

Darina and The Agents

She Makes One Mistake

By MILDRED STEVENS

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Miss Charity Decker tied a knitted fascinator over her scanty hair, undressed herself into a long, warm robe and drew on thick woolen mittens.

"Darina!" she called shrilly, and when a girl's slender form had appeared in the kitchen doorway she continued: "I'm going now. Hannibal's been waiting for ten minutes, and I expect that old horse's hoofs are most roze off. I know it's cruelty to animals to keep 'em standing around in the snow like this, but I had to get ready, and I couldn't find my spectacles, and then I lost my handkerchief, and I found it and lost it, and haven't found it again yet. Why, here it is on the almanac. I was loosing to see what the weather is going to be tomorrow."

The girl laughed softly as she pushed the older woman gently toward the door. "There, Aunt Charity; if you top and talk much longer the horse's hoofs will freeze off, and Hannibal is looking so impatiently at the door. I won't forget to put the bread in the oven at 11 o'clock, and I'll water the plants and put Toby in the washhouse before I go over to Cousin Sarah's to sleep. And I'll expect you home on the 3 o'clock train tomorrow afternoon without fail—that!"

Miss Charity was on the porch by his time and waving a mittened hand to Hannibal Jones, the stage driver. "I'll be there in a jiffy, Hannibal. I've got to say something more to Darina."

Darina laughed merrily as she waved a farewell to Miss Charity's resticulating mittens, and she went back into the house and closed and locked the door. Miss Charity's departure for Greenville, the next village, was an event that had been talked about for a fortnight, ever since her brother's wife had invited her over to the Baptist donation party and to spend one night. She had left a dozen different commands for her grandniece to carry out, and the last and the greatest of these was the one concerning agents of any description.

Charity Decker detested agents. She was scarcely polite when members of that honorable calling knocked insinuatingly at her kitchen door. Her strict orders for the reception of any that might call during her absence had been thoroughly drilled into Darina's understanding and out of the tenderness of her heart the girl hoped that the agents would stay away.

"They are not so plentiful in snowy weather," thought Darina as she rolled out some ginger cookies. "I hope none of them will call, but somehow it does seem as if Little River harbored more canvassers, and—there is one now!"

She popped a pan of cookies in the oven and pushed back her fair hair with a floury hand, leaving a dab of white on the rose of her cheek. She opened the door to find a Syrian rug dealer squatted on the doorstep. Miss Charity's admonitions still rang in her ears.

"No—no—no!" said Darina emphatically in response to his appealing gestures as he displayed his wares. She closed the door and watched him shambling down the path. Her heart leaped with fright as she saw him pause at the gate and make some sort of mark on the white post with a bit of red chalk. Then, with a sly look over his shoulder at the house, he went on his way.

"How dreadful!" thought Darina as she returned to her baking. "Perhaps he has marked the house so he can return tonight and rob us—or perhaps murder."

There was another knock at the door, and Darina took her cookies out of the oven before she tiptoed over to the entrance and peered through the crack in the door curtain. A man with a long handed patent mop impatiently waited on the doorstep.

Darina opened the door.

"Good morning," said the agent courteously. "Are you the lady of the house?"

"Yes," said Darina. "But I do not wish to buy anything today. We have a mop we bought from you last year."

"Very good, ma'am; you cannot need another one now, and you will never unless yours is stolen, for, as I told you last year, when I sold it to you, our mop is practically indestructible. Now, let me show you the best clothes brush you ever saw—there, ma'am—look at that!"

When Darina had finally added a firmly voiced "No, no!" to his monologue he gathered up his wares, disposed them about his person and with a bob of his head was gone.

"I hope he doesn't mark the house," murmured Darina as she watched his hurried departure. But the brush man seemed glad to get away from such an unpromising vicinity and paused to look neither to the right nor left as he hastened down the road. Presently Darina saw him open Cousin Sarah's green gate and enter the yard.

She went back to her cookies, and an hour passed rapidly. Just as she had placed the last panful of crisp dainties

on the table another knock came—loud and imperative.

This time the agent was a young man, tall and good looking, muffled to the ears in a thick warm ulster, while a fur cap that rested on his dark head was whipped off as Darina opened the door. He did not carry a bag nor a bundle, but Darina did not doubt that somewhere concealed about his person was a capacious pocket that would hold innumerable samples of something salable—probably subscription books.

"Good morning," he said pleasantly and in a very businesslike manner. "Is Miss Charity Decker at home?"

