

BLOTTED OUT

By CAROL MURRAY

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They were a rough lot of hill-men under the shadow of Diamond Hill—miners, teamsters, prospectors, traders and cattlemen—but when old John Dyer, one of the mine bosses, brought his daughter Kate from civilization to live with him there and keep his humble cabin he had faith in that civility that has always made the western man respect the other sex. He knew that she would have many admirers and that there would be quarrels on her account, but he was a widower and she motherless, and he hoped he was doing what was best.

The cabin, like the rude and straggling village, was backed by the grim mountain, while along its front as far as human eye could reach there glittered the white sands of the Mojave desert. Here and there out on that dreary waste were patches of ugly cacti, and intuition told the girl as her eyes searched the desert for the first time that out there under the blazing sun the rattlesnake basked and the lizard glided swiftly over the bones of men and animals.

The desert was not always at peace, its surface resembling a placid lake. Now and then a wind, born up in the gulches of the mountain, came down and went sweeping across the sands, and then the rattle of the rattlesnake was caught up and driven here and there to cut and gasp and wound whatever lived. The sands never swept in from the desert, but always were driven the other way. Had it not been so Diamond Hill and the town around it could not have been.

The coming of the girl among the thousand men was an event. There were a few old women there—cooks and laundresses—but here was a girl, a handsome young girl. Her influence was felt almost immediately. The mine manager said that more soap, combs, handkerchiefs, looking glasses were called for from the company store in a week than were bought during the preceding three months.

At least 800 of the thousand men determined on an introduction at once, but when it came to the point, and even after three months had passed, there was no wedding for him. Pedro was a swaggler. He was an egotist. He thought he was in love, and once having made up his mind to this he was ready to maintain what he called his right by fair means or foul.

The thousand men said that Pedro's rival was Tommy Britt, the keeper of the company's store. He was an American, young, fair looking, and down on the books to be promoted for his energy, ambition and integrity. Perhaps he admired, as all others did, but he had never asked himself if he was in love. He found both father and daughter congenial company, and that would have been his excuse had any one asked him why he paid two visits a week to the cabin.

There came a day when Pedro Diaz made up his mind to know his fate. He chose an hour when he knew the girl would be alone, and he dressed in his best and knocked on the cabin door. He believed himself irresistible, and he smiled and smiled, and offered his love. There was a moment of astonishment, and he found himself refused as much as possible. It was her first offer, but womanly instinct told her to soften the blow when the man was obnoxious to her.

"What does Pedro Diaz?" exclaimed the man in reply. "You refuse me—me, who am worth \$5,000 and could marry any sonora in my own country! Do you quite understand me?"

"I have no love for you," replied the girl.

"But that makes no difference. You shall love me later on. I am Pedro Diaz. It is the first time I ever did a woman the honor of asking her to marry me."

The girl's reply was a firm one, and Pedro flung himself out of the cabin with anger raging in his heart. He had been snubbed, humiliated, made a fool of. There was a man in the case of course, and it could be none other than the storekeeper. Whoever opposed Pedro Diaz in any of his cherished schemes must die. He was not five minutes deciding on the death of Britt.

That morning the young man had ridden away across the desert, a stretch of twenty long, hot miles, to strike the railroad on the other side and order further supplies by telegraph. The ride was twenty miles over and twenty miles back. He would cover the distance in a day, but it would be late in the evening when he returned.

"I will meet and kill him as he returns," decided Pedro, and when darkness fell he climbed observation as much as possible and rode out on the desert.

There was no trail across the sands. He who would hold a straight course must depend upon the compass, and he must consult it often. There was fair starlight—light enough to see his rival many rods away. The sky was clear of those scudding clouds which might be taken as warnings, and in the cold air winds were being driven in from all of the gulches, and no noise came from the mountain except the whispers of the pines to the cedars.

When Pedro had made five miles straight out from the base he pulled in his horse and sat and waited, his face to the west and his ears alert for the slightest sound. For an hour he waited, and then of a sudden a cold chill struck the back of his neck. He whistled his horse about with an oath on his lips.

again, but when five minutes had passed the gusts were stronger. At the end of ten they began circling and running across the sands like whirls. They also dug deep into the sands, and when they met with an obstruction they covered it in. Man and horse were soon in danger of suffocation and had to struggle up to throw off the weight. They were just in time to be caught by a circling breeze and spun around as if they were straws, and when the man was flung on his face at last and covered a foot deep in an instant the horse uttered a neigh of terror and galloped heavily away.

