With a little strangled sob she hid

man who watched her dared not ask

the question that trembled on his lips.

so self-controlled. He had never seen

her like this before. What did it

mean?

clumsily.

sudden, quick smile.

the same way."

be shot."

with me."

face.

grown.

between them.

She laughed again.

heaved a sigh of relief.

The girl had always been so calm,

"I'm a brute, Madge," he said,

She raised her face to his with a

He loked at her anxiously, and

She hasn't been crying at all, then!

She could read him like a book.

so very much, after all," she said,

and, in his embarrassment, he did not

felt unset just now," she continued,

hurriedly, "because I remembered so

vividly what I suffered at the time I

told you of, and it humiliated me to

think that I have made you suffer in

Madge, to compare your case with

mine. It's not the same thing at all,

That fellow you speak of turned out

to be a scoundrel. No wonder you

couldn't love him. But you-you are

the sweetest, prettlest creature on

earth, and the man who can't make a

fool of himself for your sake, ought to

"It's nice of you to feel like that, Dick," she said. "But there's really

no reason why you should call your-

self all sorts of hard names simply

because you haven't succeeded in fall-

For a moment there was silence

Suddenly a dark flush rose to his

"Don't think me a conceited fool,

little girl," he said, awkwardly, "but

you told me just now of the doubts

that used to torment you while you

You didn't say anything about any

doubts when I-when you-had prom-

ised to be my wife. Doesn't that

did not see how white she had

behind him, and placing her hand soft-ly upon his shoulder. "I do care for

you, well enough to have married you

if you had wanted it. But I-I'm not

the sort of girl to fret and pine be-

The hand upon his shoulder trem-

"Madge!" he cried, impulsively,

"Give me another chance! Forget

what has passed between us to-day,

and be my wife. I was mad to let

you talk as I did just now. It isn't

in me to love any woman. Upon my

He was not looking at her, and he

"Dear old boy," she said, coming up

mean that-that you care?"

cause I can't marry you."

bled just a little.

were engaged to that-other man.

"But you're wrong, quite wrong,

hear the false ring in her voice.

"You see I'm not taking it to heart

The girl gave a little laugh.



ör

"Don't put my name in the paper," Said the statesman, good and great, "But if you must I surely trust You'll get the facts all straight."

"I really can't be quoted,"

Said the busy business man "But if you write you surely might Boom business all you can."

"I never read the papers, Said the badgered family doctor, "But if you please you may say disease Lies helpless where I knock ter."

"Your papers are not plous," Said the fat and forty pastor. "But if you quote you'll kindly note That I'm the preaching master."

"The press is not uplifting." Baid the slightly mifty teacher. "But don't you be strung, for teaching the young

Is as great as being a preacher."

"Don't print my name," said the social dame, "In the sense of slight or stricture,

But if you do with the interview Be sure to print my picture."

And so the modest public

Withdraws from printed mention, But if you fail to print the tale They'll call it circumvention.

-Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Their Opinion Too.

"Mr. Sandus, we've brought these eggs back."

"What is the matter with them?" "They're old. Two that we broke this morning were positively bad." "I'm sorry to hear that."

"This isn't the first game, either. Last week and the week before we bought some eggs here and had to throw part of them away."

"Ladies, you are the only customers that have made any complaint about those eggs. It's very strange that I should sell good eggs to everybody else and save the bad ones for you." "Yes; that's what we think, Mr. Sandus."-Chicago Tribune.

## Repartee.

Rupert and Evadue were sauntering along the drive. Suddenly she stopned.

"What's that?" she exclaimed, listening intently.

"Probably some catfish mewing in the lake," answered her sturdy protector.

Evadne's countenance brightened. "I wonder if its mother is putting it to sleep in the bed of the river with a sheet of water over it," she murmured ingenuously .-- Sphinx.

