

The institution was too new to Scarcrest to be treated with aught save reverence and awe, but there was more than one who dared suggest that Da-vid Prescott had erred in making his daughter Marion his paying teller. Not that Marion was not suited to the place, but that even Scarcrest knew ed to greet the sole peace officer of that a woman teller was unusual.

Comment did not worry Prescott. which the town boasted. His holdings in the bank amounted to more than 90 per cent of the capital invested, and at the directors' meeting he had offered to make another choice if the board could suggest any one better qualified through acquaintance or expertness at figures. That settled the matter officially, and when the spick and span new office opened it was Ma-rion's pretty blond head which was seen through the plate glass square lettered "Paying Teller."

Bert Howard was the receiving teller, and this was further cause for gos-the Bank of Tacoma offers, and if you and Marion can't worry along on that



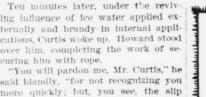
SAID MARION SWEETLY.

sip, for Bert had been a willing slave to Marion ever since the days when lossi, four in number, the two largest he used to drag her to school on his being each sixty-five feet high.

Many comments had been made in actual age of these architectural relthe postoffice and around the stove in ics is from Smith, the British Egyptol-Van Zant's grocery, but after Ned Da- ogist, who says, "The colossi attached vis had been soundly thrashed by How-ard for suggesting that if the pair of stone mentioned are each painted in tellers held their positions long enough gaudy colors in a kind of stucco, apparthey would have no trouble starting life properly there was an abrupt ces-over 4,000 years as when first laid on." sation of this sort of gossip, and the bank officers were accepted without further comment.

But it was not pleasant sailing for Bert and Marion. He had been given his position not because Prescott approved of his suit for Marion's hand, but because, like Marion, he had been the most available person for the position. Prescott, in his hard, deep pitched voice, had assured the young man that if he ever caught a glimpse of love making in business hours there would be an imported teller in the hank within twenty-four hours.

So it was that man and maid were perforce content with such satisfaction as could come from the knowledge of the other's propinquity, and even Tony following: Dwight, who would have been glad to is rival disposed of could find



him over the head."

their own judgment.

The Most Ancient Rains.

ing from floor to roof. In front of the

The only hint we have as to the

Very Particular.

heard at a provincial court the other

day the defendant was asked his trade.

"I drive a bus," was the reply.

drive the horses attached thereto?"

In the course of an assault case

"You mean," suggested the precise

solicitor on the other side, "that you

"Yes, if you would rather have it put in that way," replied the defendant.

Shortly afterward, in the course of

"Did you or did you not strike the

his cross examination, the solicitor

asked the defendant:

prosecutor in the face?"

main temple are seated still other co-

arrested.'

sent out by the Bank of Tacoma gave Copyright, 1904, by Herbert McB. Johnston your name as Peters, alias Mauvel and A REAL PROPERTY AND A DESCRIPTION OF THE other names. In fact, Miss Prescott was the first one to see your game. No, "Phyllis," said I solemnly, "do you

I wouldn't hang Miss Prescott." he conknow what day this is?" tinued as he caught the muttered ex-"Friday, Sept. 21," repeated Phyllis clamation. "You know the proverb

THEIR SUMMER

By HERBERT McB. JOHNSTON

ENGAGEMENT

glibly. about curses and chickens roosting "Yes," said I, shaking my head traghome. There is that little matter of killing the president and cashier of the | lcally-"yes, this is the fated day, the accursed hour. The time has come." First National of Caswell"- He turn-Phyllis laughed. When Phyllis laughs the prettiest dimples come in her "That's him!" shouled Tony from the cheeks. I have accused her of laughing rear. "I saw him walk up and hit just to bring them there, but she only laughs the more.

