In Cupid's Chariot

By Michael James

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"Shades of Cleopatra," ejaculated Covington to himself, "it's a woman, and," he added, "a mighty pretty one too!"

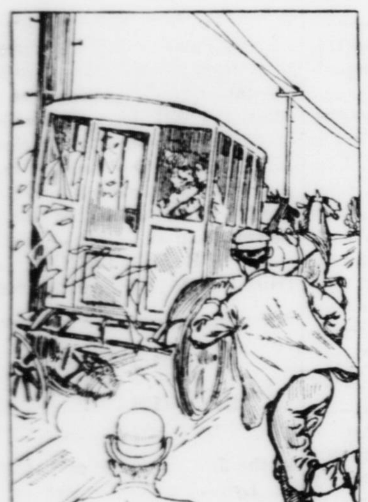
The sample room of the Hotel Wentworth was filled with neatly arranged dry goods samples, among which the young woman moved, calm and confident. Behind her trotted old Epton, the best customer he had in Wentworth. The little circle embracing each corner of the old man's thin lips showed that he was pleased too. "She's sold him, or I'm a Dutchman," was Covington's thought as he backed out of the door he had so airily opened a moment before, "and that means I've got to work, for the man, woman or child who can sell Epton under a year's acquaintance is a wonder. Well, it's the back sample room for mine and a hustle to snare the rest of them before she gets done with Epton."

His eye caught a big black sample case in the hall. "Jim Dunkley's trunk! I'll bet a dollar booze got the best of Jim, and they've given this woman his territory."

Ignoring the grinning clerk, who had seen Covington advance on the sample room like a conquering hero, he scanned the register. Yes, there it was: "Miss Cecil Gardner, Chicago." The signature was very like the young lady herself—trim, neat, capable and yet almost appealingly feminine.

As he laid out his samples in the poorly lighted back sample room Covington pondered resentfully upon the depravity of the firm of Stern & Sulzmann which would fire good, easy picking like Jim Dunkley and give his place to a woman—what was worse, to a woman who knew her business. Slamming the door viciously, Covington started out to round up the other dry goods men of the town.

He returned in half an hour, even more resentful than before. Miss Gardner evidently believed in the early bird theory, for she had already sold good bills to all three dealers. Covington met Epton on the hotel steps. He knew the case was hopeless, but he greeted his former customer cordially. "Sorry I can't do any business with you this time, Mr. Covington," said the merchant when the prelimi-



THERE WAS A CRASH.

naries had been disposed of, "but Miss Gardner had what I wanted. You are just a trifle too late." Covington felt like kicking the big S. & S. sample case that leered at him in the hallway.

When Covington tossed his grip into the bus after dinner he found Miss Gardner already ensconced in a corner of the vehicle.

During the ride to the railway station he discovered by oblique glances that she was even prettier than he had at first imagined. Her profile was good, her complexion beautiful and real, her lips superlatively pretty. "Tommyrot!" snorted Covington to himself when he saw where his reflections had led him. He began planning how to outwit Miss Gardner when they reached Essig, for he knew that she surely would stop there.

Experience told at Essig, and Covington sold big bills to the two dealers in the thriving little town. It was Miss Gardner's turn to depart without an order. There was something more than the mere indifference of a stranger in her manner when they were bus companions once more, this time for the evening train to Tilton. The atmosphere was so chilly that Covington felt like blowing on his fingers.

The first day was a counterpart of most of the days that followed for two months. Occasionally Covington's side trips to small towns which Miss Gardner did not make would keep them out of each other's way for a time. Soon Covington found himself planning to avoid these side trips by having the customers come at the expense of the house to the larger points on his route. "Other fellows do it," he argued. "It makes good feeling to give them a little holiday, and it doesn't cost much more than my livery hire." He never once admitted that a growing inclination to see as much as possible of Miss Gardner had anything to do with the matter.

The situation certainly had its drawbacks. They became acquainted, of course. Miss Gardner told him of her first employment in Stern & Sulzmann's as a stenographer; how gradually she had been detailed to wait on the smaller customers who came to the city for their goods and how the firm, quick to note her natural ability as a saleswoman, had given her Dunkley's place on trial when that gentleman's failings could no longer be overlooked.

