By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure •••••••• She was working when he knocked it, comrade?"

and merely called, "Come in!" "I thought it was only you," she added, with a smile and a nod of welcome over her shoulder. "Isn't it a dream of a day? You are about five and a half minutes too late. Mab just went for a park tramp with her pockets full the springy world. Goodby."

himself beside her desk. The window springtime over? was open, and a little Rookwood jar closed, her eyes full of tears. of daffodils. There was a mass of you know, and I am so tired of it all, scattered manuscript spread over the Dick, so tired." desk, and her eyes looked tired with There was a light, quick step in the fluffy, careless state, unlike its usual ink blots on her second finger.

had picked up her blue pencil and was squirrels and the park. marking stars on the back of the man uscript with it

like your cream puffs and chocolate eclaires never try to give them the doughnuts and brown bread of realism. Is that it? Or were the last royalties below par? Or has Mab been teasing you, or what?"

He was not smiling now. There was a new earnestness in his eyes as he bent suddenly toward her.
"Comrade," he sald, "am I good

enough to ask the woman I love to It was very quiet in the large, restful studio apartment. The tap of horses' hoofs on the pavement far below float-



"AM I GOOD ENOUGH TO ASK THE WOMAN

ed up to them faintly, and there was a rustle as the wind stirred the leaves of paper on the desk. She was still smiling, but her head was turned to the vindow and the yellow daffodils and blue sky beyond. She was glad she was strong and had known all along that this must surely come. It was right too. She was glad for Mab, Mab in her glorious youth, who had swept into her life with the joy and promise of the springtime and had put new zest and hope in her by the very force f her ambition and confidence in all things.

And it was good that these two should marry, and the man who had been her friend and comrade so longso long. There were the first days of her struggles, when she had met him haphazard. He was already one known and sought after even then, and he had smiled down at her, the frank, bright smile she had grown to look for, and told her to make a good fight and win out. She was sure to in the end. Only the weak ones fell on the line of

Then when success began to come slowly and she felt the foothold of surety beneath her feet his had been the first voice of congratulation to reach her and still urge her higher. It was a matter of years. She was thirty now. He must be nearly forty. She thought of Mab at eighteen and wondered if she could ever know and appreciate the value of the man who loved her, who was willing to lay the strength and honor of his life's success at her feet.

She knew him so well and had come to understand she was so necessary to him in his work that her voice was the first he sought in commendation. Each of his later plays he had read aloud to her, seated, as now, in the deep armchair beside her desk. They had discussed them together and planned and corrected and hoped and been true comrades. Now it was all at an

Something blurred the daffodils and blue sky from her sight, and he frown-

"Oh, I know, I understand." Her voice was low and uncertain, but she smiled back at him with the old courage. "I have understood all along—be fore you did yourself, I believe. Bu don't you see how hard it is for me?"

"She has been so much to me. Except for you, all my way has been lonely. Even the success could not mornings the riders leave Rome or the better that. When I found her, just as villas roundabout in time to be on the I was at first, young and alone and field and ready by 11 o'clock, for the poor and brimful of hope, with all the hunt is always several miles from struggle ahead and the heartaches, it Rome, sometimes on the rolling, partiy it all to this and give her a fair chance. more often on the level plain. Such a And she's so sweet and bright and meet is to Rome what a Meadowbrook true. I can't make you understand meet is to New York. It means a how dear she is to me or how lone- morning gathering of fashionables,

older, aren't we, Dick? It seems as if I From the estates of noblemen in the want it to be always spring now. When I was eighteen, like Mab, I riages, and men on the hunters which didn't care. It was only a matter of they will ride in the day's chase .- P violet time and showers and a little D. Zabriske in Outing.

quicker beating of the pulses. Now it

the symbol of something lost. She turned back to the desk and pur

"Mab is coming across the park," she said. "I am going to be good to you with my blessing. And I am glad, so glad, Dick, for you. Only was it quite fair to steal my springtime girl away and leave me all alone? Honest, was

He held it in a close grip and leaned across the deck toward her.