#### The New One.

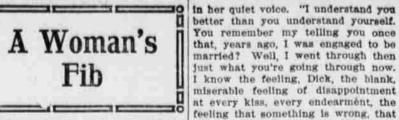
The gentleman cautiously opens his front door at 2 a. m., but nevertheless the wife of his bosom hears him. "What in the world kept you out so late?" she demands.

"Well, my dear," he explains laboredly, "Flitterson took me for a flight in his new biplane, and the steering gear got out of order, and we had to come down eight miles from town and wait for a trolley to bring us in."--Chicago Post.

### Shot Out.

Rev. Mr. Waters-Look at Bill Burley, for instance. It was demon rum that made him the one eyed, low browed sot that he is today.

Cactus Charley-Not altogether, parson. It mebbe made him a low browed sot, but it was me that made him one eyed .- Catholic Standard and Times.



It began in the usual way-strictly this is not the love you had dreamed according to Plato. And the boy of, the agonizing doubts, the self-re-Cupid chuckled to himself as he proaches. Oh, Dick, Dick, I know it watched the two, and tightened the all!" strings of his bow. her face between her bands, and the

At first things fell out exactly as Cupid had expected, and one fine day the man told the girl that he loved her, and asked her to become his wife.

As the girl listened a glad light came into her eyes. Then she looked at him searchingly, and her face clouded over.

"Are you quite sure?" she asked. But he only laughed, and kissed her.

"I would rather we kept this to ourselves for a little while," she told him presently, when he spoke of a Thank God! formal engagement. "I-I want to be quite, quite certain."

"Certain of what?" he asked.

"Of you, Dick," she replied. "Don't be angry with me, dear, I can't help it. It seems such a wonderful thing that you should love me after all. Do you remember what you used to say?" "I was a fool."

"But do you remember?"

"I haven't said it for a long time,

have 12" "You used to say, Dick, that I was too much of a man myself for men to fall in love with me. I didn't know what you meant at first, until you explained."

"Never mind that now."

"But I do mind. I can't help thinking about it. I have an idea that you were right."

"No, I wasn't, Madge. I've found out my mistake."

"You said I was too free, too independent to win men's love, that men only loved the helpless, clinging women-the women who needed protectors."

"Why do you want to remember all ing blindly and desperately in love the idiotic things I've said to you?"

"Because I believed them to be true once, and I think-perhaps-they are true still. You told me I was so strong and self-reliant-the sort of girl to make a chum of, not a wife. And you made a chum of me. Dick. Are you sure you want the wife?"

Her frank gray eyes met his unflinchingly.

He drew her toward him with sudden passion.

"I love you," was all he said. And, for a time, she was content,

Then there came a day on which a shadow seemed to fall between them, and doubt grew strong again.

"You are worrying over something," she said, and he made no reply.

"Tell me," she pleaded, but still he was silent.

"Do you know you haven't kissed me once to-day?" she continued, her eyes fixed upon his troubled face.

"Forgive me," he stammered, awkwardly trying to take her hands.

She shook her head, and gently released herself. "I want to talk to you," she said. "I am going to tell you what is on

your mind. I know." "Madge, you don't know. You can't true. I love you, dear, as well as it's know. It's nothing."

Don't be

your mind-about-about me."

"For Heaven's sake, Madge, don't

talk like that!" he cried. "You don't

you've promised to marry me, and I'm

a question of love, Dick. I think I un-

derstand you. You're fond of me, I

know that, but you don't love me in

the way that you feel a man ought to

love the woman he is going to mar-

"Any man who isn't a senseless

"Well, we'll grant that, for the sake

"You're clever and good, Madge,

"But-don't be afraid to say it,

"Madge, you don't understand, you

the only girl I ever cared for, and

ever shall care for. I'm sure of that.

It's the only thing I seem to be sure

"Listen to me, Dick," she replied,

of," he ended, miserably.

and uncommonly pretty; you're every-

Dick-I'm not the right woman for

I know. I understand."

try to be worthy of you, dear."

brute ought to love you."

thing a woman ought to be."

turning away his head.

it true?"

thought.

ngain."

ry."

you.

