Under False Colors

By W. W. HINES

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Ogden could not recollect having lost any uncles lately, and it was a distinct surprise to be greeted as a nephew by the stern featured old man in the puffing automobile.

"Come here, you young rascal," the old man almost shouted as the automobile drew up to the sidewalk.

Without knowing why, Ogden went. Perhaps it was curiosity, perhaps it was because he did not happen to think of anything else to do. At any rate he stepped up to the automobile and took a good long look at its occupant.

"Get in here at once," said the old man.

"Why?" asked Ogden.

"Why?" repeated the old man. "Because I tell you to do so. Here I have been looking for you for the past two weeks and now you want to run away when I find you. That is a pretty way for an only nephew to treat his uncle!"

"So you are my uncle?" said Ogden quizzically. Then the spirit of adventure, which had been his guiding star all his life, seized possession of him, and he stepped into the vehicle, which started, puffing, down the avenue toward Washington square.

On the way down he puzzled with himself as to the part which he was acting, or rather being forced to act. As nearly as he could gather from the conversation of the old man, he was his nephew Rodney. The last name had not been introduced into the conversation. Rodney seemed to have come from the west for a visit and to have left the house without warning, after a more or less violent quarrel with his uncle.

"What did you want to run away for, you young rascal? The girl is certainly as pretty a girl as you will find in the whole country, sir. It was only to be expected that she should show some coquetry about accepting you, but I am surprised that any nephew of mine would be such a fool as to run away from a pretty girl. Why did you do it, sir?" The old gentleman was very irate.

Taking his cue from the fragmentary information furnished him by these remarks, Ogden, resolved to carry through the comedy, straightened himself up and remarked, with his most dignified air:

"Because I trust that I am too much of a gentleman to force my attentions in any quarter where they are not wanted." He had read this sentence in some old fashioned book and thought it might go well with this elderly uncle.

The old fellow looked rather pleased and said:

"I should have understood it, my boy. The sentiment does credit to your blood and your breeding, sir. But my heart is set on this match. Just tell the girl you won't take 'No' for an answer and she will come around in time. Eh, sir, when I was your age I would have been delighted with the coquetries she has used on you."

By this time the automobile had come to a stop in front of one of the old houses along the north side of the square, and the two passengers alighted.

Entering the house, the old man, with Rodney in tow, made for the drawing-room, where they could hear some one playing on the piano. The room was rather dark, but as they entered the light was good enough for Rodney to make out the uncommonly pretty girl seated at the piano. She got up hastily as they entered the room and ran to greet the old man. Then she turned to Ogden and said:

"So you have come back, Cousin Rodney? I was under the impression that you had left the city."

Feeling rather ashamed of himself for carrying on the deception, but overpowered by the desire for adventure, Ogden sat down and joined in the conversation, fencing carefully for time whenever he was asked a question the answer to which might betray his identity. Whenever he got a chance he stole a glance at the girl. He fancied once or twice that he detected a flicker of amusement upon her face. She was evidently watching him narrowly, and the conviction grew upon him that she suspected he was an impostor. The girl was certainly a beauty, and he could not understand why the real Rodney had been callous enough to run away from her society, even if he had found his presence more or less unwelcome.

By and by the old gentleman excused himself upon the plea that he must take his regular afternoon nap and left the two young people alone. The moment he was safely out of hearing the girl broke into a peal of laughter and said:

"Did you think he had fooled me?"

She was taking it very nicely, thought Ogden, and he braced himself up enough to say:

"No; I knew you recognized my imposition. But, believe me, I am not an intentional impostor. Your uncle picked me up on the street and swore up and down that I was his nephew. It would not have been proper to accuse him of falsehood, so I just came along."

The girl grew serious and said:

"You know uncle is a bit near-sighted, and he will not, under any circumstances, consent to wear glasses. You do look wonderfully like his nephew. But don't you know who you are supposed to be?"

"No more idea than the man in the moon," asseverated Ogden solemnly.

