NOW OR NEVER

By....
Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1905, by Martha McCulloch-Williams

Billy Wharton's coming did not surprise Joe in the least. She had known something out of the common was going to happen ever since Saturday, when she had seen the new moon clear, had a black cat follow her home and then dreamed of getting safe across a clear running stream. All these were omens of good luck. It was the best sort of luck to have a boarder in the big front room upstairs, a gentleman evidently craving quiet, solitude and country fare. Mrs. Greer, Joe's stepmother, had been set against boarders. She would have none of them even yet but for that dreadful doctor's bill. She had been at death's door last winter, her first real illness. Though the doctor was in no hurry for his fee, her independence chafed mightily against having him wait.

Therefore Joe had had no new summer frocks. Therefore also she was not going to picnics and parties and things—anywhere, indeed, but to church, where the wearing of old clothes might be regarded as a sign of piety rather than poverty. The board money would change all that. In fancy Joe saw herself brave in new winter finery, holding up her head with the best. Her head had not really been drooped, for she was by nature spirited and full of fun. But the stepmother was a little morbid on the point of Joe's lacks. In fear, it might be said, she neglected the girl, who, it was well known, she did not love. Still they had got on fairly together until the epoch of Ransom Farley.

It was Mrs. Greer's nephew and prospective heir; hence it seemed to him but right and natural that he should marry Joe, who held a mortgage on the farm. Mrs. Greer had fetched her husband and his daughter home with her to live, and the Greer estate had been turned into cash and used to free the homestead from sundry incumbrances. Thus common interest had kept the two women together after Squire Greer died. Ransom thought it beautifully fit that they should go on living together and letting him take care of them. At least that was his way of saying it. Joe snapped that the caretaking would be all the other way. She had hated Ransom as a pink and white curly haired model child. She did not hate him less now that, although his curls were cropped and his complexion was somewhat tanned, he still held himself to the model standard.

Joe was slim and dusky—lithe as a sapling, with floss silk hair and eyes outflashing black diamonds. Wild roses blushed in her olive cheeks, her lips were cherry red and her voice full of flute notes. Billy Wharton had a weakness for pretty girls. He made love to all fate threw in his way. Naturally he made love to Joe. Naturally also he made her love him. He was the man of her dreams, in every way the opposite of Ransom and very unlike any of the farmer lads or callow city youngsters with whom she had been brought in contact. But because she loved Billy with heart and soul and strength she flouted him, laughed at him, made a pretense of quarreling and so kept him puzzled as to her frame of mind. Puzzling over a very pretty girl is bad for the affections if the puzzler wishes to escape free, but Billy did not know that in time. He tried all a man might to read this maiden riddle. He had been quite fair, he thought—had told her in the outset he couldn't afford to marry until he was gray and bald.

"I've nothing in the world now but myself," he had said. "And, though space rates give a decentish living for one, it's little short of criminal undertaking to make them furnish rations for two." Then straightway he had made Joe guide him to the deepest pool of the trout brook and stay with him at the stream side all through a summer morning. In course of the talk there she had somehow gathered that a long time ahead when certain lives and leases lapsed Billy would have a snug maintenance. Possibly the information had its weight. Possibly also it went over her head. Certainly, when in the sixth week of Billy's stay at the farmhouse Ransom was pleased to grow furiously jealous of him, Joe decided something must be done—and did it.

"Did you know there was a wedding coming off Sunday?" she asked of Billy Thursday at noon. Billy pulled out pencil and notebook, putting on his most professional air as he asked:

"Will you give me the names of the victims, please, Miss Greer? Also any other particulars of interest?"

"No! Go ask the preacher," Joe said, smiling mysteriously.

Billy went, but came back more than ever mystified. "The wedding is a fact," he said, "but a solitary fact. Brother Jones knows no more than we do—only that he has been asked to hold himself in readiness at the close of the morning service. Furthermore, he says you asked him. Confess, young lady. You are getting up a fine hoax."

