By Troy Allison

O Copyright, 1906, by M. M. Cunningham 0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0

Mrs. Johnson, coming unexpectedly into the dining room, where the new girl was laying the cloth for dinner, looked at her with a sudden intentness. "Haven't you been crying, Johanna?" she asked kindly.

"Ach, it iss not much," the woman "Ach, it is not much," the woman said, a refractory tear starting down lin curtains blew in and out the open fairs might have continued at least two more happily. This state of affirm the said, a refractory tear starting down lin curtains blew in and out the open fairs might have continued at least two more lappily. her cheek; "it iss that America so strange iss-and the city-I the cows miss-and the garden and making the butter—yes." And her exceedingly blond skin turned red with the effort she made to keep the tears from com-

of comfort to offer.

thing they say is so wonderful." niled gratefully. "You so

In the midst of his dinner Mr. John-

son thought of something and com- softly.

from a customer down south. He or-



"I'M JOHN BURDEN." HE SAID SIMPLY. dered a whole list of things, then climaxed with 'one wife for a widower

unbelief. "Charley Johnson, you certainly are joking! The man couldn't have been so foolish as to be in earnest?"

"It wasn't for himself; it was for a country customer-a young widower with a dairy farm on his hands that has been song to rack and ruin since tion. One only was wanted to complete

with an inspiration.

"Oh. Charley, how would Johanna widow. do?" the cargested enthusiastically. fill the bill-if she would go," Mr. promised him a present if he could find Johnson finished dubiously. "But if I means to prevent his son from going sent down a piece of pink and white in the army. In order to accomplish yellow haired perfection as Johanna I this the official put into the urn two am afraid I would have an order from | black balls instead of one white and every farmer in North Carolina and one black ball. When the young men would be forced to open a matrimonial came, he said:

for him and that if I can find a woman who is suited to the man he described it will be a good thing for her. By Jove, I believe Johanna is the ne plus ultra-if she'll go. Pity she can't talk better English.

"Oh, her little foreign talk won't make any difference. He can stand it. You see, I'm able to stand your Latin or French, whichever it is-I can never quite determine from your accent."

John Burden pulled the horses up under the shade of an elm near the door of the ladies' walting room and handed the reins to his companion, with a sheepish smile.

"Hold on to these, Mr. Hayes. You got me into this business, and you must help see me through. Do I look much like a fool?"

Martin Hayes, dealer in general mernot an unnecessary sign of foolishness and the rosebud in your buttonhole are allowable as befitting the occasion. Nicest suit I had in stock, old boy. Hope she'll like it."

Burden arranged his necktie with lumsy fingers. "Glad all this internal making don't show on the outside. believe there's ever a day made as hot

He made his way through the crowd passengers alighting from the train.

in the usual ret all my life," he com-

letters and that there would probably in an instant be no trouble as to identity in a town where the incoming travelers were few. Johanna stepped from the train, her blue eyes looking as wondering and as shildish as they did when she landed in America six months before. She

paused helplessly, and just then Burden saw the name on the suit case. He looked at the woman's face-its blond fairness an unusual style in a southern town—and the thermometer seemed to jump several degrees up-

"She looks like-like-an angel!" he "She will be disappointed in me," and be went to her anxiously and diffidently.

"I'm John Burden," he said simply. "You-you did want me to come?" Her voice trembled and he saw tears

in her blue eyes. "Want you? Want you?" His tone Chicago Tribune.

gained assurance. "Anybody with ounce of sense would want you to ed -and to stay," he said, his face radiant as he took the suit case from her.

After the dinner with Haves at the hotel and the quiet marriage ceremony in the hotel parlor they drove the five miles to Burden's farm and reached there just at the beginning of the long summer twilight.

The allmoing rose was in full bloom over the veranda, and a flock of while geese were wandering through the gate toward the barnyard. "Do you like it?" he asked, his voice | Farah Lee, daughter of another farmer,

almost a whisper. married for love. They had two or "It is so much home," she gasped in three lovers' quarrels, as was quite on

that in the farmyard stand." He led her into the house and paused lived more happily. This state of af-

hear if you get afraid and call me."

and freed it from her temples.

