By Frank B. Wells

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Bondell pulled heavily at his cigar the law. The policeman advanced a

step nearer, bellowing hoarsely: "I tell you to get a move on you! You've been obstructing travel on this

corner for a quarter of an hour. "See here!" the bundle of obstinacy waved the emblem of authority into silence. "I'm going to stand here till

I've finished this clgar. You might as well rest on that." The policeman made a move for the map's collar. "I'll give you an illus-

tration of the way this city keeps its streets navigable!" he roared. Bondell smiled grimly and stepped out of range of the policeman's muscular arm. Suddenly he became con-

"A young sprig asked my permission to marry my daughter just a few min-utes ago, and I've sent him around the

Well, if he gets back before I finish this cigar he can have the girl. If



"HOLD ON, SIR!" DEMANDED THE OFFICER. he falls to show up in time he doesn't

get her. That's the long and short of The policeman surveyed Bondell with

"Not much of anything. Just told him to go down and ask the Stillmans for quotations. They're gone today and the office is closed. It hadn't ought to take him long to find that out."

"Now, see here," exclaimed the blue-

enough for the most part." "He is, is he? Did you ever see him

"Of course I have. He is one of my

clerks. I'm a broker." "Oh," sighed the officer. "I supposed by your actions that he was some stranger you had picked up on the retary of the Smithsonian institution, You are more intelligent than the you were." speaking of earthquakes, said:
"The consideration of the unfamiliar I thought you were."

The officer wandered down to the next block ruminating. At the turn of the corner he met a young man dashing becattlessly along the walls. He

gled the youth.

"How do you know you are?" asked is about to be broken." the policeman mildly. "How do I-you blamed foel!"

There-none of that! I'll pull you in," threatened the officer. "I beg your pardon," the young man

"Because because why, there's a The man is an old crank, and I've kept him waiting half an hour already. He'll

"I don't believe a word of this stuff." solemnly declared the policeman. "You | brute speaks at such times, if never haven't got any important dispatches."
"I have!" The youth glared at the officer like a wild animal.

"Then let me see 'em," the policeman

med the other. "I told you you hadn't got any dis-(atches. You den't even see the parties you were ordered to see."

The young man began to turn pale. How in thunder did you find out all about my affairs?" he gasped.

"I just know. That's enough," asserted the officer grimly. "And I know another thing—you don't want to see that old chap up there on the corner." "But I do; I must," protested the outh, making an effort to tear away

from the officer's grasp. "No, you don't. He sent you down here on a fool errand. He knew that one of the Stillmans were in the city. You want to marry his daughter, and he wants you to marry her, but he's got it in his head that if you didn't get back by the time he had finished a cigar he wouldn't give his consent. He's got through with the cigar. Now,

of course, you don't want to see him." derment. "Heavens!" he exclaimed at length. "What am I going to do?"

to," replied the policeman.

'Does she want to marry you?"

'I-she-said she did." "All right. Do you know where she

"How long would it take you to have the matter straightened out, ceremony performed, and all that?"

The young man calculated rapidly "Two hours would be sufficient," he "Then get about !t quick. I'll tend to

The policeman turned and sauntered in studied abstraction of the limb of back to where Bondell was still stand-

"Have you seen your man yet?" the officer inquired.
"No!" the broker thundered. "He

won't get the girl, you can bank on "How was he dressed?" asked the

"Light brown suit, blue tie, black

"Then it was he. Great heavens!" "Was what? Tell me!" exclaimed

Bondell. "He was run over by an automobile a few minutes ago and taken to the

hospital." "My God! And I was to blame! Which hospital?" the broker asked frantically

"I'm sorry," replied the officer, "but I can't tell you. If you want to see him you'll have to make the circuit of Late that night Bondell returned to

his home after a fruitless search for the unfortunate lover. As he was mounting the steps a cab halted at the

and I have been married tonight, and you'll forgive your own little girl,

The broker staggered down the steps with arms outstretched. "God bless you both!" he exclaimed fervently.

TIPS AND TIPPING.

