

# Booked For Matrimony

By NEWTON CHANCE.

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Paul Ardmore nodded his thanks to the conductor as he swung down the car steps to the snow covered platform and made his way toward the waiting room.

No expectant committee gathered about the stove, and the only signs of life were the clicking of the telegraph instruments and a thin film of very rank tobacco smoke that curled from under the closed window of the ticket office.

He waited a minute; then he rapped on the ground glass, and presently a face, appearing in the opening, evinced surly interest.

"I am Professor Ardmore," explained Paul. "I am to give a lecture at the Gothic church. There is no committee to meet me, and there seems to be no hack about the station."

"There is one generally, but Jim got a job driving a feller over to Moorway. He'll be back to meet the 9:43, but if you don't want to wait it's easy to walk there. You go down the road a piece till you come to Pine street. Then you go over to Maple until you come to Spruce. It's just around the corner on Spruce. Are you that feller that was to lecture in the Star course last night and didn't come? The ladies got up a show, so they wouldn't have to give the money back."

Paul clutched at his pocket and extracted a letter. He glanced at the fine feminine handwriting and breathed a sigh of relief.

"It is for the 17th," he announced in relief. "I am so absentminded that I have to be very careful of my dates. Perhaps the committee has discovered the error and will gather the audience again tonight. In any event it would be best for me to go over."

He turned up the collar of his ulster to protect his throat and, leaving the station, plunged through the drifting snow.

It was not a long walk, for Maplewood was a small place, and presently he was in sight of the church that was attended by the town's fashionable families.

To his relief the lights shone out, and a little knot of people stood about the door.

They eyed him curiously as he pushed his way through to the door and entered the vestibule. Several young women came forward expectantly as he entered, and Paul, deciding that they were the committee of the Ladies' guild, grasped an outstretched hand.

"They told me at the station that the lecture was yesterday, or rather, that the audience had gathered yesterday through some error," he said cordially. "I am glad that you were able to gather them together again this evening. I presume an error was made."

The welcoming smile faded from the girl's faces. "You are the lecturer?" cried one. "We thought you were the bridegroom."

"Mercy, no!" exclaimed Paul, coloring vividly. "The lecture was announced for last night," went on the speaker. "The guild members organized an impromptu concert to avoid disappointing the audience. You might at least have telegraphed when you found that you could not come."

"But I have come," declared Paul as he produced his letter. "Your communication says very distinctly that the lecture is on the 17th."

The girl took the letter unbelievably, then gave a little cry of dismay. "You are Professor Ardmore?" she cried. "It was Burton Brooks, the Egyptologist, who was to have lectured last night. Your lecture is to be given on the 27th. I made the mistake in the date. This is my letter. I am very sorry."

"I can come again on the 27th," promised Paul as he perceived the girl's distress. "I take it that there is a wedding here this evening. May I stay until it is time for my train? It is scarcely inviting at the station, and the agent smokes very bad tobacco."

"Yes; we've reported his bad manners to the company dozens of times," was the discouraged reply. "You are welcome here, but it is a rehearsal for the bridal party, not the wedding."

She led the way into the body of the church, and Paul slipped into a pew on the side aisle, glad of a restful haven until train time.

Presently the organ pealed, and at the first strains there entered the groom and his best man. An elderly woman, who seemed to have constituted herself the mistress of ceremonies, shouted to the organist to stop and charged upon the sheepish groom.

"Go back!" she cried. "You don't give the organ a chance! He's got to play the march all the way through, and if you come out now you'll have to stand like a toy figure waiting for the bride to come in! Don't come until I say 'Now' and then remember the place in the music!"

The groom and his supporter stumbled back into the vestry, and again the organ pealed out the wedding march. Paul turned curiously to look at the bridal party, and for a moment his pulse seemed to cease its beat.

The little bride was none other than Eleanor Kingsland, the one woman in the world that Paul worshiped, and his worship was not the less intense because he had never told of his love.

He had thought of her always as a child, for he was very young himself for the position that he held, and in consequence felt himself to be tremendously old.

He had meant some day to tell his

love and seek her for his own, but he had delayed his proposal until it was too late. Now she was about to become the bride of that sheepish looking chap standing in the chancel.

He half rose, as though to leave; then he sank back into his seat again. He would drink the cup of humiliation to the very dregs. He would see the girl he loved go through the form of marriage which on the morrow would be performed; then he would go back to his own narrow, loveless life bearing the knowledge that delay had cost him happiness.