"See if I am," Joe retorted, her head higher than common. She ran off almost instantly and was well nigh unapproachable throughout the next two days. But Saturday evening she walked with Billy all up and down the yard, the moon shedding silver flecks upon them, the roses in the garden filling the air with perfume. As they walked Billy held her hand, and insensibly, it seemed, she drooped toward him. Neither said very much. As the clock struck 10 Joe drew away from him with a little shudder, saying very low,

"Maybe this is our last walk together."

But Billy, quite beyond prudence, flung his arms about her and kissed her full on the mouth, saying thickly, "It shall not be—I want you—always."

He slept little that night, but fell into a heavy doze at daylight. It lasted until it was almost time for church. The sight of her set his heart beating madly. She was all in white, bridelike indeed, with a knot of pale roses nodding on her breast. By their rising and falling he knew she was strangely stirred, yet when she motioned him to follow and sit beside her he obeyed, although Ransom Farley, whom he cordially disliked, was at her other elbow. All through the service she sat statue still notwithstanding he felt the tension of her mood increase. After the prayer and the closing hymn there was a general stir of people half rising or craning their necks to see who might be going up to the altar.

"I'm going to marry—somebody. Which shall it be?" Joe breathed rather than whispered in Billy's ear, glancing alternately at him and at Farley. He understood. With almost a bound he was up and in the aisle, holding her hand tight and almost dragging her forward. And then before he knew what was happening he heard the solemn, "I pronounce you man and wife."

The church buzzed like a hive, but through the buzzing Billy heard Farley Ransom shrieking hysterically, "I'll make you sorry for this, sir, before you are much older!"

Joe looked up at him, flushing a lovely scarlet. "It was the only way," she said. "I had to marry you now. You never would have come back."

BORN FOR A LAWYER.

Why His Mother Recommended Him to Colonel Ingersoll.

Among the stories which Colonel Bob Ingersoll delighted to tell was the following, says the writer of "America's Most Popular Men:"

While studying law with a firm out west the colonel found himself alone in the office one day. He was interrupted by the entrance of a raw boned, sharp featured countrywoman, who ambled into the room leading a freckle faced, watery eyed ten-year-old boy by the hand.

"Air you the lawyer?" she began.

On being answered in the affirmative she went on to say that she had brought her boy Jim to town for the purpose of binding him out at the "lawyerin' trade." She was morally certain, she averred, that Jim was a born lawyer and that all he needed was a chance.

"But, madam," objected the colonel, "he is entirely too young to begin the study of law."

"Too young, indeed!" sniffed the fond mother contemptuously. "You don't know Jim. He was born for a lawyer."

Much amused, the colonel asked her on what grounds she based her hopes of a future at the bar for her darling child.

"Why," said she, "when he was only seven years old he struck work, and he wouldn't do another lick if he got killed for it. When he was eight he got sassy and put on more airs than a prize horse at a country fair, and now, Lor' bless me, he jest freezes on to everything he can lay his hands on."

A Pathetic Incident.

There is a pitiful story told in the Bookman of Philip Bourke Marston, the blind English writer. One day a particularly good idea came to him, and he sat down to his typewriter with enthusiasm. He wrote rapidly for hours and had nearly finished the story when a friend came in. "Read that," said Marston proudly, "and tell me what you think of it." The friend stared at the happy author and then at the blank sheets of paper in his hand before he was able to understand the little tragedy. The ribbon had been taken from the typewriter, and Marston's toil was for nothing. He never had the heart to write that story again.

Power of Sulphuric Acid.

An instance of the great dissolving powers of sulphuric acid is furnished by an accident which occurred in the chemical factories at Mulhouse, Alsace. An operative was blown up into the air and fell into a trough filled about three feet deep with sulphuric acid, the temperature of which was found to be 91 degrees C. ten hours after the accident. The death of the man was only proved by the discovery of his caoutchouc respirator, muzzle, two porcelain buttons and other insoluble articles. Everything else had chemically combined with the acid.—London Engineer.

A Pair of Snuffers.