"No," she said coldly.

"Ah," he said in a disappointed tone. Then, unbuttoning his coat, he thrust a gloved hand into an inner pocket. "I wonder if you"—he was beginning when Darina interrupted him coolly. "We don't wish to buy a dictionary, thank you."

His hand dropped to his side, and he flushed redly. "I beg your pardon"—he was beginning when Darina's voice, a little sharper this time, brought fire to his brown eyes.

"Or a history of the world or reminiscences of anybody," said Darina heartlessly.

"I'm not canvassing for books," he said grimly.

"Nor a patent mousetrap or a carpet beater or fancy note paper," continued Darina recklessly. "We've got a folding sewing table that turns into a chair—"

"Do I look as if I had a folding sewing table concealed about me?" he demanded scornfully, yet with a smile back of the glitter in his eyes.

"We've got a bread mixer and a patent washer and a freezer—"

"Pray spare me the inventory of your household goods," he said cuttingly. "I may as well tell you as rapidly as I can that—"

"And we don't want to purchase any fruit trees or shrubs this year!" ended Darina breathlessly and rather frightened at her own lack of courtesy.

"All of which is very interesting, madam; but, as a matter of fact, Mr. Joseph Decker of Greenville asked me to stop here for his sister, Miss Charity, and drive her over to his place. There! That's why I'm here!" he ejaculated, in a relieved tone.

Darina's floury little hands flew up to her reddening cheeks. "Oh, I am so sorry! What have I said?" she faltered. "My aunt went to Greenville by train. She left about an hour ago in the station stage."

"Then I may as well drive along," he said, replacing his cap and turning away, his glance lingering in a troubled way on Darina's sweet, tearful face. "You mustn't disturb yourself over that. You see, I was so slow about explaining who I was that no wonder you thought I was a canvasser of some sort. I suppose you're bothered to death with them."

"We are," said Darina fervently, and in a few words she told him of Aunt Charity's last admonition and also of her experience that morning. "I think the brush man scattered my last atom of patience," she explained.

"I don't wonder," he consoled her. "I believe the same fellow called at the parsonage the other day and—"

"The parsonage!" echoed Darina. "Then you must be Mr. Fleck, the new minister at Greenville."

"I am," he smiled, baring his head again. "I believe there is some sort of donation party going on for me tonight, and my sister, who keeps house for me, advised me to keep out of the way. That is how I happened to call for Miss Decker."

"It was very kind of you, indeed, and I am ashamed of the reception I gave you," said Darina. Just as he was passing through the gate to enter the little cutter that awaited him Darina remembered the red mark on the gatepost. Perhaps Mr. Fleck could reassure her as to its meaning. She recollected hearing Miss Charity say that he had been a missionary.

Instantly she was in the gateway explaining her fears. The minister looked at the rude character closely, thought for a moment, and then a smile broke over his face. "I was connected with a mission in Syria for a year, and I learned something of the language. This merely says it is the house of avarice and merchants will do well to pass it by. It is too bad that it is not written in plain English so all your obnoxious agents might be discouraged."

Darina watched him drive away over the sparkling crust of snow, conscious that her heart had thrilled strangely at the clear, compelling glance of his brown eyes. She went back to her baking quite cured of her ill humor and humming softly under her breath.

The next day when Miss Charity returned home and had evolved from her voluminous wrappings into a very small thin old lady she related with much animation the events of the evening before.

"It was the nicest donation party I ever went to, Darina, and I like that young minister. Why, the first thing I'd got there he singled me out and told me about coming here and asked all sorts of questions about us. He's coming to call, and I say it's very kind and attentive, because Little River is out of his parish. They're going to have a sociable at the church next week, and your Uncle Joe says he wants us both to come over for it. Don't you want to go?" Miss Charity beamed proudly at her pretty niece.

"Yes, indeed," said Darina demurely, with a happy light in her blue eyes.

Miss Charity shot a keen glance at the girl. "Of course, you'll wear your rose colored cashmere," she said carelessly.

"Of course," agreed Darina, blushing.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Bits of Help.

A bit of a smile in the morning bright
From Joe
Made glad one heart till the sweet "Good night!"
I know.
A bit of thought on what was right
By Dan
Made him from a careless, thoughtless boy
A man.
A bit of a song, sung while at work.
By Ray
Chased many an ache from the passersby
Away.
A bit of a question—"Please let me help?"
And Fred
Saw a smile, while there scudded away a frown
From Ned.
A bit of a lift, so kindly done
By Phil.
And the work was through, with an hour of fun
For Will.
A bit of advice—"I wouldn't, Jack!"
That's all.
"I want!" came the cheery answer back
To Paul.
How many there are, little folks
Like you,
That can make by such "help bits" other little
Folks true!
—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Game of Elements.