Miserably he watched the procession form and break, to form again in response to the directress, but at last the rehearsal was pronounced perfect.

The groom and his best man made their appearance on the very note that brought them to pause expectantly before the bride started and yet gave her time to step into place before the music stopped.

With a brisk "All right!" the directress led the way down to the Sunday school room, with the announcement that refreshments were to be served there. Paul rose, hoping to steal out unobserved.

It never would do to meet Eleanor now. She could read his secret in his face, and he would not contribute even so slightly to her happiness at such a moment.

But even as he rose Eleanor turned and came swiftly toward him.

"Paul Ardmore!" she cried as she offered her hand. "And I had the funniest feeling that you were here. All through the ceremony I felt it, and when Jeanne told me that you really were here I was delighted. Did you see the rehearsal? Isn't it going to be lovely?"

"As lovely as the bride deserves," declared Paul gallantly.

"Do you know her?" cried Eleanor in astonishment.

"You are she," reminded Paul, but Eleanor shook her head gayly.

"I almost wish that I was," she cried—"all the excitement over one girl, even though she is as beautiful as Letty Brace. I was just her substitute because she had to have her dress fitted. Paul, do you know, I think a dress like that would tempt me to marry anybody."

"I shall have to see Miss Brace's dressmaker," said Paul gravely, "for I want to tempt you to matrimony. I thought that you were too young to give up all men for just one, but when I saw you standing beside another at the altar and felt that I had not spoken in time."

"Mercy! I'm getting to be an old maid," insisted Eleanor, with a laugh. "This is my third season, and I've been waiting for the right man to come along."

"And has he?" pressed Paul. Eleanor glanced shyly up into his face.

"I guess he has," she confessed, and Paul's face turned radiant.

"We shall have to have the guild secretary for our best girl—I mean the bridesmaid," he corrected. "It was she who booked me for matrimony as well as a lecture."

## Skylarks.

John Burroughs relates that a number of years ago a friend in England sent him a score of skylarks in a cage. He gave them their liberty in a field near where he lived. They drifted away, and he never heard or saw them again. But one Sunday a Scotchman from a neighboring city called on him and declared, with visible excitement, that on his way along the road he had heard a skylark. He was not dreaming; he knew it was a skylark, though he had not heard one since he had left the banks of the Doon a quarter of a century or more before. The song had given him infinitely more pleasure than it would have given to the naturalist himself. Many years ago some skylarks were liberated on Long Island, and they became established there and may now occasionally be heard in certain localities. One summer day a lover of birds journeyed out from the city in order to observe them. A lark was soaring and singing in the sky above him. An old Irishman came along and suddenly stopped, as if transfixed to the spot. A look of mingled delight and incredulity came into his face. Was he indeed hearing the bird of his youth? He took off his hat and turned his face skyward and, with moving lips and streaming eyes, stood a long time regarding the bird. "Ah," thought the student of nature, "if I could only hear the bird as he hears that song with his ears!" To the man of science it was only a bird song to be critically compared to a score of others, but to the other it brought back his youth and all those long gone days on his native hills.

## Bore the Test Well.

A famous dramatist was the hero of one of the most amusing marriage proposal experiences on record. When as a young man he fell in love with the pretty daughter of a pastor he was afraid to face the lady and so wrote her a letter. He was told to call the next afternoon and receive his answer. On reaching the house he was shown into a room and given a seat on a sofa. The servant said that the lady would soon appear. He sat and hung around in that room for fully two hours, often tempted to leave the house or make a break for further information, but not having the courage to do either. At last he could stand it no longer and rushed into the corridor, making for the door out of the house. Then he heard a shout of clear, silvery laughter in the room he had left. He hastened back and saw the face of his sweetheart peeping out from under the sofa, convulsed with mirth. "Do forgive me," she ejaculated. "I simply wanted to find out how long you would wait for me. You have borne the test well. Now help me to my feet."—Ladies' Home Journal.

# Town Booming Helps

## I.—Cackle! Cackle! Cackle!

When Ambassador Choate went to England he made a reputation as a wit with one joke.

He sat at the breakfast table beside a sprightly young lady.

In England they serve soft boiled eggs wrapped in a napkin. The young lady fumbled, and the egg fell to the floor.

"Oh, Mr. Choate," she cried in dismay, "what shall I do? I have dropped my egg!"

"CACKLE, my dear, CACKLE!"

It's a mighty good thing to do a little CACKLING once in awhile. CACKLE about your business, about the town you are living in. Let all the world know what a good thing we have here, and our town will grow.

