beketh youth, and she flouteth love, a gey auld wife is she, e sands beneath and the stars above new in her memory.

She toucheth the rose, and it falls apart; The stone, and it crumbles away, But never a tear to her eye shall start This spirit of yesterday.

For this little old woman the sphinx behe When the dawn of the world was bright This little old woman who came from eld Ere the Lord made day and night,

beth about in her soundless shoon geth a dreary rhyme, nations drowse to her eerie rune, to gey auld wife is Time. Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's

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simply won't do," observed Mr. nd-Khodes, with emphasis.
y I ask what you are talking

"May I ask what you are talking about?"

"I am talking about your extravagance," said her husband. "If it continues, you will simply burst up the show," he added, relapsing into slang.
"The afraid your theatrical friends are demoralizing your English."
"The English language has nothing to do with the conversation," he snapped.
"Not with your conversation, dear," said his wife sweetly.
"And I'm tired of these dark allusions to my theatrical friends. It's absurd to imagine that because I take a girl to supper that—that there's anything in it. She was an old friend."
"I should hardly call her old," said Mrs. Portland-Rhodes critically. "Suppose we say middle aged?"
"Anyway, we are drifting from the point."
"What is the point of this dialogue?" inquired his wife, with extreme affability.
"Your extravagance. I cannot stand the pace. What's to be done with these

"Your extravagance. I cannot stand the pace. What's to be done with these things?" indicating a little pile of bills. "I'm afraid I have no head for busi-ness," said his wife, looking tired. "But how are we going to meet them?" Mrs. Rhodes sniffed her smelling bot-tle with an air of extreme patience. "Why not write out a check?" she murmured. "Write out a check?" he gasped. "What the"—
"If you wish the servants to know all our private affairs. 'Ill ring the bell."

"What the"—
"If you wish the servants to know all
our private affairs, I'll ring the bell,"
said his wife. "But don't shout, dear,
because it makes my head ache."
There was only one reply for an independent husband. Mr. PortlandRhodes gathered up the pile of bills,
housekeeping and otherwise, placed they
by his wife's plate and stalked to the
door.

house-keeping and otherwise, placed them by his wife's plate and stalked to the door.

"You've made a very poor breakfast, Charles," said his wife sympathetically.

"And you'll make me a very poor man," he muttered.

"I'm sorry, dear. I forgot how many calls you have upon your private purse."

This was the last straw. The husband banged out of the room, muttering expressions which would not be permitted even at a religious demonstration.

It was a pretty piece of acting on her part—the airiness, the nonchalance, the magnificent contempt for debt. It was all put on. She was in a completed frame of mind. She was jealous of her husband on account of an innocent "spree" of his, which green glasses had made hideous. She was uncomfortably conscious that she was on the high road to making a rool of herself. She was up to her pretty little ears in debt, and shove all, she was in a funk about it.

In short, Mrs. Portland-Rhodes had cast herself for an unsuitable role. At the bottom of her heart she was a romantic little creature, ridiculously in love with her husband, with philanthropic tendencies and a reasonable weakness for "dressing decently."

There is no more pitiable sight than that of a scrupulous person trying to be unscrumdous. She hated to exe more.

th her husband, with philanthropic idencies and a reasonable weakness 'dressing decently.' There is no more pitiable sight than at of a scrupulous person trying to be scrupulous. She hated to owe money, to keep level with the times she ran adlong into debt and suffered agonies, e adored her husband and quarreled th him. She despised married flirts d was carrying on three open flirtans, to say nothing of a mysterious one, the mere thought of which she tremed. In short, she was a poor, worried the woman who was walking in slipry places and expecting to come a opper every minute.

A week before she had attended a noper every minute.

A week before she had attended a next demander off ith the man in the moon. She believed in the Morning Star and paired off ith the man in the moon. She believed in partner to be a certain Percy Ladorek, whom she counted among her adirers. They became quietly confidenal, and Mrs. Rhodes rather let the cat at of the bag with regard to her finanal scrapes. The man in the moon was impathetic. He had had a "straight p." Should be put a bit on for her? Mrs. hodes hesitated for a variety of reasons, one being that she had no spare ish to lose, and was already out of her each the cat it of the straight of the cat is the cat is the cat is the straight of the cat is the cat is

sons, one being that she had no spare cash to lose, and was already out of her deep h.

