A Mercenary Affair

By EDITH M. DOANE

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When Mrs. Palmer announced the engagement of her daughter Helen to James Corey, every one wondered why on earth Helen had not chosen a younger man.

In almost in the same breath it leaked out that Mr. Palmer, who was always trading on tips and going broke in the market, had plunged once too often—had indeed been face to face with bankruptcy until James Corey came to his rescue.

Then the world, as represented by society in Glenwood Park—proffered congratulations and smiled discreetly. Of course if the Palmers accepted James Corey's money, they must accept its giver too.

The Park was apt to assemble informally at the Country club for 5 o'clock tea. There was something pleasantly cozy in gathering around the low china laden table on the wide clubhouse porch. But now chocolate cooled, forgotton, tea boiled quietly away, while their possessors eagerly discussed this marriage of convenience in their midst.

"The poor girl is deliberately sacrificing herself," declared Mrs. Lawrence, tragically waving a tea cake.

"And she is so pretty," put in little Mrs. Brooks irrelevantly.

"Her youth has been bartered for gold," said Mrs. Ellis, who had a fondness for light fiction.

"And he is so much older."

"Money isn't everything."

"Perhaps even yet she may be saved from it," faltered little Mrs. Brooks hopefully.

"Why save her?" briskly interrupted Mrs. Wylie, joining the group and taking the cup of fragrant tea offered her. "Mr. Corey is honorable, charitable, rich—a good man in every respect. She

"WHAT'S THIS YOU'VE DONE?" HE DEMANDED VEHEMENTLY.

ought to be proud of him. I'm sure I can't imagine what more she could want."

Five pairs of eyes confronted Mrs. Wylie in shocked surprise.

"Well, I'm sure I hope she takes your view of it," said Mrs Lawrence gloomily.

"If he only were younger. He's as old as—as Father Abraham."

"Oh, if Mr. Palmer had not been in such sore straits!"

"Still, it is lovely to be able to cling to one's faith in human nature as you do."

"I'm clinging to nothing," said Mrs. Wylie stubbornly; "but, for my part, I think she's a very lucky girl."

"Oh, of course everybody respects him."

"And he is a very rich man."

"But it is so evident that she did it to save her father."

"Besides, there is her cousin, Tom Breuster," said Mrs. Brooks softly.

Tom Breuster was an ordinary sort of a fellow—fairly good looking, fairly clever—in fact, he did not amount to much one way or the other, but he happened to imagine himself very much in love with Helen and when her engagement was announced burst in on his aunt in a storm of indignation.

"What's this you've done?" he demanded vehemently. "Why was I kept in ignorance all this time?"

"I don't understand you," returned Mrs. Palmer coldly.

"Don't you?" he went on ruthlessly. "Then I'll explain. You have engaged Helen to a man for whom she has not the smallest spark of affection. To save yourselves—for the sake of mere money, mere worldly position—you and her father have consented to sacrifice that poor girl, body and soul."

"You must be insane to talk to me like this," returned his aunt icily. "There is no reason why Helen should not marry Mr. Corey or any one else she chooses."

"Let us confine ourselves to Mr. Corey. She has no right to marry him at all events."

"No?" said she. "And why?"

"Because a loveless marriage can never be right."

"But who says it isn't a love match?" she went on, forgetting her anger in her desire to convince him of the futility of interfering with Helen's engagement. "Mr. Corey is a charming man. Why should not Helen care for him?"

"She doesn't. It isn't her own doing. You are sacrificing her."

"As though I could make Helen marry any one she did not wish to!" returned Mrs. Palmer, with a low laugh. "My dear boy, if you feel like that, pray go away until you come to your senses."

"I shall not go away until I have seen Helen," he said doggedly.

"Tom, I beg of you"—

"Why are you two glowering at each other like Kilkenny cats?" cried a fresh young voice from the doorway. "How are you, Tommy?" and Helen Palmer, slender, dark eyed, clad all in soft shimmering gray, entered the room and held out her hand in smiling greeting.

Now that the moment had arrived, words failed him.

Noting his hesitation, she smiled at him again. "Have you come to proffer your congratulations in person?" she asked shyly.