In the game of earth, air, fire and water the party sits in a circle. One throws a handkerchief at another and calls out "Air!" The person whom the handkerchief hits must call eagle, vulture, lark, sea mew, partridge, woodcock, snipe or some other bird belonging to the air before the caller can count ten, which he does in a loud voice and as fast as possible. If a creature which does not live in the air is named or if the person fails to speak quick enough a forfeit must be paid. The person who catches the handkerchief throws it to another in turn and calls out "Earth!" The person who is hit must call out elephant, horse, dog, cat, mouse, guinea pig, or any other creature which lives upon the earth in the same space of time as allowed before.

Then throw the handkerchief to another and call out "Water!" The one who catches the handkerchief observes the same rules as the preceding and is liable to the same forfeits unless he calls out immediately trout, mackerel, herring, sole or the name of some fish that lives in the water. Any one who mentions a bird, beast or fish twice is likewise liable to a forfeit. If any player calls "Fire!" every one must keep silence, because no creature lives in that element.

Brotherly Love.

Se and Chi were two young princes in an ancient kingdom of China called the Lone Bamboo Kingdom, for in olden times China, like Britain, was split up into a number of little kingdoms, which often went to war with one another.

When the king was about to die, instead of commanding that his eldest son, Se, should become king he said that Chi, his third and favorite son, should rule. Afterward, however, Chi would not consent to be king, for he said that would be putting himself above his elder brother, whom he loved and urged to take the crown. But Se replied, "Did not our father command that you were to be king?" And in order to put an end to the discussion he ran away from home. Thus, says the historian, Se disobeyed not his father, while Chi kept true to the relationship that should exist between brothers. Both felt that brotherly love was greater than a throne. The two princes, runs the story, met on the great Sun mountain and lived together in hiding until their death.

An Ancient Doll.

If you ever go to Independence Hall in Philadelphia ask to see the quaint little doll that is carefully preserved there. She came over from Paris dressed in the fashion of Louis XVI. long before these United States were in existence. She came to bring into William Penn's woodland a flavor of the old world that was much sought after in those days. She served two purposes—first, she was a fashion plate from which the ladies of those days eagerly made their dresses; second, when she had served her purpose in this way she was given to the children to play with. Think how well made she was and how carefully she has been preserved to outlast the wear and tear of the centuries! She may well be called the "oldest inhabitant" of Philadelphia.

Riddles.

Mr. Jones met three tramps this morning. To the first he gave 5 cents, to the second 10 cents and to the third 10 cents. What time was it? Do you all give up? It is easy enough to see that it was a quarter to three.

In the days when Dan Rice was at the height of his fame as a horseback rider he rode half a score of careering horses at once. What time was it then? Going on ten, of course.

Tongue Twisters.

The trick is to repeat these sentences as rapidly as possible and also them distinctly at the same time:

When a twister a twisting would twist him a twist.
To twist him a twist, he three twists doth entwine.
But when one of the twists that he twisted untwists
Then the twists that untwisted untwisteth the twist.

Pointer's Buff.

A circle is formed, one standing blindfolded in the center, with a cane. The others walk around, and when they stop he points to one and asks a question. He guesses who it is by the voice, which may be disguised, or he may imitate an animal, which the person touched must echo.

ENORMOUS SLIDES FILL THE PANAMA CUT.

12,785,613 More Cubic Yards Excavated Than Were Originally Calculated.

New estimates on the excavation of the Panama canal have been made public by the isthmian canal commission. These estimates are materially higher than those of July, 1910. The total increase over the estimates of that date amounts to 12,785,613 cubic yards, raising the total estimated excavation for the entire canal to 195,823,379 cubic yards.

The chief reason for this increase in the estimates is found in the huge slides in the Culebra cut. These slides present the most embarrassing problem with which the engineers have to deal. It is stated officially that these increased estimates will not increase the estimated cost as determined in December, 1908, nor affect the time of completion, because the cost per cubic yard has decreased and the capacity per excavating unit has increased as the work has advanced.

