

HER SUMMONS CAME.

A SIGN IN WHICH MRS. GALLUP READ HER DEATH WARRANT.

She Dropped the Dishcloth and After That Fatal Warning Spent the Balance of the Evening in Telling Mr. Gallup How She Thought He Ought to Run the Funeral.

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As Mr. Gallup lit his tin lantern after supper and started out to buy half a pound of Rio coffee for breakfast and call at the postoffice Mrs. Gallup was in excellent spirits and had most of the dishes ready for washing. He was absent 32 minutes, and when he arrived home he found her huddled up in the big rocking chair, with a pillow behind her head and a camphor bottle in her hand. She took three long sniffs at the bottle and gave three long drawn sighs as he entered, but it was labor thrown away. Mr. Gallup blew out his lantern and hung it up behind the cellar door, and, having deposited the coffee on a shelf in the pantry, he removed and hung up his coat and hat, sat down and took off his shoes and then, taking a circular from his pocket and putting on his glasses with great deliberation, began to read. It was a circular regarding a new discovery in the cure of consumption, and he had not yet finished with the first testimonial when Mrs. Gallup sobbed four times in succession and faintly asked: "Samuel Gallup, do you know that your dyin' wife is present in the room?" He made no reply. That testimonial from one who had been cured after his coffin had been purchased made him hold his breath as he read. "Yes; she is present," dolefully continued Mrs. Gallup after several sniffs



huddled up in the big rocking chair, at the bottle, "and she wants to have a few last words with you. When you started over town, I was singing 'Barbara Allen' and think my days might be long in this land. Not five minutes later the summons come. I had just started to wash the dishes, and I had that cracked blue platter in my hand, but I hadn't gin it over two wipes when the dishcloth fell to the floor with a great spat. You are hearing what I say, ain't you, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup wasn't. He was devouring the second testimonial, which gave the case of a woman who had been given up by over 50 doctors, and yet two bottles furnished her with a new pair of lungs.

"When that dishcloth fell, I knew that my time had come. That's the way Mrs. Grover and Mrs. Taylor went. Their dishcloths fell, and in 24 hours they was in heaven. I shall be up there by tomorrow night, Samuel, while you'll be free to stay out all night to hear the political news. I'd heve died before you come back home, only I wanted to talk with you a leetle about the funeral. Let's see, if I die tonight, you'll hold the funeral day after tomorrow, won't you, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon?"

Mr. Gallup was listening to a noise outside. He heard something to remind him of a hen trying to crow, and he wondered if it could be that so long after dark.

"If you want it a day sooner, you can hev it," continued Mrs. Gallup after sobs and gasps and sniffs at the bottle, "but you must look out or the naysburs will talk. Better hev it day after tomorrow, and I hope, for your sake, it won't be a rainy day. I've sometimes thought I'd like a big funeral when I went, with over 40 wagons in the procession and the church bell a-tollin' and the dogs a-howlin', but I've given that up. No, Samuel, you needn't make any spread over me. I'm none of the kind that kin go to heaven without any burrah and fireworks. If there is ten wagons in the procession, I shall be satisfied. Don't you think ten ought to be 'nuff for a person like me?"

It wasn't a direct question, but had it been Mr. Gallup would not have answered. He was devouring the third testimonial and making up his mind to try a bottle on the sly.

"Ten wagons in the procession, Samuel, and the bells needn't toll nor nuthin else happen. If anybody is diggin taters or makin soft soap or dyin carpet rags, they needn't stop on my account. If 25 people come to the house, that will be 'nuff. We've got 'leven chairs altogether, countin them with broken backs, and Mrs. Walters will lend you the rest. You'll hev our own preacher, of course, but he needn't go on for an hour or two and tell how good I was and how much you'll miss me. If he says that my toil is o'er, and that you won't never find a more savin wife, that'll be about 'nuff. Shall you do any cryin at the funeral, Samuel?"

"No answer."
"Go to a leetle bit if I was you—jest a leetle. If you don't, folks will talk about it same as they did about Jim Dewitt. He never cried at all, and to this day folks say he didn't use Haner right. I don't ask you to break down and sob and git up an excitement, but you kin gasp a few times and wipe your eyes and blow your nose. I'm sorry you'll hev to take that long ride to the graveyard, as you could be

playin checkers or sunthin, but I don't see how you are to git out of it. However, you won't never hev to go up there ag'in. When you git ready to buy me a gravestun, you kin send it up by a man. I s'pose you'll buy a stun of some sort, won't you?"

Mr. Gallup didn't hear. In the fourth testimonial a man declared that he had been saved after one whole lung and three-quarters of the other were gone, and it was a sketch to thrill the reader clear down to his toes.

