cupied face with she served a bunch of school children.

cupier, rate children. The four conspirators is the into the secret and departed to spread broadcast the jest, the prank upon El-lison, whose sentiment toward Miss Waring was an open secret. And pre-antly, by twos and threes and in squads, her old friends and former as-sociates began to sounter by. Some purchased of her with simpering pat-ronage, some with a cold nod of rec-ognition, while others passed with haughty, snearing oblivion of her. Some of the smart youths inclined to a famillarity that almost amounted to rudances.

Ellison noted it all, his heart grov

Efficien noted it all, his heart grow-ing hotter until it burst all restraint. "Miss Waring — Millicent!" he breathed with low intensity as they were alone for a moment. "I cannot hear this! It may be presumption-improper even, for me to speak here-I cannot help it! I am sure you have long known of my deep love for you, though you-cannot resilve how it is my very life and soul--I have had so little to offer, I feit I could not presume to ask you to give up for me your luxask you to give up for me your lux-urious position, to-but I can provide you with a comfortable home, and my whole life shall be devoted to"-

His stammering speech was inter-rupted by the langhing, bubbling crowd of conspirators, eager to witness his discomfiture.

his discomflure. "Ha, ha! Look at him!" "Oh, the easy mark?" "Has be offered you his purse, Millicent?" "Ha, ha! The idea of Mr. Waring"- "Falled!" "As ff"-"Ha, Ha!"

Unheeding the swirl, Miss Waring calmly began counting money from the drawers and piling it in heaps upon the counter. "There," she said at upon the counter. "There," she said at last, "\$427.10. That means \$854.20 for the hospital from you fel-lows. You folks who dared me to do this promised to double the amount I took in, you know." She beamed at them sweetly

His wildest imaginings had material-ized before his eyes, but he scornfully rejected the suggested explanations of them sweetly. "My hat! I never dreamed you'd pull is so much!" gasped Stream. "It's sure up to us, boys! But, oh, Ellison, sonny! Ellison-you-you-." He dou-bled with joy. "Your face pays for it all! See it now, don't you? Catch on to it? It was such a chance as comes orace in a lifetime! Oh mu! his reason, repeating again and again, He was unconscious of the passing throng and too deeply shocked and ab-sorbed to feel surprise when a hand clapped him upon the shoulder and a hearty voice cried: "Hello, old man! When did you blow in?" once in a lifetime! Oh, my! Oh, my!" Ellison perceived, and turned a blank, mortified face to apologize to Miss Waring, but she laid a gentle. Ellison seized the speaker and drew restraining hand upon his arm and mm around the corner. "Fred," he demanded, "is that Miss Millicent Waring? My eyes tell me so, but I cannot believe them." again addressed the gurgling, crowing crowd very sweetly, but distinctly, "I claim your congratulations upon my success as a saleslady, and"-(she "Sure, that's Miss Waring." "But-but-good heavens! What's she doing in the confectionery shop?" "Selling, same as other shopkeepers." blushed adorably)-"and also upon my engagement to Mr. Ellison."

#### Subjective Cigars

\$20 a hundred for.'

When a man smokes a cheap cigar instead of an expensive or moderate priced one it is not always because he may have his pocketbook to consider," said a New York physician as he re-Star. "An old friend of mine, a former col-"an old friend of mine, a former col-

winking at a newcomer over Ellison's shoulder. "Necessity!" yelled Ellison. "You don't mean-you can't mean"-

"But why? Of course I see she is selling, but why?" He shook the other

"Necessity, I suppose, same as the other shopkeepers again," he grinned,

The JEST THAT

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Ellison had sometimes imagined what "might have been" had Millicent War ing been other than the only child of a multimillionaire. What would have been, rather, for he would have en-compassed heaven and earth to accom-

plish it, and in his inmost heart he had felt that the accomplishing would no have been difficult. At times wild pictures had pres

themselves of the possibility of the

beastly money taking the proverbial

wings, opening for him the gates to paradise, but in his samer moments he

derided such fancles, for with Mr. War ing to the fore there was not the slight est probability of such an occurrence

Instead, he had arrived at a condition

where the wings were a necessity to himself if he would retain a rag of self respect. This cherished self re-

sen respect. This considerably now in the yielding that had brought him-back, and he had sternly limited him-self to a week, even while calculating how often he might contrive to see ber

in the time without too greatly trans-

The was hurrying to his hotel to make himself presentable for an immediate call when, as he whipped into the

broad, main avenue, a sight presented

itself at which he recled as from a blow in the face. Leaning limply against a doorway he stared, mutter-

ing, "Impossible, impossible!

ossible

him around the corner

emently

By LOUISE J. STRONG.

