COMPASSES AND CONFUSION

By LOUIS PIERCE

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Gladden looked up from the pan in which the bacon was sizzling. The start he gave tumbled the bacon into the fire, and the wild efforts to right the pan before the evening meal was spilled upset the coffee pot and put out the blaze.

Instead of expressing an opinion upon the happenings of the moment Gladden sprang to his feet and hurried to the beach just as the light canoe grounded on the shore.

One look into the bright face under the red Tam o' Shanter and Gladden was glad that the bacon had been spilled. He had been in camp for six weeks, and even an ugly woman would have been welcomed at the camp. To have this graceful guest at his supper was something he would not have imagined possible ten minutes before.

"Welcome to camp," he said hospitably, extending his hand to assist her to step over the side. To his surprise she refused his aid and sprang to the shore as lightly as a bird. With a haughty glance she swept past him and into the hut. Another moment and she stood before him again, her eyes ablaze.

"Where are the others? she demanded. "And where are all our things?"

"There are no others," he laughed. "I am afraid that the limited population of this camp does not permit the appointment of a reception committee; unless, indeed, you are willing to recognize me as such."

"What have you done with the others?" she repeated. "Have you killed them or have you merely driven them away?"

Gladden laughed. "There has been no one here for six weeks," he declared.

"There was this morning," she corrected. "When I left to go over to town there were six here besides the guides. Now not even the things are left, and you have the audacity to camp right here. I suppose you thought that, since you had made away with them all, there was no danger of detection, for a few days at least. I suppose you will have to kill me now to keep from being exposed."

"Don't you think?" asked Gladden, "that you may have made a mistake? Camps look very much alike to persons unaccustomed to the woods. Perhaps you are on the other arm of the lake."

"There is no mistake," she insisted. "I steered by compass."

"Do you know how to use the compass?" he persisted. She looked at him in disdain.

"Is it necessary to insult me?" she demanded. "Why don't you kill me and finish off the work you have commenced?"

"That's a good idea," assented Gladden, recalled by the last half of the sentence. "The work I had commenced was the getting of supper. If you are as hungry as I am you will regard me as a life preserver rather than a murderer."

"Without another word he went about the work of kindling a fresh fire. As he knelt over the twigs the girl made a rush for the boat. He reached the canoe first.

"See here," he said firmly. "You are lost already. I cannot have you still further confused just because you imagine that this is your camp and that I have slaughtered the whole family, to say nothing of the guides, for the sake of your canned goods. Sit down and rest, and after you have had supper I will try to find you."

The girl followed him back to the fire, cowed, but unbelieving. Skillfully Gladden fanned the fire into a bright glow and set the pot on. Then he sliced fresh bacon and set out the plates.

Presently the smell of the browning bacon began to fill the camp, and the girl's face softened. She did not realize how hungry she was until the bacon began to fry. For the first time she took notice that this young man, in spite of his evidences of city breeding, was not only decidedly good looking, but skilled in woodcraft, and fear gave way to admiration of his deftness.

"I guess you can eat that," he said at last, as he placed some of the bacon on a plate and poured a cup of coffee for her. Silently she accepted the food and Gladden smiled softly to himself as he saw the way she ate. It had been his experience that girls were always more reasonable after they had been fed, and already she was unbending visibly.

"Are you convinced that I am more human than you were willing to believe at first?" he asked as the plates were at last cleared.

"Perhaps there has been some mistake," she grudgingly assented, "but I was so careful to steer by the compass that I cannot see how any mistake could be made."

"Perhaps you turned east instead of west," he suggested. "The camps are on the west lake because there is a mail delivery over there. That is why I chose the east lake."

"But this is the west lake," she insisted. "The village is to the south. I turned west."

"You turned east," insisted Gladden, "since you are on the west lake at this very moment."

"Look!" she cried. "The other lake is over there." She pointed across the point to where the river formed a strait between the lakes.

"That is the west lake over there," he assured her. For answer she drew from her belt a tiny compass, gorgeous in its gold case.

"See!" she cried triumphantly. "Here is the north. This must be the west!"

"I am afraid," chuckled Gladden, "that you are under the impression that the south is the north. That needle is pointing directly away from what you call the north."

"Certainly," was the prompt response. "I am afraid you are not very familiar with compasses. They are like weather vanes, you know. They point with the arrow head from the direction."