"Winifred, Winifred," he said. "And stood me of all the world. Couldn't you see I was waiting for it all to come to you, the success, the little petty of cake for the squirrels and her heart laurel crowns that are turned out by full of love for all the world, especially the hundreds nowadays. I wanted you to gain it all and still find something "But I'm not going, thank you," he lacking, so that some day I might come answered, laughing down at her. He to you, as I do now, and say: 'Aren't drew up his favorite chair deliberate- you tired of it all, dear? Can't you ly, the deep, lounging one, and seated come to me now and rest and live the

She shook her head at him. Her lips in soft greens and bronze browns "I never knew," she said. "And it stood upon the sill, holding a cluster was so long and lonesome, the fight,

forced thought. The breeze from the hall. Mab was whistling as she came window had blown her hair into a some gay little love song of a shep-herdess and a miller laddie and the businesslike primness, and there were gate where the May thorn grows. She turb the writer at the desk, but the "I'm going to stay here awhile," he writer was almost hidden from view "And I don't give a rap for your behind a barricade of masculine arms. ladyship's permission. I have come to And Mab smiled and, stepping noiselessly back into the hall, closed the She looked at him amusedly. He door after her and went back to the

We All Know Her.

So serious? Let's see." She laid It pays a woman to be pretty somedown her pen resignedly. "Truax times. Being pretty saved a woman's doesn't like the last effort of the life last week. She was playing whist mighty mind. Not up to the Burton at an evening party, and it was natustandard. It's not wise to play ping rally supposed that she knew how to pong with your public, Dick. If they play or she wouldn't have sat into the game. She was so distractingly pretty that every man there wanted to be her just loved whist.

"Let me see. Is this strict whist or the inevitable question. "What is without trying to remedy the matter.

"Hearts."

"Oh, do you lead trumps?"

"Lead from your long suit." "But I haven't any. There isn't a long suit in my hand. Oh, is a king worth more than an ace in whist? How much do spades count? I've got the right bower; is it any good? How do you signal? By opening and clos: your hand? Oh, what a goose! I

got I was playing whist. Partner, take that trick; I haven't any mere trumps. Oh, I mustu't talk; you'll think I don't know how to play. What's that? Trumped my partner's ace? I always do. Why, I've nigged again. I'm such And every man present looked as if

he really enjoyed it.-Chicago Record-

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 nervousy, fidgety woman is a dreadful hore. She ruffles up the atmosphere and makes everybody wish she would take a vacation and rest up has a better salary than he gets on the like sixty. Some of those people who Times. I'll see if I can show him the fly around the fastest do the least error of his ways." work, and the proper thing to acquire is balance. Work as hard as you want him from her, "you promised you'd not paint pictures much better than to, but let up when the moment for never mention a word! letting up arrives. There is a limit to human endurance, and when you go fine vitality. It is the man or the woman who knows how to work and how prettiest gown, smile your sweetest to get the idea very clearly. To make and shipshape and without tearing the 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 taveggs. An interesting London thoroughfare is Hanging Sword alley, which ring street. In Leicester is a street called the Holy Bones and another the Land of Green Ginger. Corydon a dealer in furniture. The most daring

Feared a Separation Her father had read her the parable of the sheep and the goats at the day

of judgment. She made no comment but that night a sound of weeping came from her room. Her mother went as consoler. "Why are you crying, dear?"

"About the goats. Oh, I'm so afraid I'm a goat."

"Why, no, dearie. You are a sweet little lamb, and if you should die tonight you would go straight to heaven." With this and like assurance she was finally pacified. The next night the same performance

was repeated, and again her mother "It's the goats. I'm afraid about the

"Oh," she sobbed, "I'm not crying

be a goat!"-Brooklyn Life.

A Roman Meet. Rome has a delightful climate the whole year round, and from the end of November to the middle of March is an ideal time for hunting. Then the hounds meet twice a week. On such ned so good to sweep her up out of timbered land to the northward, but with time and money and distinction She rose and went to the window, her to its credit. Swift moving motor cars, face raised to meet the wind and sun- lumbering drags and four-in-hands, smart phaetons, barouches, victorias "How selfish we are as we grow and dogcarts hurry out from the city.

vicinity of the hunt come more car-

E/^^^ A MADE TO ORDER IT ORDER ITEM

MARY F. K. HUTCHINSON Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

E/////# Penelope, having instructed the maid

She stretched out her hand to him. to say she was not at home, stood behind the lace curtains to watch the departure of Jack Hale. "Now, Penelope," began her brother

