OUR MISS FLEMMING

By C. B. LEWIS

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Her name was down on the passenger list of the Iron Duke, bound from London to India, as Miss Bertha Flemming. She was fairly good looking, of excellent figure and was witty and magnetic. Before a day had passed all the single men and half the married ones were determined to get an introduction as soon as possible. In two or three days she had been introduced to every first class passenger of the sterner sex, and during the next two or three she picked and culled until what was known as the Flemming crowd numbered about fifteen men. Twelve of these were young men or widowers, while the remainder were married men whose wives were in England or India. It was the money crowd of the ship.

When the ship had been out about a week cards were inaugurated to while away the spare hours. It was a matter of surprise to every one, as soon as the playing got fairly started, that Miss Flemming was so adept with the pasteboards and had such universal good luck. She handled the cards like the slickest gambler, and the jackpots came her way with wonderful regularity. On two or three occasions she manipulated the cards in such a way that had she been a man she would have been called down, but as it was she was given the benefit of the doubt. When she had won $350 of me I cashed the chips and went out of the game, being pretty well satisfied in my own mind that I hadn't been given a square deal, and from that day Miss Flemming had no further use for me. When I tried to bask in her smiles as before the smiles were not at home to me. She had confided to me that she found me congenial, but there seemed to be some mistake about that after I had decided to lose no more money.

Her greatest victim was the son of an English manufacturer who was going out to India to spend some of his father's surplus cash. His exact losses when he decided to quit no one but himself could say, and he gave no information, but it was hinted that they footed up a hatful of money. In the course of three weeks the Flemming

SHE HANDLED THE CARDS LIKE THE SLICKEST GAMBLER.

crowd was dissolved. One after another withdrew as he was cleaned out of his spare cash, and Miss Flemming was certainly several thousand dollars to the good.

Soon after the poker games ceased we were treated to several sensations in succession. The first was the disappearance of several diamond rings and a bracelet which had been left on the piano by a player. After a little it was found that the jewelry had been taken while only six people were in the cabin. Four of these were married ladies, the fifth was Miss Flemming and the sixth a young man. The cabin was turned upside down in the search, but the missing valuables could not be found. Then every one of the six persons demanded that his or her stateroom and luggage be searched, but the captain hushed matters up by suggesting that one of the servants was the thief and that the plunder would in time be recovered.

Three days later a married woman had a more sensational complaint to make. During her temporary absence from her stateroom some one entered it and stole $500 in cash, a gold watch and a costly pin. Her stateroom was only two doors below mine, and at the time named I had caught a glimpse of some one entering it. I just got sight of a skirt, but I was sure in my own mind that it was one I had seen Miss Flemming wear.

The bold robbery was a shock to every one. No one's belongings would be safe until the thief was discovered. It was natural to first suspect the servants, and the captain had them before him in succession and tried his best to fix the guilt. While this was going on the mate and stewardess were searching quarters and baggage, but no trace of the plunder could be found. Some thought the thief had flung the stuff overboard to escape detection, but the majority settled down to the belief that one of the passengers was the guilty party.

Many who had jewelry and small sums of money hastened to the purser, and people began looking at each other in an unpleasant way. One half probably suspected the other half, but that wasn't discovering the criminal. I felt sure I could give a good guess as to who it was, but guessing and declaring are two different things. Miss Flemming was loud in her indignation and feverish in her anxiety. The average detective would have reasoned that she rather overdid it.

Four days later another stateroom was entered and more jewelry taken, and right in the midst of the sensation a lady missed a pair of diamond earrings which she had put out to clean. So great was the indignation and so intense the desire to catch the thief that all passengers and servants were held together on deck while a search was made of everything below. This search was most thorough and exhaustive, but not one of the missing valuables was located. It was, however, the end of the thieving, as everything in the line of jewelry was locked up in the purser's safe. The remainder of the voyage was anything but comfortable, as every one felt that he might be under suspicion, and there were very few farewells exchanged at the parting.

I went up the country to Allahabad and had been there six months when an Englishman was arrested for trying to defraud a bank of a large amount of money. It was my province as a newspaper man to write up the affair and later on to come in contact with the accused. The instant I saw him I asked if his name was Flemming and if his sister hadn't come out to India on the Iron Duke. He laughed heartily at the question, but did not answer it until he found there was evidence enough to send him to prison for a long term. Then he explained that he was Miss Flemming herself. Not only that, but he admitted to being one Ransome, a thief and sharper badly "wanted" by the English police for many offenses against her majesty's laws.

Ransome had many times taken to female disguises when closely pushed, and he aped the young lady so well as to always deceive. Not a man or woman on board the Iron Duke had the least suspicion that he was masquerading. As to the robberies aboard, I laid them at his door, and he smiled in reply. I have never had a doubt that he was the thief, though where he hid his plunder I cannot say. No wonder he had plucked us at cards, for he was a notorious sharp. He went to prison for fifteen years and died after half his sentence had expired. A year before his death he escaped, donned female attire again and was finally found serving in an aristocratic family as a parlor maid.

Made Peace With the Editor.

