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girl child Jessica-you might 'a' known | in a way, bound to make it. She had she'd grow up so prim and high headed and hateful no man in his senses 'd ever want to marry her, and, land she was blessing him silently that he knows, women that don't marry have a had not asked anything; had listened hard time," Grandma Cole said to her only to what she cared to tell and son's meek widow.

Mrs. Cole answered a little tremulously. "But, mother, they do want to come to me, Jessy. Of course I'll take marry her. Jessy might 'a' had four proposals last year, if only she'd 'a' gone and let the men speak out."

"And who were the men, I'd like to swelling visibly. "Widderwers with smiled. nine children, or else one foot in the grave, or cranky old bachelors, or may-be even preachers. Besides, how can on the bench under the big elm and went away whistling, to reappear, all you know even a preacher wants to in a whiffet, driving a spanking pair, marry you unless he ups and says so? which drew a double seated vehicle I never did hold with this way of spick and span. makin' out every man that went to a house or even rode past it had a notion

bore controverting very ill indeed, and and, the hand luggage properly bedesperate one. Therefore she burst let me turn my head for any consider-"Well! Three of the men-and able time." they weren't widowers nor preachers, Jessy began to feel desperately lone but real good chances-asked me to ly-she could not even divert herself the other one"-

"The other one was Jimmy Wakefield. and asked Jessy like a man," Mrs. Lem said, not meekly, but with such red

as young as her daughter. "Get out of here, you!" Grandma panted. "Jimmy Wakefield, indeed! Why he's never had a notion to anybody but Ann 'Liza. And she's goin' to take him, too, when she gets good and Don't you dare talk of him wantin' that stick of a Jessy. If I thought there was any truth in what ou've said I'd send you straight out of

"Then we'll go without waiting to be sent," Jessy burst out from the doorway. She had been standing just outside, feeling somehow that her dear patient mother might need her help and countenance. "I don't like to tell, to say such things," she went on, "but mammy told the truth, nothing but the insulted. Unless you ask her pardon

we'll go away."
"Where? To the county poorhouse? I don't know any other chance for ye," Grandma said, white faced, her eyes flashing.

She was an imperious old lady, nobly partial to her namesake and favorite lashed lids to veil a rush of happy grandchild, Ann Eliza Wicks, partly because Ann Eliza was pretty and taking and impertinent, partly also because she had money enough of her own to be entirely independent. Grandfather Cole had left everything

accept the shelter Grandma had grudg- vid man's son, to explain these seeming ingly offered.

"Teach school! You know I won't sy's plan. "No, missy, I'll marry you and occasionally forgot and rang too thing when I die, of course. But I and wandered home to his spaghetti. ain't going to see my husband's money His appetite also accounted for occawasted as long as I can help it, even If I had any to spare, which I haven't.

Suppose Archangelo's mother was late
in the cooking of the midday meal, It costs such a lot to do things. Why, just even half livin' nearly bankrupts me. Ann 'Liza has to have things. She's got a delicate appetite, and so notionate. She can afford to be, because she can keep on havin' what she wants when she comes to spendin' her own money. You've got no money to spend, so you'd better learn economy

but her mother's timorous fears had the all powerful deity, and to it all prevailed on her to stay. Jessy was supplications are addressed. On going not strictly pretty. Her eyes were too serious, her lips too severe. She had a good chin, fine and clean cut, and a sun is asked to look with favor. That lovely neck below it. Her hair was they believe in a future world is provflaxen, her eyes a water blue.

She likewise thought Jessica hardly

Jessy, tell the boy to bring round the man.-E. S. Curtis in Scribner's. buggy. I want you and Ann 'Liza to

drive over to the store for me." "I'm sorry, but I can't go," Jessy said, holding tight to her mother's hand. "I shall be busy-packing up

"Oh, she tup! Stop your foolish talk!" commanded fretfully.

oth her hands full of dewy roses. Here! Take these and fix the parlor

cases," she commanded Jessica.

Jessica shook her head and turned toward the door. Grandma had weakeael sensibly; she was on the point of bling out an apology. But as Ann Elea cried pettishly, "I wish you'd loss at that; I told you what would come of setting beggars on norseback: ner anger named up no

catching Jessica by the shoulders and trying to shake her. "You say you want to work for a livin': prove it by burning as it thickens."

want to work for a livin': prove it by burning as it thickens.

want to work for a livin': prove it by burning as it thickens.