**RECOILED.** 

"Better moderate your emotion, Elli-son," the newcomer advised, indicating a bluecoat who was regarding them suspiciously.

"Of course, boys" - Ellison's voice was a murmur-"of course I know you can't mean that she is obliged to do it." "Why not? Couldn't old man Waring come a financial cropper, same as thousands of others just as astute as

"The world could come to an end," Ellison jeered, but his heart had set up a sudden pounding that dizzied

m. "Comes to an end every day, dear boy, for those money kings when their little card houses tumble. It's a new world for them and their families, too, after that.'

"You bet!" exclaimed one of another would smoke a cigar that was more couple of youths who had added them-selves to the group. "Miss Waring is finding it a new world, all right." objective. But he only smiled. The old fellow is so chock full of philoso-phy that he simply cannot see any-thing as other people see it."-New York Times.

Sundry sly winks and nods were ex-changed by the four young fellows, ac-quaintances to whom Ellison had forgotten to give a greeting. "Where's Mr. Waring?" he asked.

"Oh he's around. He's plucky. He'll ptill it off again some time, I reckon," one said, with a laugh.

"That's so," affirmed another. "But in the meantime there must be bread

"But wasn't there somebody - or something else for Miss Millicent"-Fred Wilson interrupted Ellison's in-

dignant outburst: "Nothing by which she could so quickly and easily rake in the shek-

"She's pulling them in by the hand-ful, too," said Hughes. "She seems a natural salesiady — has the gift for trade.

Ellison flushed resentfully. "But it annot be pleasant"-

# THE BAY HORSE.

An Old Arab Legend That Tells of His Unmatched Speed.

The bay colored horse is said to be the swiftest of all the horses. A story to illustrate this is told of a certain Arab sheft who, having been engaged Arab sheak who, having been engaged in a fight with another tribe, was tak-ing his flight with his little son. They were both mounted on a mag-plicent white mare which belonged to the sheak and which had always been

the sheik and which had always been highly valued on account of the great speed at which it could go. After hay-ing ridden some little distance the sheik asked his son to look around and see if they were being followed. The boy replied that there was some one riding after them on a black horse. The sheik seemed satisfied on hearing this report, but presently repeated his question. The boy answered that they were still being pursued, but that this time the horse was white. "Never mind," said the father; "mine is faster." faster."

In a few minutes he asked for a further report, and the reply was the further report, and the reply was the same, with the difference that the horse was a chestnut. The shiek, however, put his question a fourth time, but upon being told by his son that the pursuer was mounted on a bay he cried out, "Then we are lost, for there is no horse which it cannot overtake." His words proved to be true, for in a short time they were caught up with short time the

LEATHER BOUND BOOKS.

A Little Vaseline Improves and Pre serves the Binding.

An official of the Congressional li-brary was talking with a friend who recently had purchased a handsome set of leather bound volumes and said: "You had better examine those vol-umes carefully to see if the leather needs feeding. If it is new stock they will be all right let alone for several ways but if, they have here on the

years, but if they have been on the shelves for some time the leather will have lost most of its natural oil and become brittle. This applies especially to books kept in private houses, which are as a rule much hotter than the book stacks of a large library. There is nothing more attractive than a fresh, well preserved leather binding on a volume and scarcely anything less so than a dilapidated, cracked one.

"You can add years to the life of a rou can add years to the life of a lengter binding and a hundred per cent to its appearance by rubbing in a little vaseline with a piece of raw cotton-not too much, just as much as the leather will thoroughly absorb. Where the binding bends is where it is most likely to crack. The leather will not be greasy, as the vaseline will be absorbed. One treatment every year or two is sufficient unless the books are unduly exposed to heat."-Washington

Within Her Rights.