"I hope you'll feel homelike and will some time-me," he added timidly. "I like it all-and you," she answered

#### THE ANCIENT INCAS.

Riches Nor Poverty.

The flocks of llamas belonged to the sun and the Inca. It was death to kill one. At certain seasons of the and shorn. Large numbers were sent to supply food for the court and to be used at the religious festivals and sacrifices. Male llamas only were killed. The woot belonged to the Inca and was stored in the government depositories and dealt out according as the they were provided with warm clothing. When they had worked up enough wool into clothing for themselves they were then employed in working up material for the Inca. The distribution of the wool and superintendence of its manufacture were in the hands ness was a crime and was severely

All the mines belonged to the Inca the hands of a few and became hereditary. What the father was, that the cultural products was stored in granarles scattered up and down the country and was dealt out to the people as required. It will thus be seen that there was no chance for a man to become rich, neither could he become poor. The spirit of speculation had no Mrs. Johnson's eye: were wide with existence there.-Chambers' Journal.

THE BLACK BALL.

A Clever Scheme That Was Spoiled

In the Drawing. Two young men in a French village were called on to draw for conscripthe number, and of the two who were Mrs. Johnson was evidently struck to draw one was the son of a rich farmer and the other the child of a poor

The farmer ingratiated himself with "I think she would do finely-just the superintendent of the ballot and

"There are two balls, one black and "Do you know anything about the one white, in the urn. He who draws That insurance is a temptation to murther the Crimean war is found in Count Tolwidower?" Mrs. Johnson asked at the black one must serve. Your turn

is first," pointing to the widow's son.

FREAKS OF THE LAVA.

Some Curious Incidents of an Overflow of Vesuvius.

At one house, which had been entiremass of lava, entering the upper windows with a ladder and bringing forth their household goods to transport chandise, chuckled as he took the reins. them to a place of safety. One vine-"No, sir. You are the personification of the gay and festive bridegroom—this dividing current and it was posthis dividing current, and it was possible to walk into it among the lines your ears, I see?" about you. Of course, the new suit of trimmed vines and to perceive the fire still glowing in the towering walls of lava on each side. The people attributed this remarkable phenomenon to the miraculous intervention of their Madonna, "Our Lady of the Snows," with whose sacred image they had conwith whose sacred image they had con-fronted the all devouring monster sweeping implacably down on their ap-Sarah is sweet and lovely and innoparently doomed homes.

Step by step the priests and the faitharound the depot and stationed himself ful, singing the litany, retreated as the With this farm and all that money be whether the shot were fired from a where he could get a good view of the awful flood swept on, and still the hind her if she was a widow she can mortar or cannon. 'Cannon, probasound of singing and prayer rose above catch a better looking man than you." bly, and here are more soldiers—five, "I've been stald and have traveled | the fearful roar of the torrent and the thunder of the mountain above, belch-Ing forth from the central crater flery n age with blasse f, "but if this ain't bombs and enormous swirls of cinder a ting like a fellow in a novel, I never | sand and smoke, which rose to great heights. Yard by yard the lava swept He kept on the lookout for a woman onward. Now a palatial villa would be wearing a dark blue dress and carry- surrounded by the torrent, crushed ing a sulf case marked Johanna Gersler. down and disappear in smoke; now a M.: Johnson fast written that he would weeping peasant would see his little see that the name was printed in large cottage and vineyard, his all, go under

One poor woman was thus watching the fate of her earthly belongings from a little eminence when a smaller crater She turned to flee, fell, rolled to the bottom of the little hill, and the next noment the lava flowed forth like the foam from a glass of beer and swept over the spot where she had been standing an instant before.-William P. Andrews in Century.