Constable Post looked about awk-"Phyllis," I warned her, "those dimwardly. "I'm afraid there's some mistake," he growled. "You didn't tell I think they grew even deeper

me it was Mr. Howard you wanted "And I'm such a weak one," I murured thoughtfully. "Arrest Howard!" shouted Prescott. "We're getting away from the ques-"Why, he's just knocked out one of the slickest bank thieves in the country tion," replied Phyllis, with swift inconsequence. "What about the date?" and saved my life as well. Dwight, I assumed my most melancholy air.

you get out of here, you miserable lit-My eye caught the corner of my pocket tle sneak. Bert, I'll double the reward handkerchief, and I pulled it out. "The day of our parting." I replied briefly, smothering a pseudo sob. and your salary you don't deserve to Phyllis' brows met in a perplexed frown, a most adorable frown. get married. Post, you take this fel-low over to the lockup and give him a "I don't get it," she said. headache powder. I guess he needs it "It's your own doing," I asserted,

after that clip Bert gave him. I'm go-ing to the telegraph office. Bert, you throwing the blame on her. "It was entirely your own suggestion, and you and Marion stay here and fix things have no one to blame but yourself." Still Phyllis frowned. I know a way From his glance one could not tell I could have smoothed out the wrinwhether he meant the disordered office

or more important matters, but Bert "Why, our engagement, you know," and Marion knew or at least they used I insinuated. "It was expressly understood, I thought, that it was strictly a summer affair."

At last Phyllis comprehended. For a The oldest architectural ruins in the moment I thought she was going to world are believed to be the rock cut smile and enjoy the joke, but instead temples at Ipsambool, on the left bank her eyes grew wide with amazement, of the Nile, in Nubia. The largest of and then she buried her face in her these ancient temples contains fourteen bandkerchief. There was no mistakapartments hewn out of solid stone. ing it. The sobs were too violent to be marry me." The largest single stone used in this anything but genuine. work is one which forms a veranda-like

"Phyllis?" I interrogated in amazeprojection along one side of the main ment. "Phyllis, what is it, dear?" temple. It is fifty-seven feet long, fif-I don't believe either of us noticed ty-two broad and seventeen (one acthe last word.

count says nineteen) feet thick. This Then she dried her eyes and straightcolossal stone is supported by two ened up her head. rows of massive square pillars, four in "I never thought, Jack," said Phyllis,

each row and each thirty feet high. with considerable indignation, "that To each of these pillars is attached a you would have reminded me of it. colossal figure of a human being, reach





I DARED TO PUT MY ARM ABOUND HER. And on the very day summer is over too! It seems to me you were in rather a hurry to have it ended." "But, Phyllis"- I blundered. "Yes, 'but, Phyllis,' " she mocked me. ran a day over it would mean a renew-Phyllis was holding her head very high. A sunbeam playing across her trunk itself. brown hair set it afire. Her eyes needed no sunbeam. I never saw Phyllis look more handsome. en was laughing at me. "Jack," she said, "there's something I like about you. I don't know what it is. I think it must be your family." connected. That set me on my high horse. "Ah!" I murmured indifferently. "Good of you, I'm sure. Perhaps you have even picked out which one-Fred or Charlie?" "I'm not quite sure," said Phyllis roguishly. The dimples were there growler. "Phyllis," I said, "I'm never going to ask you to marry me again." like to have it. "I don't want to marry you again,' answered Phyllis. "You haven't yet," I retorted. "What really amount to. I mean is that I am never again going to ask you.' "Never?" asked Phyllis in mock ter-"Never!" said I firmly. "This is the very last time. Will you marry me?" "That's once over, right there," she laughed. underside.

I guess I must have looked a bit

blank, because Phyllis burst out laugh-

"I really can't say," laughed Phyllis. "If I decide to wait until I'm ready

for the shelf I flatter myself it will be

"Well," asked Phyllis, with some as-

"How long will it be?" I asked.

"So do I." I said sadiv.

"If I were sure"- I began.

ing

some time yet."

else, do you?

way ahead.

"Do you really, Jack?" said she soft-

"I really do, Phyllis. Without you I'm like that soul which the poet tells about, 'that went into the storm and blackness and lost itself between the earth and heaven." Phyllis sat a little closer to me. It's

good dodge, is that poetry business. I've always felt that I owed a good deal to some of those poet Johnnies. "That was awfully dear of you, Jack," she whispered.