"Why, you are supposed to be Rodney Phillips. You know him, don't you?"

"Rodney Phillips! No; I don't believe I do. But stop. Why, 'Chesty' Phillips that I used to room with at Yale. His right name was Rodney, but no one ever called him by that name. So that explains the resemblance. The fellows used to call us the 'Two Dromios.'"

"Yes," said the girl, laughing heartily, "and you are Ogden Harwood. Cousin Rodney has shown me pictures of you a dozen times and commented on the resemblance."

"But tell me," interrupted Ogden—"why did Rodney run away from you?"

"Because he is engaged to a very dear friend of mine, and uncle won't hear of his marrying any one but me. Rodney hasn't a cent except his slender salary and the allowance uncle makes him, so he has to dissemble."

"I would like very much to see the girl Rodney is engaged to," said Ogden.

"And why?" asked the girl.

"She must be very beautiful indeed."

"How do you know?"

"Is it proper to pay compliments upon short acquaintance?"

"You may answer my question when you have known me longer."

"Thanks, since that means you are not going to cut me when next we meet."

"But you had better leave before uncle comes down from his nap."

"And when can I be properly introduced to you?"

"Didn't you know Raymond Pearson at Yale?"

"Yes, but why?"

"He is to be married to a friend of mine next week, and I am to be the maid of honor. Can't you get him to invite you?"

"I am in town to be his best man."

"What a coincidence! But you must go now."

"All right. Then I'll just say au revoir until we are properly introduced."

"Yes, au revoir until the rehearsal of the ceremony next Tuesday."

And Ogden was down the steps and into the street, conscious of the fact that he was looking forward to the wedding of his friend Pearson with much more interest than even a best man is supposed to take in such an event.

KEEPING WELL.

It Is Better and More Economical Than Getting Well.

I have often been horrified by finding people at Carlsbad or Marlenbad or some other of these severe water cures who had come there simply on their own initiative and without any medical advice. This is really tampering with one's constitution.

I am coming to the conclusion in recent years that it is better to trust to air and to exercise than to waters for the renewal of the physical system. Since I have taken to golf I find so much improvement in my health that I no longer pine, as I used to do, for the water cure. But there again every man must judge for himself. If a man has too profound a love for the pleasures of the table it is almost a necessity for him to go to one of those places where the system seems to get a thoroughly complete washout.

But if a man be of moderate appetite and be able to keep himself well under control even when temptation is great, then he has no reason for going to Homburg or Carlsbad or Marlenbad. He had better seek good mountain air, play golf and keep out of doors.—London M. A. P.

OUR FINGER NAILS.

Method by Which They Are Formed and How They Grow.

The nail is a special modification of the cuticle, the superficial cells being harder, more horny and more firmly adherent to each other than in the proper skin. The deep layer of the skin is peculiarly modified to form the bed of the nail, is highly vascular, and is studded with almost parallel ridges, the true skin overlapping the sides and root of the nail, which fits into the groove, as a watch glass into its rim. The surfaces of all these ridges are covered with growing cells which, as they flatten and change into horn, form one solid curved plate, the nail.

Nails grow both in thickness and length. The increase in thickness is caused by the formation of nerve cells on the bed of the nail; the increase in length, through the formation of new folds at the hinder part of the bed. The nail, thus constantly receiving additions from below and from behind, is slowly pushed forward over its bed till it projects beyond the end of the finger and is cut off at intervals or worn away.

LIVING A LIE.

Those People Who Dress or Live Beyond Their Means.

Dressing or living beyond one's means is nothing less than absolute dishonesty. If you are trying to do what you cannot afford to do, you are living a lie; if you are wearing clothes that you cannot afford, they are perpetual witnesses against you. They are labeled all over with falsehood. If your jewelry, your carriages, your furs and your costly gowns tell me that you are rich when you live in a poverty stricken home and when your mother is obliged to make all sorts of sacrifices to enable you to make this false display, you lie just as surely as you would if you should try to deceive me by your words.

