The Bishop's Impromptu

By E. E. GARNETT

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"Whatever possessed you," said Miss Cordelia, "to quarrel with her?"

"I didn't. She quarreled with me."

"Don't be an Adam."

Bert ignored the case of Adam. "If I could see her alone," he said gently—"alone accidentally."

"Accidentally, of course. That's where I come in?"

"Why not?"

"Because I am on her side."

"But so," radiantly, "am I, always on her side."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Miss Cordelia, she sent me her ring with a note saying she had changed her mind. I can't go cringing after that, can I? But accidentally"—

"Why," interrupted Miss Cordelia, "did she change her mind?"

"Some law of the fourth dimension may explain."

"You've no guess?"

"Well," protested Bert, "a man can't be an Egyptian mummy just because he's engaged."

"I see. And I don't see any hope for you."

"Then I'm sorry to be a nuisance, Miss Cordelia, but," settling himself like a rock, "I must stay until she comes. She comes often, doesn't she?"

Miss Cordelia began to laugh. "Why," she asked, "don't you write to her?"

"I want to be sure that she cares before—well, one doesn't like to be a hound dog for nothing."

"And how will you be made sure?"

"Oh, the minute I see her."

"It must be delightful," Miss Cordelia remarked pleasantly, "to be a man."

"Oh, I'll know," said Bert, with genial assurance, "and you'll help, and then"— He stopped, with a sudden flash of mischief in his eyes.

"And then?" Miss Cordelia leaned toward him, with her own eyes twinkling.

"Then I'll kidnap her!" cried Bert and sprang to his feet. "If she cares, Miss Cordelia, upon my soul, I'll kidnap her."

"Oh, how young and silly!" said Miss Cordelia and sighed.

"Listen. It's quite sensible," Bert explained joyously. "The engagement was talked about, you know. Every one discovered it."

"Yes," assented Miss Cordelia and smiled.

"Now the break is being talked about, and little Nixie, poor girl, hates the whole business."

"It's quite likely," Miss Cordelia put in dryly, "that she especially hates the talk going on about you and that little flirt Nellie Carl."

"That isn't my fault. Anyway," with conviction, "this plan will make everything right."

"Oh, indeed," repeated Miss Cordelia.

"You see, after all she's been through"—

"Exactly," Miss Cordelia put in, with feeling.

"I mean in the way of talk. She'll hate to begin all over again."

"So"—

"So," beamingly, "we'll cut the thing short."

"And I'm to furnish the knife?"

Bert gave her a nod. "It's great," he cried and made for the door. "I'll see the bishop."

"Mercy on us!" protested Miss Cordelia, but he only paused to make a brief request.

"Miss Cordelia"—

"Oh, you silly boy!"

"Ask her to wear white."

"I dare say."

"I'll tell her the rest myself."

"And when," laghued Miss Cordelia, "is she to wear white?"

"Tonight, of course. You wouldn't have me live through another day like this?"

Miss Cordelia surrendered. "Come to dinner," she told him. "Come early—and—we'll see."

"It's great," said Bert and was off.

Miss Cordelia began to feel a little fluttered. She got Nixie on the telephone. Would Nixie come to dinner? Nixie would be delighted to come.

"And I wish," called Miss Cordelia next, "that you'd wear white, dear. I—I like you in white."

"It's very fortunate, then, that I've a new white silk," said Nixie.

Miss Cordelia chuckled. "Come early," she added. "Be sure to come early, and Nixie"—

"Yes."

"There's quite a snow beginning. Wear that pretty, warm cloak of yours, the long, fur lined one with the hood. We're all going to a—a little impromptu at the bishop's and come back to supper." And then she fled out of hearing.

Nixie dressed as desired and came early.

"What sort of impromptu?" she questioned brightly.

Miss Cordelia helped to unfasten the fur cloak.

"It's a secret," she explained.

"Gracious, how funny! Does the bishop know? Who knows?"

"Very few know," admitted Miss Cordelia.

"Mayn't I?" pleaded Nixie sweetly. "Have a white dress and a cloak," smiling, "anything to do with it?"