The Customary Exactions on Board

the Atlantic Liners. Do not take fright at what you may hear about excessive tips on steamers and in Europe. They are numerous, but need not be large. To scatter your money wildly in tips will mark you as a novice. All the servants will quickly spot you, pass the word around and fleece you. Tips vary, of course, in accordance with the grade of steamers, hotels and other accommodations. If you travel in a specially equipped floating palace you must expect to pay at least \$25 for steamer tips. On regular first class steamers, however, the following are customary and will be ample: Stateroom steward, \$2.50; stateroom stewardess, \$2.50; dining room steward, \$2.50. These are obligatory. On the cheaper first class steamers they may be reduced to \$1 each and be entirely dignified. It all depends on the boat. By talking with other passengers you can readily learn the tomary scale for your steamer. If you use the bathroom regularly, pay the bathroom steward \$1; if less frequently mute astonishment. "It occurs to me," this might be cut to 25 cents a bath. he said, "that you have a rather fickle If you read books from the library,

for getting tips from so many people against the Dover postoffice. that he fares better than inside stewards, who are restricted to a certain field, was in the habit of sending his man is any good he will hunt all over him. Give him what you think he has month or two. the Empire State before he will come earned in waiting on you, according to William was of an economical turn back to you without the information relative service with the other stew and did not want to pay a registry fee

You might as well go about your than \$5. Be reasonable in what you orted Bondell. "This is require of stewards, and if you should and so in time every one in and around ing him this for a test. He's good for it.-Myra Emmons in Good Housekeeping.

> EARTH'S LATENT POWER. All Solid Substance May Vanish In a Moment of Time.

The late Professor S. P. Langley, se-

"Now clear out!" blustered the bro- powers certainly latent in nature, such ker. "Give me any more of your im- as belong to a little tremor of the planpudence and I'll report you."

"You will, eh? Not till you've got that scene I have described," referring through with that eigar, I presume. to phenomena he had witnessed when By the way, you am t pumn' as fast as the comparatively insignificant effect ing breathlessly along the walk. He promptly laid a heavy hand on the aces, the solemn temples, and we with "Hold on, sir!" demanded the officer. them, may indeed some day inconceivably vanish as the airy nothing at the "Nothing—nothing. Don't detain me. touch of Prospero's wand, and without I'm going in an awful hurry!" strug the warning to us of a single instant that the security of our ordinary lives

"We concede this, however, in the present case only as an abstract possiknowledge is much more likely to show that the kernel of the comet is but the pleaded, "but you don't understand higness of some large meteorite against how important it is for me to lose no which our air is an efficient shield, and the chance of evil is most remote-in any case only such as may come in man waiting for me up at the next | not alone from the earthquake, but any hour of our lives from any quarter corner. I have an important dispatch. from the pestilence that walketh in darkness from the infinitely little be-

infinite powers of the universe without. "Something common to man and the before or again; something which is not altogether physical apprehension, but shock of an earthquake is felt for the first time, and we know that startling doubt superior to reason whether the valid frame of earth is real, and not baseless as the fabric of a vision."

A Startling Motto.

A traveling salesman died very suddenly in Pittsburg. His relatives telegraphed the undertaker to make & eath; the ribbon should be extra wide, with the inscription, "Rest in peace," on both sides, and if there is room, "We shall meet in heaven." The undertaker was out of town and his new assistant handled the job. It was a startling floral piece which turned up at the funeral. The ribbon was extra wide and bore the inscription, "Rest in peace on both sides, and if there is room we shall meet in heaven."

There are ten things for which no one has ever yet been sorry. These one has ever yet been sorry. These are: For doing good to all; for speaking begins to marry this of course, you don't want to see him."

The youth stood wrapped in bewilding the exclaimed at length. "What am I going to do?"

"Well, I'll tell you if you want me too," replied the policeman.

"Then tell me."

"Do you really want to marry this gir!?"

The seems one has ever yet been sorry. These are: For doing good to all; for speaking performent for hearing before speaking: for thinking before speaking: for holding an angry tongue; for being patient toward everybody; for stopping the ears to a talebearer; for disbelleving finost of the ill reports.