"It will pass, it will pass, and I will have my revenge!" muttered Pedro as he stood up with his back to the blast, but it did not pass.

It was also that night, and that, carried along or left half senseless on the sands, and not for a full hour did the wind scream out its goody to the desert and return to its sleep. Then the surface of the desert was smooth again, and the man who came riding from the west could not tell that under his horse's feet lay a human body buried two feet deep. There had been a Pedro Diaz. The sands of the Mojave had blotted him out.

The Right Bower.
Before Millard Fillmore was elected to the vice presidency of the United States he was head of the law firm of Fillmore, Hall & Havens of Buffalo. It was one of the leading law firms of the state. He was the defendant's attorney in a certain action in Buffalo. At the opening of the trial of the case the plaintiff's attorney stated to the jury that he would have to depend entirely upon the justice of his client's case, as the defendant had sought and obtained all counsel of one of the ablest firms of lawyers in western New York, and he might say he had opposed to him the right bower of the legal profession. "What does he mean by that?" said Mr. Fillmore. Mr. Havens replied, "He means you." "Yes, I know," replied Mr. Fillmore, "but what does he mean by that particular expression?" "Did you never play euchre?" said Havens. "No," said Mr. Fillmore. "Well," said Havens, "in the game of euchre the right bower is the biggest knave in the pack."

Table Manners of Ye Olden Days.
Can any one still prate of the good old times after reading the following extracts from a sixteenth century book entitled, "The Accomplished Lady's Rich Closet, or Ingenious Gentleman's Delightful Companion?"
"A gentleman, being at table, must observe to keep her body straight and not lean by any means with her elbows, nor by ravenous gesture talk or show a ravenous appetite. Think not when you have meat in your mouth, and do not smack like a pig nor venture to eat upon meat so hot that the tears stand in your eyes, which is as unseemly as the gentleman who pretended to have as little a stomach as she had a month, and therefore would not swallow her peas by spoon-feeding, but took them one by one and out them in two before she would eat them. It is very unseemly to drink so large a draft that your breath is almost gone and you are forced to blow strongly to recover yourself."

Antiquity of Wire.
The manufacture of wire is of very ancient origin. It has been traced back to the earliest Egyptian history. Specimens are in existence which can be proved to date to 1700 B. C. The Kensington museum has a specimen which was made in Minera 500 years B. C. Ancient literature contains many references to wire. From the ruins of Herculaneum metal heads have been examined on which the hair is represented by wire. There is no question that this ancient wire was made by hammering out the metal, which was always in the form of a rod. This held true of all made previous to the fourteenth century, during which the process of forming wire by drawing or elongating the metal by forcing it through a conical orifice, made in some substance harder than the metal treated, was invented.—Cassler's Magazine.

Different Ways of Putting It.
This is a scientific way: "If a man falls asleep in the sitting posture with his mouth open his jaw drops. The tongue not being in contact with the hard palate, the succoratorial space is obliterated, the soft palate no longer adheres to the roof of the tongue, and he snored."
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BIRD CUSTOMS.
The Habit of Billing and the Stock Dove's Bow in a Fight.
An Englishman, Edmond Selous, has been watching doves at play and in the habit of "billing," in which so many birds engage when they are nesting, he says: "Where birds nest merely 'bill,' they once, in my opinion, fed each other, or the male fed the female, but pleasure came to be experienced in the contact alone, and the passage of food, which was never necessary, gradually became obsolete. I think it by no means improbable that our own kissing may have originated in much the same way, and that birds when thus 'billing' experience the same sort of pleasure that we do when we kiss must be quite obvious to any one who has watched them."

Of a peculiarity of the stock dove Mr. Selous writes: "When these birds fight they constantly interrupt the flow of the combat by bowing in the most absurd way, not to one another, but generally, so to speak, for no object or purpose whatever, apparently, but only because they must do so. The fact is the bow has become a formula of courtship, and, as courting and fighting are intimately connected, the one suggests the other in the mind of the bird, who bows all at once under a misconception."

The Rank of Ireland, like the Bank of England, has a military guard, which is called every twenty-four hours. Immediately after the mounting of the new guard every morning a knock at the door of the officer's room announces the arrival of the head porter with a large book, in which the officer signs his name, rank and regiment, and on the departure of the porter with the book a half sovereign is found on the table. It is the officer's perquisite.