"No, not quite," he said. "Still I suppose one is bound to say something about the clever bargain you have made. That you of all people should prefer money to love!"

"What a perfectly horrid thing to say," she returned indignantly. "Do you suppose because you are a member of the family you are privileged to be as disagreeable as you like?"

"I suppose loving you is being disagreeable," he returned moodily. Mrs. Palmer had slipped from the room, and they were both too intent to hear other footsteps that came nearer up the gravel walk, up the steps, and were muffled by the heavy rugs on the porch outside.

"Loving me! How perfectly absurd! Why didn't you say so before? And not come here now"—

"I came to save you from sacrificing yourself to a loveless marriage," he returned grandiloquently.

"Oh, Tommy, you are too funny," she laughed softly. She raised her eyes and looked steadily into his weak, good looking face.

"Tommy," she said gently, "you must not think that I have any feeling but real honest liking for Mr. Corey. I respect him—I care for him"—

"Of course, he is a very rich man. I understand."

"He is at all events the very best man I have ever met," she returned indignantly. "Of course he has been awfully good about father's troubles, but I should have loved him just the same," she went on, with quick conviction. "He is so good, so kind, so just"—

"Why don't you say that he has money and can shower that upon you?"

"I wish you to understand," she said coldly, "that, while I appreciate Mr. Corey's money, I love him for himself."

Suddenly her mouth quivered and two large tears strolled down her cheeks. "I am so worried about all this," she said unsteadily. "Every one thinks I care for his money. Will no one believe"—

The curtains at the long open window suddenly parted.

"I believe it. Do I count?" said James Corey as he entered the room.

After all, fate sometimes consents to interfere benignly, even in a mercenary affair.

PEWS FOR OLD MAIDS.

Quaint Distinctions In the Old Hatfield Meeting House.

Around three sides, about on a level with the pulpit, in the old meeting house at Hatfield, Mass., extended the galleries, reached by staircases on the northeast and southeast corners, where, in the front seats, sat the singers, trebles on the north and basses on the south and counters and tenors on the east. The next two rows of seats were occupied by children, girls in the north and boys in the south, and frolicsome youngsters they were, if we may judge by the frequency with which the town was obliged to renew the brass tips to the staves of the tithing men, three of whom were always on duty to keep the youth from disorder.

Behind the children and still higher in square pews against the wall sat the young men and maidens, the latter on the north and the former on the south. One gallery pew was reserved for colored men and one for colored women, and, queerest of all, a high square pew over the north stairway was assigned to old maids and a similar pew over the south stairs to old bachelors. Just how many years these two classes had to number before they were promoted from the lower seats in the synagogue the records do not state, but that they sat in those exalted seats Samuel Dwight Partridge, to whom we are indebted for the description of the old meeting house, assures us is beyond question. The square pews on the floor were assigned to householders, according to wealth and social position.—Springfield Republican.

TRICKS OF THE CAMERA.

Why You Should Let the Photographer Do the Posing.

"I always hate to have my picture taken, because I have such a horrid long neck," said the woman petulantly as she entered the photographer's gallery.

He smiled sympathetically. "Wait till you see the picture I take," he replied. "You won't know your own neck, so to speak. No, it isn't in retouching, but I always pose a long necked subject lower than the camera, and the neck shortens up. That's only one of the tricks of the trade. The hatchet faced man I pose looking straight into the camera in a full light. His face seems to broaden and become more fleshy in this pose. The person with a fat, round face I place so that soft shadows veil either side of the face, which has a tendency to make the features more clear cut and handsome.

"I often have subjects with crooked noses. Now, a crooked nose should be frankly attacked—that is, the camera should be pointed directly at the crook, which reduces it. If I took it from the side the deformity would be exaggerated a hundredfold.

"The homeliest persons need not fear having their pictures taken if they will put themselves wholly in the photographer's hands and pose just as they are instructed to."—New York Press.

WAYS OF THE TOAD.

Some of the Oddities of This Peculiar Creature.