Miss Cordelia suddenly kissed her. "It's a beautiful secret. Bert will tell you, and you mustn't be angry, dear."

"Oh," said Nixie, and for an instant the flash of battle was in her eyes, "Mr. Bert Jordan is here?"

"You don't want to avoid him, do you? Since every one knows you have rejected the poor boy, I think," faltered Miss Cordelia—"but I mustn't meddle—I think you might show him a little grace."

"How," Nixie questioned frostily, "does any one know anything?"

"Oh, they look at Bert, I suppose," said astute Miss Cordelia. "Shall we go down, dear?"

They went down and found Mr. Jordan waiting. There was a white rosebud in his coat, and he was rather white himself, but a kind of smoldering fire was in his eyes.

"Will you show Nixie my new orchids?" suggested Miss Cordelia. "I must stay here to receive the other guests. And, Bert, tell her about the impromptu—the bishop's impromptu."

Mr. Jordan bowed. Nixie led out with a graceful nonchalance.

They at once forgot the new orchids, though a whole end of the conservatory was a cascade with their weird rainbow bloom.

After a silent time Nixie pouted.

"You needn't sulk," she told him.

"I didn't mean to," Bert protested in hurried meekness. "I was only anxious about—about some roses that I've ordered."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes. I was wondering if they'd get to the bishop's in time."

"You and Miss Cordelia," she remarked sedately, "seem to have the bishop's impromptu quite weighing on your minds."

"Oh, it's no great matter to her," said Bert.

"But a great matter to you?"

"Well, they're—bride roses, you see."

"A wedding!" cried Nixie alertly. "Was that what Miss Cordelia meant—a wedding?"

"Yes," he admitted, "that is what she meant." And he was white as his rosebud.

She looked at him, and suddenly the battle was again in her eyes.

"How stupid of me!" she said and made a low bow to him. "Of course only the bridegroom sends the bride roses. Allow me to congratulate you. You've been breaking it to me gently—I am so much obliged to you—that you are the happy man."

"It is my wedding," said Bert and set his teeth.

"So kind of you to mention it. Has Miss Carl come yet?"

"I don't know."

"Shouldn't you be finding out?"

But here there came a diversion—the swish of skirts, with chatter and laughter, going down the hall.

"Oh," said Nixie, "they're going in to dinner."

Mr. Jordan gravely offered his arm. The girl's lips quivered. She looked up at him in swift appeal in the way of the days before the quarrel.

"They'll all know," she faltered, "that you've been telling me, and they'll try not to stare and not to smile, and it will be horrid, horrid!"

"Don't go," said Bert.

She gave a nervous laugh and slipped her hand within his arm, but he stood still.

"We must go," she said and gave a little pull and set her mouth in as firm a line as she could. "It's too late not to."

"It's rather late to go," said Bert. "They're all seated by now. If Miss Cordelia has given us the places that she used to give us"—

"We'll have to walk the whole length of the table," broke in Nixie and gave a little sob. "I'll never forgive Miss Cordelia—never. And where," suddenly drawing away from him, "is Nellie Carl?"

"I think," said Bert, astutely bending his head to listen, "that they're sending for us." Truly a step came down the hall.

"Oh," gasped Nixie, "so they are!"

"Let's cut and run," said Bert.

In another instant they had whisked out among the stray flakes of the piazza. She leaned against one of the pillars. One hand in a hurried little flutter of excitement went to her throat. The other Bert held and felt it trembling.

"Come on," he said, joyously facing the snowy night, "come on!"

"Come where?" The dismay of it was touching, but Bert laughed.

"To the bishop," he explained. "The impromptu."

"But I don't want to go there now."

"Why not? You always intended, didn't you—to be married by the bishop? Why not now?"

There was a pause, wherein vainly through the darkness he tried to search her face.

"Let me carry you to the sleigh," Bert entreated, "so that your little feet will not get wet in the snow."

"Your sleigh is waiting?"

"At the curb."

"And Nellie Carl?"

He laughed triumphantly and, snatching her up in his arms, ran out into the street, and ready under the great fur robes of the sleigh was the hooded cloak.