The consciousness of being well dressed and yet owing for it, of riding in carriages which one cannot afford or of patronizing expensive hotels and restaurants which one cannot by any stretch of imagination or sophistry afford, is destructive to self respect, to truth and honesty and to manhood and womanhood. You cannot afford to wear lies or eat lies any more than you can afford to tell lies.

There is only one possible result upon character of falsehoods, whether acted or told, and that is perpetual deterioration and demoralization. No one can act a lie or live a lie without being dishonest. When a man sacrifices his honesty he loses the mainspring of his character, and he cannot be perfectly honest when he is lying by frequenting costly restaurants or hotels, by wearing expensive clothing or by extravagant living when he cannot afford it.—Success.

Minimizing the Pain.

"What's that watch worth?" asked Mr. Kloce, pointing to one in the showcase. "Ten dollars," replied the jeweler. "I'll take it," said the customer, and after paying for it he went out.

The next day he came round again.

"This watch doesn't exactly suit me," he said. "What's that one worth?" pointing to another.

"Fifteen dollars."

"I'll take that instead of this one, if you don't mind."

"Certainly."

A day or two later he came again.

"How good a watch have you got for $25?" he inquired.

"Well, $25 will get a pretty good timepiece," said the jeweler, handing one out. "Here's one with a gold filled case and full jeweled. The movement is warranted."

"I'll take it."

He paid the difference, took the watch and went away.

After the lapse of a few days he made his appearance once more.

"Have you got a first class watch with a solid gold case that you can sell for $50?" he said.

"Yes. Here it is."

"Well, I'll take it," said Mr. Kloce. "Here's the other watch and $25. That's the one I really wanted at first, but I hated to pay out all that money at once."

Charms of Fossil Hunting.

One of the charms of the fossil hunter's life is the variety, the element of certainty, combined with the gambling element of chance. Like the prospector for gold, the fossil hunter may pass suddenly from the extreme of dejection to the extreme of elation. Luck comes in a great variety of ways, sometimes as the result of prolonged and deliberate scientific search in a region which is known to be fossiliferous, sometimes in such a prosaic manner as the digging of a well.—Century.

He, She—And Charles Augustus

By F. B. WRIGHT

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Charles Augustus had had a most unpleasant day. It had commenced well enough, but had clouded over soon after he had started on his lessons about the dog and the rat and the active cat. Then Higgins had brought Miss Purvis a letter, and with it something had entered into Charles Augustus' life that he could by no means understand.

You see, Charles Augustus loved his governess greatly. She came next to his father and mother and way above the goat. Charles Augustus had quite decided to marry Miss Purvis when he grew up and had even talked over the details with the young lady herself.

The letter, when she read it, made Miss Purvis' face go all pink and beautiful, and then pale and her eyes fill with tears. Then she put the letter away in the bosom of her gown, and Charles Augustus thought that was the end of it. But it was not, for as often as he looked up from his book or slate he saw Miss Purvis reading the letter, and each time he saw tears in her eyes.

What could it be in those scrawly black marks to make people cry? He cried when he was spanked or shut up in a closet or had to do something he did not want to—but this wasn't like that. Charles Augustus could not understand this silent crying. When he cried he wanted to let the whole world know—and usually succeeded.

Later, when lessons were over, he saw Miss Purvis, through the window, writing a letter, and she was crying over that. Plainly there was something in this writing business which was decidedly unpleasant. Charles Augustus decided then and there that he would never write. Then when she had finished she went off to the village and would not let Charles Augustus go with her.

In that half hour of easy time which came when Charles Augustus had shifted from his day things into the ample lengths of his flannel pyjamas and, cuddled down into the big chair with Miss Purvis, toasted his pink toes before the fire preparatory to going bedward, he came once more across this peculiar thing which he could not understand, for Miss Purvis was strangely silent, only answering a listless yes or no to his observations on life and the curious ways of people and the idiosyncrasies of the goat. She did not take much interest even when he touched upon the many things he would give her when he became a man and they were married—the rings like mamma's and an express wagon and a jar of ginger. Though her arm drew him close when he told her how much he loved her, yet Charles Augustus was not satisfied. He felt as though something invisible were between them.