I felt a goodish bit like a cad then. It seemed so like taking an unfair ad-vantage. Yet it wasn't that I didn't mean it, for I did, every word of it. mean it, for I did, every word of it. "Phyllis," I half whispered, "shall I

break my word?" Phyllis never said a word, but just crept a little closer. I dared to put my arm around her. Now, it's always been my contention

that when a girl says stop in a whisper that she means the exact opposite. "Stop!" whispered Phyllis

That was when I did it. Her head was on my shoulder, but her face someow got twisted up, and I kissed her full on the lips. Phyilis' lips are warm

mentary; let it last longer, and it sinks this time. to the level of a mere incident. "And it's my family you like, is it,

Phyllis?" I asked her. too close for me to see her do it, but I

"Fred or Charlie?" I asked again.

how, what's the odds if it is? People

when I got my breath. 180 should have their lives!" Torture "No," said Phyllis, shaking her head.

"Please, dearest," I said. "I want you so-so much. Please say you will.' But Phyllis shook her head. "No," said she, with a happy little laugh; "it'll have to stop when you

He Took It Back. In a certain town of western Massachusetts two of the most prominent execution of his earliest friend, Feodor citizens are a Methodist brother and a Presbyterian brother. These are neigh- Vorontsov. One of his last was the bors, and, for the most part, dwell on murder of his own son. good terms, except when they try to According to Waliszewski, it was the

effect an exchange of horses or to talk recognized thing in Russia for the upper dog to make things as uncomforta-On one occasion the two had traded ble for the under dog. as knouts and horses, and, although the outcome slow fires could make them. So "the rankled in the breast of the Methodist, Terrible" only talked of his subjects they had met and started a discussion in the language they could most readion the subject of predestination. As ly understand. Ivan was by no means usual an altercation ensued, when the unpopular with the people. In many Methodist lost control of himself. With ways he was an enlightened and promixed emotions concerning horse gressive monarch. He took the first trades and John Calvin in his mind, he steps toward the founding of Russia's great eastern empire. He made more "You're a robber, a liar and a Pres- or less successful attempts toward po

ditional Frenchman.-G. S. Street.

A Father's Jest.

This proved too much for the Presby- certain gift of leadership and instinct terian, and a fight began, in which the Presbyterian got the best of it. As he sat upon his prostrate opponent, bump- coward, as was shown at the siege ing his head against the ground, he Kasan, when he kept diligently to his

"Take it back, take it back, or I'll treaties of his men to come out and bump your foolish head off." "I'll take it back," gasped the vanhelp them. quished Methodist, "on the first two

counts. You're not a robber nor a liar, but you're a blamed old Presbyterian if I die for it!"-Harper's Week- ly sits down and thinks. The happy

The Curious Banyan Tree. Botanists long ago voted the banyan tree of India a place in the catalogue of wonderful vegetable production. In its infancy it resembles other trees in having a single stem or trunk and a dense head of foliage. As the tree in-father thweatened to-aw-bwain me creases in size, however, the branches ntally to such a wondrous extent that they would be unable to support themselves had not nature come to the rescue with a remarkable provision. To supply the necessary "I suppose you were afraid that if it support the branches of the parent stem throw out here and there small al of the contract, or perhaps you fibrous shoots, which immediately be thought I wouldn't let you out of it. gin growing downward toward the You needn't have worried, I assure earth. In a surprisingly short time they reach the ground and take root and gradually increase in size until they sometimes rival the original This new trunk, with its numerous fibrous roots, renews the whole life of And then, while I grew redder and more shamefaced, I saw the little vix-are rapidly thrown out until finally what was originally a single tree trunk becomes a considerable forest, each limb and shoot of which are curiously POINTED PARAGRAPHS. An awkward man in society is usu ally a thoroughbred in business. The only case of overwork we know of, though many claim it, is that of the A great many people tell not the way a thing is, but the way they would To win in this world you must have more confidence in yourself than you Here is the mark of one who boards: Search him, and you will find something to eat in his pockets. Give father credit for one thing at least-at his place at the table there are no wads of chewing gum on the

IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

Barbarie Czar Who Loved to Burn, Boil and Torture His Subjects. An Interes by the Some of the reasons why Ivan, czar f Russia, was called "the Terrible"

have been retold by K. Waliszewski in of the brillia and eccentric artist his book. Persons who displeased him he would saw asunder by the constant which seem Whistler, is the wor st to fit the curlot rubbing of a rope around their waists or sprinkle alternately with ice cold and mischievous personal peculiarities it, tricksy jests, gay sprinkle alternately with ice coid and boiling water. He marked his sense of a bad jest by deluging the perpetrator with boiling soup and then running him through with a knife. He rebuked

the man's hat on his head. There were for he never d: also wholesale orgies, as at the punish-ment of Novgorod, when he had a hun-dred persons roasted over a slow fire he also wholesale orgies, as at the punish-ingle lock of white hair amid a mass of black curls. His own interest in his approximation of black curls. by a new and ingenious process and his appearance was great, for he rethen run down on sledges into the river garded the composition of costume and Seranton ... then run down on sledges into the river to be drowned. At Moscow the czar had a disappointment. There was to be a great execution of 300 victims who had already been tortured to the last

extremity, and loyal subjects had been turesque. summoned to the function. "To Ivan's astonishment the great square was empty. The instruments of torture that stead reads the instruments of torture "Oh, Jack." she whispered. Then I kissed her again. Bt I only kissed her twice. An event is but mo-mentary, let the there event is but mo-dif holling restor her to the total and the first sector and the first sector her total and ther total and the first sector her total a of boiling water—had failed to attract this time. unconscious. His hair was first trim-med, but left rather long, Whistler

DESIGNING A HEAD.

Tonsorial Operation

nous Whistler.

"But there had been too much of this meanwhile directing the cutting of And it's my family you like, is it, Phyllis?" I asked her. Phyllis nodded her head. She was oo close for me to see her do it, but I ould feel it on my shoulder. "Fred or Charlie?" Lacked again. assuring messages all over the town. 'Come along! Don't be afraid! Nobody the scissors. The clipping completed, Whistler waved the operators imperi-After that I forgot all that rot about an event being but momentary. Any-bow where a being but momentary. Anywere tempted forth, and forthwith little figure, stepping backward and don't go through life looking for events all the time. Commonplace things are abashed, began a lengthy speech. Losin of water and then half drying forward, surveying himself in the Could he do less than punish the trai- basin of water, and then, half drying

"And you're going to be engaged to tors? But he had promised to be mer-me now for all the time?" I questioned ciful, and he would keep his word! With a comb he carefully picked out cameron. Out of the 300 who had been sentenced the white lock, wrapped it in a towel Danvill and execution were, however, in the pinching it dry, with the rest of his case of Ivan very much more than the hair hanging over his face-a stage mere instruments of barbarle justice. which much amused the onlookers. They were his recreation and delight. As a boy his amusement was to throw dogs down from the top of one of the them beat the rest of his hair into ring-lets (combing would not have given lets (combing the undity) until that full castle terraces and watch their dying them the right quality) until they fell Hanlock's. agonies. As a man he used to go the into decorative waves all over his head. round of the torture chambers after A loud scream would then rend the dinner. One of his first crimes was the air. Whistler wanted a comb. This air. Whistler wanted a comb. This Kingston. procured, he would comb the white lock Wilkes-Barre Wilkes-Barre Wilkes-Barre Kingston. procured, he would comb the white lock into a feathery product broad movements of his hand form the whole into a picture. Then he would look beamingly at himself in the glass and say but two words, 'Menpes, product and sail triumphantly out of the start of the star



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litical and legal reform, and he had SOMETHING NEW PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, devotions in spite of the repeated en-A Reliable TIN SHOP Unhappy reople Think.
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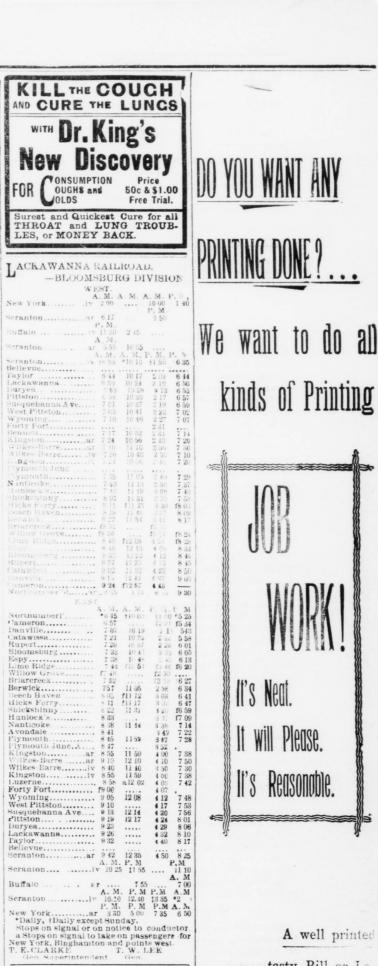
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It is the unhappy man who commo For all kind of Tin Roofing, man gets up and does something-kills Spouting and Ceneral something if he is the traditional Eng-Job Work. lishman, makes iove if he is the tra-

Stoyes, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

Softleigh-When I-aw-awsked her PRICES THE LOWEST!