The next instant he was sorry, but for a moment Gladden rolled upon the turf in an ecstasy of joy. This was the explanation. She had steered her course by the compasses in exactly the wrong direction. There was but one camp on the west lake that resembled his. That was the Driscoll camp, and this must be Benny Driscoll's sister. He rose to confront a very indignant young woman.

"I don't like to be laughed at," she said in a hurt little voice. "If I have made a mistake I want to go back to the other lake where they will be kind to me."

"My dear Miss Driscoll," he cried, "I will take you over to your camp in a jiffy, but not until you have forgiven my rudeness."

"You knew who I was all along," she said reproachfully.

"I just this moment found out," he assured her. "I remembered that the Driscoll camp probably looked like this to a new comer to the woods. That is where you belong. Say you will forgive me, and I'll paddle you right over."

For answer she ran to the canoe and sprang into it. Gladden made a leap and sprang upon the bow just as with a sweep of the paddle she cleared the shore.

"I'm not going to let you go until you say you are not angry with me," he said. "Do you suppose I will let you go in this way?"

She glanced into the resolute blue eyes and saw therein not only mastery, but an ardent affection that caused her eyes to veil themselves beneath the lids.

"I forgive you," she said, with a little tremble in her voice, "but please take me home. I am tired."

He tied his own canoe behind and paddled down the lake as the silvery moon rose from behind the shoulder of old Greytop and silvered the wind ripples of the lake.

Not a word was spoken, but it seemed to Gladden that their voices sang in unison, and he was sorry when at last the Driscoll camp was in sight.

They welcomed the prodigal and her rescuer and made him spend the evening. Later Gladden, stooping to unfasten the painter of his canoe, rose to face the earnest eyes.

"I am sorry I was so rude," she said softly. "Can I make atonement?"

"Let me come again," he said as he bent over the tiny hand.

"Tomorrow," she whispered as she snatched her hand away, and as Gladden bent to his paddle the swirling waters whispered that she added "Early," and he had read in her eyes the message she had seen in his own earlier in the evening.

The bridesmaids and ushers never knew why their favors were in the shape of tiny compasses, but they have Mrs. Gladden's assurance that they are lucky.

Cold Endurance of Elephants.

Writing to the Zoologisches Garten of Berlin, Professor Julius Schott stated that at a local menagerie he once saw an elephant exposed in the open air to the conditions of a temperature below freezing point, the animal appearing to suffer no inconvenience, though evidently conscious of an unusual environment. But the palm may be given to an Indian elephant named Topsy, the property of a Mr. Philadelphia, a traveling showman. Some years ago, finding himself in northern Sweden and the business of his calling at a low ebb, he decided to make for Stroem, a small town almost within the arctic circle, and attend the annual fair. For the journey of thirty-five miles the animal's body was caparisoned in reindeer skin, and he was provided with boots of the same material. The weather was very cold, the temperature varying from 12 degrees centigrade to 20 degrees centigrade, and snow lay thickly around. The inhabitants of Stroem and the neighboring lapps were amazed at the unwonted sight. Money poured into the coffers of the enterprising showman, and when the market was over and the return journey made the elephant seemed little if any the worse for his experience.

Drilled Coins.

Perhaps one of the cleverest tricks ever played on Uncle Sam's money marts is credited to a Philadelphia woman. She had been engaged with a gang of counterfeiters and had learned the secrets of the work. She hired a room with steam power, and with the aid of small drills she dug out five and ten dollar gold pieces, leaving nothing but a very thin outside shell. This was effected by drilling through the milled edge of the coin. She then replaced the extracted gold with some baser metal, taking care to preserve the exact legal weight of the coin, and then covered up with a small bit of extracted gold the tiny hole made by the drill. By this ingenious device she extracted $3 worth of gold from every five dollar gold piece and $7.50 worth of gold from every ten dollar gold piece that she handled, and yet the coin remained apparently as before. This device is pronounced to be the most absolutely safe and clever of all dishonest practices that has ever been resorted to in connection with money. Success made her reckless, and arrest and imprisonment soon stopped the woman's operations.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Success doesn't amount to so much if a lot of age goes with it.

How many things we all have to do that "goes against the grain."

If you are willing to spend money on your fads you can find plenty of encouragement in them.

No man says exactly what he means. To do that would require too much explanation and qualification.

When you have no other reform to think about, here is one that is always important and timely: You talk too much.