But there were no pleasant little chats when Miss Gardner failed in a town. Between stations on these unlucky days Covington, with the uncomfortable feeling that it was cowardice to make war on a woman, usually occupied a seat in the smoker, while a very discouraged Miss Gardner did fancy work or read; hence, after a particularly disastrous day, he saw a tear fall on to the page of his fair opponent's book. He laid down, flagrantly and completely, for the next four towns, only awakening to the pass his chivalry had brought him when the house, in a sarcastic letter, suggested that he was out after orders and not on a pleasure trip, as he seemed to imagine.

"It's all right to sit there in the office and 'call' a fellow," he mused bitterly, "but I'd like to see one of them up against the same situation. It isn't like having a man to deal with. A man will grin and buy a drink when you do him good and hard, but he'll lay awake nights until he gets back at you. He doesn't go away and cry all by himself as if he hadn't a friend on earth. I'm not doing any business, and I know it, but if I let myself out Cecil"—he always thought of her as Cecil—"will lose her job. And if I don't let myself out I'll lose mine, I guess." He rubbed his homely boyish face in perplexity. "I'm sure I can't see the finish."

Dick Harpin's bus at Barton Center was the factor which provided a violent but satisfactory solution to Covington's problem. Harpin's bus was a standing jest among the traveling fraternity. It was as old apparently as the wonderful one hoss shay, but its age was not so honorable, for the bus was rickety and disfigured.

It was a nippy February morning when Miss Gardner and Covington climbed into the bus for the long, cold ride uptown. The driver unhooked the weight strap and stepped back. At that precise moment the keen wind whirled a piece of paper into the faces of the restive horses.

Harpin grabbed at the reins and missed as the animals leaped forward. A man ran into the center of the street. They swerved from his foolish, waving arms, and there was a crash. The wheels on one side of the bus had struck a telephone pole and been torn off.

At the first alarm Covington tried to open the door, but it stuck. With two wheels gone, he saw that few seconds would elapse before the vehicle would overturn. His one idea was to protect the girl who, pale and terror stricken, sat opposite him. He seized her in his arms, shielding her with his body, as the bus, swayed wildly at the heels of the galloping horses, toppled over.

When the team was stopped a block away they found Covington beneath the wreck of the bus, cut and bruised somewhat, but conscious. Miss Gardner, uninjured, was still clasped in his arms, and his lips were against her cheek.

Covington's orders have regained their former satisfactory size and volume, and Dunkley has been given his old place by Stern & Sulzmann. Miss Gardner has resigned. It's to be in June, and any woman will tell you that four months is hardly time enough to prepare for a wedding.

A HOPELESS SITUATION.

Odd Climax That Was Not a Part of the Play.

Frank Gillmore, the actor, tells the following story about his aunt, Miss Sarah Thorne, who was leading woman at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, many years ago.

"Miss Thorne was given a part in 'The Masked Prince,' the second piece of the evening," said Mr. Gillmore. "Glancing through her part hastily at breakfast, she noticed that there was one scene in which she had so little to say that it could be learned just before going on. She decided to skip that scene and get to the longer passages.

"When night came, and my aunt made her appearance, she did very well in the first scene. In the second scene occurred the passages she had skipped in the morning. She rushed to the corner in which she left her book, but it was not there. Finally, the stage manager, receiving no response to his repeated calls, sought her out and pushed her on the stage. There she was, before a large audience, without the slightest idea of what she was supposed to do or say. The scene was a courtroom. At a high desk sat the presiding judge, letter perfect in his part, because he had it ready to read from the papers in front of him. A trial was taking place, and Miss Thorne, to her horror, discovered that she was to be the principal witness, on whose answers hung the entire plot of the play. The judge adjusted his spectacles, looked at his part, and said in solemn tones, 'The witness will now state what she saw the prisoner do on this particular night.'

"What was she to answer? She glanced around helplessly. She hadn't the faintest idea what she had seen the prisoner do on that particular night. The critical moment had arrived; some one must speak, but she couldn't. Her eye alighted on one of the characters in the play who looked particularly reliable. He looked like a person who could get one out of any sort of difficulty. So, pointing at him, she exclaimed in impressive tones, 'Ask that man!'