The Bad One.
"That brother of yours, Lucy," said the man of the house, "seems to be a pretty tough character."
"Does he, is he?" replied the colored maid. "He 'jes' natchally seems to be de white sheep ob our family, sho' 'nuff."—Philadelphia Press.

Her Cooks.
Mrs. Hatterson—What! You've had fourteen cooks in three months? Mrs. Catterson—Yes, and I didn't please any of them.

Little Dorothy's Courtship

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

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Dorothy knew that it was about time for Joan and the rest of them to be returning from their sail on the lake. It would never do for Joan to find the "big fish" of the house party—that was the name she had given the young English earl—talking to her alone. She, aims, was only poor little Cousin Dorothy, and acting in this particular household as Joan's mother's paid companion. So she pretended to be bored with her little society.

"La-la, la-la, la-la-la," she hummed, sinking back into the depths of the easy chair and stretching her white arms lazily.

"I say," said the earl, "am I tiring you, Miss Dorothy?"

Dorothy stopped humming. "No," she drawled, with mock mischief, "not exactly. But—here, she smiled her sweetest smile upon him—"you won't be vexed, will you, if I tell you that I'm a bit sleepy and that I must sleep in the sun? Will you draw this chair over for me, please?" Rising slowly, she adjusted the four-decks at her waist while his lordship drew the chair to the sunny corner of the big veranda.

"How'll that do?" asked he.
"Specially—No? For cushions?"
"How many?"
"Hundreds," said she.

He collected as many as he could carry and fetched them to her.
"Here are thousands," he announced.
"Delicious!" murmured Dorothy, sinking back into them with a sigh of content. "This is just perfect."
"It will be when I fetch you a sunshade," he amended.
"Sunshade?" cried she. "Go away, you fool! I want the sun."
"You'll be pelted!" warned he.
"No," corrected she, dimpling, "preserved." Her long black lashes lay motionless on the wide rose flush of her cheeks.

The earl chuckled and, pretending that he fancied her already asleep, crept elaborately away on tiptoe. Joan and the rest of them were in sight, and he advanced to meet them.

Joan Shannon was unquestionably a beauty. She had been photographed in every variety of pose; she had been painted by several of the most celebrated artists on two continents, but in spite of this fact she had passed through the whirl of three seasons and was still unweary.

"She must be waiting for a title," people said, as other girls far less beautiful came out, danced through a season or two, and were led to the altar by men of their choice.

However that may be, included among the guests at this particular house party at the Shannon's big country place on the sound was the young Earl of Stowbridge, and it was common property that Miss Shannon already had found him very attractive.

"We are awfully sorry you couldn't join us in our sail this morning," she began in her sweet, suave voice, with an accent which was the result of much travel. "Is your headache better now?"
"Pon my honor, I've not given it a thought for the last half hour. I found Miss Dorothy reading on the veranda, and she took pity on me and put down her book, and—well, somehow she must have cured my headache! She's got jolly pretty dimples, and she's a cousin of yours, didn't some one say?"

"Yes—distinct. Mamma never liked me to associate much with her family when we were little, and now, as you can imagine, we aren't very—congenial."

"Such fun," observed the earl facetiously. His fair complexion turned and looked at him reproachfully. "And who would wish to be 'funny'?" said she.
"Oh, I don't know," said his lordship gallantly.

Miss Shannon found herself wondering for a moment as they walked on whether the earl might not prove testy after all. Would he be angry under the crushing and ordering about to which her father and mother submitted. If there was one thing she disliked it was obstaculic people. She had been brought up to expect people to agree with her.

"Of course," she sighed, shrugging her beautiful shoulders discreetly. "I feel sorry for poor little Dorothy. Mother won't need her after the autumn, and I'm sure I don't know what's going to become of her. Besides, she hasn't any practical sense. Just look at her now lying asleep in all that sun. She'll be simply black with freckles!"

That afternoon when everybody was resting for a dinner dance in the evening the Earl of Stowbridge wandered into the library, a cool, dim apartment banked with books and made comfortable with couches.

He had just discovered one of his favorite authors and settled down to read when the sound of feminine voices in the adjoining room disturbed his attention. Six seconds had not elapsed when he became aware that it was no ordinary interview and that he should make a step forward to announce his presence. It was not in his character or traditions to be an eavesdropper; nevertheless he found himself curiously unable to move or utter a sound.