The stilt wearers carry a fifteen foot some one clse would have to arrest Mary Williams. It was the hardest blow of his life. Ite had been thinking of her for a month past as his wife. It seemed impossible that she could be guilty, and yet the inspector sent on to take his place must arrest her on her own showing. The man was feeling more sore at heart than ever before in more sore at heart than ever before in the staff and sit down on to take himmediate effect. Some one clse would have to arrest Mary Williams. It was the hardest blow of his life. Ite had been thinking of her for a month past as his wife. It seemed impossible that she could be guilty, and yet the inspector sent on to take himmediate effect. Some one clse would have to arrest Mary Williams. It was the hardest blow of his life. Ite had been thinking of her for a month past as his wife. It seemed impossible that she could be guilty, and yet the inspector sent on to take himmediate effect. Some one clse would have to arrest Mary Williams. It was the hardest hards with a round, flat top like a dinmer plate. When it is lum time or when they are tired they plant upright to take himmediate effect. Some one clse would have to arrest hards with a round, flat top like a dinmer plate. When it is lum time or when they are tired they plant upright to take himmediate effect. Some one clse would have to arrest hards w

The Inspector's Romance

By CLAUDE PAMARES Copyright, 1906, by M. M. Cunningham

Once every two months—now a day or two earlier, and now a day or two ater—Inspector Cranforth had entered different postoffices on his route nd checked up and straightened out affairs. There were postmasters who and seen him grow old and gray since no department of the public service is postal. The cash must balance to a

e pursued with relentless energy. regarded as a flint hearted man, It was | trunk?" asked the inspector. nderstood that he was an old bachelor and had never known what love was. faced way and said: He accepted no excuses from postmasaveling. At fifty years of age he had Read the letter." got to be part of the route, and no one varm as any man's, and one reasond perhaps the main one-why he had ther and a crippled sister. His salcould do no more. One day a windcame in the shape of a legacy, and he inspector had dreams of matriay and a fireside all his own, no one fore?" asked the inspector of the gir

Those who looked upon the man as thint hearted did not know the ins and | replied outs of the case at the Dover postoffice. An old soldier had been postmaster there for years. When he died his widow took his place. When she died her daughter Mary, who had known the inspector since her baby-hood, was left motherless, fatherless and almost penniless. It was the inspector who paid a part of the undertaker's bill; it was the inspector who had Uncle Billy Smith appointed; It was the inspector who got Mary Williams a clerkship that practically made her postmistress and financially inde-

Even the girl did not know the extent of his kindness. When he found himself asking why he did it he found himself replying that in two or three is likely to die an old mald. years more he hoped to be in a position to marry. At present his feelings toward the girl were merely paternal. What they might be in the future he Two Edged Swords Capable of Miswouldn't discuss with himself.

It was said that Inspector Cranforth took more time for inspection at the Dover postoffice than anywhere else. daughter of the village innkeeper. It grasp of human destiny. What kind of give the steward a tip varying from give the steward a tip varying from \$1 down to 25 cents, according to grade rivals, and the innkeeper's daughter at least came to believe it and to feel bitof steamer and frequency of his service | least came to believe it and to feel bitterly toward the girl in the postoffice. The deck steward's gratuity is a The situation of affairs was just right variable quantity; he has opportunity when there came an official complaint

William Penfield, son of Deacon Pen-

smart trick to get ahead of Uncle Sam. A money letter was missing. Old Mr. agent.

Penfield haunted the postoffice for a week and then wrote to William. William made affidavit that he wrote and Sam to send out a tracer and for one of his inspectors to follow it up. Inspector Cranforth took his time about

the Dover postoffice.