"I'll tell you what I shall do," said the man in the moon. "I shall have a futter myself, and I'll buy a few shares for you too. If it turns out badly, I'll get it back for you some other time. But it's too good to miss. You must be in it."

This arrangement sounded very contrable and Mrs. Rhodes assented.

Her first shock was received next day when she learned that the man in the moon was not by any means Percy Ladborke, as that young gentleman was away in the country. The next shock was a polite letter of congratulation from the man in the moon, inclosing a note for \$1,000. The dabble in Angelicos had sucseeded beyond her expectations. It was a curious position for a married woman. What was she to do? A man she did not know, for he had not even signed his name, probably thinking she already knew it, had sent her a cand sum of money. He might be mad, but who would believe that a stranger would any sane person, especially a mere husband, believe that a stranger would any sane person, especially a mere husband, believe that a stranger would any sane person, especially a mere husband, believe that a stranger would any sane person, especially a mere husband, believe that a stranger would hand her a share of a speculation in which she had not staked a farthing? On the other hand, she gave a sigh of relief when she recollected that, not knowing who he was, she could not return it. That fact, combined with the pile of bills and her flusband's irritation on

financial subjects, decided her, and she cashed the note, and utilized it to stop the mouths of her hungriest creditors. But it seemed as if she was doomed to face the unexpected. It happened that night that, for a wonder, she and her husband dined tete-a-tete. He was gloomy and slicut; she as airy and flippant as usual.

husband dined tete-a-tete. He was gloomy and silent; she as airy and flippant as usual.

"I have had a lucky speculation in Angelicos," he said quietly when the servants had left the room.

"You don't look as if you had," she said, cracking a nut.

"And I hoped to give you a pleasant surprise," he added, "so I drove around to some of your people this afterful on to pay your bills."

She went white and nearly pinched a finger instead of a nut.

"I was rather surprised to learn that you yourself had been around this morning and paid them money on account."

There was an uncomfortable silence while his wife restrained a desire to use unladylike language on the subject of Angelicos and pleasant surprises generally.

"That was very kind of you," she said at last.

"May I ask where the money came from?" he asked.

"I never knew anybody to talk so much about money as you do," she said evasively, "Suppose you try another subject?"

"You have been telling me for several days that you are hard up," he continued

"Any I ask where the money came from?" he asked.

"I never knew anybody to talk so much about money as you do," she said evasively. "Suppose you try another subject?"

"You have been telling me for several days that you are hard up," he continued in the same dry voice. "I should really like to know how you contrived to pay away the best part of a couple of hundred in cash when you are without funds,"

"I had a little flutter in Angelicos. too," she said easily.

"I had a little flutter in Angelicos. too," she said easily.

"Ho put you on to it?" he asked sharply. "There were not a dozen men in town who knew anything about it."

"I—I met somebody at a dance, and—and somehow it leaked out that I was rather hard up, and—and he said he'd put something on for me." she replied.
"Of course I didn't know he meant it, but I heard from him this morning."

"This is a funny sort of story. Violet, for a woman to tell her husband," he said gravely, but not unkindly. "Who was the man?"

There was something in the tone of his voice which told her that further evasion would be worse than useless, so defiantly she told the whole story.

"May I see the letter which accompanied the note?" said her husband.

She produced it. It was written on club note paper.

"I shall have no great difficulty in finding out who this is," he said. "I shall send a check. I don't want you to take anybody's money except mine."

"Is that all?" she said coldly. "Have you anything else to say?"

"It's not much good for me to say anything."

"I thought you might like to preach one of your lay sermons," she said.

"Not at all," he answered, with a provoking smile. "I'm not like somebody I know. I'm not going to make a mountain out of a molebill. But, really, a masked ball at the Ambidestrous and a check from a stranger is almost as naughty as my taking an actress to supper. We seem to be both going to the bad."