Woman."

of argument."

"What a brute I am. What a brute! better than you understand yourself. Do you care as much as all that?" You remember my telling you once "I care for your friendship, Dick." she said, in her ordinary calm, low voice. "I meant nothing more. I am quite content."

> Dick. It was bound to come. She had told herself so again and again. Yet in her heart of hearts she had not belleved It.

"So that is the right woman for Dick. She can bring the look to his eyes that I have watched and waited for in vain. She, that poor, empty, foolish little creature has the powerbah, what a wretch I am! What right have I to judge her? I am unjust, blinded by-oh, God, not that-not that! Have I fallen so low? Do I grudge him to her-I, who never really had his love?'

And she stood afar off and watched the two together, and waited for Dick to tell her.

"He is afraid," she told herself,

with a bitter smile.' "He remembers what he swore to me. I must help him.' "Dick," she said, abruptly, at their next meeting, "there's something on your mind, and you've got to tell me what it is. Years ago you made me your 'Mother Confessor,' and I've held the office ever since. Come, Dick, out with it! What is it?"

"It's nothing at all. I've got nothing to confess, little girl. How did you get that idea into your head?"

"I don't know. It came, Dick, that's all."

There was a pause.

"Madge." he asked, presently. you're sure you're quite happy?" "What do you mean? Nobody is

quite happy, I suppose." mean, are you quite contented with this sort of thing? With our-

our friendship, you know." The girl laughed gayly. "Of course I am. Haven't I told

you so, over and over again?" "And yet-I don't know-come-

times I think-"You think I'm yearning for matrimony?" she retorted flippantly. "What a dear, conceited, stupid old thing you are! I've quite got over that little weakness, Dick. I don't want to marry you, really. I'm fond of you, of course, but then you're fond of me, too-at least you always pretended you were, and yet, you don't want to marry me. Why should that sort of feeling be possible for you and not for me, Dick? Perhaps-perhaps I'm wiser now than I was a few months ago. Perhaps I've found out my mistake.

"What do you mean, Madge?" The light of an unspoken hope flashed for a moment in his eyes. The girl saw it, and something leaped up in her throat.

"Dick," she said, almost in a whisper, "you discovered, months ago, that I was not the right woman for you. Perhaps-perhaps I've discovered that you are not the right man for me."

Again that glad light shone in his eyes, and the girl grew sick with the pain that was in her heart.

"You're pleased to hear me say that!" she cried, and wild, ill-considered words rose to her lips. With a flerce effort she conquered the temptation to speak them.

"You have something more to tell me," said her companion, eagerly. "I can see it in your face. I can guess what it is!"

Doctor (to his cook, who is just leaving)-Sarah, I am very sorry, but I can only give you a very indifferent charof the car as his balloon was slowly acter. passing over a football game, over-

Wanted His Gate Money.

balanced himself, and fell plump

among the players. When he recov-

ered consciousness he found several

of the club officials bending over him

of relief, "I'll trouble you for your

A Little Mound.

stands a man, old, stoop-shouldered

and with snowy locks. No sound dis-

turbs the evening's quietness save the

cooing of a mourning dove. But sud-

denly a fist clenches and the afore-

mentioned man is heard to exclaim:

"Confound that wood-chuck!"-Judge.

Queen Bee Gone Astray.

A newly married couple were be-

ginning their honeymoon in a city ho-

tel. The bride went out to do some

shopping, and when she returned she

found herself puzzled to decide which

was their room. When she thought

she had located it she tapped timidly

There was no response, and she

'Honey, it's me, and I want to come

"Madam," said a gruff voice from

no beehive; it's a bathroom."-Every-

on the panel and breathed:

tapped louder and said.

"It's me, honey; let me in."

By the side of a little sandy mound

half dollar now, old fellow!"

