.. By CATHERINE BURGESS.

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It would have been an injustice to Dr. Jardine and to his state of mind on a certain January evening in the year it-doesn't-matter-what to say that her hold. he was in a bad temper. It was be-yond that—a disgust with himself, the world and life so consuming as to make his outward actions almost automatic, so separate were they from his

inner self. Yet professional habit was strong. The patients in the long wards saw no difference as he stopped here and there in his tour of inspection and asked the usual questions. Only one young Irish girl, with the clearness of death in her eyes, laid her hand on his as he touch ed her tenderly and whispered: "Ye'd betther be comin' wid me, docther,

dear. Things'll be straighter-there." It was not the first time he had thought of it. Really, the inner voice questioned as he listened to the report of the head nurse, what good was his life to the world anyway? Here he had gone halfway across the continent this bitter January to attend at a great operation, and the man had died after all. He was not necessary in the hospital. There were a dozen better men. His wife-but he turned from that thought instinctively. His sister—she would forget he had lived or died at the sight of a Lafayette plate.

The head nurse had finished her report. He looked at his desk piled with

"I can't read it tonight," he decided "The top one came yesterday by mes-

senger," the head nurse said. "It is marked 'Important.' " And she retired Dr. Jardine broke the seal.

Dr. Jardine broke the seal.

"Dear Brother"—the note ran—"I have heard of some extraordinary old Staffordshire up in Utster county, and I start in ten minutes. Cornelia Frye knows it, too, so you see there is no time to lose. I may be back before you return from the west, but in case I do not I inclose keys. We have moved in your absence." [He smiled at the we.] "The new apartment is 19 East Eighty-fourth street. The janitor of the old one was impertinent. It is on the second floor, to the left. Your room is at the end of the hall. Your affectionate sister.

"MARIA."

The note was so characteristic, the situation so fitting a climax to his week of work and strain, that his



DR. JARDINE WATCHED HER, AMAZED. sense of humor was touched. "Perfect," he murmured to himself as he

cabman had to work with voice and has one always in his mouth and is conhand to rouse his fare. "I never knowed any gen'l'man so tem is saturated with the poison.

far gone before 3 in the morning," he observed to the area railings. left behind him, Dr. Jardine stumbled

up the front steps.
"Jardine, sir? Out, I believe, sir." said a sleepy hall boy.

"I know; I am Dr. Jardine." The boy stared, succumbed to the voice of authority and dozed again. In the room at the end of the hall the principal object of interest to the weary man was the bed, a four poster, with curtains, surprising enough to one

"Confound Maria!" he grumbled. "If she starts collecting antique furniture as well as plates I am lost!"

The four poster wore a very inviting air despite its unexpectedness. Dr. Jardine slowly pulled off his shoes and divested himself of coat and waistcoat. "I must lie down a moment," he murmured, "and-think-this-over." And

the bed received him into its depths. He dreamed. A weird procession passed before him like the figures in a frieze-and every one was his wife! Now she was laughing, now dancing, now weeping, now stern as the angel outside paradise, always gazing at him with unseeing eyes. He struggled to reach her, but could not. He heard her retreating footsteps-retreating, yet sounding always nearer. Striving to solve the puzzle, he awoke. The footsteps continued, not loud and ominous as in his dream, but light, flitting steps. They reminded him of some one he had known. For a moment he stared, bewildered, into the darkness of the curtained bed, the steps seeming to echo from his dream. Then he remembered. Maria was in Ulster county. Who was the intruder? He parted the curtains a finger's breadth and looked out. The room beyond was dimly lighted. Trunks stood open, with books and clothing in orderly piles beside them. The clink of silver came from the room

"Looting the place, by Jove!" the doctor whispered. He half arose, but at the sound of returning steps he sank back, his eye at the curtain parting. "Of all things in heaven and earth!" Instead of leaping out he drew the edges closer. "A woman!"

A woman it was who had entered the adjoining room and who proceeded with a businesslike air to store an armful of silver in one of the yawning trunks, Dr. Jardine watched her, amazed. Her back was toward him, and he noted its graceful lines as she lifted | day he sent another letter by the servand bestowed her booty. She looked a ant containing a postscript: "You may ence, was the center and source of lady. Gradually he began to feel like a peeping Tom rather than an outraged has taken the precaution to read this portant business summons made it im householder. How should be announce his presence? Would she faint? What should be do with her? What would Maria say?