Whenever you have a chance to CACKLE about your town and boom it don't hesitate. Remember the fa-



ble of the old hen that observed that every time she CACKLED some one came and took the egg away. She thought it would be much wiser for her to hide her nest and keep quiet about it, and she did till a Sunday school picnic was organized. Her owner was asked to contribute, and he said:

"Well, that old hen is not laying any more, and I guess she'd do first rate for a fricassee."

## MORAL.

If you want to keep out of the soup pot, CACKLE.

## A Compromise.

A struggling art student, a native of Pont Aven, went to Paris to study and occasionally visited an uncle there, an elderly shoemaker on the Rue Vaugirard. The shoemaker was to be counted on for a square meal and sometimes even for a small loan. One morning the uncle welcomed the student far more warmly than his habit.

"Just in time," he said, rubbing his hands. "The kitchen door wants painting, and I was about to give the job to the commissionaire for 3 francs. But you can have it now. I'll pay you \$5."

The student flushed and bit his lip. Hard up as he was, he could not so degrade his art as to paint a kitchen door. Yet he needed money badly.

"Uncle," he said, smiling as a happy thought came to him. "I'll tell you what to do. Let the commissionaire paint the door for 3 francs, as you had intended, and give me the 2 francs difference."

## Why Men Cooks Seldom Smoke.

"Men cooks make a mistake to smoke. Men cooks that smoke have a hard time to get work."

"Why so?" inquired a woman cook. "Because you don't like your cook to bend over the cooking with a cigar in his mouth. It doesn't look neat when you go down into the kitchen to see him finger the wet stub of a cigarette and then plunge his hands into the puff paste. Sometimes, in fact, if you have a man cook that smokes you will find ashes on the steak. I know a corporation lawyer who once found a cigar end in the soup. Do you think he'd ever employ after that a smoking cook?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Hurt Worse Than the Razor.

The Barber—You got a nasty, deep lot of crow's feet, sir, and them lines runnin' down from the corners of the mouth is something fierce. A message—The Patient (sincerely)—You've got a hump like a camel and a chest like a doughnut, and I don't believe, with legs like those, you could stop an elephant up an alley, let alone a cow. But, hang it, man, do you want to be reminded of it every time you get a shave?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## Man Eating Lions.

Of African lions Miss Kirkland in her book on Africa writes: "As a rule, it is only old lions which attack human beings. They grow too decrepit to be able to catch the more agile antelopes, which are their lawful prey; so, goaded by a hunger which age cannot wither or lessen, they pounce on unwary mortals."

## Respectability.

Max O'Rell was once staying with a friend at Edinburgh. Starting for a walk on Sunday, he took up his walking stick. "Do you mind taking an umbrella?" asked his conscientious host. "It looks more respectable."

## Women Indispensable.

"I'm the president of the Progressive Woman's league," said the spare female with stern features as she grabbed the London bus conductor by the sleeve and made him register over again one of the fares he had just collected.

"I can't help that, ma'am," replied the conductor in a rather short tone.

"Nobody asked you to," she went on. "I'm gathering statistics, and I spent twopenny just to get on this bus to interview you. The statement has been made in some newspapers, in an attempt to prove that our sex is incapable of handling the reins of government, that one woman gives more trouble in a public conveyance than a dozen men."

"Well, ma'am"—

"Perhaps I'd better put it more plainly," she said, interrupting him. "Let me ask you as a conductor, would you find your work easier if no women at all rode in the omnibuses?"

"It might be a little easier, ma'am," he replied, "but I don't see how in the world we would ever get along without them."

"Hold on!" she cried joyfully. "Let me write down every word you've said. Once more, I see, we will be able to silence our enemies. Now, my good man, tell me why female passengers are indispensable."

"Because, ma'am," returned the conductor, "if it wasn't for the women we could never get rid of all the bad money we happen to take."

## The Fire Worshipers.

Azerbaijan, a province in northwestern Persia, is the home of the descendants of the Ghebers, the ancient fire worshipers of Persia. The whole country is admirably adapted to the propagation of a fire worshipping creed, for earthquakes and caverns vomiting fumes from subterranean conflagrations abound in the neighborhood of Tabriz. One of the most remarkable caverns in the world is that of Secunderah, whose character resembles the Grotto del Cane of Naples. It gives off noxious fumes, which at certain times are certain death to man and beast.