It is remarkable that the toad, loving water as it does, should wander away from watery regions to dry ground, where it can never see a drop of water except at rain time and leave its water rights to the undisputed possession of its ranal neighbor the frog. How the toad loves water must be known to every garden lover. Whenever there is a shower the creature leaves its cool retreat under the plazza or shed and stands as far as its fore legs will let it, erect in the rain, apparently enjoying to the utmost the shower bath.

Whenever they are near the water at breeding time they deposit long, slimy strings of eggs, and the young toad has to go through the tadpole stage in common with his brother frog. But when they are wholly excluded by distance from the water they seem to have the power of being viviparous, or bringing forth their young alive. In the water fertilization is effected in the same manner as in fishes, but the method in the land life career is not known. About all that is known is that confined toads are found with little toads, no larger than house flies, about them after a time, and in walled gardens and places far removed from water little toads, no larger than peas, wandering around on their own resources and which could never have been tadpoles, are within common experience.

The Other One.

"What is the meaning of 'alter ego?'" asked the teacher of the beginners' class in Latin.

"The other I," said the boy with the curly hair.

"Give a sentence containing the phrase."

"He winked his other I."

Humble Pie

By Louis J. Strong

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"You're a heartless coquette! You've driven my boy away forever! He's gone—he's gone!" Mrs. Hale wailed, with angry, tearful eyes.

"Gone?" Dora repeated, the indignant red fading from her cheeks.

"Yes, gone! And I hold you little better than a murderer, miss!" with which startling declaration she was leaving when Dora caught her arm.

"Mrs. Hale, please tell me, do you mean that Steve is really gone now?"

"Yes, I do mean that he is really gone now!" Mrs. Hale's eyes snapped with vindictive satisfaction at the girl's distress. "He went across country in his buggy, meaning to stop at his uncle's to tell them goodby. He'll take the train at Lynchburg. Oh, I'll never see him again, and it's your doing, you good for nothing"— She left the unpleasant epithet unspoken and stalked away.

Dora fled to her room and fell upon her bed in a tempest of grief. It had not seemed possible that Steve could carry out his threat and leave her. As she thought of it the long years ahead without him seemed to envelop and smother her. She sprang up, gasping. She must get out.

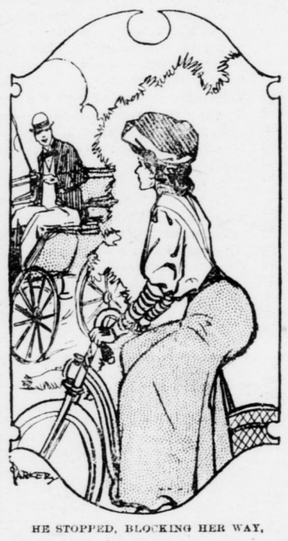
"I'm going for a long ride, mamma," she announced later, and, pulling her cycling cap over her swollen eyes, she rushed away.

She skirted the village with head down, vowing she would not speak to a soul, but an insistent voice halled her from a small house out on the road, and Miss Prissy Allen, the old maid seamstress, hurried to her.

"Of all people in the world!" Dora groaned, dreading the sharp eyes and usually sharper tongue of Miss Prissy.

"I've heard all about it, Dora," Miss Prissy said bluntly, but with unwonted kindness. "I happened to be there when Mrs. Hale came from your house, and her wrath boiled over to me. I was just going to see you. I—I—want to—advise you, my dear girl. Don't let foolish anger and foolish pride ruin your life. Never mind what Steve said or did. You know he loves you, and you love him. Let everything go. Think of the long years"—

"Oh, Miss Prissy," Dora broke in tragically, "I do think of them and how



HE STOPPED, BLOCKING HER WAY.

I'm to live through them. I can't! It will kill me!"

"Yes, you can—you will—live through them and grow withered and hard and sharp tongued and unlovely, as I have. Folks can't die any time they please, and you can live with a heart like a desert of ashes."

"Oh, Miss Prissy, do you mean"—Dora hesitated, the unasked question in her wide eyes.

"I mean that I was a hot headed, proud young fool. I would not yield an inch. I told him to go, and he went and never came back. I might have brought him back at first, but I wouldn't, and see what I am."

