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ROUND THE REGION.

There was a serious trolley wreck at Luzerne Monday, when a coal train collided with a Dallas and Harvey's Lake trolley car, which resulted in the injury of several persons, two seriously. The car was torn from the tracks, thrown on its side, and splintered beyond repair, and thirteen passengers were considerably shaken up. Dr. C. A. Spencer was seriously hurt about the back, and partially paralyzed. E. J. Newman was seriously hurt about the back, and bruised.

Help is needed at once when a person's life is in danger. A neglected cough or cold may soon become serious and should be stopped at once. One Minute Cough Cure quickly cures coughs and colds and the worst cases of croup, bronchitis, grippe and other throat and lung troubles. Grover's City drug store.

Another gigantic coal deal has been consummated at Scranton. All the coal companies allied with the Ontario and Western Railroad, excepting the Scranton Coal Company, have been consolidated into one concern, under the title of the Elkhill Coal and Iron Company. The consolidation makes the Elkhill one of the largest in the region. It will now have eleven collieries with a capacity of 2,000,000 tons annually.

Paul Bohan, a representative business man of Pittston, and popularly known throughout the Wyoming valley, suddenly expired at his home. The deceased was a former burgess and ex-councilman, and at his death was a member of the poor board. He leaves a large estate.

Don't use any of the counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Most of them are worthless or liable to cause injury. The original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is a certain cure for piles, eczema, cuts, scalds, burns, sores and skin diseases. Grover's City drug store.

Twelve hundred men and boys employed at the Natalis colliery, owned by the Shamokin Coal Company, went on strike. The miners claim that the company discriminated against men employed outside, and did not give them the promised 10 per cent advance. Yesterday the company adjusted the grievances and work was resumed.

PRESENTS FOR HIS WIFE.

The Worm's Story of How He Finally Came to Turn.
"Hello, old man! What have you in all those bundles?" asked a gay, airy young bachelor of a careworn, solemn looking young man as they met in a suburban railway train.
"Presents for my wife," was the sententious reply. "It's her birthday."
"Well, what are you bringing your wife in that package from your tailor's?" gayly pursued the bachelor.
"Trousers," was the answer.
"What?"
"Yes, I repeat—trousers. Just you listen. On my birthday my wife got me three or four beautiful lace handkerchiefs, such as women carry at afternoon teas and such places, and a black velvet hat with high feathers, one of the three story kind that obstruct your view of the stage in the theater. They looked mighty well on her, and she asked me if I wasn't having a nice birthday.
"Well, I didn't mind that very much, but when Christmas came I got another deal of the same sort. I gave my wife a pretty gold ring. She gave me a turquoise ring too small to go over any of my knuckles, and she wears it now next to the one I gave her. But that wasn't the worst of it. She got her sister to give me some after dinner coffee cups and my sister to make me a lot of lace doilies. That was all I got for Christmas.
"Tomorrow is my wife's birthday. In this package I am bringing her a pair of trousers which I had made to my measure and which I shall wear. In this parcel is a pair of the very best patent shoes, size 8 1/2, a good deal too big for my wife; in this package is a box of cigars, and in my pockets I have a new meerschaum pipe and a packet of tobacco. Now, I don't see how she can fail to have a happy birthday. Do you? I hope she'll enjoy it, for I want to get even for all the pretty things she has given me."—London Tit-Bits.

THEY WERE ALL SCARED.
A Case of Highway Robbery With a Peculiar Ending.
What the hero of this story kicks about is the fact that his wife forgot her sacred vow never to say anything regarding it. His business keeps him out late, and he frequently carries considerable money. When footpads are reported in evidence, he gets as near home as he can by street car and then takes the best lighted route to his house.
One night he had reached the front of his own place and had just drawn a long sigh of relief when the order "Hands up!" startled him into compliance. One man held a gun in the immediate neighborhood of his ear and another systematically robbed him of everything worth carrying off. The order then was that he walk around the block so as to defer the use of his telephone, and it was clearly stated that any attempt to turn back, run or call for help would result in his being assassinated.
Before he reached the corner it struck him that the voice of one of the men sounded familiar and that its owner was a near neighbor greatly given to practical joking. Back he went on tiptoes, his revolver in his right hand, and surprised the footpads as they were dividing the spoils. He made them lay everything on the walk, and when they straightened up awaiting the next order he discovered that both were total strangers. His hand dropped from sheer terror, and then the robbers ran one way, while he sprinted the other. Half an hour later he, his wife and a lantern, a revolver and the hired girl went out and found his money, watch, papers and diamond pin. His wife simply ruined the story by telling it first.—Detroit Free Press.

