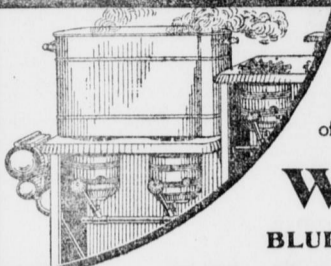


FROM WASH DAY



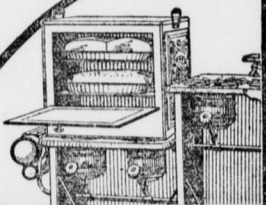
From Monday to Saturday—at every turn in the kitchen work—a Wickless Blue Flame Oil Stove will save labor, time and expense—and keep the cook comfortable. No bulky fuel to prepare or carry, no waiting for the fire to come up or die down; a fraction of the expense of the ordinary stove. A

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will boil, bake, broil or fry better than a coal stove. It is safe and clean—can not become greasy, can not emit any odor. Made in several sizes, from one burner to five. If your dealer does not have them, write to nearest agency of

ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY.

TO BAKING DAY



BABY HANDS.

Dainty hands with a faint rose hue
Tinting the skin of snow,
Dimpled hands with their baby clasp
Whose owner too soon shall know
The cold sunset of a changing world;
Something, too, of its own.

When you grow to the stature of woman,
Baby with eyes of blue,
What shall destiny hold in her palm
For those little white hands to do,
When the work and care of life begin,
The work that is meant for you?

Will you wear some day that dainty hand
The badge of an earnest love?
Will you value that love as a precious gift
And be true as the scales above?
Will you cast it aside with a careless heart,
Like a cast-off faded glove?

Little hands with their rosy hue,
Ever keep firm your hold
On the things above till life shall end,
Till the little hands be cold
And the unseen hand lies all before
As the gates of pearl unfold.
—Woman's Life.

The Drowned Man

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

Every one in Fecamp knew the story of Mother Patin. She had certainly not been happy with her man, had Mother Patin, for her man used to beat her when he was alive as they thrash the wheat on the thrashing floors.

He was master of a fishing smack and had married her long ago because she was pleasant, although she was poor.

Patin, a good sailor, but brutal, frequented the drinking shop of old Auban, where he drank regularly every day his four or five little nips and on days of luck at sea eight or ten or even more, just according to how good he felt, as he said.

The drink was served to patrons by old Auban's daughter, a brown girl, good to look at and who drew custom by her pleasant manners solely, for no one had ever hinted a word against her.

Patin when he came into the shop was content with looking at her, and his conversation was polite, the civil remarks of a decent fellow. After he had drunk his first glass of brandy he began to find her very attractive, and at the second he winked his eye at her; at the third he would say, "if only you liked, Mamzelle Desiree," without ever finishing his sentence; with the fourth he tried to catch her by her skirts to kiss her, and when he went as high as ten her father brought him the other ones.

The old wine seller, who was up to all the tricks, sent Desiree round among the tables to stimulate the orders, and Desiree, who was not her father's daughter for nothing, flitted in and out among the customers, joking with them with a laughing mouth and snapping eye.

What with drinking his little nips, Patin became so used to the face of Desiree that he kept thinking of her even out at sea when he was casting his nets far out, windy nights and calm, nights of moonlight and nights of cloud. He thought of her, gripping the helm in the stern of his boat, while his four comrades were sleeping, their heads on their arms. He saw her, always smiling, pouring him the yellow brandy with a swing of the shoulder, then saying as she went: "There! Does that suit you?"

And at last, keeping her thus in eye and mind, he was seized with such a longing to marry her that, unable to fight any longer against it, he asked for her hand.

He was well off, owner of his boat, of his nets and of a house at the foot of the hill on the Reserve, while old Auban had nothing. So he was received with enthusiasm, and the wedding came off at the earliest possible day, both parties wishing to hurry matters for different reasons.

But three days after marriage Patin was utterly unable to conceive how he could have thought Desiree different from any other woman. Well, he must have been a fool to tie himself up with a girl without a cent who had bewitched him with her rum, for sure—liquor that she'd put some filthy charm into for him.