By that time there was great ado in the town. Old Mr. Penfield hadn't hesitated to express his opinions that 'some one" right in the home postoffice had cribbed his letter and abstracted the money, and of course he referred

to Mary. She claimed to be innocent, but there to carry his investigation further there was great excitement. To the intense tion grocery and postoffice. A person simply a document folded double. could have sneaked into the postoffice | Chicago News. part from the grocery, but he would have had to look over all the general delivery mail to get the Penfield letter

He would have also had to hit the exact date of its arrival Every incident of the day was recalled, but suspicion could not be directed against anybody. The letter had arrived, but what had become of it stilts after breakfast and do not re was a puzzle. Two hours' talk was leaving the investigation just where it had begun, when the outsiders demanded that the girl's trunk at her boarding place be searched. She went pale in an instant, and as the inspector noticed it a suspicion lodged in his heart. When asked if she were willing she hesitated gle is inserted, and from the shingle fustice, who was her friend, looked at like that used on the American sugar er with pity in his face. The inspector

hen his mind was made up.

"I-I"-she stammered. "Have you or have you not?" "Yes, but-but"

"Then you took the letter?"
"Oh, I couldn't have done it—I never did it!" she wailed.

"Then where did the bill come from?" "I can't tell you. Please don't ask me up in the trees. "Tean't tell you."

aything more. I didn't take the Pencid letter, but I—I can't tell you."

"Peor girl." sighed the justice as he and the herdsman unless he continual and the herdsman unless he continual. eld letter, but I-I can't tell you!"

his life when he heard two female voices in the next room. There was a vacant stovepipe hole just above his head that let every word float through The women were the innkeeper's wife and his daughter, and he heard the

"Tille, where did you get that ten-dollar bill changed?"
"At the butcher's," was the reply.

"And what did you do with the let "Burned it up. Don't you go to fretting over things. They say that Mary will lose her place, but nothing else forth in the parlor tonight and sing and play for him.

at the butcher's, asking questions. He went from there to the postoffice for a his appointment. They had always found him a pleasant spoken and a just few minutes' talk with the accused nan, but all stood in awe of him. In girl. When he had asked a question or two she remembered that on a cer-Uncle Sam more particular than in the tain date when she had half a dozen letters in her hand she had been called into the grocery part in a hurry and cent with the postmasters, and any man or woman who attempts to play had left the letters on the counter for with Rosalie. He wished now that he

> She handed him the key in a shame "I don't want you to, but if you must

The justice was taken along. The w him for just what he was. Out letter and money were found, and both side of his officialism he had a heart as read the letter and replaced it and went out of the room almost on tiptoe. The inspector had never heard that ot married was the fact that he had Mary even had a beau. The letter ways maintained a home for a proved that she was engaged to a young man in a neighboring town, and he had sent her the money to save up with more against their wedding. "Why didn't you tell me this be-

"I-I didn't want to hurt you," she

"Hurt me how?"

"I knew you were falling in love with me, and you are so old, you know, and I'd have to say no, you see "I understand," he finished, with a tore up his resignation and sat down and figured it all out and said to him what's the matter with me? Am I too

who has a romance is an old fool!" Penfield and the government, but it is whispered around that it cost the for mer a thousand dollars and that Tillie

chief as Well as Benefit. There is perhaps no class of remedial agents more abused than tonics. The abuse consists both in the excessive Some of the village gossips said it was use and the misapplication of this class because of Mary Williams, who regard of agents, which within a restricted ed him as a friend and was always field possess an indisputable and imglad to see him come, and others said portant therapeutic value. The misuse he had his eye on Tillie Langton, the of tonics is doubtless the outgrowth of a misconception of the real nature of to lose sight of the fact that tonics are, as has been said of drugs in general, two edged swords which are as capable of mischief as of benefit. Indeed, when the true nature of tonics—as is true, in fact, of most medicinal agents—is thoroughly understood, it is apparent that even in cases in which they accomplish "that ain't fair! If that young number; hence do not be uneasy about old father money from Iowa every the maximum of benefit there is also a certain amount of injury inflicted upon the organism, so that the effect obtained is really and simply the differyou wanted. You will have time to grow baldheaded smoking cigars before you set your optics on him again. That's my opinion."

That's my opinion."