Clarence, who caught her in the act, I'll promise to wait patiently, dearest, "I want to know what this means." "What what means?" asked Penelope, flushing and striving to gain page of the Sanbrook Times the follow-

"What what means!" grunted he in scorn. "Pen, will you never learn it's useless to hedge with a newspaper order item." man? I want to know why you are treating Hale in this fashion. He's newspaper instinct, never tried to find been in the dumps since he took you out which of the "confounded idiots at to the Commercial club musicale. He's the office" dared to tamper with his doing poor work, and the managing notebook. editor called him down today before the whole gang. If he's discharged he'll spoil his chances for a position on that New York paper. You've had an attack of the indigoes yourself and refuse to see him when he calls. Naturally I want to know what's the matter, for I don't mind telling you I'd else-study law." rather have Jack Hale for a brother

than any man I know." "Why don't you adopt him, then?" asked Penelone unconcernedly. "Well, we'll try cross examination," remarked he. "Pen, do you hate Jack

"No," decidedly. "Do you really dislike him?" "No-o," more slowly.

"Didn't you really and truly care a great deal for him up to the date of that musicale?" "I won't answer any more of your

questions," snapped Penelope as she

started to leave the room. "Highty tighty! Not so fast," said pulpit," said another. he. "Remember, Pen, I'm not only your brother, but your guardian, and, while I take the place of parents ar ! partner. Her first remark was that she brother, too, I must use my own way of striving for your happiness. I can't let my dearest chum and my little just a little social game?" Then came housekeeper both eat their hearts out

> Now, little girl, let's have the whole "And you won't tell a word?" came the smothered question from his shoulder.

"Never a word." "Well, then, if you must know the whole story, nothing happened at that musicale. But the next day Aunt Maria came to spend the day.

"And a day in her company is as a thousand," supplemented Bradford. "And she said she felt it her duty to her dead brother's child to tell me how people were talking about me behind my back. She said I had encouraged Jack long enough and that if he hadn't proposed by this time he never would. He would pay me attention till he got that position in New York, and then he'd find another girl there and forget me. I told her he was nothing but one of your friends; that I never intende to marry, but should always keep

house for you." "Then you proceeded to shut Jack out because he hadn't lived down to Aunt Maria's level of marrying in haste Jack Hale is the soul of honor. If he hasn't asked you to marry him it's because he wants to wait till he

"Clarence," cried Penelope, pushing painting was a young chap who could "Well, Pen,

I'll keep my word, but I want you to very often gone before he knew it. One beyond the limit you never get back forget Aunt Maria and her views. I'm day Mr. Chase was talking to the Into the valve of strong endurance and going to ask Jack to dinner tomorrow class on the subject of perspective, and night, and I want you to wear your this particular student did not appear to rest who gets things done all fine and take him back into favor again. It plain Mr. Chase went back to the That won't be a hard thing to do for rudiments to get a good start. roof off its feet. These remarks may my sake, will it, dear?" in his most wheedling tone.

"You old torment!" cried Penelope as she gave him a parting hug. Reaching the door, she called back, "I might possibly do it for his sake," after which

piece of daring she hurried out to see why dinner wasn't announced. "I surmised as much," Bradford told ern, which formerly stood there and himself, "and, though I'd scorn to made a specialty of serving pickled break a promise, Jack Hale will get a pretty broad hint of what I consider

his duty." is mentioned in Dickens' "Tale of Two Hale pleaded an evening assignment pears." Cities." London has also Pickleher- the next afternoon, but Bradford wouldn't take "No" for an answer. "I know well enough what that assigncalled Gallows Tree Gate. Hull has ment is," he responded, "and you can a street with the extraordinary name, get the story just as well in the morning. You're looking fagged out, Hale, has a street named Pump Pail, and and need a rest. Break away from there some years ago lived Peter Pottle, your work early this afternoon and go up and take Penelope for a drive. The of farce writers might well have hesi- horse has been stabled for more than ondhand clothes for about one-sixth of tated to invent a combination of name a week because Pen has had a bad and address so improbable as that cold. I'll be home in time for dinner, which really belonged to Peter Pottle but shall put the whole evening in at the board of aldermen's meeting, so I'm glad you can amuse the child. She's in need of amusement after being

ooped up for a whole week." "Why didn't you tell me"- began Hale. But Bradford was gone. Though he could lie beautifully, he could not

stand cross examination. As Jack and Penelope returned from their drive, both in the best of spirits after their spin through the frosty air. Bradford preceded them up the steps. While all three removed their wraps in the hall be pulled a notebook from his pocket and tossed it across to Hale. remarking, "Say, old man, I found your notebook after you left the of-