Master Prynne, the Puritan, who in 1633 wrote an attack upon the stage, tells us that in his day tobacco pipes were offered to ladies at the theater in lieu of apples between the acts. A French traveler, M. Torevin de Rochefort, who published his journal in 1677, confirms this by telling us that he found smoking a general custom in England, as well among women as among men. Both sexes, he adds, held that life without tobacco would be intolerable "because they say it dissipates the evil humors of the brain." When ladies stopped smoking they took to snuff. Women of quality about a century ago would not stir without their snuffboxes, beautiful enameled receptacles of perfumed midil rappee. Lord Bolingbroke said of Queen Anne and her grace of Marlborough: "The nation is governed by a pair of snuffers. No wonder the light of its glory is extinguished!"

Insisted on the Contract.

Many of the best Patti stories are concerned with her early girlhood in the United States, when she was beginning to realize the great hold she had on the public with her voice. After a concert in which she took part in Ohio on one occasion a supper was given to the singers, at which many notabilities, including Judge Matthews, were present. Supper over, Judge Matthews pressed little Adelina to sing. Adelina, however, showed no inclination to oblige, so Matthews in desperation said, "Sing, and I'll do anything you like." "Anything?" asked Patti. "Anything," repeated the grave lawyer decisively. So the little girl sung "Home, Sweet Home." Hardly had she given the last note, however, than she said, "Now, Mr. Matthews, please stand on your head!" "You're joking, child," gasped the judge. "A bargain's a bargain," murmured the future diva. "Well," said Matthews, "here goes." And up went his feet amid the frantic applause of the company.

Almost a Tragedy.

The woman entered the car and sank moaning into the seat. Her face was haggard, and her escort regarded her with deep anxiety.

Suddenly she extracted a tiny vial from her handbag, pulled a piece of cotton out of the mouth of the bottle and was putting it to her lips when a young man opposite sprang to his feet and dashed it from her hand.

"Good gracious, madam!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Just in time!"

The woman's escort sprang up fiercely, and the two men gripped.

"Confound you!" roared the lady's companion. "Can't my wife use her toothache medicine without having every green, sloppy idiot imagining she is trying to commit suicide?"

Then the would be rescuer apologized and departed from the car, feeling kind toward the famous worm which has been trod upon.

The Wornout Old Man.

When we become old we want to get off the streets. We always sympathize with the old men who have nothing to do, who are not wanted anywhere and who have no place to go. When we become old and useless we want a place of our own to go to, a place that is absolutely our own and that we can manage as we please. We hope it will be a little place where we can potter with fruits and flowers, vegetables and chickens, and keep busy. We don't want to give people opportunity to show neglect nor idle time in which to see visions of the grim monster. Old men who loiter about the streets, it always seems to us, make a mistake.—Atchison Globe.

VICTORIA CATARACT

IT IS ONE OF THE NOTABLE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

There Is No Other Falls on Earth Just Like It, and There Is No Possibility of Comparison Between It and Our Own Niagara.

It was on the 22d of November, 1855, that the friendly natives with whom he was traveling brought Dr. David Livingstone for the first time within sight and sound of the wonderful cataract on the Zambezi river, now known as the Victoria falls. Before finding it, the good missionary had journeyed for nearly two years, and from his point of departure at Kuruman, in Cape Colony, had traversed quite 4,000 miles of hitherto unknown country.

Today one takes the train at Cape Town on Wednesday, passes through Kimberley on Thursday, reaches Buluwayo on Saturday, and late in the afternoon of Sunday begins to see in the distance the rising pillar of mist from the great cataract.

The natives call it "Mosi-oa-tunĭ," meaning "the roaring smoke." Twenty miles away the spray thrown back from the depths of the tremendous cavern into which the river tumbles appears like a column of smoke rising from a burning village, and during the last mile of the railway journey the roar of the falling water becomes noticeable. Finally, when the edge of the chasm is reached, if the river is in flood, the eye and ear are assailed by a combination of phenomena that probably cannot be duplicated as marvels anywhere else on the planet.

The first question that is asked of an American who has seen this African wonder generally is, "How does it compare with Niagara?" There is no possibility of comparison. The two are as different as day and night. Niagara is a perfect picture in a lovely natural framework. Every point and line and curve of motionless rock, trembling verdure and gliding water is a touch of majestic beauty. Victoria is simply a phenomenon, a terrific gash in the floor of an apparently unending plain, which as one gazes simply swallows a river in a manner that produces almost a thrill of horror.