An Oklahoma business man got mad at the editor of a local paper about something which appeared in print and notified the editor that he would in future have his printing done at a job office where they didn't have a paper to roast everybody. He thought, of course, the paper would have to quit business, but it kept going.

In about two months the man's daughter was married, and they had a big wedding, but not a line appeared in the paper. Later on his wife gave a reception to visitors, but not a line appeared in print.

Later on the man's youngest child died, but the editor apparently didn't know it. The next fall a mass meeting was held in town to see about public improvements, and this business man made a big speech. The meeting was written up in full, except this man's speech. This was skipped. Then the business man called and asked the editor what he had against him.

"You got mad last year," was the reply, "and said you were going to have your work done at the job printing office, so I thought I'd just let your job printer print the account of your daughter's wedding, your wife's reception, your child's obituary and your little speech."—Enid (Kan.) Events.

Wives of Great Men.

Few great men have paid more enthusiastic tributes to their wives than Tom Hood, says the Denver Times. "You will think," he wrote to her in one of his letters, "that I am more foolish than any boy lover, and I plead guilty. For never was a wooer so young of heart and so steeped in love as I, but it is a love sanctified and strengthened by long years of experience. May God ever bless my darling—the sweetest, most helpful angel who ever stooped to bless a man."

"I want thee much," Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote to his wife many years after his long patience had won for him the flower "that was lent from heaven to show the possibilities of the human soul." "Thou art the only person in the world that ever was necessary to me. And now I am only myself when thou art within my reach."

The wedded life of Wordsworth with his cousin, "the phantom of delight," was a poem more exquisitely beautiful than any his pen ever wrote. "All that she has been to me," the poet once said in his latter days, "none but God and myself can ever know."

Churches as Places of Refuge In War

Our ancestors transacted a good deal of business of one kind or another in and about their churches. To begin with, the churches of old England in turbulent times were regarded as places of safe custody for public and private property. In the border land of England and Scotland the idea was carried out still more completely, and churches, or at least their towers, became regular fortresses and not infrequently were objects of offense and defense. We may note in rural England that in the case of ancient churches the towers are often not merely disproportionate in size to the rest of the church, but are carefully and strongly built, evidently with an object.

Even in peaceful Surrey and Sussex the belfries are veritable strong rooms with barred windows and massive doors and often contain a massive treasure chest. Hither, at the first alarm, money and valuables were hurried, for beyond the security of thick walls and bars and bolts there was an ægis of sanctity which in a superstitious age protected the building from the most ruthless of foes. The fortresslike construction of many of the border land churches is an interesting study of antiquarians.—London Standard.

The Dahlia In England.

The dahlia has become popular among English gardeners. In the wild plant the flowers are single, with a dull ray and yellow disk. The varieties of the cultivated forms are almost endless.

The original was discovered in Mexico by Vincent Cervantes about 1784 and was first brought to the botanic gardens of Madrid, and the same year it was introduced into England by the then Marchioness of Bute. The plant became extinct in Britain. It was again brought there in 1804, and in that year is found the earliest mention of the dahlia, named from Andrew Dahl, a Swedish botanist and pupil of Linnaeus.

In Mexico the tubers are cultivated as food on account of the quantity of inulin they contain, but in Europe, though many times tried, they never became popular.

Easy Way of Measuring Heights.

Anybody who knows how to take the altitude of the sun or a star with a sextant and wishes to take that of any distant hill, steeple or the like should put a tea tray on the ground, fill it with water and then retire from it until the top of the hill, steeple or what not is reflected in the liquid. Now take the sextant and make the image of the summit coincide with its reflection in the liquid. The angle of elevation thus, obviously, have been measu double. Half of this will give measurement required.

Home Influence.

It was during the reading lesson in one of our public schools that a little lad read in a jerky, expressionless way, "Mamma, see the hawk."

The reading was so very poor that the teacher said, "John, you know you would not talk that way to your mother."

"No'm," replied the lad.

"Well, now," said the teacher in a kindly way, "you read it exactly as you would say it to your mother."

And here is his reply: "Look, mom, at that there hawk!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

HIS WINTON SLOWNESS

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

The first Winton that "came over" had incurred the lasting displeasure of the first Albright. I believe he had been slow in paying a debt—at least there was a general impression that "the Winton slowness" was responsible for the feud. Beyond a doubt the present Wintons—father and son—were slow of speech and movement. Mrs. Winton and Sue did not share in "the family failing."

When Amos Albright's wife had died he had persuaded a younger brother to "move in and run the farm"—they were two miles out of town—and Grace, who was then fifteen, was sent east to a young ladies' seminary. During her four years' absence from Highmead her once vivid recollections of the enmity between the Albrights and Wintons grew dim and shadowy. When, on the day following graduation, she was invited to spend a week at a classmate's home it was with no feeling of apprehension that she heard her friend say, "Brother George has asked Jack Winton to come down with him from Harvard, and we shall be quite gay." The Wintons that she knew had a son, but his name was John. This young man proved to be well built, self possessed and clear of skin, and John Winton had been a long, lank, freckled boy, very bashful, she remembered. To be sure there was a certain drawl in her new acquaintance's speech, which reminded her of "that boy," but perhaps all Wintons were slow spoken.