"The entire cast seemed disconcerted by this remark. They did not know precisely what ought to be said, but instinct told them something was wrong. The judge, thinking he might have made some mistake, turned over a couple of pages of manuscript and, having convinced himself on this point, again addressed the witness. My aunt glanced at the uncomfortable gentleman and, no other idea coming to her, again exclaimed, 'Ask that man!' This concentration of public attention was too much for him, and he sneaked off the stage with a feeble 'Excuse me.' Of course the situation was a hopeless one, and the curtain had to be rung down."—Success.

The Spanish Main.

"What do you understand by 'the Spanish main?'" Such was the problem propounded at the club lunch table, and many and varied were the answers. In the "Wreck of the Hesperus" it was remembered that there spake up "an old sailor who had sailed the Spanish main," and it was recalled that in the "Ingolsby Legends" one says, "My father dear he is not here; he seeks the Spanish main." There was, however, a certain vagueness about the speakers' views as to what particular thing was meant by the word, some thinking one thing and some thinking another, and only one speaking with the authority of "an old sailor who had sailed the Spanish main." Such a discussion tends to show how satisfied most of us are to half know a thing or to think that we know without troubling about verification.—London Chronicle.

The Labor of Mountain Climbing.

Below is a curious calculation on the amount of energy expended by a person weighing 168 pounds in climbing a mountain peak 7,000 feet high, the time allowed for the ascent being five hours. By careful calculation it is found that the total amount of labor performed is equal to raising 1,380,000 pounds to a height of one foot or that of raising one pound to a height of 1,380,000 feet. Of this enormous amount of work 1,176,000 foot pounds are expended by the muscles of the legs in raising or lifting the body, 12,000 by the heart in circulating the blood, 30,000 by the chest in breathing and 54,000 in the various exertions of balancing the body, overcoming friction of the ground, etc.

Ins and Outs.

Bronzed by foreign suns, he entered the office of his colleague, but the cashier's chair was vacant.

"Is Mr. Smith out?" he asked anxiously. "I am an old friend of his."

"No, sir," returned the clerk. "Mr. Smith is not out. He won't be out for sixteen years."

Here the clerk smiled grimly.

"The firm is out, though," he went on, "one hundred thousand, just."—New York Press.

LOVE AND LAUNDRY

By JOSEPH LANE

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"If you keep on having deaths in the family at this rate, you will kill them all off before the end of a year and have to marry into another family to get more relatives to kill," warned Freeman as he regarded the woman who was supposed to keep his apartments in order.

The ebony face opened wide in a guffaw. Cynthia regarded Freeman as a rare joker.

"'Deed," she protested, "I didn't lose no fambly. It was my bes' lady. Her li'le gal done got married yesterday."

"Well, don't let it happen again," he warned. "Give the rooms a good cleaning today."

Cynthia wriggled first on one foot, then on the other. "I doan' can do no cleanin' today," she protested. "Dis my young lady day. I jes' come for your wash. She tole me I could wash yours there."

"If you mean you are going to do my laundry on some one else's gas range, be careful that you get all my things back."

Cynthia, with many voluble protestations, escorted him to the door and returned to the apartment to gather up the soiled clothes, and Freeman went downtown to work.

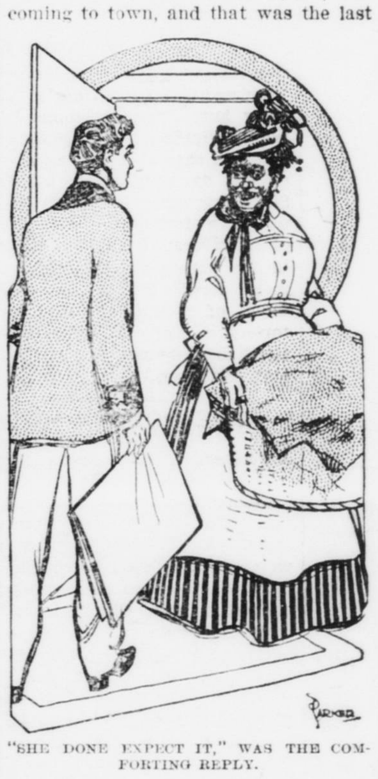
Things all went wrong that day, and when he came home in the evening he went to the top drawer, where from a photograph and a handkerchief he was wont to draw comfort. The girl in the photograph smiled up at him, but the handkerchief was gone, and, though he turned out the contents of every drawer, he could not find it.