The Zambezi valley for a hundred miles or more in every direction from the cataract is a rough and broken plateau covered with low brush and stunted trees, with here and there an outcrop of somber basaltic rock, all thoroughly uninteresting. The herbage is but faintly green and the tropical sky only faintly blue. It is a hazy half tone landscape, wanting in clear cut lines in every direction and lacking, above everything else, that element we always unconsciously seek in a nature picture—life. The absence of this produces in the mind a feeling of loneliness and often of fear. Across this solemn scene appears a river that in flood time is perhaps half a mile wide. If a deaf man were following down one of its banks he would notice little but the quiet water and the odd looking column of smoke ahead. As this column was approached he would expect to see the river banks bending and the water flowing away to one side of the conflagration and might glance to the right and left to note the direction taken. But the panorama changes as he gazes. The river is no more, and there, where it should be, is only the brown plain, as lonely, brush covered and monotonous as ever. One must go twenty miles farther before the vanished water and the surface of the land again commingle, before it will be possible to walk along the bank in company with the river. So sudden is the transformation.

Meantime the pillar of smoke has resolved itself into a dense mist forced upward in terrible puffs from a yawning gash stretching directly across the bed of the river. This fearful abyss is every second swallowing thousands of tons of green and white water and belching up blasts of mist that rise hundreds of feet into the air and hurry away with the winds as if rejoicing at their escape from the inferno below. And somewhere, nearly 400 feet below, the entrapped river is righting its way between sheer walls of black rock toward a narrow cleft in the eastern wall, whence it escapes, foaming and boiling, through the zigzags and curves of a deep gorge leading off to the eastward. One goes to an edge of this delivering chasm and looks down upon the tossing waters, ever pressed from behind by other floods struggling out of the narrow black gateway, and perhaps the most prominent mental sensation is that of thankfulness that even in such a grim and ghastly way nature has provided a means by which the fearful slit of a throat above that has swallowed the stream can disgorge it again without causing an overwhelming catastrophe. The Victoria cataract should be visited at least twice before one is competent to pass an opinion upon it. When the river is in flood (July) the scene is simply terrible. One sees nothing but an enormous sheet of water disappearing into the bowels of the earth with a noise as of mountains falling upon one another, while from the awful gash comes back in fierce gusts and swirls the foaming breath of the tortured element below. But in December, when the water is low, the edge of the cataract shows as a long, creamy film of lovely lace; the rising mist flows softly away through the little rain forest below the cavern's lip; the gigantic vault itself becomes a wonderful spectacle, a dream of neutral tints, a cave of beauty. Far down in its dark depths the waters, gliding along the rocky walls and bending gracefully around the corners toward the narrow outlet pass gayly and laughingly to freedom. For a time the demon of the cataract is sleeping.—Theodore F. Van Wagenen in Century.

Lace Work Trees.

The inner bark of many trees, such as the vine and horse chestnut, is continuous and uninterrupted. In others, such as the ash and the oak, the fibers are separated during growth and form a kind of network, in the interstices of which the medullary rays are seen. Of this sort is the famous lace work tree of Jamaica, whose consecutive layers of fibers are interlaced so delicately as to present a close resemblance to real lace both in color and appearance. A former governor of Jamaica is said to have presented Charles II. with a cravat, a frill and ruffles of this vegetable lace, while bonnets, collars and collarettes made of it can be seen in the museum of Kew.—London Standard.

Altitude and Voice.

Generally speaking, races living at high altitudes have weaker and more highly pitched voices than those living in regions where the supply of oxygen is more plentiful. Thus among the Indians living on the plateau between the ranges of the Andes, at an elevation of from 10,000 to 14,000 feet, the men have voices like women, and women like children, and their singing is a shrill monotone.

THE RESOURCEFUL MOLE.

He Gets Away With Ease When You Think You Have Him.