At last she lifted the little shaded lamp and turned straight toward him. Not four feet from him she put the lamp down and sighed like a tired child. He wondered afterward how he lived through that moment. That sher | sook "there isn't any."

tne woman he still loved, who bore his name, who had forsaken him-could she have become a common thief? Inredible! It was a nightmare. The curtains stifled him. He tore them apart. The woman saw a pale, gasping face fronting her, the eyes horror struck, as of one looking on a ghost. An instant her own matched it: then she fainted.

"Molly!" he cried and sprang to her. She revived readily. He remembered she had never been a fainting woman. She clung to him.

"Robert," she whispered, "that horri-Then, watching his face, she let go

"Robert! Were you he?"

He nodded, unable to speak. "What did you do it for? It was too dreadful! I thought it was a burglar! How did you find me?"

"Find you? I opened my eyes and "Of course, but how did you know I

was here?" "What do you mean? How did you know I was here?" he demanded. "Are you trying to make a joke of it?" she cried. "You creep into my

rooms like a thief"-"A thief!" he echoed. "Your rooms! Aren't they mine? They knew my name downstairs"-

"You are more ungenerous than I could have expected," she interrupted. "Whose name could I bear but yours? You are strangely forgetful!"

"No," he answered; "no, Molly, I never forget. If I only could! I shall go mad some day remembering!" Then, pulling himself together, he said: "Forgive this business, Molly. It's queer enough, but it's some mistake of Maria's. She has taken a new apartment, and-and evidently this is not it. I thought it was. Maybe I made a mistake myself. I was dead tired. Anyhow, I'll get out. I can go somewhere,

"It is hardly worth while," she replied. "It will soon be morning anyhow. Jenny and I have been packing all night, or, rather, I have, since she fell asleep taking down pictures. We

sail tomorrow on the Oceanic." He did not answer. The excitement had faded from his face and left it white and haggard. She came closer.

"Robert I would never have gone to you. I had injured you too much. I know now it was my own fault-my own jealousy. But that does not matter. We shall soon be separated, perhaps forever. Fate or God has brought us together for a moment first. Forgive me!

Two hours later there was a knock at the door. Dr. Jardine and his wife looked at each other with eyes in which laughter and panic mingled. "And you are a respectable widow

lady!" he mocked. But it was only old Jinny who appeared upon the threshold. Her hands

"Thank the Lawd," she cried, "the two stubbornes' folks in the wo'ld have done come together again! An' Mis' Molly, the's a tel'phone fer the doctah from the horspital. Mis' Jardine's jest raisin' New Yawk because he ain't rine, but I'll try." come home, an' "-

"But I have come home!" cried Dr. Jardine. "Where's the telephone, Jin- smile-his legal smile, Carruthers call-

In a moment be returned, laughing. "This is 19 East, isn't it?" he inquired. "Well, my sister Maria 'jest | convincing himself of the fact. "She's natchelly,' as Jinny would say, wrote 'East' when she meant West. I never thought I should live to bless the absentmindedness of Maria, but heaven knows I do now with all my heart and

And, though Molly was silent, she felt her sister-in-iaw.

## POINTS FOR SMOKERS.

Some Advice to Follow if They Must Use the Weed.

Very few people are aware how much harm is done to young men by the almost universal habit of cigarette smok-At 19 East Eighty-fourth street the ing. The man who smokes cigarettes tinually inhaling nicotine until the sys-

The result of this practice is a catarrhal condition of the nose, throat Unconscious of the impression he had and bronchi, a disordered and very irritable state of the nerves, a weak and rapid action of the heart and indiges-

Thin, anaemic, weak, with clammy hands stained with nicotine poison, unstrung nerves and degenerated muscles, the youth of the land go on ignorantly suffering the consequences of a pernicious habit until attacks of heart trouble, nervous prostration, melancholia, etc., bring their condition to the who was used to sleeping on an iron

attention of the physician. If a man must smoke-and we admit the charm of the habit to those who have become accustomed to its soothing influences-let him choose a mild cigar and have certain set times for indulging. If he puts a certain restraint upon himself from the start in the matter of smoking, he will not overdo it, and there are few men who can smoke injury.-Medical Brief.