He put up a hand and turned her face toward him.

"You do love me, don't you?" he said. "And you will wait for me until I am big?"

She kissed him and told him "Yes." She would always be his sweetheart. "But I'm afraid, dear, I'll have to go away. Will you mind?"

Charles Augustus minded very much and said so, and the thought kept him awake long after he had got into his bed. Through the door he could see Miss Purvis and the fire. Then he saw her of a sudden bend forward, her face in her arms, and hear her sob.

Though he wanted to comfort her, something told Charles Augustus that Miss Purvis wanted to be let alone. At last she raised her tear stained face.

"No, it must not be!" Charles Augustus heard her say. "They would think it was for his money. It is better as it is—better for him. I must leave here as soon as I can, and, oh, I don't want to!"

Then Miss Purvis took the letter, kissed it and put it in a box on her dressing table, a box with curious patterns in mother of pearl on it, and with a queer lock that only she and Charles Augustus knew how to open.

Charles Augustus' mind started to work this thing out. This letter was the cause of Miss Purvis' feeling bad. It must be taken away—that was all about it.

The room was quiet; the fire died to a little glow of winking embers; Miss Purvis was asleep. Charles Augustus got up and got the letter. Then he hid it under the mattress and went to sleep with a lighter heart. Now Miss Purvis would be happy again, and she would not go away.

But the next day Miss Purvis was not happy. True, she did not cry, nor did she read the letter which Charles Augustus had craftily tucked inside his blouse, but yet she was not the Miss Purvis of aforetime, who laughed and sang and romped on the lawn with him. It was not the mere possession of the letter then. What was it?

"He must not come." "I must leave here." Charles Augustus remembered those words. Some one was coming then; some one who would carry Miss Purvis, the beloved, away. Charles Augustus thought of giants and gypsies and grew horribly alive to the exigencies of the occasion. His father and mother were away, so he could not go to them for advice.

There was only one man in Charles Augustus' confidence, and he was very big and strong and knew everything. Next to the goat, who was manifestly inadequate under the circumstances, Charles Augustus adored this man. He lived in a house by himself, a long, long way off beyond the most distant trees.

Charles Augustus saw the man that afternoon. He had come to call, but Miss Purvis had excused herself. She had a headache, she said. Now, the man, whose name was Mr. Houghton, was going down the drive with great strides, and so intent on his own thoughts that he did not hear Charles Augustus call to him. It took him a long time to catch up with the man. Indeed it did not happen until the latter had turned off into the woods and Charles Augustus' hat had been lost on the road and his legs much scratched with briers. Then Charles Augustus told his story—about the letter and how she had kissed it and yet cried and was going away.

"And she said 'I can't! I can't!' like that," ended Charles Augustus. "'He mustn't never know,' she said, and 'he mustn't never come here.'"

What wasn't he to know, and who was he, and did Mr. Houghton think it was a giant that was coming to carry Miss Purvis off? Then Charles Augustus took the letter from his blouse—and then the man knew.

"I'm afraid it is a giant," said Mr. Houghton gravely, "and it's lucky I heard of it in time, because I was going away tomorrow. But now"—

"But now?" said Charles Augustus anxiously.

"Now I think I'll go right back to the house with you."

"And you won't let her be tooken—I mean taked—away?" said Charles Augustus.

"No, she isn't going away," the man replied—"at least not very far."

They got out into the road and started back, Charles Augustus' hand in that of his friend and his small shoes plowing through the dust. And then, at a turn in the road, they came suddenly on Miss Purvis, very white and scared looking and carrying Charles Augustus' hat. "Charlie," she cried, "I thought you were lost!"

Charles Augustus plunged toward her. "I tolded him!" he cried triumphantly. "I've told him all about the letter and how you cried because the giant was going to carry you off, and he says the giant shan't and that you are going to live here happily ever after, amen, like people do in fairy stories. And you are, ain't you?"