"Flatman, I hear you were arrested the other day for insulting and browbeating a janito. How did you come

"I was tried for it and acquitted."

FOR #

\$2,000 EACH

By C. B. LEWIS Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas Young James Harper, farmer, and married for love. They had two or her halting English, "even the cows the cards and very natural, but for two vears after marriage no couple ever years longer but for Abner Jones.

"This is your room," he said simply. Esq., country justice of the peace and "Mine is across the hall, where I can agent for the Farmers' Fire Insurance company and sewing machines of all His honest sunburned face was full makes, bought and sold. He made his she made to keep the tears from coming in torrents.

Mrs. Johnson's eyes looked meditative while she tried to think what form guage that is universal.

Mrs. Johnson's eyes looked meditative while she tried to think what form guage that is universal. "Well, Jim," he said, "what do you "Take off your hat, little woman. I going to branch out a little. I want to about the same thoughts, and so there "I'm sorry you are homesick; it's an hear old Jenny putting supper on the insure the Loth of you. I've got Tom awful feeling; but cheer up," she said table." He looked at the pale gold of Spooner and his wife, Eill Wheeler and sympathetically. "I'll give the cook her hair where her hat had pressed it tightly against her moist forehead, and money for theater tickets, and you can both g) to see that spectacular he hesitatingly touched it with his hand you. I want you to take \$2,000 apiece. If you die, Sarah, Jim has got \$2,000 to

very good iss," she said as she went grow to love the farm—and maybe penses and so away to Niagara Falls melted lead, and Henry said to himto get over his grief. If you die, Jim, arah has got money to bury you deently and carry on the farm without mind, has she? Well, I've got to look ving to rush off and marry again." The squire went into further expla-

tions. He talked life insurance and ayed to dinner. He talked life innce and stayed to supper. He ed life insurance and stayed until ) o'clock in the evening. Then he brank two glasses of cider, ate three year they were collected from the hills fried cakes and a piece of mince ple and went home to make out two polieies for \$2,000 each.

Jim and Sarah had decided that such insurance was a good thing. Neither wanted to die, but if death must come they would not be selfish about it. It would be a bond to draw them still people's wants required. In this way closer together. In the course of a couple of weeks the policies were delivered, the premiums paid, and Squire Jones stayed to dinner again and said as he finished and wanted to lick his plate but remembered his dignity in time:

"Now, then, young folks, this is the of officers appointed for the purpose. No one was allowed to be idle. Idlebest thing you have done so far in your lives. Keep on loving, keeping up your orry about the future. With \$2,000 and were worked for his benefit. The coming to the survivor in case of death various employments were usually in you needn't either of you begrudge the Astors or Vanderbilts. Sarah, you can dress in the most expensive mourning. son became. A great part of the agrishoes and hear Niagara roar till you get tired of it."

It was Squire Jones who was respon sible for the insurance, but it was Aunt Deborah who was responsible for what sulted. The policies had been carefully laid away in the bottom bureau drawer and the subject talked out when Aunt Deborah came visiting one afternoon. She had not been invited, nor was she expected, but she proceed-

"Sarah, I have heard that you and James have had your lives insured for puzzled. each other's benefit, but I told 'em you were not the woman to go into anything like that."

"But we have," replied Sarah. "We ere insured two weeks ago." "Upon my soul! No one could have

"But why? What's the matter." "Sarah Harper, do you know that on have the same as doomed yourself o death?" asked Aunt Deborah, in a oarse whisper.

"What do you mean, Aunty?" "I mean that there isn't a man on the face of this earth who wouldn't kill his wife for the sake of \$2,000 in cash.