The four young people thoroughly enjoyed the week they spent together, and it was with delight that Jack Winton discovered on the eve of his departure that Miss Albright's destination was the same as his own. "I'm glad that we travel together," he said. "Yes," Grace assented hesitatingly. Jack's face flushed, and he turned to his host with the explanation, "Miss Albright has just recognized an old enemy in your humble servant."

"Oh, no!" Grace protested. "If our fathers are foes we need not be." And she held out her hand to him, with a friendly little gesture.

During the three days' journey westward their friendship progressed rapidly. They were in the midst of one of many animated conversations when Mr. Amos Albright boarded the train at X., a station some thirty miles from Highmead. Grace saw him coming down the aisle.

"There is father," she said hurriedly. "He'll not recognize you, I'm sure! I believe I'll introduce you as Mr. Jack."

When Mr. Albright bent to kiss his daughter's upturned face he looked keenly at the young man beside her. "Mr. Jack, father," Grace murmured and blushed guiltily when the two men shook hands gravely, and Jack offered the newcomer his seat.

"I'll move opposite," he said in his pleasant drawl, "if you don't object." Before they reached Highmead he found himself drawn into the conversation. To his daughter's delight Mr. Albright seemed to enjoy talking with her friend. "Sensible young man!" he said to Grace when Jack went into the smoking car just before the train pulled into Highmead. On the homeward drive he spoke of him again. "I've seldom met a young man," he said, "as intelligent as Mr. Jack. Queer name, isn't it? If my eyes were shut while he was talking I'd declare he was Winton."

"He is, father," Grace confessed. "He is Mr. Jack Winton."

Amos Albright looked at his daughter for a moment in dumb amazement. "I'm sorry," he said at last, "but that settles him."

Jack Winton refused to be thus summarily "settled." The next day he came to call and was received so coldly by his unwilling host that he knew at once that his identity had been revealed.

"Mr. Albright," he said in his deliberate way, "I'm Winton, as you've evidently discovered, but the Wintons are not such a bad lot, after all. Aren't you a bit prejudiced?"

"Not a whit more than your father is," Mr. Albright said stiffly.

"Yes, I know. Mother and Sue hadn't a word to say when I spoke of calling here, but the pater raised a storm—almost forbade me to come. Really, now, what have you against me—the Winton slowness?"

"Yes. I hate a laggard in anything. That's enough to condemn you, sir! My daughter can receive you, if she wishes, whenever you may call, but I must ask you to excuse me now—and always." A chilling request, but Jack went away happy in the thought that Grace still considered him as a friend and had asked him to come again.

In spite of the enmity between the heads of the two houses Mrs. Winton and her daughter were exchanging calls with Grace Albright before the summer waned. Amos Albright still disapproved of Jack, though he could discover nothing objectionable in his conduct. The young man seemed to be an able assistant to his father, who was at the head of a well established business. "Blood will tell," he said to himself, "and the old Winton slowness will crop out some day." When Jack came one evening in October with the not unexpected request for his daughter's hand, he said impressively: "If Grace loves you, and she imagines she does, I will consider your proposal carefully. You may call tomorrow morning at 6 o'clock, and I will let you know my decision."

"Six o'clock!" Jack exclaimed. A look of triumph crossed Mr. Albright's face. "Yes," he said, "but perhaps that is too early for a Winton."

"Not at all," Jack calmly assured him. It was evident that Mr. Albright meant to test him. The idea amused him greatly, and he laughingly related the result of his call to his mother and Sue.

"It's a test, mother," he said, "and a good one too. Nothing short of an earthquake will get me up at 5. I must wake then if I'm to keep my appointment at 6."

"Nonsense!" Sue cried. "There's the old alarm clock. You can set the alarm for 5 and put it at the head of your bed, Jack."

"Just the thing," he said gratefully, "and I'll do it now."

Late in the evening his mother stole into his chamber and set the hands of the little clock forward an hour. "Jack will never notice," she said to herself, "and he dresses so slowly."

After he was asleep Sue tiptoed in. There was no light in the room, but she found the clock and set it an hour ahead of time, as she thought. Neither mother nor daughter knew that the sleeper was doomed to wake at 3 o'clock, but promptly at that hour the alarm sounded. Perhaps Jack can tell the remainder of his love story better than any one else can, and I will give you his account of it:

"I was awake in a moment, and if ever a Winton hustled I did then. I let the old horse have full swing, and we trotted out to the farm in great shape. All the shades were down, and the place was silent as the grave. I rang the bell, and Mr. Albright put his head out of the window. His language wasn't very polite. It was hard work to keep from laughing when he shouted, 'What in thunder do you want?' 'Your daughter,' I shouted back. 'Man alive,' he cried, 'I said 6, and it's only half past 3!' Maybe that didn't surprise me!

"'Perhaps it's too early for an Albright,' I suggested. 'Shall I call later?'

"'No,' he growled; 'I can answer you now. If this is a sample of Winton slowness the stock is improving, and'—

"'And I may have Grace?' I interrupted him.