With an odd sense of foreboding he sat down to think it over. Freeman was of an unusually sensitive temperament, and the loss of the handkerchief seemed to him to be an omen.

Bessie had worn it when he had gone to say goodby before he had started for the city, and she had given it to him to wrap the photograph in when he slipped it into his pocket. It had been his talisman, and the faint perfume that he knew so well cleared his brain of worries.

Now it was gone, just as Bessie had gone. There was something uncanny in its disappearance, and it seemed to him to presage evil.

She had dropped utterly from sight. She had written him that she, too, was coming to town, and that was the last he had heard. That had been a year ago, and he had searched in vain for any trace of the girl who had promised to become his wife.



"SHE DONE EXPECT IT," WAS THE COMFORTING REPLY.

He was still lost in his thoughts when a shrill peal of the electric bell roused him. At the door stood Cynthia, panting from the exertion of stair climbing and carefully nursing a huge basket covered with his best red tablecloth.

"Get through all right?" he asked, his good temper returning. "What did the young lady say to the intrusion?"

"She done expect it," was the comforting reply as Cynthia made her way toward the bedroom to put the things away. "I done tole her that I had to look after my young gemman too."

"You better had," he laughed as he settled himself with his paper.

"I got to go back there," she said as she came lumbering toward him. "It's des as funny."

"What's funny?" he asked.

"I done took a handkerchief outen your top drawer."

"Thank God!" he breathed softly.

"An' I don't know which it is," she went on as she handed out a pile of filmy lacy things.

"Your young lady use the same kind?" he asked as he held out his hand.

Cynthia nodded.

Freeman gave a gasp. There was nothing by which he could tell the one he had lost. They were all alike. He turned to Cynthia.

"What's your young lady's name?" he asked.

"Mis' Hadley," was the stammering response. "I'm sorry I done got 'em mixed."

"I'm not!" he shouted. "Where does Miss Hadley live?"

"I was a-goin' to des slip 'em in de drawer," she protested. "Doan' you go to takin' 'em round."

"Hang the handkerchiefs!" he shouted as he caught up his hat and started for the door, and he darted out, leaving behind a most astonished negress.

Ten minutes later he was ringing the bell of a flat house half a mile away and with trembling feet was climbing the stairs. It might, of course, all be a mistake, yet it would be odd if her name was Hadley and it was not his Bessie.

Then a door opened in the hall above, and her face peered over the banisters. With a choking cry she tottered toward the stairs just as he sprang to the top, and an instant later she was sobbing in his arms.

For a moment he held her there, too happy to speak. Then the closing of a door on the floor above aroused him, and he quietly drew her into the parlor.

"I have found you at last!" he exclaimed. "I was beginning to fear that you were dead."

Gently she slipped from his arms and moved away. "I sent and told you where I was," she reproached. "You never came to me."

"I did go," he protested. "I was out of town. When I came home they told me that you had gone out one evening and had not returned. I searched the town for you, but could find no trace, and I even went back to the old home to see if you had become discouraged and had returned there."

"I met with an accident," she explained. "I was struck by an automobile, and my head was hurt—concussion of the brain, they said it was. I was insensible for two weeks. Then I sent to your address, but you had moved, and no one seemed to know where you were."

"I had fitted up a flat for two," he explained. "When I lost you I could not bear to live in it and be constantly reminded of all I had planned.

"Then how did you find me now?" she asked.

"Through your handkerchief," he explained.

"I did not know they were marked with my address," she said coldly. "There must be some other explanation of your suddenly awakened desire to see me. Did you not have my address all the time?"

"Do you remember that Cynthia brought some one's washing to do here at your house today?" he demanded, ignoring her question.

Bessie nodded.

"Well, through some foolishness she got the handkerchief you gave me the day I went away mixed up with the wash. When she came to pick it out they were all alike, and she brought the whole lot over to me to see if I could pick out mine."

Bessie's face cleared. "Do you know," she said, "that for a moment I thought that since you knew where I lived you must have known all the time?"

"If I had," he smiled, "there would have been a double laundry for Cynthia long ago."

"And to think that a little thing like that should bring us together!" she cried. "Cynthia always spoke of you as her 'young gemman.'"

"And you were her 'young lady,'" he answered. "Don't you think it is about time there was a change of ownership?"

"If you still want me, Charlie," she said.

"If I want you!" he echoed as he caught her to him, and Cynthia, coming back, beamed on them with the air of one who has worked a great good.

RISKED HIS LIFE.

How an Enterprising Reporter Got the News For His Paper.

Undoubtedly the boldest undertaking on the part of a reporter to score a "beat" ever known in the history of American journalism was when Thomas B. Fielders of the New York Times leaped from a steamer in New York harbor at odds of about 100 to 1 of being drowned and brought in the first graphic story of the loss of the ocean liner Oregon. It is the custom of New York dailies to send reporters down the bay to meet incoming steamers when it is known there is "big news" aboard. On the ground that it is better to be safe than sorry the editors dispatch the reporters by special permit on a government revenue cutter or else on a specially chartered tug, with a view to catching their game before the ship docks. It was known early one afternoon that a North German Lloyd steamer was not far out, and every city editor in New York laid plans for sending reporters to meet the incoming liner.

Fielders was one of these. He managed to get aboard the big steamer far down the bay and went among the survivors of the Oregon disaster and obtained some thrilling tales of escape. He took notes enough to write a book about the sinking of the ship, with minute details of heroic rescues and plenty of what newspaper men call "human interest" stories. Then time began to wear heavy on his hands. It was getting late at night and the ship had not yet passed quarantine. To make matters worse, the captain said that he would allow no one to leave the ship until she had made her way clear of quarantine. Fielders vainly pleaded that he was not a passenger and therefore was not amenable to the inspection of the ship by the health officers. His remonstrances were unavailing. The captain was obdurate.

Ten o'clock came. The city editor of the Times paced nervously around the night desk, repeatedly asking, "Where on earth is Fielders?"

Out there in the bay Fielders, wrought to a pitch of anger almost sufficient to impel an assault upon the exacting captain, looked vainly at the dimpling stream of light from his tug as she lay out in the darkened waters waiting for him. The captain of the steamer would not permit the tug to come any nearer to his ship. Fielders stood beside the rail, loudly remonstrating with the man commanding the big ship. He stealthily placed one leg over the rail, then the other. Then there was a splashing sound below and a chorus of shouts from the passengers. The reporter was overboard! Out in the rippling light his body was seen to rise, and as it did the daredevil began swimming toward his tug. His comrades had thrown out a line at a signal from him previously given, and he made for that line. Would he ever get it? Could they see him, a mere speck on the dimly lighted water? He gained a hold on the rope, was pulled aboard the tug and gave orders for her nose to be turned toward the Manhattan shore with all possible speed. The Times contained a full and graphic story of the loss of the Oregon the next morning.—Remson Crawford in Success Magazine.

Turned the Tables.

Alexandre Dumas one day found in his mail a letter from a French count suggesting collaboration in the writing of a drama, Dumas to get the pecuniary benefits and the count to share in the glory. The author sent the following answer: "Sir, I am not in the habit of harnessing a horse and an ass to my carriage. I regret, therefore, that I cannot accept your amiable proposition." The count, in his turn, wrote: "Sir, your note refusing to join me in literary work is at hand. Of course you are at perfect liberty to refuse so advantageous an offer, but I forbid your calling me a horse in the future."

They Don't Speak Now.

Miss Mugley—Did Mr. Knox seem surprised to hear that I was engaged? Miss Cutting—Oh, a little bit. Miss Mugley—Did he ask when it happened? Miss Cutting — No, not "when," but "how on earth."—London Express.

Queens.

"Yes," said the gay Lothario, "I called on four ladies last night."

"Huh! You must be a quitter," snorted the poker friend. "I'd keep on raising all night if I had a hand like that."—Exchange.

The mind is found most acute and most uneasy in the morning. Uneasiness is, indeed, a species of sagacity—a passive sagacity. Fools are never uneasy.—Goethe.

To Her Who Waits

BY BEATRICE STURGES

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"Nothing ever happens in this family," grumbled Molly Evans as she sat by the open window and watched an automobile disappear in a cloud of dust. She knew the girls who had just passed in the machine. They had waved their hands gayly at her, but she wished they hadn't. She wished she hadn't seen them. It was no fun to watch other people enjoy themselves.

"You expect too much," replied her sister Kate, who sat near by trying to make a last summer's dress look like new. "There are lots of things that might happen that you wouldn't like at all."

Kate was older than Molly and had managed to evolve for herself a philosophy that made life easier for her than for her restless sister.

"Just give up and stop expecting things, and they will come to you without any trouble," she added, with a serenity which, it must be confessed, scarcely matched her inmost feelings at that moment, for it is not the easiest thing in the world to make a last year's sleeve appear as the latest fashion model.

"Oh, that's all very well to talk, Kate," burst in Molly, "but what good has it ever done? Here we are grubbing along in the same old humdrum way. You've always been an angel and given up to other people, but you're not any nearer your ambition than ever, and just look at me!"

Kate did look at her affectionately. Molly was nineteen and Kate two years older. They had taken care of themselves for four years, Molly by teaching music and a class of little children, as their town had no kindergarten, and Kate by fine sewing and embroidery. The latter's ambition was to be a trained nurse, but that took so much time and she could not afford to give up her present income even for the prospect of a better one in years to come. She was always called upon when there was sickness and responded cheerfully, though usually her compensation consisted solely of thanks verbally expressed.

"Never mind, dear," replied the optimistic Kate. "Something will happen before you think—maybe today. Everything comes to her who waits. Suppose you walk over to Ferncliff and take this waist to Mrs. Dean. I promised it to her today, and it's all done up ready to go."

Molly arose and shook her curly brown head, smoothed out her pink frock and took the package. She kissed Kate before she started out, but there wasn't much animation in her walk.

"Something nice is on the way," said Kate. "I feel it in my bones." Molly laughed and ran down the steps. She broke off a big spray of lilac as she passed the bush by the gate and carried it along with her. The scent of the blossom brought memories that were both sweet and sad. A year ago, leaning over the gate in the moonlight by that same lilac bush, Dick Foster had first said, "Molly, I love you," and a new world of sweetness and life had been opened for her. Two months ago they had quarreled and separated. Why? Why do lovers ever quarrel? Do they know? Does anybody know? The most foolish and futile reasons on earth—jealousy, false pride and sometimes a tentative desire to gain the mastery. With Molly and Dick it was mostly jealousy, with hardly any foundation, and after that a foolish resolve on the part of each not to give in.

"I will come back when you send for me," announced Dick.

"I will never send for you," declared Molly.

And that was the situation, and that was why Mollie Evans, young and pretty and healthy, with every right to be happy, was taking a lonely walk and feeling herself the most abused girl in the world.

"Maybe Kate is right," she thought to herself. "I'll do things for other people and try to forget myself. I think I'd like to be a nun anyway. I love those white caps."

A tired looking woman passed her just then, and a sudden impulse made Molly hand the lilac spray to her. The woman looked surprised, but Molly hurried on without waiting for thanks. As she approached a little cottage that stood near the road she heard a child's screams, and the same impulse made her rush around the house in the direction of the noise. There in the kitchen stood a terrified little girl trying to put out a fire which had started from some burning oil and which had just leaped to the child's dress as Molly burst in the door. To snatch a rug from the floor and put out the latter was the work of an instant, and in a few moments more the other flames were quenched. After it was all over the neighbors rushed in and explained that the little girl kept house while her mother went out to work. The damage was slight, and neither Molly nor the child was hurt, but when Miss Evans started out again she was a bit pale and shaky.

"Well, something happened, anyway," she told herself as she went along.

She left the package at Ferncliff, which was the finest estate in the neighborhood and stood not far from Dick Foster's home. She decided to walk through the village on the way back and had passed the postoffice, the drug store, of which the town had but one, and had stopped to look in the window of the little bookshop, where some new music was displayed, when she heard a commotion and turned around to see people hurrying in all directions.

"A runaway," was her first thought, and she started to step into the store for safety when she noticed a big black dog approaching and heard people excitedly exclaim, "He's mad!"

And so he was. Yelping, snapping at everything, frothing at the mouth, down the street he came. Directly across from where Molly stood was an open grass square where a dozen little children, some hardly more than babies, were playing. Toward them he came, and Molly's heart grew cold within her. Not a man moved except to throw a stone at the mad beast, and even the little ones seemed oblivious of the danger that threatened them.

Leaping, the dog gained the square, and the next instant the maddened mouth would have snapped at some helpless child, but Molly was there as soon as he was. Fear had lent wings to her feet, and she stood directly in his path, stooped down, caught his head in her dress skirt and fell upon her knees, holding him down while she screamed for help. Scores of people rushed up then. Some snatched the children, some picked up Molly, others stood and looked, while one man dispatched the dog with a revolver. A chorus of grateful mothers assailed her ears, but she was so faint and weak she felt only a desire to get home and weep on Kate's sympathetic neck. Just then the 5:30 train from New York pulled in, and the passengers promptly stepped across the tracks to the square to see the excitement. One young man who shouldered his way through the crowd caught her eye.

"Oh, Dick," she exclaimed, "I'm so glad you've come!" and then fell limply into his outstretched arms before them all.

He drove her home very slowly, for they had a great deal to say, and, of course, Dick had to bring out the ring again from his pocket and put it on Molly's finger, and Molly had to tell him how silly and unhappy she had been, and Dick had to tell her something to the same effect about himself, and all that took considerable time.

Kate was waiting by the gate for her, but all clouds of anxiety vanished from her face when she saw Dick and loooked in Molly's contented and shining eyes. "Didn't I tell you?" she whispered.

"Yes, you dear old prophet, you did," replied Molly, kissing her, "and it will come to you, too, for when Dick and I are married next month you can go and study and nurse to your heart's content."

Photo Amateurs a Study.

One of the most interesting places in New York to study human nature is at a counter in a photographer's shop where the customers come to get amateur photographs they have had developed and printed. The anxiety they display to get the products of their "shots" would seem to be out of all proportion to the results, when you catch a glimpse of them, and their disappointment if the prints are not ready is almost as keen, apparently, as if some important business transaction had fallen through. And when they do get the prints their faces are even more interesting. The satisfaction of these amateur photographers over a set of fairly good pictures is absolutely idiotic, and their dismay at a lot of failures is tragic. The frankness of these exhibitions is not the least interesting phase of the whole thing.—New York Press

Going to Luncheon.

How a man goes: Glances at the clock, drops his pen, jumps from his chair, grabs his hat, bolts for the door, says briefly, "Going to lunch," and is gone. Time, one-half minute.

How a woman goes: Glances at the clock. Wipes her pen carefully and places it in the pen tray. Arranges papers neatly on her desk. Goes to the mirror. Removes four or five combs, as many pins and possibly unties a bow from her hair. Combs up her pompadour, puffs out the sides, combs up the scolding locks, replaces bow, pins and combs, then surveys result with hand mirror. Washes her hands and cleans her nails. Dabs the powder rag over her face to remove "that shiny look." Applies whisk broom to dress. Puts on hat and thrusts into it five long hatpins. Consults hand mirror again. Puts on veil. Uses hand mirror once more. Investigates sundry fancy pins at back of neck and belt. Pulls on gloves. Gets her parasol. Gives one more look in the mirror and goes. Time—depends on the woman and the length of her gloves, but anywhere from twenty minutes to half an hour.—New York Press.

Old English Coal Records.

There is a record, dated 852, of the receipt of twelve cartloads of fossil coal at the abbey of Peterborough, and this was assuredly not the first case of production and delivery.

The deeds of the bishopric of Durham contain records of grants of land to colliers as far back as 1180 in various parts of the county. In the year 1239 a charter was granted by Henry III. to the freemen of Newcastle-on-Tyne to dig coal in the fields belonging to the castle, and it was in or about this year that coal was first sent to London. Very early in the fourteenth century evidence abounds of a large consumption of coal by smiths, brewers and others. Already the smoke nuisance appeared, and a commission of Edward I. levied fines to prevent it.

Another charter, or license, was granted to the freemen of Newcastle in Edward III.'s time to work coal within the town walls, and in the year 1367 coal began to be worked at Winlaton, in the neighborhood where George Stephenson was to evolve the locomotive 400 years later, while himself a worker at the coal pits.

Poor Augustus!

Augustus Imperator, with the world's wealth at his command, "had not a shirt to his back or a chimney to his kitchen." He had not a fork, either, or a teapot or an umbrella or a piece of soap. In the depth of winter Augustus had no covering for his limbs.—Land Outlook.

LACKAWANNA RAILROAD
—BLOOMSBURG DIVISION
Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad.

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

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

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

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

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

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DANVILLE

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

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

4.33 p. m. weekly 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., where it connects with trains leaving New York City at 1.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 12.00 p. m. and Buffolo at 9.30 a. m.

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