A Clever Canary.
A lady who had lost a canary happened to be attracted by a bird that was hopping about in its cage in the front window of a house in New York. Thinking that it looked very like her own, she knocked at the house door and asked a few questions about it. She was told that it had been found one cold morning sitting on the window sill and was taken in and cared for. The lady said her bird could perform the pretty feat of picking up a pin and sticking it in the carpet. Being allowed to test this bird, the cage door was opened and a pin thrown on the floor. The canary at once flew down to it, picked it up in its bill and cleverly stuck it upright in the carpet, after which it burst into song, as if rejoicing at its success. The folk of the house, believing the lady had proved her ownership of the bird, permitted her, says Little Folks, to take the songster away to her home.

On the Edge.
A little boy fell out of the bed at his home in Idlewild some nights ago, and when his mother and some of the other members of the family teased him about it he felt very much as if he had done something disgraceful and cried as if his little heart would break.
His mother saw that she was on the wrong tack, so she ceased to tease him and made the others quit doing so and made a show of sympathy by asking: "My child, how on earth did you come to fall out of bed?"
"I don't know, mother," he replied, "unless I went to sleep right where I got in."—Memphis Scimitar.

Pocketed the Insult.
At the close of a performance given as a benefit to John Brougham, the actor and dramatist, one of the audience threw upon the stage a purse of gold. Brougham picked it up and after examining it said, "Ladies and gentlemen, circumstances compel me to pocket the insult, but," looking grim, "I should like to see the man who would dare to repeat it!"

Cupid's Poor Archery.

"What kind of a woman is that red-headed creature who lives in suit 237?" asked Mrs. Flatdeweller.
"I don't know," answered her neighbor, "except that she is an Ibsen student, and her husband is a 5 cent novel reader."
"And who lives in suit 307?"
"The husband there is a great Shakespearean scholar, and his wife is always singing the latest popular songs of the day."—Indianapolis Sun.



Nothing Doing.
"I say, old man, how are you fixed?"
"Well, I'm firmly fixed in my views about lending money without security. I never do it under any circumstances."—New York Journal.

His Shape.
"Toozer—Do you know I'm quite a believer in the theory that we have lived before in some other shape."
"Toozer (who has just paid for the ninth drink)—Ah, very likely."
"Toozer—Wonder what I was in my former life?"
"Toozer—Dunno. Sponge probably.—Pick-Me-Up."

One Short.
"They're boastin a good deal 'bout this big census total, Limpy, but 'tain't correct."
"An' w'y not, Weary?"
"Cuz I wuz sound asleep on th' sunny side of an unsuspectin ole farmer's haystack th' afternoon the census feller called."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not In Form.
"I've asked you to marry me, Miss Highup. I'm a plain, blunt man, and I may have startled you with my suddenness. Take your time to think about it. It's a standing offer."
"You'll have to make it a kneeling offer, Mr. Wellon, before I can even consider it."—Chicago Tribune.

The Stock Gave Out.
Wife—How did you get along while I was away?
Husband—I kept house for about ten days, and then I went to a hotel.
"A hotel! Why didn't you go on keeping house?"
"Couldn't. All the dishes were dirty."—New York Weekly.

The Essential Thing.
"Going to learn to play the cornet, eh? Do you think your wind is good enough?"
"Oh, I can blow the instrument all right."
"Yes, but I mean do you think you could outrun any pursuer?"—Philadelphia Press.

A Measure of Success.
Friend—Oh, by the way, I have been curious to know whether you were successful with that strange patient you were treating last winter.
Doctor—I was, partially. He has paid almost half of his bill.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Unpardonable.
Mrs. Winks—Why do you hate Deacon De Goode so?
Mrs. Minks—He lost patience with a crying baby in a railroad train.
"Most any man will do that."
"Yes, but it was my baby."—New York Weekly.

Declared.
"Papa thinks," she said shyly, "that it is about time you were declaring your intentions."
"Tell the old gentleman," he replied, "that I love you too much to marry you."—Philadelphia North American.

Not the Usual Sort.
"There's one thing strange about this rabbit stew, I've noticed," said the facetious boarder.
"What's that?" asked Mrs. Starvem.
"It has a hare in it."—Philadelphia Press.

Would It Were the Last!
Gayboy—What have you been doing all day?
Bighead—Increasing my ignorance. I have just read the latest historical novel.—Life.

The Last Fly of Summer.
'Tis the last fly of summer
That fits on the wing,
And my heart almost bleeds for
His poor, lonesome thing.
No mate of his old age,
My coming has he,
To stick in my jelly
Or drown in my tea.
I know if I spare him
He'll frisk on my nose
Or, perched on my bald spot,
Disturb my repose.
Benefit of his vigor
And scorn of his pride
I'll send him to rest where
The good flies reside.
So (twice) let me finish
His earthly career;
When, crash! goes a globe from
My best chandelier.
Then (twice) and my weapon
Is launched on his head.
Alas, 'tis a flower vase
I've shattered instead!