At the same time it is apparent that the task of having to excavate this enormous mass of material delays the time of completion of the canal beyond the time when it otherwise would be finished. The statement that the increased excavation will not delay completion merely means that in making the original estimates for finishing the canal in the year 1915 ample allowance was made for just such hindrances as the present one.

By reason of the slides in the Culebra cut about 5,000,000 cubic yards have been added to the estimates. At that, the slides in this region of the canal are said to be in more satisfactory condition than in any September since 1907. One slide at Empire contains about 300,000 yards of material. The exact amount cannot be ascertained owing to the fact that the depth of the moving mass is unknown. This slide is unique in that a steep side of the bank, a ridge of earth, moved toward the prism of the canal from the back and both sides at apparently one time.

One of the interesting phases of the work of construction relates to the enormous quantities of dynamite required. It is estimated that about 15,000,000 pounds of dynamite remain to be unloaded before the canal is completed. To promote safety a new deck for the unloading of dynamite is being established on the Atlantic side some distance from Colon and Cristobal. It is feared that if unloading is continued at the present docks shipping in Colon harbor and the localities of Colon and Cristobal might be damaged. No explosion has occurred, however, since the first shipment arrived seven years ago.

Secret Societies.

Secret societies are so ancient that their origin is lost in the mists of the past. They existed in Egypt, Persia, India, at the earliest times with which history or legend gives us any insight. It seems to be natural for man to organize such societies for both good and evil purposes. Nearly all the ancient religions were of a two faced character, popular and secret, or, as they are called, "esoteric" and "exoteric," the first for the few, the initiated, the second for the rank and file. The philosophers would teach one thing to the masses of the people and another to the select few who made up the "inner circle." Cicero tells us that the wise men of Rome and Greece believed quite differently from the common run of Greeks and Romans.

A Good Listener.

Alfred Henry Lewis, the author, was walking up Pennsylvania avenue one day when he met Louis Brownlow, the magazine writer.

"Louis," said Lewis solemnly, "listen to me—for three hours."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Brownlow.

"Why," said Lewis indignantly, "I've been in this town all day, and everybody else has been doing the talking. I do love my little conversation!"

Brownlow went to luncheon with him and, after doing a sprint in long distance listening, pulled out his watch with the remark: "Lewis, I've listened to you for three hours and nine minutes. Goodby."—New York Tribune.

The Genuine Article.

"I don't know about this picture, Bobby," said the visitor as he ran over specimens of the youngster's camera work: "I am afraid a dog with a propeller instead of a tail is something of a fake."

"That ain't a propeller," said Bobby. "That's his tail. He kept waggin' it while his picture was being tokened."—Harper's Weekly.

Vulgar.

"When ordering champagne some people are not satisfied with the pop of the cork."

"Think not!"

"No; they think the waiter ought to also sound a gong."—Kansas City Journal.

Women and Youth.

She—a woman, you know, is as young as she looks. He—Yes, but unfortunately she isn't always as young as she thinks she looks.—Exchange.

Sarcastic.

Major Mull—The doctor says he thinks I am suffering from brain fog. Miss Cynic—Rather a flatterer, isn't he?—London Opinion.

It is mainly to love one's country; it is godlike to love the world.—J. W. Conklin.

Some Girls I Know.

Ann talks of culture, long and deep. Though Ann, indeed, is not magnetic. She talks until I fall asleep. A sort of gentle Ann aesthetic.

Of fair Louise I sing, for she's A dream in bathing suit of blue. She seemed today a mermaid gay, And thus I met my water Lou.

There's Anna; she was quite morose. To melancholia she seemed fated. She married. Now she's quite jocosé. The wedding made her Anna mated.

Sweet Alice causes me to sigh. She melts my heart that's far from calous. Light of my life, she's really my Most bright aurora borealis.

—Town Topics.

AVOID HARSH DRUGS.

Many Cathartics Tend to Cause Injury to the Bowels.

If you are subject to constipation, you should avoid strong drugs and cathartics. They only give temporary relief and their reaction is harmful and sometimes more annoying than constipation. They in no way effect a cure and their tendency is to weaken the already weak organs with which they come in contact.

We honestly believe that we have the best constipation treatment ever devised. Our faith in it is so strong that we sell it on the positive guarantee that it shall not cost the user a cent if it does not give entire satisfaction and completely remedy constipation. This preparation is called Rexall Orderlies. These are prompt, soothing, and most effective in action. They are made of a recent chemical discovery. Their principal ingredient is odorless, tasteless, and colorless. Combined with other well-known ingredients, long established for their usefulness in the treatment of constipation, it forms a tablet which is eaten just like candy. They may be taken at any time, either day or night, without fear of their causing any inconvenience whatever. They do not gripe, purge, nor cause nausea. They act without causing any pain or excessive looseness of the bowels. They are ideal for children, weak, delicate persons, and aged people, as well as for the most hearty person.

