

# Kelly

By GRACE THOMSON  
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No doubt he had another name, but when the gray haired old cashier had asked what his first name was he had explained that Kelly was enough.

"I'll tell you the rest, you'll be calling me some kid name, an' I'm a man now," he announced. "I'm goin' to earn my own livin'." The cashier whisked early entered him upon the payroll as "Mr. Kelly," and so it had.

Kelly had graduated to the dignity of long trousers and considered himself a veteran in the service of Edge & Lutton when Kathleen came, a dainty, slender little woman from a business school and yet very much unversed in the ways of business.

She won Kelly's heart by calling him "Mr. Kelly," and thereafter any of the boys who dared play a trick on the new typewriter invariably turned up at the office the next day with a bruised lip or a blackened eye. Few of them played more than one trick, for when he was but six Kelly could thrash any eight-year-old youngster on the block.

Kathleen, all unmindful of his championship, merely noticed that the boys were better behaved, and told her mother that life in a business office was not as hard as she had supposed it would be.

"It's so very different from what we thought I should have to go through with," she explained, "and the little Kelly boy is just a dear."

Later on, when Lutton began to take notice of the pretty typewriter, Kathleen changed her mind, but she did not tell her mother of the invitations to drives and the theater. It was hard enough that Mrs. Lansing should be compelled to do without the luxuries to which she had accustomed herself during her husband's life without having to know that the money that procured their bare livelihood was earned at the cost of keeping silent under covert insult.

Lutton was careful not to make his overtures too patent, and only Kelly saw the little things which marked Kathleen's work so hard. She hid her temptations with a quiet dignity that admitted of no argument, and Lutton, tiring at last of a campaign of courtesy, began to find fault.

It was he who dictated most of the correspondence, and there were letters to be copied over because of some trivial mistake. Night after night Kathleen had to remain copying letters, with only Kelly for company. And when at last she sought the street she never knew that only Kelly's presence saved her from further attention from Lutton, waiting in the shadows of the doorway. She thought it merely one of Kelly's little courtesies, never suspecting that Kelly, idling at the window, had seen Lutton crossing the street and had divined his intentions.

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# General Barry

By M. J. PHILLIPS  
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The colonel's daughter was paying her first visit to a national guard encampment and had voted it the jolliest affair imaginable.

Everything's so knowing and swag-ging," commended the girl with herself as she lay in her cot the morning after her arrival. "The officers all talk so nicely to the others when they're marching! They say 'Port arms!' in a regular 'Tremble, villain!' tone. And these common soldiers are nice looking too."

Fearing to miss something of the picturesque camp routine, she arose and dressed noiselessly. Her parents were still sleeping.

The sun was just rising over the hills to the right as she stepped to the tent opening. In front of her, her back turned, a sentry stood at rigid shoulder, looking down at the canvas city. Some distance to the left, at brigade headquarters, a group of men in khaki clustered about the fieldpiece and the tall flagstaff. A trumpeter stood out from among them. The sun glinted on his instrument as he raised it to his lips. Then sharp and true, a little mellowed by the distance, came the rollicking notes of the reveille. "I can't get 'em up! I can't get 'em up!" called the bugler hoarsely.

The group about the gun fell into orderly lines. A haze of puff of smoke gleamed like silver as it swept across the grass. "Boom!" While the echoes were still resounding over the lake the regimental band struck up a quickstep. The gun crew uncovered reverently, the stars and stripes slowly mounted the staff and another day of camp life had begun.

This little tableau over, the girl's eyes turned to the sentry in front of her with a good deal of approval in their depths. His shoulders were broad, his campaign hat had the angle of a true sailor, and the lace flung carelessly over his shoulder reminded the girl of a picture of Paul Revere. Stealing through the dewy grass until she was scarcely a yard away, she said softly, "Good morning, Mr. Soldier."

The sentry turned so quickly that he nearly dropped his gun. "Grace?" he cried ecstatically. The tone of his voice and the light in his eyes caused the girl to recoil a step while she blushed adorably.

"Just one little kiss, sweetheart," went on the young man. He had not forgotten his drill regulations in the confusion of the moment. "I'm not permitted to kiss a lady until I've received your consent."

The girl tossed her head and pursed her lips. "All right, Tom. You may kiss me if you like, but I'm not to kiss you if you like."