MUSIC AND HUMOR.

An English Critic Says That the Two Cannot Be Linked.

There is little room in music for humor and no room at all for wit. When I hear some one speak of the wit of a Chopin scherzo I think, "My friend, you had better see a doctor at once; you are slightly deranged mentally." In association with words there can be prolonged low notes Handel gives to Polyphemus when he asks for a hundred reeds "for my capacious mouth." But the humor of Haydn and Beethoven in their instrumental works consists entirely of practical jokes-a sudden low C on the bassoon, a horn passage which no horn player can ever hope to play, a bass who enters a bar too soon or too late. The late Harold Frederic summed up the question beautifully. He said to me one day when I had not laughed at one of his stories: "Musicians have no sense of humor. When I was a young man touching negatives in a photographer's studio I was very musical. I had notes in my voice that couldn't be found in any piano in our parts. I had no sense of humor. Afterward I developed a sense of humor and lost my voice."-London

Saturday Review.
A Stinging Reproof.

A gentleman had an inquisitive serv-ant, relates Chums, whom he once saw open a private letter of his. The next send a verbal answer by bearer. He their joy. Later in the season an im before delivery.

civil service is?" memory of recent contact with the

## **AWILLFUL** WIDOW

By KATE M. CLEARY

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fix," concluded Carruthers. He sprang to his feet, looking for all the world like a big, perturbed boy as he paced restlessly across the library floor. He was so well formed, with his straight shoulders and the fine, flexible lines of his body, that he appeared to be ten years younger than the thirty-five allotted him by the family Bible. Then his brown hair would curl even at thirty-five.

"I understand," said Claridge. In truth, he did not understand at all. He had no children of his own. Indeed, he found the caprices of his fashionaattention. But he liked Max Carruthers, and it did seem to him-

"They're such adorable little things, Max! And you're so absurdly wealthy! If it were not for our house being closed

"Ah, the 'persons' who are willing to take care of my little people, Claridge, didn't Claridge tell me? Why was I are the bane of my existence. I've advertised; I've met and talked with them; harpies all. Some would undoubtedly give the children proper care as far as physical requirements go, but that isn't enough. I want to find some woman who would really love them for their own sake." "That ought to be dead easy," growl-

ed Claridge. "Of course I think so; but, then, they're my bairns. I want some one who will give them a bit of mothering

-kiss the place to make it well and that sort of thing." "I have it!" exclaimed Claridge. He brought his fist down on the arm of his chair with a bang. "The most idyllic old home in the country that your eyes ever rested upon. It's a big, ram-bling house, almost covered with Vir-

ginia creeper. There's an immense well kept lawn and elematis across the porch, and the house itself is just filled with the most delicious scents. The bedrooms are perfumy with lavender. And as for the food-why, it's some thing to set an anchorite sighing! "But what makes you think the pos sessor of this ideal home would wel-

come into it two rather lively chiland eyes went up in happy gesticula- dren? If it's only a question of mon-Claridge shook his head. "Go slow! That's the difficulty-it

isn't a question of money at all. And my powers of persuasion may be less effective than I think with Mrs. Va-'Your friend is a widow, I presume?"

"Yes; she happens to be a client of mine. Oh, yes!" he repeated, as though

a widow!" When Carruthers called a few days later to ask if Claridge had heard from Mrs. Varine, the latter jumped up

briskly. "It's all right, Max. You are to settle the question of payment with me. for the first time that she truly loved Mrs. Varine says she'd rather take nothing. She's very lonely, is awfully fond of children, and is delighted at the thought of having the youngsters with her during their vacation. You'd better take their down next Thursday. Oh, by the way, there's a condition Mrs. Varine does not wish to meet you personally!"

"What's that?" cried Carruthers,

"Well, she doesn't!" reiterated Claridge doggedly. "Maybe she has no reason but a woman's reason. Anyhow, she's entitled to her caprice. Her aunt, Miss Howard, will meet you on your arrival and show you over the place."