"I'm waiting for him—!" It was Dorothy's voice, low and impassioned, but with a quick little gasp or two, such as would come from one who had suddenly received an unexpected donche of cold water.

"There can be no doubt of that," came Mrs. Shannon's icy tones. "Only yesterday Joan was telling me of her own misgivings."
"Misgivings!" There was still that tremulous catch in the breath, which Dorothy's voice continued Mrs. Shannon, with a pur in her well bred tones. "They will pursue the girl who holds out the angling iron. You are clever—I don't dispute the fact; you are clever and calculating—but one thing I have to tell you: If you wish to remain in this household you must assume a different pose. And, remember, no other conversation alone with the Earl of Stowbridge while he is under this roof. You may go now."

There was silence just for an appreciable fraction of a second; then little Dorothy seemed to be drawing herself up to her full height as she flung a defiant, passionate answer into her aunt's face.
"I thought at least you were a lady, but you're not. You're cowardly and cruel and vulgar. Oh, how can you be so?" Dorothy, sobbing miserably in her hot anger and insulted girlhood, was obliged to leave the room. Mrs. Shannon, cool and collected, as always, touched a bell and sent the cook some orders about the salad.

After dinner, while they were dancing, the earl sought Dorothy out in the star sprinkled night, where she had wandered to a hammock under the trees, far from the chattering groups on the veranda.

"I've been wondering who she was behind that lighted cigar," she said lightly as he joined her, and then, more seriously, drawing in her breath deeply, "Isn't it splendid out here tonight? I like to catch that strong brine from the sea. It gives one courage."

"Is that what you want—courage?" asked the earl, looking at her tenderly in the starlight and feeling his big, honest heart a-throw. He sat down on a stump of a tree close by. "You're plucky enough, I fancy."
"I shall need it all, all the courage I have. I—!" She faltered, and under the sweet, sudden spell of sympathy her lips trembled pitiously. The earl leaned forward impulsively and gently imprisoned one of her hands.

"I know," was all that he said. She measured him, not understanding.
"You see," he started to explain in his straightforward fashion, "I was in the next room this afternoon when your aunt—"
She drew away from him with terror in her eyes. "Oh," she cried bitterly, "you overheard all that cruelty, and—!"

"It's made me love you, Miss Dorothy," he corrected solemnly. "I liked you from the first moment I saw you, but now I know that I love you. Of course," he added, seeing that she still shrank from him a little, "a thing like that's easily enough said, but just give me a little hope, and I'll make it my life's business to prove it to you, dear." He held out his hand to her like a knight of old.

Dorothy tried to speak, but her lips would not respond. Then she did a curious thing. She took his outstretched hand in her own and pressed it close against her eyes, and they were wet.

Virtue Which Commands Love.
Should some women need encouragement they may learn with interest that men rather opt to be vain and that it is enough sometimes to be a good listener in order to be a most successful hostess. The following typical anecdote proves this. Gonberville, the old courtier, somewhat of a poet, too, was known to be paying a visit to a certain lady of the house of Rambouillet. One day some one had this conversation with him:

"You are the 'cavalier servant' of Madam—?"
"Yes, certainly."
"Do you love her?"
"With the most devoted respect in my heart."
"Why? She is not beautiful."
"No."
"She is not young."
"No."
"She is not graceful."
"Not very."
"She is not witty."
"No, not particularly."
"Well, then, what is it?"
"She can listen admirably."—Professor Albert Schinz in Lippincott's Magazine.

Anecdotes of Quin.
James Quin, a noted actor of Garrick's time, loved to dine, and was often fuddled in consequence when he went on the stage. Once while playing with Fog Widdington, who was acting Sylvia, his daughter, in "The Recruiting Officer," he was asked by her, "Sylvia, how old were you when your mother died?" he said "married." Sylvia laughed, and being out of her cue, could only stammer, "What, sir?" "Ishay," cried the more confused Quin, "I mean, how old were you when your mother was born?"

"Yes, mum, O'll make yez as good a cook as the mix war."
"I don't know anything about the next one, but you'll have to be better than the last one."—Houston Post.

Social Axiom.
"I think I will invite the Bronsons. I know they would be glad to come."
"But, my dear, people who would be glad to come are the very ones you should not invite."—Puck.