"Speaking of quick and resourceful animals, the mole leads easily so far as my experience goes," said a man from the country, "and I dare say there are many men who have made observations that will confirm my contention. As you probably know, the mole plows in the surface of the earth, generally making a small ridge anywhere from two to three inches high. He moves with remarkable rapidity even when the ground in which he is burrowing is hard. When operating in soft ground he moves along at a surprising gait. But this is not the point I wanted to make. I was thinking of the remarkably good hearing of the mole and the ease with which he can get away just at the moment when you think you have him cornered. Of course now and then you can drive a spike through the mole before he is aware of it. If you do you will have to walk as light as a cat and will have to act as quickly as the same animal when the time comes to act. In nine cases out of ten the mole will hear the first footfall. At once he will quit plowing. He is gone. Search as you may, you cannot find him. I have seen men dig for fifty yards, following the ridge and its offshoots, without finding any other trace of the mole than the ridge. The mole's hearing is peculiarly keen, and I suppose this is so because he cannot see. But even more wonderful from my standpoint is the ease and quickness with which he gets away. How does he manage it? Where does he go? You know, the element of superstition in my makeup is slim, and I don't believe in ghosts, but somehow I have always inclined just a bit to the ghost theory when thinking of the mysterious antics of these blind burrowers. The mole is more like a ghost in his conduct than anything I have ever known, though, of course, the mole is a real and not an imaginary and mythical thing."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A MEMORY OF LEE.

He Had Much Dignity of Bearing and Beauty of Face.

Soon after the Confederates began to enter the town (Elizabethtown) I met a friend of mine, the son of Dr. Doyle, who told me that his father had just been sent for to see Lee and that I might go, too, if I ran as fast as my small legs could carry me, and we found the doctor just starting. Dr. Doyle was a man who had been in communication with the enemy from the beginning of the war, but had so far managed to escape the fate of many innocent men. Two of his sons had been arrested a short time before and were lying in jail when their friends arrived and set them free.

The doctor was in his old gig and, being an immense man, left no room for any one else in it, so we two boys sat on the springs behind. It was on the Williamsport pike, about half a mile from the town, that we met General Lee. He had dismounted and was standing by his horse, a small sorrel mare, which, I was told, it was his custom to ride on the march. His staff was brilliant in gold lace, but he was very simply dressed. No one could have seen that man without being greatly impressed with the dignity of his bearing and the beauty of his face. His hair at this time was almost entirely white, and those who had seen him the year before said he had aged greatly in the short space of time which had elapsed since the battle of Antietam. I could not help thinking of Washington as I looked at that calm, sad face. It has been said since by those who were near him that he had no expectation of conquering the north and that at the most he only hoped to win a great battle on northern soil in order to affect public opinion in Europe and lead to the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. However that may be, there was nothing about his bearing which looked like a great hope.—Rev. Dr. Leighton Park in Century.

Chimney Stacks.

The broad brimmed stone and iron cappings which one sees on the chimney stacks in manufacturing districts are not there for mere ornamentation, for they serve an important purpose. On the opposite side of the stack to that upon which the wind may be blowing a partial vacuum is formed, down which the smoke would descend were it not for the brim of the cap blocking the way. A chimney stack without a brim on the top would discharge its smoke in huge gusts for some distance down one side.—Pearson's Weekly.

"There'll Be No Pie."

An energetic pastor who was making preparations to build a new church received all kinds of advice from parishioners, and the greatest amount came from those who had contributed the least toward the erection of the church. So at the regular services on the following Sunday he said:

"I have been receiving lots of advice during the last few weeks. I have been told by certain members of the congregation that it will not do to have too many fingers in the pie. I can assure you that I will attend to that part of it. There will be no pie."—Harper's Weekly.

The Thing to Do.

Johnson—He said I was an addle pated jackass. What do you advise me to do about it? Jackson—See a good veterinary.—Leslie's Weekly.

J. J. BROWN
THE EYE A SPECIALTY.
Eyes tested, treated, fitted with glasses and artificial eyes supplied.
Market Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Hours—10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

SOMETHING NEW!
A Reliable
TIN SHOP
For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work.
Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.
PRICES THE LOWEST!
QUALITY THE BEST!
JOHN HIXSON
NO. 116 E. FRONT ST.

MISSOURI RIVER BOATS.

Trips of the Old Side Wheelers In the Early Days.