Miss Purvis looked at the man a second, and then her face came all pink—and then she said "Yes."

It was a very happy walk back home to Charles Augustus, except that he for some reason could not manage to walk between his two friends and hold both their hands at the same time, a thing which Charles Augustus particularly wished.

Tit For Tat.

Mr. A. was a millionaire. He was fifty. He met Miss B. Miss B. was a milliner. She was twenty.

Mr. A. fell in love with Miss B. He asked her to marry him. They were married.

In ten years Mr. A. was sixty. Mrs. A. was then thirty. Mr. A. was still in love with his wife. But he had found out that she was not in love with him, that she never had been in love with him and that she never would be in love with him. He brooded over this. And he died from a broken heart. But he left her all his money.

Mrs. A. was a millionairess. She was forty. She met Mr. C. Mr. C. was a musician. He was twenty-five.

Mrs. A. fell in love with Mr. C. He asked her to marry him. They were married.

In ten years Mrs. C. was fifty. Mr. C. was then thirty-five. Mrs. C. was still in love with her husband. But she had found out that he was not in love with her, that he never had been in love with her and that he never would be in love with her. She brooded over this. And she died from a broken heart. But she left him all her money.—Town Topics.

Skeptic and Pessimist.

Mr. Dolan looked at his visitor with an expression of confirmed opposition, and during the friend's argument he further emphasized his disagreement by an occasional emphatic shake of the head.

"Naw, I don't hold wid loife insurance companies, nor yet wid savings banks," he said stubbornly. "A cousin o' me own, he had his loife insured for the benefit o' his widdy, an' afther all he nivver had one, for 'twas him lived to be eighty, an' her that doied.

"Wid banks it's just the other way," he continued. "For there was me own uncle, he put money in the bank and he kept sticking it in and sticking it in in the hopes that whin old age come he cud take it out gradual loike and enjoy himself, and instid o' that 'twas him that had the widdy befoore he touched sixty-two! They're wurrked on the wrong plan, the both o' thim institutions, man, and it's a wonder to me to hear you sp'aking a good wurrd for 'em."

QUEER ENGLISH BELIEFS.

Superstitions That Still Abide With the Country Folk.

There is a well known weed with dark blotches on it, not unlike blood stains. I have been twice assured with the utmost seriousness by an old woman that "where you find them there a growing there's been a battle long ago."

The same dame once seemed rather in a hurry when buying a setting of eggs from me about tea time, and I found the reason was that she believed you had no luck with eggs if you did not set them before sundown. This is curious, for, though the modern poultry keeper might make the nest and place the eggs in it during the daytime, he would probably defer putting the "broody" on them till dusk that she might have the best chance of settling down quietly.

The other day in a neighboring cottage I was admiring a fine baby and ventured to suggest that if its nails were left so long it might scratch its face. The mother said she would cut them, but the grandmother burst in with: "You'll do nothing of the sort, my dear, asking your pardon, sir. You don't seem to know, sir, that to cut a child's nails before it's twelve months old makes it light fingered." And I am perfectly certain the nails will not be cut. It will be of interest to add that the cottagers I speak of live near enough to London to see its lights in the sky.—London Chronicle.

Talked Too Much.

Speaking one day of club sociability, Hy Mayer, the cartoonist, told of a club to which he was invited while in Berlin. The club was composed of elderly Germans, who met in a back room to drink beer and smoke. At intervals one of the clubmen would remove his pipe from his mouth, nod his head sagely and remark, "Yah." After a little pause another of the smokers would say, "Yah." That was the extent of their conversation. "One night," said Mr. Mayer, "one of the members brought his son to the club. After several of the older ones had spoken as usual the youngster spoke. He said, 'Yah, yah.' They expelled him at once," concluded Mr. Mayer, "for talking too much."

An Effective Whistle.