"But, Miss Prissy, Steve declared he would go if I—if I"—

"Yes," Miss Prissy interrupted, "that's man's way. And you told him to go, never dreaming he'd do it. That's woman's way. And you're both miserable. He'll marry, likely, though he'll never care as much for another. That's man's way too. And you—you're not the kind that changes. Look at me and see what you'll be! But you mustn't. I've opened my grave to you as a warning. Make it up with Steve now at any cost. Write to him, and be sure you eat your share of humble pie. You deserve it, I dare say, for you are a bit of a flirt, Dora. Write at once and every day till you hear from him." And she bolted into the house, leaving Dora staring at the unexpected romance, the secret of Miss Prissy's lonely life.

What a pitiful tragedy, rather! And one could live on and on! Oh, if she could see Steve! It might be weeks before a letter! If she could only see—She stopped abruptly, shocked with the audacity of a thought that popped into her head. The next moment she swerved from her course and sped away on the trail of Steve.

She was uncertain of the distance. It might be fifteen or twenty-five miles; but, long or short, she would make it in time. He was going to stop at his uncle's. That was a guidepost.

The open surprise and curiosity of Steve's relatives at the questions as to his movements from the flushed pursuer, little more than a stranger to them, overwhelmed her with an agony of embarrassment. It was plain that they had heard nothing of the short engagement and its violent rupture, and she was not in a position to explain, for only humiliating defeat might meet her attempt at reconciliation. She was obliged to leave them with an obviously unflattering opinion of a girl who was confessedly chasing a young man and who only blushed painfully and looked distressed instead of giving satisfactory reasons.

"That was a big piece of humble pie. It almost choked me!" she gasped when once more pedaling for dear life. "But, anyhow, I know he's going to stop twice more and intends taking the early train at Lynchburg. It was worth it to learn so much. I can—I will—make it!"

Noon came and passed. The weary miles seemed to stretch interminably, but she pushed on, feeling that the only impossibility in existence was failure. A friendly boy assured her of the route and gave her directions for saving a couple of miles.

This maneuver came near being her Waterloo, for on the crossent she met young Lawson, a one time suitor, whom she had rejected in favor of Steve.

"Why, Miss Dora!" He stopped, blocking her way. "Are you lost or merely working off injured feelings?"

"Neither!" she replied curtly, attempting to pass.

He ungallantly wheeled his horse, preventing her, saying slyly: "Your face answers as to your feelings. I might ask you how you like the sack yourself, but I'm generous. Oh," he laughed at her look of surprise, "it's no secret that Steve shook you and put out this morning."

"You are very wise!" she retorted, endeavoring to pass.

"Oh, it's common wisdom," he grinned, still preventing her. "It wasn't gentlemanly of Steve to jilt a girl so publicly. Come, now; let me make you Mrs. Lawson at once, and you'll turn the laugh on him good and hard."

"Steve did not jilt me! I was to blame myself!" Dora flared. "Let me pass, please. I must go on!"

"Why, you don't mean that you're tagging the fellow to try to coax him back?" he jeered insolently.

Scarlet, but disdaining denial, Dora evaded him and fled, murmuring with a long breath: "That was a horrible piece of humble pie! But it's better than eating bitter bread the rest of my life!"

With a sickening fear that she was already too late, she scorched desperately over the remaining miles and dashed, panting and disheveled, into Lynchburg, coming almost immediately upon Steve, with Don and the buggy, at a sale stable. With a pang she noted that Steve was pale and haggard. He, too, had suffered, and yet he looked so stern and grave. Her courage faltered. He might not—but she must take it, this last and biggest piece of humble pie, and if Steve were implacable she was so exhausted she was sure she would die and there would be no Miss Prissy's fate for her.

As she timidly approached Steve turned, saw her and with an exclamation darted to her, and at the sudden light in his eyes Miss Dora lopped over in his arms, half fainting, murmuring heartbrokenly: "Oh, Steve! Steve!"

That was all, but enough.

"The humble pie I've eaten! I certainly deserve entire absolution!" Dora cried self righteously when the high stepping Don was prancing home with them.

"Humble pie!" Steve exclaimed. "Your little piece is nothing to the hunk I've got to swallow—going back after all the fuss—and how I'm to do it I don't see unless we're married at once and run away on a long trip."