The service with the other stew and the other stew ards. A dollar is the maximum expected or the premium exacted for a money or the premium exacted s principle holds good with regard my affair, not yours. I like to see a roung man not promptly, and I'm givline of their regular duties, pay them

The popular idea of a tonic is well expressed in the following definition, which we find in the National Medical Dictionary: "An agent which augments inclosed a ten dollar bill on a certain date. It was the business of Uncle and vital and permanently the strength and vital an and vital activity of the body or its parts." A stimulant is defined by the same authority as being "an agent which increases the functional activity it, but he finally traced the letter into of any organ or series of organs." The distinction made seems to be that a stimulant produces temporary excitement, whereas a tonic produces a permanent increase of strength and vital activity.-Good Health.

That "policy" which a man gets from an insurance company is no relwere those who held to the contrary, and when Inspector Cranforth arrived the statesmen use. The latter is a the statesmen use. The latter is a lineal descendant, along with "polity" and "police," of the Greek "polis," investigation was held within closed city. But the former is the late Latin loors—that is, Mary was questioned "politicum," "poleticum" or "poleatipeace. She was nervous and excited enrolled, which is believed to be realand shaken. She admitted her belief by the Greek "polyptychum," a docuthat such a letter had arrived at about ment folded into many leaves. If so, such a date, but what had become of the development of the word may be It, if not delivered, she could not say.

The establishment was a combina

The establishment was a combina

LIVING ON STILTS.

A Strange Sight In the French Turpentine Growing Country. People live on sixteen foot stilts the remarkable turpentine growing country of France. They don these move them again till it is time for bed There are two reasons for the wear ing of stilts in the turpentine country One is the turpentine gathering. The other is the herding of the great flocks The turpentine comes from the mark time pine. This tree is tapped, a shin and finally declined. Even the good old hung a tiny bucket into which the tur pentine drips. The tapping process

ared into vacancy a moment, and Young pine trees are tapped low, but with each year's passage the incision is "Mary, have you a ten-dollar bill in made higher, so that it is not long before most of the trees are tapped twen ty or thirty feet from the ground. Hence the huge stilts of the work men. On these stilts they traverse the flat country, covering five or six yards with each stride, and quickly and easi-

ly they collect the turpentine that over-flows the little buckets hanging high walked across to the hotel with the in- | ly climbed a tree would be unable to spector.

"I've got a duty to do," was the reply:
When the inspector had reachel his
room he sat down and wrote out his
resignation, to take immediate effect.
Some one else would have to arrest

TAKEN AT HER WORD

By JOANNA SINGLE

Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells

______ John Mason did not slam the gate imply because he knew that this maniestation of rage would surely delight Rosalie. She was watching his departure from the window, and he was angrily conscious that she knew he would, as usual, return in a few days, although she had said she hoped she would be rid of him for awhile. She

was so young and so beautiful-and so At the entrance to the little park, already growing green in the April sun, he met her sister. He did not know Anne very well-he had been too busy tricks with his letters are certain to a moment beside the innkeeper's had made friends with her; her blue eves were so like and still so unlike Inspector Cranforth was generally "And now about searching your Rosalle's. Anne stepped in front of him and stopped him unceremoniously "Been trampled upon again!" she ob served. "John Mason, for so clever i man generally you're sometimes an ters and indulged in no flirtations while then you will find the bill in a letter awful - fool!" She submitted this thoughfully, in a voice too gentle to be

> "Then you and Rosalie are agreed, and I suppose you are expert testi mony. May I turn and walk with

> She nodded and then asked a matter of fact question. "How many times has she refused you?"

"I had not thought to keep count. Rosalie just now informed me that this was the last time. I didn't know I had been the same sort of a-fool so often. But don't you think she ought to give me credit for my persistence? Not ev ery man proposes so many times-to the same girl."

Anne laughed dryly as he continued: "I would have given up long ago if I were not unexplainably sure that she does care for me. In fact, she never sigh, and, going into his own room, he has said directly that she does not. She rich? I can give away the stuff if she "The girl is right. The man of fifty likes. Am I too successful? I might hob has a romance is an old fool." He was not entertained in the int as ugly as Satan? Perhaps she would rlor that evening. He never stops like a Beauty and the Beast effect! there now. The thing was somehow What does she want? I've said and fixed up between the landlord and old done everything under heaven, and she walks on me-she trails me!"