Jessica set her teeth hard, broke from the quavery hold and rushed away. At the steps she stopped, smiled bitterly and shook the dust from her feet. Over her shoulder she called clearly, "Mother, meet me at the big gate in an hour; by then I shall

know exactly what we can do.' Wakefield yard facing Jimmy, with

her. She had so dreaded to tell what must be told—to ask the help that was imperative. It was not much, only to carry her mother and their scant belongings to the poorhouse. Any shelter would be better than the Cole roof. There was nobody else she could ask. Jimmy was the only friend within walking distance-moreover, the single person to whom she could bring her-"I don't see why you would name a self to make such appeal. She was, promised, when she denied him that dearer promise, to call on him if she found herself in need of him. Now said afterward, with a little soothing touch on her hand: "You did right to

you anywhere you may want to go." "You, you must only send us. Black Billy can take us in the wagon. Grandma will be so angry if she knows you helped us escape," Jessica had know?" Grandma puffed, her throat answered, but at that Jimmy only

Very shortly he made her sit down

"I think we'd better make the trip a quick one," was all he said in answer to Jessy's expostulation.

Almost before she knew it she was She paused in breathless triumph. If sitting beside him, bowling along the Mrs. Lem Cole had been wise she turnpike at the team's best pace. As would have held her peace. Grandma | quickly her mother was gathered up, to prove her in the wrong was to risk stowed, Jimmy amazed Jessy by bldeverything. Mrs. Lem knew that very ding her sit behind, adding, "I want to well, but a goaded woman is often a talk to mammy-and these horses don't

ask Jessy if she'd listen to 'em. And by watching the dazzle of the flying spokes as the wheels spun round. There wasn't any other one. Marta, Jimmy was driving very fast, and believe one word you're keeping to the turnpike. It must be he sayin'," Grandma broke out furiously. meant to take them through town-"Four proposals indeed! Why, Ann that, no doubt, accounted for his choice Liza didn't have but three in the whole of a rig. She knew he hated a shabby of last year and the beaus around her outfit-especially upon Saturdays and all the time like bees around a honey | court days. It might be he had business that could not wait-but somehow she felt that he was unkind to And he wouldn't be stopped. Just up think of anything but her extremity. Then she sank into a sort of daze, wondering dully how it would seem to find spots in her cheeks she looked almost herself a pauper, duly committed. She had not thought of that before-of course there were legal forms before they could claim the last refuge of the destitute, and would not the authori-

answer for their near kin. No doubt that was what Jimmy was speaking about-he was talking low and eagerly to mamma. Yes, he was turning the horses toward the courthouse square. In a wink they drew up there, and Jimmy, springing down, held out his arms to her. "You know there are-arrangements-will you trust me to make them?" he asked very low. Jessica could only bow her head; speech was beyond her. Jimmy looked truth. And she shan't stay here to be at her, his eyes tender, yet mischlevous. "I want to commit you for life to a poorhouse of which I am keeper," he whispered. "Mamma is willing. What

do you say?" "Nothing." Jessica said, but as she said it she laid her hand in Jimmy's strong clasp, and dropped her long

A Clock Run by Man Power.

He was a fine old man who had been to South America, but who was devoting his old age to acting as the to his wife. She held on to it with a works of the clock in the piazza in grip of iron. All her five children had Capri. It was he who rang those many, pered except luckless Lemuel. He many bells we heard and puzzled over. had left wife and daughter little except | Some forty rapid, high pitched bells at

Adelaide had asked Archangelo, the irregularities and had learned that the bells were only intended to approxihave that," grandma had said to Jes- mate the hour; that his father was old off in a year. Then you can take your little or too much; also that be was mother home with you. Remember | but a man and that hunger sometimes beggars mustn't be choosers. You came gnawing at his vitals at, say, ain't quite a beggar. You'll get some- 11:45, whereupon he rang for 12 o'clock sional delays in the bell for 1 o'clock. could his father return to the plazza without his luncheon? And what does a quarter of an hour matter after all? In Capri it is truly dolce far niente-Scribner's.