And he swore up and down the tide, breaking his pipe between his teeth, abusing his outfit, and having cursed copiously in all the customary terms at everything he could think of he spit forth the rest of his choler on the fish and the lobsters taken one by one from his nets, never throwing them into the baskets without an accompaniment of scolding and bad names.

Then, home again, having within reach of tongue and hand his wife, old Auban's girl, it was not long before he was treating her like the lowest of the low in his speech. Then, as she heard him resignedly, used to that sort of thing already from her father, he grew exasperated at her silence and one evening struck her. After that her life was frightful.

For ten years they talked of nothing else on the Reserve but the thrashings Patin gave his wife and his way of swearing at her whenever he addressed her. He swore, in fact, in an individual style, with a richness of vocabulary and a sonority of organ equalled by no other man in Fecamp. From the moment his boat appeared at the entrance of the harbor, coming back from the fishing, they awaited the first volley he would launch from his deck to the jetties as soon as he saw the white cap of his holmpet.

He stood up in the stern, steering, his eye ahead or on the sail when the sea was high, and, spite of the preoccupations of the narrow and difficult channel, spite of the waves from the deep that piled up in it like mountains, he sought to make out among the women waiting for the fishers under the spray of the surges his own old Auban's girl, the jade!

Then when he saw her, for all the clamor of the waves and wind, he turned out on her a string of abuse with such a strength of throat that every one laughed, although they were honestly sorry for her. Then when the boat came in at the quay he had a way of discharging his ballast of civilities, as he called it, all the while unloading his fish, that drew around his tying up place all the rascallions and loafers of the port.

It came out of his mouth sometimes like cannon shots, short and awful; sometimes like peals of thunder that rolled out for five minutes such a hurricane of oburgations that he seemed to have in his lungs all the storms of heaven.

Then when he was off the boat and found himself face to face with her, in the middle of a crowd of idlers and fishwomen, he fished out of the bottom of his hold a whole new cargo of insults and abuse and escorted her home with these, she in front, he behind; she crying, he shouting.

Alone with her, the doors shut, he struck her on the slightest pretext. Anything was enough to make him lift his hand, and once begun he never stopped, casting then in her face the real grounds of his hate. With each slap, with each thump, he vociferated: "Ah, ye penniless wench! Ah, ye ragged, hungry jade! A pretty thing I did the day I ever washed my mouth with the rotgut of your thief of a father!"

She lived, poor woman, in a state of incessant terror, in a constant tremble of soul and body, in affrighted expectation of outrage and blows. And this lasted for ten years. She was so timorous that she would grow pale when talking to any one, and she thought of nothing save of the beatings hanging over her, and she had become lean, dry and yellow.

One night, when her man was at sea, she was awakened suddenly by that wild beast's growl which the wind makes when it comes on like a hound unleashed. She sat up in bed, alarmed, then, hearing nothing more, lay down again, but almost at once there came a bellowing in her chimney that shook the whole house, spreading throughout the entire heavens as if a herd of maddened cattle were rushing through space, snorting and howling.

She rose and hastened to the harbor. Other women were coming from every direction with lanterns. The men flocked out, and all watched, lighting up in the night, on the sea, the foaming whitecaps of the summits of the waves.

The storm lasted 15 hours. Eleven sailors did not come back, and Patin was among them.

They found on the Dieppe coast the wreckage of the Young Amelia, his

sloop. They recovered down by St. Valery the bodies of his sailors, but never found his. As the hull of his boat seemed to have been cut in two his wife for a long time waited in dread for his return, for if there had been a collision it might have happened that the colliding vessel picked him up and carried him to foreign parts.

Later, little by little, she grew used to the idea that she was a widow, still trembling each time that a neighbor woman, a beggar or a traveling peddler came in on her unexpectedly.

One afternoon about four years after the disappearance of her husband she stopped before the house of an old sea captain lately dead, whose furniture was being sold.

Just at that moment they were putting up a parrot, a green parrot with a blue head, who looked at all the people with a disturbed and discontented air.

"Three francs!" cried the auctioneer. "A bird that can talk like a lawyer, 3 francs!"

A friend of Mme. Patin nudged her. "You ought to buy it, you that are rich," said she. "It would be company for you. It's worth more than 30 francs, that bird. You can always sell it again easy for 20 or 25."