They come in three size packages. 12 tablets, 10 cents; 36 tablets, 25 cents; 80 tablets, 50 cents. Remember, you can obtain them only at our store—The Rexall Store.

A. M. LEINE

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

By virtue of an order of Orphans' Court of Wayne county, made the 14th day of October, 1911, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, on the premises at Equinunk, Wayne county, Pennsylvania, on

FRIDAY, NOV. 10, 1911, 2 P. M., the real estate belonging to the estate of Reuben W. Redmond, late of the Township of Buckingham, county of Wayne and State of Pennsylvania.

All the following described piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the township of Buckingham, county of Wayne and Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at an iron pin in the center of the road leading up and down Equinunk creek opposite a maple corner of land now occupied by John L. Snyder; thence north sixty-three and one-half degrees west fifty perches to a heap of stones; thence north twenty-six and one-half degrees east, thirty-four and seven tenths perches to a heap of stones; thence south sixty degrees and fifty five minutes east sixty-five and two tenths perches to an iron pin in the center of the said road; thence south forty-two degrees west twenty-six perches to a post; thence south thirty and one-half degrees west four perches to a post at corner of said Snyder's land; thence along the line of the same south forty-one and one-half degrees west four perches to a post corner another corner of said Snyder's land; thence along the line of the same eight perches to the place of beginning. Containing fourteen acres and four perches of land, be the same more or less. Bearings drawn to county meridian surveyed 3rd of April, 1894. Reserving, however, to Fred R. Holbert, his heirs and assigns a right of way across the said land from the public highway aforesaid at or near the White school house to other lands of the said Fred R. Holbert as the same is now used. See Deed Book No. 62, page 130. The above bounded premises was conveyed to H. Kate Sheldon by Fred R. Holbert and Minnie E. Holbert his wife by deed dated the 12th day of July A. D. 1894.

Reserving to the use of Delamah Redmond, widow of Reuben W. Redmond, the use of four small rooms in the dwelling house during the remainder of her life.

Upon the said premises is a frame dwelling house, barn and other out buildings.

Terms of Sale, cash. Purchaser to pay three dollars for deed as in Sheriff's sale.

John Tompkins, Executor.
M. E. Simons, Attorney.

D. & H. CO. TIME TABLE—HONESDALE BRANCH

A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	STATIONS	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
8:30	10:00	10:00	4:30	Albany	2:00	10:50	SUN	SUN.
8:45	10:15	10:15	4:45	Binghamton	2:10	11:00	9:50
9:00	10:30	10:30	5:00	Philadelphia	2:20	11:10	10:00
9:15	10:45	10:45	5:15	Wilkes-Barre	2:30	11:20	10:10
9:30	11:00	11:00	5:30	Scranton	2:40	11:30	10:20
9:45	11:15	11:15	5:45	2:50	11:40	10:30
10:00	11:30	11:30	6:00	3:00	11:50	10:40
10:15	11:45	11:45	6:15	3:10	12:00	10:50
10:30	12:00	12:00	6:30	3:20	12:10	11:00
10:45	12:15	12:15	6:45	3:30	12:20	11:10
11:00	12:30	12:30	7:00	3:40	12:30	11:20
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11:45	1:15	1:15	7:45	4:10	1:00	11:50
12:00	1:30	1:30	8:00	4:20	1:10	12:00
12:15	1:45	1:45	8:15	4:30	1:20	12:10
12:30	2:00	2:00	8:30	4:40	1:30	12:20
12:45	2:15	2:15	8:45	4:50	1:40	12:30
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1:15	2:45	2:45	9:15	5:10	2:00	12:50
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1:45	3:15	3:15	9:45	5:30	2:20	1:10
2:00	3:30	3:30	10:00	5:40	2:30	1:20
2:15	3:45	3:45	10:15	5:50	2:40	1:30
2:30	4:00	4:00	10:30	6:00	2:50	1:40
2:45	4:15	4:15	10:45	6:10	3:00	1:50
3:00	4:30	4:30	11:00	6:20	3:10	2:00
3:15	4:45	4:45	11:15	6:30	3:20			