Dora blushed, but said nothing, and—silence gives consent!

Granted In Advance.

The young doctor who had lately settled in Shrubville had ample opportunities to learn humility if nothing else in his chosen field. One day he was hailed by an elderly man, who requested him to step in and see his wife, who was ailing. At the close of his visit the young doctor asked for a private word with the man.

"Your wife's case is somewhat complicated," he said, "and with your permission I should like to call the Brookfield physician in consultation."

"Permission!" echoed the man indignantly. "I told her I knew she ought to have a good doctor, but she was afraid you'd be offended if she did."

Easy Going Dutch Spelling.

In the good old days when the Dutch were supreme in the administration of the affairs of New Amsterdam everybody knew everybody else, and it mattered little how proper names were spelled. Modern lawyers and civil service reformers would be shocked at the orthographical freedom of the clerks of the burgomaster's court of those times. Here is a sample case taken from the old Dutch records in which the name of a plaintiff is spelled five different ways:

In a case before the court in 1655 Jan "Hackins" is a complainant against the inspector of tobacco, who has certified to Jan "Hockins" that the tobacco was good. The inspector says in his defense that he inspected the tobacco at the request of Jan "Haeckins" on June 26, and aforesaid "Hagins" kept the barrel of tobacco until the 30th without finding out that it was bad. Then Jan "Hakins" has something else to say in the case.

Scotland's Great Genius.

In one of those interesting literary conversations the record of which adds so much to the charm of Boswell's "Johnson" the name of George Buchanan, one of the greatest scholars of the sixteenth century and the most exquisite Latinist of modern times, was mentioned. A Scotsman who was present, knowing the doctor's antipathies and seeing, as he thought, an opportunity of cornering him, said, "Ah, Dr. Johnson, what would you have said of Buchanan had he been an Englishman?" "Why, sir," said Johnson after a little pause, "I should not have said of Buchanan had he been an Englishman what I will now say of him as a Scotsman—that he was the only man of genius his country has produced." Buchanan's consummate ability was recognized by his contemporaries; but, like many another genius before and since, he had his share of "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." He read Livy with Mary, queen of Scots, and was appointed tutor to her son, James I. Political intrigues drove him to the continent, where he taught at Bordeaux and had Montaigne among his pupils. In his old age he returned home and wrote his "History of Scotland" and died so poor that his means were insufficient to defray the expenses of his funeral.—London Express.

Pages 40-60.

In the little town of C. lived three maiden sisters by the name of Paige. They were "neat," as the villagers call it, in its most accentuated form, and they loved the small boy best afar off, in consequence of which they were a bright and shining mark for the pranks that youth seems to originate for its scorners.

One day the front gate strayed from its wonted place with the assistance of two small neighbors. Then came a reprimand from each of the old maids and barbed repartee in return, as usual. Following this exchange came a complaint to the parents of the offenders.

At the table that night papa was requested to reprove Jim and Ted for impertinence to the Misses Paige.

"What did you say to them?" demanded papa, with the requisite frown.

"Didn't sarse them at all," replied Jim, with a grin. "I only said, 'Paga forty, page fifty and page sixty,' an' they got mad at it."

Ted caught sight of pa's twitching muscles and added, "Gee, but they were just hoppin'."

"Well, don't let it happen again," answered pa as he hastily attacked a piece of apple pie.—New York Press.

DEADLY MUSHROOMS.

THE BEAUTIFUL BUT VENOMOUS AMANITA FAMILY.

Beneath the Pleasing Exterior of This Brilliant Fungus Lurks a Vicious Poison That Is Fatal to the Lives of Men and Cattle.

In the dark shade of lofty pine trees and under spreading oaks in more open woods a mushroom is found so remarkable in color and graceful in form that its beauty has excited admiration for hundreds of years. The color of its bright orange cap and its chalk white stem and gills is heightened by the surrounding darkness of the woods and presents a contrast as singular as it is beautiful.

But beneath the pleasing exterior of this brilliant fungus a poison lurks so fatal to the lives of men and cattle that it is called the deadly amanita, and in different countries mothers caution their children to beware of its charms.

Amanita muscaria, the deadly, or fly, amanita, is completely incased in a fleece-like covering during the early stages of its growth, which makes it decidedly egg shaped in form. As the stem lengthens this covering either adheres in loose patches to the top of the cap or it slips away and forms a sheathing to the cup at the base of the stem.

Another inner covering breaks away in its turn from the cap as the mushroom expands and forms a conspicuous collar about the upper part of the stem. The bulbous base of the stem and these ruptured, fleecy coverings are pronounced characteristics which are most helpful in distinguishing this dangerous fungus from the other varieties of mushrooms.

It is strong, free from pests and grows to a height from four to sixteen inches. In color the cap is sometimes bright scarlet, again orange or yellow or reddish in the center and light yellow toward the edges, and it has noticeable wartlike patches spread over the top. On old plants the color fades out, and late in the season particularly forms of the deadly amanita are found which are almost white. The stem is easily separated from the cup at its base.

This mushroom is more generally known than any of the other poisonous species. It has long been used as a fly poison in Europe, and it takes its name, muscaria, from the Latin word for a fly. Its poisonous effect upon human beings begins a few hours after it has been eaten. The symptoms are nausea and faintness, with cold perspiration and stupor, followed in severe cases by death from a gradual weakening of the heart.

A strong emetic should be given at once, and in all cases a physician should be called. Sulphate of atropin is the only known chemical antidote for this poison, and to save the patient it must be promptly administered by hypodermic injections.

The poison may also be absorbed through the pores of the skin, and bad cases of poisoning have been produced by simply holding an amanita in the closed hand or breathing its exhalations in a warm room.

If poisonous mushrooms are packed in the same box with edible ones the virus from the poisonous fungi is absorbed by the harmless mushrooms, and they become as dangerous to eat as the original offenders.

In certain countries the deadly amanita seems to lose some of its viruiency, and in the north of Russia and parts of northeastern Asia it is used in the same manner as wine for its intoxicating effects. The mushrooms are gathered in hot weather and are hung up in the air to dry or they are sometimes picked fresh and put into soup or sauces. A small amount swallowed whole is enough to produce a day's intoxication.

Another fatally dangerous member of the amanita family is the death cup (Amanita phalloides), a beautiful mushroom which also grows in the woods, especially in pine forests. It is not so highly colored as the deadly amanita, and, unlike that mushroom, it has a smooth, satiny cap. It is usually white or straw colored, but specimens are found which are light brown, green, yellow and spotted. The stem is white and nearly smooth, and the cup at the base of the stem is invariably present.

The death cup is even more poisonous than the deadly amanita and stands first among all noxious fungi for its poisonous qualities. It grows in the eastern and middle states and in particularly large quantities near the city of Washington.

Another amanita (Amanita vernus), found in the woods in spring, is also very poisonous and may be told by its color, which is a creamy white throughout.

Although it is said that the amanitas are the only mushrooms which have proved fatal to human life, there are other varieties which cause such acute distress that it is well to guard against eating them.

The boleti for instance have several varieties which are nonedible, although many kinds, on the other hand, make delicious food. The boleti are distinguished by a sponge-like surface of pores instead of gills beneath the cap. The harmful varieties are bitter, as a rule, and change color to blue or red when cut or broken. The edible varieties remain white.—Annie Oakes Huntington in Youth's Companion.

AN ODD BIRD SPECIES.

She Does the Courting and He Most of the Nursery Work.

Wilson's phalarope is very common in nearly all parts of the northwestern prairies wherever there are grassy pools or sloughs. It is a quiet, beautiful [illegible] bird, with no immodest outcries, feeding prettily along the moist margins of the sloughs and not disturbing itself over our presence. From every every standpoint this phalarope, like all other species of its class, is an exceptionally among the birds. Apparently a land bird, it has partially webbed or scalloped feet and is a good and graceful swimmer. The female is the larger and handsomer of the pair, she does the courting and he most of the subsequent incubation and nursery [illegible] and obedient, as becomes the husband of an amazon, or so would, had strenuous a young female as she will not tolerate a buck loafing around idle when there is plenty of useful work to be done. For her part, to lay eggs so big that the chicks are clothed and able to run at birth is all that should reasonably be expected of her. Their marital relations are otherwise scandalous from our point of view. Two or three idle, vainglorious females are often seen devoting themselves to one little male at the height of the nesting season, and no one seems to be sure whether or not he is the husband of any one or all of them. Anyhow, they are all head over ears in love with him.—Herbert K. Job in Outing Magazine.

INDIAN REMEDIES.

Peculiar Medical Methods Used In the Far East.

Great virtues are ascribed to the claws and horns of certain animals. Tigers' claws are in great demand with the common people. One or two claws may be worn near the loins, but should one possess a larger number the fortunate owner makes a garland of them and wears them around his neck. Deer's horn ground into the paste is an excellent balm for pain and swellings. A more curious use is found for the same substance; it is sometimes made into a powder which is supposed to aid the growth of stunted women. The joints taken from the long and slender tail of the black scorpion are supposed to keep illness at arm's distance when children wear them on their waist thread.

A red or swollen eye is cured by having it touched with the bolt or chain of a door. A remedy which I have seen applied with considerable effect in more than one epileptic fit is to place a bunch of keys in the palm of the sufferer. I have heard it said that the fit passes away as readily if the keys are placed on the head. A rather quaint remedy in the case of a sprained neck is to use an iron measure for a pillow.

Sore throat is cured by spitting on redhot iron, quite the simplest and least expensive cure known to the native doctor. Peacock's flesh and pig's ghee are the best medicines for acute rheumatism.—Madras Mail.

East and West.

The chief distinction between the genius of the eastern civilization and that of the west, according to an oriental, lies in this: With you the individual is the hub of the universe—even charity begins at home with you—while with us of the east it is the whole, the state, not the individual, that we emphasize. An individual is nothing; the state, the whole, is everything. We sacrifice thousands of individuals, we sacrifice our children and our wives upon the altar of national honor without hesitation, without murmuring.—Punch.

A FAMOUS DIAMOND.

Curious Incident in the History of the Kohinoor.

The Kohinoor fell into the hands of the ruler of Lahore and on the conquest of the Punjab became a possession of Queen Victoria in the year 1850. The first authentic mention of this matchless gem is by an eastern monarch, who refers to a "jewel valued at one-half the daily expenses of the whole world." A century or two later the Persian conqueror of India, seeing the diamond glitter in the turban of the unfortunate rajah, exclaimed, with rough and somewhat costly humor, "Come, let us change our turbans in pledge of friendship!" The exchange was promptly effected. The stone fell at last into the hands of the British, and pending its delivery to the crown Sir John Lawrence, afterward Lord Lawrence, was made its guardian.

His biographer, Bosworth Smith, relates a curious incident of its custody. Half unconsciously Sir John thrust it, wrapped up in numerous folds of cloth, into his waistcoat pocket, the whole being in an insignificant little box. He continued the work upon which he was engaged and thought no more of his precious treasure. He changed his clothes for dinner and threw his waistcoat aside, still forgetting all about the little box contained in it.

Some weeks afterward a message came from the viceroy saying that the queen had ordered the jewel to be immediately transmitted to her.

In a moment the fact of his carelessness flashed across Sir John, but he slipped away to his private room and with his heart in his mouth sent for his old bearer, of whom he asked:

"Have you a small box that was in my waistcoat pocket some time ago?"

"Yes, sahib," the man replied. "I found it and put it in your chest of drawers."

"Bring it here," said Sir John. "Open it," he ordered when the little box had been produced, "and see what is inside."

He watched the man with tense anxiety as fold after fold of the rags was taken off.

"There is nothing here, sahib," said the old man at last, "but a bit of glass."—Sunday Magazine.

His Deep Grief.

Visitor—I do hope that poor Jack, your brother, does not grieve too much at my having broken our engagement. I feel sure he must be very unhappy. What did he say, dear? The Sister—Oh, he said what a lucky thing it was you broke it off this week instead of next, as it saved him from having to buy you a birthday present!

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 p. m. and New York City at 5.30 p. m.

10.19 a. m. weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 12.55 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 6.5' 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.

12.14 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 12.0 p. m. and Buffolo at 9.30 a. m.

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T. W. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt.

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