But (twice) in my hurry
I miss him once more,
And the evening's destruction
Is making me sore.
And now that securely
He hides from my gaze
I grieve that I'll have him
To live out his days.
—Chicago Record.

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST

The long train sweeping into Chicago stopped like a tired monster in the depot. Henrietta looked eagerly from the window, expecting to see her brother among the waiting crowd. To her dismay, he was nowhere to be seen. Taking her satchel and her packages, she mounted the stairs leading to the trees. There, though the noise and din of the great city almost deafened her, she felt more lonely and forlorn than if she had been lost in the deep green woods at home.
Collecting her scattered wits, she took a cab and ere long arrived at the Paloma, the large apartment building in which were located Tom's bachelor quarters. She asked in the office for Mr. Brooke's rooms and was put in the charge of an elevator boy, who, stopping at the second story, mumbled, "First 'partment to yer left," and immediately shot skyward.
Wishing to surprise her brother, Henrietta opened the door without knocking. A waiter was spreading a small round table in the front room. She blushed under his curious gaze; then, in order to let him know that she had a right to be there, she said, with dignity:
"My brother was expecting me. He must have been at the depot, but the crowd was so great he failed to find me."
"Yes'm," returned the waiter briskly; "he went to meet a lady. I thought he said his mother, but I see I was mistaken. I was to have breakfast at 8:30."
He left the room, and Henrietta removed her hat and jacket. How kind it was of Tom to have this cozy little breakfast all ready for her! He had written that in this building one could live on the American or European plan or try a mixture of both, but what had he meant by stating that his rooms were plainly furnished? His ideas had changed wonderfully since he left home. Here were expensive rugs, rich hangings, luxurious furniture, two or three handsome lamps and dozens of odd curios which must be worth a fortune in themselves. Tom was either growing extravagant or his practice was increasing at a phenomenal rate.
She found a vase, a treasure in itself, and in it she arranged some flowers, roses and honeysuckles, brought from home, placing them in the middle of the table, and the waiter, coming in at that moment, glanced at them approvingly. He took from his tray some plates, which he wiped with a flourish, and a dish containing luscious hemispheres of nutmeg melon filled with cracked ice.
"The steak will be broiled as soon as he comes," said the knight of the white apron explanatorily, "and I'll bring it and the chocolate up with the other things." Tom even remembered that she was fond of chocolate! What a dear fellow he was!
Some one turned the knob of the door, and, exclaiming, "There he is!" Henrietta ran into the dim little hall and into the arms of the newcomer, whom she hugged with all her might.
"Oh, Tom, I'm so glad!" she began and then gasped for breath, for this handsome young man was not Tom! He was accompanied by a silver-haired lady, who was looking at her so coldly that the pink glow on the girl's cheek deepened to a rich carmine.
"I—I beg your pardon," she faltered. "I was expecting my brother," and the brown eyes filled with tears.
"There is some mistake," said the stranger, recovering from the amazement caused by having been unexpectedly hugged by a pretty girl.
Henrietta recounted the history of the morning and told him her brother's name. "I have never met your brother," said he, "but I happen to know that a Mr. Brooke occupies rooms immediately above these on the next floor. George, go up and tell Mr. Brooke that his sister is here. Allow me to introduce myself, Miss Brooke," he continued, smiling. "My name is Lovel, and this is my mother."
The old lady took the girl's hand and patted it affectionately as she said, "Don't worry about it, dear; it's all right now."
The waiter returned and said Mr. Brooke had gone down town. "Then he did not receive my letter?" cried Henrietta.
"Never mind," said Mr. Lovel hospitably; "you must give us the pleasure of your company at breakfast. Then I will telephone your brother that you are here."
It was a most enjoyable breakfast, after all, and when Tom arrived, surprised and pleased, and had taken his sister away, Mrs. Lovel said to her son: "What a beautiful girl! And so naive and sweet that the scent of her clover blossoms seems to cling to her garments."
He agreed and added: "We must not forget our promise to call upon them. Do—do you think it would be too soon to go up there tomorrow evening?"—St. Louis Star.

Very Much Alike.
A good story is told of the dean of Manchester, brother of Sir J. W. MacLure, M. P., relates London M. A. P. Some time ago they were both at an important meeting. One of the company, approaching the dean, said, "I think you and your brother are very much alike not only in personal appearance, but in other ways."
"Do you?" said the dean, who was a great admirer of his distinguished brother. "I am very pleased to hear you say so. But tell me in what other ways you consider we are alike."
"Well," was the reply, "there are only two easy chairs in the room. He has one, and you have the other!"

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