"'Plague take you!' he cried. 'I suppose so!' Then he closed the window with a bang, and I camped on the porch until Grace came down."

The Evolution of Names.

The evolution of names from foreign tongues into English is in many cases easy. From the German Bauer to the English Bowers and from the French Boulanger to the English Bullinger is but a step, as it were. But there are no people who are oftener more humorously accused of altering their names than the Irish. Thus Crehan has become Rehan; Carroll, Karl; Dillon, Dyllyn; Divver, Devere and Devyr; McCarty, Macartee and Makart; Slattery, Slater and Satterlee; O'Brien, Obrion and Breen; McGinness, Guinness and Innes; Reilly, Relyea; Duffy, Dufay; McGuffin, Magoffin; Quinn, Queen; Fogarty, Fougert; Haggerty, Haggart; Sully, Soule. The English singer, Braham, merely dropped a letter when he went on the stage. He was a Hebrew, and his real name was Abraham.

Old Custom Handed Down.

How many can tell the origin of the habit of closing the eyes in prayer? Far back in the past the sun was the universal object of worship. As it rose above the horizon the devotee thanked it for its return to bless the world. As it set in the west he implored its early return. His face was always toward the sun in prayer, and his eyes were closed to prevent blindness. The habit has passed down from father to son for thousands of years. Though the object of worship has been changed, the custom survives.

Noise as a Curative Agent.

The Chinese doctor sets up a terrible racket when called to treat the sick. This is supposed to drive evil spirits away, and it unquestionably acts well in a great many cases. Civilization demands rest and quiet. All noise is barred from the sickroom. The Chinese have demonstrated unknowingly a great psychological or psychapathological fact. A patient of mine had received the last rites of the church, the pulse had ceased at the wrist and he had sunk into that coma which precedes death. Some one in the next house struck up the "Anvil Chorus" from "Il Trovatore." I was very much annoyed and distressed and tried to stop it. Suddenly the pulsation at the wrist began again, the patient gradually opened his eyes, motioned to his sister. She bent low, and he whispered in her ear, "Te dum te dea; that is my favorite tune." We roused him, fed him, and today, ten years after the event, he weighs 240 pounds. The therapeutics of vibration or noise is yet to be written. So I have discovered that anything that can arouse the subconscious, subliminal self will cure my patient when all drugs fail, and noise is a very cheap agent.—Medical Brief.

Deer and Sleep.

Deer reverse the apparent order of nature, for they sleep in the daytime and feed at night. How much sleep they do take is a matter of contention even among experienced stalkers. Some say little, others much. On the whole, we are inclined to agree with the former, for it has to be remembered that they chew the cud when lying down. Two most experienced and observant foresters, the one in Argyllshire and the other in Aberdeenshire, thus gave their opinions: "Deer sleep or rest from about 10 or 11 a. m. to 4 p. m." "Deer sleep from noon to 5 p. m."

It is no uncommon occurrence to come on deer asleep. A stalker in the Blackmount had the rare experience of coming upon a parcel of seven stags, all sound asleep. A herd was seen to move in Glenfeshie, but one stag remained behind, lying motionless. On a careful approach he was found to be asleep. Perhaps, however, the oddest occurrence of this nature happened in Braemore, when a stalking party on going up to the stag which had just been shot found a three-year-old close to it fast asleep. In fact, it is by no means rare to get within a yard or two of a sleeping deer.—Scottish Field.

Poetry and Science.

Poetry has perhaps no place in the exact sciences, partly because exactness is incompatible with poetic license, partly because of the unalterable tendency of the poet to get things wrong. A curious example of this was noticed in a lecture at the Camera club by Mr. Duncan on cuttlefishes. The modern cuttlefish is a descendant of the fossil belemnite, but the only descendant of the coeval ammonite is the paper nautilus. Better known is the Portuguese man-of-war, with which the paper nautilus is sometimes confused and which is really allied with the belemnite group, because, while its shell appears external, it is not really so. The poets Pope, Byron and James Montgomery all easily fell into the error, and Pope's well known lines in the "Essay on Man"—

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale—

embody a wrong description of this very interesting survival. Pope believed, with many other people, that the little nautilus comes to the surface keel downward and spreads some fleshy oval and ciliary expansions in the form of two sails and six little oars. But it does nothing of the kind. The two little oval expansions—the sails—are never raised at all, but always tightly clasp the shell. They form, in fact, part of the shell. Moreover, the nautilus comes to the surface upside down, if we may so express its position.—London Post.

Man's Future.

A man is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the world. All his faculties refer to natures out of him. All his faculties predict the world he is to inhabit, as the fins of the fish foreshow that water exists or the wings of an eagle in the egg presuppose a medium of light air. Insulate and you destroy him. He cannot live without a world.—Emerson.

EZRA BRIGGS' REVENGE

By D. H. TALMADGE

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

My friend the postmaster and general storekeeper of Harleyville was sitting on the front porch of his establishment lazily puffing small clouds of blue smoke into the air and blinking comfortably at his slippered feet, which were resting against a post on a level with his face. I spoke to him, and the feet slipped down with a thud.