But the most astonishing place in Azerbaijan is the ruined city of Takht-i-Suleimann, or Solomon's temple. The city stands on a hill 150 feet high, with a wall of thirty feet embracing the crumbling remains of temple and shrine. In the midst is a "lake of deepest azure." Although most of the buildings are of the Mohammedan period, there is one striking mass which has been identified as the temple of the fire worshipers.

## What a Memory!

One rainy day in spring an old Yorkshire fisherman returned to his native village after an absence of fifteen years and fearfully sought the house which sheltered his deserted wife. Entering without knocking, he seated himself near the open door, took a long and vigorous pull at his dirty clay pipe and nodded jerkily to "Towd woman."

"Mornin', Marla," he said, with affected unconcern. She looked up from the potatoes she was peeling and tried to utter the scathing tirade she had daily rehearsed since his departure, but it would not come.

"Ben," she said instead, once more resuming her work, "bring the sen o'er to t' fire an Ah'll darn that hole 't' thy jersey. Ah meant doin' t' day 't' wa went away, but sunnmat put me off!"—London Answers.

## Customs in Public Dining Rooms.

Have you ever noticed persons enter a restaurant—how the women invariably select a center table, while a man will linger or glance about in the hope that he may find a comfortable seat in some corner or against the wall? said a proprietor of a fashionable restaurant. "It's almost always so and is always amusing. The women like to show their gowns, while the men—well, my theory of it is that the habit is a relic of the cave days, when a man preferred a position against the wall so he could fight his enemies to advantage."—New York Herald.

## Not Caused by the Hat.

"How do you like my hat?" she asked.

"Why, to tell the truth," replied her dearest friend frankly, "I don't like the effect very well. It seems to me it gives you a rather cross look."

"Oh, that isn't the hat," she responded cheerfully.

"No?"

"Oh, not at all. That comes entirely from the fact that I have just seen my husband and he had just seen the bill."—Chicago Post.

## Wordsworth's Joke.

"I never made a joke but once in my life," confessed Wordsworth, and the rest of the story leaves one in doubt whether he knew a joke when he saw it. "Meeting a peasant neighbor one day, he asked me, 'Ha' ye seen my wife, Meester Wordsworth?' 'My good fellow,' said I, 'I didn't so much as know that you had a wife!'"

## Truth or Fiction?

"Ah, what a difference there is," remarked the cynic wearily, "between courtship and marriage! Courtship is made up of soft nothings—marriage of hard facts."

And he broke the world's record for a sigh.—New York Times.

## More Than He Bargained For.

Mrs. Benham—I am getting stouter all the time. Benham—Yes; when I got married I little realized that I was getting a wife on the installment plan.

It is often woman who inspires us with the great things that she will prefer us from accomplishing.—Alexandre Dumas.

## THE SPANIARD.

His Primitive Instincts of Hospitality and Charity.

Havelock Ellis in his "Soul of Spain" has revealed intimately and charmingly the temperament of the Spanish people. According to him, the Spaniard is still fundamentally primitive. In proof of his possession of the primal instincts of hospitality and charity he quotes the following anecdote from an Aragonese newspaper of a few years ago, at a time when there was much distress in Aragon:

A laborer out of work came on the highroad determined to rob the first person he met. This was a man with a wagon. The laborer bade him halt and demanded his money.

"Here is \$30, all that I have," the detained man replied.

"There is nothing left for me but robbery. My family are dying of hunger," the aggressor said apologetically and proceeded to put the money in his pocket, but as he did so his mind changed.

"Take this, chico," he said, handing back \$20. "One is enough for me."

"Would you like anything I have in the cart?" asked the wagoner, impressed by this generosity.

"Yes," said the man. "Take this dollar back too. I had better have some rice and some beans."

The wagoner handed over a bag of eatables and then held out \$5, which, however, the laborer refused.

"Take them for luck money," said the wagoner. "I owe you that."

And only so was the would be robber persuaded to accept.

## THE BABY CROP.

Worth More Than All Other Crops as a National Asset.

When you come to think of it, there's no escaping the conclusion that the baby crop is worth more to this good country of ours than all the corn, wheat, cotton, beef and poultry products put together—worth more in dollars and cents. Untimely frosts, the boll weevil, the wheat rust, the green aphid and all the other crop and animal scourges couldn't work so great a national disaster as a genuine baby famine.

And it is simply appalling to think what would happen to our national temperament if babies were abolished. Our sense of humor would instantly go glimmering, and smiles would become rarer than black hollyhocks. The education of parents in all the little arts of tenderness would go into instant decline, and we would speedily become a nation of ossified hearts and sour faces.