This was humiliating. Mrs. Rhodes expected a lecture and was only being chaffed. Moreover, the chaff was kind.

check from a stranger is almost as naughty as my taking an actress to supper. We seem to be both going to the bad."

This was humiliating. Mrs. Rhodes expected a lecture and was only being chaffed. Moreover, the chaff was kindly, and she found it rather a struggle to keep the tears back. But when he sat down to his desk and wrote out a check and said, "There, now, will the help you out of your pickle?" she broke down altogether and wept like an ordinary woman.

"Shall we cry quits?" he said. "You forget the supper, and I forget the man in the moon.

"Suppose we say a little goose?" he corrected.

After she had left the room he looked at himself in the glass and nodded at his settle that the state had been a more reflection.

After see and left the room he at himself in the glass and nodded at his own reflection.

"It's all right now," he muttered, "but she must never find out who the man in the moon really was."

And the reflection in the glass winked.

—Modern Society.

Modern Society.

Hie Lost the Credit.

Justice Garoutte related an amusing incident which occurred to him while crossing the Atlantic. "The band played every night in the second cabin." He says. "and one evening I invited my family and a few friends to visit the second cabin and listen to the music. After a few pieces had been played I catled a kellner to me and told him to give the band a glass of beer at my expense. I paid him the charges, the beer was brought to the band, they stood up. ratiled their glasses, seemed greatly welighted, and said 'good luck' to a big red faced German who was sitting on the opposite side of the room, and then drank their beer. He then arose and made a speech, after which the band played 'Hail to the Chief,' amid great applause. "I asked a gentleman who sat near me, and who understood German, what all the fuss was about, and he said the fellow who had just made the speech had treated the band to beer. It came over me like a shot that I did not tip the keliner, and that he had put up the job with the red faced German."—Argonaut.

"Hello, Cush?" "Hello, Bill!"

"Hello, Cush!" "Hello, Bill!"

The late Senator Davis left his house on Massachusetts avenue one morning and started to walk to the cars. Suddenly, as if sprung from the ground, a man approached him. He was an old member of Davis' company in the war, and he looked seedy.

"Hello, Cush!" he exclaimed.

"Hello, Bill!" said the senator. "Where did you come from?"
For a few moments the senator and the old soldier chatted together. Finally came the expected "touch."

"Can you change \$20, Cush?" asked the dilapidated veteran.

"Yes," answered Davis.

"Then lend me ten."

Davis laughed. "That is a little too steep," he said. "Wou't you take \$2 and call it square?"
It is hardly necessary to add that Senator Davis parted with his money.—

Washington Post.

Security Too Big to Store.

One of the big speculators in the street recently went to a banker and said that he wished to borrow \$1,000,000.

"All right," was the response. "What is your security?"

"My cheek," was the airy and surprising reply,

"Well," responded the banker thought rully, "your security is good enough, but I shall have to decline the loan, as our vaults aren't large enough to hold it."—New York Tribune.

## THREE ODD NUMBERS

PECULIARITIES THAT HEDGE ABOUT THREE, SEVEN AND NINE.

They Have Been Favorite Numerals at All Times All the World Over and Disclose Some Queer Results When Twisted About a Bit.

at All Times All the World Over and Disclose Some Queer Results When Twisted About a Bit.

Nobody has ever satisfactorily accounted for the popular partiality for odd numbers. "This is the third time!" exclaims Falstaff, on the occasion of a crisis in his relations with one of the merry wives of Windsor. "I hope good luck lies in odd numbers: they say there's a divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death." And it is scarcely more as a seven and a mine appear to have been the favortic numbers all the world over. The ancients had three fatts, three furies and three graces; Neptune's trident had three prougs, Jupiter's thunderbolt three fords, and Cerberus three heads. We have three estates of the realm, a man who accepts a bill has three days' grace, and three persons congregated together may make a riot. Shakespeare was well aware that he must have nelther more nor less than three witches in "Macbeth" and that the brindled cat must mew thrice, and our popular folklore insists upon three merry men, three blind mice and three wise men of Gotham. Three meals a day is the usual scale of feeding.