A very black woman in a silver gray smokes the vilest cigars made. He is the best tempered old fellow you ever saw, and splendid company—if it weren't for his eigars. He swears the automobile coat was seen a few morn brand he smokes are as good as Ha-vanas. Once he said to me, 'My friend, believe me, the cigar is what we call subjective, and not objective. That is

automobile coat was seen a few morn-ings ago hauling an unwilling and dis-reputable looking yellow dog by a leather thong. A friendly disposed policeman asked casually: "Why don't you turn the dog loose? He don't look able to run off, and nobody"il want to steal him?" "Aln't I a 'oman? was the tart uner. to say, it is what we think it is, and not what it seems to other people to be. So, you see, my cigars, that cost me only \$1 a hundred, are as good as

query. There was no disputing the fact. "Ain't dis heah a dog?"

you would call the best and pay maybe Patent fact. 'Atn't dis heah New York?" <sup>520</sup> a hundred tor.<sup>20</sup> "It is a great advantage, no doubt, to a man when he looks on all things like a philosopher. I told my professor friend that his citaris might be sub-jective, for all I knew, but that they were fearful, and I should like it if he would smoke a citar that was more Obviously true, "Well, ain't I got a good right to walk on dese heah streets and put on

all the style I choose?" No disputing a self evident proposi-tion.-New York Times.

# A GHOST STORY.

The Crowd of Phantoms That Dazed Three Young Women

An experience wherein phantoms presented themselves to view in prodigious numbers simultaneously is related by a young lady whose name, at her request, is withheld, the narrative being indorsed by her sister, who was with her at the time. She writes:

"One autumn night my sister and myself, with our maid, were returning from evening service in the village church. There was a thick fog. The moon was full, but it made a sort of steam in the fog instead of shining brightly. Suddenly I saw a man at my sister's side, who had come there The volcano Aso-san, in southern Japan, on the island of Kiushu, pos-sesses the largest crater known on the earth. It is about fourteen miles

without making a sound. I pulled her sleeve, whispering, 'Let the man pass.' As I spoke the man disappeared. "In another moment we were all be-

and r suyer to read the graceful the-ute to the dead moralist. Turning away at length, a poorly dressed man in working garb said to me: "'I knew that man, sir.'

## SUSPICIOUS BIRDS.

Easy to Make Sparrows Show Their The Way Lord Brougham Paid His Fear of a Trap. Debt to George IV.

Fear of a Trap. One winter day I made an experi-ment with sparrows to see exactly how far their natural suspicion would hold out against hunger. I had often no-ticed that if one put a little bit of string, a large button or any strange object among breadcrumbs the spar-rows would not touch the bread. They feared a trap. Starlings are less ansfores at rap. Starlings are less sus-picious in this way. If they care about the bread at all, they are more trustful and do not make any fuss about some small foreign object. But I thought hard weather might make all the difference error to supervise.

I thought hard weather might make all the difference even to sparrows. So I put a long piece of apple peel among the bread. It looked quite good to eat, but might be taken by a very suspicious bird for something of the nature of string or tape, which spar-rows seem to regard with particular distrust. Can they regard it as an emblem of captivity? Directly the bread was thrown on the ground about bread was thrown on the ground about bread was thrown on the ground about fifty sparrows perched in a tree above it. They looked at it very glumly, and not one ventured to come down. Gen-erally they would be devouring the bread within a few seconds. For a lit-tle over three hours a crowd of spar-rows watched the bread with the ter-rolls piece of apple peel lying among rible piece of apple peel lying among it, but it remained untouched. Then made up his mind to take one sparrow made up his mind to take the risk. He was soon followed by all

the others. In twenty minutes the bread was gone. But they had wasted over three hours.-St. James' Gazette.

# DOWN IN THE FIRE ROOM.

Raking the Ashes From the Furnace of an Ocean Liner.

My "watches," four hours long, be-gan at 8 in the morning and at 4 in the afternoon. The rest of the time was mine excepting when it was my turn to carry water and help clean up the m

The first descent into the fire room of an ocean liner is unforgettable. Going down that series of ladders into the howels of the old Elbe, the heat seemed to jump 10 degrees a ladder. At last the final ladder was reached, and we were at the bottom-the bottom of everything was the thought in more minds than one that afternoon. The head fireman of our watch immediately called my attention to a poker, easi-ly an inch and a half thick and twenty to thirty feet long. "Yours!" he scream-ed. "Yours!" And he threw open one of the ash doors of a furnace, panto-miming what I was to do with the poker. I dived for it madly, just barely raised it from the floor and got it started into the ashes and then dropped none too neatly on top of it. "Hurry up, you sow-pig!" the fireman yelled, and I struggled again with the terrible poker, finally managing to rake out the ashes.-Josiah Flynt in Success Maga-

# A STUBBORN LOVER.

zine.

Lay Firm and Conquered the Bride's Close Fisted Father.

I remember, says a writer on Irish Life, the marriage of the daughter of a well to do shopkeeper in the town of

Galway. The father of the bride was considered to be decidedly close fisted. The bridegroom, as well as I remem-ber, was of a station somewhat su-perior to that of the family he proposed to ally himself with. The wedding day came, but when the bridal party assembled at the chapel the bridegroom failed to appear. After waiting long and value for the lag-gard the emissaries were dispatched to his abode to hasten his coming. They found him snugly ensconced in

bed. "Sorra foot do I stir out of this," said the prospective benedict, "unless the fortune's doubled."

For an hour and more intermedia-ries ran backward and forward be-tween the chapel and the bridegroom's dwelling, striving to make terms, while the bride waited at the altar with such patience as she could muster. The bridegroom, however, stood, or rather lay, firm, and at last the father, unwilling that his daughter should be put to shame in the sight of all Gal-way by returning to her father's house unwed, gave way and promised to double the fortune as demanded, whereupon the bridegroom got up, dressed himself and went to church to be married.

Largest Crater on the Earth.

With all of his knowledge and talent

Lord Brougham was eccentric and slovenly in his personal habits. While he was a young and comparative v unknown barrister he was asked to a dinner at which the prince regent presided. Mr. Brougham's hands needed washing. The regent's keen eyes rested on them. He beckoned to a waiter and gave an order which the man heard with a scared face, and then going out he speedily returned with a ever full of water, scap and a towel

GOT HIS REVENCE.

He carried them to Brougham, pre senting them with the prince regent's compliments. The barrister instantly withdrew and never afterward re-ferred to the insult.

Years later, when the prince, now king, tried to divorce his wife, Brough-ham, as her defender, so vehement-ly sustained her cause that she triumphed. The king's name was not mentioned during the trial, though the nation knew that he was secretly the prosecutor. Brougham in his speech declared that he saw in the distruce the nameless persecutor of his inno cent client, quoting with terri.c effect Milton's words:

The other shape. If shape it might be called, \*\*\* black it stood as night. Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell, And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

George IV. felt seriously this savage attack. The nation sided with the queen, and her defender had paid his debt with interest.

### THE DRUG STORE.

Its Evolution From the Apothecaries of the Colonies

During the seventeenth century the druggist came to America and closely followed English precedents, modify ing them, however, by the practice of the Indians, with whom he came in contact. Quack apothecaries began to spring up in the new land, and in 1636 the colory of Virginia passed a law which among other things regulated the prices and fees of the druggist. At this time it was fashionable for the druggists to practice surgery in ad-dition to pharmacy, and the Virginia colony contained a large number of colony contained a large number of people who were proficient in both pro-tessions. In Massachusetts the busi-ness was largely in the hands of Indians, schoolmasters, old women and teachers. The Salem witchcraft de-lusion retarded the spread of the drug-gist for some time in the Bay State, for the popular impression fastened on the anotheogeness a superior that they. the apothecaries a suspicion that the sold the potions that were supposed to produce the spells. Among those who suffered persecution at this time mixers of medicine appear to have been prominent.

# A BUSINESS PARABLE.

You Cannot Fail to Appresiate the Point In This Story.

Coce a farmer had 1,800 bushels of wheat, which he sold not to a single grain merchant, but to 1,800 different dealers, a bushel each. & few of them paid him in cash, but far the greater paid him in cash, but far the greater formher said it was not convenient then; they would pay later. A few months passed and the man's bank account ran low. "How is this?" he said. "My 1,800 bushels of grain should have kept me in afluence until another crop is raised, but I have parted with the grain and have instead only a vast number of accounts so small and scat.

number of accounts, so small and scat tered that I cannot get around and col

tered that I cannot get around and col-lect fast enough to pay expenses." So he posted up a public notice and asked all those who owed him to pay quickly. But few came. The rest said, "Mine is only a small matter, and I will go and pay one of these days," for-getting that, though each account was very small, when all were put together they meant a large sum to the man they meant a large sum to the man. Things went on thus. The man got to feeling so had that he fell out of bed and awoke and, running to his gran ary, found his 1,800 bushels of wheat still safe there. He had only been dreaming. Moral.—The next day the man went

to the publisher of his paper and said. "Here, sir, is the pay for your paper, and when next year's subscription is due you can depend on me to pay it promptly. I stood in the position of an editor last night, and I know how if feels to have one's honestly earned money scattered all over the country in small amounts."-Exchange.



The expression "scot free," which is The expression "scot free," which is in use every day, harks back to the times of Scottish romance and tragedy so luminously described by Sir Walter Scott in "The Antiquary" and "Rob Roy." In these stirring tales we are told of one form of Scottish triais giv-en certain offenders of justice. He who had broken the law was divested of all of his clothing and placed at a certain distance from archers who a certain distance from archers who had bows and arrows ready, waiting the command, "Fire!" When the com waiting mand was given, the man under indict ment would begin running and the archers firing, and if in running this gantlet none of the arrows hit him he was allowed to go scot free.-Exchange SOMETHING NEW !



Furnaces, etc.







ar was



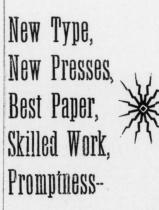
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PRINTING DONE ? . . .

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tasty, Bill or Lo ter Head, Poster Ticket, Circular Program, Stat. ment or Card . an advertisemen for your business, a

satisfaction to you.



The drug shop had not yet become a distinct institution. It was usually a branch of the grocery or spice busi-ness. In 1647 one Giles Forman of Boston, had, however, firmly estab-lished himself as devoting special at-tention to pharmacy. In 1648 the first

distinctive drug store in America was opened in Boston by William Davies. --Lippincott's.

Awake on the Tip Question. The regular patron was indignant as the waiter spilled the soup. "You're tipsy!" he exclaimed.

"Couldn't be on your tips. See?" re-sponded the waiter, at least not so ine-briated as to impede his mental proc-esses.—Philadelphia Ledger.

'Oh, her position has its unpleasant features, of course," Strean interrupt-ed lightly. "Some of the 'climbers' snub her, and disapproval riots on all sides, but Miss Millicent carries it off well. She might have married-that is, I suppose so," he insinuated, with

wicked eyes. "Yes, she might have married while the old man's pile was intact," Forrest assented

"But she didn't. And a wife with prospective millions and one with noth-ing but expensive habits and passable beauty are two very different things," Stream asserted.

Stream asserted. Ellison turned a furious face upon him and half raised a clinched fist; then, mastering himself, he remarked. "I suppose that's the way the world

"I suppose that's the way the world sees ft," and stoode away. The'four ranness burst-into exuber-ant delight, discing each other in the ribs and chrickling hilariously as he disappeared down a side street. "Ellison had no coherent thought at first as he tore along. The knowledge that'the barder between them was re-imoved'dired him. But seen he hereas

moved dazed him. But soon he began to, turn things over in his mind, to even consider the possibility of his own

thousands, which had seemed puerile thousands, which had seemed puerils before, now serving as a foundation for a new beginning on which Mr. Waring might build. The other, the infinitely greater possibility of winning Millicent, he tried to keep in the back-ground until a proper hour for its con-sideration sideration.

Having at last adjusted himself

"You knew Thackeray? I asked. "Yes, sir. I keep that little baker's shop yonder, pointing to the opposite Thackeray would come and buy a pound or two of cake of me. I cut it into slices for him, and then, distributing it among the crowd of hungry chil-dren, he would walk away and hide in that court over there, that he might have the pleasure of seeing their enjoy-

"He Loved the Children

he himself was called a cynic, but the author of "Love Affairs of Some Fa-mous Men" shows what sort of a heart

beat in the satirist's breast by quoting

from the letter of one to whom the fol-

lowing incident happened: "In the week following his death

there appeared some genial memorial lines in the pages of Punch. Walking slown the then unsavory thoroughnere known as Bedfordbury, my eye canght the open page of the popular periodical.

and I stayed to read the graceful trib-

Thackeray's words were satirical, and

ment. He didn't know I knew him.

but I did. People used to call him a cynic, skr, but it wasn't true. He loved the children, skr, and no man is a cynic who does that.' "

# A Talented House Agent. Mrs. Homeseeker — You certainly don't expect anybody to take this house! Why, the floors all run down hill. Agent (a smart mark t hill. Agent (a smart man)-It was built in that way on purpose, mum, to keep peace in the family. Greatest invention of the age, mum. Mrs. Homeseeker-Keep peace in the fam-ily? What do you mean? Agent-It's all right, mum; nothing like it. When-ever your husband drops his collar buttons they'll roll down to that wall, and he'll always know where to find 'em.-London Tit-Bits. 'em.-London Tit-Bits

A Comparison. "I admit I have the fault you men-tion," said the concelted man, self com-placently, "but it's the only fault I have, and it's a small one." "Yes," replied Knox, "just like the small hole that makes a plugged nickel no good."--Philadelphia Press.

Having at last adjusted himself somewhat to the new conditions, he felt that he could trust himself to see c They shook hands quietly. There but opportunity just then for but there was a humorous yet ally glanced at his sernest. preoc-

side of the street, 'and many's the time Men, women and children were moving briskly about, some singly, others in groups, but all without a sound. in groups, but all without a sound. Some seemed to rise out of the grass on either side of us and to come out on the other side. The women were dressed in bygone fashion, with high bonnets and shawls and large flounces on their dresses.

"There was one very tall man who took great strides, though perfectly motionless. We approached our own

gate, where we should turn in, and then we had a long driveway to walk up before we could reach the house. I think that by the time we had reached

the gate all the figures had disappear ed except this one tall man. He had quite a different look from any of the others-more horrible altogether. As we entered our gate, to our intense re-lief, he passed by along the road and vanished. Of course we were all very frightened. The maid and my sister

were crying aloud. In a case like this, where the same spectral phenomena are witnessed by several persons, the value of the testimony obviously is multiplied a hundredfold, for, while one individual may

be a victim of a hallucination, such an Illusion can hardly be shared by many What, then, is to be said in answer to such evidence, furnished by deponents

of unimpeachable character and repu-tation for truthfulness? To suppose that they are combining in the manufacture of a lie is scarcely reasonable -Joseph M. Rogers in Lippincott's.

#### The Brute.

deed. He has already made his apolo-gies.-Fliegende Blatter.

across in one direction, by ten or eleven in the other, and is surrounded by walls of an average height of 200 feet. Although the volcano is still active, its eruptions consist only of ashes and dust. Indeed, a range of volcanic mountains, evidently of subsequent formation, extends directly across the old crater. In these particulars Aso-san resembles some of the craters of the moon, where a long history of suc-cessive and gradually enfeebled out-

breaks of volcanic force is graphically represented.

#### All He Could Think Of.

While driving along a country road a man saw the roof of a farmer's house ablaze. He gesticulated and called to the farmer's wife, who was calmly

standing in the doorway: "Hey, your house is afire!" "What?" she bawled out.

"What?" she bawled out. "I say, your house is aftre!" "What did y' say? I'm a little deaf!" "Your house is aftre!" again yelled the man at the top of his lungs. "Oh, is that all?" calmiy replied the

"It's all I can think of just now," re-ponded the man in a rather weak sponded the man in a voice as he drove on.-Exchange.

#### A Cat Monitor

I once owned two cats, one a gray, the other a black. Daily I placed a bowl of milk on the floor for their disposal. One day at the usual hour their meal was served, but only the gray cat was present. She drank about half of the milk and then walked out, only to reappear an hour later, the black cat following. As soon as they entered

Mother-in-Law-Has the young man who saved my life yesterday called upon you yet? Son-in-Law-Yes, in-deed. He has already made his apolo-was the first and last time that Blackie the house Maltie (which was the gray wasn't present at meal hour.

# All you can ask.

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