

Consolation

(Original.)

"There's craps on the Chittenden's door," said Mrs. Cressler. "Chauncey has passed away. Poor Chauncey—to have been obliged to endure that woman for so long! It's a wonder he lived as long as he did. Well, I suppose I must go over and offer the usual consolation."

Now, there was not only a want of reason for Mrs. Cressler's going over to offer the "usual consolation," but there was a superfluity of reason why she should not do so. Mrs. Cressler had herself been Mrs. Chittenden and by good rights should have been the widow. But she had first of Chittenden, sent him off and secured a divorce on the ground of desertion. On the day the divorce was granted she had married Tim Cressler. Chittenden, who had been forced to desert one woman, clung to another and married her. Cressler was still living with Chittenden's first wife, but report said that he was very abusive, the reports emanating from his wife, and if he did not mend his ways he, too, would be forced to desert her. Mrs. Cressler's intention was to offer Mrs. Chittenden that kind of consolation which Satan would give a soul he had purchased—that is, he would thrust it into hell.

"Good morning, Mrs. Chittenden. I have thought, considering what we have both been to poor Chauncey, I would come over and offer my sympathies. Notwithstanding his faults he was too good for most women."

"He was too good for me," said the widow demurely, "but I suppose he wasn't good enough for you, Mrs. Cressler, or he wouldn't have left you."

"I was glad when I saw that you and Chauncey were getting on so well together. There was too great a gap between him and me. Chauncey was not a smart man."

"His first wife was?"

"It isn't that I was very smart," said Mrs. Cressler modestly, "but Chauncey was very dull. He needed a wife of very moderate intellect."

"You were fortunate in getting another husband the day you got your divorce from the one that deserted you," said Mrs. Chittenden. "Maybe instead of luck it was smartness."

"I didn't want poor Chauncey to suffer from thinking I'd take him back."

"It was very kind of you not to make him suffer any longer than he did."

"There wasn't any time—if I hadn't been married—that he wouldn't have been glad to return to his sufferings."

"Then it must have been lucky for him that you were married."

"We'd see about that some day, only in heaven there's no marrying or giving in marriage."

"How is it in the other place? Do you think you're going to have him there?"

"I'm not going there, Mrs. Chittenden, nor is Chauncey. If there's marrying there you'll have to look out for a new husband."

"You'd have both Chauncey and Tim Cressler in heaven, only there's no more bigamy there than marriage."

Mrs. Cressler was not getting ahead in the game. Her thrusts were vigorous, but they were parried with great skill. There was one thing she had come over for that thus far she had not gained—a knowledge of what funds Chittenden had left his widow. She had a vague hope that the law might look kindly upon her and consider her a fraction of that widow.

"I hope Chauncey left you comfortable, Mrs. Chittenden," she said in a tone to intimate that she would like to get back to her purpose of offering consolation.

"It's you he's left comfortable," replied the other, "because he was nothing to you. He left me uncomfortable because we were everything to each other."

"They say you made a frugal wife and he left a penny or so in the bank."

"He did, and to his widow."

"There's alimony due me."

"I hope you may get it."

"If it's due the law'll allow it."

"Yes, if it's due. You got your divorce at noon and married at 1 o'clock. There's alimony for one hour due you."

"I suppose it wouldn't look well for me to come to the funeral."

"Chauncey's funeral, so far as his first wife is concerned, occurred long ago."

"Of course I'd like to show my kindly sympathy for you. The neighbors might think it queer of me to be here, but it would show them that I'm not malicious."

"Oh, they know you haven't any grudge against me. Why should you have? It was I who made it easy for you. Chauncey was well enough satisfied with the desertion plan after he met me."

"H'm! They all know that I wouldn't stand him any longer."

"He told me he was afraid you would."

"I'd have just liked to hear him say that in the flesh."

There was a step in the back room—the room where Mrs. Cressler supposed the corpse was lying—a man's step, and who should walk into the room but Chauncey Chittenden.

"Let's hurry!" exclaimed Mrs. Cressler. "I thought you were dead!"