"Precisely! That's why I called you -what I did. A girl likes to trail a man, but hates the man that will be trailed. Not logical, is it? To use her own words, you are always around underfoot. You give her no time to want you or miss you or think about She's too sure of you. She knows just where you'll be. You never let her want anything bad enough to appreciate it, when it comes. She has always had her own way. She needs to be a bit afraid of you. She needs to be

He frowned. "I am not a brute. That "No? Well, what has your way ac-

complished? He tried to laugh. "Oh, I'll take your advice. I'll do anything you say. It can't be worse than it is now." "Well, I hate the responsibility. If you get her you'll fight; if you don't, you'll both be miserable anyhow. You must get her- and then work out your own salvation. In the first place, you note and accept your dismissal. Tell her you begin to see that she is right and that you wish to be friendly with times—on the father or on me. Don't stay away. Absences of that sort are

ed by her presenc know how the sight of her" "You've got to do it! And you must ake another girl out occasionally. Being naturall, modest, I dislike to suggest that you send me flowers some s and come for a walk with me.

nimself bodily to any one, but espeially to her sister." When they had planned their camshe had him laughing. Rosalie saw them and shrugged her shoulders While renoving her hat in the hall

Anne remarked to her sister: "Well, dear, John tells me that you have dismissed him for good. You know I never would have interfered if you had wanted him, but I am glad you do not. Now you may find time for your music. Your talent is too marked to be neglected. It will be a relief for you to have him out of the way awhile. You're too young to leave father and me, and, after all, I think you're right about his not being the

right man for you." Rosalie shrugged her shoulders. The next day Rosalie, without com-

ment, handed Anne this note: Dear Miss Carleton—I want to thank you for your frankness of yesterday, and I assure you that I shall not annoy you again as I have in the past. Can you for-give me for having troubled you so much and so long? You are probably right in

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py, as I hoped to be able to do. May I hope to continue my present friendly relations with you and the rest of the family? If I may, I will not again trespass on your kindness. It will be, as you said, the last time you shall have the pain of refusing. Yours sincerely,

JOHN MASON.

Thope you want to the new."

After the little minutes had cunningly slipped away and it was time that be should leave her, Rosalie exclaimed in dismay:

"Oh, Anne's book! She will be waiting for it."

"Well, I like a man to know when he's had enough," remarked Anne. Again Rosalie shrugged her shoulders

and made a wry little face. For a week Rosalie was blithe and busy with her music. The second week Anne observed that the gayety was a bit forced and that during the third she moped a little. John had somehow kept the other men of her set away

from her, and flowers and drives and theaters were less frequent. She had no time to miss him.

In the fourth week he called-while e was out. Of course she could not that Anne had phoned him to ome. He was leaving just as Rosalle ntered and shook hands with her cor-He did not look broken heartd, and he seemed to be on very good erms with Anne, to whom next morng he sent some violets. Rosalie saw m out walking with Mary Dye. Then e took Anne driving. She began to alize that Anne was very pretty if s a year or two older than John. Rosalie's irritation reached its climax ne morning at the breakfast table then her younger brother Ted remarkl in a teasing drawl:

"John seems to be taking his medine like a man, Rosy! He's all right, and I am glad Anne seems inclined to eep him in the family. He probably ppreciates being treated like a human eing after the way you always walkd on him. The fellows say he's the est young lawyer in town. But I should think you'd hate to have him ake his punishment so cheerfully,

By this time Rosalie had reached the mit of endurance. She sprang up and, before any one could interfere, to be able to appreciate and love the and boxed Ted's ears soundly and fled to her room. No one made comment on the scene save that Mr. Carleton musedly met the laughter in Anne's ves and told Ted that he would have no more of his teasing. Rosalle's capricious treatment of John had long been disapproved of by her family, and, while they were all sorry for her, they thought it time she should come

Time had been slow and torturing to John. He wanted to tell Rosalie that he loved her and her only. He wanted to send her flowers, to give her every desire of her heart, and he found it a misery to see her or not to see her. Meantime he was very attentive to Anne, who was becoming vastly bored Solicitor—That's enough. If he has surwith his raptures and sorrows and was longing for him to win his Rosalie and let her go back to her old peaceful

ways. At last one night Anne waked and heard Rosalie sobbing to herself. In Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. the morning she pleaded headache and stayed in her room till nearly evening. Anne had a long conference by tele-phone with John and took pains to have her father and Ted spend the evening elsewhere.

