

Continued from Thursday.

"Ah, then, you have yourself prepared Signora Elena for it?" asked the

countess.

"Oh, no, unfortunately I could not succeed in doing so," answered he, with a comical sigh, "but she has promised to come to church this evening. The lord bishop will be there, you know. The church is beautifully dressed. The clergy and choir-boys will wear their finest vestments. Oh, your excellency must see it! It will be fine. And after the service, when the people are gone and the church is dark I think—I think she'll not refuse. And if she should be so foolish, the lord bishop will have a serious word to say about it."

about it."

The countess could not help laughing, and the old gentleman laughed heartily with her. The count also laughed, but rather sheepishly, and

said:
"So it seems that this unfortunate kiss is to be solemnized as a sacred ceremony in the presence of the clergy. I beg your pardon, reverend father, but this arrangement does not altogether meet my views."
"Oh, excuse me," said the padre, power of the padre o

is, if your offer was made in sober cernest."

The count glanced at his wife. How gladly would he have withdrawn his offer if she had only raised her eyes to his in loving reproof.

But she was not looking at him. The same ironical smile was still on her lips. So he hastened to reiterate that he was quite in earnest in the foolish affair. The padre bowed deferentially and begged for a written assurance that the count's offer was made in good faith.

"Pardon me," said he, shrugging his shoulders; "I myself do not doubt your sincerity, but Signora Elena might fancy that somebody was trying to play a bad joke upon her, and the lord bishop also might—"
"Certainly, certainly," interrupted the count, impatiently. "Just as you please. Will you be kind enough to dictate what you wish me to write? My Italian is not quite equal to the occasion."

Ten minutes later Padre Sebastiano

down. "You, Lenore?" cried he, quite of the semed to low gallery which ran round the rotunda.

The gay procession passed; every-body bowed deeply, some women fell on their knees and tried to kiss the bishop's hand outstretched in blessing. Just behind the bishop walked Padre Sobastiano, his kindly old face full of anxious lines. His eyes were searching here and there over the heads of the crowd. Ah, now he catches sight of the eccentric German gentleman. He touches his arm in passing and whispers: "I am in despair, my dear sir; she will not do it, the God-forsken creature! She is in such fear of her tyrant's anger, that even the promise of all manner of heavenly plessings cannot move her."

He kept hold of the count's sleeve and drew him gently along. Suddenly he grasped him tightly by the arm, so that the count could hardly suppress an exclamation of pair.

"Eccola?" (there she is)—whispered the padre hastily, and nodded toward a little woman, kneeling near by. Shad just caught the bishop's hand and soen the benignant prelate's face.

The count broke from the padre's grasp and stood as if rooted to the spot. Yes, it was she! and she was far, far prettier close at hand than at a distance. He had never seen such fabulously innocent, childish eyes in a woman's face, and it seemed far less idiotic and reprehensible to have offered one thousand lire for a kiss from those lips, than it had done half an hour ago.

After the procession had passed, he stepped forward intending to speak to the devout little beauty, but she seemed to recognize him and a burning blush suffused her pale cheeks.

many you done with her? why do you hide her from me? Am I to have my kiss or not?"

Padre Sebastiano placed his broad back against the door and waved the excited man gently away. A broad smile lighted up his kindly face and he cooed sortly to him, "Gently, gently; be quiet, be quiet, be quiet, be quiet, be quiet, he quiet, he given have so the has changed her mind, the little pigeon. You shall have your kiss, excellenza, but not here in the lighted church. The poor little thing is too timid."

"Of couse, of course; in outer darkness, if she likes it better," cried the count impatiently. Then he tried to get hold of the door handle.

"Excuse me a moment. Do you happen to have the one thousand lire by you? If so, I must beg you to—" and with an insinuating smile he held out his open hand.

The count felt in his breast-pocket and said with an angry shrug: "How suspicious you Itelians are. Well, I'll pay in advance," and hastily took a red bank-note from his pocketbook and pressed it into the hand of the priest, who now drew aside.

Now at last the road was clear. Padre Selastiano himself threw open the little bronze door for him. His heart beat faster than on the day when the little bronze door for him. His heart beat faster than on the day when he will be bronze door for him. His heart beat faster than on the day when he little bronze door for him. His heart beat faster than on the day when for he little bronze door for him. His heart beat faster than on the day when as an ensign, he had fought his first duel. The door closed behind him first duel. The door dosed behind him and the next moment he felt a pgir of soft warm lips against his own. Two arms were thrown about his neck, and the delicate little hands clasped behind his head.

His expectations were more than realized. Never in her most loving

head.

His expectations were more than realized. Never in her most loving moments had his Lenore kissed him so tenderly, so fervently. Ah, these hotblooded southern women knew how to love! It would be a picus mission, a work of humanity to rescue this lovely creature from that horrible, ogrestsh miser. He clasped her closer and warmly returned her caresses.



HE CLASPED HER CLOSER.
But now sighed Lenore, "Stop, stop!
encugh! You will smother me! I
have been a foo! Forgive me the deccit. I love you so dearly. I cannot live when you are angry with me."
The count's arms fell helplessiy
down. "You, Lenore!" cried he, quite
overcome with astonishment.
"Yes, you dear, faithless man. It is
I, your wedded wife! To be sure I
cannot give you kisses worth one thousand lire apiece, but—"
He silenced her with kisses, and
murmured, "You dear, sweet, lovely
creature; can you indeed forgive me?"
He felt her tears upon his checks,
though she did not answer, and then
they went out of the dark, close, littite room.
Padre Sebastiano stood outside the
door and shook his finger playfully at
them.
"Aha!" said he. "You have kept me

She rose hastily, drew her black lace veit over her face and slipped away in the crowd. After a moment's heattrife in the count followed her. He wanted to make her some flattering space, to see those soft cheeks redden once more, and those wonderful eyes raised to blim in spetfude, when he should tell her that he remove in the saint's image eyes without to so sweet a reward, for no other reason than that her name was also Elena. But he had hestated too long she had already disappeared in the chowd. The count elbowed flis. way recklessly out, but she was nowhere to be seen, neither on the stape of the church hoy, there was no other entrance. Ferhaps she was still inside. He entered the cathedral ngain. Chorrboys and acolytes were extinguishing the lights. She was not there.

But wait, what was most there of be seen, neither on the steps nor in the diazza. Could she have slipped out by another door? He ran around the church hoy, there was no other entrance. Ferhaps she was still inside. He entered the cathedral ngain. Choir boys and acolytes were extinguishing the lights. She was not there.

But wait, what was that? A slend of remail form with a black lace mantle over the head of the pulpit in current conversation with a black classof which could hardly belong to anybody but Padre Sobastiano. Now the old gentleman turned around. It was indeed be. The sound of footsteps had attracted his attracte

earries on his varied business, and the financier stopped in the other day.

"Just dropped in to look at your stock," warbled the financier as he entered the store. One of the finest \$12 suits was brought out and Mr. Sage ran his hand over the texture. It was smooth, soft and light. Just what he wanted.

"How much?" he asked.

"Twelve," said the salesman.

Mr. Sage felt again. The market was weak across the street in the stock exchange, so feeling his way Mr. Sage bid sid.

Sage."
"Ten dollars and two shillings."



RUSSELL SAGE. "Not under \$12, Mr. Sage."
"Ten dollars and four shillings," bid

what Fit do. 11 give you shall now shall now and earry them up-stairs my-solf."

"No. Mr. Sage, that won't do," said the salesman. "But Fil sell you a call on this suit at \$11.50 for 50 cents, good for one week."

But the salesman was playing against Mr. Sage's long suit here and the financier quit.

"I guess the warm weather won't last long, anyway," he said, "and Fil get along with this and my other suit very well."

"All right, Mr. Sage," answered the salesman, and the great deal was off.

salesman, and the great deal was off.

Ezgland's Poisonous Snakes.

There are 1,500 different species of snakes known to naturalists, and only four kinds of snake or snake-like creatures are to be found in England. Of these, but one is poisonous, and it is very rare. The ordinary snakes to be found in the countries inhabited by civilized man are harmless, and but few of the poisonous snakes are deadly in their poison, even though the effects may be serious. A study of snaker and their ways would do much to do away with the educated fear of the reptiles that most people have.

Workan's Curiosity.

Wofman's Curiosity.

She—Women haven't a bit more curiosity than men, so they haven't. He—No, but it is manifested in different lines. For instance, a woman might own a sewing machine for years without finding out how it is made, but she wouldn't have a seamstress in the house a week without knowing all about her.—Indianapolis Journal.

Why They Do It.

Mrs. Hauton—Don't you know, my dear, it is extremely bad form to turn and look after a gentleman in the

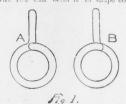
street?
Daughter—Yes, but, mamma, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking; that's all.—Town Topics.

"Deah me!" said the bore, interrupting the conversation at a few minutes after 12 o'clock, "I believe it must be time for me to go."

"Oh, no! it can't be," said the tired girl, emphatically, "that time won't come around again till to-morrow evening."—Chicago Record.

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.





(as you will do if you use brass wire), but in ease of stout steel wire it may be better to heat it a dull red, and gently hammer it round an iron rod of the required size. You can get the required turn with a pair of pineers, or by any other means your ingenuity may surgest.

by any other means your ingenuity may suggest.

One reason why I prefer steel wire is that you can nicely burnish the links, either with emery powder or by simply rubbing between the hands. If you happen to have a lathe and burnishing wheel, why, there you are.

Another reason—and an important one—is that the Steel link can be made of finer wire than I have given, and still retain the required stiffness necessary to prevent them being forced together, in fact, no force is required at all.

gether, in fact, no force is required acall.

I must now call your attention to
some important points, unless you observe which you will fail to gain the
desired end. First, take particular notice that the ends A and B overlap the
bends from which spring the straight
ends. Though not shown in the illustration, it must be distinctly understood that the ends A and B do not
touch the bends, there being a space
between them almost the width of the
wire.

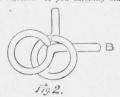


Fig. 2 you will easily succeed; not, however, if you have A and B too closs to their respective bends. Also, if you have too much space the links will "full" together. What you want is to so regulate this space that you—knowing "how it's done"—have difficulty to accomplish the feat. It will then test your friends ingenuity before they succeed.

succeed.

To take the links apart again—well, suppose you exercise your ingenuity.—Golden Days.

PROMPT COURTESY.

A Quality That Will Transform a Boor ish Lad Ioto a Gentleman. Boys, rid yourself of that false shame that makes you shrink away when there is a book to be pieled up, a door to be opened, some one to be assisted.

door to be opened, some one to be assisted.

I recently saw a young woman returning from a shopping expedition laden with a number of packages. Suddenly she tripped and one of her purchases fell to the ground. Behola her in a most awful predictment, when a bell rang, and on the instant a bevy of boys rushed from the schoolhouse near by.

Their bright eyes grasped the situation at a glance—the young woman standing helplessly, arms and hands eneumbered, the little brown parcel lying at her feet. Their kind hearts told them what to do, but shame, fear, a sort of cowardly timidity held them back. With one accord they stopped, locked at one another, then passed silently on. There was not a lad in that crowd whose fingers did not actually itch to pick up that bundle, yet not one dared to do it.

Boys, I beg of you, let your hands, your feet, your voice, be the willing agents of that great master of politeness, the heart.

You see an aged person trying to mout the stops of a crear Yeave heart.

Dause only tooking to see if I was looking; that see if I was looking; that see see if I was looking; that see if I was looking that see if I was looking to the willing for the well, take this chair by my side.

"Well, take this chair by my side.
"Well, take this chair by my side.
"Well, take this chair by my side.
"Well, take this chair by my side.
"Well, take this chair by my side.
"Well, take this chair by my side.
"Well, take this chair by my side.
"Well, take this chair by my side.
"Well, take this chair by my side.
"You see an agred person trying to mount the steps of a car. Your heart whispers "Ifelp." Obey its impulse; go offer your strong young arm. Your scacker drops a pencil; quick as a flash return it to her. Your very willing ness will make her feel stronger and better.

Topic

Topic

**In that crowa was that crowa was that crowa was longer to the point of the willing for th

sist the helpless and lend their stength to the weak. It is this prompt courtesy that will transform the awleward, boorish lad into the polished, ever graceful gentleman.—N. Y. Observer.

TOUCH OF THE PLAYER. What

Important Paper on the Subject

Planists and Plano Manufacturers Are In-terested Allice in This Theme—The Key and its Control Explained and Hustrated.

In the recent reports of the annual meeting of the Music Teachers' National association at Saratoga was published an interesting but somewhat inndequate account of a paper read by B. J. Lang, pianist, of Boston, upon "Plano Touch."

In commenting upon the paper, the critic of the New York Tribune, H. E. Krchbiel, said: "From a pedagogical point of view this subject as presented by Mr. Lang is far away the most important matter in the scheme of the convention."

Since Mr. Lang's lectures in Boston

Since Mr. Lang's lectures in Boston last winter there has been much agitation of this subject of pianoforte touch, especially in periodicals devoted to the subject of music.

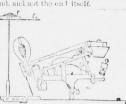
Wishing to present an authoritative article upon the matter, Mr. Lang himself was applied to by the Boston Herald and supplied the following:

"In our day it is rare to find the pianist whose acquaintance with his instrument goes beyond its keyboard. As the result of this, of two most valuable inventions applied to pianoforts during the last ten years, depending-for their effect upon the use of an additional pedal, one has been given up altogether and the other, though retained by the best manufacturers, has not yet been made use of in the concert-room by any player of my acquaintance.

"I do not deny that where emotion and ability of the right sort exist the greatest normal possibilities of the present instruments are brought out, but I do declare that this is almost invariably accomplished without enough intelligence regarding the means employed. The emotion of the player and the reaction upon himself of what he produces is too often the beginning and the endo of the matter.

"Proof of all this is to be found in the stormy objection to the assertion that by pressing an individual key one anget only variety in quantity of tone, but never variety in quantity. "The accompanying diagram shows that portion of a key and its action

"The accompanying diagram shows that portion of a key and its action which is hidden when the parts of a planeforte are in their proper place. A very rude description would designate A as the pin upon which the key hinges or rides; B as the brass capstan, which, being serewed into the key, serves, though unconnected with aught else,



here so much is accomplished on all primitive lines, it is my belief reastly more can be done when the facturer has the artist's practical

sist the helpless and lend their strength to the weak. It is this prompt courtesy that will transform the awleward, boorfsh lad into the polished, ever graceful gentleman.—N. Y. Observer, that will transform the awleward, boorfsh lad into the polished, ever graceful gentleman.—N. Y. Observer, that will transform the awleward, boorfsh lad into the polished, ever graceful gentleman.—N. Y. Observer, the supplies at the fact that no two persons' voices are perfectly allife cases when one is informed by an authority on the subject that, though there are only nine perfect tones in the new land to the weak. The supplies at the fact that no two persons' voices are perfectly allife cases when one is informed by an authority on the subject that, though the rear conty nine perfect tones in the minuted of 17.522,185.044.115 different sounds. Of these fourteen direct must less produce 173.741,823, while all in coperation produce the total given in de kentry, does yo'?—Judge.

| Mose—I low yo' doan' know Sally Ann's got de fines' water-million patch in de kentry, does yo'?—Judge. | Ann's got de fines' water-million patch in de kentry, does yo'?—Judge. | Ann's got de fines' water-million patch in de kentry, does yo'?—Judge. | Ann's got de fines' water-million patch in de kentry, does yo'?—Judge. | Ann's got de fines' water-million patch in de kentry, does yo'?—Judge. | Ann's got de fines' water-million patch in de kentry, does yo'?—Judge. | Ann's got de fines' water-million patch in de kentry, does yo'?—Judge. | Ann's got de fines' water-million patch in de kentry, does yo'?—Judge. | Ann's got de fines' water-million patch in de kentry, does yo'?—Judge. | Ann's got de fines' water-million patch in de kentry de got de fines' water-million patch in de kentry de got de fines' water-million patch in the wild that the polished, ever de deale in dealer in dealed buch, this power of the malest dealed water and others that are as guarles, of fire and others that are as dull as lead, with this thing celled tunch, this qualist to produ

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345 pm for Delano, Mahanov City, Shenandonia, New York and Philadelphia.

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Tomhicken and Deringer at 6 00 a m, 12 09 p m, daily except Sunday; and 7 63 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.

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Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction, Bayes in Mary State of the Mary Drifton for Oneida Junction, Inawood Road, Humbold Road, Oneida and Sheppton at 6 is an 120, 4 the pm, daily except Trains leave Hazieton Junction for Ira-wood, Cranberry, Tombicken and Durcing for Ira-wood, Cranberry, Tombicken and State and

many except sunday; and 9 if a m, 50 f p m.

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Trains leave Sheppton for Beaver Mendow Road, Stockton, Hazie Brook, Eckley, Jedde Road, Stockton, Hazie Brook, Eckley, Jedde Sunday; and 8 id a m, 3 id p m, Stunday and 8 id a m, 3 id p m, Stunday and 8 id a m, 3 id p m, Stunday and 8 id a m, 3 id p m, Stunday and 8 id a m, 3 id p m, Stunday and 8 id a m, 3 id p m, Stunday and 8 id a m, 3 id p m, Stunday and 8 id a m, 3 id p m, Stunday and 8 id a m, 3 id p m, Stunday and 8 id a m, 3 id p m, Stunday and 8 id a m, 3 id p m, Stunday and 8 id a m, 3 id p m, 5 id p

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