General Barry was silent a moment. When he spoke, he had dropped the half-baiting manner which had marked the interview on his part. "I understand, and I'm sorry—sorry I can't accommodate you, and for another reason. Tom Kennedy's my nephew, my sister's kid, and I've got to see him through. I told him he could have a place on my staff, but he wanted to be a real soldier, he said. So he enlisted in the regular army. I do believe you've said I have to let the rest of it, but he's engaged to Miss Van Tyle. They're to be married in September."

The younger man rose and walked to the front of the tent before he replied. "Believe me, I do believe in your judgment, and I'll do my best to do it. I'll do my best to do it. I'll do my best to do it."

The girl smiled. "Well, you may be right. I'll do my best to do it. I'll do my best to do it. I'll do my best to do it."

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# Racing the Wildcat

By CLAUDE SISSON  
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That Keswick, after a college course, should return to Vandon and take a place as motorman on the Vandon and Arverre trolley line was a little more than a nine days' wonder in Vandon, where the Keswicks had lived for half a century.

Great promises had been made on Renon Keswick's behalf when he decided to take a portion of his father's insurance money and complete his college course, and it was confidently predicted that he would make a name for himself in the city beyond when his four years should be up. Instead he had quietly returned to his old home and had applied for and obtained a place as motorman on the new line just completed to Arverre.

Even Horace Custis had been somewhat surprised at Ren's request to be put on a car. "We could use you here in the office, Ren," he suggested as he swung around in his office chair.

"No, thank you," was Ren's quiet rejoinder. "I want to get something about trolleying before I sit in front of a roll top desk, and I guess the front platform of a car is as good a place as any from which to study."

So Custis had let him go, and that evening when Dorothy Custis remonstrated with her father for not seeing to it that he secured the best possible education for her son, he laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Dot," he said kindly, "for your sake as well as for the sake of poor Tom Keswick I would have been glad to put the boy to work in the office, but a college education was not spoiled him, and I had him the place for which he asked."

Dorothy blushing to find that her secret was known to her father, hid to her room, and after that the subject was dropped so far as the Custis household was concerned.

Ren was interested, however, and there were many who freely remarked that if Ren Keswick could not do better than a motorman's job after all that schooling it would have been better had he left himself in the city.

Meanwhile Ren stuck to the motorman's box, and in a short time he was regarded as the best operator on the road. He knew every curve and grade on the eighteen miles of track, and his car was never late, because no matter what the delay he knew how to favor the wheels of his horses.

Once when there had been a break at the power house which shut off the power from the line for twenty minutes he had raced the accommodation from the break crossing to the station and had beaten it by three minutes. It was an eight mile run from the crossing to the station by trolley, but the railroad took a curve to avoid crossing Arverre creek twice and had four miles farther to go.

Dorothy was a frequent passenger on the car, and it was natural that she should avail herself of her privilege as daughter of the president of the road to ride on the front seat with the motorman. If she happened to take the car on which Ren was the motorman it certainly had the appearance of an accident, and not even Vandon talked about it. It was surprising.

Those rides were precious times to Ren as he stood at the controller and nursed the heavy car over the tracks. Once when he had been late and was hurrying to make up his time she had looked up with glowing eyes.

"I'd just love to be with you some time when you are making a real fast run," she smiled, and he, smiling back into the eager eyes, had replied:

"If I ever have to make a real fast run I'll let you know."

She was talking of his promise as they sped toward the town one evening

the president of the railroad company speaking.

"We are going to put in several trolley lines," he was saying, "and we want just such a quick witted chap as yourself as general manager."

He looked at Dorothy, and Dorothy's eyes said "Yes." She had known all along that he was seeking practical experience for such a post as this, and they were to be married when he had won.

A Story of Carnegie the Boy.

"I once visited Dunfermline, Mr. Carnegie's birthplace," said a Chicago man. "They told me there a story about him that illustrated the tenacity and perseverance of his childhood, his bulldog determination to ride down every obstacle and reach the end."

"It seems that at the little Dunfermline school the master called Andrew up one day and asked him how many seven times nine was."

"The boy, unable to hit on the answer immediately, began to go over the entire table:

"Twice nine is eighteen, three nine is twenty-seven, four times nine is thirty-six, five

"But the master interrupted impatiently.

"No, no," he said. "Give me the answer straight off."

"After some thought the boy again: "Twice nine is eighteen, three nine is twenty-seven, four times nine is thirty-six, five

"No. Straight off," repeated the master.