"Howdy," he said. "Some warmish, ain't it?"

I nodded, wiping from my face the perspiration engendered by an ill advised walk of two miles over a road unshaded from a merciless July sun. The family at the farmhouse where, from motives of economy, I was spending my vacation had gone to a funeral, and I had wearied of my own company. Wherefore, the afternoon being too hot for fishing, I had come to Harleyville to seek companionship.

"I'd have went to Ike's funeral myself," said the storekeeper when I had explained thus to his understanding, "only the rest of the folks wanted to go, and I didn't like to close up the place on account of the postoffice. I was down to Ike's when the great damp breath blew his lamp out. I set up with him two or three nights along at the last."

"He was a close friend of yours?" I asked.

"Well," sighing explosively, "there ain't much doubt he was considerable close, and we was always friends, him and me. I had a feeling of sympathy for him during the last years of his life, too—sort of an admiration for him, because he took his medicine like a man. 'Tain't every male human that does."

"Then he had long been an invalid?"

"No; that ain't the idea. He wasn't sick a great while. The story dates back nigh on to twenty years, when him and Ezra Briggs was rivals for the hand of Martha Telford. 'Twas nip and tuck between 'em, but Ezra finally won the match. Ike was fool enough to get mad about it, and when his pa died, leaving among his other effects a mortgage on the old Briggs place where Ezra was living, his parents both being defunct, he foreclosed the thing and made a regular dickens of a bad mess. Ezra could have paid if he'd had another six months, but Ike wouldn't wait. That was the beginning of a mighty hard time for Ezra. Nothing he touched after that seemed to prosper. Him and Martha—there wasn't no children—come at last to live in a house not much better than a shanty down by the mill yonder, and the woman's love, so my wife and daughter say, sort of took sick and died. I've heard tell there ain't much female love that's proof against poverty long drawn out, and heaps of what passes for real honest affection leaks away through the worn-out places in woman's clothes.

"It's my opinion that Martha wasn't a real comfortable person to live with during the last two or three years of Ezra's life. I've got a suspicion, more or less founded on fact, that she was sourer than the dregs of vinegar and that her patience sort of shot off like a Gatling gun once it had bu'sted. Ezra took sick finally with somebody or other's disease of something or other that the doctors said was incurable, and he didn't keep up after that, just poked around and groaned till the trouble knocked him down into bed.

"He kept his own counsel pretty much, but I've got a notion he was nursing a feeling of bitterness against Ike most of the time then. I said to myself 'twould be a blessing if the old death angel would only flop down and carry him off before he done anything that would shock the community.

"But I was worrying unduly. However much he may have been figuring on revenge, there wasn't no bloody violence mixed into his figuring. He did give the community sort of a shock, though, such as 'twas. Most of us couldn't understand then why he done as he did, but it is as clear as molasses to me now.

"The river yonder five years ago last March got on a ripping tear owing to a sudden thaw, and among other things it done it swooped down across Ike's barnyard and carried off a lot of live stock and things, including Ike himself, who was trying to rescue a valuable ram he'd paid a big price for at the state fair.

"He went along with the flood and never stopped till he stuck in the branches of a small tree about seventy or eighty feet from shore near where Ezra's house stood. And as chance would have it Ezra heard him yelping for help and dragged himself out of the house, where he was staying alone with his disease while Martha washed dishes up to the hotel over at Bottom village.

"Now, 'twould have been no more than natural for a man in Ezra's position to have done nothing but gloat over the situation. But Ezra didn't do nothing of the kind. He hustled around as fast as his disease would let him to save Ike before the tree come unrooted.

"He got a long rope and tried to throw one end of it to Ike, but it fell about five feet short every time, so he waded out into the water, though the doctor had told him 'twould kill him to get his feet wet. When Ike had tied one end of the rope to himself Ezra tied the other end to a fence post, and the current done the rest.

"That wetting of his feet and legs was the beginning of Ezra's finish. That night he had a chill, and his disease simply got rampageous. The doctor said 'twas hopeless the minute he seen him and give him a week to live, if he didn't drop off in the meantime. And Ike—well, Ike come around penitent and humble as anything the Old Testament ever produced, saying Ezra saved his life, for he couldn't swim a stroke, and asking if there wasn't anything he could do to make amends to him. There wasn't, of course. The time had gone by for that. But Ike hung around the place clothed in figurative sackcloth and ashes most of the time till Ezra passed along to the next world eight days later."

It seemed to me rather a pretty story of the greater-love-hath-no-man-than-this sort and heap-coals-of-fire-upon-his-head sort, and I said as much to the storekeeper.

"Shucks! That wasn't Ezra's revenge at all, though I thought it was till I learned different. Ezra was simply saving Ike for the torture; that was all. Two days before he died he sent for me, and he says, with a shivery chuckle, when he'd sent the others out of the room: 'Old friend, I've got to tell somebody this, and I've chose on you. It'll be easier dying if I know that somebody alive knows how I got even with that cuss. I've forgive him and all that; but, say,' and he drew me down closer to him, 'I've made him and Martha promise solemnly, with their hands touching mine, that they'll get married as soon as decent, and, oh, glory, won't she just knock the plaster off of him!' He was chuckling hard when I left him, and I reckon he died chuckling. My wife said he looked real peaceful and contented and satisfied and sort of natural in his coffin."