"Queer," muttered Carruthers. He looked up sharply. "You say you know the lady-that everything is all right?" "I say she's one of the sweetest women God ever made and that you may bless your stars she is taking your

children into her home-which means her heart! He had spoken with warmth. Carruthers held out his hand. "Thanks, dear boy! You're a mighty

good friend." It was at the close of a perfect June day when a little party reached Cedarville. A surrey drawn by two fat white ponies met them. About two miles outside of town the driver turned off into a wide carriage road that wound up an avenue of elms and oaks till a turn brought in view a great sweep of emerald lawn, beds of scarlet geraniums, a fountain flashing in the golden light and a sleepy, old vine covered house more than three cigars a day without that looked hospitable and picturesque. "Let us out, papa!" implored Eus-

"Is it fairyland?" queried Dorothy in

timid, entranced whisper. The gentle, faded woman who received the travelers had a face like a cameo and appeared to harmonize admirably with her old fashioned sur-roundings. She showed Carruthers the rooms the children were to occupyairy, immaculate rooms, with blossoms nodding in at the windows. She offered him luncheon, which he declined, apologized for the invisibility of her niece and appointed a day each week he was to come to visit the children. Already charmed by their surroundings, they let him go without a protest. When he came down the next week

it was to find the two rosy, radiant and ecstatic over their environment He took them into town, bought them me small treasures and listened to their raptures about "Florence." She had made a mull dress for Dorothy; she had gone fishing with Eustace; she played the piano for them while they were having a game of hide and seek, low or loud as they were "hot" or 'cold." And they were going to have a party one of these days, with luncheon served under the biggest oak.

to you? "She's just Florence!" they answered in chorus. "She's good as a real mamma, only she plays like she was just a

"But who is this lady who is so kind

little girl. Always he heard these tales, and always, it seemed, the playmate, Florperative that if he were to see the children before his trip west he must run down at once.

"Maria," said Boggles to his wife, wilking up the avenue, he stopped with an idea of instructing her in possible to be bend of the path, for on Attical economy, "do you know what the velvet sward a game of tag was in progress. A slim, graceful young girl "Jasper," said Mrs. Boggles, with in a pink lawn gown was the pursued. "You're it, Florence!" cried Eustace and umphantly as he succeeded in touch

ing the fleeing figure. And just then the victim paused, flushed, breathle s, her copper gold hair loosened from its low her waist, Dorothy caught sight of the newcomer and set up a hailing shout. "It's papa! Here's papa!" she

The captive made one wild movement toward flight, but the victor manfully held on to her. And, after a laughing protest, she came over to Carruthers, where he stood bareheaded, his eyes gleaming with admiration, and held out her hand.

"I've been doubly caught, I'm afraid, Mr. Carruthers! I did not dream you were coming today or I should not ave been found engaged in such an undignified pastime. My name is Flor-

He leaned forward. "Mrs. Varine's "No." She colored deliciously. "I am

Mrs. Varine," she explained.
"Impossible!" exclaimed Carruthers. He looked at her, amazed, mystified. Why, she could not be much over twenble wife quite sufficient to absorb his ty! And Claridge had said that she was a widow!

"I was a very distant relative of Mr. Varine's," she explained. "He wished to leave me his property, but there would have been contention and litigafor the summer and Clotilde doing Eu- | tion on the part of others more mearly rope for the steenth time I'd ask you related were he to do so. But when he to let us take the tots. One fancies knew he was dying he asked me to that a man with your money would have no difficulty in finding a person"— me all he possessed. He died an hour A rather desperate laugh interrupted after the ceremony was performed. Mr. Claridge was present."

"But," stammered Carruthers, "why

not to see you?" "Oh, I was afraid if you knew how young and irresponsible I was you would not let me have the children to take care of. Mrs. Claridge had told me what darlings they were, and I was so lonely down here. We've had such good times together." She paused, gathering up her shining hair. She looked at him with luminous gray eyes grown suddenly apprehensive. "You won't take them away, now that you know?" she entreated.

"Assuredly not!" he made quick reply. "They are the most fortunate children in the world. For the first time since the death of their mother I have felt quite happy about them."

It was astonishing how easily the important business matters of Mr. Carruthers could be set aside. He grasped at the invitation to stay to dinner as though that meal were in truth to save him from starvation. And when he finally did discover that if he would catch his train back to the city he must exercise all haste it was with positive dismay that he left the three who stood on the terrace, waving him fare-The next morning he walked into

Claridge's office. "You'll have to take a run out and attend to that Montana matter, Claridge," he said. "I can't go."