"How ever did Miss Cordelia guess?" laughed Bert as he drew it about her, "or did you tell her?"

"You are two wicked plotters," returned Nixie indignantly. "I shall go back to that dinner."

But the groom had stepped back from the horse's head.

"It's great!" cried Bert, as they dashed down the street with the soft, cold beat of the snow in their faces. "And I can't stop the horse unless"—

"Well, unless?"

"Unless you want him stopped, Nixie."

"Do you know," asked Nixie demurely, "if either of us has told the bishop, because it would not be respectful to disappoint him?"

"But there's one thing, Nixie." This somewhat later.

"Oh, is there?"

"You haven't your mind at all on Nellie Carl, have you?"

"Well," said Nixie, and softly laughed, "I don't see why you should kidnap the wrong girl."

So they dashed on toward the bishop.

Retelling a Joke.

A west side man heard a joke, new to him, the other day, and the first thing he did upon reaching home for dinner was to tell it to his wife. "Mary," he said, "here's a new joke that's mighty good. One man says, 'The theater caught fire last night.' 'Did they save anything?' the second man asks. 'Yes,' says the first, 'they carried out the programme.' Isn't that a good one?" His wife said it was, and next day she tried it on her grocer. "Mr. Blank," she said, "here's a new joke for you. One man says, 'The theater caught fire last night.' Another asks, 'Did they save anything?' 'Yes,' replies the first, 'they went on with the programme and finished it.' Isn't that a fine joke?" The grocer said it was excellent, but confidentially he acknowledges that he hasn't yet seen the point.—Kansas City Times.

The Wink Test.

"It is easy," said an oculist, "to tell what kind of light most thoroughly suits your eyes. The light that is best for you is the one wherein you wink least. The wink, you see, is the eye's sign of weariness. I have experimented on myself, and I find that an electric light is even better for my eyes than daylight. In daylight I wink two and eight-tenths times a minute, whereas in an electric light I only wink one and eight-tenths times. Candle light is bad for me. In it I give six and a half winks a minute. Gaslight is better, for in it I only give two and a third winks."

Posthumous Editions.

"Did you ever see anything to equal the way some of these live young authors turn out books?"

"Well, they can't compete with some of the dead ones who keep on getting out new volumes every year."—New Orleans Picayune.

When trouble goes hunting him a man may dodge it, but when a man goes hunting trouble it hasn't one chance in a thousand of escaping him.

No Reminder.

"What's the matter?" inquired Ascum. "What are you searching your pockets for?" "I tied a knot in my handkerchief this morning," said the absentminded man, "to remind me of something I was to get for my wife, and now I can't find the handkerchief."—Exchange.

LOVE AND YOUTH

By MARJORIE HENDRICKS

Anna Whelan woke up with a start to the realization that as a summer girl she was not in the running.

For some time after the young people had tripped down the steps and across the lawn to the inn, where the musicians were already tuning up for the hop, she sat alone gazing unblinkingly out into the moonlit grove. Then a faint perfume stole over her shoulder and a well known voice sounded behind her.

"Oh, Miss Whelan, I am so glad to find you! We are trying to make up a game of bridge. You will play, won't you?"

"I am awfully sorry," said Anna, rising, "but I am a wretched player and always rouse the ire of my partner. Besides, I have a wee headache tonight, which would make me more than ordinarily stupid at the game. Some other time"—

"I hope you will feel better tomorrow. Is there anything I can do for you? Some salts"—

"Nothing, thank you," said Miss Whelan, with a smile.

She wished she might have been more obliging. The invitation had come from one of the most popular women in the hotel, popular, but middle aged, and Anna Whelan was not ready to be middle aged. Alone again, she dropped back in her chair, leaned her head against the high wicker back and closed her eyes. And for this—to be left alone on the piazza—she had saved part of her salary all winter, had invested part of her savings in the quaintest of summer finery, had counted the days until her vacation began.

