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B. & O. R. R. SCHEDULE.

Winter Arrangement.—In Effect Sunday, Nov. 19, 1905.

Under the new schedule there will be 14 daily passenger trains on the Pittsburgh Division, due at Meyersdale as follows:

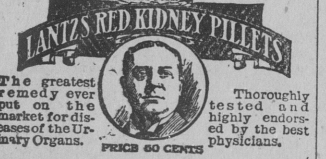
| East Bound. | |
|----------------------------|-------------|
| No. 48—Accommodation | 11:08 A. M. |
| No. 6—Fast Line | 11:30 A. M. |
| No. 14—Through train | 4:34 P. M. |
| No. 16—Accommodation | 5:31 P. M. |
| No. 12—Duquesne Limited | 9:35 P. M. |
| No. 228—Johnstown Accommo. | 7:45 P. M. |

| West Bound. | |
|----------------------------|-------------|
| No. 11—Duquesne | 5:58 A. M. |
| No. 15—Accommodation | 8:18 A. M. |
| No. 15—Through train | 11:30 A. M. |
| No. 5—Fast Line | 4:28 P. M. |
| No. 4—Accommodation | 4:50 P. M. |
| No. 207—Johnstown Accommo. | 6:20 A. M. |

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Little's Early Risers
 The famous little pills.

CUPID AT MARKET.

They climbed the rocky foothold that wound its way up the side of Stony Hill, Miss Cullis leading the way and Brooks tramping along behind, silent and preoccupied.

When they reached the summit the sun had gone down behind the ragged line of hills to the west, and the low-hanging clouds were touched with crimson and ochre.

Miss Cullis watched the kaleidoscopic changing of the tints for some moments and then turned to Brooks.

"You've missed the best part of the sunset we've climbed up here to see," she said.

Brooks looked up from his triangles. "I was thinking," he said, simply.

"That," said Miss Cullis, "is dangerous pastime. Not of your sins, I hope?"

Brooks smiled. "No, they weren't occupying any appreciable part of my thoughts."

"I'm afraid your thoughts aren't extremely pleasant," she said, scanning his face.

"I was thinking," said Brooks, "that the stable didn't bring as much under the hammer this morning as I had expected, and that consequently I shall have to let the place at Westcroft."

"I had hoped to hold on to that," he added, rather wistfully.

"Isn't there any way you can save it?" she asked.

"I'm afraid I can't honestly," he said. "You see, the slump in rubber left me in bad shape."

"I think it's plucky of you to meet your obligations in the way you are doing," said the girl, admiringly.

Brooks shrugged his shoulders. "Those who dance must pay the piper," he observed.

"It is a shame you have to sell the place at Westcroft," she said.

"Well, after all," said he, "it doesn't matter so much now. It will take me years to get back on my feet again, and in my present condition the place is almost worthless to me. Still, for reasons of sentiment I should like to keep it."

"Perhaps you can get it back again shortly," she said, encouragingly.

"I fear not," said he.

"You're going to begin all over again?" she asked.

"Yes. Next month I go out to Kansas City to manage Collins & Co.'s office there. It isn't much financially, but it's infinitely better than nothing."

"I think you've taken it all very bravely," she declared.

"It's not so much bravery as necessity," he remarked, shortly.

They were silent for a time. Brooks looked at the fading colors in the west, his firm mouth set almost grimly.

"The worst of it," he said at length, "is the silence this sort of thing imposes on a man. There were many things I had hoped to say this year that must now remain unsaid—perhaps forever."

He looked at her meaningly. She turned her eyes to the distant hills, and the faintest bit of color crept into her cheeks.

"When I built the place at Westcroft," he went on, "it was, as I have said, with a purpose. That purpose was a girl—a jolly, sympathetic girl, who used to ramble through the woods with me, and watch the sunsets from the top of Stony Hill. There was something I had hoped to tell her this year, but, thanks to rubber, her ears will be spared my plaint."

He laughed unaccountably. The girl's color deepened.

"Still," he pursued, "I should like her to understand why I built the house, even though I have to sell it now. That is where this pauper business pinches," he ended, bitterly.

The girl was silent. He watched her narrowly.

THE GREEN FEATHER

"Well," she said after he had grumbled in a shameful manner simply because he couldn't find one of his slippers, "things always become mislaid during the spring housecleaning. Hen, you just know they do!"