"Much obliged," answered Hale as be attempted to catch the book, which foreseen the burning of houses on missed his hand and fell at Penelope's "Didn't I tell you, dear, that you feet. Picking it up quickly, she ex-

claimed: "Now, I wonder what the very latest sensation is? I do so like No sooner had the anticipated conflaabout myself, but I'm 'fraid you may to keep up with the times." And she gration taken place and a new house proceeded to flutter the leaves of the been erected on the same site than they book past the canceled items toward returned and built their nests as bethe last written pages.

"Penelope, that's a pun, and if I wasn't in a hurry to dress I'd see that were properly punished for it, Jack looked over Penelope's shoul-

there's a thing that hasn't been print-"Oh, ves, there is," said Penelope. "Here's your very last item." And she dissolved by Henry VIII, and its last "That isn't my writing! Oh, Lord!" in The clock was then removed to Wells,

a tragic grean. For this is the item both read: "Engagement announced this week— Miss Penelope Bradford, dau. of late Hon. Harrison B-late pres. Nat. Bank, amist" or "polygamist?" this city. Mr. John Winthrop Halerising young jour .- pop. member Com- about? mercial Club-grad, of Harv.-ctr. rush Mrs. Henneck-Why, a man who has on football team—congrat. of hosts of one wife too many is a "bigamist," friends, etc."

Isn't be? "Wh-what does it mean?" gasped Mr. Henpeck-Not necessarily.-Phil-Penelope, turning red and white by adelphia Press.

der as he answered, "Don't believe It was built in 1322 by Peter Light-

UNEXPECTED **IMPRESSION**

"Mean?" ejaculated Hale in despera-

ion. "It means that one of those con-

founded idiots at the office has been

trying to get funny. It means—oh, Penelope, darling," with a complete change of tone, "can't you make it mean something? Don't run away,

dear," as he caught both her hands.

"Let me finish now I've started. I've

loved you so long that you must surely

down to any such bread and butter ex-

if you'll only make this item true."

Writing a "Book."

"I do not care to write a book for the

sake of the pay," said the youth. He

was very young and must be forgiven

for this. "Perhaps, after all, I had bet-

So he became a lawyer, but the old

ambition to write a great book came

over him again.
"Anything but that," said a friend

to whom he told his wish. "If you don't

In time, however, this palled upon

him. He still thought of that book.

"You could do so much more in the

So he preached until the hollowness

One day he woke up and found that

"It was not I-it was the lawyer, the

the great book was written. And he

doctor, the elergyman and the other

An Insulted Scotchman.

and a Scotchman will take a joke. An

Englishman who had been fishing in

the lower lakes said to his boatman:

me some time ago. I lost a pair of scis-

sors out of my fishing book at the end

of the lake. The next year I was fish-

ing here again and booked and killed a

hard inside him, so I opened him, and

what do you think it was?" "Begorra,

scissors only for one thing." "What is

that?" asked the other. "It's only just

a pike in any of the Killarney lakes

the same story on a gillie in Scotland.

When he asked him, "What do you

think was inside the pike?" the gillie

replied: "Your scissors and nae guts,

and the Duke of Argvil-and he's a far

greater man than the king-would not

have insulted me sae. I'll fish nae

Distance Lends Enchantment.

he could save money, and the allow-

ance given to him by his father was

"You understand," he said, "that the

"No," he replied doubtfully, "I'm not

Mr. Chase was provoked and not a

little surprised at such ignorance and

"It's all right as to some things," re

sponded the student, "but not all. Now,

there's a ten dollar bill. The farther

I get away from that the bigger it ap-

Old Clothes Ornaments.

probably explains why they are rich.

You have been told of the wealthy

wives in our New York Faubourg St.

Germain who after wearing a gown

twice or three times at most sell it to

a certain Sixth avenue dealer in sec-

its original cost. Women in moderate

circumstances who know this dealer

reasonable outlay. Rich men are more

cast offs to servants to do with as

parlor ornament in swell houses is

the result of barter with the peddler .-

Animals and Second Sight.

mals see ghosts and future events.