"That's the fellow in the other flat."

"When have you been lying to me for this way, Mary Chittenden?"

"I haven't been lying."

"And you, Chauncey Chittenden—I always thought you were above eaves-dropping."

"A corpse can't eavesdrop. I am only a corpse so far as you are concerned. I heard what you thought of me alive long ago. I'm glad to hear what you think of me dead."

Mrs. Cressler frowned out.

MARION MAY HOLT.

SHORT STORIES.

A little soap beaten up with milk and flour is added to bread by some bakers for the sake of lightness.

A soldier who stuttered was recently cured in the Philippines by being shot through the throat by a Mauser bullet.

The cost of the army appropriations for 1906-07 is about the same in Germany as in France, \$156,900,000. In Great Britain it is \$144,987,000; in the United States, \$71,817,165.

American tourists spend nearly \$4,000,000 a year in Egypt. The number of visitors exceed 10,000, of whom 60 per cent come from America. The average sojourn is two months.

South Carolina's efforts to promote emigration from Europe have already borne substantial fruit in the decision of the North German Lloyd company to operate an emigrant vessel directly from European ports to Charleston.

The Canadian government has not issued a loan since 1897, but it must soon go into the market to meet a series of maturing loans and to raise money for the construction of the government portion of the new transcontinental railway.

In Belgium a servant is engaged on probation for eight days. If in this time she does not prove satisfactory, she can be dismissed without notice. If she is retained beyond that time, eight days' notice must be given on either side before leaving.

ENGLISH ETCHINGS.

Four English girls have been arrested near Manchester for poking fun at an aged spinster's curls.

The proposed memorial to the late Lord Salisbury in Westminster abbey will be in the form of a recumbent figure, which will be placed in the "Beltry."

A tobaccoist of High Wycombe, England, has been fined every week for nearly five years for opening his shop on Sundays. The fines began at 15 shillings, but are now 7s. 6d.

The popularity of Victoria Falls, Rhodesia, as a winter resort for English men and women is increasing to such an extent that it has been found necessary to augment the railway service and to increase the hotel accommodations.

The fire department of Nottingham, England, turned out the other day to rescue a cat which the chief had noticed for several days on the roof of a house and which was apparently unable to get down. When the firemen reached the roof the cat retired down an open skylight.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Owen Wister, author of "The Virginian," is at work upon a dramatization of his latest story, "Lady Baltimore."

Beecham Tree is considering revivals of "Antony and Cleopatra" and "Macbeth," to be made at His Majesty's theater, London, during the course of the season.

Mme. Schumann-Heink has been granted the gold medal of arts and sciences by Prince Leopold of Bavaria in recognition of the impression she made at Baireuth last summer.

"The Moon Man" is the title of a new comic opera, with music by A. Baldwin Sloane. The book, which deals with the results of modern financial methods applied to a south sea island community, is by Campbell Casard, the magazine writer.

PITH AND POINT.

No man is greater than his smallest act.

Bravery is reckoned by what we do, not by what we threaten to do.

Men with money can keep their friends by not lending it to them.

Nothing takes the ambition out of men more effectually than an easy chair.

The average man no sooner gets out of trouble than he plunges into it again.

See that you have plenty of sand before starting on the road to success, for it's somewhat slippery.

There is no reason why men shouldn't love their enemies as they love themselves, especially if they happen to be their own worst enemies.—Chicago News.

HOME HINTS.

Old sheets, cut in strips, rolled tightly and then fastened with a safety pin, make splendid bandages.

To clean your pewter, first wash it in very hot water, rub with fine silver sand and when quite dry polish with a leather.

Never put pickles and catchup in anything that has held grease, and do not let them freeze. If they do they will be entirely spoiled.

In running ribbon through beading half the time and annoyance will be saved by not removing the bodkin from the beading until the last hole is reached. If the ribbon is fed in straight it will not turn in the beading by this method.

SOME AVERAGES.

The average man is bald at forty.

The average minister marries 1,000 couples.

The average cat mother blesses the world with 100 kittens.

Glasses for old age are adopted on the average at forty-three.

The yearly sale of newspapers throughout the world averages 750,000 tons.

The world's gold mines yield on an average \$569,000, or 28,000 ounces of gold, a year.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

BREVITIES

THE HALL OF FAME.

Tom Parr, "the oldest man of modern times," was born in England in 1483 and died in 1635.

Keir Hardie, the labor member of the British parliament, commenced his wage-earning career by delivering hot rolls in the morning for a baker, who paid him less than \$1 a week.

The only known survivor of the naval battle of Navarino, which took place in 1827, is still living near Rhyde—namely, John Stainer, who has just passed his hundredth birthday. Stainer was midshipman's steward on board the Talbot.

Miss Constance Goddard DuBois has just completed for the University of California an important investigation of the ceremonies, myths and religion of the Indians of southern California in connection with the ethnological and archaeological survey of the state.

From his cell in the county jail, Portland, Ore., S. A. D. Pufer, king of the Oregon land fraud operations, is to tell in book form the story of his part in the looting of the public domain, covering a period of fully a quarter of a century all over the Pacific coast.

James J. Hill, the big railroad man, has carefully cultivated a knowledge of agriculture with the aid of his model farm near St. Paul. Thus he has been able to tell farmers what they can best grow for their own profit, or by doing so they profit the Great Northern road.

Dr. Jose Carlos Rodriguez, editor of the Journal de Comercio of Rio de Janeiro, is a wonder. He has been a political fighter and an exile, a correspondent of many papers from many countries, and he knows national as well as international politics thoroughly.

Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, president of the World's Peace society, in a recent address in Chicago predicted that the next meeting of the international peace tribunal at The Hague would develop into a "world's legislature," by which a general agreement upon disarmament would be reached.

One of the very few women in England qualified to captain a seagoing ship is Lord Bute's sister, Lady Margaret Stuart. She is passionately fond of the sea and, not content with the ordinary joys of yachting, has studied navigation to such purpose that she holds a master's certificate.

The latest "fellow" of the Royal Botanic Society of England is Baroness von Eckhardstein, who for years has devoted herself to the study of botany and is now a recognized authority on certain phases of plant life. The baroness, who is a daughter of the late Sir Blundell Maple, spends most of her time in the country following her favorite hobby.

GERMAN GLEANINGS.

Umbrellas can be hired in Berlin at some of the shops for 2 cents and a deposit of 50 cents.

A sausage four feet long and one foot thick formed the wedding cake at a Berlin butcher's wedding.

There has recently been opened at Dessau, Germany, a school for women chemists. Graduates can earn from \$20 to \$48 per month.

Automobilists entering Germany must pay an entrance fee of \$3.57, good for five days, or \$9.52 for a month. After one month's sojourn owners must pay the tax for the whole year, ranging from \$5.95 for a six horsepower machine to \$273.70 for a 100 horsepower motor.

According to the Kölnische Zeitung, there are in Germany more insurance policies than inhabitants—80,000,000 policies as against a population of under 60,000,000—which shows that a large proportion are insured in two or more companies. The indemnities paid by the German insurance companies amount to about \$24,000,000 a month.

EDITORIAL FLINGS.

A balloon race has one advantage over an automobile race—there is much less likelihood of killing innocent bystanders.—Baltimore American.

That dry, backing sound is Philadelphia laughing as it reads that H. G. Wells, English novelist, calls Boston "a dead city."—New York Herald.

The future of the American boarding house is assured. California expects to harvest 110,000,000 pounds of prunes this year.—Alliance (O.) Leader.

Colorado surgeons cut a man open and found a gold nugget in his appendix. These searchers will go anywhere in the mad race for gold.—Baltimore Sun.

Dehorned spelling will never do. We "jernalists" would never consent to having our time honored slogan converted into "our pen is milder than the sword."—Peoria Herald-Transcript.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

Strapping, both braided and stitched, is noted on almost all tailor made suits.

Entire street suits of the dressy order will be made of checked velvet in dark, harmonious colorings.