The kicker attracts attention for a time and affords amusement, but in a little while people become very tired of him. And how he is hated in his old age!

We frequently see this statement: "It requires courage for a man to do his duty." This isn't true. It is always easier to do right than it is to do wrong.—Atchison Globe.

According to Scripture.

A certain tailor of very strict principles was in the habit of excusing the faults of his assistants only in they could justify themselves by Scripture. One day a woman entered his shop and asked to see some material, but refused to buy it because it was too cheap. After showing her some other goods, the assistant brought back the same material, this time asking a higher price, whereupon the customer bought it. Afterward, the proprietor, who had witnessed the transaction, reproved his assistant severely. The latter, remembering the rules of the establishment, replied: "Oh, it's according to Scripture all right. She was a stranger and I took her in."—Harper's Weekly.

Wrinkles.

If our forehead is rigid with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel almost always erases them. Even the extremely aged in death often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memory of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a silent kind of scolding. It shows that our souls need sweetening. For pity's sake let us take a sadiron or a glad iron or a smoothing tool of some sort and straighten the creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraved upon our faces.

HER LADYSHIP'S DIAMONDS

By C. B. LEWIS

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Her ladyship's extravagance was a subject of general remark, but it was true that his lordship did not stint her in money matters, and so what she threw away was nobody's business after all. It was so for the first five years of their married life, and then his lordship began to feel the pinch. He delayed saying anything to her of the matter as long as possible, but there came a day when he had to tell her that retrenchment must be the watchword for several years to come He had figured up her bills and found she had spent more money in a given time than any other woman in the kingdom. In a way he was proud of it, but in another way he had to give her a word of caution. She could still be extravagant and reduce her expenses one-half.

His lordship found out something too late. Give a wife rein for the first five years, and she will take the bit in her teeth for the next five. Talk of economy should come before instead of after. In addition to gratifying her own many whims and caprices her ladyship had a brother in the navy and another in the army, both officers, of course, and both living more or less off her bounty. Only the day before his lordship had asked for a private interview to talk retrenchment she had sent the naval officer a liberal check to straighten up his debts of honor and been informed by letter that the other one must have a much larger amount or throw up his commission in disgrace.

His lordship's news, therefore, came like a douche of cold water. If there was any sort of scene it was kept from the servants and therefore from the public, and things seemed to go on as before. They didn't, however. Her ladyship had her diamonds duplicated in paste and raised a large sum on the real gems to help others and herself. This was done quietly and secretly and was only part of a plan she had in her mind.

After the close of the London season his lordship retired to his country castle and was soon followed by a score of invited guests. The astute English robber is always on the watch for these house gatherings. Every woman guest is certain to bring at least a good part of her jewels to wear at dinner, and there are always chances for a smart thief to get in his work. As an offset the host employs a detective to mix in with the servants or even with the guests for the time being and keep watch over things.

It was so in this case. Scotland Yard had loaned him Inspector McDonald, and there never had been a robbery in a country house he was protecting.

The inspector, under another name, mingled with the guests and made himself at home, but he was given to passing much of his time wandering over the estate and musing in the shade of its forests. One of his musing fits was one day interrupted in a rather singular manner.

He was lying on the moss under a spreading beech when the sound of footfalls disturbed him, and he rolled over on his side, to discover her ladyship making her furtive way through the woods. At a dozen paces from him she stopped and with a stick dug a hole in the ground at the foot of a tree and concealed something. When she had run away the inspector scooped out the dirt until he came to an oiled silk bag containing her ladyship's diamonds. They were all there to her last ring, and the inspector knew enough about precious stones to know that these were paste.

This happened at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. What her ladyship would do without her diamonds at dinner time the inspector could not determine. Her secret burial of them meant to him simply one thing—she was going to be "robbed" of them. She would have to put up a claim of loss by daylight, and there would be a sensation. Either that or she must be "indisposed" at dinner time and not appear among her guests during the evening.

Her ladyship proceeded at once to business. An hour before dinner, and after all the guests, including the inspector, had been indulging in games on the lawn, she went to her room to discover that her diamonds were missing. There was a sensation at once. No one had seen any stranger lurking about, and the robbery must have been perpetrated by some of the servants. Including maids and valets, these numbered over sixty, and each one was obliged to come forward and be investigated. His lordship insisted on the most rigorous examination, and this led to protestations and hard feelings. Within twenty-four hours the house party was broken up and scattered, and Inspector McDonald had to admit that he had no clew. The only thing his lordship could do was to offer a reward, and he made it $25,000.

