

ALMOST PARTED.

BY FERN GREENLEAF.

Colin Delorme would only fall in love with a girl who would love him as he loved her...

Why had she allowed herself to be coaxed into appearing among the guests of her cousin, to whom the old man laid so recently in his grave was nothing, while to her he had been dear as a father?

Why had she brought her mourning robes and her mourning heart forth from retirement, even when friends pleaded with her to do so?

And they thought her poor enough "to jump at the chance" of marrying Colin Delorme, because he was to share her uncle's possessions with her, and had wealth of his own—Colin Delorme, with his frank, handsome face and his cheery voice, and his heart of gold, which any living woman might prize more than the crown of a king!

How heartless and material people were, she told herself, as she went hurriedly out to the little garden, which sloped down to a sheltered spot—a dell often visited by her.

In the path, with its checkered light, she came face to face with the object of her thoughts—Colin Delorme.

"How pale you are, Honor!" he said to her, looking with eyes of tenderness which she did not see into her young face. "Are you ill?"

"Thank you—no."

"Then let me tell you what I have been thinking of. Honor, our uncle divided all he had between us. Let us make no division, dear—and let us join our lives and leave the old place as it is. Do you think I could make you happy as my wife, Honor, my darling? I would try hard. I think I could succeed. Will you risk your life in my hands? Honor, you are as white as death. Have I startled you? I thought you knew my heart this long time! I know you did."

Had he said such words to her before the previous day—but an hour before—how gladly she would have put out her hands to him and said:

"Yes, Colin, I know your heart, and I will trust my life in your hands. It has known no love save that which you have taught it, and I am only happy when you are near me!"

But the words of the gossip were fresh in her memory. The humiliation which they aroused still raged hotly in her breast.

With a low little laugh she turned from him to gather up the long train of her black dress, and her gray eyes grew bitter.

"You are far too generous," she said, and she turned away.

She pushed the men aside frantically, and was trying to win her way to the dying man, when a hand was laid on her shoulder and a voice that made her heart thrill said:

"Honor, this is no place for you. Go home, my dearest. Even a man's heart faints before such horrors as this."

She clung to him with both hands, trembling, sobbing, laughing—in short, going nearly mad with joy.

"Colin! my love—my love! You are safe—uninjured?" she cried, incoherently. "I feared—I feared—you are safe, Colin, dear Colin!"

"Safe, and blessed beyond measure to know you care." And he drew one of the hands that clung to him to his lips. "I was in the smoking car. I am unhurt, Honor; but many a poor fellow is perhaps dying while I talk to you. Go back, my love, and let me give all the aid I can; for every man who lies dying here be sure some woman's heart will break to-day."

"As mine would have broken had you died," she whispered, releasing him.

Six months later, when a notice of the marriage of Colin Delorme and Honor Campbell appeared, Mrs. Gray's acquaintance of the venomous tongue met and accosted her.

"I told you that if Colin Delorme proposed to Miss Campbell she would not be such an imbecile as to refuse him and let the property be divided, and you see I was right," she said, exultantly.

"And Mrs. Gray could not tell her—for she did not know—that, owing to her own pride and ill-natured words, not her property, but two hearts that loved had been very nearly divided.—St. Louis Republic.

ING, come back! Do not go from me!

ing, come back! Do not go from me! I love you—I love you! he was too far away to hear or heed; and only a bird, perched on a branch far above her head, saw the girl fling herself down among the grasses of the May time and sob as if her heart would break.

It did not comfort her so very much, after all, to know that now no gossip could say she had "jumped at the chance" of becoming Colin Delorme's wife.

"I will tell him the truth to-night," she whispered, when she was calmer. "He loves me; he will forgive me for my folly."

But when she reached the house she was told that Colin Delorme had gone to the city on urgent business, and would return the following evening on the seven o'clock train.