"Spring housecleaning!" he cried. "Have you started already?"

"Can't you see the difference?" she exclaimed—tragedy in her look and manner.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" he replied (at once). "The chairs all polished?" she insisted, "and all the woodwork rubbed?"

"Oh, yes, my dear!"

"What?" she cried. "Can't you see the difference in the china closet and the silver all polished?"

"Oh, yes, my love!"

"Huh!" she remarked, (but somewhat mollified), "and I think that the carpets—"

"After all," he hastily interrupted, "one slipper is enough. I can cross my legs, you know, and dangle the foot that has no slipper on it." He suited the action to the word. "And so you've had a hard day of it?" he inquired, with sympathetic interest.

"Oh, awfully!"

"Little worker!" he murmured, ecstatically to himself. "Cheerful little worker!"

"Hen," she said, "shall I fetch your pipe for you?"

"Yes," he replied (sighing in a throes sort of way); "I should like my pipe."

"Ah!" he murmured again (sighing more cheerfully). "After all, there's no place like home for comfort and rest—and rest," he dreamily repeated.

"Poor Hen," she cooed. "Have you been working hard today?"

He passed a weary hand over his forehead, but even so he smiled at her—smiled bravely, as though determined not to bring his troubles home to worry her. She took his hand (in the silence, suffering her to perform this little office) and when she spoke again she spoke brightly and cheerily as though bent upon making him forget his business trials and tribulations in this, their happy home.

"Oh, I think spring housecleaning is lots of fun, Hen!" she laughed; "although it makes it hard for you."

He didn't deny it.

"Yes, I've been over everything but the carpets, and I think that they—"

"I saw one of those green feathers today," he hurriedly remarked, "you know—the kind you told me to keep my eye open for."

"Did you really, Hen? How nice of you to notice it!" she cried.

"Yes," he plaintively admitted (looking very tired).

"How did it look, Hen?" she asked (after letting him pause a bit so that he could rest a little).

"It went all the way around the brim," he replied, "and drooped behind."

"Ah!" she cried. "And was there a pompon, Hen?"

"And did it look stylish, Hen? And striking?"

"Well, of course the woman who was wearing it wasn't particularly good-looking, and so it didn't look as striking as it would have looked on some!" and he looked meaningfully at her eager little face as though he could mention (if he wanted) a bright little woman upon whom the green feather would have looked remarkably stylish and striking.

"Hen!" she protested (pressing his hand and looking proud beyond words), and, after a pause: "Green always suited me," she reflected.

"Oh, anything suits you!" he remarked, speaking now in open admiration.

LESSON IN LOVE.

The professor pushed aside his volume of Chaucer to make room for his slender young daughter on the arm of his chair. She fluttered over to him in her soft white gown, its cut revealing the curve of her firm, fair throat and the artistic lines of her rounded arms.

"Where tonight, Estelle?"

"To the ball with Mr. Denton and Mrs. Mills," she answered, blithely.

"With Mr. Denton? Isn't Teddy Variel going?"

"I suppose so—yes."

Her tone was indifferent, but her nervousness under her father's gaze betrayed a stifled uneasiness, a silenced struggle.

"They tell me this Mr. Denton is a very wealthy man," he said.

"Oh! it's true. He has riches beyond one's dreams."

The note of personal triumph in her voice was harsh to her father's listening ear. He regarded her thoughtfully.

"This is the anniversary."

"Not of your marriage, father?"

"No. My marriage was a subsequent date. You do not know—I have never told you—that your mother was married before she became my wife—married and widowed."

"Why, no, father, dear," said the girl, with quick, sympathetic interest.

"I never care to speak of that yet tonight I see I must tell you the story. I must give you a message from the dead."

"I shouldn't have made this engagement. You are sad, father; I'll stay with you."

"No. I want you to go. I shall have time to tell you before they come."

He caressed the hand that sought his and mused a minute in silence.

"On this night years ago, Estelle, your mother first went out of my life. She was placed very much like you, in a comfortable home, in a college town, where her father, too, was a professor.

"Her mother forbade our engagement."

"There came to the town, very much like the coming of this young Denton, a man with great personal gifts and riches which at that time seemed immense. He had just come into his inheritance."