The inspector did not go with the others. He remained behind to look for clews. He held many interviews with his lordship and her ladyship together, and he had to admire the density of the one and the cunning of the other. It was more than cunning. Her ladyship had more nerve and cheek than the detective ever before had found in a woman. She was a most amazing liar, and if he hadn't had the paste diamonds in his pocket he would have been inclined to believe that the scene in the woods was a day dream. She could furnish no information as to how her diamonds had disappeared.

She cleared her own maid of suspicion, but would not vouch for the honesty of the others. It was through her advice and insistence that his lordship advertised "No questions asked." The stolen plunder could thus be returned by any one of her choosing. The $25,000 would get the originals out of pawn and save her brother. The inspector had but one interview with her ladyship alone. At that interview, after she had retold her story and looked him as straight in the eye as a woman could, he said:

"I can't believe that the plunder was carried far. I shouldn't wonder if it was buried in the woods."

"That may be," she innocently replied.

"They didn't happen to be your paste diamonds, while the real gems are in a vault in town?"

"Would his lordship advertise such a reward for paste diamonds? Have you ever heard that I have resorted to paste?"

"I did not mean it in that sense. The reason I spoke of the woods was because I was out there that afternoon."

"Well?"

"I thought I saw a woman prowling around."

"Then you have been derelict as a detective. Why didn't you speak of the matter before?"

"The more I think of it the more I believe that this woman buried something at the foot of a tree."

"Then let me call his lordship, and we will go at once."

When it was too late he saw that she wouldn't take a bluff, and he was obliged to accompany the pair to the woods. He walked straight to the tree and showed them the cavity. He looked straight into the eyes of the woman, but she did not falter in the gaze. He saw by her attitude that she was even ready to hear him say that she was the woman he saw and to drag from his pocket the bag of diamonds in corroboration. He dared not put her to the test.

When his lordship criticised his action in not overhauling the unknown woman, the detective could only swallow his chagrin and beg to withdraw from the case. Two hours later he was packed and ready to go. As he was descending the stairs he encountered her ladyship ascending. She gazed straight into his eyes and held out her hand. There was no bribe in her fingers—she knew the inspector to be above that. He took the bag of diamonds from his pocket and passed it over without a word and then, raising his hat to her, he kept on his way out of doors. Two weeks later a London paper said:

"We are glad to hear that her ladyship's diamonds have been restored to her. It is hinted that the person claiming the reward had the manners of the gentleman, though in disguise."

"One of her brothers, maybe," said Inspector McDonald to himself, as he turned to the case in his book and wrote "Closed" at the bottom.

His Religion.

Not long ago a certain clergyman from the west was called to a church in Jersey City. Soon after his arrival the divine's wife made the usual visits to the members of the parish. One of these, a plumber's wife, was asked by the good lady whether the family were regular churchgoers, whereupon the wife of the plumber replied that, while she and her children were attendants at divine service quite regularly, her husband was not.

"Dear me!" said the minister's wife. "That's too bad! Does your husband never go to church?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that he never went," was the reply. "Occasionally Will goes to the Unitarian, now and then to the Methodist, and I have known him to attend the Catholic church."

A look of perplexity came to the face of the visitor. "Perhaps your husband is an agnostic," suggested she.

"Not at all," hastily answered the other; "he's a plumber. When there is nothing for him to do at one church there is very likely something for him at one of the others."—Harper's Weekly.

Where the Sea Disappears.

A girl was recently overtaken and drowned by the incoming tide on the west coast of France. A transplanted Breton said of this fatality:

"Can you, who see your own tides crawl in at the rate of ten feet or so an hour, imagine tides racing like wild white horses up the flat sands at the rate of half a mile a minute? The extraordinary flatness of our Breton coasts gives us these phenomenal tides. The sea does not rise and fall. It appears and disappears. You have a vast and flat plain of sand. At a set hour the sea rushes in, white, wild, submerging this vast plain. At a set hour an unseen hand sucks back the waters—back thirty, forty, fifty miles—and nothing is visible but the plain of pale sand again. Woe unto such as walk on this desolate plain when the tide begins to rise, for they must drown! Nothing can save them."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Experienced Traveler.

"Look here," demanded the irate hotel proprietor, "what did you say to that last guest?"

"Why," replied the waiter, "he didn't pass over a tip, so I said, 'I think you have forgotten something, Sir.'"

"That's just it. After you said that he returned to the table and took three oranges and six pears."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Conscience.

A man, so to speak, who cannot bow to his own conscience every morning is hardly in condition to respectfully salute the world at any other time of the day.—Doug. Jerrold.

City Versus Country Eyes.

In one of his delightful books Dr. Jessopp remarks that whereas country people look up Londoners look down. It is largely this habit that has limited their observing powers, but London has itself to blame. I take it that one can observe well only by the power of taking large views, and in London this is impossible, even if one would, partly from the circumscribing effect of bricks and mortar, partly from the dim light of a London distance and partly from the need of avoiding collisions. One's eyes unconsciously acquire a habit of restricted vision; our observation specializes, like that of the little girl in Mrs. Meynell's book who beguiled the tedium of her walks by collecting shopkeepers named Jones. Perhaps that is the kind of observation for which we in London are best suited.—London Outlook.

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LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Way In Sickness and Old Age Was Pitiable Indeed.

Concerning the life of poor people during the middle ages a writer says: "In those bygone days of feudal rule the dwellers in the country were almost invariably serfs, bound to the estate on which they were born and under the absolute rule of the owner. They were possibly better fed than at the present day, for butter, cheese and eggs were plentiful, and the fertile soil of Italy supplied them with abundance of fruit and vegetables. The poor man held his plot of ground by the tenure of so many days in the year of service to his lord. But in sickness or old age his case was very pitiable, and we have a curious proof of this in a letter written in 1465 by the mother of Filippo Strozzi, at Florence. She is speaking of some old people on her estate in the country: 'Piero and Monna Cilla are both alive and infirm. I have overflowed the field for next year, and, as I must put it in order, those two old people, if they do not die, must go and beg. Heaven will provide.' This is no passing thought of the good lady, who was pious and highly esteemed, a friend of the Medici, but it is a firm resolution in her own mind. A few months later she writes to her son: 'Piero is still alive, so he must put up with it and go away and beg. It would be best, of course, if heaven will take him.' Apparently a merciful Providence had already provided for Monna Cilla."

MARKS OF LONGEVITY.

Physical Indications That You May Study For Yourself.

Every person carries about with him the physical indications of his longevity. A long lived person may be distinguished from a short lived person at sight. In many instances a physician may look at the hand of a patient and tell whether he will live or die.

The primary conditions of longevity are that the heart, lungs and digestive organs as well as the brain should be large. If these organs are large the trunk will be long and the limbs comparatively short. The person will appear tall in sitting and short in standing. The hand will have a long and somewhat heavy palm and short fingers. The brain will be deeply seated, as shown by the orifice of the ear being low. The blue hazel or brown hazel eye, as showing an intermission of temperament, is a favorable indication. The nostrils being large, open and free indicates large lungs. A pinched and half closed nostril indicates small or weak lungs.

These are general points of distinction from those of short lived tendencies, but of course subject to the usual individual exceptions. Still, it is well acknowledged that the characteristics noted are expressions of inherent potentiality, which have been proved on the basis of abundant statistical evidence.—Medical Record.

Curious, but True.

Although difficult to believe, it is nevertheless true that the death of two half sisters, the daughters of the same father, occurred 170 years apart. The grandfather of the British minister, Charles James Fox, Sir Stephen Fox, married in 1654 and had a daughter born to him in 1655 who died in the course of the same year. He had several other children who grew up and married, but all of them died before the father and without issue. Sir Stephen not wishing his large fortune to fall into the hands of distant relatives, married again at a very advanced age, and his youngest daughter was born in 1727. She reached the age of ninety-eight years and died in 1825—that is, 170 years after the death of her oldest sister.

The Drama.

The drama embraces and applies all the beauties and decorations of poetry. The sister arts attend and adorn her; painting, architecture and music are her handmaidens; the costliest lights of a people's intellects burn at her show; all ages welcome her.—Charlotte Cushman.

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TORTOISE SHELL.

The Best Imitation of It Is Made of Celluloid.

"Celluloid makes the best imitation of tortoise shell," says a manufacturer. "It has the requisite hardness and luster and approximates so closely to the real shell that, although I have handled both products many years, I cannot always tell one from another at a glance. Of course I can do so by making a close inspection. The ability to distinguish shell from celluloid by the appearance can only be acquired by years of experience in handling both.