"Of course I don't keer about no gravestun for myself," said Mrs. Gallup as she tried to wipe away her tears with the glass stopper of the bottle, "but if you don't put one up the naysburs will call you stingy. Get a cheap one, however. If you kin git one fur \$10 and trade a lot of carpet rags in, I'd do it. I used to think I wanted a whole lot of readin on my gravestun, but I've changed my mind. Jest put on that Susan Gallup expired in the forty-ninth year of her age of general disability and that she has found rest where asthma, boils, backaches and rheumatiz cease from troublin. You needn't say a word about makin 40 yards of rag carpet and a bar'l of soft soap last year while enjoyin sore eyes and a boil on my arm or that I allus kept catnip, smartweed and peppermint herbs in the house and was a nurse to all the naysburs. No, Samuel, you needn't—say a word—about them things. Make it—a cheap—gravestun, and you needn't—never go up there—and—"

And when Mr. Gallup had finished the testimonial and fully determined to buy at least three bottles and hide them in the wood shed he rose up, yawned and stretched and looked around to find Mrs. Gallup asleep and the camphor wasted on the floor.

M. QUAD.

THERE WASN'T ANY ROW.

It Was Simply a Case of Spontaneous Combustion.

He was a very young man, almost too young to be out on the street at that time of the night, 8:30 p. m., and his general appearance indicated that he had been picked up by a cyclone somewhere during his meanderings. He was not utterly demoralized, but there was something in his manner that would lead the close observer to the conclusion that all had not been well with him.

"Gee!" he exclaimed as he spun around the corner and went bump into a policeman.

"Hello," ejaculated that worthy, instinctively grabbing at him; "what's the row?"

"There wasn't any," responded the youth.

"What are you running like that for?" persisted the policeman.

"I've just been up against a case of spontaneous combustion."

"You look too green to burn," chuckled the bluecoat.

"It's on me, just the same. My girl lives around the corner, and I went to see her. I thought it was all—"

"Where does the combustion come in?" interrupted the officer.

"Come out, you mean," corrected the youth.

"Come off!" exclaimed the officer. "Tell me what the row is before I chase you."

"Well, that's what I'm trying to do," pleaded the boy. "The girl's old man and I don't harmonize a little bit, and when he met me at the door he fired me so suddenly that I had vertigo. If you don't call that spontaneous combustion, what the dickens do you call it?"

"Oh, excuse me," apologized the policeman. "You run along home and get into your trundle bed!" and the bluecoat gently wafted the remnant on its way.—Detroit Free Press.

Woeful Ignorance.
Farmer—See here, you! You remember putting two lightning rods on my barn last spring, don't you? Well, that barn was struck six weeks after and burned down.

Peddler—Struck by lightning?
"It was."

"In the daytime?"
"No; at night."

"Must 'a' been a dark night, wasn't it?"
"Yes; dark as pitch."

"Lanterns burnin'?"
"What lanterns?"

"Didn't you run lanterns up 'em on dark nights?"
"Never heard of anything like that."

"Well, if you don't know enough to keep your lightning rods showin you needn't blame me. G-lang!"—New York Weekly.

Bright Little Sammy.
Sammy (who is never allowed to stay out of school)—Howdie Huriburt didn't come to school all day.

Mamma—Why not, Sammy?
Sammy—Cause his mother died. When you die, may I stay home all day?

Mamma—Yes, darling; you may stay out a whole week.
Sammy (suspiciously)—Oh, I know! You mean to die in vacation.—Harlem Life.

The Conceited Peeler.
A certain conceited nobleman once observed to Charles Townsend, "When I happen to say a foolish thing, I always burst out a-laughing." Townsend eyed him curiously and at length remarked in the most deliberate manner, "Ah, I envy you your happiness, for you must certainly live the merriest life of any man in Europe."

When you are invited to a real old fashioned woman's house for supper, she always has floating island. This is a sure test.—Aitchison Globe.

WOMAN AND FASHION.

A Smart Promenade Toilet—Effect of Crystal Chains—Silk Empire Tea Gown.

The illustration shows a long skirt of brown cloth opening in the front on a petticoat of the same which is trimmed at the bottom with three spaced bands of sable fur in graded widths.

The smart little Eton jacket is of otter fur, clasped at the bust with a gold ornament and finished with pale blue



PROMENADE TOILET.

satin. The tight otter sleeves are enriched just above the elbows with a big puff of sable fur. The bodice, with high belt and collar band, is of the brown cloth gracefully draped and is not meant to be worn without the jacket. As it is a promenade toilet, however, the bodice may be made complete if preferred.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Effect of Crystal Chains.

A triumphal dinner gown which emphatically "took the shine off the toilets worn by other women at a recent function" had the corsage draped with crystal chains. The gown was made of pale violet taffeta, over which was worn a transparent robe of violet crepe lisse, embroidered with small crystal beads. The tunic was slashed at the sides, and this permitted a border of embroidery, all in crystal beads, to run up and down the panel of crepe lisse. Beneath crystal chains of beads, swung across in half circles, you see the panel of violet taffeta laid in narrow plaits.

The corsage is decollete, deeply pointed in back and front and yet has been fitted so cleverly to the shoulders that it appears to come up brighter than it really does. Crepe lisse veils the taffeta, and around the shoulders is a "shower" of crystal chains arranged in short loops over a plisse of the taffeta. A narrow corselet belt of violet panne girdles the waist. A trifling chain of crystal beads is disposed in the center of the chain of violet panne, arranged just below the left shoulder.

