyes," exhaustion following upon reading, thinking or any business excitement, etc. A physician, in answer to an inquiry, said: "The brain is the most exquisitely delicate mechanism known to us, but 'mechanism' is a brutal word to apply to the thing which can evolve a fiscal policy or a battleship, yet on which a sunbeam, a shadow or a perfume produces the most profound effects. Yet some women use this delicate machinery as no carter would use a horse; many men do so. When the brain is tired, it does not say so in words, but in symptoms. Then we grumble and call these symptoms 'brain fag.' It is an excellent name. This disease is as old as the hills, and it is on the increase. There is only one doctor in existence who can cure it. A brain fagged man I know spent some months going from door to door in Harley street seeking relief and finding none. One day he fortunately fell down and broke his leg. In came Dr. Rest and cured him. Dr. Common Sense is also a specialist on this disease, but he is rarely to be found at home."—London Mail.

Near the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Tourist—What were those two shots in quick succession?

"Why, those were the sunrise and sunset guns."—Life.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE

In Effect Nov. 29th, 1903.

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Scranton(D&H)lv	$ 6 38	29 47	1 42	4 28
Pittston " "	7 05	10 15	2 10	5 53
Wilkesbarre...lv	$ 7 25	$10 35	2 45	$6 00
Plym'th Ferry "	7 32	10 42	2 52	6 07
Nanticoke..... "	7 42	10 50	3 01	6 17
Mocanaqua..... "	8 01	11 07	3 20	6 37
Wapwallopen... "	8 10	11 16	3 30	6 47
Nescopeck.....ar	8 18	11 26	3 42	7 00
Pottsville.....lv	5 50	.....	11 55	.....
Hazleton..... "	7 05	.....	2 25	22 45
Tomhicken..... "	7 22	.....	3 05	3 05
Fern Glen..... "	7 24	.....	3 15	3 15
Rock Glen..... "	7 35	.....	3 22	3 22
Nescopeck.....ar	8 02	.....	4 00	4 00
Catawissa.....lv	8 55	11 57	4 13	7 32
South Danville "	9 04	12 15	4 31	7 51
Sunbury.....ar	9 35	12 40	4 55	8 15
Sunbury.....lv	9 42	12 48	5 18	9 53
Lewisburg.....ar	10 13	1 45	5 48	.....
Milton..... "	10 08	1 39	5 44	10 14
Williamsport.. "	11 00	1 41	6 40	10 00
Lock Haven... "	11 50	2 20	7 27	.....
Renovo..... "	A. M.	.....	8 00	.....
Kane..... "	.....	8 25	.....	.....
Lock Haven..lv	P. M.	P. M.	.....	.....
Bellefonte.....ar	12 10	3 45	.....	.....
Tyrone..... "	2 10	6 00	.....	.....
Philipsburg.... "	5 10	8 02	.....	.....
Clearfield..... "	5 54	8 45	.....	.....
Pittsburg..... "	6 55	10 45	.....	.....
Sunbury.....lv	9 50	$ 1 50	5 10	8 34
Harrisburg....ar	11 20	3 15	6 50	10 10
Philadelphia..ar	$ 3 17	6 23	9 28	4 23
Baltimore..... "	$ 3 11	6 00	9 45	2 20
Washington.... "	$ 4 29	7 15	10 55	3 30
Sunbury.....lv	$10 00	$ 2 15	.....	.....
Lewistown Jc. ar	11 45	4 05	.....	.....
Pittsburg..... "	6 55	$10 45	.....	.....
Harrisburg....lv	11 45	$ 5 20	$ 7 20	$11 05
Pittsburg.....ar	6 55	$ 1 50	1 50	5 30

	P. M.	P M	A M	A M
Pittsburg.....lv	7 10	9 00	3 60	8 00
Harrisburg....ar	A. M.	A. M.	P M	P M
	2 00	4 25	11 25	3 10
Pittsburg.....lv	.....	P.M. 9 00	.....	A M 8 00
Lewistown Jc. "	.....	A. M. 7 30	.....	P M 3 00
Sunbury.....ar	.....	9 20	.....	4 60
Washington....lv	P. M. 10 40	A M	A M 7 50	A M 10 50
Baltimore..... "	11 00	4 40	8 40	11 45
Philadelphia.. "	11 40	4 25	8 30	11 40
Harrisburg....lv	A. M. 3 35	A. M. 7 55	A. M. 11 40	P M 3 25
Sunbury.....ar	5 00	9 30	1 08	5 13
Pittsburg.....lv	P.M. 12 45	.....	A M 3 00	A M 8 00
Clearfield..... "	3 30	.....	.....	9 20
Philipsburg.... "	4 25	.....	.....	10 10
Tyrone..... "	4 06	.....	8 10	12 25
Bellefonte.... "	8 16	.....	9 32	1 25
Lock Haven ar	9 15	.....	10 30	2 10
Erie.....lv	5 35	.....	.....	.....
Kane..... "	8 45	.....	6 00	.....
Renovo..... "	11 50	6 40	10 30	1 13
Lock Haven.... "	12 38	7 30	11 25	2 50
Williamsport...	A.M. 2 41	.....	P M 8 40	3 50
Milton.....	2 23	9 13	1 25	4 38
Lewisburg.....	.....	9 05	1 15	4 22
Sunbury.....ar	3 39	9 45	1 54	5 05
Sunbury.....lv	A. M. 6 45	A M 9 55	P M 2 00	P M 5 25
South Danville "	7 11	10 17	2 21	5 50
Catawissa..... "	7 32	10 38	2 43	6 15
E Bloomsburg.. "	7 37	10 43	.....	6 19
Espy Ferry..... "	7 42	10 47	.....	6 19
Creasy..... "	7 52	10 56	3 55	6 30
Nescopeck..... "	8 02	11 05	3 05	6 40
Catawissa.....lv	A M	A M 10 38	P. M.	P M 7 05
Nescopeck.....lv	8 24	.....	5 05	7 05
Rock Glen.....ar	.....	11 22	.....	7 28
Fern Glen..... "	8 51	11 28	5 32	7 34
Tomhicken..... "	8 58	11 38	5 38	7 42
Hazleton..... "	9 19	11 57	5 59	8 05
Pottsville..... "	10 15	1 50	6 55	.....
Nescopeck.....lv	A M 8 02	A M 11 05	P M 3 05	P M 6 40
Wapwallopen..ar	8 10	11 20	3 20	6 52
Mocanaqua..... "	8 34	11 32	3