Babies are the chief apostles of unselfish affection. All the world admits that. The mother who has constantly maintained an attitude of unalloyed selfishness toward all the world will go to the depths of self denial and sacrifice for the helpless child, and men of fiery and autocratic temperament become meek and plastic disciples in schools of patience and restraint where in their own babies are the teachers and disciplinarians.—Red Book.

## Gloom Spread by Book Agents.

"When I was a small boy living in Huntsville, Mo., an early day book agent came up from St. Louis by steamboat and flooded our country with a harrowing volume entitled 'Agnes—The Key to Her Coffin.' Everybody bought the thing and everybody wept over it," remarked a Macon resident. "Its influence descended upon the community like a nightmare. It reeked with shrouds, funerals and graveyards. For a long while 'The Key to Agnes' Coffin' was the sole diversion of certain portions of the populace. They seemed to take a pure and chastened joy in the awful weight of woe that oozed out from between its lids, and it made them feel better. There were not many books in the country in those days, and the sagacious agent had sized the community's taste up about right. The book was supposed to be very consoling to the distressed in that it told of worse troubles than their own."—Macon Republican.

## The Scent of Books.

The publisher shut his eyes. "Bring me books," he said, "and by the smell alone I'll tell what country each was published in."

He did indeed distinguish in this manner a French, an English and an American book.

"English books have the best smell," he said. "French come next. Our own come last. Our own smell salty. The others smell fresh and sweet. Have a try?"

The skeptical clubmen in their seats, snuffing the books, were soon able in their turn to distinguish them by the odor.—Exchange.

## Death Valley.

Death valley is a desert valley in Inyo county, Cal., lying between the Panamint range on the west and the Funeral, Amargosa and Grapevine ranges on the east. Much of the valley is below sea level, and there are only a few places where ordinary drinkable water can be obtained. The valley was formerly the bed of a salt lake along the east side.

## An Extinguished Flame.

"John, I found a look of hair among your old letters!"

"Well?"

"I never gave it to you."

"Don't worry. I don't remember who did."—Houston Chronicle.

## His Mild Resistance.

Magistrate—Did you arrest the prisoner, McNulty? Officer McNulty—Oh did, yer honor. Magistrate—Did he offer any resistance? Officer McNulty—Only \$2, yer honor.—Chicago News.

# Woodwork Supply Co.

IF RELIANCE RUBBER ROOFING does not last for ten years, we furnish you material for a new roof without extra cost. Come examine it before buying.

Also see our patent window screen. Cheap and convenient. Don't need to take screen out to raise or lower sash, but can be taken out in a jiffy if you want.

# The Woodwork Supply Co.

CITY.

## NOTICE OF BOND ISSUE.

Notice is hereby given to whomsoever it may concern, that the Board of Directors of the School District of the Borough of West Reynolds, County of Jefferson and State of Pennsylvania, will present their petition to the Court of Common Pleas of Jefferson county, on Monday, August 6th, 1906, praying for a decree authorizing them to borrow \$11,000, and increase the indebtedness of said School District by such an amount, for the purpose of erecting and equipping a new school house adequate to accommodate the schools to be held and maintained in, and for the use of the School District of the Borough of West Reynolds, by issuing bonds, in denominations of One Hundred Dollars each, said bonds to bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, and said bonds to be redeemed within thirty years from the date thereof, with the option and right reserved to said School District to redeem any number or amount of said bonds on any interest date after the expiration of five years, and also for leave to file their statement as required by the act of Assembly approved April 20th, 1874, and its supplements.

By order of the Board of School Directors of the School District of West Reynolds, Borough, Jefferson county, Pennsylvania. WM. F. WOODRING, Pres. O. H. JOHNSON, Sec.

## ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.

Estate of Michael Nugent, late of Reynoldsville Borough, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the estate of the said decedent have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them without delay to

MARY NUGENT, Administratrix of the Estate of Michael Nugent, late of Reynoldsville, Pa. Clement W. Flynn, Attorney.

## ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Margaret Harrington, late of Reynoldsville Borough, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration upon the estate of the above named decedent have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will make them known without delay to

DANIEL HARRINGTON, Administrator. Clement W. Flynn, Attorney.

## Garment Dyeing and Cleaning

By James Pontefract

West Reynoldsville, Penna. Opposite P. R. R. Freight Depot.

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Main Street. Reynoldsville, Pa.

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