Such a long night, such a long day as those were to poor Honor in her misery of remorse! But at last they were over, and in a few minutes the whistle which would announce the arrival of the train at the small station below would shriek out on the evening air.

From a window of her room she knew she could see the smoke from the engine a mile away, and at one point, where the track ran like a thread across an open space, somewhat elevated, she could catch sight of the line of carriages ere the shriek of the whistle told they were about to stop.

The puffs of smoke showed here and there among the tree tops as she looked forth; then, like a long black serpent, the train darted around the curve and sped out on the bridge.

There was a swaying of the train, a sudden crash, which reached her dully from the distance, and down through the shattered brickwork huddled the engine and three of the carriages attached to it—down but a few feet, it is true, but at the bottom was death to many—perhaps to Colin Delorme.

Honor did not cry out, did not faint, but a sudden fierce strength seemed to be infused into her slight figure, as she sprang toward the door and darted through. Down the corridor, down the stairs, out at the hall door she ran like a creature flying for her very life.

In the drive a horse and buggy were standing; his host was to drive to the station for Colin.

Hatless, cloakless, with bare arms and shoulders gleaming from the blackness of her dinner dress, she sprang into the vehicle and caught up the reins.

The servant at the horse's head made way for her with a frightened glance at her white face and dilated eyes.

She turned the animal and dashed down the drive, out at the gates, and on at a gallop down the highway.

It seemed an eternity to her before she reached the wrecked train, and others were there before her.

Still white as death, still silent, she drew rein and, leaping out, darted into the crowd, which was endeavoring to extricate the crushed and mangled passengers from the debris about them.

One was drawn forth as she reached the group, and at last her lips unclosed to give forth a cry of anguish.

Was that shapeless, bleeding, moaning mass, of which she saw nothing to recognize as human save a blood-stained hand and a few tresses of nut-brown hair—was that the man she loved?

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—Most of the medieval manuscripts have the important initials in red ink; hence arose the term rubrics, from rubrica, red.

FAME WILD ANIMALS.

Down in Maine Deer Sometimes Become Quite Neighborly.

Some of the people who live on the edge of the Maine woods have been betwixt the "devil and the deep sea," as the phrase is, with the game law on one side of them and the disposition of the protected animals to be neighborly on the other. Said a woman in the Piscataquis backwoods:

"A deer can be tamed as easily as any other animal, and sometimes they are bound to be tamed whether you want them or not. A few years ago a young deer came out with our cattle and grazed round with them and came up to the barnyard at night. He didn't seem a bit frightened, and I gave it some milk. It drank readily, and next day made some more. I could pat it and fondle it as well as I could a cosset lamb. It stayed around with our cattle for several weeks, when one day a game warden came and said I was liable to a penalty for keeping the deer and feeding it. Then I tried to drive it away, and the way he would come up in spite of my threats and attempts to scare it, and coax for milk was pitiful to see. I had the hardest work to make him go away, and for a long time he'd keep coming back to our place."

A similar case occurred in Portland last summer, where a seal came to a fisherman's boat and followed it for a number of days and wouldn't drive off.

These instances of tame "wild" animals remind a Maine gentleman of what he saw in Mayfield a few years ago. He was driving through that town, and at a place where he stopped his hostess, a handsome young woman, asked him if he wanted to see a deer. Taking a dish with some grain in it, or something of that sort, she went down the lane to the edge of the woods and stopped, calling in a low tone some name. Presently a fine large buck came out of the woods and trotted up to her as tame as any colt could be. He stuck his nose in the dish and munched the food, while she patted his neck and talked to him. When she left him to come back to the house he followed her to the fence and seemed really anxious to go to the house, too.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

KILLED HER OFFSPRING.

Rather Than See Them Captives an Oriole Poisoned Her Young.

It has been claimed by observers of birds that some of the feathered tribe will feed their young if they are caged, and if they fail after a certain time to release them they will bring them a poisoned weed to eat, that death may end their captivity, says the Carson Appeal.