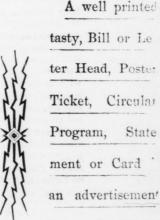


TIME TABLE

In Effect Nov. 29th, 1904.

A. M. P. M. P. M

 $\begin{array}{c} \text{ranton}(\mathbf{D\&H}) | \mathbf{v} & \mathbf{A}, \mathbf{M}, \mathbf{A}, \mathbf{M}, \mathbf{P}, \mathbf{M}, \\ \text{tston} & \mathbf{v} & \mathbf{S} & \mathbf{6} & \mathbf{S} \\ \text{ranton} & \mathbf{V} & \mathbf{S} & \mathbf{6} & \mathbf{S} \\ \text{ranton} & \mathbf{V} & \mathbf{S} & \mathbf{1} & \mathbf{S} & \mathbf{1} & \mathbf{S} \\ \text{ranton} & \mathbf{V} & \mathbf{S} & \mathbf{S} & \mathbf{S} \\ \text{ranton} & \mathbf{S}$



for your business, a satisfaction to you



religion.

no cause for tale bearing. Dwight, with Prescott, Bert and Ma-

rion, constituted the clerical force of be as well to say that I struck him on the First National, and, oddly enough, the nasal organ attached thereto."-Prescott, usually an excellent judge of London Mail. character, favored Tony's aspirations for Marion's hand. The one unpleasant feature of her position was the fact that she had frequently to consult Tony as bookkeeper, and he never let pass an opportunity to press his suit. Then the agent of the Chester Bank by a train, and this was the conten-Vault company came to Scarcrest one noon hour, driving over from the nearest railroad town behind a pair of spanking bays. Curtis was the name in one corner of the card he presented to Prescott as he strolled unannounced into the president's office.

But selling bank vaults was not his principal business, for after awhile ed." Prescott came out of his office. "Here is a check for which Mr. Curtis wants the cash," he said, thrusting the slip of paper through the window to Ma- The Tidbits Were Cantonese Puppy "You have a package of thourion. sand dollar bills in the corner of the small safe. There are twenty-five of that one of the finest dinners he ever ate was served to him by a Chinese hundreds."

Marion looked curiously at her father's face, white and drawn. "Are you sure this is all right?"

Curtis laughed lightly. "You are not going to dishonor your

father's own check, are you?" he said in careless fashion. "Mr. Prescott will assure you that it is all right.

He moved closer to the bank president, and Prescott, with the muzzle of a revolver pressing into his side, could only nod his assent. Curtis had as-sured him that at the first sign of attempted communication with any of the two clerks all would be shot and tree it tastes very much like turtle fat, he would be safe in the country before the crime was discovered. Prescott was a brave man, but he agreed with Curtis' argument that the money would do him little good if he were to be shot for refusing it.

Marion gave one more curious glance at the pair and turned toward the vault. In a moment she reappeared.

"Oh, Bert," she called, "will you please which are doomed from birth to take come here and help me to move this their place on the roasting spit and box?"

tis fidgeted about, urging Prescott to my friend was eating with zest, so for make haste. There was small danger the first time in my life I ate dog-and of interruption from a customer or liked it exceedingly. With this puppy from Tony, who lunched at that hour; were served all the vegetables in seabut, being a skilled workman, he liked son and a salad which had the taste of to see a job done expeditiously.

turned. Marion carried a package of smaller than ortolans, each tiny plump bills, while Howard swung a bag cov- creature being but a mouthful, but they ered with wax seals.