The Apaches Are Sun Worshipers. The Apaches, like many other North American tribes, are sun worshipers Jessy had been for going away then, Their myths tell them that the sun is ed by their custom of killing horses Ann Eliza had black eyes and hair and burying them, as well as their and very high color. Grandma thought clothing and implements of the chase, her the prettiest creature in the world. for life in the future world. Not only the medicine men but the people claim passable. But now as she faced her to hold communion with the Chindi, or grandchild she saw a Jessica new and spirits of their ancestors. They are strange, one whose cheeks were dam- also great believers in omens, tallsmans and amulets, but are very con-the change startled her. She turned servative, and it is with difficulty that half about, saying in a grumbling one gets them to discuss things super-voice: "Maria, you oughtn't to pro-natural. They will not talk about God roke me so. Go out in the garden. among their own people with familiar-I'm comin' pretty shortly. And you, ity and scarcely at all with the white

## CHIRSCHMUS.

A Swiss Dainty That Is Made of Pre-

served Cherries. Last summer ... Last summer chirschmus twenty years old. It tasted like a concentration of all the richness and sweetness of the most perfect Aan Eilia came in from the garden, plish black mass. Age had not impaircherries. In appearance it was a pured it in the least.

Upon inquiry I learned how this cherry concoction, with its wonderful preserving quality, is made. The cherries used must be perfect-very large, ripe, julcy black ones and, above all, very sweet.

which is placed a piece of smoked "You do as you're told," she cried. pork fastened to a block of wood. The wood serves as a weight to keep the

The cherry juice is boiled for about It made her almost sick to touch hands twenty-four hours without sugar, but stirred from time to time until it nes a mass of sweetness so firm and thick that it would not fall if the fall or so. He meant to get even with sider a proposal of marriage. He intikettle were inverted.

That is all, a simple process, but the result is delicious. This chirschmus is

## Q.O.O.O.O.O.O.O.O.O.O.O.O.O AN EPIDEMIC

Martha McCulloch-Williams Copyright, 1906, by C. H. Sutcliffe

0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0 "I have my opinion," Mrs. March

said impressively, "of folks that don't know no more'n to give a candy pull. step. I've brought you up genteel and come to pull candy." genteel you've got to stay while you gtay with me and your pa." "H'mp! That's likely to be always, the didoes you cut up," her spinster

sister-in-law, Miss Mary-Bet, sniffed. Patience knows, if I had a girl like Louiza, comin' on twenty-one, and four nore a-crowdin' her, I'd be glad and thankful of any chance to show her off. And I'd like to have you tell me what there is against a candy pull? Dear knows, I've seen better'n you at 'en and havin' a mighty good time." Miss Mary-Bet had "means;" hence

her outspeaking. Squire March had charged his wife never to argue with her. Therefore that lady contented erself with a mild retort. "I can't say as it's real sinful, unless they mean to have playin' after-

ward. And I hope you don't think I old with them kissin' games.

y let Louiza go, and Mary-Bet and My! That would be a team of

wn the corners of her mouth. Miss Mary-Bet got up decisively. There's goin' to be four Marches,' she announced. "I'm goin' myself. I know the Peterses would 'a' asked me while. And I'm goin' to take my nieces and buy 'em a new frock and rib-

Mrs. March gasped; she was past speech. Miss Mary-Bet was commonly so close with her money her present miracle. But if she repented it she me." held fast to her word and trotted off a est possible feather.

Louiza was gorgeous in a plaid frock —green, blue and purple; Mary-Bet junior sported a scarlet delaine, and



thing higher than usual.

made up her mind to marry off her value of individuality." nieces out of hand in spite of their

Louiza was not much of a problem She was so kindly and sweet spirited, withal so much a born economist, at least three personable widowers were thought to be on tenterhooks about her, each waiting the lucky chance that would let him speak his wish. All of them would be at the candy pull,

and each should have his chance. "Miss Mary-Bet had cautioned Louany man have it to throw up to you that you couldn't get anybody else," she had said. "You jest listen to all of 'em and say you gotter have time to make up your mind. Then you can take your pick. Shucks, don't tell me you won't get it! You'd 'a' been married long ago if your ma'd had the sense of a goose. She's kept you tied right to her apron string and never let anybody name courtin' that she wasn't right there to stop the whole thing."