Kerner declares that they are endowed

with second sight. This faculty is

thought to be especially strong in dogs

which they have been wont to build

their nests and to have abandoned

them, taking up their abode on other

buildings or on trees in the vicinky.

Oldest Clock In the World.

The great clock of Wells cathedral,

in Somersetshire, England, is very

nost interesting of clocks in existence.

foot, one of the monks of Glastonbury

ran for 250 years until the abbey was

where it has been running ever since.

Not His Experience.

Mrs. Henpeck-Let me see, is it "big-

Mr. Henpeck-What are you talking

-St. Nicholas.

nearly the oldest and certainly the

and horses. Storks are known to have

It is a common belief that many and-

New York Press.

The rich are not unthrifty. That

The young fellow shook his head.

the smaller it appears?"

so sure about that."

said so.

In one of Mr. Chase's classes in

mare wi' ve" And off he walked --

"Seventy Years of Irish Life."

since the world began."

ery large pike. I felt something very

like the law, be a doctor."

So he studied medicine.

He felt that he had a mission.

of it came over him.

And he left the pulpit.

laughed at the thought.

man who did it."-Smart Set.

about it?

ter be a lawyer.'

By Bennet Musson

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have guessed that much, and I've only waited to have something worth offer-If one were looking for a cure for ing before asking you to become my bashfulness carbon paper would seem wife. A man ought not to tie a girl an unlikely thing to select. But it was a piece of this paper which, if it did istence as I can offer while I'm on the Times. I wouldn't have spoken if this overcame the effects of his shyness. hadn't happened till I had more. But John's bashfulness was most perniious, and, while it had not retarded his career as a successful manufactur-The item appeared on the society er in the flourishing town of Schuylerville, it proved a very embarrassing ing Saturday, and Bradford chuckled possession when he was smitten with

the tender passion. In the first place, Margaret Little "Now, that's what I call a made to was an "authoress," and that alone Hale, being blessed with his share of was an awe inspiring circumstance. To be able to write stories which met with occasional acceptance, to have the postman sometimes bring her thin letters containing checks and not to be the grinning bearer of bulky packages of rejected manuscripts, placed her on a "I would like," said the youth, "to plane above other women - in John's write a great book. How shall I go eyes; not that she needed such placing for it would be futile to chronicle the "Don't, I beg of you!" said the novelangelic qualities with which he en-"Write one that pays, as I do, or dowed her.

The trouble with this endowment process was that it was not disclosed to Margaret. John could write and did write letters teeming with sentiment. Of course it was unfortunate that these letters never were sent. It was more unfortunate that he found himself unable to express in her presence the feelings which agitated his six feet of manhood. He had made three attempts at a pro-

posal, each of which had ended in stammering confusion and dire failure, and it is probable that the number would have been extended indefinitely had not a rival appeared on the field. Any one who showed Margaret the slightest attention was a rival in John's view, and it seemed impossible that the editor of a New York magazine would come fifty miles to Schuylerville for the sole purpose of consulting Margaret about a series of stories for his periodical. If this innocent purpose brought the editor, something emotionally attractive in Margaret's pretty face must have induced his reappear ance within a month, and it was during this second visit that John spurred The following story heard at Killar-ney shows how differently an Irishman himself to action.

On a June afternoon he deserted his desk and determinedly strode toward the Little homestead. His courage usually lasted until he passed the from



ACROSS THE ORCHARD CAME MARGARET AND THE EDITOR

gate. but on this occasion he was sur prised to find it upholding him even after he had reached the veranda. It evaporated when he rang the bell. A the Downs) arising into dockyards for maid told him that Miss Little had gone for a walk with the gentleman farther you get away from any object from New York. This information, coming as a respite, at first relieved John. Then jealousy renewed his courage and he holdly said that he wished to leave a note for Margaret.