Of a more mystical character than three witched on Mount Arara in the seventh month, and after seven days a dove was sent out, followed seven days' sevens and clean beasts by sevens into the ark; the ark touched on Mount Arara in the seventh month, and after seven days a dove was sent out, followed seven days afterward by another. In Pharaoh's dream there were seven fat and seven lean kine, which Joseph interpreted to mean seven lays, and on the seventh day they walked round the city seven trumpets seven days, and on the seventh day they walked round the city seven times, after which the walls fell. In the apocalypse almost everything is seven, except the number of the beasts. There are seven days and seven lean seven leans of word.

In merely secular matters seven wonders of the world, seven kampions of Christendom, seven sleepers seven wond when the gold craze of 1840 was at its needs as a mind the most have neither more mere the third the brindled cat must mew thrice, and our popular citotice insists upon the control of the third the brindled cat must mew thrice, and our popular citotice insists upon the control of the contro

Order! Order!

The dignity of the house of commons consists in inventing all sorts of childish excuses for shouting 'Order!" After a few years of it the average member seems to become a sort of automatic machine wound up to shout "Order!" The house would shout "Order!" If the place were struck with lightning, just as use-chanically as it shouts "Order!" if a member puts an awkward question to a cabinet minister.—London Echo.

It is a notorious fact that the average government clerk is the most improvident person found in any class of employment. In proportion to the amount of pay he receives he has more debts that be is unable to meet than the man who gets 35 per cent less money.

# Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

Itartificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive or gans. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach to in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Price Soc. and St. Large size contains 35 times Prapare by E. C. DeWITT & CO. Cheago.

Grover's City Drug Store.

## THAT FIFTH ACE.

I complied carelessly, with a gambler's nerve—but with a sinking sensation at my heart.

"Now, pardner," he resumed, "we be a-goin to count these cards again. If they're all straight, well and good. But if there's one card more'n there ought to be, ye can say yer prayers. I reckon ye know," he added significantly, "whether there is or not 'thout us countin." And he proceeded, laying each card out by it self on the hot, dusty road.

If I had only put that "cold" ace out of the way! I thought now I was a good as "done for."

We were all watching Mowyer. He had come to one ace, and now another—diamonds and spades. Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle, every one intently watching. Now only a few cards left, now only seven—six—five. Ah, another, the ace of hearts. A slight nurmur through the crowd and then silence again. Slowly now; shuffle, shuffle, five and four gone. Now only three left, now two; so, then, it was the last card—and it was the deuce of diamonds!

That fifth ace had not been found—and I was the most surprised man in the party. Again we parted, and as I resumed my way it suddenly came to me like a fiash—about the stranger at the Big Strike saloon and the card I saw him slip. Yes, I knew now where the fifth ace was.

And as I think it over now it seems, indeed, I was pretty near to death that

as. And as I think it over now it seems, in-eed, I was pretty near to death that me—"within an acc of it," one might ay.—Exchange.

Not at Half-Price
Nor Below Cost

are our goods sold. We couldn't remain in business long if we followed anything else but business methods. We sell

Shoes for Men, Women and Children,
Hats and Caps for Men and Boys,
Furnishings for Men and Boys,

at prices which are as cheap, and quite frequently cheaper, than others ask for the same quality. Give us a trial purchase and let us convince you that here is a store where your money can be spent to your advantage.

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Hat and Shoe Store,

86 South Centre Street.



Superior faculty; pupils coached free; pure mountain water; rooms furpished throughout; GOOD BOARDING A RECOGNIZED FRATURE.
We are the only normal school that paid the state aid in full to all its pupils this spring term.

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Write for a catalogue and full information
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have something of interest for you.
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dealer in LIQUOR, WINE, BEER, PORTER, ETC.

The finest brands of Domestic and Imported Whiskey on sale. Fresh Rochester and Shen-andoah Beer and Yeungling's Porter on tap. 98 Centre street.