"And Ike?" I asked after a short interval, during which the storekeeper's gaze rested upon a distant hilltop where white stones gleamed in the sunshine.

Once more he sighed, more softly this time. "Poor Ike!" he murmured. "I never see a man who seemed so glad to die as him."

Excessive Energy.

Energy is a fine thing, but, like steam, it needs a little restraint and careful guiding. If the safety valve doesn't work there's likely to be a breakdown or a blow up now and then. The nervous, fidgety woman is a dreadful bore. She ruffles up the atmosphere and makes everybody wish she would take a vacation and rest up like sixty. Some of those people who fly around the fastest do the least work, and the proper thing to acquire is balance. Work as hard as you want to, but let up when the moment for letting up arrives. There is a limit to human endurance, and when you go beyond the limit you never get back into the valve of strong endurance and fine vitality. It is the man or the woman who knows how to work and how to rest who gets things done all fine and shipshape and without tearing the roof off its feet. These remarks may be blunt, like a chisel, but they're as true as the fact that the Lord made little apples.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Odd Street Names.

In Clerkenwell, England, there is a street called Pickled Egg walk. It takes its name from Pickled Egg tavern, which formerly stood there and made a specialty of serving pickled eggs. An interesting London thoroughfare is Hanging Sword alley, which is mentioned in Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." London has also Pickleherring street. In Leicester is a street called the Holy Bones and another called Gallows Tree Gate. Hull has a street with the extraordinary name, the Land of Green Ginger. Corydon has a street named Pump Pail, and there some years ago lived Peter Pottle, a dealer in furniture. The most daring of farce writers might well have hesitated to invent a combination of name and address so improbable as that which really belonged to Peter Pottle of Pump Pail.

The Labor of a Watch.

The little balance wheel of a watch vibrates five times per second. Imagine that this wheel, instead of swinging back and forth like a pendulum, should roll on continuously over a given surface. Its circumference in a gentleman's watch of ordinary size is two and a quarter inches, and it makes a sweep in each direction of about three-fourths of its circumference. In other words, it would traverse in one second a distance measuring about eight and a half inches. According to this computation, the balance wheel of a watch would travel in a year over a distance of 3,677 miles in round numbers, and it would take the little wheel just six years eight months to circumvolve the globe by way of the equator.

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.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers

50 CTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

A Hint Desirable.

"You're all run down," said the doctor. "What you need are quiet and rest. You ought not to be worried at all."

"Will you put that in the form of a prescription, doctor, and give it to my wife?" asked the man.—Exchange.

Success is nothing more than the result of doing whatever you can do not only well, but just a little better than anybody else.—Maxwell's Talisman.

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¢

Free Trial

"A Perfect Chopper," says Mrs. Rorer

Write for cook book by

Rollman Meat and Food Chopper No. 11. At your dealer's, 50c, by mail or 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 FAMILY QUARREL.

Its Droll Ending After the Poet Shelley Had Interfered.

In his "Rossetti Papers" William Rossetti says that when Shelley was staying in the villa of the Gisbornes a most droll incident occurred. It appears that his servants, Giuseppe and Annunziata, who were man and wife, quarreled, and Shelley, hearing Giuseppe abusing his wife very savagely and also ill using her, rushed upon him with a pistol, shouting: "I'll shoot you! I'll shoot you!" The startled fellow ran for his very life, Shelley after him, till the servant, coming to a shrubbery of laurels, managed to slip under them, Shelley, in his eagerness, darting past him. The servant in a few minutes found it possible to dodge back into the house unperceived. Shelley, seeing him no more, at last went back to the house, where, to his unutterable surprise, he found Giuseppe and Annunziata sitting together in the most amicable manner, addressing each other as "caro" and "carissima." "But were you not quarreling even now?" exclaimed the perplexed poet. "Quarreling?" gasped Giuseppe in amazement. "No, signor, we never quarreled." "But I have been running after you in order to shoot you." "No, signor, you never ran after me, for I have been sitting here for the last hour or more. You must have fancied all this." And Giuseppe and Annunziata, who had both been considerably frightened, continuing to assure him that they had had no quarrel, and Mary Shelley, whom they had let into the secret, saying the same, Shelley was at last utterly mystified and inclined himself to believe that he must have fancied it.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,

TIME TABLE

In Effect Nov. 29th, 1903.