She recalled the enthusiasm with which she had heard the other girls plan for the stay at Wisconset. There were six of them in all who lived in a bachelor maids' apartment in town, and for a month or more the one topic of conversation had been the sailing parties, the daily bath in the sea, the clambakes and the nightly hops for which Wisconset was famous. The girls had insisted that Miss Whelan come with them, and she now realized that they had done everything to make her one of them since their arrival at the shore. They had always dragged her into their merrymaking plans. She was with them, yet not of them, and she knew wherein lay the fault. It was in her years.

Her cheeks somehow had retained the delicate pink flush of girlhood, but the soft gray hair waved above her forehead told the bald truth of her years. Her pretty frocks were more dainty, more costly, than those worn by the girls around her, but Miss Whelan's taste in dress had always been good, and with advancing years she had adopted the more subdued colorings and simpler styles. Her summer wardrobe was that of a chaperon rather than that of a debutante. Yet at heart she was a summer girl. She felt as young and took as keen an interest in youthful pleasures as any eighteen-year-old girl. Sitting there in the moonlight, she realized that, once robbed of youth, a woman could not buy the lost treasure back at any price.

Her childhood had been narrow, pinned in by poverty and an invalid mother pettish and exacting. Death had carried away one burden, that of unappreciated nursing, only to lay upon her shoulders another, that of part housekeeper, part breadwinner. She had gone into a shop as cash girl and had attended to the household duties night and morning. When she was sixteen years old she sat up until nearly daybreak three nights in succession to set stitches in her sister's confirmation dress. The sister went through the high school, as did the younger brother, and while they studied Anna was steadily advancing in the store. When she became buyer for her department and took her first trip abroad it brought back the pink in her cheeks that fled before her tenth birthday, but Anna was now three times ten.

On her return from Europe she found that the same disease which had wrecked her childhood and carried away her mother had again entered her home. This time it carried away in quick succession brother and sister. Anna found herself alone and lonesome. She fled to the bachelor maids' apartments for companionship and was made welcome by these girls ten years or more her junior. With them she had grown young again. She had almost forgotten the gray hair. It had taken the thoughtless boys in blue serge and white duck to drive the iron into her heart. They were nice to her because they knew that the girls would not forgive them if they were otherwise. But that was not youth and the right to be young and joyous and silly. Anna sat up very straight. She had become possessed of a sudden desire to giggle, yet many a time and oft she had reproached the little cash girls in her own department for giggling.

Laughter and music floated across the lawn. They hurt. She rose abruptly and fled to her room. The headache now was real. She tore off her pretty gown and flung it heedlessly across the bed and slipped into an easy flowing kimono. Then she sat down by the window, thinking bitterly that fate had cheated her out of the greatest thing, the joy of being young. Suddenly, as she sat in the quiet, the sound of a sob reached her ear. Something very like a patter of bare feet came to her from the hall. She sprang up and threw open her door. A small figure huddled against it fell in toward her.

"Oh, please, I'm so frightened all alone! May I come in?"

"You surely may," said Anna as she drew the shivering, weeping child into the room.

She recognized her now. It was the serious faced little girl who had a room two doors beyond. She had often seen her on the sand and on the porch with her nurse. It did not take Anna very long to learn that the child was motherless, in the care of a young and heedless aunt and an ignorant nursegirl. The former was absorbed in the social affairs at the inn and the latter in the gatherings in the servants' hall. Little Grace had been left quite alone in her room, and a strong draft had blown out the lamp, so that between the darkness and an ugly dream she had wakened up in terror.

That was the beginning of a new holiday for Anna Whelan. The nurse and young aunt had little to do from that time on save to provide for Grace's physical wants. Anna was her constant companion. She seemed determined to give this shy ten-year-old girl all the companionship, the sympathy, the simple, unaffected pleasures which had been denied her own childhood. She did not dream that in the moments when they were not together Grace in her stiff, unformed writing was sending a daily chronicle of their companionship to her father. Nor could she know of the resentment which filled his soul against the well paid and heedless caretakers of his child and the curiosity regarding the girl with the gray hair and pink cheeks who was mothering his wee bairn, for Grace assured him in every way that Miss Whelan was quite as young as Aunt Hattie.