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"No," wailed Tommy, "I don't want that pig's rasher cut to be wa'n and 'It doesn't matter what you want," replied his mother. "You must have it."
"Well, if you put it on me I'll cry all over it an' that'll spoil it."—Philadelphia Press.

The First Anthracite Coal.
When the first two tons of anthracite coal were taken into Philadelphia, in 1838, the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff, but at length, disgusted, they broke it up and made a walk of it."
Fourteen years later Colonel George Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagon loads of it in the same city, but warrants were soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pretenses.

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HARD QUESTIONS.

They Sound Simple, but You May Find the Answers Elusive.

"How many holes are there in a leech boat of the ordinary type? Do you know how many there are in the pair you are wearing? That is another question, and it is a little ambiguous for the average man's ordinary leech boots are generally given away by his wife before he has had time to count the holes. "Which of the feet of a horse touch the ground in trotting?" asks the examiner. You may imagine the whole class raising arms and shouting, "All of 'em!"

Any one man may fog another with ignorance, for our knowledge is in patches. Is it worth your while, supposing you have any business to carry through, to ascertain how many 's there are in a clo' f' ribs? Do you want to know how many ribs there are in the cover of your umbrella? This is the umbrella maker's business. You would only find the time of day and avoid the rain. "Thousand words," says an editor to the amateur writer, who may be an umbrella maker. It happens many times a day. The amateur never knows what exertion and what space this means. But the journalist knows exactly the amount of gray matter, black ink and white paper the demand implies. How many words are there in this paragraph? Now—quick!

THE JAPANESE GIRL.
She is Gentleness Itself, With an Air of Dainty Modesty.
There were not many Japanese women at the party, which made me wonder, considering the fact that there were hundreds of men present, but perhaps the absence of the many might be explained by the uncomfortable and self-conscious air of the few who were there in most unaccustomed foreign attire. Not that they wore it so badly. Not at all. That is a fiction of the foreign woman who is pleasantly blinded to the imperfections of her own kind.

Of course there are no Japanese girls with Gibson figures of Lissom grace and Fifth Avenue strides of splendid freedom, but the same thing may be said of many other women in many other climes. Everybody cannot be an American girl, you know, and I declare I think the Japanese girl runs some of her European sisters a very close second in her ability to wear ungraceful clothes as gracefully as possible with very limited assistance from Mother Nature. All Japanese wait lines run up in front and all Japanese girls are "pigton toes," but all Japanese girls are gentleness itself, and their dainty modesty serves to conceal a multitude of peculiarities—Leslie's Weekly.

Tips and Downs of Santa Cruz.
Probably no other of the West Indian islands has had such a checkered career as Santa Cruz. In turn it has belonged to Spain, which abandoned it to England and Holland jointly, to England alone; to Spain again, which fell upon the colonists and destroyed or deported them all; to France, which took it from Spain; to the Knights of Malta, who received it as a gift from France; to a private company of adventurers. Then it was resumed possession of by France, but abandoned, so that in 1729 it was uninhabited. Then it became a man's land until 1727, when France took it again, and presently sold it to a Danish company, which sold it in turn to the king of Denmark. In 1801 England took it once more, gave it back to Denmark, repented and took it away again in a few months, held it for eight years, and then returned it to Denmark, which holds it still.

Not Playing Parties.
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HEAT AND TANNED SKINS.

The Miracle That Nature Performs When Sunburn Occurs.

There are certain arctic animals, dark coated in the short summer, that in winter turn pure white, thus matching the snow covered landscape and escaping notice and harm.

This change of color, this protection, effected no one knows how, is wonderful, as wonderful as a miracle, and yet a kindred change of color, a kindred protection, happens among mankind every summer, and nobody ever notices it.

When the pale city people go out in the summer sun at the seashore or the mountains the light attacks them fiercely, first reddening their skin, then swelling, blistering and scorching it. If they kept in the sun enough, and if no miracle occurred, the light would kill them finally, burning off the skin first and afterward attacking the raw flesh.

But a miracle does occur. The skin changes from a pale color to a tan and on this tan the sun has no effect. The sun may beat on tan colored skin for days and weeks, but such skin remains always so, unblistered, whole.

This nature works a miracle. The white skin is suffering, and nature, aware, somehow, that a tan skin is sun proof, changes to tan the white. How does she do this? Where did she learn that it was wise to do this? No one knows. Only the fact of the miracle remains.