"have you done that?" . How are we to Don't fool yourself, Sarah. Jim is know whether you have drawn a black just as good a husband as any of 'em, second passed, which seemed an hour. "Ob, that's very easy to discover," but you have put temptation in his way the reply. "Let the other now draw If I have the black he must be the black he mu draw. If I have the black, he must the easier it will come for him to necessarily draw the white one." There was no help for it, and the farmer's son, putting his hand into the urn, drew the remaining ball, which, to the satisfaction of the spectators, was a black one. been found murdered. Squire Jones ought to be prosecuted for coaxing you into such a thing, and I'll tell him so

before the week is out." Sarah continued to laugh and make fun at the idea, and it was finally ly surrounded by the flood, but not destroyed, one saw people, on top of the supper Aunt Deborah made a sneak outdoors and caught the husband as he

came up from the cornfield.

"Well," she began, after he greeted er, "you want Sarah to chop you up with the ax or pour melted lead in "What is it, aunty?"

"It's that life insurance. Henry Har per, I'm astonished at you. Do you

know how many wives killed their husbands last year to get the insur-

"A million perhaps, but Sarah isn't eent, but when there's \$2,000 at stake who can tell what a woman will do?

is anything to laugh at or not." been killed that the husmight profit by the insurance. ant Deborah was always predicting. it at the same time many of her pre-Henry loved her with a great love, but

"I was tried for it and acquitted."
"On the ground that it was justifiable?"
"No; the jury couldn't be made to believe such a thing was possible."—
Chicago Tribune.

was.

Sarah had only fallen into a troubled sleep when the dog barked and Henry awoke. He did not get up for fear of disturbing his wife, and after listening to the dog for a few minutes in the couldn't be made to believe such a thing was possible."—
the dog for a few minutes in the disputation of the evident pleasure, there are an eastern west, a western west, a worker west. A western west and a southern west! Yet there is only one east, and hardly enough of that to swear by.—Californian.

nd solemn face came to his mind.

He grinnel at the idea of Sarah kill-

ng him off for that \$2,000, and yet he began to recall cases where wives had done that same thing. She could push him into the well, push him down the cellar stairs or dispose of him in other ways to enable her to escape detection, and with that \$2,000 she would be a rich widow, and windmill men, wire fence men, piano agents and men with patent farm gates would tumble over each other to ask for her hand. She might not even put a \$10 headstone at

There was constraint between them when the couple woke up next morning. They tried to make out that there wasn't, but realized that there was. Sarah claimed to have a headache, and James said he had a touch of rheuma-

At noon when the husband came up from the field he had been thinking things over and almost wished he had turned Aunt Deborah out of the house. She was a meddlesome, gossipy old thing, and he would let nothing she had said annoy him in the least. tively. Sarah had also been thinking, and was a return of love and confidence.

It did not last thirty-six hours, however. Henry had to sharpen the ax, and Sarah saw him at it and felt that he was contemplating a crime. Sarah asked if the handle of a table knife could not be made fast by a little self after answering her question: "Ah, ha! Got melted lead on her

out for my ears." For the next four weeks the pair were hypocrites toward each other. They dissembled and deceived. They thought black thoughts of each other. James wanted to sleep in the barn o' nights, and Sarah wanted to go home and tell her mother all about it. Things were hastening on toward a separation when, as they sat on the veranda one night after supper, saying little, but thinking a great deal, farmer Joe Collins came driving along and halted to say:

"Say, you folks heard the news?" "No. What is it?"

"It'll take your breath away." you are insured in has busted higher'n

Gilrov's kite" "Oh. James!" "Oh, Sarah!"

And as they went dancing around ward my benefactress by making her the veranda in each other's arms Mi a mother in royalty, so to speak? I Collins looked at them in astonist, think I shall tell him yes." ment and said to himself: durned glad of it!"

A Little Misunderstanding,

And so they were.

"A young lady I know," said an Englishman, "got married last year in London and had only been keeping house a week or two when a cousin in the country sent her a brace of pheasants. Some people like to 'hang' pheasants—to keep them a week or two, letting them get 'high,' on the ground that the fresh flesh is tough and stringy. The cook knew this, but her young mistress knew nothing-posely nothing-of cooking.

