

## BETWEEN ROUNDS.

Shifts in the Clouds That Darken the House of McCaskey.

By O. HENRY.

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The May moon shone bright upon the private boarding house of Mrs. Murphy. By reference to the almanac a large amount of territory will be discovered upon which its rays also fall. Spring was in its heyday, with May fever soon to follow. The parks were green with new leaves and flowers for the western and southern trade. Flowers and summer resort agents were playing. The air and answers to



"PIG'S FACE, IS IT?" SAID MRS. MCCASKEY.

Lawson were growing milder. Hand organs, fountains and penuche were playing everywhere.

The windows of Mrs. Murphy's boarding house were open. A group of boarders were seated on the high stoop upon round, flat mats like German pancakes.

In one of the second floor front windows Mrs. McCaskey awaited her husband. Supper was cooling on the table. Its heat went into Mrs. McCaskey.

At 9 Mr. McCaskey came. He carried his coat on his arm and his pipe in his teeth, and he apologized for disturbing the boarders on the steps as he selected spots of stone between them on which to set his size B, width D.

As he opened the door of his room he received a surprise. Instead of the usual stove lid or potato masher for him to dodge came only words.

Mr. McCaskey reckoned that the benign May moon had softened the breast of his spouse.

"I heard ye," came the oral substitutes for kitchenware. "Ye can apologize to riffraff of the streets for settin' yer unhandy feet on the tails of their frocks, but ye'd walk on the neck of yer wife the length of a clothesline without so much as a 'Kiss me fut,' and I'm sure it's that long from rubberin' out the windy for ye, and the victuals cold as there's money to buy after drinkin' up yer wages at Gallagher's every Saturday evenin', and the gas man here twice today for his."

"Woman," said Mr. McCaskey, dashing his coat and hat upon a chair, "the noise of ye is an insult to me appetite. When ye run down politeness ye take the mortar from between the bricks of the foundations of society. 'Tis no more than exercisin' the acrimony of a gentleman when ye ask the dissent of ladies blockin' the way for steppin' between them. Will ye bring the pig's face of ye out of the windy and see to the food?"

Mrs. McCaskey arose heavily and went to the stove. There was something in her manner that warned Mr. McCaskey. When the corners of her mouth went down suddenly like a barometer it usually foretold a fall of crockery and thwarc.

"Pig's face, is it?" said Mrs. McCaskey and hurled a steppan full of bacon and turnips at her lord.

Mr. McCaskey was no novice at repartee. He knew what should follow the entree. On the table was a roast sirloin of pork garnished with shamrocks. He retorted with this and drew the appropriate return of a bread pudding in an earthen dish. A hunk of Swiss cheese accurately thrown by her husband struck Mrs. McCaskey below one eye. When she replied with a well aimed coopepot full of a hot, black, semifragrant liquid the battle, according to courses, should have ended.

But Mr. McCaskey was no fifty cent table d'hote. Let cheap bohemians consider coffee the end if they would. Let them make that faux pas. He was foxier still. Finger bowls were not beyond the compass of his experience. They were not to be had in the Pension Murphy, but their equivalent was at hand. Triumphant he sent the granite ware wash basin at the head of his matrimonial adversary. Mrs. McCaskey dodged in time. She reached for a flatiron, with which, as a sort of cordial, she hoped to bring the gastronomical duel to a close. But a loud, walling scream downstairs caused both her and Mr. McCaskey to pause in a sort of involuntary armistice.

On the sidewalk at the corner of the house Policeman Cleary was standing,

with one ear upturned, listening to the crash of household utensils.

"'Tis Jawn McCaskey and his misgits at it again," meditated the policeman. "I wonder shall I go up and stop the row. I will not. Married folks they are, and few pleasures they have. 'Twill not last long. Sure, they'll have to borrow more fishes to keep it up with."

And just then came the loud scream below stairs, betokening fear or dire extremity. "'Tis probably the cat," said Policeman Cleary and walked hastily in the other direction.

The boarders on the steps were flustered. Mr. Toomey, an insurance solicitor by birth and an investigator by profession, went inside to analyze the scream. He returned with the news that Mrs. Murphy's little boy, Mike, was lost. Following the messenger, out bounced Mrs. Murphy—200 pounds in tears and hysterics, clutching the air and howling to the sky for the loss of thirty pounds of freckles and mischief. Bathos truly, but Mr. Toomey sat down at the side of Miss Purdy, millinery, and their hands came together in sympathy. The two old maids, Misses Walsh, who complained every day about the noise in the halls, inquired immediately if anybody had looked behind the clock.

Major Grigg, who sat by his fat wife on the top step, arose and buttoned his coat. "The little one lost?" he exclaimed. "I will scour the city." His wife never allowed him out after dark. But now she said "Go, Ludovic!" in a baritone voice. "Whoever can look upon that mother's grief without springing to her relief has a heart of stone." "Give me some 30 or—60 cents, my love," said the major. "Lost children sometimes stray far. I may need car fares."

Old man Denny, hall room, fourth floor back, who sat on the lowest step, trying to read a paper by the street lamp, turned over a page to follow up the article about the carpenters' strike. Mrs. Murphy shrieked to the moon. "Oh, ar-r-Mike; fr Gawd's sake, where is me little bit av a boy?" "Wen'd ye see him last?" asked old man Denny, with one eye on the report of the Building Trades league.

"Oh," wailed Mrs. Murphy, "'twas yesterday, or maybe four hours ago! I dunno. But it's lost he is, me little boy Mike. He was playin' on the sidewalk only this mornin'—or was it Wednesday? I'm that busy with work 'tis hard to keep up with dates. But I've looked the house over from top to cellar, and it's gone he is. Oh, for the love av hiven!"

Silent, grim, colossal, the big city has ever stood against its revilers. They call it hard as iron; they say that no pulse of pity beats in its bosom; they compare its streets with lonely forests and deserts of lava. But beneath the hard crust of the lobster is found a delectable and luscious food. Perhaps a different simile would have been wiser. Still, nobody should take offense. We would call no one a lobster without good and sufficient claws.

No calamity so touches the common heart of humanity as does the straying of a little child. Its feet are so uncertain and feeble. The ways are so steep and strange.

Major Griggs hurried down to the corner and up the avenue into Billy's place. "Gimme a rye high," he said to the servitor. "Haven't seen a bow legged, dirty faced little devil of a six-year-old lost kid around anywhere, have you?"

Mr. Toomey retained Miss Purdy's hand on the steps. "Think of that dear little babe," said Miss Purdy, "lost from his mother's side, perhaps already fallen beneath the iron hoofs of galloping steeds. Oh, isn't it dreadful?"

"Ain't that right?" agreed Mr. Toomey, squeezing her hand. "Say I start out and help look for um!"

"Perhaps," said Miss Purdy, "you should. But, oh, Mr. Toomey, you are so dashing, so reckless. Suppose in your enthusiasm some accident should befall you, then what?"

Old man Denny read on about the arbitration agreement, with one finger on the lines.

In the second floor front Mr. and Mrs. McCaskey came to the window to recover their second wind. Mr. McCaskey was scooping turnips out of his vest with a crooked forefinger, and his lady was wiping an eye that the salt of the roast pork had not benefited. They heard the outcry below and thrust their heads out of the window.

"'Tis little Mike is lost," said Mrs. McCaskey in a hushed voice, "the beautiful little trouble making angel of a gossoon!"

"The bit of a boy mislaid," said Mr. McCaskey, leaning out of the window. "Why, now, that's bad enough, entirely. The childer, they be different. If 'twas a woman I'd be willin', for they leave peace behind 'em when they go."

Disregarding the thrust, Mrs. McCaskey caught her husband's arm.

"Jawn," she said sentimentally, "'Missis Murphy's little bye is lost. 'Tis a great city for losin' little boys. Six years old he was. Jawn, 'tis the same age our little bye would have been if we had had one six years ago."

"We never did," said Mr. McCaskey, lingering with the fact.

"But if we had, Jawn, think what sorrow would be in our hearts this night with our little Phelan run away and stolen in the city nowhere at all."

"Ye talk foolishness," said Mr. McCaskey. "'Tis Pat he would be named, after me old father in Antrim."

"Ye lie!" said Mrs. McCaskey, without anger. "Me brother was worth tin dozen bog trotting McCaskeys. After him would the bye be named." She leaned over the window sill and looked down at the hurrying and bustle below.

"Jawn," said Mrs. McCaskey softly, "'I'm sorry I was hasty wid ye."

"'Twas hasty puddin' as ye say,"

said her husband, "and hurry up turnips and get a move on ye coffee. 'Twas what ye could call a quick lunch, all right, and tell no lie."

Mrs. McCaskey slipped her arm inside her husband's and took his rough hand in hers.

"Listen at the cryin' of poor Mrs. Murphy," she said. "'Tis an awful thing for a bit of a bye to be lost in this great big city. If 'twas our little Phelan, John, I'd be breakin' me heart."

Awkwardly Mr. McCaskey withdrew his hand. But he laid it around the nearing shoulders of his wife.

"'Tis foolishness, of course," said he roughly, "but I'd be cut up some meself if our little Pat was kidnaped or anything. But there never was any childer for us. Sometimes I've been ugly and hard with ye, Judy. Forget it."

They leaned together and looked down at the heart drama being acted below.

Long they sat thus. People surged along the sidewalk, crowding, questioning, filling the air with rumors and inconsequent surmises. Mrs. Murphy plowed back and forth in their midst like a soft mountain, down which plunged an audible cataract of tears. Couriers came and went.

Loud voices and a renewed uproar were raised in front of the boarding house.

"What's up now, Judy?" asked Mr. McCaskey.

"'Tis Missis Murphy's voice," said Mrs. McCaskey, harking. "She says she's after findin' little Mike asleep behind the roll of old linoleum under the bed in her room."

Mr. McCaskey laughed loudly. "That's yer Phelan," he shouted sardonically. "Divil a bit would a Pat have done that trick. If the bye we never had is strayed and stole, by the powers, call him Phelan and see him hide out under the bed like a mangy pup."

Mrs. McCaskey arose heavily and went toward the dish closet with the corners of her mouth drawn down.

Policeman Cleary came back around the corner as the crowd dispersed. Surprised, he upturned an ear toward the McCaskey apartment, where the crash of irons and chinaware and the ring of hurled kitchen utensils seemed as loud as before. Policeman Cleary took out his timepiece.

"By the departed snakes," he exclaimed, "Jawn McCaskey and his lady



"THE BIT OF A BOY MISLAID?" SAID MR. MCCASKEY.

have been fightin' for an hour and a quarter by the watch! The missis could give him forty pounds weight. Strength to his arm."

Policeman Cleary strolled back around the corner.

Old man Denny folded his paper and hurried up the steps just as Mrs. Murphy was about to lock the door for the night.

### Student Humor.

"When a student does not know the answer to an examination question he does one of three things," said a University of Pennsylvania professor recently. "If he is a good student he will simply leave a blank space, while if he is not he will either try to bluff it through or else pass it off as a joke. These latter cases are rare, and the result is generally painful and does harm to the student who wrote the paper. Occasionally, however, there will be a real gem, which does the student good by putting the professor in a good humor and so making him unconsciously mark the paper less severely. I came across two such gems in one paper recently. One question was 'Who was St. Bruno?' to which the student replied, 'St. Bruno was a Great Dane, a brother of St. Bernard.' The other question was, 'What was the difference between the major prophets and the minor prophets?' Here he answered, 'It would not be right for me, a sinner, to make invidious comparisons between such holy men.'"—Philadelphia Record.

### When England Shook.

In the course of its long history England has known a few serious earthquake shocks. In the days of William Rufus one was felt throughout the country, and in 1274 an English earthquake destroyed Glastonbury among its other damage, while part of St. Paul's cathedral fell in as the result of an earthquake in the sixteenth century. Perhaps the most recent serious shock was that which inflicted much damage in the eastern counties in 1884. A Mansion House fund was opened for the sufferers.—London Chronicle.

## WOMAN AND FASHION

### An Advanced Style.

So many of the summer gowns are designed on infantile lines that the appearance of the average woman would be rather droll if it were not for the effect produced by elaborate detail. On youthful figures the result is charming, but the mature woman should think twice before investing in a number of the alluring little one piece frocks, with the baby waists, baby sleeves and demure baby air.



A YOUTHFUL EFFECT.

If one's face is careworn and slightly hardened by the flight of time a dress on baby lines only accentuates the fact.

The curliass-like upper garment with an attached skirt is one of the most attractive styles of the moment and is most charming in soft summer materials.

The model shown in the sketch is unusually smart and attractive, with the close fitting bodice portion and softly falling skirt. The sash draped about the figure gives a very youthful effect.

### Embroidered Lingerie.

Any girl who embroiders may possess dainty lingerie this year, for the work is quite simple, and the garments may be bought already stamped.

It is a good idea to have the garments match throughout, and this is easily done, for the separate pieces can be had bearing the same pattern.

One of the simplest and most effective designs is in French polka dots, which are stamped on the ruffles, the edges of which are scalloped in buttonhole stitch.

Conventional scroll designs and little traveling vines are also good. There is really no end to the pretty trimmings that may be put on lingerie, and the girl who can design her own patterns is particularly fortunate, for she it is who can have distinction and character in all the pieces.

Butterflies make a most charming design, especially when bits of lace or drawn work are used in the wings.

A girl who has never done fancy work will find that with a little instruction and patient work she can embroider lingerie and blouses that if bought in the shops would cost large sums.

### The Veil Sachet.

The veil sachet is the latest adjunct to the dressing table or chest of drawers. The sachet is made in the same style as the better known handkerchief case, but more oblong in shape. It is lined with quilted satin, delicately perfumed with powdered orris root and the outside covered with silk or satin, plain, not broadened, so that the following lines neatly executed in fancy lettering with pen and India ink may be the more easily read:

Folded in this dainty case

Are flimsy veils for thy fair face.

A flower or butterfly may also be added, either by etching or embroidery, and the sachet finished off with a corded edge and ribbon ties.

### The Gray Vogue.

Gray is having a great vogue just now for both men's and women's clothes. The gray man is in much evidence, and he has chosen a particularly silvery one for his summer suit.

The gray favored by the fashionable woman is one of the new grayish rose colors, with a subtle touch of rose beneath the gray. Dull silver lace is used to trim such a gown when it is expressed in silk or faced cloth, and another successful gray visiting gown is in soft gray satin embroidered in gray silk and dull silver, the latter in a pewter tone, which shades well with the satin.

### The Popular Mimosa.

The quaint flower which, with the violet, has stood for trembling shyness is the popular flower of the moment abroad. It is used on every manner of hat with green foliage. It is worn on the corsage and in the buttonhole. It goes well with all the dull shades of yellow, including sulphur, and therefore is a boon to the milliner.

## SATURDAY NIGHT TALKS

By REV. F. E. DAVISON  
Rutland, Vt.

### A LESSON IN TACT.

International Bible Lesson for July 25, '09—(Acts 17: 16-34).



In his missionary journeyings Paul came to the celebrated city of Athens, the seat and centre of art, eloquence and philosophy, the intellectual capital of the world. Wonderful City. It was his first and only visit to the ancient metropolis and it made a deep impression upon his mind. It was a city of temples and statues. Art and learning here had their home. Around him were the sculptured forms of Minerva and Jupiter, Apollo and Mercury, the Muses and other representatives of heathen mythology. It was said by an ancient satirist that it was easier to find a god at Athens than a man, for thirty thousand divinities were included in the Greek and Roman pantheon. They were heroic, fantastic or impure, but the city was full of them. There were streets so crowded with sellers of articles connected with idolatry as to be almost impassable.

### Wonderful Opportunity.

It was in such a presence that the apostle now stood, and God gave him one single opportunity to declare his message. How did he do it?

A committee of distinguished Athenians waited upon the famous preacher, and invited him to address them on Mars Hill. It was the opportunity of a lifetime and a smaller man would have made a miserable failure. To preach in church behind a pulpit, to a devout and sympathetic people, who will accept whatever the preacher says simply because he says it, is one thing, to face such a company as the Athenian audience is quite another. Those people were critical, logical, hard-headed, accustomed to look into things, and accept nothing on the mere ipse dixit of a speaker. They prided themselves on their intellectuality and piety, and had no idea that a mere peripatetic Jew would be able to instruct them in either morality or religion. Yet they were desirous of hearing all the new things, and they politely invited Paul to deliver his message on that popular rostrum of discussion, Mars Hill.

### Wonderful Tact.

The apostle's first word shows that he is not only a cultured Christian gentleman himself, but is master of the art of winsome speech. He disarms criticism with his first sentence. Instead of railing at idolatry as the old version implies, he courteously declares that his observation has led him to the conclusion that the Athenians are "very religious." "I passed by, and beheld your devotions," he says, "and as I did so, I saw an altar with this inscription, 'To the Unknown God.' That is, you worship all those you know, and for fear that you should be guilty of impiety ignorantly, you put up another altar to the unknown God. Now I have a message to deliver to you in regard to that unknown God." And then the preacher proceeded to talk to them of the God that made the world, and all the people in it. And in the most logical, sensible, courteous, and Christian way struck a blow at idolatry that is absolutely unanswerable from that day to this. Wonderful exhibition of tact! If you are going to win anyone, you can never do it with an ecclesiastical blackjack. If you want to convince a Catholic, you had better steer clear of attacking the Virgin Mary. If you want to win a Jew, better keep your hands off from Moses. You will never gain a Baptist by splashing over him the waters of immersion. To go to a heathen by denouncing idolatry as of the devil, will only strengthen him in his views.

To tell a man he is a fool because he doesn't believe as you do, puts it out of your power ever to influence him to believe as you do. You can't split people's heads open with the battle axe of controversy and introduce orthodoxy through the gash. The trouble with most modern controversialists is, they have no patience with anybody who cannot see exactly as they can, no matter what their birth, surroundings, education and training has been. Paul caught the attention of his audience and held it to the close, first by the wonderful tact of his approach, and second by his quotations from their own poets, which he cited in support of his doctrine.

The tactful person always seeks to find some common ground on which to stand, instead of some bomb proof fort from which to bombard the world. Paul argued that the very fact of an altar to the unknown God proved the religious instinct in the soul, and he caught at that blind feeling after God and sought to direct it aright. Whatever the outcome of that sermon, certainly the people of Athens would have no hesitation in declaring that those who listened to Paul that day received a lesson in sacred eloquence that compared favorably with any oration that had ever been delivered from the summit of Mars Hill.



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