In the early days there was a regular line of packets between St. Louis and St. Joseph, all side wheelers, and the average round trip occupied eight days. A boat left St. Louis every day for the Missouri river, and as there were fourteen boats in the line each boat made a round trip once every two weeks during the season. During the winter the boats ran between St. Louis and New Orleans.

Coming up the river the boats ran all night, but in going down they always laid up as soon as darkness set in. In going down the river the boats usually left St. Joseph early in the afternoon and laid up for the night at Weston, where there was always a lot of freight to load. The next day they went to Lexington, the next to Boonville and the next to St. Louis. Occasionally during high water a boat would leave Lexington at daylight and reach St. Louis in time for breakfast the next morning.

The boats carried from 200 to 400 passengers on the trip up the river, counting the immigrants on the deck, but going back they only had cabin passengers. The cabin fare from St. Louis to St. Joseph ranged from $10 to $15, which included meals and stateroom. The boats were all supplied with fine cooks, and the passengers lived on the best that money could buy.

The average boat carried 500 to 600 tons of freight in addition to passengers. During low water freight that now costs 20 cents a hundred cost $2.50 a hundred. The expense of a round trip from St. Louis to St. Joseph, including loading and unloading, was estimated at $4,000, and the income from cost to $7,000. Each boat carried a crew of from 80 to 100 men. The average value of the boats in the line was probably $45,000 each.

The boats were often on sand bars, where they sometimes remained for a day and night, but altogether the time was made surprisingly well. A pilot who had a reputation for keeping his boat off the bars commanded as high as $500 a month. Each boat was provided with two pilots, and this expense usually amounted to from $900 to $1,000 a month. All a river pilot saved he put in his watch chain. You could tell a high priced pilot by the size of the links in his gold watch chain. A rattling good first mate who knew how to handle a boat after it struck a bar received $250 a month.

Poker was a favorite river amusement, and it was not an uncommon sight to see eight or ten games going at the same time in the main cabin of a steamboat. And the playing was for actual money, which was displayed in stacks on the tables.

Among the famous boats on the river at that time were the Kate Kinney, F. G. Aubry, Morning Star, John D. Perry, Sioux City, Omaha, Carrier and the James H. Lucas. The last named made the fastest run in the history of the river—59 hours and 22 minutes from St. Louis to St. Joseph.

How Wines Are Colored.

"Most people think white grapes make white wine and dark grapes make red wine," said a visitor. "That is a popular error.

"Red wine is made by fermenting grape juice and grape skins together the skins giving the color, and white wine is made by fermenting grape juice alone.

"The juice of white and of dark grapes doesn't differ in hue. In each sort of grape the juice is almost colorless, like the weakest lemonade.

"Champagne, one of the dearest of the white wines, is made of a grape so dark as to be nearly black. But the juice of that nearly black grape is quite as pale as the juice of the blondest white grape."—Minneapolis Journal.

[illegible]an Hunt's Paintings.

Mr. Holman Hunt spent seven years on his great painting "The Triumph of the Innocents," and then was not at all satisfied with it, while "The Shadow of Death" took him three years.

The Home Paper of Danville.
Of course you read
THE MORNING NEWS.
THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR PAPER.
Everybody Reads It.
Published Every Morning Except Sunday at
No. 11 E. Mahoning St.
Subscription 10 cents per Week.

A HINDU WIZARD.

His Trick That Puzzled an Occidental Master of Magic.

Some of the tricks of the Hindu wizards are past understanding, according to an occidental master of magic who was speaking of his oriental rivals. This is what he says he saw a Hindu wizard do in a club in Lucknow:

"He took a board and placed it on four glass goblets, thus elevating it from the floor. A youngster sitting on the board was requested to place his hands together, palms up. Then the juggler took a glass of water and poured it into the outstretched hands of the boy. In the meantime the boy had been mesmerized, and his attention was fixed on a point indicated by the magician. Gradually the water turned green in color and then developed into a jelly which increased in density until it became as solid as a stone. Out of the center of this appeared the head of a snake, which gradually developed until in the place of the water there appeared a hissing reptile. I was amazed, I can assure you, but the trick was not yet completed. Hitting the reptile upon the head with his wand, the juggler took it up carefully and placed it back in the glass. As we looked it became transformed into a jelly, which in turn melted into a greenish colored water. Clearer and clearer became the fluid until it was of its original color, and then the juggler placed it to his lips and drank the entire contents. This was the most wonderful trick I ever saw performed, and it is as mysterious to me today as it was then."