When he finally came down to spend a Sunday with his daughter his first step was to meet Anna. He smiled as his daughter gravely introduced her as "my friend, Miss Whelan." They were such an absurdly different couple and yet so very much alike in interests and pleasures. He found his gaze traveling constantly over the brown head of his daughter to the gray head of his new found friend, and he began to understand the letters better.

On Monday morning he did not go back to town, but told his sister Hattie that he had only just commenced to realize how the office had worn him down. He needed a week's rest.

Three nights later he was sitting in a sheltered corner of the veranda with Miss Whelan when two members of the elderly porch brigade strolled slowly by, talking in a high keyed voice which came squarely to their secluded corner.

"You wouldn't have given her credit for being so clever. She probably knew the child's father was worth a million."

"No; I understand he is not worth anything of the sort. He is only a corporation lawyer, and I think she liked Grace for her own sake."

The two women passed out of hearing. The pink had fled from Anna's face, leaving it tired and white. She rose unsteadily, but the man took her firmly by the arm and drew her back to her chair.

"Don't go, please. I know you care for Grace for her own sake. Do you think you could care for me for mine? I wanted to ask you this the first night."

Instinctively Anna's hand reached up to her hair.

"Oh, I couldn't! I've known you such a short time—people would talk—and—I'm really too old to have a love affair."

She did not speak bitterly, just simply, as if a thought long unspoken had found utterance. The man took both of her hands in his.

"My dear girl, love never grows old, and neither will you."

Mine Rats.

Every mine that has an entrance on the level is infested by rats, and there is no surer indication of a coming disaster than a general exodus of the rodents. As surely as the rats are seen leaving the mine, just so surely will a cave-in occur in the next day or two. Some miners are superstitious about the matter and fancy the rats are endowed with foresight, and so they are, but not of the kind that is commonly imagined.

A cave-in never takes place without warning. For days before a fall of any portion of the roof of the mine the earth and rocks are slowly settling into position for the grand crash. The rats feel the motion of the mass, probably hear the cracks that are caused by the settling of the layers, and imagine, if a rat can be supposed to have any imagination, that the earth is becoming alive, so they become panic stricken and rush out in swarms. It has often happened, both in this country and Europe, that the miners refused to go into a mine that the rats had deserted, and the caution was invariably justified by the event.

Density of Water.

A strange fact in connection with water is that its point of greatest density is not the freezing point, as with all other liquids, but between the two extremes of its existence as a liquid, at 39.2 degrees F. From this point water necessarily expands with either decrease or increase of temperature.

At the boiling point the conversion of the liquid into gas steam is naturally accompanied by an enormous expansion, its volume increasing 1,700 times. But the behavior of water at the freezing point is as remarkable, owing to the peculiar crystalline formation of ice. The process of expansion is uniform from 39.2 degrees downward to 32 degrees. When that point is reached the temperature remains stationary during the loss of latent heat, but the expansion continues until, when ice becomes visible, it is seen to be bulkier than the water from which it was formed.

GARGOYLES.

Origin of These Quaintly Formed Heads or Figures.

Gargoyles are quaintly formed heads, faces or figures used in ancient times for decorative purposes and chiefly applied as the terminals of waterspouts upon roofs or gables. The rain stream was arranged to flow through the mouth, and the word gargoyle itself is an attempt to imitate the "gurgling" sound made by the water in passing through the throat of the grotesque monster.

Gargoyles were the caricatures of mediaeval times. Many were carved by monkish masons, who took the opportunity of handing on to posterity the distorted lineaments of their fellows or even of their superiors, recognizable as likenesses from some prominent characteristic.

The famous gargoyles of Notre Dame in Paris are supposed to have had some such origin, while others of supposedly the same origin are to be seen in churches throughout Brittany and Normandy as well as here and there in England.—London Telegraph.

A Blind Man's Blunder.

A blind man named Green made a curious defense at Birmingham, England, to a charge of smashing a plate glass window worth £15. He had been blind, he said, for seven years. On the night in question he cried for assistance to cross the road, but no one came. Then he heard some one at a distance and struck at what used, when he could see, to be boards surrounding waste ground. He was astounded when he heard the sound of broken glass. The jury acquitted him, and he was discharged.