Mary-Bet junior was a handful even without the red frock. Her godmother like it. was none too fond of her-they were too nearly off the same piece. The shown symptoms of wavering whenever he found himself in Mary-Bet

hours. That was five years back, so those of half a century ago. he had been wonderfully constant. It was only this last year that he had

been seen anywhere but at church. Sally's blue eyes were still those of child-at least to the casual glance. Looking to their depths, there was something more. Sally had light, small reet and moved like thistledown summer airs. When the playing shone in the candy pulling; it was with him in the folding of their candy skein. After the first time she had let go the candy, thereby giving Sandy a her in the playing by choosing her out | mates that she is hopeful that some

not once, but many times. result is deficious. This chireschinus is not once, but many times.

Possibly Sally suspected as much.

Ten minutes later she stood in the wasse anke" (sweet butter) and bread.

London Ladles' World.

Possibly Sally suspected as much.

Certainly she fought shy of any ring where he stood up. Since he was a discovered it wasn't possible for anything better to turn up.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ne singer and a ready leader, that cu

her out of many things, but she did not very much mind. Silas Venn, the oldest and staidest of the widowers, somebow took her under his protection some. Miss Mary-Bet chuckled to see

"Thinks he's same as in the family and bein' good to little Sis," she said to herself, adding after a breath, "but, unless I miss my guess, he's goin' to get the sack. Louiza looks like she plum' wropped up in John Trotter; he's been tellin' her all about the cir-You don't go to it, Louiza; not one cuses he's went to ever since the call

> Evidently John was much flattered. He talked on and on through "Swing Old Liza," through "Mister Bluster, through "Oats, Peas, Beans and Barey" and to the beginnings of "Snap." "Snap" forbids conversation, albeit it is destitute of singing. Louiza was

beautiful runner, a swift and sure

catcher. What need to add that she was ruthlessly snapped on to the floor almost as soon as ever she sat down? Sandy Roberts, in especial, got her out whenever he could, and since he was the life of the game that was very often. But when, in the course of play, she became part of the stump, he thought it would be great sport to get imself irregularly the pursuer of Sal-He caught her, of course, although she made him pant for it, and would not let her go until he had given her a esounding smack. The next minute he measured his length on the rag car-Miss Mary-Bet said ruminatively. "I pet. Silas Venn's fist had sent him with eyes that said plainly, "Come outside and settle it."

Then something happened; something arches," Mrs. March said, drawing to talk about for at least a generation. Louiza, the meek and mild, the gentlest creature living, flew at Silas in a rage shook him hard and whirled him aside. then stooped over the prostrate Sandy, half sobbing: "If-if he hurt you, I'll if they hadn't thought it wasn't wuth kill him! Get up, Sandy, darlin'. I don't care who knows now.

Sandy rose to his feet, to the occasion. bons and shoes. Don't you say a "There's a mix got to be straightened word, Hannah! One old maid in the up, folks," he said, catching tight hold of Louiza's hand. "We're goin' to marry next week, if we have to run away. I've been waitin' and waitin' till she said I might tell the old folks. They liberal mind was in the nature of a don't like me, but they'll have to lump

"Sandy, I beg your pardon! Shake! week later to the Peterses in the high- I thought you were after somebody se," Silas Venn said joyously, edging to Sally's side. "I'm goin' to speak out, oo," she said. "If Sally won't have me I'll stay a lone widower till the end o' my days. How is it, little gal?"

"Humph! Look at her face. She's been lovin' you since she saw you cry so at your wife's buryin'," Mary-Bet junior, the irrepressible, broke in. "And I ain't ashamed to say I've loved Henry just as long. He—he's just now found it out. But it's all comin' "Except for me." John Trotter inter-

upted, crestfallen. John was thirty-seven, if he did admit to only thirty-three. He had, more-over, a flock of girl children. That was

why Louiza had been set down so much his special benefaction. He looked speculatively at Miss Mary-Bet. After all, she didn't show the five years between them. "I wonder if you'd look at a fellow

my size and shape," he murmured un-Miss Mary-Bet shook her head at measles. Come, and let's talk it over

some other time."