In this dress or one somewhat like it the wearer must carry herself with caution. Do not rise suddenly or make unexpected motions for fear of your crystal chain drapery on the tunic catching in the upholstery of sofa or chair tassels.

Silk Empire Tea Gown.

The empire tea gown represented is of mauve colored liberty silk in the fourreau style. Over the silk skirt in the upper part is a short skirt of white embroidered tulle. The corsage is a



EMPIRE TEA GOWN.

kind of spencer made of heavy gulfure embroidered with gold, with a purling of black ribbon velvet. The skirt is edged round the bottom with mauve muslin roses.—Paris Herald.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A WOODLAND FEAST.

Humming Birds, Bees, Butterflies and a Chipmunk Were the Guests.

The morning sun fell upon the tree trunk, warming the sap that oozed from the fragrant bark. In the air there came a whirring sound as of multitudinous wheels. A score of humming birds arrived from every direction, all eager to get a share of the fresh sap that the woodpecker had uncovered. Suspended in midair upon viewless wings, they glittered with the brilliancy of the ruby, the soft sparkling of the sapphire, the topaz, the emerald and the amethyst. They had heard the signal and were ready for refreshment. Poising themselves as by magic, they took food upon the wing. When the supply was not abundant, the greedy atoms quarreled among themselves or tried to puncture the woodpecker with their long bills, or they would sit in rows upon the twigs, reminding me of a string of jewels.

Gay, half timid butterflies came, tasting only when the humming birds permitted them. They had dropped in by chance, as had the miserly honeybees, whose great ambition was to get rich and who, with a hive full of honey, wanted more. They were more aggressive than social and managed to obtain more than their fair portion.

The chipmunk was the last comer. He parted the grasses that obstructed him on his way and scampered hurriedly along logs, regretting his tardiness, for was not this a social function and one to his liking? To be sure, there was nothing to tempt his appetite. He came merely to join the gay company and to play "peek-a-boo" with the woodpecker, which seemed pleased with his pranks.

The company came to this spot every day of my visit, seeming never to be disturbed by friends of mine who watched them from the porch. The woodpecker was a hospitable personage. He kept open house, and those that were entertained and refreshed by him neither impoverished his supply nor increased his labor.

It is winter at this writing, and I can locate the members of that social gathering only by supposition. The bees are eating bread and honey in the dome hive. The chipmunk is sitting alone in his dugout, with plenty of nuts on the shelf, longing for the social season to arrive. The humming birds are spending a summer in the south, and the woodpecker has, I suppose, followed his social inclinations and now that the gay summer visitors have left the mountains and the wind is whistling drearily through the leafless trees is chumming with chickadees and nuthatches, their inseparable companion. Presumably they share with him snug quarters in some old tree trunk which he has chosen and hollowed out for a winter home. Winter over and June returned, with her sunshine, her birds and her mountain breezes, I shall seat myself once more on the pleasant porch, in full expectation of witnessing another reunion of my little woodland friends upon the trunk of the fragrant old birch.—Our Animal Friends.

A Crack Shot.

Ray A. Grantham of Washington, Ind., whose picture is herewith given, is only 13 years old, but he is a crack shot with the rifle. In his first at-



RAY A. GRANTHAM. tempt at trap shooting he broke 18 out of 25 clay pigeons, a record that is above the average even for grown up amateurs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Best Day.
Some skies may be gloomy,
Some moments be sad,
But everywhere, always,
Some souls must be glad,
For true is the saying,
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

Each day finds a hero,
Each day helps a saint;
Each day brings to some one
A joy without faint.
Though it may not be my turn
Or yours that is near,
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

The calendar sparkles
With days that have brought
Some prize that was hoped for,
Some good that was sought,
High deeds happen daily;
Wide truths grow more clear.
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

No sun ever rises
But brings joy behind,
No arrow in feters
The whole earth can bind.
How selfish our fretting,
How narrow our fear!
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

—Youth's Companion.

A Proud Doll.

"Mamma, said little Flossie, "I guess my dolly's awful proud."
"Why so, dear?" asked her mother.
"Cause she can't bend her knees, and I have to lay her on her stomach to say her prayers," replied Flossie.—Chicago News.

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The Hawes,
And
That's
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RAILROAD TIMETABLES

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

November 25, 1909.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

LEAVE FREELAND.

6 12 a m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
7 40 a m	for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton.
8 18 a m	for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
9 30 a m	for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.
12 14 p m	for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points west.
1 20 p m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
4 42 p m	for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.
6 34 p m	for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points west.
7 29 p m	for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel and Shamokin.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

7 40 a m	from Weatherly, Pottsville, Ashland, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton.
9 17 a m	from Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel and Shamokin.
9 30 a m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
12 14 p m	from Pottsville, Shamokin, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton.
1 12 p m	from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and Weatherly.
4 42 p m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
6 34 p m	from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Pottsville, Shamokin, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton.
7 29 p m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.

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