" 'Please, ma'am,' said the cook when ed to make herself at home, and by and the pheasants arrived, 'do you like the

"'The bird's eye?' said the mistress "'What I mean, ma'am,' the cook explained, 'is that some folks likes their

birds stale.' 'The tail?' repeated the mistress more puzzled than ever. "And then, in order not to appear ignorant in the cook's eyes, she smiled

brightly and said: "'Prepare the birds, please, with the eyes and the tail both."

DEATH BY A BOMB.

Imaginary Inchient of the Crim War by Tolstoi. The following imaginary incident of

killed off every year, and you will be ing faster and faster and nearer and the courts of the wicked." der. Hundreds of wives have been stoi's "Sevastopol:" "The bomb, com-"Yes; Hayes wrote me a letter and gave a pen picture of his life from the gave a pen picture of his life from the one of the balls, which he immediately one of the balls of t the idea, but Aunt Deborah grew more flat on the ground. Praskouhin, closing have to go back and tell him his mishis eyes, heard only the bomb crashing down on the hard earth close by. A Gordie. It must be nearly time for me The bomb had not exploded. He opened his eyes and at that moment caught A sight of the glowing fuse of the bomb not a yard off. Terror, cold terror, ex cluding every other thought and feel-

ing, seized his whole being. He covered his face with his hands. "Then he remembered the 12 rubles he owed, a debt in St. Petersburg that should have been paid long ago and the gypsy song he had sung that evening. The woman he loved rose in his imagination, wearing a cap with lilac ribbons, and yet, inseparable from all these and from thousands of other rec ollections, the present thought, the expectation of death, did not leave him for a moment. 'Perhaps it won't explode,' and with desperate final decision he wished to open his eyes, but at that instant a red flame pierced through the still closed lids, and, with

a terrible crash, something struck him n the middle of the chest. "He jumped up and began to run, but, stumbling over the saber that got be tween his legs, fell on his side. 'Thank God, I'm only bruised,' was his first thought, and he wished to touch his chest with his hand, but his arms seem ed tied to his sides, and it felt as if a vise were squeezing his head. Soldiers flitted past him, and he counted them unconsciously. Then lightning flashed before his eyes, and he wondered The good natured young man con- six, seven soldiers. They all pass by. He was suddenly filled with fear that they would crush him. He wished to shake her head and re-

roof of his mouth "He felt it wet about his chest, and Wait till the ax or the melted lead to work and then we'll see whether is anything to laugh at or not."

"He felt it wet about his chest, and this sensation of being wet made him think of water. Fearing lest the sol-That night at midnight Sarah woke diers might trample on him, he tried to p with her heart beating rapidly. She as about to nudge Henry with her elby, when a sudden thought came to real and the was frightened to hear it. Then Aunt Deborah's grewsome prediction other red fires began dancing before came up, and she wondered if she his eyes, and it seemed to him that the een awakened by some move on soldiers put stones on him. He made and's part-some move to take an effort to push off the stones, stretch by the throat. She smiled at first, ed himself, and saw and heard and felt presently the smile faded away, nothing more. He had been killed on the spot by a bomb splinter in the mid-

The East and the Wests. tions had come true. She knew that which the effete east solemnly dis-The numerous kinds of west of Henry loved her with a great love, but courses are enough to bewinder a there was that \$2,000. For an hour she Philadelphia lawyer. It will assure courses are enough to bewilder a lay awake and thought, and the longer she thought the more miserable she a phrase that it employs continually

### Queen Lurline's Wishes-and Mine

By INA WRIGHT HANSON Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague

At the fancy dress ball the profile of Queen Lurline pleased me greatly, a beautiful line from the gold banded, gem decked forehead to the piquant rhin where I remembered years before a dimple had lurked.

"Your chin is charmingly the same," I murmured, bowing low before her. "And your cheek, Gordon Bell."