This question is answered in a most interesting manner by George Leland Hunter in an article entitled "The Truth About 'Doctored' Rugs" in Country Life In America. He writes: his ill luck. It had followed them so throughout the three years since his 3:06, and so on.

THE NEXT MINUTE HE MEASURED HIS In Persia if father, son and grand-throughout the three years since his 3:06, and so on. son have Roman noses, then a Roman looked like a changeling among her nose is the abrash of that family. If high colored brunette sisters, was in gluttony is characteristic of generarobin egg with little reliefs of white. tion after generation, then is gluttony Miss Mary-Bet herself was a picture the hereditary abrash. If it is a of elegance in a span new black silk. strawberry mark on the left shoulder, Mrs. March declared it was tempting then the strawberry mark is an abrash. providence to wear such a thing where | The abrashes of a rug are the stripes molasses candy was so to abound, but or bands that run parallel or entirely Miss Mary-Bet had only tossed her across the pile. When seen for the head and marched off with it some- first time by Americans accustomed to admire and insist on the deathlike uni-She was rising forty, also fat and formity that characterizes machine fair. Her sharp tongue and masterful products abrashes are apt to impress ways had kept men rather in awe of them as defects, particularly if wide. her. Now that youth was past she lit takes experience and acquaintance began to see that the world wagged with the art industries to grasp commainly for married folk, so she had pletely the significance and artistic

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Try Now the Ways of Yore and See How You Like Them.

Good old times, says the San Antonio Light, are a delusion and a snare, and the man who sighs for them has little onception of what they were. Return to them, would you? Then rise on a cold morning and wash at the pump, pull on a pair of rawhide boots that iza not to be precipitate. "Don't let rival a tin can in stiffness, pull on a woolen shirt over your back and sit down to a bare meal with your three legged stool dancing around on a split slab floor, eat corn pone and bacon for a steady diet and labor fourteen hours out of twenty-four. Go without a daily paper, a fly screen, a mosquite bar, a spring mattress, a kerosene lamp, geehaw your oxen to market and sit on the floor of an ox cart as you wend your way to church or a frolic. Parch corn and peas for coffee and sassafras for tea and see how you

The old days are looked backward to affectionately, says the Galveston most eligible of the widowers had shown symptoms of waveling when ple joints, the days of hope and the junior's vicinage—he was under thirty. days of the present will be the if Louiza had the bad taste to pre- good old days of the coming generation er one of the others, Miss Mary-Bet and will be regarded by our successors effected, the wandering and waver- as rather crude in customs and harsh ng might be turned to account. Henry in many ways, yet withal not to be de May could hardly be called a real spised. The progressives of our age widower—he had but married his are the mossbacks of later eras. Fifty weetheart on her deathbed for the years hence we will be accounted as privilege of soothing her last fevered | slow and immature as we now regard

A Dantzle correspondent writes While swimming on a lake with her brood of five a diver bird was shot and, although mortally wounded, collected her young ones and dived for their safety. When her dead body floated to the surface the five little birds were egan she was the star. She had not still clinging with their beaks to her wings, but all had been sufforated by

Philosophy. A Kansas philosopher warns the men against the girl who takes time to con of the very first-ring and kissing her thing better will turn up. Still, the man she finally accepts can console

WILES OF THE CHEFS

BANQUET TIDBITS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

A Cod and a French Cook Can Work Miracles" - The Breast of One "Chicken" Has Been Known to Satisfy Twelve Hungry Diners.

It has almost passed into a proverb that many of the dishes served up in cheap restaurants, where nothing is wasted, are, to put it mildly, mysteries. But, on the other hand, most people who patronize fashionable and more ambitious restaurants are generally is said to be. This blind trust is somewhat abused, and the amount of "fakthe well to do establishments would probably surprise those who are uninitiated in the higher branches of the culinary art.

For instance, by the addition of veg-

etable juice just before being dished

salmon is very dear, set before cus-

omers as salmon cutlets and are,

needless to say, charged accordingly.

This deception, according to an exchef, is wisely practiced not only in better class restaurants, but also on some of the great liners. Another popular trick as practiced by the restaurateur is to serve a veal beef done up overnight in salted bandages, while a skillful chef has very little difficulty in palming off flatfish for sole on epicures who pride themselves on the soundness of their judg-

On one occasion some time ago a dinner for seventy-five people was or-dered at a well known fashionable restaurant in the upper part of New York. A large consignment of salmon had been previously ordered, but, to the consternation of the chef, the dinner hour slowly approached and still no salmon arrived.