A popular English author was wholly incapacitated from work by a lady who lived next door and strummed through Handel's "Messiah." His idea of the inviolability of an Englishman's house did not allow him to send in any message, and he was at his wits' end till he saw in a daily paper that steam whistles could be bought to fit on to kettle spouts. He provided himself with one and put the kettle on the fire in the room nearest the singer. As soon as the whistle began he went out. Of course the bottom came off the kettle, but it cost little to solder it on again, and after two or three solderings the lady took the hint.

He Didn't Have to Kneel Down.

Flora—What a lovely ring! And it's a lady's ring too.

Horace—Yes, I thought you would like it.

Flora—Why, is it for me?

Horace—You are a lady, aren't you?

Flora—Oh, dear! This is so sudden!—Chelsea (Mass.) Gazette.

THE COCOON CRADLE

MODE OF WRAPPING UP THE LITTLE REDSKIN PAPOOSE.

Bead Bedecked Buckskin Bag In Which the Indian Baby Bunting Grows and Thrives—Origin of This Queer Cramped Cradle.

Fancy a tiny copper colored papoose buckled up snugly in a queer buckskin bag that resembles nothing in nature so much as the cozy cocoon cradle of a baby butterfly and then draw upon your imagination still further, picturing this odd receptacle swinging from the leafy canopy of an Indian wickiup or brush arbor, and you have before you an Indian baby and his wonderful cradle.

Gorgeous yellow butterflies and brown Kiowa babies are seldom linked together in song or story, yet in real life their wrappings while in the chrysalis state bear a remarkable resemblance to each other.

The cocoon cradle proper and its various modifications as found among the different tribes of North American Indians are constructed from the skins of animals. And right here we may pause and trace the origin of another famous nursery rhyme to the Indian cocoon cradle, for did not the father of Baby Bunting go a-hunting to get a little rabbit's skin to wrap that mythical baby in? All full blood Kiowa babies are born into the pho-li-yo-ye, or rabbit circle, and are taught to dance in the mysterious circle of rabbits as soon as they learn to toddle, belonging to the rabbit order of the Kiowa soldiery.

Hence a rabbit skin would be a very appropriate wrapping for a Kiowa Baby Bunting, though neither large enough nor strong enough for his cradle. The red deer of the forest, quarry of the redskinned hunter, gives of his beautiful covering to make the cradle that is to swing from the tree top, literally tree tops cut from the cottonwoods and elms that fringe the clear little streams rippling through the Kiowa reservation and piled high on a framework of poles to serve as a "summer parlor" in front of his father's tepee.

The crude deer hide is carefully dressed by a tedious and secret process known only to these Indians, and when finished is as soft and pliant as the most expensive chamois skin. Then loving fingers skillfully embroider with quills beautiful beadwork designs upon the delicately tinted deerskin. Kiowa cradles are more ornamental than those of other tribes, and Kiowa squaws excel in that marvelous Indian beadwork now the popular fad of their paleface sisters. Some of this beadwork embroidery is not only very beautiful, but very elaborate. The Sioux squaws, who alone rival their Kiowa sisters, ornament the cradles of their little ones with bands of deerskin, upon which are wrought in colored beads gorgeous patterns of men, horses, birds, fish and flowers. Instead of a wooden framework they substitute a basket work frame of reeds and sometimes they use seed and grasses instead of beads.

The Cheyenne, Apache and Comanche Indians all use cocoon cradles patterned after the Kiowa cradles, but theirs are not ornamented as elaborately as those of the Kiowas. In truth, the grim and warlike Comanche of the plains wastes very little time in decorating the receptacle of his offspring. A stout piece of deerskin, fastened to an equally stout wooden frame and laced up securely with rawhide thongs, suffices his simple need.

The origin of the cocoon cradle itself, like that of the redskins, seems wrapped in mystery, though we might with reason trace this primitive cradle back to the Lapps of northern Europe, whose babies sleep in little hollowed out affairs swung down from the lower limbs of trees. They are lined with moss and laced up, and in shape are exactly like the primitive Indian cocoon cradle from which the modern cocoon cradle, beautified and improved, has been evolved.