Many all black hats are adorned with ostrich plumes, and some, especially the turbans, show the glint of jet.

Some of the new skirts are shirred at the top, but the Paris style of shirring all round is not likely to be a strong favorite in this country.

The "jumper" waist is meeting with a good deal of approval. Tacking, as it does, very little material and needing no great skill in the cutting, it is a garment that can be easily added to the wardrobe of the woman of moderate means.—New York Post.

Cuts the Fuel Bill in Half For Soft Coal, Lignite or Hard Coal

As you know fully one-half the carbon available for heat in soft coal is gas, the entire gas supply used for fuel and illumination in many cities and towns being made from common soft coal. The ordinary stove in burning soft coal allows this gas half of the fuel to pass up the chimney unburned, thus wasting it as a heat producer.

Cole's Original Hot Blast Stove, by means of the patented Hot Blast draft and other patented features, distills this gas from the upper surface of the coal, utilizing it as a heat producer along with the fixed carbon or coke in the coal, thus burning all the coal. This is why

Cole's Original Hot Blast

Saves the Dollars and makes a ton of common \$3.00 soft coal or lignite do the work of \$9.00 worth of hard coal.

Your old stove and imitation Hot Blast are not air tight, do not save the escaping gases and do not give you a warm house at night. You cannot afford to say to yourself "My old stove will have to do this winter." The old stove is eating up the price of a new stove every year. Not only that, but on top of the cost is the unsatisfactory result it gives. It is always out the coldest morning.

Even Heat Day and Night—Fire Never Out

Cole's Hot Blast is so perfect in construction that fire keeps all night, and when the draft is opened in the morning will burn two or three hours with the fuel put in the night before. No other stove does this. Fire, therefore, never goes out, and the rooms are kept at an even temperature all the time.

OUR GUARANTEE

- 1—We guarantee a saving of one-third in fuel over any lower draft stove of the same size, with soft coal or slack.
 - 2—We guarantee Cole's Hot Blast to use less hard coal for heating a given space than any base burner made with same heating surface.
 - 3—We guarantee that the rooms can be heated from one to two hours each morning, with the soft coal or hard coal put in the stove the evening before.
 - 4—We guarantee that the stove will hold fire with soft coal 36 hours without attention.
 - 5—We guarantee a uniform heat day and night, with soft coal, hard coal or lignite.
 - 6—We guarantee every stove to remain absolutely air tight as long as used.
 - 7—We guarantee the feed door to be smoke and dust proof.
- The above guarantee is made with the understanding that the stove be operated according to directions, and set up with a good flue.

For Hard Coal—Saves Half

The perfect control over the drafts, the slow economical combustion and the large positive radiating surface make Cole's Original Hot Blast the most economical and the best Hard Coal stove made.

Cole's Hot Blast is the modern heater and will save its cost in fuel every winter. Buy one for your home now.



Would You Lose \$50.00 in Fuel to Save \$1.00 on the Cost of Your Stove? That is what you do when you buy a cheaply constructed, patty jointed, showy made imitation stove. Like all successful inventions, Cole's Original Hot Blast has many inferior imitations, avoid them. They all lack the patented features and careful construction, which make the Original Hot Blast a great success. They do not stay tight and soon open seams and cracks which render them worthless as fire keepers. See the name "Cole's Hot Blast from Chicago" on the feed door. None genuine without it.

The Keystone Hardware Company

Near Postoffice. Reynoldsville, Pa.

HUMOR

THE BUTCHER BOY.

How He Remembered the Different People in the House.

The butcher's boy was a bright little chap that the fourth floor woman engaged him in conversation while writing out her order.

"You have all the trade of this house, haven't you?" she asked.

"Yes'm."

"And do you call for all the orders the same as here?"

"Yes'm."

"And I suppose you go to other buildings too?"

"Yes'm, lots of 'em."

The woman looked at him admiringly.

"Dear me," she said, "what a splendid head you must have to remember so many things! Don't you get people mixed sometimes?"