"Ah," said the treasurer, in a tone

anxiously.

An aeronaut, leaning over the edge

Sarah-Well, sir, never mind. Just write it like you do your prescriptions. -Stray Stories.

No artist I, and yet I try

By art to gain renown. I draw-my pay-each Saturday. And then I paint-the town. -Detroit Free Press.

Post-I discovered today that Parker and I have a common ancestor Mrs. Post (a colonial dame)-For goodness' sake don't tell any one.-Brooklyn Life

The good old summer time is here. How cager did we greet it. The flowers opened when it came;

The butter ran to meet it. -Yonkers Statesman

Hodd-Can you conceive of any situation where you would want to be separated from your wife? Todd-Yes-in Paris,-Town and

Country. A difference 1 note that's meet, When comes this worst of bores; He grinds his organ in the street, I grind my teeth indoors, -Lippincott's.

Ascum-Do you think it's true that Skinner has bought a place for himself in society? in.'

Wise-Oh, no! I'll bet he's only leased it, for he's liable to have to the other side of the door, "this ain't skip out at a moment's notice .-- Catholic Standard and Times.





The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of

and has been made under his perat M. Hitcher: sonal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this, All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children-Experience against Experiment.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years.

that, years ago, I was engaged to be married? Well, I went through then just what you're going through now. I know the feeling, Dick, the blank, Then, one day, she saw a change in

#### Two Classes.

Rube-Where's yer boy naow? Josh-He's in New York. Rube-Which side's he on by this time?

Josh-What d'yer mean? Rube-1s he sellin' gold bricks a'ready or buyin' 'em yet?-Cleveland Leader.

#### English as She Is Spoke.

A girl who is considered as belonging to the high brow crowd was the object of a serenade the other night and in telling a friend about it said. "I don't think there is nothing more nicer than to be woken up at night with vocal singing."-Alma Signal.

#### Two.

Seymour-I didn't know that Breffums had two automobiles. Ashley-He hasn't.

Seymour-But I heard him say he had two runabouts. Ashley-One of them is his wife's .--Chicago News,

#### Tip For Managers.

"I certainly have an ingenious press #gent."

"How now?"

"The week we sang 'The Barber of Seville' he set up a chair and gave free shaves in the lobby."--Washington Herald.

#### Instinct.

Sick Magnate (feebly)-What is that on the table there?

Secretary-That? That is the doctor's medicine case.

Sick Magnate (relieved)-Thanks. I -er-thought it was a camera.-Puck.

#### Medical.

"Well, I think the doctor is about through with me. He told me my ailment is practically cured.' "What did you have?"

"Two hundred dollars originally."---

Pittsburg Post.

#### A Real Humorist.

"I believe that man is h real humor-Ist."

"What makes you think so?" "He refrained from making a pun on my name, and it's so easy to do."-Detroit Free Press.

untruthful, Dick. You honor I believe that. I would try to used to credit me with some intellimake you happy. Take me back, gence when-when we were only Madge. Give me another chance!"

chums. Do you think I can't guess For a single instant the girl hesiwhat is troubling you? You're mistated.

erable, Dick, as miserable as it's pos-"It can't be," she said, firmly, "You are good and kind, Dick, and perhaps sible for any man to be, and I know you mean what you say just now, You why. It's because you can't make up may think, for the moment, that you "What do you mean?" he asked, love me. I tell you, it isn't love, it's only pity. You're sorry for me, hecause you think I shall be unhappy. You can't make up your mind Old friend, you're mistaken. Don't whether you are in love with me or not, There! Now I've said it, Isn't be sorry for me, there's no need. I'm not like other girls. You have said so yourself, often and often. I don't Her voice never faltered. Her calm

eyes seemed to read his every want a protector, or a husband. I only want a chum. Dick, we'll be chums again!" "Don't be afraid," she said. "It is better to be quite frank-kinder to me.