I laughed. Slang from the lips of royalty is delightful; also I was pleased that she had recognized me. I lookd with distaste at the crowds. "Do you know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows?" I asked seduc-

"I do. Let's find it."

and around was moonlight, caressing Lurline's face, and making her eyes glow like the gems in her dark hair. "It has been nine years," she said presently. "Nine years, two months and a day,"

I corrected, "Have you received your

It was down by the lake, and over

money's worth?" "I suppose so," she answered, colorlessly. "I used to think if I could have a gold watch and a piano I should be perfectly happy, but when they came so many other things came with them that I felt like the child who has too many gifts at Christmas. I didn't so I got tired of them all "

Her dark eyes held a look that had no right in the eyes of three and twenty. "If youth, beauty and riches cannot

bring you contentment you must be hard to please," I said. She gave an impatient shrug. "And royalty—you forget that or perhaps you

didn't know. I suppose I am to be the Princess Casimir. "Lurline." I exclaimed, "you wouldn't! "But let's have it."
"Wall, that life insurance company Why, he is a beast! His name isn't fit Hugo and I were dining with the Duc to be mentioned in a woman's pres-

"So I've heard," she answered calm-

"By George, but they seem to be touched my arm. "Why don't you tell urned glad of it!" me of yourself, Gordle?" she asked the schoolhouse—are they still there? did so. And the wintergreens and the old oak

> schoolhouse. The tree is gone. The wintergreen patch is there, but berries and leaves seem to have lost their flavor. I wonder why?"

find her changed, boy, except perhaps taller and more winsome. The good heart of little Lurline Holland could not be tarnished by Paris or London or

take, isn't it? Take your queen in to dance a stupid polka with the wick-I saw her the next day and the next nd the day after. We reveled in remiences of the time when we were

and girl together before the eccer and rich Mrs. Van Houter, struck he orphun's great promise of beau had adopted her. I was fairly car ed away with Lurline's charms, but prided myself on my strong will, and e did not know how my arms ached hold her. When we were together she was not home to the prince, for which I was

uly thankful, but I exerted all my nergies toward making her relaize the orror of a union with him. She would ot argue, neither would she promise refuse him. At last I appealed to Irs. Van Houter.

"It is not right of you to let the child acrifice berself!" I blazed.

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urs, van Houler regarded me lazily Would you mind telling me why you Peculiar Custom of the Arab Ladles don't want Lurline to marry the

"Have you told them to Lurline?"

e what it means anyway."

octor." I added bitterly.

the carden to Lurline. Il be cood to you, Lurline."

I took her into my arms, that were so glad, so ; lad, and she whispered: "You didn't ask me my three wishes, Gordie. The first one was you, and of prayer. It is very awkward at times the second was you, and the third was when you meet in the streets some of

this story in his diary: "One day Victor names. Decades, and among the guests were Lord and Lady Palmerston. Lord and ly, "but he's a prince. Shouldn't I re- had been no time for an introduction the dirt laden atmosphere and the noise think I shall tell him yes."

The queen leaned toward me and came up to me. 'My dear M. Dumas.'

the capital. London has not perhaps came up to me. 'My dear M. Dumas.' he said. 'Lord Palmerston has begged been said of it.-London Country Genme to ask you to leave an empty chair tleman. wistfully. "And the old home and between yourself and Victor Hugo.' I

"Lord Palmerston got up, took his wife by the hand and brought her over "I have brought you a picture of the to us. Look at the clock, my lady, he Delaware. Lackawanna and Western said. 'What o'clock is it?' asked Lord Palmerston. 'Thirty-five minutes past 10,' replied my lady. 'Then remember,' said her husband, that this evening at

well nigh forget that I was only a village doctor and she an heiress. She mustn't marry the prince, but I must remember my place. I had no right to explain to her fust what my three wishes really meant.