"No, ma'am," he said. "I used to," he added, warming into speech under her genial smile, "but I don't any more. Anyhow, I'd never get mixed about the families in this house. I know 'em too well. When the boss tells me to come over here and get the orders he doesn't even have to call the families by name. We've got this building down here, all of us fellows in the shop here, because there is always so much music going on. The first floor folks have a piano, and when the boss sends me to them he says, 'Go and see what the piano wants this morning.' The second floor is the cornet, the third the guitar, and the fifth is the banjo. Even the folks in the basement go in for music. The boy down there has a mouth organ."

The fourth floor woman smiled still more broadly.

"I have noticed the confusion of sounds," she said. "But what about the fourth floor? We have no musical instrument at all. What does the boss say when he sends you to me?"

"Oh, we fix that all right," was the airy reply. "He says, 'Just drop in, Willie, and see what that woman with the fognhorn voice wants today.'"

"And that ended the conversation," New York Press.

Too Late.

"Professor—, I presume?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I lock the door?"

"And he did so. Then, having satisfied himself that no one else was in, he placed a large bundle down up in a yellow handkerchief on the table and opened it.

"There, look at that."

"Well," said the professor. "I see it."

"What do you call that, professor?"

"I call it iron pyrites."

"What?" said the man. "Isn't that

Original of "Uncle Toby."

Captain Roger Sterne, the father of the author of "Tristram Shandy," was the original of Uncle Toby. As captain of Chudleigh's regiment of foot, a marching regiment ever on the move, Roger Sterne and his family tasted the most varied military and domestic experiences in Flanders, at Gibraltar and finally at Jamaica, where the old campaigner died of "country fever." A simple minded, good natured, but shiftless and rather peppery Irishman, Roger bore his disappointment bravely and carried his load of debt with a light heart. "My father," says Sterne, "was of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design and so innocent in his own intentions that he suspected no one, so that you might have cheated him ten times a day if you had not been sufficient for your purpose." Such a character and such a father supplied the germ from which the genius of the son developed his conception of one of the most perfect and delightful portraits in the gallery of English fiction.

George's Game.

Anastasia—Don't you play cards at 12?

Innocentia—No, but George says he's going to teach me after we're married.

Anastasia—I suppose he'll teach you casino or euchre first.

Innocentia—No. He says there's a perfectly fascinating game called "solitaire."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Who's Neatly Costs.

"But don't the repairs on your automobile cost you a great deal?" we questioned.

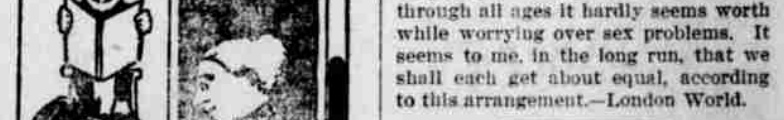
"No," he replied as he perused his expense book. "The fact is, the cost of the repairs is nothing compared with the cost of hauling the machine to the repair shop."—Detroit Tribune.

Spelled in the Making.

"Nature designed me as a poet," remarked the visitor, handing over a manuscript.

"Ah! May I ask what seemed to interfere with nature's plan?" replied the editor, returning the paper.—Ridgway's Magazine.

The Only Thing to Do.



The Remarkable Rhea.

"The rhea of South America is a remarkable bird," said an ornithologist. The male rhea hatches out the eggs. He and not the female is the setter. He sets always in a quiet and desolate place, where there is no food, nothing to attract enemies, and as soon as the young are born the question is how to feed them. The rhea answers that question in advance. Three or four days before the eggs are to open he shoves a couple of them out of the nest with his bill and lays them in the 'What is the result? The result is the hot South African sun despoils the eggs, and the father breaks them as the young birds begin to appear in the nest, and the flies settle on them and in twenty-four hours they are alive with worms—tender, juicy, delicious worms, the best food in the world for the nest of new born birdlings."

Before Taking.

"But I thought," complained the sister, "that you gave your customers thirty days' time."

"We merely permit them to believe that so they will look pleasant," replied the photographer.—Houston Post.