"Four francs, ladies, 4 francs!" repeated the man. "He sings verses and preaches like a cure. He's a phenomenon, a miracle!"

Mme. Patin laid 10 sous more, and they gave her in a little cage the bird with his hooked beak, which she carried off.

She hung him up in her house, and as she opened the wire door to give him some water she got a peck on the finger which cut the skin and drew blood.

"Ah, he's ugly!" said she. Nevertheless she gave him some corn and hemp seed and left him preening his feathers and watching out of the corner of his eye his new house and his new mistress.

The day was beginning to dawn next morning when Mother Patin heard, unmistakable and distinct, a voice, strong, sonorous, rolling, the voice of Patin, crying:

"Will ye get up?" She was so frightened that she hid her head under the sheets, for every morning aforetime as soon as he opened his eyes her dead husband used to shout in her ear these words, which she well remembered.

Shaking, rolling in a ball, her back bent before the blow she expected, she muttered, her face hidden in the pillows:

"O Lord, there he is! O Lord, it's him! He's come back! O Lord!"

Minutes passed; no further sound broke the silence of the room. Finally, trembling, she raised her head, sure that he was there, waiting, about to strike.

She saw nothing save a ray of sunshine coming through the window, and she thought:

"He's hidden for sure!" She waited a long time; then, a little reassured, thought:

"I guess I must have dreamed. He don't show himself."

She was closing her eyes again, when there burst out right in her ear the raging voice of thunder of the drowned man vociferating:

"Blank, to blank, to blank to blank, will you get up, you!"

She leaped out of bed, forced by her instinct of obedience, her whipped woman's impulse to obey, that moves her still after four years and will always move her and will forever respond to that voice. And she spoke:

"Here I am, Patin. What is it?"

But Patin answered not.

Then, distracted, she looked about her, examining everywhere, in the wardrobe, in the chimney, under the bed, finding no one. Finally she fell on a chair, desperate with misery, convinced that only the soul of Patin was there near her—come back to torment her.

Suddenly she thought of the garret, which one could get into from the outside by means of a ladder. For sure, he was hidden there to surprise her. Captured by savages somewhere, he could not get away any sooner, and now he was back, wicked as ever. There was no mistake about it. The sound of his voice was enough.

She asked, lifting her face toward the ceiling, "Are you up there, Patin?" Patin did not reply.

Then she went out, and in fear and trembling, her very heart shaking, she

climbed the ladder, opened the trap-door, looked, saw nothing, went in, searched and found no one.

Sitting down on a truss of hay, she commenced to cry, but while she was sobbing, pierced by a poignant and supernatural fear, she heard in the room below her Patin talking. He seemed less in a rage, more easy, and he was saying:

"Dirty weather! Hard wind! Dirty weather! I've had no breakfast, — it!"

She sang out through the ceiling:

"Here I am, Patin! I'm going to make your soup. Don't be mad; I'm coming!"

And she came down again, running. There was no one there.

She felt herself as faint as if death had touched her, and she was starting to flee for help to the neighbors when the voice cried, right in her ear:

"I've had no breakfast, —"

And the parrot in his cage looked at her with his little round eye, sly and wicked.

She, too, looked at him, dismayed, murmuring:

"Ah, it's you!"

He began again, wagging his head:

"Wait, wait, wait! I'll teach you to skulk, I will!"

What passed in her mind? She felt, she realized, that it was he, sure enough, the dead man, who walked again, who came back hidden in the feathers of this bird to torment her once more, to swear, as before, all day and bite her and shout at her to bring the neighbors and make them laugh at her. She rushed on the cage, opened it, seized the bird, which, defending himself, tore her flesh with beak and claws. But she held him with all her strength with both hands and, throwing herself on the ground, rolled upon him with the frenzy of a mad woman, crushing him, making of him a shred of flesh, a little soft green thing that no longer moved, no longer spoke, hung limp. Then, wrapping him up in a towel as in a shroud, she ran out in her chemise, barefooted, to the edge of the quay, where the sea was lapping in little waves, and, shaking the cloth, she let fall into the water the little dead thing that looked like a handful of grass. Then she came back, threw herself on her knees before the empty cage and, upset completely by what she had done, besought pardon of the good Lord, sobbing as if she had committed some frightful crime.

The Joke.

A variation from the usual "Englishman and joke" story was told in an up town hotel the other night. He was a young Englishman and was riding horseback with an American friend from Rye to Larchmont.

"I say, old chap," said the Englishman, "what is written on that sign by the wayside?"

"Why, it says 'Private Road,'" returned his friend. "You ought to go to a blacksmith and learn to read signs."

The Englishman was interested.

"I say, old chap," was his reply, "is that a joke?"

"Of course it is a joke. You will see it next week if you work hard."

"Next week! Ah, smartly, I'll lay you a battle of wine that I see it before mawning."

The wager was taken, and by the time they had reached their journey's end the American had forgotten the wager. Not so his friend. He thought and thought, and shortly before 1 o'clock the following morning he burst into his friend's room with flying hair and radiant with elation.

"I have it! I have it!" he cried, barely able to talk. "The joke is—suppose the blacksmith was not in."

He got the wine.—New York Sun.

Jay Gould's Timely Hint.

"I called upon Jay Gould once to ask him for a rule that would bring me success in my work," said Edward Boyer, principal of one of the finest grammar schools in New York City. "Every one who knew Jay Gould knew that he was a preoccupied man, that his thoughts were usually far away from the present scene.

"I was introduced to him by a friend but I felt that he was scarcely conscious of my presence. We had planned to make some startling remark to attract his attention, and as I did so the great financier looked at me for a second as if he saw me for the first time. Then I put my important question.

"What is your business?" he asked as quick as a flash.

"I am a schoolmaster," I replied.

"Then let other people do the work!"

"The advice was to the point and has proved itself invaluable."—Success.

Doesn't Seem Likely.

"And just think! They say Miss Olden used to be quite a matchless beauty!"

"Really! I wonder if that can be the reason she never made a match?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

His Cruel Wife.

The Count—Dear me, baron, your face! Duelling again at your age and so recently married?

The Baron—Ach, no! It is my American wife. She makes me eat with a fork.—Life.

Quickly Adjusted.

Reporter—There's a newsboy on the street yelling out a lot of sensational stuff that isn't in the paper.

Great Editor—Gee Whittaker! Then put it in.—New York Weekly.

His Fervent Hope.

Mrs. Sleepyze—Henry, the alarm clock just went off.

Mr. Sleepyze—Thank goodness! I hope the thing'll never come back.—Ohio State Journal.

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RAILROAD TIMETABLES THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCRIPPSVILLE RAILROAD. Time table in effect March 10, 1901. Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Hickley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Honn and Hazleton Junction at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 5:38 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tombsiken, Fombsiken and Beringer at 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 5:56 a. m., 4:22 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Kepton at 5:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:28 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Fombsiken and Beringer at 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 5:56 a. m., 4:22 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Beringer for Tombsiken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Kepton at 4:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 3:27 a. m., 4:17 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Beringer at 7:11 a. m., 12:40, 5:24 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 3:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:58 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 11:18 a. m., 2:45 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:58 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 10:16 a. m., 5:40 p. m., Sunday. All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jonesville, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line. Train leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m. makes connection at Beringer with P. R. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, Harrisburg and points west. LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

BEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD. March 17, 1901. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. LEAVE FICKLAND. 6 12 a. m. for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York and Delano and Pottsville. 7 40 a. m. for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton. 8 18 a. m. for Hazleton, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Delano and Pottsville. 9 30 a. m. for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, St. Carmel, Shamokin. 1 20 p. m. for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York. 6 34 p. m. for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points west. 7 29 p. m. for Hazleton, Delano and Pottsville. ARRIVE AT FREELAND. 7 40 a. m. from Weatherly, Pottsville and Hazleton. 9 17 a. m. from Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, St. Carmel and Shamokin. 9 30 a. m. from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven. 1 12 p. m. from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and Weatherly. 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. For further information inquire of Ticket Agents. GOLLIN H. WILBUR, General Superintendent, 26 Cortland Street, New York City. CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, 20 Cortland Street, New York City. G. J. GILBERT, Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.