After the beadwork embroidery is completed the deerskin pouch or bag is fastened securely upon a strong board whose two upright handles, projecting above the headpiece or hood, are strengthened by a crosspiece at the back. These handles are very convenient when the mother is busy about her many tasks; if it be warm weather, baby is swung from the top of the brush arbor, his round, brown face peering smilingly from out its trappings of gayly beaded deerskin, his bright little eyes blinking at the sunbeams shining through the leafy roof, or the flames of the nightly campfire leaping up to mingle with the moonlight. When "trading" at the agency stores, the squaw props the cradle, "baby and all," against the counter and goes calmly about the important business of laying in a supply for her family in their tepee far out on the reservation.

Mother love fills the heart of a poor squaw as completely as it does that of her more fortunate paleface sister. Her clumsy fingers fashion playthings of shells, odd shaped bones, carved wooden beads, bright pieces of tin, china or glass, which she hangs about the hood of the cocoon cradle in reach of the chubby brown fists. Baby soon learns to rattle these primitive playthings gleefully.

Strange as it may appear, the redskinned Baby Buntings seem to thrive in their cramped quarters, but they enjoy as a famous treat a change to the blankets upon their mothers' backs, when the toiling squaws are forced to go down to the scant timber stretches along the creek to bring up firewood and water for the camp.—Los Angeles Times.

Heine's Sense of Humor.

Heine's sense of humor did not leave him until the last. A few days before his death Hector Berlioz called on him just as a tiresome German professor was leaving after worrying him with his uninteresting conversation. "I am afraid you will find me very stupid, my dear fellow," he said. "The fact is I have just been exchanging thoughts with Dr. ——."

On one occasion when the doctor was examining his chest he asked him, "Can you whistle?" He replied, "Alas, no; not even the pieces of M. Scribe."

Made a Lock For the Key.

An old and curious key and lock are attached to the door of Temple church in Fleet street, London. The key weighs seven pounds, is eighteen inches long, and, unlike other keys, it was not made for the lock. On the contrary, the lock was made for it. Both key and lock have been in use since the crusades, the church itself having been built by the Knights Templars in 1485.—London Standard.

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Taylor ...	6 44	10 17	2 03	6 4[illegible]
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Pittston ...	6 58	10 33	2 17	6 5[illegible]
Susquehanna Ave ...	7 01	10 37	2 19	6 6[illegible]
West Pittston ...	7 05	10 41	2 23	7 0[illegible]
Wyoming ...	7 10	10 46	2 27	7 0[illegible]
Forty Fort ...	....	....	2 31	....
Bennett ...	7 17	10 52	2 34	7 1[illegible]
Kingston ... ar	7 24	10 56	2 40	7 2[illegible]
Wilkes-Barre ... ar	7 40	11 10	2 50	7 [illegible]
Wilkes-Barre ... lv	7 10	10 40	2 30	7 1[illegible]
Kingston ... lv	7 24	10 56	2 40	7 2[illegible]
Plymouth Junc ...	....	....	....	....
Plymouth ...	7 35	11 05	2 49	7 [illegible]
Nanticoke ...	7 43	11 13	2 58	7 [illegible]
Hunlock's ...	7 49	11 19	3 06	7 [illegible]
Shickshinny ...	8 01	11 31	3 20	7 5[illegible]
Hicks Ferry ...	8 11	†11 43	3 30	†8 0[illegible]
Beach Haven ...	8 19	11 48	3 37	8 0[illegible]
Berwick ...	8 27	11 54	3 44	....
Briarcreek ...	†8 32	....	†3 50	....
Willow Grove ...	†8 36	....	†3 54	†8 [illegible]
Lime Ridge ...	8 40	†12 08	3 58	†8 [illegible]
Espy ...	8 46	12 15	4 06	8 [illegible]
Bloomsburg ...	8 55	12 22	4 12	8 4[illegible]
Rupert ...	8 57	12 25	4 15	8 4[illegible]
Catawissa ...	9 02	12 32	4 22	8 [illegible]
Danville ...	9 15	12 44	4 38	9
Cameron ...	9 24	†12 57	4 43	..
Northumber'd ... ar	9 35	1 10	4 55	..