Lacked the Lawyer's Facility.

Lawyer (to witness)—Never mind what you think. We want facts here. Tell us where you first met this man. Woman Witness—Can't answer it. If the court doesn't care to hear what I think there's no use questioning me, for I am not a lawyer and can't talk without thinking.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Practice Versus Preaching.

"You kin help de cause of honesty a heap," said Uncle Eben, "by preachin' about it, but you kin help it a heap mo' by not danglin' roas' chicken under a hungry man's nose."—Washington Star.

THE COCOANUT PALM.

It Plays an Important Part In Life and In Law In Ceylon.

When a traveler gets his first sight of a palm grove he does not easily forget it. He sees the trees springing up, as it were, from the water in which their shadows are reflected. Besides being beautiful ornaments to a landscape these palms are among the most useful gifts which nature has given to the inhabitants of tropical islands. In supplying actual necessities and in the number of useful purposes to which it can be applied bamboo takes first rank, but the palm comes next. To many of the people of Ceylon the cocoanut trees are everything, and their very lives depend upon them. The tree supplies most of their wants, besides giving them valuable commercial products. In this island there are estimated to be nearly 20,000,000 palm trees, and among the poorer classes a man's wealth is estimated by the number of trees he owns. They form the most important asset of his estate and by will are generally divided among his family. As one of the important traits of the Cingalese is his love of litigation, one can readily see what an important part the palm tree plays in the law cases there. There is a case on record in which the two thousand five hundred and twentieth part of a grove, containing only ten trees, was the subject of dispute. One of the greatest difficulties which the engineers had to encounter in building a railroad across the island was to determine the ownership of the palm trees. The ramifications of relationships and the fractional claims set up were most difficult to understand and disentangle.

A MILITARY EXECUTION.

It Is a Most Impressive and Dramatic Ceremony.

"The solemnity of a military execution is about the most impressive and dramatic act that is known in human affairs," said an old army officer.

"I had a young friend in California who enlisted in the Union army at the same time with myself, and, coming east, we were placed in the same company. This young fellow fell in love with a Virginia girl and under her influence deserted to the enemy. A few days afterward he was captured and, being easily recognized, was condemned to be shot. He had fought like a demon in the engagement which resulted in his being made a prisoner, for he knew well what his fate would be if taken. His execution was the most mournful ceremony I ever witnessed, and nothing ever seen on the stage was more theatrical—the procession to the scene of death, the band in advance playing a dirge, the coffin, with the prisoner sitting upon it; the guard in the rear and a brigade of cavalry formed in a hollow square. The condemned man, sitting on his coffin, met his fate like a hero, without exhibiting a tremor of fear, and those who witnessed his death were far more excited than he. It seemed a sad thing that such a courageous lad should be sacrificed, but it is one of the necessities of war, and this terrible punishment was necessary to deter others from playing the role of traitor."—Washington Post.

The Town Stood the Loss.

While the engine was taking water the passenger with the imposing watch chain and eyeglasses strolled out on the platform and looked with interest about him.

"By Jove!" he said to the solitary native who was sitting on a flour barrel. "This village looks just exactly as it did twenty years ago, when I moved away from here. I don't believe it has changed a particle in all that time."

"I reckon not, mister," said the solitary native, biting off a chew of tobacco. "Your goin' away don't seem to have made much difference in the old town."—Chicago Tribune.

Merchant (to hawker)—Call those safety matches? Why, they won't light at all! Hawker—Well, wot could yer 'ave safer?—New Yorker.

Silver money 250 years old is still in circulation in some parts of Spain.

Subject to sinking spells—divers.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A LOST ART.

The Blend of Metals Which Certain Races Used For Tools.