"Hand yer gab, man," the boy cried passionately. "Ye've spoilt me twice, an' do ye want to spoil me a third time?"

A Literary Coincidence.

"My father, W. Clark Russell," said Herbert Russell in telling of a literary coincidence, "had finished maturing the plot of his novel, 'The Death Ship,' which is a version of the legend of Vandyke. I was his amanuensis at the time. He said to me, 'Tomorrow we will begin the story.' On the following morning when I entered his study to take his dictation of the opening lines he showed me a letter he had just received. It was from W. S. Gilbert, the well known dramatist, asking him why he did not write a novel about the Flying Dutchman."

Almost Human Intelligence.

Mrs. McBryde—John, I'm simply disgraced. While I was out this morning the cat got into the pantry and ate every single thing except a cake I had just baked. Mr. McBryde—What a wonderful thing animal instinct is, to be sure!—Cleveland Leader.

I have seldom known any one who deserted truth in trifles that could be trusted in matters of importance.—Paley.

Dressmakers will not "fit" with black pins, and regard it as unlucky to regard as of happy augury the drop of blood falling on a hat from a pricked finger.—London Notes and Queries.

The Hair Restorers.

Dollie—He promised to send back my lock of hair, but he never did it yet. Mollie—That's the way with these hair restorers—all promise and no performance.

To manage men one ought to have a sharp mind in a velvet sheath.—George Elliot.

Her Course Length.

George—You are not calling on Miss Rosebud any more, eh? Jack—No, I got disgusted. She has such a coarse laugh. George—I never noticed that. Jack—You would if you'd been when hearing when I proposed to her.—New York Weekly.

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In Effect Jan. 1, 1905.  
TRAINS LEAVE DANVILLE.  
EASTWARD.

7:00 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 3:58 a. m. and New York City at 5:30 p. m.

10:15 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.

12:11 weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 4:50 p. m.

7:30 p. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Espy, Plymouth, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 8:55 p. m., and connecting there with trains leaving New York City at 6:50 p. m., Philadelphia 10 a. m. and Buffalo 7 a. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DANVILLE.  
9:55 a. m. weekly from Scranton, Pittston, Kingston, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Danville at 6:35 a. m., where it connects with trains leaving New York City at 5:30 p. m., Philadelphia at 7:30 p. m., and Buffalo at 10:30 a. m.

12:41 p. m. daily from Scranton, Pittston, Kingston, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 10:10 a. m., and connecting there with trains leaving Buffalo at 2:55 a. m.

5:50 a. m. weekly from Scranton, Kingston, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 1:55 p. m., where it connects with trains leaving New York City at 10:00 a. m., and Philadelphia at 9:00 a. m., and connecting there with trains leaving New York City at 6:50 p. m., Philadelphia at 12:00 p. m., and Buffalo at 9:50 a. m.

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

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For Scranton only, 12:30 p. m. week days; for Philadelphia via Harrisburg, 4:31 p. m. week days; via Lewisport, 4:31 p. m. week days; via Lewisport, 4:31 p. m. week days; via Lewisport, 4:31 p. m. week days; via Lewisport, 4:31 p. m. week days; via Lewisport, 4:31 p. m. week days.

For Philadelphia via Harrisburg, Baltimore and Washington, 5:00 a. m., 12:10 and 7:51 p. m. week days; 4:31 and 7:51 p. m. week days; 4:31 p. m. week days.

For Harrisburg and intermediate stations, 9:00 a. m., 12:30, 4:31, and 7:51 p. m. week days; 4:31 p. m. week days.

For Baltimore, York and intermediate stations, 9:00 a. m., 12:30, 4:31, and 7:51 p. m. week days; 4:31 p. m. week days.

For Lewisburg via Harrisburg, 9:00 a. m., 12:10, 4:31, and 7:51 p. m. week days; 4:31 p. m. week days; via Lewisport, 4:31 p. m. week days; via Lewisport, 4:31 p. m. week days; via Lewisport, 4:31 p. m. week days; via Lewisport, 4:31 p. m. week days.

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For Lewisburg, 9:00 a. m., 12:10, 4:31, and 7:51 p. m. week days; 4:31 p. m. week days.

T. J. WOOD, Gen'l Manager, Pass. Traffic Mgr. G. W. ROYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.