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Scranton(D&H) lv	§ 6 38	‡9 47	1 42	‡4 28
Pittston " "	7 05	‡10 15	§ 2 10	5 53
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M
Wilkesbarre... lv	§ 7 25	§10 35	2 45	‡6 00
Plym'th Ferry "	7 32	f 10 42	f 2 52	f6 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 31	6 47
Nescopeck..... ar	8 18	11 26	3 42	7 00
	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.
Pottsville...... lv	5 50	......	§11 55	......
Hazleton ...... "	7 05	......	2 45	‡2 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	......	......	......
Catawissa....		......	4 00	4 00
	A. M	A. M	P. M.	P M
Nescopeck.... lv	§ 8 18	§11 26	§ 3 42	‡7 00
Creasy...... "	8 3[illegible]	11 36	3 52	7 09
Espy Ferry..... "	f 8 4[illegible]	11 46	f 4 02	7 20
E. Bloomsburg "	8 47	11 50	4 06	7 25
Catawissa...... lv	8 55	11 57	4 13	7 32
South Danville "	9 14	12 15	4 31	7 51
Sunbury...... ar	9 35	12 40	4 55	8 15
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M	P. M.
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 59	2 20	7 37	
Renovo .... "	A. M.	3 00	8 30	
Kane .... "	......	8 25		
	P. M.	P. M.		
Lock Haven.. lv	§12 10	§ 3 45	......	......
Bellefonte .... ar	1 05	4 44	......	......
Tyrone .... "	2 10	6 00	......	......
Philipsburg "	5 10	8 02	......	......
Clearfield ..... "	5 54	8 45	......	......
Pittsburg.... "	6 55	§10 45	......	......
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P M
Sunbury lv	9 50	§ 1 59	§ 5 10	§ 8 31
Harrisburg.... ar	11 30	§ 3 15	6 50	10 10
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A M
Philadelphia.. ar	§ 3 17	6 23	9 28	4 23
Baltimore ..... "	§ 3 11	6 00	9 45	2 20
Washington ... "	§ 4 20	7 15	10 55	3 30
	A. M.	P. M.		
Sunbury lv	§10 00	§ 2 15	......	......
Lewistown Jc. ar	11 45	4 05	......	......
Pittsburg..... "	6 55	§10 45	......	......
	A. M.	P. M	P. M.	P M
Harrisburg.... lv	11 45	5 20	7 20	§11 05
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A M
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 00	§8 00
	A. M	A M		P M
Harrisburg.... ar	2 00	4 25	11 25	3 10
		P. M		A M
Pittsburg...... lv	.....	9 00	......	§ 8 00
		A. M.		P M
Lewistown Jc. "	......	7 30	......	§ 3 00
Sunbury ...... ar	......	9 20	......	§ 4 50
	P. M.	A M	A M	A M
Washington... lv	10 40	......	7 50	10 50
Baltimore...... "	11 00	4 40	8 40	11 45
Philadelphia... "	11 40	4 25	8 30	11 40
	A. M.	A M	A. M.	P M
Harrisburg.... lv	3 35	7 55	§11 40	§ 3 25
Sunbury ...... ar	5 00	9 36	1 08	§ 5 13
	P. M.		A M	A M
Pittsburg..... lv	§12 45	......	3 00	§ 8 00
Clearfield.... "	3 30	......	......	9 20
Philipsburg.. "	4 25	......	......	10 10
Tyrone...... "	7 00	......	8 10	12 25
Bellefonte.. "	8 16	......	9 32	1 25
Lock Haven ar	9 15	......	10 30	2 10
	P. M.	A M	A M	P M
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
	A. M.		P M	
Williamsport .. "	2 44	8 25	§12 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
	A. M.	A M	P M	P M
Sunbury lv	§ 6 45	9 55	§ 2 00	§ 5 25
South Danville "	7 11	10 17	2 21	5 50
Catawissa...... "	7 32	10 35	2 36	6 08
E Bloomsburg.. "	7 37	10 43	2 43	6 15
Espy Ferry.... "	7 42	f10 47	......	f 6 19
Creasy.......... "	7 52	10 56	2 55	6 30
Nescopeck...... "	8 02	11 05	3 05	6 40
	A M	A M	P. M.	P M
Catawissa.....lv		10 38	......	
Nescopeck......lv	8 23	....	§ 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	
	A M	A M	P M	P M
Nescopeck......lv	§ 8 02	11 05	§ 3 05	§ 6 40
Wapwallopen..ar	8 19	11 20	3 20	6 52
Mocanaqua .... "	8 31	11 32	3 30	7 01
Nanticoke ..... "	8 54	11 54	3 49	7 19
		P M		
Plym'th Ferry "	f 9 02	12 02	3 57	f 7 28
Wilksbarre .... "	9 10	12 10	4 05	7 35
	A M	P M	P M	P M
Pittston(D&H) ar	§ 9 29	12 29	§ 4 56	8 04
Scranton " "	10 08	1 08	5 24	§ 8 29

§ Weekdays. ‖ Daily. f Flag station.

Pullman Parlor and Sleeping Cars run on through trains between Sunbury, Williamsport and Erie, between Sunbury and Philadelphia and Washington and between Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West.

For further information apply to Ticket Agents

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.

GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

JOHN W. FARNSWORTH

INSURANCE

Life Fire Accident and Steam Boiler

Office: Montgomery Building, Mill Street,

Danville, - - Penn'a

LACKAWANNA RAILROAD.

—BLOOMSBURG DIVISION

WEST.