Fame and fortune await the lucky individual who can rediscover the combination of metals from which the Egyptians, the Aztecs and the Incas of Peru made their tools and arms. Though each of these nations reached a high state of civilization, none of them ever discovered iron in spite of the fact that the soil of all three countries was largely impregnated with it. Their substitute for it was a combination of metals which had the temper of steel. Despite the greatest efforts the secret of this composition has baffled scientists and has become a lost art. The great explorer, Humboldt, tried to discover it from an analysis of a chisel found in an ancient Inca silver mine, but all that he could find out was that it appeared to be a combination of a small portion of tin with copper. This combination will not give the hardness of steel, so it is evident that tin and copper could not have been its only component parts. Whatever might have been the nature of the metallic combination, these ancient races were able so to prepare pure copper that it equaled in temper the finest steel produced at the present day by the most scientifically approved process. With their bronze and copper instruments they were able to quarry and shape the hardest known stones, such as granite and porphyry, and even cut emeralds and like substances.

A rediscovery of this lost art would revolutionize many trades in which steel at present holds the monopoly. If copper could thus be tempered now its advantage over steel would be very great, and it would no doubt be preferred to the latter in numerous industries. It is a curious fact that, though this lost secret still baffles modern scientists, it must have been discovered independently by the three races which made use of it so long ago.—New York Herald.

Love's Ravings.

"Why, Charles, what do you mean by burning our old love letters?" "I have been reading them, my dear," replied her husband. "After we die some one who wished to break our wills might get hold of them and use them to prove we were insane."

A Fine Chance.

Man Overboard—Help! Help!
Stranger—Phuy don't yez swim?
"I don't know how."
"Begorry, ye've got an illigant chance to learn."—New York Weekly.

Truth is a torch, but it is a huge one.—Goethe.

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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 Junc	....	....	....	....
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 43
Shickshinny	8 01	11 31	3 20	7 53
Hicks Ferry	8 11	†11 43	3 30	†8 03
Beach Haven	8 19	11 48	3 37	8 09
Berwick	8 27	11 54	3 44	8 17
Briarcreek	†8 32	....	†3 50	....
Willow Grove	†8 36	....	†3 54	†8 24
Lime Ridge	8 40	†12 06	3 58	†8 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	†12 57	4 43	—
Northumber'd ... ar	9 35	1 10	4 55	9 30

EAST	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Northumberl'	*6 45	†10 00	†1 50	*5 25
Cameron	6 57	....	†2 01	†5 34
Danville	7 07	10 19	2 11	5 43
Catawissa	7 21	10 32	2 25	5 58
Rupert	7 26	10 37	2 29	6 01
Bloomsburg	7 33	10 41	2 33	6 05
Espy	7 38	10 46	2 40	6 13
Lime Ridge	7 44	†10 54	†2 46	†6 20
Willow Grove	†7 48	....	†2 50	....
Briarcreek	7 52	....	†2 53	†6,27
Berwick	7 57	11 05	2 58	6 34
Beach Haven	8 05	†11 12	3 03	6 41
Hicks Ferry	8 11	†11 17	3 09	6 47
Shickshinny	8 22	11 31	3 20	†6 59
Hunlock's	8 33	....	3 31	†7 09
Nanticoke	8 38	11 44	3 38	7 14
Avondale	8 41		3 42	7 22
Plymouth	8 45	11 53	3 47	7 28
Plymouth Junc	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	a12 02	4 03	7 42
Forty Fort	†9 06	....	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 18	12 17	4 24	8 01
Duryea	9 23	....	4 29	8 06
Lackawanna	9 25	....	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	11 55	....	11 10
				A. M
Buffalo ... ar	....	7 55	....	7 00
	A. M.	P. M	P.M	A.M
Scranton ... lv	10.10	12.40	†3 85	*2 0
	P. M.	P. M	P.M	A. M.
New York ... ar	3 30	5 00	7 35	6 50

*Daily, †Daily except Sunday.
Stops 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.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
TIME TABLE
In Effect Nov. 29th, 1904.

	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.	P. M.	P. M.	.....
Wilkesbarre ... lv	A. M.	§10 35	‖ 2 45	‖6 00	.....
Plym'th Ferry "	§ 7 25	‖10 42	f 2 52	f6 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 5	.....		3 22	3 22
Nescopeck ... ar	§ 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 ... "	f 8 4	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 00	12 10	4 31	7 51	.....
Sunbury ... ar	9 35	‖2 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.	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 60	‖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 60	....
	P. M.	A M	A M	A M