EAST

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Northumber'l ...	*6 45	†10 00	†1 50	*5 [illegible]
Cameron ...	6 57	....	†2 01	[illegible]
Danville ...	7 07	10 19	2 11	[illegible]
Catawissa ...	7 21	10 32	2 23	6 [illegible]
Rupert ...	7 26	10 37	2 29	6 0[illegible]
Bloomsburg ...	7 33	10 41	2 33	6 0[illegible]
Espy ...	7 38	10 48	2 40	6 1[illegible]
Lime Ridge ...	7 44	†10 54	†2 46	†6 2[illegible]
Willow Grove ...	†7 48	....	†2 50	....
Briarcreek ...	7 52	....	†2 53	†6[illegible]
Berwick ...	757	11 05	2 58	6 [illegible]
Beach Haven ...	8 05	†11 12	3 03	6 4[illegible]
Hicks Ferry ...	8 11	†11 17	3 08	[illegible]
Shickshinny ...	8 22	11 31	3 20	†6 5[illegible]
Hunlock's ...	8 33	....	3 31	†7 0[illegible]
Nanticoke ...	8 38	11 44	3 38	7 1[illegible]
Avondale ...	8 41	....	3 42	7 2[illegible]
Plymouth ...	8 45	11 52	3 47	7 2[illegible]
Plymouth Junc ...	8 47	....	3 52	....
Kingston ... ar	8 55	11 59	4 00	7 3[illegible]
Wilkes-Barre ... ar	9 10	12 10	4 10	7 5[illegible]
Wilkes-Barre ... lv	8 40	11 40	3 50	7 3[illegible]
Kingston ... lv	8 55	11 59	4 00	7 3[illegible]
Luzerne ...	8 58	a12 02	4 03	7 4[illegible]
Forty Fort ...	†9 00	....	4 07	....
Wyoming ...	9 05	12 08	4 12	7 4[illegible]
West Pittston ...	9 10	....	4 17	7 5[illegible]
Susquehanna Ave ...	9 13	12 14	4 20	7 5[illegible]
Pittston ...	9 19	12 17	4 24	8 0[illegible]
Duryea ...	9 23	....	4 29	8 0[illegible]
Lackawanna ...	9 26	....	4 32	8 1[illegible]
Taylor ...	9 32	....	4 40	8 1[illegible]
Bellevue ...	....	....	....	....
Scranton ... ar	9 42	12 35	4 50	8 2[illegible]
	A. M.	P. M.		P. M.
Scranton ... lv	10 25	†1 55	....	11 1[illegible]
				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 0[illegible]
	P. M.	P. M	P. M	A. M.
New York ... ar	3 30	5 00	7 35	6 5[illegible]

*Daily, †Daily except Sunday.

Stops on signal or on notice to conductor

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

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

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE

In Effect Nov. 29th, 1903.

Scranton (D&H) lv	A. M. § 6 58	A. M. ‖9 47	P. M. ‖1 42	‖4 28	.....
Pittston " "	7 05	‖10 15	‖2 10	5 53	.....
		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	.....
Wilkesbarre ... lv	A. M.	§10 35	2 45	§5 00	.....
Plym'th Ferry "	§ 7 25	‖10 42	‖2 52	‖6 07	.....
Nanticoke ... "	7 32	10 50	3 01	6 17	.....
Mocanaqua ... "	7 42	11 07	3 20	6 37	.....
Wapwallopen ... "	8 01	11 16	3 31	6 47	.....
Nescopeck ... ar	8 10	11 26	3 42	7 00	.....
	8 11				
	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 30	11 36	3 52	7 09	.....
Espy Ferry ... "	† 8 42	11 46	† 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	§1105	.....
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	
Pittsburg