PISOS CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL EISE FAILS.

Best Cough Byrup. Tastes Good. Use Cough Byrup. Tast

## RAILROAD TIMETABLES

EHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

November 25, 1900.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

ELEVE FIREBLAND.

12 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Betliehem, Easton, Philadelle, Allentown, Betliehem, Easton, Philadelle, Wilkes-Barre, Fittson and Seranton.

18 a m for Analytica and Seranton.

18 a m for Analytica and Seranton.

18 a m for Analytica and Seranton.

21 a m for Mazleton, Mahango City, Shenghold, Allender Chunk, Allender Chunk, Allender Chunk, Shamokin and Chunk, Allender Chunk, Shamokin and Chunk, Allender Chunk,

Wilkes-Barre, Scratton and an point.

West,
20 p m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, lictinchem, Easton, Philadelphis and New York.

Allentown, Bethinder, Mauch Chunk,
Allentown, Bethinden, Easton, Philadephis and New York.

Style more Sandy Kun, White Haven,
west-market, Seranton and all points

West-Barre, Seranton and all points

West-West-Market, Mahano City, Shen-

West. 29 pm for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shen-andoah, Mt. Carmei and Shamokin.

west.

29 p m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmer and Shamokin.

Aliti'y & T. REELAND.

40 a m from Weatherly, Pottsville, AshHazleton.

417 a m from Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehen, Alientown, Mauch thunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenan30 a m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and
White Haven.

12 14 p m from Pottsville, Shamokin, Mt.
and ruzzleton.

12 12 p m from New York, Philadelphia,
Easton, Bethlehem, Alientown, Mauch
42 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and
white Haven.

34 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and
white Haven.

54 p m from New York, Philadelphia,
Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Pottstille, Mahanoy City and Hazleton.

54 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and
White Haven.

55 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and
Colain Mahanoy City and Hazleton.

56 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and
Colain Mahanoy City and Hazleton.

56 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and
Colain Mahanoy City and Hazleton.

57 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and
Colain Mahanoy City and Hazleton.

58 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and
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50 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and
Colain Mahanoy City

51 p

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUERIANNA AND SCHUYLERILL RAHLROAD.
Time table in effect April 18, 1897.
Trains leave Drifton in O Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Koad, Kona and Hazleton Junction at 530, 600 am, daily-accept Sunday; and 7,63 am, 238 p m, Sunday, conhicken and Tron for Harwood, Cranberry, ombicken and Tron for Harwood, Cranberry, ombicken and Tron for Harwood, Cranberry, ombicken and Tron for dam, 26 m, Sunday, and 7,63 am, 268 p m, Sunday, and 7,63 am, 268 p m, Sunday,

nay.
Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction,
Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction,
darwood Road, Rumboldt Road, Oneida and
heppton at 6 60 s m, daily except Sunhey and 7 63 a m, 2 88 p m, Sunday.

Junction for Harwood,
vranberre-word finalcton Junction for Harwood,
vranberre-word hardeon Junction for Harwood,
an, daily except Sunday, and 5 85 a m, 42 p m,
unday.

p m, daily except Sunday; and \$11 a m, 340 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Sheppton for Beaver Meadow Moad, Stockton, Haxle Brook, Eckley, Joddo and britton at \$2 p m, daily, except Sunday;

Trains leave Hazlet and the Brook, Eckley, Joddo and britton at \$2 p m, daily, except Sunday;

Trains leave Hazlet Mandotton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at \$56, 620 p m, daily, except Sunday; and 10 10 a m, \$40 p m, Sunday, All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with except Sunday; and 10 lo a m, \$40 p m, Sunday, All trains connected and other points on the Traction Company's line.

Trains leaving Drifton at \$30, \$60 a m make commection at Dertinger with P. R. R. trains for Westbarre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points on the Practice of the Sunday, arriving at being the sunday and points are sunday and points are sunday and points of the Practice of the Sunday, arriving at Beeringer at \$40 p m.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent,