

FATE AND ONE MRS. MAGUIRE.

Between Them They Brought the Parted Couple Together.

By M. LOUISE CUMMINS.

Mrs. Maguire looked up from her knitting a second time to meet the same pair of brown eyes. Again a sense of familiarity in their gaze went over her.

"And, sure, there'd be nothing strange in that," she soliloquized, "after me being attendant in this waiting room for the past fifteen years."

Nevertheless her mind went back gropingly trying to place the girl sitting opposite. She gave a quick glance and reached what she sought with such suddenness that she fairly started.

"'Tis the very wan—the very wan," she muttered. "But, Lord love us all, what has changed her so much?"

Presently she rose, holding her knitting in her left hand, and made a little tour of the room, picking up a paper here, straightening a chair there, apparently intent only upon her business. But she paused near the woman who had attracted her attention.

"'Tis threesome work waiting for trains, ma'am," she hazarded.

"It is, indeed!"

At sight of such woe in her eyes, which she had once seen filled with such blessedness of joy that, as she said, "they were like twin lights on an altar," Mrs. Maguire's heart ached.

"Though there's them that don't mind it," she went on. "Look there, now," with a sidelong nod to where in the outer waiting room a young couple were seated oblivious of time and place.

"They makes me think of a pair that sat in that very spot—let me see, it must be all of four years ago," she continued reminiscently. "They had missed their train and had to wait six mortal hours for the western express. Well, if you'll believe me, I don't think they knew 'twas as many minutes."

Mrs. Maguire saw the hands of the woman come slowly together suddenly in her lap.

"Did you ever see them again?" she asked slowly.

"Not her."

The dark eyes came round in a flash. "And him?"

"Well, as sure as you live"—Mrs. Maguire had seated herself and was knitting complacently—"twas only last week. He come in and just sit in that very spot. I took no notice to him at first, but he looked so broke up I had to. It seemed all wrong to see him sitting without her."

The woman at her side sprang up. "It is suffocating in here!" she panted.

Then she sank back into the chair. "You recognized me," she said wearily.

"And if I did, a-lan-liv"—Mrs. Maguire laid a soothing palm on her knee, the soft crooning of her mother tongue coming back to her—"I meant no harm by what I said. Sure, when I looked across the room you made me think of a bit of a primrose you'd see in a borean at home wiling because the bush that sheltered it was too away."

"And I thought"—her slender body seemed to contract with the agony of recollection—"God help me! What I thought was not the truth."

"God help us all when we begin to doubt the wan that's dearer to us than our heart's blood. 'Tis well to be sure"—she went on slowly—"sure before you spake the word that can't be unspoken."

"If some one had said that to me then?" Her breathing seemed to tear the delicate throat. "But I would not listen to him, and now—now it is too late!"

"'Tis never that," Mrs. Maguire said, with conviction.

"It is. He said if I left him it would be final."

If Mrs. Maguire's fingers flew her thoughts went at such bewildering pace that she started when her companion rose. She took and parted between her own the hand held out to her, looking beyond with unseeing eyes.

"She'll come back," she thought, with the assurance of one who knew. "And he, mother of God! Isn't it the pity of the world to see them parted? And for nothing at all, most likely!"

It was strange after that on days when a slight figure in dark blue sat in the ladies' waiting room how many excuses Mrs. Maguire found for excursions to different parts of the station, with what eagerness she sat out on these expeditions and with dejection written in every line of her comely face when she returned.

"'Tis watching for him she is herself," she thought, meeting the wistful interrogation of the dark eyes. And never did maiden look for the coming of her lover as did Mrs. Maguire for the tall figure which had imprinted itself on her memory.

It was a matter of genuine importance, however, which called her away one day just as her visitor entered.

"I'll be back in a minute. 'Tis the superintendent himself wants me," she explained, smoothing down a snowy apron in a little bustle of excitement.

Half an hour later in returning she passed by the long line of tracks. A crowd surrounding a woman whose dark head was covered with a cotton handkerchief attracted her attention, and she drew near.

"What's the trouble, Mike?" she asked a uniformed fellow countryman. "Them dagoes," Mike jerked a thumb

over one shoulder. "Wan of thim lost his mother, and nothin' 'd do the young divil but to skrewe through the gates and try to cross the tracks just as No. 57 was pullin' in. If 'twas for that gentleman there there'd be a foreigner less to grow up in the country."

Mrs. Maguire turned to look at the tall figure. One glance was sufficient. A moment later she was hanging to his arm with all the pressure of her 175 pounds.

"Wait, sir!" she panted. "For the love of heaven, don't go!"

He looked down amazed. "Oh, I'm not mad; don't you think it." And, indeed, the gray eyes raised to his were wonderfully sane behind their steel rimmed glasses.

"She's in there," Mrs. Maguire whispered.

"She! Who?"

"Herself—the little girl you married four years ago. Oh, didn't I see you? Sure, 'twas little else I did that blessed day but look at the picture you made. The curses of the Almighty on whoever came between you, for sure you must have the kind, brave heart to do what you just done!"

The man paled as he had not done when looking death in the face. "Go!" Mrs. Maguire gave him a push toward the waiting room door. "She's in there, I tell you, eating her heart out for a sight of you. And," grasping him again, "don't you say a word, but just take her along home."

As his broad back disappeared Mrs. Maguire laid hold of a newspaper stand for support.

A few minutes later, when, with flushed cheeks, she passed humming a bar of "Eileen Aroon" above a lump which threatened to choke her, they were sitting where they had sat four years before.

"Dear," he said huskily, his head bent over hers, "that we should meet here—it was fate."

"And Magie Maguire," added that worthy woman as she entered her own domain.

Untold Riches.
Wealth is merely comparative. One's possessions constitute a pittance or a fortune, according to one's point of view. The Rev. Frederic Denison tells a story of one of the inhabitants of old Westerly, R. I., which shows there is no general standard of riches. The young man, prompted by patriotism and desire for gold, had enlisted in the uncertain business of privateering.

On returning home after many and various cruises he was thankfully greeted by his kin and anxious friends. His mother, with maternal solicitude, inquired:

"Well, Harry, how have you made out? Did you get much money?"

"Oh, yes, mother," answered the adventurer, "I had good luck. I am rich. I shall have enough, with prudence and care, to carry me through life, I hope."

"I am glad, my son. How much have you?"

"Well, I don't exactly know yet, but I think when we settle up it will amount to \$30."—Youth's Companion.

Curries and Chutneys.
True Indian curry sauce is an invention of unknown antiquity. The Hindoo makes it fresh as used from pounded up various aromatic herbs and nuts, boiling it in ghee, a butter, and coconut water. It is very mild and aromatic and only slightly pungent and hot. As a rule, it is poured over heaps of light, snowy cooked rice, to which meat is added, if it is to be had. Muslims and Portuguese of later India took it up and added strong cayennes, garlic and onions and other strong spices abhorred by the natives. East Indians also use a chutney sauce made of pickled green mangoes and eat on the side little spratlike dried fishes, to which is given a high flavor by keeping until putrefied, and the chutney and fish are eaten along with curried rice. Curries are antiseptic, kill worms in the insides and are a tonic to the stomach and circulation and no doubt save from sickness in climates of germ laden water and heat of India.—New York Press.

Boasted of His Costly Napkins.
Diego de Torres, the Spanish ambassador, who visited the emperor of Morocco in 1547, found that knives, spoons and forks were unknown at the royal table. Each guest helped himself with his fingers and cleaned his hand with his tongue, excepting the emperor, who performed that office on the head of a black boy whom he retained by his side in readiness. The emperor, observing the ambassador smile, asked him with what Christian kings wiped their hands at meals and what such things were worth. "Fine napkins," replied the ambassador, "a clean one at every meal, worth a crown apiece or more." "Don't you think this napkin much better," said the emperor, wiping his hands again on the black boy's head, "which is worth 70 or 80 crowns?"

Foolish Curiosity.
Many a wild animal has lost its life by its own foolishness. Nearly every creature is anxious to learn something about what is new to it. Of this habit hunters take full advantage. In the case of the guanaco, a llama that is found in South America from Peru to Patagonia, the hunter invites it to come within range of his gun merely by lying on his back and kicking up his heels in the air. The guanaco draws near to this funny looking object just as glibly as the fly walks into the spider's parlor, and ere it knows who's who or what's what it is killed or wounded by the sportsman. So silly a creature it is that it will not even bolt when the bullet has missed it, for it thinks the flash and the report are part and parcel of the fun.

WEATHER TERMS.

Maiden with a powder puff
Dabbing here and there.
This reported weather wise
Means "Continued fair."

Fubby coming home at one,
Zigzag course a-wending.
Weather signal in this case
Would be, "Storm impending."

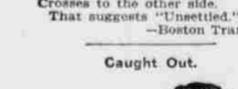
Baby climbing on a chair.
If she slips and falls,
It is not unlikely that
There'll be "Sudden squalls."

Girl and lover have a spat.
She flings down his flowers.
Lover, angry, grabs his hat
And rushes off. That's "Showers."

Man sees tailor on the street;
Seems a trifle nettled;
Crosses to the other side.
That suggests "Unsettled."

—Boston Transcript.

Caught Out.



Little Brother—Won't you take me to the ball game, Mr. Wicky, when the season opens?
Mr. Wicky—My boy, I never go to ball games.

Little Brother—I thought you was a player. Ma told sis you was a good catch.

Tenor Gets Funny.

Slezak, who was one of the new bunch of talent at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York—just closed for the season—is a practical joker. All the company were his victims. His favorite was Schmedes, the Vienna tenor. One morning about 2 o'clock Slezak stirred up Schmedes.

"Are you Herr Schmedes?" Slezak called through the telephone in broken German, fitting the character.

"Yes," came in sleepy impatience—"Herr Schmedes, the tenor."

Yes, of course, the tenor. What other would at that hour have stinked for complete identification?

"How fortunate!" was the ambiguous rejoinder. "I am Lord Morley, at the Hotel Bristol."

"Delighted, I am sure."

The voice sounded now quite awake. A distinguished foreigner of a nation not noted for its impulsiveness could not sleep without a word with him!

"Who is singing in 'Lohengrin' Monday night?" sped to him over the wire.

"I, Schmedes," the answer rang, with an inference of pleasing news.

"Ah! Deep, startling disappointment freighted the word. 'I had hoped it was Slezak. They say he sings so beautifully.'—Chicago Post.

Mysterious Knowledge.

Some years ago an expedition from the University of Pennsylvania was sent to one of our southern states for the purpose of observing a solar eclipse.

The day before the event one of the professors said to an old colored man belonging to the household wherein the scientist was quartered:

"Tom, if you will watch your chickens tomorrow morning you'll find that they'll all go to roost at 11 o'clock."

Tom was of course skeptical, but at the appointed hour the heavens were darkened, and the chickens retired to roost. At this the man's amazement showed no bounds, and he sought out the scientist.

"Perfesser," said he, "how long ago did you know dem chickens would go to roost?"

"About a year ago," said the professor, smilingly.

"Well, of dat don't beat all!" was the man's comment. "Perfesser, a year ago dem chickens wa'n't even hatched."—Ladies' Home Journal.

His Incentive.

"You fought that burglar like a very demon," said the police lieutenant as he listened to the little man's story.

"Thank you," replied the little man.

"And the fellow was twice as big as you," pursued the admiring lieutenant. "I don't think I ever saw a man much worse beat up. You must have been frightfully mad."

"It wasn't that exactly," said the little man modestly. "You see, my wife was behind me, prodding me with a hatpin!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Identified.

"I wouldn't marry the best man in the world," said Miss Dolliver scornfully.

"I'm glad to hear it," cried Bolivar joyously. "Then I can hope."

"You?" she retorted.

"Yes," said Bolivar. "I'm not the best man in the world, you know."

And she married him just to get even.—Harper's Weekly.

So Sweet of Him.

"I was passing that swell florist's shop with Lord Brokeleigh," said the first belle, "and I blinted that I'd like to have some of the lovely roses that were displayed in the window."

"And did he really send you some?" eagerly interrupted the other.

"Yes; they came this morning—C. O. D."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Giving Orders.

Bella—Isn't he married yet?
Stella—No; he is still living a la carte.—New York Herald.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Warren Barbour, Who May Meet Tony Biddle.



Strong efforts are being made to bring Warren Barbour, son of a wealthy New Yorker, who recently won the amateur heavyweight boxing championship of the United States, and Tony Biddle, the young society man of Philadelphia, together in a battle for the millionaire championship of America. Barbour and Biddle are millionaires in their own right many times over and belong to the Four Hundred set in their respective cities. Charley White, the famous referee, who handled Barbour in his bouts in Boston recently, is inclined to believe that his protegee might be induced to meet Biddle under certain conditions.

The bringing of these two young gladiators together in a glove contest according to Queensberry rules would be an event that would be sure to bring out the society swells in New York and Philadelphia. It is to be hoped that promoters will succeed in staging the match.

Stuart to Quit Hockey.

It was reported in Montreal in hockey circles that Bruce Stuart, captain of the Ottawa professional hockey team, has retired from the sport. It is said that an injury he sustained last season caused him to quit the game. Stuart was injured in the Renfrew-Ottawa game.