About a week ago at the Holstein ranch the children captured a nest of three young orioles, and they were immediately caged and hung in a tree. The mother was soon about calling her young, and in a little while brought them some worms. She continued feeding them regularly for several days, without seeming to pay much attention to persons about.

But on Sunday came the tragic ending that demonstrated the theory relating to birds. She brought them a sprig of green on Sunday morning and disappeared. In less than an hour they all died. The sprig was examined and proved to be the deadly larkspur, a weed that will kill grown cattle.

The little creatures lay dead in the cage and slightly foaming at the mouth, victims of their mother's stern resolve that her offspring should die by her own act rather than live in captivity.

MIRACULOUS BALANCING.

Amazing Experiment Which Would Seem Almost Impossible.

The harder a thing seems, the more interesting it is. Here is a little experiment, very simple, too, which seems almost impossible on the face of it—it seems to defy the law of gravitation.

You take a tumbler, partly with water, so as to stand firmly. Then take a strip of wood, about the length of an ordinary lead pencil, half an inch wide and an eighth of an inch thick and tapering to a point at one end. About one-third of the way from this end you wedge two ordinary table-knives into the strip. Now balance the "tongue" of the strip carefully upon the edge of the tumbler, moving it slightly backward or forward to make the equilibrium perfect. When you have found the center of gravity—which may occasion you a little trouble at first—you will be rewarded by seeing the frail contrivance delicately poised in an exquisite balance, which at first sight seems almost miraculous.

Paris Has a Baby Life Saver.

The other day, at the "Trocadeur, in Paris, a life-saving medal was awarded to Eugene Poiret, a boy three years old. One day, when the boy was playing with his brother, aged two, in the yard of his home, the latter fell into a tub of water. Eugene ran to the rescue, but succeeded only in keeping the baby's head above water. His loud cries of "Mamma!" were not heard, and the little hands were getting weak. Then he hit upon the idea of calling "Julie!" the name by which his father called his mother. This brought the mother upon the scene, and in another moment she had both children in her arms.

He Got Him.

Rasher—Hello, Crasher! I hear that you were at the capital trying to secure a franchise for the Sky Rocket road. Did you see Assemblyman Tanker from your district?

Crasher—Yes.

Rasher—Did you get him interested in the project?

Crasher—Yes; \$20,000 in bonds, and \$10,000 preferred.—Puck.

These Long Sermons.

It is seldom that a university professor is noted for his wit, but the one quoted by Tit-Bits surely had this quality. When asked by a preacher what he thought of his sermon he replied:

"I heard in it what I hope never to hear again."

"What was that?"

"The clock strike twice."

But, Are They?

If women were level-headed. We think it is safe to state, in a half day or so why they could get a hat on straight.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

OVERSTRAINED HIMSELF.

Sautfly—No, I'm not very well, you know, I've thought once or twice lately.

Topsy—Good gracious! And then you wonder why you're ill. You shouldn't do such reckless things.—Vogue.

Her Reason.

Husband—Why do you pay the newspapers at advertising rates to exaggerate the success of our party, Helen? It was a colorless affair, and some of our guests seemed really miserable.

Wife—So many sent regrets and stayed away, dear! I want to make them feel miserable, too.—Truth.

The Leading Lady.

Reporter—Did you ever play in tragedy?

Comedian—Yes, years ago.

Reporter—Tell me about it.

Comedian—Well, the woman who is now my wife was the leading lady, and I believe there was a minister mixed up in it.—To Date.

Correcting Impressions.

The Tramp—Appearances is deceitful, mum. Yer might think I'm a strong man, an' yer might think I drink; but it ain't so.

Mrs. Mum—And you might think I'm going to give you something; but that ain't so, either.—Puck.

Broke the Silence.

For a long time after he had succeeded in inserting himself through the door at three a. m., she regarded him in silence.

At length she spoke.

Also she spake at length.—Westchester Globe.