"Can't, eh? What's up? Something more important?" "Very much more important!" He was smiling like a boy, and his eyes were shining. "Fact is, I've not been seeing enough of Eustace and Dorothy. Claridge smiled-a dry, slow, curious I'm going to take a room at the hotel down there-they tell me there's good

> Claridge stared at him. Then he nodded and laughed. "You've seen that willful little widow down at Cedarville

fishing to be had-and I'll see more of

Carruthers went off laughing. When he came in a few weeks later the tan of country wind and sun was on his cheek. He walked like a conqueror, with his head up, and his voice had a ring good to hear

"Congratulate me," he commanded. "The children are going to have the loveliest mother in all the world! Claridge gripped the other's hand

"I know it Claridge. There isn't a king under heaven I'd change places with! And those children" Claridge langhed leniently "You infernal fraud!" he said.

THE BAGPIPES.

Romans and Egyptians.

Bagpipes, mentioned in Jeremiah xlviii, 36, "Mine heart shall sound for Moab like pipes; like pipes for the men of Kir-heres," and elsewhere in Scrip ture, were used also by the early Egyp

Both Greeks and Romans knew the nstrument, for a coin of Nero shows pag with two reeds and nine pipes. Procopius also, who wrote about 550 sometimes marched to the sound of the bagpipes, and it is not impossible that they introduced them into the

The earliest, more modern reference to them is in an Irish MS. of 1150, and in Irish illuminated MS, of 1390 deicts a pig playing on the bagpipes The Scottish highlanders were the first and only people to use the great war pipe, as the highland regiments still do, but, in spite of Sir Walter Scott's assertion, it is very doubtful whether they charged at Bannockburn to the "skirl" of the pipes .- London Answers The Main Question.

"And you have finally decided the momentous question?" "Well, no-er-not exactly. We have decided to get married, but whether we'll board, keep house or live in a flat is still in the air."—Baltimore

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EAR OF DIONYSIUS.

of the World.

Among the notable whispering places Among the notation "Ear of Dionyof the world is the "Ear of DionyNewmarket course was constructed in sius" of ancient Syracuse. It is in the shape of a parabolic curve, ending in an elliptical arch, with sides part to be the theater of action in racing allel to its axis, perfectly smooth and to be the theater of action in racing overed with a slight stalactitic incrusation that renders its repercussions mazingly sonorous. It is 64 feet high, was one of the most famous of Amerfrom 17 to 35 in breadth and 187 deep. It has an awful and gloomy appearace, which, with its singular shape, perhaps gave rise to the popular and musing paradox that Dionysius had it nstructed for the confinement of authority and that from the little apartment above he could hear all the the territory it occupied now forms a were brought to the ancient town of Syracuse in the time of its splendor, when it was the largest in Sicily. The sound of words uttered with a low olce is augmented in vaults or galleries so as to become audible at a considerable distance from the speaker.

A like effect takes place in a less degree when sound ascends from the bottom of a deep well or when words are uttered at one extremity of a long corridor or passage in a building. If a pin be dropped into a well the sound produced when it strikes the water is distinctly heard at the mouth or the sounds of words spoken near the surface of any well is similarly augmented. Try it.-New Orleans Times-Demo-

Make tea for an invalid with boiling milk instead of boiling water. It is much nicer and much more digestible more money outfigured her."-Smart

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Willow Grove..... Lime Ridge.....

msburg.

"I never saw you in such a becoming hat, my dear. Did you get it ready made?" "I was just thinking how unusually pretty yours looks. Did you make it yourself?"—Brooklyn Life.

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ity also that the old Centerville course

was constructed, which for many years

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ture passed an act allowing the speed-

ing of horses in Queens county during

the months of May and October of each

year, and by virtue of this law the

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"So she did, but another girl with

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 4 13
 7 32

 South Danville
 9 00
 12 10
 4 31
 7 51

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 9 35
 12 40
 4 55
 8 15

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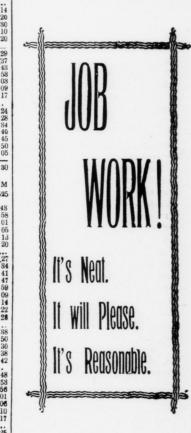
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