Stuart was offered \$1,000 at the start of the season, and when the Renfrew magnates started raising the price of the hockey stars the Ottawa captain was proffered a contract calling for \$2,000 and a bonus if he landed the championship. It was pure loyalty to his home town that kept him in Ottawa last winter.

Machine Made Baseball Averages.
Machine made baseball averages will be the rule in the American league shortly if Secretary Robert McRoy can learn how to make the "jigger" divide. A London made machine arrived at the league headquarters in Chicago recently, and with the aid of Umpire Jack Sheridan and several others McRoy discovered how to make it add, subtract and multiply. But it simply wouldn't divide. Every time he thought it working a big bunch of 9's would appear to throw calculations out of gear.

Hyatt New Eastern Basketball Head.
The Intercollegiate Basketball league, with Yale, Princeton, Cornell and Pennsylvania as members, was reorganized recently at a meeting of delegates from the four universities at the Cornell club in New York. The league suspended two years ago.

R. B. Hyatt of Yale was elected president and Ralph Morgan of Pennsylvania secretary-treasurer. The old form schedule of two games each will be announced next fall.

Want Hackenschmidt Back.
Several well known wrestling promoters in Kansas City are trying to influence George Hackenschmidt, "the Russian Lion," to come to this country again to display his prowess in the mat game. Hackenschmidt is the wrestler, it will be remembered, who was handled so roughly by Frank Gotch, the world's champion, when the two met in a title bout in Chicago two years ago.

Unique Golf Title For Egan.
H. Chandler Egan added the rather unique title of western indoor golf champion to his achievements recently when he defeated Harry S. Rockwell of the Calumet Country club by 6 up and 5 to play in the final over the Minnabada course at the Wabash avenue school, Chicago. The tournament has been in progress for over a month.

ART OF COOKING RICE.

How to Master It With Little Trouble and Careful Washing.

Cooking rice is a great art which is easily mastered by those who are willing to take the trouble. In the first place, do not get inexpensive rice. Even the best grade is not especially dear. Always ask for the very best quality, and you will find the grains are whole and there is no chaff, unlike the rice one gets in some lunch rooms, boarding houses and restaurants, which is soft and wet like mush and full of little pieces of debris. This cheaper quality is neither so nourishing nor so palatable.

Rice cannot be cooked properly unless it has been washed carefully. Put it in a coarse strainer, set the strainer in a basin of cold water, pick out all pieces of foreign matter and change the water again and again until it remains clear. Then the rice is ready to be cooked.

Take one and one-fourth cupsful of boiling water, one-half teaspoonful of salt and half a cupful of rice. Put it into boiling water and salt, in the upper half of a double boiler, and steam for about three-quarters of an hour, or until there is no grittiness left in the grains, which should be quite soft. Add a little water if the rice becomes too dry when cooking. When done pour into a colander and set on the back of the stove or in the oven for two or three minutes until all dampness is absorbed and each grain of rice stands out from its fellow.

A Silent Man.
Jorkins—There's Perkins—you know Perkins—entered into an agreement with his wife soon after their marriage, twenty years ago, that whenever either lost temper or stormed the other was to keep silence. Bob—And the scheme worked? Jorkins—Admirably. Perkins has kept silence for twenty years.

HOW TO CURE A TERRIFIC HEADACHE.
Many people suffer with an aching head week after week, occasionally getting relief from so-called headache powders and nerve-stuffing drugs. They never get cured because they start wrong. Such people should do a little commonsense thinking. Headache is simply the result, a warning signal, of a far more serious trouble. Usually it means bad blood poisoned by an inactive or sluggish liver. Headache sufferers are often nervous, cross and irritable. Their sleep is disturbed and digestion impaired. The liver doesn't do its work right, and the bile elements poison both nerve and brain.

Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills remove the cause of headache. They are Nature's true laxative, and give tone to liver activity, are a positive specific for biliousness and a torpid liver. Get your liver right by using Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills and your head won't ache, your nerves won't weaken, nor your food distress you. Physicians use and recommend. They form no habit. You should always keep them on hand. These little Vegetable Pills will ward off many ills.

To Cure Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache in a Night, use

SMITH'S PINEAPPLE AND BUTTERNUT PILLS

FOR Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache and Diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

60 Pills in Glass Vial 25c.—All Dealers.

SMITH'S For Sick Kidneys
Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, the one best remedy. Reliable, endorsed by leading physicians as safe, effective. Results lasting. On the market 16 years. Have cured thousands. 100 pills in original glass package, 50 cents. Trial boxes, 50 pills, 25 cents. All druggists sell and recommend.

BUCHU LITHIA KIDNEY PILLS

M. LEE BRAMAN

EVERYTHING IN LIVERY

Buss for Every Train and Town Calls.

Horses always for sale

Boarding and Accomodations for Farmers

Prompt and polite attention at all times.

ALLEN HOUSE BARN

Through Drawing-Room Buffet Sleeping Car

Scranton and Pittsburg

IN BOTH DIRECTIONS

via Penna. R. R. from Wilkes-Barre

Leave Scranton at 5:30 P. M. daily except Sun. arrive Pittsburg 7 A. M.

Leave Pittsburg at 8:50 P. M. daily except Sat. ar. Scranton 9:59 A. M.

Berth reservations can be made through Ticket Agents, or

GEO. E. BATES,
Div. Frt. and Pass. Agt.

Scranton, Pa. 15c120

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.

ESTATE OF ELIZABETH J. BOYD, late of Damascus, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested, for settlement.

THOMAS Y. BOYD,
Boyd's Mill, Pa., April 26, Administrator.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF WAYNE COUNTY.

Bessie M. Hector v. Claud J. Hector. No. 79 October Term 1899. Libel in Divorce. To CLAUD J. HECTOR: You are hereby required to appear in the said court on the third Monday of June next, to answer the complaint exhibited to the judge of said court by Bessie M. Hector your wife in the cause above stated, or in default thereof a decree of divorce as prayed for in said complaint may be made against you in your absence.

M. LEE BRAMAN, Sheriff.
Honesdale, Pa., March 25, 1910.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF WAYNE COUNTY.

Gustava Kleeman v. Claire Kleeman. No. 31 October Term 1899. Libel in Divorce. To CLAIRE KLEEMAN: You are hereby required to appear in the said court on the third Monday of June next, to answer the complaint exhibited to the judge of said court by Gustava Kleeman your husband, in the cause above stated, or in default thereof a decree of divorce as prayed for in said complaint may be made against you in your absence.

M. LEE BRAMAN, Sheriff.
Honesdale, Pa., March 25, 1910.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.—By virtue of process issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne county, and State of Pennsylvania, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and will expose to public sale, at the Court House in Honesdale, on

THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1910, 2 P. M.
All of defendant's right, title and interest in the following described property, viz:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Palmyra, county of Wayne, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post on the side of the public road leading from Hawley to Honesdale; thence along said road south seventy-two and one-half degrees east twelve and one-half rods to a pine tree; thence south twenty-six degrees east four and three-tenths rods to a post; thence by lands of George Atkinson north sixty-seven and one-half degrees east thirty-six rods to a heap of stones by a chestnut tree; thence north twenty-two and one-half degrees east one hundred and thirty-three and one-half rods to a stone corner in line of lands late of Russell Daniels; thence along said line of land south sixty-seven and one-half degrees west seventy-seven and one-fourth rods to a post on the berme bank of the Delaware & Hudson canal; thence along said berme bank of the canal its several courses and distances to a stake near and below lock numbered 32 on said canal, and thence along the lands of the Del. & Hudson Canal north 16 and one-half degrees east 3 and eight-tenths rods to post corner; north 55 degrees east 2 rods to post corner and north 36 degrees west 14 rods to place of beginning. Containing 45 acres and 76 perches. See Deed Book No. 89, page 257.

About 6 acres of above lands are improved. Upon same is two-story frame house and two small frame barns.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Marie E. O'Donnell at the suit of F. L. Tuttle. No. 278 June Term 1909. Judgment, \$172.60. Mumford, Attorney.

TAKE NOTICE.—All bids and costs must be paid on day of sale or deeds will not be acknowledged.

M. LEE BRAMAN, Sheriff.
Honesdale, Pa., Apr. 9, 1910.

NOTICE OF UNIFORM PRIMARY ELECTIONS.—In compliance with Section 37 of the Uniform Primary Act, page 37, P. L., 1906, notice is hereby given to the electors of Wayne county of the number of delegates to the State conventions each party is entitled to elect, names of party offices to be filled and for what offices nominations are to be made at the spring primaries to be held on

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1910.
REPUBLICAN.

1 person for Representative in Congress.
1 person for Senator in General Assembly.

1 person for Representative in General Assembly.
2 persons for delegates to the State Convention.

1 person to be elected Party Committeeman in each election district.
DEMOCRATIC.

1 person for Representative in Congress.