In the matter of impassioned mis sives John Kendall was no coward, and he sat at Margaret's little desk and dashed off a few glowing periods on a sheet of her manuscript paper. When the effusion was finished proved satisfactory, being, in fact, condensation of the others which he had left unsent. He folded it neatly and was reaching into a pigeonhole in the desk for an envelope when he hap pened to glance out of the window. Across the orchard came Margaret and the editor. The latter, a small

blond, handsome man, was walki close beside his contributor and look ing smilingly into her beautiful eyes. After viewing this scene John was seized with panic at the thought of keep themselves in finest regalia at a Margaret's reading his note immedi ately. The next instant he was stridparticular and less thrifty than rich ing away from the house, scattering women. They despise the "ole clo's" bits of white paper to the June breezes.
man and prefer to hand down their He did not see Margaret for a week. and during that time deep despair held seemeth good to them. But many a him for its own. Then an urgent business affair led him to call on her fa bought with old clothes; many a new ther, who was suffering from a slight

illness and was unable to leave his pot or kettle in my lady's kitchen is house. When the interview with Mr. Little was at an end and John reached the front door, he found Margaret sitting on the veranda. He thought to pass her with a formal greeting, but his intentions usually went astray where she was concerned, and he was soon seated near her in a wide armed veranda

chair. "I am sorry I missed you when you called last week," said Margaret after her father's illness had been discussed. "I'm sorry, too." John replied, menid, who he hoped had forgotten th The girl said something about you

aving a note," continued Margaret. "Yes-er-an invitation to a picnic John said weakly, "but the affair was "Before you could write the note?"

No. I thought it would be postied, so I changed my mind." Margaret was looking demurely at a rosebush. "It has been postponed beshe murmured softly, but her companion did not hear the remark. "John," she said in a londer tone, "I suppose it is only in an invitation to a that would I ever have two afternoons paused to read, while Hale exclaimed: abbot hanged over the town gateway. picnic that you would address me as a week?"-Christian Register. your dearest Margaret."

John Kendall turned slowly and regarded the object of his affections with bewilderment. He wondered if any of church for an increase of salary. the torn bits of paper had been picked up and pieced together by Margaret, but he had scattered them so widely that that seemed impossible.

gaze from the rosebush to her lover's souls, and, if I could, it would take s face, seemed to enjoy his expression. Then John rocked violently in the ve- make a decert meal." randa chair in the hope that the action !

ቊቖቊቖቊቖቊቖቊቖቊቖቊቖቊቑ፟ተውተውተውተው would induce mental stimulation, but

"Will you come with me for a mo ent?" Margaret asked, rising and en tering the house.

John followed her to her study. There, on the little desk, was the pile of manuscript paper. Margaret took a note from the bosom of her dress, unfolded it slowly and handed it to John. "There was a piece of carbon paper

among the top sheets," she said, "and this was under it." And John read an exact copy of the effusion he had addressed to Margaret the week before. For a moment he looked helplessly at the note, then he glanced shyly down at Margaret, and the expression he saw in her eyes was entirely unlike that with which she had regarded the

It seemed to say, "Speak for yourself. John," and had the stolid type writer which stood on the desk risen to the occasion it would have added an other love scene to its long list.

In the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Kendall, in Schuylerville, is a den, and on one of its walls hangs a bit of black paper in a gilt frame. When the curlous question John about this paper he tells them its story, if they are worthy and if they are unworthy he merely says that it is an impressionistic pic ture of the darkest hour before dawn.

The Secret Service.

A man standing on a steamship pier

in New York found himself being watched closely by three ordinary looking individuals who stood together. atmosphere was chilly, and the man took several turns up and down the pier, noticing at the same time that the eyes of the strangers followed all his movements. His conscience being clear, he did not feel embarrassed when he realized that the watchers were detectives. Obviously the men were not from the central office because of their small stature and lack of flesh, and it became a question in the man's mind whether he was dealing with detectives from a private agency or with secret service men. He resolved to find out. His first move was to halt near the group and appear unconcerned. It was not long before he was joined by one of the watchers, who said:

"Are you from Mr. So-and-so's office?" naming a deputy chief of the secret service. "No," replied the subject of scrutiny,

"but I believe you are." The detective smiled faintly and changed the conversation. All of which goes to prove that the secret service is secret in more ways than one, else why did the detectives think that an utter stranger had been placed on the same "plant?"-New York Post.

Red Hair. Middle age painters represented Judas as red haired, though Jews with sunny locks are not common. Lord Macaulay argued that the anti-red hair feeling was an illogical survival of In Ireland red hair is common, and

in the speech of the country a person so distinguished is called a "Dane," in allusion to the incursions made centuries ago upon Irish soil by the light haired Danish sea rovers. Aristotle of old Greece declared that

"he that has red hair is proud, envious and deceitful." Aristotle was undoubtedly "dark complected."