Why Papa Slandered.

Dave was pulling nails—creaky, raspy, rusty nails—with a claw-hammer.

"Here, boy, what are you doing?" said his papa.

"Playin' pullin' teeth 'thout pain," replied Dave.—Judge.

No Wonder.

Jumpuppe—I see that Curry cuts his old friends, Carson and Voxes, when he meets them.

Jasper—Yes. He was drunk the other night and the idiots took him home to his wife.—Truth.

He'd Examined Carefully.

"Do you notice any change in Dumley?" asked the tall man.

"No, I don't," snapped the other man sourly.

He was Dumley's tailor.—Rockland Tribune.

Very Disturbing.

"Did you enjoy the sermon, dear?" said Mrs. Collingwood to her husband, after church.

"No, I dreamt that a note for \$1,000 was due, and I hadn't a cent to pay it with."—Life.

He Hoped Not.

She—Oh! yes; mamma and I have much the same tastes. Do you think I am like my mother?

He (an old widower)—I hope not. Your mother rejected me 24 years ago.—Bay City Chat.

How He Identified Him.

"I was so tipsy that when I met you and Jones together I couldn't tell you apart; that is, at first."

"How did you at last?"

"Jones offered me a cigar."—Truth.

Two of Them.

The prodigal to college goes, With faltering legs and sily, But when he comes again he brings A fatted calf with him.—Detroit Tribune.

Plankholmer's Philosophy.

I know a voman vor married a vee, little mans—because she say; "Of all evils I choose der least"—ferstay?—Truth.

Ornithological.

"Kitty, how did you break your hus band of calling you 'birdie'?"

"Why, every time he did it I called him 'jay.'—Chicago Record.

HOME DECORATION.

How to Plan an Artistic and Yet Inexpensive Room.

No woman ought to be her own paper-hanger if she can possibly employ or beg somebody to do the work for her. Running up and down the stepladder, the reaching, the standing, all are tiresome, more so to a woman than to a man, and particularly injurious to many women who are not well, says Jenness Miller.

But if a woman must be her own paper-hanger or live in rags and dirt, here is a way to secure cleanliness and artistic effect that is within reach of the amateur. Ordinary long-roll wall paper, when hung by an inexperienced hand, looks like impatience on a flag-staff making faces at misery.

Listen. Don't buy long-roll wall paper. Ask your butcher where he buys his coarse, brownish wrapping paper that he rolls the meat in before he puts on the smooth, light Manila paper. Get one of the youngsters in simple mathematics at school to estimate how many sheets of this paper you will need to cover the walls of the room that needs papering, allowing each sheet to overlap the one next it. The butcher will buy the paper for you at wholesale less than you can buy it for.

Get a supply of brass-headed tacks. Tune your eyes up to recognizing straight lines when you see them, and eschew the paste pot.

Learn to drive a tack with a few short, true blows. Any woman can do this after ten minutes' practice out in the shed with a bit of soft board fastened on the wall for a target, no matter what man in his might says.

Then paper your walls. If you begin at the top and lap the next lower row over the paper, each layer in time will collect tiny moldings of dust. Therefore, begin at the baseboard. Put one row all the way around the room and tack the side seams only. The effect when the room is all papered is amazingly good. If the ceiling is bad, and you can't afford to have it tinted, cover it with fish or tennis net caught in the center and carried away to the corners and sides.

A jolly frieze for such a room as this is made of slender upright panels of creamy card, bearing sprays of golden rod painted by the artist of the family. There are so many kinds of goldenrod; no two panels need be alike. Instead of making the frieze continuous, put a panel over each seam merely.

An attic room in a house that has been decorated in this fashion, not for economy's sake, but because the proprietor of the apartment has a pretty fancy for novel things, has a yellow matting on the floor, with green figures scattered through it. The portieres are made of sage green stuff and the glass draperies under the heavy draperies at the windows are made of curious oriental-looking stuff, which is nothing on earth but mosquito netting dipped in yellow dye and wound in a twist about a small stick until dry, leaving it a mass of crinkly waves.