In despair the chef, a Frenchman, decided to "take the bull by the horns" and procure another fish to do duty for the coveted salmon. Accordingly he sat to work to turn cod cutlets into salmon cutlets, and this rapid transformation was soon effected by an addition of vegetable juice. The waiters, who naturally were aware of this wholesale deception, were given express orders to report any complaints to the chef at once. However, to the intense delight of the chef, all passed off well, and on hearing that his subterfuge had not been detected he gleefully exclaimed, "Ah, a cod and a French cook

can work miracles." Green peas at certain seasons of the year are naturally a luxury quite beyond the reach of the man of average means, while even caterers for fashiontble hotels themselves frequently have the greatest difficulty in getting a sufficiently large quantity to meet the demand. However, to fake peas does not offer any great difficulty in times of stress, and by adding vegetable coloring matter yellow peas are quite commonly served up as green peas along with the duck and flavorless new potatoes, which more often than not come from abroad.

Roast yeal served with a thick white sauce makes, says a well known chef. breast of chicken, and therefore it does not come altorether as a surprise to learn that the breast of one chicken him, but said in his own key: "It must has been known to satisfy twelve be marryin' is catchin', same as hungry diners. hungry diners. "The staff take good care of the

reast of a chicken," was the comment of a waiter who was being for the first time initiated into the mystery of how to feed a dozen people off one chicken. Perhaps the cleverest deception practiced by eminent chefs is the art of manufacturing the lobster patty, so dear to the heart of the epicure. This would at first sight seem to defy even the most ingenious the artful chef has overcome apparently Insuperable difficulties, and many toothsome looking lobster patties are thus please." not always quite what they are said

The deception is worked in this way: A common crustacean is boiled and the neat carefully chopped off and put into a mortar, while afterward part of the shell is added. The mixture is then vigorously pounded as fine as possible, and on the addition of flavoring it would tax the powers of the most critical connoisseur to detect any difference between the gastronomic mix-ture and the genuine lobster patty. "The various deceptions I have told

you of," remarked a famous chef to the writer, "are naturally not practiced every day, but are only utilized in times of emergency, and these emergency moments arrive more frequently than the trustful customer would like aid he but know."-New York Telegraph.

What Tact Is.

What we call tact is the ability to find before it is too late what it is that our friends do not desire to learn from us. It is the art of withholding on proper occasions information which we are quite sure would be good for them

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GERMAN GLEE CLUBS.

Early Days of the Saengerfests In This Country. In the early days of saengerfests in this country they were held annually

The third saengerfest was held in New York in 1852, and many Newark Germans attended. Below are given extracts from the Newark Daily Advertiser, printed at the time:

June 10, 1852.—The German glee glubs of New York will celebrate the third annual festival in New York this year on the 19th to 22d of June. the New York Journal of Commerce ates that the glee clubs from abroad vill be received by the New York ubs and honored with a torchlight ocession. The principal performance ill take place at the Academy of ic, Fourteenth street, when the horuses will be sung by over 1,200 nale voices, accompanied by an orstra of 100 pieces. On the 22d will be held a picnic on the Bloomingdale road, opposite Striker's bay.

June 22.—Third musical jubilee of up cod cutlets are, at seasons when Jerman singers, Saturday to Tuesday, 9th to 22d. The execution of the Tagic Flute" overture by 1,200 voices vas very uncommon and surprising by ne New York clubs and was received with great applause. The Eintrachts
of Newark sang "Wallisischer Schifrgesang" in a distinguished manner. But the most marked performance was Martin Luther's "Ein Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott," arranged by Finke. We elt immediately what religious music eally is-how grand, solemn and subime such a hymn is when performed by a large orchestra and hundreds of ices. It was something to be renembered long. Kossuth was present during an intermission and was cheered.-Newark News.

THE SERPENT'S VENOM.