On the other hand, the Italian painters represent the Madonna with light hair, Titian gave his name to a famous shade of red in women's hair and red hair in Spain is an aristocratic tinge. as seemingly derived from the Goth conquerors of Iberia. The Spanish roval house has furnished several members with red or reddish hair.

Walpole on Balloons, speculations on the future of the balloon have been recently reprinted. Said

the satirist: "I supposed our seaports to become deserted villages and Salisbury plain, Newmarket heath and all downs (but aerial vessels. The ship news then would run thus: The good balloon Daedalus. Captain Wingate, will fiv in a few days for China. He will stop at the Monument to take in passengers Foundered in a hurricane, the Bird of Paradise, from Mount Ararat. The Bubble, Sheldon, took fire and was burned to her gallery, and the Phenix is to be cut down to a second rate. There will be fights in the air with

wind guns and bows and arrows." His Satante Majesty During the American Revolutionary war the colonists had great trouble with women who were determined royalists. "The sex," wrote the rebellious governor of New Jersey, "are mistresses of infinite craft and subtlety, and I never read of a great politician who did not employ petticoats to accomplish his designs. Certain it is that the greatest politician on record (I mean the devil) applied himself to a female agent to involve mankind in sin

and ruin." Dean Pigou tells in his book of aneo dotes the story of the little girl who was much upset by a maiden aunt and posted in a hole in the garden a letter in these terms:

Dear Mr. Satan-Will you kindly com and take away Aunt Jane? She is a very fussy person and does worry me so. Yours affectionately,

Curiosities of Cut Glass. The process of glass cutting requires great skill and care. A design is first lightly copied on the glass, and the cutters take it in hand. A fine stream of sand and water falls continuously on a rapidly revolving steel wheel. To this the glass is applied, and the cutting is really accomplished by the friction which the sand sets up. Then an other workman with another steel wheel and plain water brings the cut ting up to a sharper edge. A third workman with a soft wooden tool takes off the cloudiness caused by the friction of the steel, a fourth polishes the glass, a fifth with a preparation of oxide of tin gives to it that iridescent luster which makes us value cut glass

A Compliment. Mrs. Hersey was unhappy over the stern severity of her new photographs. "Norah." she said to her pretty wait ress, "do you think this photograph looks like me?" Norah's warm Irish heart came to the rescue. "Shure, Mrs. Hersey, dear," she replied quickly, "if you looked like

Feeding on Souls. A certain minister applied to hi "Salary!" cried one of the members. "Salary! Why, I thought you worked

"And so I do," meekly replied the im-Miss Little, who had transferred her pecunious minister, "but I cannot eat good many souls the size of yours to

RAINING CATS AND DOGS.

Various Explanations of the Origin of This Expression.

Many explanations have been given of the origin of the expression "raining ats and dogs." One is that it is a per version of the French "catadoupe," waterfall—"it is raining a catadoupes," r cataracts. Another explanation is hat the male blossoms of the willow ree, which are used on Palm Sunday represent the branches of palm. were called "cats and dogs" in some parts of England, where they increase rapidly after a few warm April showers, and the belief prevailed that the rain brought them.

Others trace the saying to northern nythology, in which the cat is said to have great influence on the weather, and sailors still have a saying, "The eat has a gale of wind in her tail," when she is unusually frisky. Witches that rode upon the storms were said to assume the form of cats and the stormy northwest wind is called "the cat's nose" in the Harz mountains ven at the present day. Then the dog is a symbol of wind, which in old German pictures is figured as the head of dog or wolf from which blasts issue. The cat therefore symbolizes a downpour of rain; the dog, strong gusts of rain "of cats and dogs" is a heavy rain with wind.

Evolution of the Bayonet.

The sweynes-feather (hog's bristle) which seems to have been the original prototype of the bayonet, was a long rapier blade, fixed in a handle and carried in a sheath, which was given to a musketeer for defense after he had discharged his piece. Stuck by its handle in the muzzle of his gun, it constituted a very efficient weapon for acting against pikemen. To diminish his incumbrance the sweynes-feather and musket rest were combined, the latter forming a sheath for the former, in the reign of James I.