"Lurline." I said, "the old schoolmaster, crippled Dick Gregg, still lives in the village. When he knew I was coming to see you he said: 'You'll not remember to the words and side stations, leaving stranton at 10.10 a. m. and surface, crippled Dick Gregg, still lives in the village. When he knew I was coming to see you he said: 'You'll not remember to the words, and sir Henry Bishop, the composer of the music, jointly received did not exceed \$40. Fitzball, to be surre, declared that it took him just ten minutes to write, and Bishop thought so little of his own setting that he had thrown the manuscript into the waste paper bas-

almost a pauper.-Chambers'

MAKE CALLS AT NIGHT.

The Arab ladies of Zanzibar live in "He is a wreck, physical and moral," great seclusion in the large white I answered, trying to keep cool. "He houses, never going out in the daytime s a drunkard. I should think these are from one year's end to another, say the Manchester Guardian. A little "Have you told them to Lurline?" cooking and sweetment making is their "Yes, but she is blinded by her grati-only recognized employment, though

ude to you. A young girl cannot real- some few of them can do beautifu e what it means anyway."

"Have you no other reason, Gordon?"

silk embroidery. To lie on their beds and be fanned by their slave girls is I felt my face grow hot. "I think the usual occupation of the riche you know there is. If it weren't for women,
your wretched money, Mrs. Van HouIf they want to visit their friends, or er, I would marry Lurline Holland if as is more often the case, to perambu would let me."

Ind what have you to offer her, in the evening, when a gun is fired warning all Mohammedans that it is

I wo clean hands and a tongue that the fifth and last hour of prayer; the never spoken evil of a woman they may go out. They are entirely the intuitioent resources of a vilence of a vilence of the intuition of the control of the c faces completely hidden by very ugly I should advise you to tell gilt masks, with oblong slits for the te child so."

I stared at her; then I took up my even in the privacy of their own homes \*That is impossible, Mrs. Van Their other garments are trousers and onier. I am not a fortune hunter."
M.A. Van Houter laughed. "Make is often embroidered and trimmed with san 1 and easy on that score, Gorgold braid. They have a number of I have lost every cent I had. gold and silver ornaments, nose rings Only Lurline and I know it yet, but and earrings, bracelets, anklets, and

divingly rude, but I wait- They are very light in color, many of no more. I hastened into them cream colored. Their features are regular and good, and they have dark irl, I want to explain those eyes and silky black hair. They paint power, position and pelf. under their eyes and stain their hands for themselves that I crav- and nails a reddish color with senna nom char but because I thought possession hight help me to win The sarrier is down between us My beloved, may I take you back strick red, their slaves running by their old home and the wintergreens? sides, but you generally meet them stalking solemnly along, surrounded by a Lurline's face flashed rose col- their slaves, who carry enormous lan-

com her glorious eyes looked heav- terns as big as a London street lamp. Very often they do not return home till 4 in the morning, when another gun is fired proclaiming the first hour these ladies whom you ought to know and are greeted by them You cannot Palmerston Had Not Been Intro- see their faces, it is not always easy Alexandre Dumas, the elder, tells offend them more than to ask their

Libeled London

When the most has been said against Lady Palmerston had come late. There London smoke and London fog, against before dinner, and after dinner, while and worry of the metropolis, it is still we were taking tea, the formality had true that there are healthy people in

> LACKAWANNA RAILROAD. - BLOOMSBURG DIVISION Railroad. In Effect Jan. 1, 1905.

TRAINS LEAVE DANVILLE showed dimly in the moonlight.

"Do you remember when we used to sit on the schoolhouse step after the others had gone and play three wishes. Gordie? If you could have three wishes en now, what would you ask for?"

"Power, position and pelf." I answered promptly.

She sighed. "You are foolish, Gordie, and I am surprised. Your letters these nine years haven't sounded that way."

Her voice, mellow and full, needed just this note of sadness to make me well nigh forget that I was only a village doctor and she an heiress. She

manuscript into the waste paper basket, from which it was fished out by the manager of Vauxhall Gardens. But, even so, the composer was surely entitled to a proportionate reward with entitled to a proportionate reward with the publisher, and it is not consoling to recall the circumstance that Bishop

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