Mohammedan Legend of the Origin of the Tobacco Plant. The prophet was taking a stroll in the country when he saw a serpent, stiff with cold, lying on the ground He compassionately took it up and warmed it in his bosom. When the erpent had recovered it said: "Divine prophet, listen. I am now

roing to bite thee." "Why, pray?" inquired Mohammed. "Because thy race persecutes mine

and tries to stamp it out." "But does not thy race, too, make perpetual war against mine?" was the prophet's rejoinder. "How canst thou, besides, be so ungrateful and so soon forget that I saved thy life?"

"There is no such thing as gratitude upon this earth," replied the serpent, "and if I were now to spare thee either thou or another of thy race would kill me. By Allah, I shall bite

"If thou hast sworn by Allah, I will not cause thee to break thy vow," said the prophet, holding his hand to the serpent's mouth. The serpent bit him, but he sucked the wound with his lips and spat the venom on the ground And on that very spot there sprang up a plant which combines within it self the venom of the serpent and the compassion of the prophet. Men call this plant by the name of tobacco .-Conte Arabe.

A picturesque ceremony takes placevery year in Haute-Vienne. All the girls in the place on the day of St. Eutropius file in procession to St. Junienles-Combes to the cross which is erect ed near the church to the saint. Each girl hangs her left garter on the cross and prays that she may have a good husband and then gives way to the next girl. The cross is so smothe garters of different colors that at a short distance it looks as though it Ruff were covered with flowers.

Prepared. A Kansas City druggist says a wealthy west side man came into his cookery fakir. However, here again store Sunday morning and, throwing a dime on the show case, said:

"No," replied the wealthy man. "I'm going to charch." - Kansas City Times

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MONDAY MORNING.

Is It a Bad Time to Approach a Man on Business? "Come in and see me Monday morning and we'll talk it over," said Gassaway, but Binks replied:

"Couldn't you make it Tuesday morning or Monday afternoon?" So it was arranged for Tuesday morning. Binks turned from the telephone

to me with a smile, saying: "I'm glad he didn't make it Monday morning. We would never come to a conclusion then. You see," he continued, noting my surprise at such a statement, "Monday morning is the morning after Sunday. Never approach a man on business on Monda morning. "I can't explain why it is, but every man goes to his office on Monday morn

ing with a grouch. I suppose it's be cause he's been resting up all day Sunday and sort of hates to tear himself away from it. Anyway, I know it is

"Take your own case. I've known you many years, and whenever you meet me Monday morning I notice that you are yawning, taciturn and unsmiling. You had a good Sunday no doubt. Either you rested to beat the band or played golf or did something. Anyway, that took your mind off your business cares. Then you went to bed rather early, all prepared to get up early Monday. When the clock went off you were miserable about rising, and when you did get up you were ugly to everybody. It's the same way with all of us. We rest too hard Sundays. Instead of just relaxing a little we le everything of the week go and fall all to pieces in doing what we call recoup ing. It's the great American habit,

"That's the reason we have 'blue Mondays.' Some day, I suppose, we'll learn how to rest up over Sunday with out completely disorganizing our work for Monday. If we don't I think it would be a good idea to cut Monday out of the business week and begin on Tuesday."-New York World.

Politics and Love.

"It's funny," remarked Sandy Bowen "how politics and love are so much alike. For instance, if you meet a bonnie girl and she gives you half a chance to kiss her you go in for free trade. However, after you get mar-ried and your wife's mother wants to embrace her newly acquired son-in law you go in for protection. If your wife seeks an osculatory exchange you in time become a passive resister

and"-"She turns out a home ruler if she has any sense," remarked Mrs. Bowen, who happened to overhear the conversation.-London Mail.

LACKAWANNA RAILROAD. -BLOOMSBURG DIVISION Delaware, Lackawanna and Western

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

EASTWARD.

7.07 a. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre aad 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 3.39 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 with trains arriving at New York City at 6.50 at m., Philadelpia lo a. m. and Buffalo 7a m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DANVILLE EASTWARD. TRAINS ARRIVE AT DANVILLE

PKAINS 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 42.25 a. m.

alo at 2.25 a. m.
4.38 p. m. weekly om Scranton, Kingston, Kingston, Store Sunday morning and, throwing a dime on the show case, said:
"Give me two nickels for that, please."
"Going to try a slot machine?" asked the druggist pleasantly.
"No," replied the wealthy man. "Try

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