After dinner she went to Rosalie's room and pleaded being tired. She paxed Rosalie to arrange her pretty pair and don a pretty gown so she could go down if any one should come. While Rosalie was sulkily doing as her sister wished, Anne heard the bell and slipped down to answer it. She came back saying it was some one for her father and asked Rosalie if she would mind going to the library and bringing the book she had left on the table.

Rosalie, in her trailing blue dress, went downstairs and through the hall into the library. She had half crossed the room before she saw John sitting in a great chair in the dim firelight. She wanted to flee from him, but something the wanted to flee from him, but something the stations, leaving Scranton at 10.30 a.m. Review, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 10.10 a.m. Review, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 10.10 a.m. Rosalie, in her trailing blue dress, her and the tamily. Then call somethe room before she saw John sitting flattering; you must be quite unaffect- how her feet would not move, nor did she find a word to say. Then to her "You know that is impossible. You dismay she knew that a slow tear was falling down her cheek. John came quickly toward her. It seemed very comfortable to be leaning against him. After awhile he held her off and looked at her. She tried to smile.

That will bring things home to her. A be? You know you said you hoped you girl hates to have an admirer transfer would never have to relate me again.

The Home Paper

Of course you read

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deciding that I could not make you hap-y, as I hoped to be able to do. May I suppose you—take me."

ing for it.'

"I hardly think so," John asserted dryly. "Your sister Anne is wise. She knew better than to expect you in a moment when she sent you down to "Sent me to you!" Rosalie echoed.

"Yes, my lady! Do you imagine you sister has been trailing me about for her pleasure? She is more glad to be rid of me than-ever you were!" "Then-it-was not-Anne-ever?" John laughed and bade her good

"If you were not perfectly sure that it was 'not-Anne-ever,' you would never, never have asked me!" which both of them knew to be true. And Anne went to bed and slept the sleep of one who has successfully per ormed an arduous duty.

Why do we grieve at separations? hearts, and the fading away of lost joys fill us with bitterness?

"Be not the slave of words," says

Carlyle. "Is not the distant, the dead

while I love it and long for it and mourn for it, here in the genuine sense as truly as the floor I stand on?" And are not all good experiences thus therefore regret or mourn any past joy any lost friend? Nothing is lost or gone from us that we have the spirit and capacity to appropriate and make our own forever. It is not the touch of body that makes presence. Have we not all known times when presence in the flesh brought no nearness, and again when the absent one seemed unspeakably near in spirit? So not to be within the actual physical sense, but spirit of another, is the true association

need never die, nor need we ever be parted from them. Further, in order to realize them ruly we need to be separated from them in the flesh at times. Else we shall grow to think them all body and forget that diviner, intangible, namable essence-the living spirit, the real self .- Exchange.

and communion. Hence our friends

Conclusive. Insurance Solicitor - Well, doctor, have you examined this new claimant? Doctor-No. I haven't thought it nec essary. You see, I've been treating him for the last seven years. Insurance vived that he must be a person of won Arous vitality.

Lacka wanna railroad -BLOOMSBURG DIVISION 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 Buffaio.

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, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Scranton at 8.25 p. m. and connecting there with trains arriving at New York City at 6.50 a. m., Philadelpia 10 a. m. and Buffaio 7 a. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DANVILLE

9.15 a. m. weekly from Scranton, Pittston, Wilkes-Bloomsburg and intermediate is a EASTWARD.

and connecting that all all 2.5 a. m. 4.33 p. m. weekly om 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. fter awhile he held her off and looked t her. She tried to smile. "Well." he questioned, "how shall it "Well." he questioned, "how shall it p. m. and Buffolo at 9,30 a, m. T. E. CLARKE, Gen'l Sup't.

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