"The principal way in which celluloid is revealed is in its susceptibility to the influence of heat. Hold a celluloid comb in your hand and the heat of the body will cause the teeth, after a few moments, to give a trifle, and there is not the elasticity in springing back that you will observe in real shell. Tortoise shell will not bend unless subjected to heat at the boiling point. There is, of course, a great difference in the celluloid employed in manufacturing combs, and some of the combs that are put out under that name are not entitled to the designation. Even when the celluloid is of the highest grade it then should be seasoned from three to twelve months in order that there may be no danger of it shrinking."—Jewelers' Circular.

SUPERSTITION AND GEMS.

Some Points About the Topaz, the Ruby and the Opal.

A Maiden Lane jeweler speaking of the trade in jewels said the other day that superstition with reference to them had a serious effect upon the trade. Some people will not buy or wear topaz unless they were born in November, and others cannot be induced to buy rubies unless they were born in July. It doesn't concern many people about rubies, because their price is too high for most persons to wear them. There are not two hundred good rubies of any size worth speaking of in New York, but the topaz is abundant and is not dear.

Then there is the superstitious objection to opals, which are regarded as unlucky all the year around and have no saving natal month to lift their opprobrium. They do not need the superstition to make them objectionable, however, because while they are very beautiful they are also very fragile and should be very cheap. Out in Australia you can go out with a pick and dig a wheelbarrow load in an hour. The cutting and polishing give them some value, but it is something like that bestowed upon cut glass. Still they rank as jewels, and when they are sold it is for a price. If, however, you want to find their value offer one to your jeweler either for a cash sum or in exchange. You will then learn what they are intrinsically worth—or something near it.—New York Press.

The Paris Jewelers.

"To stroll about the London streets," says Harper's Weekly, "is a pastime; in Paris it is also an education. I hardly understand how an Englishman after a walk down the Avenue de l'Opera or the Boulevard des Italiens can bear to even glance at a Bond street jeweler's. To see what the French are doing in jewel work of every kind is to make one feel that London is not merely a generation behind, but could not in a hundred centuries catch up."

Not a Question of Seasons.

"How should we get married if there were no London season?" asked the debutante.

"Some of you would get married if you were bricked up in an ogre's castle and had to be rescued," said the American millionaire. "And ten seasons wouldn't marry the rest."—London Boudoir.

Great Scheme.

"He makes love to summer girls in the winter time and to winter girls in the summer."

"What's the idea?"

"Thinks they come a little cheaper when they're out of season."—Cleveland Leader.

ON DUTCH WATERS.

A Journey Along a Canal and the Scenery It Presents.

"I can think of no more reposeful holiday," says a writer, "than to step on board of one of those barges wedged together in a Rotterdam canal and, never lifting a finger to alter the natural course of events—to accelerate or divert—be carried by it to, say, Harlingen, in Friesland, between the meadows, under the noses of great black and white cows, past herons fishing in the rushes, through little villages with dazzling milk cans being scoured on the banks and the good wives washing and the saturnine smokers in black velvet slippers passing the time of day, through big towns, by rows of somber houses seen through a delicate screen of leaves, under low bridges crowded with children, through narrow locks, ever moving, moving, slowly and surely, sometimes sailing, sometimes being towed, with the wide Dutch sky overhead and the plovers crying in it, and the clean west wind driving the windmills, and everything just as it was in Rembrandt's day and just as it will be 500 years hence."

THE FLYING FROG.

A Four Winged Reptile That Inhabits Tropical Africa.

The curiosity of tropical Africa is the wonderful flying frog, first described by Bishoff of the equatorial African expedition, which returned to Europe in the fall of 1884. This oddity of the reptile family is about the size of a common bullfrog and resembles other members of the order of batrachians in everything but its feet, each of which is webbed and enormously enlarged, so much so as to form splendid substitutes for true wings. The creature has five toes on each of the other two, which makes four separate membranes on each of his hind feet and three on each fore foot, or fourteen in all. In his description of it Bishoff says, "Each leg terminates in a sort of fan, and with these the little reptile paddles the air like a locust or like a partially fledged bird testing its pinions for the first time."