Toward the latter part of the civil war the use of the musket rest was abandoned, and it became the practice to stick the dagger by its handle into the muzzle of the piece after discharging it. In 1689 two rings were added by which the bayonet was placed on the muzzle without interfering with the firing. This improvement, the invention of General Mackay, an English officer, was introduced into the French army by Vauban in 1703. By the English themselves it was not adopted until after the battle of Fontenoy (1745), where the advantages its use conferred on the French were only too painfully manifest, the Duke of Cumberland's army being defeated with the loss of 15,000 men - Pearson's Weekly.

Of all genealogical curiosities the one set forth below is probably the oddesta singular piece of reasoning to prove that a man may be his own grandfather! Here it is: There was a widow (Anne) and her daughter (Jane) and a mar (George) and his son (Henry). This widow married the son, and the daughter married the father. The widow was therefore mother (in law) to her husband's father and grandmother to her own husband. By this husband she had a son (David), to whom she was, o course, great-grandmother. Now, the son of a great-grandmother must be grandfather or granduncle to the person to whom his mother was or is great-grandmother, but in this instance other than his own grandfather.

Predigality of Life In Ancient Egypt The reckless prodigality with which in ancient Egypt the upper classes squandered away the labor and lives of the people is perfectly startling. In this respect, as the monuments yet reindantly p ove they stand alone and without a rival. We may form some idea of the almost incredible waste when we hear that 2,000 men were occupied for three years in carrying a single stone from Elephantine to Sais, that the canal of the Red sea alone cost the lives of 120,000 Egyptians and that to build one of the pyramids required the labor of 360,000

men for twenty years. A schoolboy in Jewell City, Mo., was assigned to prepare an essay on the subject of "Ducks," and this is what he wrote. "The duck is a low, heavy set bird, composed mostly of meat and feathers. He is a mighty poor singer, having a hoarse voice caused by getting so many frogs in his neck. He likes the water and carries a toy bal loon in his stomach to keep him from sinking. The duck has only two legs, and they are set so far back on his running gears by nature that she came purty near missing his body. Some ducks when they get big have curls on their tails and are called drakes Drakes don't have to set or hatch, but just loaf, go swimming and eat. If I was to be a duck. I'd rather be a drake

It Was Just Possible. "I don't understand," said Mrs. Youngmother, "why it is that baby won't go to sleep. Here I have been sitting and singing to him for the last hour, and yet he keeps crying and seems just as wide awake as ever.

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ime Ridge.

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In Effect Nov. 29th, 1903. cranton(D&H)lv \[\begin{array}{c} A. M. [A. M. P. M. \\ \begin{array}{c} 1 & 42 & \begin{array}{c} 4 & 28 \\ 7 & 05 & \begin{array}{c} 1 & 1 & 12 & \begin{array}{c} 4 & 28 \\ 28 & 28 & 28 & 28 \end{array} \] A. M. A. M. P. M, P. M

Rock Glen 7 35 Nescopeck 8 02 Nescopeck... . lv § 8 18 \$11 26 | 3 42 77 00 7 reasy... 8 36 11 36 | 3 3 52 7 49 Espy Ferry... f 8 42 11 46 4 02 7 20 E. Bloomsburg... 8 47 11 50 | 4 06 7 25

Pittsburg....

Pittsburg..... ar | 6 55 | 150 | 1 50 5 30

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A.M A.M P.M. P.M. | 2 00 | 4 25 | 11 25 | 3 10 Lewistown Jo. A. M. 7 30 ... Sunbury ar 9 20 ... P. M. A M A M A M "Well," said her husband thoughtful ly, "I don't know, of course, and per Washington by 10 40 ... | 7 50 10 50 Baltimore | 11 00 | 4 40 | 8 40 | 11 45 Philadelphia | 11 40 | 4 25 | 8 30 | 11 40 haps I am wrong, but it may be that baby has a musical ear." A. M. A. M. A. M. P. M. 1v | 3 35 | 7 55 | 11 40 | 3 25 | 3 25 | 1 08 | 5 13 TIN SHOP

Plym'th Ferry: f 9 02 12 02 3 57 f 7 28 Wilksbarre 9 10 12 10 4 05 7 35 Pittston(D&H) ar | A M | P M | P M | P M | Scranton | 10 08 | 1 08 | 5 24 | 5 94 | 5 94 | 5 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 94 | 6 9

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