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M
New York........lv	2 00	....	10 00	1 40
			P. M.	
Scranton..........ar	6 17	.....	1 50	
	P. M.			
Buffalo lv	11 30	2 45	....	....
	A. M.			
Scranton..........ar	5 58	10 05	....	
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M
Scranton.......lv	†6 35	*10 10	†1 55	*6 55
Bellevue..........	....	......	......	.....
Taylor..............	6 44	10 17	2 03	6 14
Lackawanna.........	6 50	10 24	2 10	6 50
Duryea..............	6 53	10 28	2 13	6 53
Pittston............	6 58	10 33	2 17	6 57
Susquehanna Ave.....	7 01	10 37	2 19	6 59
West Pittston.........	7 05	10 41	2 23	7 02
Wyoming............	7 10	10 46	2 27	7 07
Forty Fort..........	....		2 31	
Bennett............	7 17	10 52	2 34	7 14
Kingston.........ar	7 24	10 56	2 40	7 20
Wilkes-Barre.......ar	7 40	11 10	2 50	7 30
Wilkes-Barre.......lv	7 10	10 40	2 30	7 10
Kingston..........lv	7 24	10 56	2 40	7 20
Plymouth June......	....	.....	.....	.....
Plymouth..........	7 35	11 05	2 49	7 29
Nanticoke..........	7 43	11 13	2 58	7 37
Hunlock's..........	7 49	11 19	3 06	7 48
Shickshinny........	8 01	11 31	3 20	7 53
Hicks Ferry.......	8 11	f11 43	3 30	f8 03
Beach Haven.......	8 19	11 48	3 37	8 09
Berwick...........	8 27	11 54	3 44	(
Briarcreek.........	f8 32	.....	f3 50	....
Willow Grove........	f8 36	.....	f3 54	f8 24
Lime Ridge.........	8 40	f12 09	3 58	f8 28
Espy...............	8 46	12 15	4 06	8 34
Bloomsburg.........	8 53	12 22	4 12	8 40
Rupert............	8 57	12 25	4 15	8 45
Catawissa..........	9 02	12 32	4 22	8 50
Danville...........	9 15	12 44	4 33	9 05
Cameron...........	9 24	f12 57	4 43	
Northumber'd......ar	9 35	1 10	4 55	9 30

EAST.

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M
Northumberl'd......	*6 45	†10 00	†1 50	*5 25
Cameron...........	6 57	.....	f2 01	f5 36
Danville...........	7 07	10 19	2 11	5 44
Catawissa..........	7 21	10 32	2 23	5 56
Rupert............	7 26	10 37	2 29	6 01
Bloomsburg.........	7 33	10 41	2 33	6 05
Espy..............	7 38	10 48	2 40	6 13
Lime Ridge.........	7 44	f10 54	f2 46	f6 20
Willow Grove........	f7 48	.....	f2 50	.....
Briarcreek..........	7 52	.....	f2 53	f 6 27
Berwick...........	7 57	11 05	2 58	6 34
Beech Haven........	8 05	f11 12	3 03	6 41
Hicks Ferry........	8 11	f11 17	3 09	6 47
Shickshinny.........	8 22	11 31	3 20	f6 59
Hunlock's..........	8 33	....	3 31	f7 09
Nanticoke.........	8 38	11 44	3 38	7 14
Avondale..........	8 41		3 42	7 22
Plymouth..........	8 45	11 52	3 47	7 28
Plymouth June......	8 47	....	3 52	.
Kingston..........ar	8 55	11 59	4 00	7 38
Wilkes-Barre.......ar	9 10	12 10	4 10	7 50
Wilkes-Barre.......lv	8 40	11 40	3 50	7 30
Kingston..........lv	8 55	11 59	4 00	7 38
Luzerne...........	8 58	12 02	4 03	7 42
Forty Fort.........	f9 00	....	4 07	....
Wyoming..........	9 05	12 08	4 12	7 48
West Pittston.......	9 10	.....	4 17	7 53
Susquehanna Ave....	9 13	12 14	4 20	7 56
Pittston..........	9 19	12 17	4 24	8 01
Duryea...........	9 23	.....	4 29	8 06
Lackawanna........	9 26	.....	4 32	8 10
Taylor............	9 32	.....	4 40	8 17
Bellevue..........	....			
Scranton.........ar	9 42	12 35	4 50	8 25
	A. M.	P. M.		P. M
Scranton.........lv	10 25	†1 55	....	11 10
				A. M
Buffalo ....ar	....	7 55		7 0[illegible]
	A. M.	P. M	P.M	A.M
Scranton.........lv	10.10	12.40	‡3 35	*2 [illegible]
	P. M.	P. M	P.M	A. M
New York.........ar	3 30	5 00	7 35	† 50

*Daily, †Daily except Sunday.

fStops on signal or on notice to conductor.

a Stops on signal to take on passengers for New York, Binghamton and points west.

T. E. CLARKE, Gen. Superintendent. T. W. LEE, Gen. Pass.

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.

PEGG

The Coal Dealer

SELLS

WOOD —AND— COAL

—AT—

344 Ferry Street