Influence of Sainte-Beuve.

Sainte-Beuve is the foremost literary critic of the nineteenth century in the influence he has exerted upon his fellows. In a very real sense Matthew Arnold in England and Taine in France are his disciples, or at least he is their literary ancestor. They derive from him, and the doctrines they have made explicit are often implicit in him. The part of Taine's critical theory which has withstood the test of time is that which Taine acquired from Sainte-Beuve, and not a few of the points which Arnold pressed insistently on the attention of all who read English he took over from his French predecessor. There are no real critics of literature of our time, from Mr. James in America to M. Brunetiere in France, who have not come under his spell at some period of their own development and who have not sharpened their own vision by a more or less deliberate application of the methods of Sainte-Beuve.—Brander Matthews in Century.

TREE PECULIARITIES.

The eucalyptus tree dries up springs rapidly.

The olive will live longer under water than any other tree.

There are forests of leafless trees in some parts of Australia.

A nutmeg tree of the largest size will produce no more than five pounds of nutmegs.

Whenever a plant is wounded a positive electric current is established between the wounded part and the intact parts.

In Tibet there is a most curious tree known as the tree of the thousand images. Its leaves are covered with well defined characters of the Tibetan alphabet.

On the island of Loochoo grows a tree about the size of a common cherry tree which possesses the peculiarity of changing the color of its blossoms. At one time the flower assumes the tint of the lily and again shortly takes the color of the rose.

Hair Color.

In the case of horses where the skin has been abraded by the harness if the galled region is left to itself the hair will grow in, but be colorless, while if oil is applied freely to the abrasion hair of a dark or normal color will be produced, thus indicating that the color is ordinarily due to the secretions of the skin sinking down as a sediment to the base of the hair follicle, where it is absorbed by the shaft of the hair.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH Dr. King's New Discovery
FOR CONSUMPTION COUGHS and COLDS
Price 50c & $1.00 Free Trial.
Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

LACKAWANNA RAILROAD.
—BLOOMSBURG DIVISION

WEST.

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
New York ... lv	2 00	....	10 00	1 40
			P. M.	
Scranton ... ar	6 17		1 50	
	P. M.			
Buffalo ... lv	11 30	2 45	....	
	A. M.			
Scranton ... ar	1 58	10 05	....	

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Scranton ... lv	*6 35	*10 10	14 55	*6 35
Bellevue	....	....	....	....
Taylor	6 44	10 14	2 08	6 44
Lackawanna	6 50	10 24	2 10	6 50
Dunmore	6 53	10 28	2 14	6 53
Pittston	6 58	10 33	2 17	6 57
Susquehanna Ave	7 01	10 37	2 19	6 59
West Pittston	7 05	10 41	2 23	7 02
Wyoming	7 10	10 46	2 27	7 07
Forty Fort	....	....	2 31	....
Bennett	7 15	10 52	2 33	7 14
Kingston ... ar	7 24	10 56	2 40	7 20
Wilkes-Barre ... ar	7 40	*1 10	2 50	7 30
Wilkes-Barre ... lv	7 10	10 20	2 30	7 10
Kingston ... lv	7 14	10 26	2 45	7 24
Plymouth Junc	....	....	....	....
Plymouth	7 25	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
Dicks Ferry	8 11	*11 43	3 30	*8 0
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 09	3 58	†8 28
Espy	8 [illegible]	12 15	4 06	8 34
Bloomsburg	8 53	12 22	4 12	8 46
Rupert	8 57	12 25	4 15	8 45
Catawissa	9 [illegible]	12 32	4 22	8 50
Danville	9 15	12 44	4 38	9 05
Cameron	9 24	†12 57	4 48	....
Northumber'd ... ar	9 37	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	†
Danville	7 07	10 19	2 11	5 43
Catawissa	7 21	10 32	2 23	5 58
Rupert	7 26	10 37	2 29	6 04
Bloomsburg	7 35	10 41	2 33	6 05
Espy	7 38	10 48	2 40	6 14
Lime Ridge	7 41	†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 [illegible]	*11 12	3 03	6 41
Dicks 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 [illegible]
Plymouth	8 46	11 53	3 47	7 28
Plymouth Junc	8 51	....	3 52	....
Kingston ... ar	8 55	11 59	4 00	7 35
Wilkes-Barre ... ar	9 10	12 10	4 10	7 50
Wilkes Barre ... lv	9 00	11 40	3 50	7 30
Kingston ... lv	8 56	11 59	4 00	7 38
Luzerne	8 58	‡12 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 19	12 17	4 24	8 01
Duryea	9 23	....	4 28	*8 06
Lackawanna	9 26	....	4 32	8 10
Taylor	9 32	....	4 36	8 17
Bellevue	....	....	....	....
Scranton	9 42	12 35	4 50	8 25