"I shall have to give you some gold," feathered small fry. we have mostly small bills."

ably. "I am not particular, though, of were, in my opinion, the one failure of ably. "I am not particular, though, of course, the large bills are easier to han-dle."

with the gold, but before Curtis could from Shanghai and a Kobe round of grasp the bag of coins it descended up-on his head with force sufficient to stun him before the ready pistol in his pluck the ripe fruit." coat pocket could be fired

The defendant, after a thoughtful pause, convulsed the court with the "Well, now, I come to think, there's pression that I did strike the prosecutor on the face, but perhaps it would A Conclusive Speech. A story is told of a speech recently made by an Irish barrister in a court of law. He was for the plaintiff, whose you. cow had been knocked down and killed tion "If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang. or if the whistle had been blown as should have been blew, both of which they did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was kill-A CHINESE DINNER. and Eggs Fifty Years Old. An officer of the British army says again. host in Hongkong. He thus describes it: "First on our menu came the llt-tle oysters which cling to the bamboo stems in the salt water marshes of upper China. They are, I should fancy, the smallest and the sweetest oysters

in the world. Bird's nest soup followed, prepared as it should be. I fancy that a chicken broth was the liquid to which the nest gave its peculiar and ror. attractive taste of the sea at our feast, and the combination was excellent. Tripang, which we know as beche-de-mer, followed. It is the sea slug from the Loochoo islands, and served as an enthe last time." though richer. To counteract its richness a great china bowl of boiled bamtioned Phyllis. boo shoots was handed round with it. "To" "Next came a very small roast. I "Not ask any other girl either," fin thought at first that it was a tiny suckished Phyllis. ing pig, but it had no crackling, and "I don't see what difference it would the flesh was like that of an agneau de make," I commented. lait, the little lambs whose meat is "Because if you will," said Phyllis, "I'll wait until I'm ready or on the snow white. It was one of the Cantonese puppies of a particular kind, shelf and then come around and ask you; only I'd like to be sure you were disengaged.

which are fed on rice and milk only. I Howard went to her aid, while Cur- looked down the table and saw that young nasturtium leaf as its strongest In a couple of minutes the pair re- flavor. Rice birds followed. They are

are the most delicious eating of all the said Marion sweetly as she tumbled "Nankin eggs were next brought the bills on the shelf beneath the window of her cage and prepared to count. years, and a Chinaman detects some "You see, we keep most of our reserve special flavor in them. To me they on deposit in town, and for local use we have mostly small bills." "Gold will do," responded Curtis ami- most black, was not inviting. They

Howard came around the corner among them pheasants and game ples

BIACO.

"Remember," I warned her, "It was When you attend a circus turning a somersault looks easy, and when you "Will you make me a promise?" quesattend a lacture talking in public looks easy.-Atchison Globe.

He Smoked.

A very pretty girl with a well defined air of knowing her way about tripped into a day coach of a train bound for Washington at Philadelphia Tuesday afternoon. Every window seat was occupied. The girl walked half way down the car and with obvious disappointment took the best seat that offered. A large, superheated looking man already occupied half of it. He held his breath long enough to make room for the girl, and she squeezed in. Then he settled himself again and appeared to swell out in every direction. The girl cast longing glances at the window, but the man's huge bulk and open newspaper cut off her view. The girl fidgeted. The man spread himself more and more. Full perity, "you don't hope for anything three-quarters of the seat he filled to overflowing. The ghil set her teeth But the thought of it seemed a long way ahead. Thirty miles spun by. The girl could endure it no longer. She turned her face to him. "Excuse me," she said distinctly,

"If I give you my word," said Phyl-"but don't you ever smokef" "Phyllis," I said soberly, "If you said Two minutes later the whole seat the word I'd wait till the day of doom was hers .- Washington Post. for you, dear. But, you know, little

The Foolish Fish.

girl, I don't want to. I want you now." Deacon Good-Don't you think it Phyllis' eyes had lost that hard glow. There was only the dull, soft fire of cruel for you to draw a fish out of his burnished copper now. I ought to have native element by a sharp iron hook? taken her in my arms and kissed her Fisher Boy - It's no fault of mine. right there, but I didn't know enough. When I'm just giving a worm a salt water bath, what does a fish want to always was noted for doing such stupid things. Phyllis has told me so hook himself on to my line for? It's no business of his .- Boston Transcript



