

A SIMPLE COUNTRY DINNER.

When we go to Aunt Carrie's, she sez she ain't had no time to fix a dinner like it ought to be.

'Cause she has been at work since six o'clock, a-sweepin' out th' rooms.

An' 'tidyin' th' place a lot, so, if we're hungry, she p'sumes we'll haf to take just what she's got.

An' nen she sez she ain't th' one to try to put on city style—She like relations just to run.

In for a meal onest in a awhile, an' pie—three kind o' pies—an' cake; an' apple jelly—it's th' best;

An' 'pa, he sez he's glad he's wore an' country appurtenance o' his! Aunt Carrie tells us to come on.

Although there's nothin' fit to touch, but we can eat till it is gone.

But she knows that it isn't much!

An' there is chickens—young ones—fried; an' cherries 'at is sweet an' red;

An' quince p'serves—I've told 'at twice—An' 'pa, he sez he's glad he's wore an' country appurtenance o' his!

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Although there's nothin' fit to touch, but we can eat till it is gone.

But she knows that it isn't much!

FOR RICHER, FOR POORER

By LULU LINTON.

It was sweeping day, and Mrs. Barnard, warm, tired and discouraged, sank down on the top step of the stairway to rest a moment before attacking the upper rooms.

The view of the lower rooms, even from this lofty point of view, was discouraging. With the rugs up and the pieces of furniture pulled away from their accustomed places, the pitiless sunshine showed clearly every break in the carpet and every soiled spot upon the wall-paper.

"What's the use of trying to clean up, cover up, and pretend any longer?" Mrs. Barnard said, bitterly.

"I believe that good things, when they do begin to show the effects of long and rough usage, look worse than cheaper ones; but if they hadn't been good I don't know what we would have done, for we've never been able to replace anything."

Her gaze could not reach the dining-room, but she knew that the beautiful but fragile glass and china with which she had so proudly started housekeeping had dwindled sadly, and the costly linen was patched and darned in many places.

"It's the old story of living before we learned to walk. Here we are, care-worn and old before our time, and in such straits that we hardly know which way to turn, and think of the start we had! Our little fortune was a curse instead of a blessing, for it gave us a taste of a life of ease, then left us to be common drudges."

The town clock struck 10, and Mrs. Barnard rose wearily, picked up her broom, and adjusted the towel that was wrapped about her head.

The postman's whistle sounded at the front door, and she went down to receive from him two envelopes, each addressed in the same handwriting.

"Why, it's from Una, my little Una!" exclaimed Mrs. Barnard, as she read.

"Dear Aunt Una—I am not writing letters to send with all my invitations, but I wanted to write to you, to tell you that you must come to my wedding."

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall no more pass this way again."

"There are no good rules which ought to be written on every heart. Never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it is true; never tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it."

"I've learned long ago to do without and keep my longings to myself. He treated me as if I were a spoiled child."

"The letters had miscarried, and had been on the road for some days. The wedding was to take place on Wednesday evening of the next week, and this was Friday. How she would have to hurry to get ready

for it! She must begin hurrying right away, and she went tripping up the stairway like a girl.

She saved the letter and invitation for a little surprise at the table, and was so eager to read them aloud to her husband that she did not wait to eat; but when she paused at the close of the reading, her husband only said, soberly:

"I don't see how we can send a present."

"Send it!" she echoed, blankly. "We can just take it as we go."

John Barnard looked up in surprise. "You know we can't go," he said.

"We must go! It's Una's wedding!" she gasped.

"I might say it is John's wedding, too, although that does not make any more difference than if his name was Jeremiah. We can't afford it."

"But being Una's wedding, it's different from all the other things we've given up on account of the expense. Why, John, she was named for me, and she has always called me aunt! I loved her and nursed her when she was a tiny thing, and she was our flower girl, and she wants me."

She was pleading with him in her eagerness, but he answered, a trifle impatiently. "I tell you we can't. We haven't the money for new clothes, and I can't spare the car fare just now."

He rose hurriedly and left the room, and his wife gazed after him like one dazed by sudden misfortune. Of course, woman-like, she had thought first of the clothes, and realized that the shortness of the time would make preparations harder; but she had thought that by beginning that afternoon she could make a pretty evening waist and could make her old skirt presentable by a little refurbishing up.

As for John's suit, it could be brushed and pressed. No one ever noticed a man's clothes at a wedding, anyway.

Then came the clear, slow, processional notes, and she caught her breath with deep feeling. It seemed that she was living over again her own wedding night.

The bridal party passed down the aisle. Mrs. Barnard clasped her hands tightly, but they shook with nervousness.

ability to clear the path even when seemingly insurmountable obstacles loomed up, returned to their play.

In the first moment of bitter disappointment over her husband's refusal to attend the wedding, Una Barnard had given it all up, but the children, by bringing out their small hoard, had suggested a new plan.

Tucked away in her handkerchief-box upstairs was a precious bill that had been her birthday gift from her only brother. She had been saving it, not because there was no pressing need for it, but because there were so many needs that it was hard to decide where to use it to best advantage.

It was just enough to pay the fare to the home town to attend Una's wedding and to buy some pretty trifle for a wedding gift. This would give her more pleasure than anything else in the world. She would have to give up the new waist, but perhaps her old one would not be noticed much in a crowd.

Her spirits rose as she went about her work that afternoon, and when John Barnard came home at night, tired and discouraged, dreading to meet his wife's reproachful eyes, he was surprised to find her talking cheerfully to the children as she set the tea-table with more than usual care.

Almost her first words to him were: "We're going, after all. I've arranged for Aunt Slocum to keep the boys."

He opened his lips to protest, but she interrupted him quickly. "No, you need not lose any time. We can leave here after the factory closes, stay for the wedding and reception, take the last train back to the city, and come out home on the 'owl car.' As to the expense, I'm going to pay that with my birthday money."

John Barnard knew how many times this precious money had already been spent in imagination, and how badly his wife needed it to replenish her scanty wardrobe. His face clouded, as he answered:

"I can't let you take your money to pay my way. If you must go, take part of it to buy something new to wear and the rest for your car fare. I'll stay with the boys."

She answered, "I can't go back there alone! I must go, and you must go with me. I don't care much for the clothes, but, O, John, I do want to go to the wedding, and you must not spoil my pleasure!"

The excitement of preparation on the eventful evening brought a color to Mrs. Barnard's cheeks and a light to her eyes that made her look almost youthful; and as she kissed the boys good-by, little Wendell touched the soft waves of her hair, saying almost reverently, "Pretty mamma!"

Catching her husband's quick glance, she blushed like a girl.

They arrived at the church, and saw many old friends ushered into the seats about them. Mrs. Barnard folded her hands with the best grace on top, and wondered if her waist did look very narrow between the shoulders.

But the soft, sweet music was soothing the ache about her heart, and when it pealed out triumphantly, announcing the arrival of the wedding party, she was absorbed in the excitement of the moment.

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The bridal party passed down the aisle. Mrs. Barnard clasped her hands tightly, but they shook with nervousness.

These gentlemen are usually good talkers and as they run on they deftly shove a printed agreement in front of the dealer, leading him to understand that it is an order for goods, or some such generally harmless agreement.

Usually this is accompanied by deft manipulation of the agreement which is printed in blank and filled in with pen. Some time or other, it may be sooner or it may be later, the dealer finds that he has signed a promissory note, which he usually ascertains when payment is demanded, either by the parties to whom it was given or through a bank with which it has been placed for collection.

The retail merchants have been particularly marked for this sort of fraud by unscrupulous persons who have thus obtained their signature to promissory notes.

Of course, a promissory note is the strongest possible legal document, and when a person has been confronted by a note bearing his signature, the genuineness of which he could not dispute, he has known the futility of making any objection and has usually paid it and pocketed the loss.

better, for worse; for richer, for poorer."

Ah, the sacred promises, and how poorly she had kept them! She had been a gay, bright companion in the time of abundance, but in the time of loss and unaccustomed toil she had been bitter and gloomy, silently pining for her care-free girlhood instead of trying to cheer the man who was struggling to make a home for her.

She, too, had been accustomed to a life of ease. How hard the struggle for daily bread must have been for him! There were gray hairs about his temples and lines of discouragement about his mouth.

She caught her breath with a sob and clung to his hand as if she would never let go.

The audience was intent on the ceremony, and no one saw or heard when John Barnard patted the hand he held, and stooped to whisper lovingly: "There, there, dear! It's all right. We'll try it all over again."

Then came the closing prayer, and the organ pealing out the recessional. The bride looked trustfully up into the face of her husband as they passed down the aisle to the door, and the people in the audience sighed or smiled, according to the way the ceremony had affected them.

In the crush of the reception, Una and John Barnard were almost the last in the line to offer congratulations.

The groom asked, as he grasped John Barnard's hand, "Well, sir, did you feel as if you were being married over again?"

And John Barnard answered earnestly, "I decided to-night that it would be a good plan for every married couple to have the ceremony performed at least every fifteen years, if not oftener."

At the same moment Una Barnard was clinging to the bride, whispering brokenly between kisses, "Una, Una, darling, whatever happens, don't forget that you promised for richer, for poorer!"

From the Youth's Companion.

WHEN A PROMISSORY NOTE IS A FORGERY

In Bradstreet's it is reported that the Supreme Court of the State of Maine has held, in the case of the Biddeford National Bank vs. Hill, that where a person did not intend to sign a promissory note, but by fraud and deceit was tricked into signing an instrument which afterward proved to be a promissory note, such instrument was a forgery, although the signature affixed thereto was genuine.

This is a very important decision and we are glad that it has been made, and we would like to have the courts of other States pass upon this matter.

The case upon which the decision is given is one which has very materially affected the retail merchants of the country, and it is one which, in the years past, we have been called upon to deal with not infrequently.

For example: Representatives of certain manufacturers call on a retail dealer and induce him, by rosyate representations, to put in a stock of goods, making all kinds of tact verbal agreements relative to the sale of the goods, paying for the same, and the return of unsold merchandise.

These gentlemen are usually good talkers and as they run on they deftly shove a printed agreement in front of the dealer, leading him to understand that it is an order for goods, or some such generally harmless agreement.

Usually this is accompanied by deft manipulation of the agreement which is printed in blank and filled in with pen. Some time or other, it may be sooner or it may be later, the dealer finds that he has signed a promissory note, which he usually ascertains when payment is demanded, either by the parties to whom it was given or through a bank with which it has been placed for collection.

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PENNSYLVANIA STATE NEWS

CAR RUNS INTO CROWD Many Are Injured—Motorman Falls Unconscious at Switch When Struck by Brake.

A West Penn railway's car, running from Uniontown to Greensburg, left the derailing switch at the Main street crossing of the Pennsylvania railroad in New Haven, causing injury to seven persons, and wrecking the front of a store.

The injured. Mrs. Catherine Macey of Vanderbilt, severely bruised; Mrs. J. D. Province of Connellsville, injured internally; Mrs. Margaret Williams of Vanderbilt, painful cuts and bruises; Miss Rose Dunston of Connellsville, cut and bruised; Miss Josephine Rinehart of Connellsville, injured about the chest in the rush to get out; Charles Lakin, motorman of Mt. Pleasant, serious contusions of the head and shoulder; Mrs. Andrew Dunbar, suffering from shock.

Motorman Lakin was applying the handbrake to stop the car at the derailing switch when it slipped from his grasp and struck him in the stomach. He dropped unconscious and in falling his hand struck the controller, turning the power on full.

Leaving the rails at the switch, the car shot across the pavement into the front of Henry Rhodes' department store.

Women waiting on the sidewalk for a trolley car were knocked down and customers in the store were panic-stricken. The whole front of Rhodes' place is practically demolished. All those injured in the accident will recover.

BANKER LUJBEK IN JAIL Charged With False Pretense by Some of His Depositors.

John Lujbek, banker, who is said to have represented himself as worth \$200,000 when he opened the International Exchange Bank at Lyndora five months ago, was arrested at his home in Johnstown on the charge of embezzlement and was jailed at Butler.

Lujbek's affairs have been in a tangle and the bank crippled since his manager left mysteriously five weeks ago, taking with him, it is alleged, \$5,000 of the bank's funds.

Lujbek paid some depositors and settled a half dozen suits. He claims to have paid out \$4,000, partly in checks on a Johnstown bank. Some of the checks went to protest.

Suits were started against Lujbek, and this week when he failed to appear a charge of false pretense was placed against him by depositors.

PROSPERITY INCREASES Monessen Tin Plate Plant Goes on Full Time Next Week.

Monessen is getting its share of the increasing prosperity and it is now announced the big tin plate mill of the American Sheet Steel and Tin Plate Company at that point will be running full in a short time.

The plant is one of 28 mills. Since last October but 13 of them have been in operation, but last week eight more were started and next week the remaining seven will start.

All will run full time and it is expected work will be continuous.

BROTHERS ARE RELEASED Evidence Too Flimsy to Hold Them on Murder Charge.

Luther, Lawrence and Harry Duck, brothers, and Charles Lyons, all of Industry, who were arrested on a charge of murder, a month ago, received a preliminary hearing before Justice of the Peace John Young, of Beaver, and were released because of the alleged flimsy character of the evidence against them.

Two years ago Thomas Stein, who had been seen with the four defendants, suddenly disappeared. A few days afterward his charred remains were found in the ruins of a box car, which had burned.

Christmas Causes Tragedy. Because he did not have money to buy a Christmas present for his sweetheart, Homer V. Ammer attempted suicide at Butler.

He was found in his room nearly dead from wounds on his wrist and neck inflicted with a razor. When taken to the hospital Ammer told of the loss of his savings, and said he would father die than fail to send a Christmas gift to the young woman to whom he had been paying attention. He will probably recover.

Woman Collects Weasel Bounty. To Mrs. Celestine Stevaner of Burgettstown, belongs the distinction of being the first Washington county woman to collect a bounty on a weasel scalp.

When Mrs. Stevaner heard a commotion among her chickens she armed herself with a club and discovering the weasel dispatched it. She brought the trophy to Washington and secured the reward.

MURDERED IN CELLAR Throats Are Cut; Police Are Searching for Boarder Who Was Ordered Away.

Mrs. Mary Perkatits, 40 years old, and her four-year-old son, John, were murdered at their home in Shenandoah. Their throats were cut.

The crime was discovered by the eight-year-old daughter of the murdered woman about four hours after its commission, who, with another little child, went down into the cellar and found the victims lying side by side in a pool of blood.

The police are searching for John Rodgers, a boarder at the Perkatits home. He had been ordered Saturday to pay his board or leave. Saturday he drew his pay and spent a considerable amount of it for drink.

Monday he quarreled with the landlady and after she had gone into the cellar to get a bucket of coal he sent the daughter to the store to get him his tobacco.

The little boy held the candle at the top of the broken steps for his mother. When the girl returned she found the door locked and then went to a neighbor's where she stayed several hours. When she returned there was no one in the house.

Rodgers left on a train about two hours before the crime was discovered, bound for New York, and word has been telegraphed along the line for his apprehension. The husband was at work in the mines at the time of the murder.

SHARON WANTS COUNTY SEAT Will Offer Inducements to Have Mercer County Court House Rebuilt There.

Sharon business men are endeavoring to raise \$100,000 to have a new court house erected in Sharon, following the destruction of the old one at Mercer.

If the amount is raised here it will be offered along with a site for the commissioners as an inducement to change the county seat to Sharon.

Attorneys claim it is practically impossible to change the location of the county seat. The commissioners have already taken steps to rebuild at Mercer.

TAKE CASE TO COURT Proceedings Instituted to Determine Who Will Be Burgess of Washington.

The controversy between Burgess A. C. Marsh of Washington, and Burgess J. R. Wright of East Washington, as to which is chief executive of the consolidated municipality, culminated in quo warranto proceedings instituted by Wright questioning the other's right to occupy the burgess' seat.

The court granted a rule requiring Marsh to make an answer on December 30. The action is based on the claim that West Washington was the older borough. Marsh contends the spirit of the law makes him burgess, regardless of technicalities.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION Enemies of Polish Priest Explode Dynamite Under His Residence.

Because he is alleged to have taken an active part in breaking a strike at the Export mines last summer, Rev. John Getsch, a Polish priest, was the object of an assassination plot.

Dynamite placed under the parish house was exploded, with the evident intention of wrecking the building and killing the inmates. The explosion only damaged the porch and shattered the windows. Last summer an effort was made to burn the church.

Issue Execution Against Bondsmen. Counsel for the Peoples Bank of California, now closed, had an execution issued on the note for \$20,000 given by W. A. Stroud and Cary Piper, as bondsmen for O. F. Piper, late cashier of the bank, now in the Washington jail. They have refused to pay and will fight. Stroud has a large hardware store at Coal Center and Cary Piper has drug stores at California, Charleroi and Donora.

Water Tank Bursts. The bursting of a water tank, at the Macbeth glass plant, in Charleroi, was the cause of the destruction of the cutting shop, entailing a loss estimated at \$5,000. The tank had a capacity of 3,000 gallons. The building swept away was a brick structure and had been in use only three weeks.

Not a Citizen. Although John Arnold, a negro, has been serving as a tipstaff in the Dauphin county court at intervals the past five years, has voted in Harrisburg for four years and previously at Steelton for many more years it has just been developed that he is not a native of the United States and has never been naturalized.

Priest is Threatened. Father Gottsel, of St. Mary's Slavish church, at Ashley, received a second letter threatening him with death unless he leaves the parish without delay. The police are trying to locate the writers. Father Gottsel is being guarded by several of the faction which favors him.

Much Suffering, Preacher Asserts. Many New Castle families are in actual need of the necessities of life, according to Rev. Herbert Dyke, who has been making an investigation. He declares the condition of the poor is worse than in many years past.

STRENGTH FOR EVERY DAY.

And he who serves his brother best, Gets nearer to God than all the rest. —Ruskin.

Be not simply good—be good for something. —Theocraus.

A man who lives right, and is right, has more power by his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched accidentally, resounds with sweet music. —Phillips Brooks.

Let us be content, in work, to do the thing we can, and not presume to fret because it's little. —E. B. Browning.

I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall no more pass this way again. —A. B. Hegeman.

There are no good rules which ought to be written on every heart. Never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it is true; never tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it. —Henry Van Dyke.

The pretty young bride stood trustfully and proudly beside the tall young man, who henceforth was to be her shield against the world. The minister was speaking. Una Barnard's heart stood still as she heard the groom repeating after the minister the solemn words of the beautiful ring service:

"I John, take thee, Una, to my wedded wife." John Barnard moved uneasily. The ceremony proceeded: "For better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness and in health; to love and to cherish; till death do us part—"

Una Barnard turned a wistful face toward her husband; and reaching over, he clasped one of her work-hardened hands with one of his big, strong ones.

Then the girl's sweet voice was heard distinctly, as she repeated: "I, Una, take thee, John, to my wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward."

Una Barnard's eyes were blurred by tears of memory and regret as she listened to the promises: "For