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Scranton ... lv	10 25	11 55	....	11 10
				A. M.
Buffalo ... lv	....	7 55	....	7 00
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Scranton ... lv	10 20	12 40	†3 85	*2
	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.
‡ Stops on signal to take on passengers for New York, Binghamton and points west.

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

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
TIME TABLE
In Effect May 28th, 1905.

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.		
Scranton (D&H) lv	$6 27	$9 55	1 40	$5 15	.....
Pittston " "	6 54	†10 14	§ 2 06	5 36	.....
		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Wilkesbarre ... lv		$10 35	§ 2 45	§6 00	.....
Plym'th Ferry		.....	.....	†6 07	.....
Nanticoke ... "		10 50	3 01	6 17	.....
Mocanaqua ... "		11 07	3 20	6 37	.....
Wapwallopen ... "		11 16	3 31	6 47	.....
Nescopeck ... ar		11 26	3 42	7 00	.....
	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 [illegible]	.....	3 22	3 22	.....
Nescopeck ... ar	8 02	.....	.....	.....	.....
Catawissa	.....	.....	4 00	4 00	.....
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Nescopeck ... lv	§ 8 50	$11 26	§ 3 42	§7 00	.....
Creasy ... "	8 18	11 36	3 53	7 09	.....
Espy Ferry ... "	† 8 29	11 46	.....	7 20	.....
E. Bloomsburg ... "	8 34	11 50	4 07	7 25	.....
Catawissa ... lv	8 40	11 55	4 13	7 32	.....
South Danville ... "	9 00	12 10	4 31	7 51	.....
Sunbury ... ar	9 25	12 30	4 55	8 15	.....
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Sunbury ... lv	§ 9 42	$12 48	§ 5 10	§9 53	.....
Lewisburg ... ar	10 13	1 45	5 40		.....
Milton ... "	10 08	1 39	5 37	10 14	.....
Williamsport ... "	11 00	1 41	6 35	10 00	.....
Lock Haven ... "	11 59	2 20	7 45	.....	.....
Renovo ... "	A. M.	3 00	8 45	.....	.....
Kane ... "	.....	6 15	.....	.....	.....
Erie ... "	.....	9 25	.....	.....	.....
	P. M.	P. M.			
Lock Haven ... lv	§12 10	§ 3 45	.....	.....	.....
Bellefonte ... ar	1 05	4 44	.....	.....	.....
Tyrone ... "	2 10	6 00	.....	.....	.....
Philipsburg ... "	3 10	§ 8 02	.....	.....	.....
Clearfield ... "	5 51	§ 8 45	.....	.....	.....
Pittsburg ... "	6 55	†10 45	.....	.....	.....
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Sunbury ... lv	§ 9 50	§ 1 59	§ 5 20	§8 36	.....
Harrisburg ... ar	11 30	§ 3 15	§ 7 00	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 05	.....	.....	.....
Lewistown Jc. ar	11 45	3 55	.....	.....	.....
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 00	§ 8 00	.....
	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.	
Harrisburg ... ar	§ 2 00	§ 4 25