To prove this miracle to prove that it is not the hardening of the skin, but the change in its color which protects it from sunburn—is an easy matter.

Take a pale person, unused to the sun, stain one side of his face yellow, and, leaving the other side untouched, go out in the bright summer sun for a couple of hours. The one side of his face is no tougher, no more hardened than the other, yet the unshaded side will be inflamed, blistered, while the tan colored one will be quite cool and unharmed.

BATTLEFIELD ORATIONS.
A Great Deal of Flection About the Recorded Martial Speeches.
Some one once asked the Duke of Wellington if he speaks on the battlefield were really made as reported and what was their effect. The duke said, "What effect on the whole army can be made by a speech since you cannot conveniently make it heard by more than a thousand men standing about you?" Then the duke was asked if it were not the fact that Napoleon delivered some rather notable orations on the field. The duke would not have it. "The proclamations you read of in the papers than by the soldiers—they were meant for Paris." It was all right, the duke agreed, to address a regiment upon presenting it with colors and that sort of thing. On the whole, French troops might be more impressed by a speech than the English, who in the duke's Waterloo army were, he declared, "the seum of the earth, who had all enlisted for drink." The French, with their system of conscription, had a fair sprinkling of all classes.

"No," comments a writer, "all these martial oratorical bits which our histories treasure up for us were for the most part never spoken at all. The 'last words' of dying men and the speeches made on the battlefield or the deck of an admiral's flagship are not to be regarded as having been actually uttered. The famous 'Up, guards, and at 'em!' accredited to Wellington at Waterloo, was never spoken. Wellington himself denied it."

"And now, Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, "is there anything you don't understand about Eve and the serpent?"

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QUALITY THE BEST!
JOHN HIXSON
NO. 116 E. FRONT ST.

THE HOTEL CHILD.

Dangers That Beset the Luckless Offspring of Restless Parents.

It is not the material aids to education which are the bane of the hotel child; it is the mental and spiritual attitude accompanying this life which is to be deprecated. It destroys a democratic spirit through emphasizing the difference between the servant and the served, it exaggerates the power of money, fosters a spirit of independence and stifles the pumpered individual for any other kind of life, and worst of all, in a child so brought up there can be no understanding or love of home. There may be some future for the child who knows nothing of art, some function for the one to whom literature makes no appeal and who is not sensitive to music, but there is no place in the state for the man who has neither initiative, self reliance, patriotism nor love of home. He is a social leprosy, a disease. The community is better off without this satellite of the manager, parasite of the bell boy and source of supply for the waiter.

If there is one child in our community who is superior to the hotel child. As places for temporary occupation by homeless and childless adults hotels are to be tolerated, but as residences for children they are without the possibility of excuse.—Miss Martha S. Jendry in Everybody's Magazine.

Women's Tempers.
I recently saw it stated somewhere that "women are much better tempered than men." This, of course, is a self evident proposition—up to a certain point. Women, as a rule, are altogether more self possessed and have a greater control over themselves than men, who want everything their own way, resent all trouble, cannot endure the smallest discomfort and are rarely unselfish.

But in justice to men it must be said that, generally speaking, they have very much more to try their nerves.—London World.

An Ancient Steam Man.
There are a host of authorities on hydraulics and mechanics that could be quoted to support the assertion that the steam engine is not a modern invention. Carpi in the account of his travels, A. D. 1286, describes a species of portable, or steam, engine made in the form of a man. This contrivance was filled with "inflammable liquid" (probably petroleum) and made to do terrible work in the battles between the Mongols and the troops of Prester John.

BATTLEFIELD ORATIONS.
A Great Deal of Flection About the Recorded Martial Speeches.
Some one once asked the Duke of Wellington if he speaks on the battlefield were really made as reported and what was their effect. The duke said, "What effect on the whole army can be made by a speech since you cannot conveniently make it heard by more than a thousand men standing about you?" Then the duke was asked if it were not the fact that Napoleon delivered some rather notable orations on the field. The duke would not have it. "The proclamations you read of in the papers than by the soldiers—they were meant for Paris." It was all right, the duke agreed, to address a regiment upon presenting it with colors and that sort of thing. On the whole, French troops might be more impressed by a speech than the English, who in the duke's Waterloo army were, he declared, "the seum of the earth, who had all enlisted for drink." The French, with their system of conscription, had a fair sprinkling of