"They met—and he loved her. At first she would not listen, but her nature was gentle, her mother determined and her father, poring over ancient tragedies, overlooked the one creeping into his home."

"She accepted him. She told him frankly that her love was mine; that in promising him she was acceding to her mother's will. But he was buoyantly confident that love would come. They were married, and he took her away to a mansion filled with treasures of art. But love did not come."

"For a year I did not care what became of me. But I loved her, and could do nothing of which she would be ashamed. I went to Egypt and began the researches that have brought me fame."

"Five years passed. The longing to see her again, to hear her voice, became intolerable pain. I went back to London and haunted the streets, the shops, the theaters, where she might be. Then one night, when I had almost despaired, I saw her in her box at the opera."

"I hurried out and stood in the obscuring crowd, near enough to see my lost girl and to hear her voice as she passed. She turned her head restlessly from side to side (it was perhaps the magnetism of my gaze—I suppose my heart and soul were in it), and then, before I realized it, the crowd had parted and she stood before me with outstretched hands."

"I did not try to see her again; I felt it was better for us both. But I stayed near lest some time she would need me, and somehow she knew I was always waiting."

"They found her husband dead one morning—shot by his own hand. He had speculated, lost his wealth and died heavily indebted. She gave up the riches her marriage had brought her, the jewels, the gowns, and when his obligations were liquidated, she was penniless—poorer far than when she had left her father's home."

"I waited some months, and then I claimed her. I shall never forget her words that night, nor the sorrowful eyes smiling into mine. She gave me her hand and whispered:

"Once, long ago, I looked into the heart of a purple twilight, and dreamed a dream of my life—and you. Tomorrow I shall look again and see the realization of my dream. The flowers are asleep tonight, dear, but see! the stars are shining!"

THE MASQUE BALL.

Half past 6. It was the hour she had appointed.

At half past 8 I was convinced that she would not come. My overcoat was tightly buttoned then, the collar was turned up and I felt that my nose was blue. I shivered painfully, and my teeth chattered.

"Eugenie Nicolavna 'will be there!' said my comrade, never dreaming that I had waited for her in the cold and the bitter wind from 6 o'clock until half past 8.

"Ah," I replied, with a look of utter indifference.

There was to be a bal masque at the Folzons. Usually I hated such things, but tonight I determined to make an exception to my rule.

"Come on, it's Christmas eve, and all the world is gay," cried my friend persuasively. "Let us be gay, too. Let's disguise ourselves and go to every ball in the city!"

The faces of my fellow students grew bright with anticipated pleasure.

"Good," they all exclaimed.

I wanted something at once sad and beautiful, a costume that would reflect and portray the sorrow in my heart.

"Will your excellency try a bandit's dress?" suggested the owner of the shop. "See what a fine hat, and the dagger, too. Look!"

A dagger! Not such a bad idea! It suited my mood. But, unfortunately, I had my doubts as to the famous bandit.

His dress betrayed the fact that he could not have been more than 12 years old. His hat scarcely covered the back of my head, and I had to be forcibly extracted from the trousers!

"Hurry up, there, it is late!" cried my companions, as I stood undecided.

All that remained for me then was the quilted dress of a Chinaman of rank. "Give me the Chinese," I exclaimed in disgust.

It was worse than I could have imagined. I will pass in silence over the ridiculous slippers into which I could pass only one-half of my foot.

But the mask! It was, if I may express it so, an abstract physiognomy. The nose, the ears, the mouth and the eyes, though all in their proper places, were like nothing human.

"You're will be the best costume there!" they cried, with laughter.

And when I looked in the glass I, while my heart was ready to break and the tears smarted behind my eyelids, I too, could not keep from laughing as they had done.

"Remember, we have sworn not to take off our masks!"

"Agreed! Agreed!"

My mask was, indeed, the most original at the ball. Several groups followed me at once, twisting me and turning me like a top from one side to another.

The circling crowd kept in my path so that I could not move, and at last the contagion of their folly caught me, and I laughed and screamed and sang.

At last I saw her.

"It is I," I whispered, eagerly.

She raised her white eyelids slowly. A silvery laugh answered me.

"Yes, it is I! Why, why did you not come?"

She only laughed, laughed always.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"Is it really you?" she replied. "Oh, how funny you are! how grotesque!"

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