Although somewhat awkward in its flight, the winged frog can dart through the air at a speed of about ten yards per second and can keep itself going forward at that rate for from ten to fifteen seconds. The average distance covered by these spurts of grasshopper-like flight is from 75 to 125 yards, but Bishoff mentions instances where the flying frog cleared sandy stretches 200 yards in width.

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EASTWARD.

7.11 a. m. (weekdays) for Wilkes Barre, Hazleton and Pottsville and Philadelphia.

10.17 a. m. (daily) for Wilkes Barre, Hazleton Pottsville, Philadelphia, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah.

2.21 p. m. (weekdays) for Wilkes-Barre, Hazleton and Pottsville.

5.50 p. m. (weekdays) for Wilkes-Barre, and Hazleton.
Making connection at Wilkes-Barre with Lehigh Valley for all points North and South and D. & H. for Scranton.

WESTWARD.

9.00 a. m. (weekdays) for Sunbury. Leave Sunbury 9.40 a. m. daily for Lock Haven and intermediate stations. On weekdays for Bellefonte, Tyrone, Clearfield, Phillipsburg, Pittsburg and the West.
Leave Sunbury 9.40 a. m. (weekdays) for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

12.10 p. m. weekdays for Sunbury.
Leave Sunbury 12.48 p. m. daily for Buffalo via Emporium and for Erie and intermediate stations.
Leave Sunbury 1.13 p. m. weekdays for Emporium, Bellefonte, Tyrone, Clearfield, Philipsburg, Pittsburg, Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls.
Leave Sunbury 1.54 p. m. weekdays for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Washington. Buffet Parlor Car to Philadelphia.
Leave Sunbury 3.48 p. m. daily for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

4.31 p. m. daily for Sunbury.
Leave Sunbury 5.20 p. m. weekdays for Renovo, Watkins and intermediate stations.
Leave Sunbury 5.10 p. m. daily for Harrisburg and intermediate points, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

7.51 p. m. weekdays for Sunbury.
Leave Sunbury 8.50 p. m. daily for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Washington. Pullman Sleeping Car from Harrisburg to New York.
Leave Sunbury 9.55 p. m. Sundays only for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Harrisburg, 11.30.
Leave Sunbury 8.54 p. m. Sundays only for Williamsport and intermediate stations.
Leave Sunbury 9.53 p. m. weekdays for Williamsport and intermediate stations. Buffet Parlor Car.

SHAMOKIN DIVISION, N. C. R. W.

WEEK DAYS.

Leave Sunbury 6.10 a. m., 10.10 a. m., 2.10 p. m. 5.35 p. m. for Shamokin and Mt Carmel.

LEWISTOWN DIVISION.

WEEK DAYS.

Leave Sunbury 10.00 a. m., 2.05 p. m. for Lewistown and Lewistown Junction. 5.30 p. m. for Selinsgrove.

For time tables and further information apply to ticket agents.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LACKAWANNA RAILROAD.
—BLOOMSBURG DIVISION

Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad.
In Effect Jan. 1, 1905.
TRAINS LEAVE DANVILLE.

EASTWARD.

7.07 a. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre and Scranton. Arriving Scranton at 9.42 a. m., and connecting at Scranton with trains arriving at Philadelphia at 3.48 a. m. and New York City at 3.30 p. m.

10.19 a. m. weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 12.35 p. m. and connecting there with trains for New York City, Philadelphia and Buffalo.

2.11 weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 4.50 p. m.

5.43 p. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Espy, Plymouth, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 8.25 p. m. and connecting there with trains arriving at New York City at 6.50 a. m., Philadelpeia 10 a. m. and Buffalo 7 a. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DANVILLE.

9.15 a. m. weekly from Scranton, Pittston, Kingston, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 6.35 a. m., where it connects with trains leaving New York City at 9.30 p. m., Philadelphia at 7.02 p. m. and Buffalo at 10.30 a. m.

12.44 p. m. daily from Scranton, Pittston, Kingston, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 10.10 a. m. and connecting there with train leaving Buffalo at 2.25 a. m.

4.33 p. m. weekly from Scranton, Kingston, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 1.55 p. m., where it connects with train leaving New York City at 10.00 a. m., and Philadelphia at 9.00 a. m.

9.05 p. m. daily from Scranton, Kingston, Pittston, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 6.35 p. m., where it connects with trains leaving New York City at 1.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 12.00 p. m. and Buffolo at 9.30 a. m.

T. E. CLARKE, Gen'l Sup't.
T. W. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt.

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