"You can't mean it," he said, un-That day you asked me to be your easily; "after the way I've behaved to you, you must despise me. Things wife, you were carried away by a sudden foolish impulse. I suspected it can never be quite the same again." all along. I had no right to take you "Things shall be the same again!" at your word; Dick, we must be chums

she cried. "Why not? Until-until-" "Until what?" he asked. "Until the right woman comes!" she

replied.

know what you're saying. You wrong Nearly a year had passed since the me, indeed you do. I have you, I admire you more than any other woman day on which Dick and Madge had I know. You're too good for me, but, agreed to be chums again.

At odd intervals, moments of sudthe proudest fellow in the world. I'll den remorse or exultation, Dick would implore the girl to accept the love he had to give her, and become his "It isn't a question of being worthy or unworthy," she replied, gently. "It's wife.

"I swear to you there's not another woman in the world I care for, Madge" he would assure her with painful earnestness. "If my love for you is only a poor, weak sort of thing, and not the love I used to think and hope would come to me, it's because I'm a callous brute, incapable of that sort of splendid feeliny. You're far too good for me, Madge, I know, but -but won't you take pity on me?" "Wait, only wait," she told him. "I shall not marry you, Dick, and some day you will thank me for it. Remember we are only chums, and you are free."

"I don't want to be free," he cried. can't understand. I don't understand "Even though you won't marry me, I shall always feel bound to you. No myself. It's my cursed nature, I think. other woman can ever take your I'm not capable of loving you or any place." "You say that, now, because the woman hasn't come yet." "She never will!" he cried. "You're

"I am glad," she said, softly and something glistoned in her eyes.

The next moment she would have given worlds to recall the simple words. He had caught her hands in his and was staring at her with a troubled look.

"Poor little giri!" he whispered.

weu "That the right man has come to you?"

"And the right woman to you, Dick ?"

"Madge, how did you know?" "I only guessed. Perhaps a fellowfeeling, Dick. Does she know?"

"Good Heavens, no! I haven't dared to own it, even to myself. You'll laugh at me, and I deserve it, for being a presumptuous idiot, but-I can say it now without offending you-I-I though you still cared for me, notnot as a pal only, but in the other way, and so-"

"And so you determined to sacrifice the most precious thing on earth for the sake of a sickly sentimental feeling on my part to which I had no earthly right. Oh, Dick, you old stupid, what an awful mistake you might have made. And she-she cares for you, doesn't she?"

He flushed like a schoolboy,

"I've no right to say that," he replied. "I've never spoken to her about it. I was ashamed, because of -of what I had said to you."

"Go to her at once, Dick, and sayall you ever said to me, and much more that I could never teach you. Go, Dick. I know what her answer will be.'

> "And you, Madge? What of him, the right man, you know?"

"Dick, I can't tell you." "It's a secret, then?"

"Well-yes-a secret. Don't be angry with me for not telling you. It isn't possible. We shan't be able to marry for a long time, and so we think it best to say nothing about it at

Madge: Do I know htm?"

"No, Dick. You see I only met him a month ago, while up in Saratoga, you know. He-he has to go to Oregon, and won't be back for five years."

"Poor little girl, I'm sorry. "Don't be sorry for me, Dick. I don't mind waiting."

"But five years! Why, it"s a lifetime! Fancy waiting five years forfor-

"Go, Dick, go. There's no reason why you should wait, anyhow. Go to her, and good luck to you!"

When he had gone she rose slowly, and walked across to the mirror.

"Liarl" she said to the white face that stared at her through the glass. "L4ar! It's an ugly word. I loathe it. And yet-and yet-ft made things easier-for him."-GRETE HAHN. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, TT MURBAY STREET, NET



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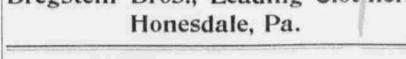
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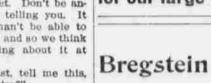
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present." "You might, at least, tell me this,