WINDOW GREENERY.

It Adds Materially to the Attractiveness of Any Home.

To give variety to a window garden, add some vines to either side, to grow up at the sides and cross in the middle, and come twining downward. Such vines may be on the one side an English ivy, on the other a scarlet and white cypress, an ivy geranium, or a cissus discolor, with its mottled foliage and drooping sprays. Then there are the lovely Easter lilies, with their white fragrant flowers; the begonias, geraniums, fuschias, glorioxias, freesias, palms, orchids and so on, but some of us would be at a loss just how to group them in a window garden. The following window list is given by a magazine: Fuchsias, hyacinths, canna, white freesias, palms, narcissus, morning glory, begonias, yellow oxalis and ferns.

A hanging basket tastefully filled with plants is a pretty addition to any window garden.

A WINDOW GARDEN.

A window garden, and a window box suspended by four cords or wires up which can be trained creepers and vines also makes an effective ornament. The important point about creeping plants in baskets and boxes is to give them plenty of water during the growing season, but more sparingly in winter, and to keep the leaves clean. If the baskets are small, take them down and water them outside, but in the case of large baskets or boxes, a tray of some kind should be placed underneath them to catch the drippings. These hanging baskets should be exposed to the sun two or three hours every day, and if the surface of the basket between the plants is covered with moss, it will prevent the earth from drying up quickly, and the basket will look prettier.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Old-Fashioned Johnny Cake.

One cup of flour, one cup fine yellow corn meal, one-fourth cup of sugar, 1½ teaspoons of salt, two teaspoons of baking powder, one egg well beaten, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of butter, softened; mix in order given; heat well; pour into a well-greased pan and bake in a moderate oven from 20 to 25 minutes.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect December 15, 1895.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Iron and Hazlet Junction at 7:30 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 11:30 p. m.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 5:30 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:30 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:00 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 12:00 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 12:00 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazlet Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:25, 11:10 a. m., 4:45 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 9:47 a. m., 5:17 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazlet Junction, Onedia, Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 2:25, 5:10 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 9:47 a. m., 5:17 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood and Iron at 7:11 a. m., 12:40, 5:25 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:09 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 3:09, 5:45, 8:30 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 10:18 a. m., 5:59 p. m., Sunday.

All trains connect at Hazlet Junction with electric cars for Hazlet, Jeanesville, Audersick and other points on the Traction Company's line.

Trains leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m., Hazlet Junction at 6:25 a. m., and Shepton at 7:11 a. m., connect at Onedia Junction with Lehigh Valley trains east and west.

Trains leaving Drifton at 5:30 a. m. makes connection at Harwood with P. E. R. trains for Wilkesbarre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.

For the accommodation of passengers at way-stations between Hazlet Junction and Deringer, an extra train will leave the former point at 10 p. m., daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 5:00 p. m.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

November 17, 1895.

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

LEAVE FREELAND.

6:05, 8:25, 9:30, 10:41 a. m., 1:25, 2:37, 3:15, 4:34, 6:12, 6:38, 8:03, 8:52 p. m., for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazlet.

6:05, 8:25, 9:30 a. m., 1:25, 3:15, 4:34 p. m., for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Phillips, Easton and New York.

6:05, 9:30, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 4:25, 6:58 p. m., for Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Pottsville.

7:25, 9:16, 10:41 a. m., 11:44, 4:14 p. m., (via High and Branch) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. & B. Junction.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

11:40 a. m. and 3:24 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazlet.

3:24 p. m. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

7:20, 9:27, 10:56, 11:54 a. m., 12:58, 2:13, 4:34, 5:33, 6:58, 8:47 p. m., from Hazlet, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.

7:20, 9:27, 10:56 a. m., 2:13, 4:34,