***************** Princess Susette And the Sentry By HARRY C. CARR Copyright, 1997, by the 8. S. McClure Company

There was a vivid flash in the sun-shine as the sentry by the palace gate raised his saber in salute to the Princess Susette.

Her highness had run away from her nurse and stood peeking out curiously into the great world beyond the gates The children of the lodgekeeper were making mud pies in the creek that skirted the palace grounds. The Prin-cess Susctte wished that she, too, might make mud pies. The flash from the sentry's saber

might make mud pies.

The flash from the sentry's saber caught her eye. The Princess Susette meditatively sucked one little pink thumb and surveyed him with round eyed wonder. He looked big and terrible on his great gray troop horse.

"What makes you do that?" inquired Princess Susette plaintively, for the long saber at "present arms" was glimmering with little hot flashes of light.

"Because you are a princess," said the sentry briefly.

A wave of discontent swept over the face of the Princess Susette.

"I don't want to be a princess," she walled. "They won't let you do nossin' when you are a princess."

The sentry sat in frozen silence.

The eye of the princess wandered back to the lodgekeeper's children making mud pies by the creek.

"I wish I could make mud pies," said her highness wistfully.

The Princess Susette came timidly out from the gateway and touched the sentry's huzzar boot with a tiny dimpled hand.

"Mr. Soldier," she said softly, "I wish I could make mud pies,"

pled hand.
"Mr. Soldier," she said softly, "I wish I could make mud pies."
"The orders are that nobody can pass the gate." growled the sentry.
The sweet lips of the Princess Susette quivered, and the big blue eyes of the Princess Susette filled with tears.

tears.
"Oh, Mr. Soldier," she sobbed, "I'm

"Oh, Mr. Soldier," she sobbed, "I'm such a lonely little girl! I wish I had some one to play wiz."

The heart of the Princess Susette overflowed with woe. Her highness leaned heavily against the shoulder of the big war horse and wept bitter tears on the saber tache of the sentry. The boot of the sentry was streaked with royal tears, and the black from the sentry's stirrum than her rigned the face of try's stirrup strap begrimed the face of

sentry glared straight out to the front and center through a strange mist that dimmed the outlines of the gate

post opposite.

The gray troop horse bent his head and softly nozzled the plump, heaving shoulders of the unhappy little Prin-

shoulders of the unhappy little Princess Susctte.

The light of an inspiration came into the tear stained face of the princess. She sat down in the middle of the road and peeled off her shoes and stockings. The little barelegged maid in stiff white lawn presented a queer figure of a princess as her highness paddled back to the sentry.

"Mr. Soldier," she began tentatively, but the speech died on her lips. She had just discovered that making figures in the dust with one's bare toe is the most fascinating amusement in the world. She was recalled from her absorbing occupation by the distant rattle of pony hoofs. Her nurse was in pursuit.

The princess looked up eagerly at the

The princess looked up eagerly at the

"Mr. Soldier," she said.

The sentry looked straight out to the front and center and paid no heed.

"Mr. Soldier!" this in a breathless

Still the sentry would not look, so she

gave his leg a vicious pinch.

The sentry's saber flashed again to "present arms."

"Can I go now?" asked the Princess

"Nobody can pass," said the sentry

The princess looked up at him slyly.

"Mr. Soldier, nursy wouldn't let me go barefooted because she said only little nobodies went barefoot. I'm no-

And the Princess Susette held up her

And the Princess Susette held up her shoes and stockings for him to see.

On one side the sentry could hear the hoofbeats growing louder, and through the shrubbery he caught a glimpse of a pony cart driven hard. On the other side he heard the splash of water and the happy shout of the lodgekeeper's children. The lips of the lonely little princess were beginning to quiver again when the sentry's saber flashed a deflant gleam as it rose in salute.

ning to quiver was an an an it rose in salute.

"Pass!" said the sentry shortly.

The Princess Suscette, barelegged, ran down the road and shyly made her way into the bakery business with the lodgekeeper's children. The sentry glanced out of the corner of his eye to the right of him, to the left of him. No one was nigh.

Then he called cautiously after the Princess Suscette: "Build a dam across the creek. That's more fun than makters and sign."

the creek. That's more run than making mud piles."
When the pony cart came dashing up in hot haste, with a groom and a frightened nurse, the sentry, without a trace of expression in his face, was staring at the gatepost opposite.
"Where is the Princess Susette?" carned the white faced nurse.

gasped the white faced nurse.

The sentry sat in stern silence. It was against his orders to talk, "Where is the Princess Susette?" demanded the pures is said.

manded the nurse in sudden terror.

The sentry stared on at the gatepost opposite, but beyond the gate came a childish treble that the aurse knew.

The Princess Susette was shricking with delight over her first mud ple.

The nurse grabbed the lines from the groom and urged the pony forward by jerking the lines backward after the manuer of women. The sentry's horse moved malestically out from the gate-post and blecked the way. post and blocked the way.
"Get out of the way!" ordered the

nurse furiously.
"You cannot pass." said the sentry

coldly. "I want the Princess Susette!" cried

"I want the Princess Susette!" cried the nurse wildly. She jerked the pony's head and tried to turn by the sentry, but a great gauntlet caught the pony's bridle and held it in a vise. The pony, bewildered by the whip behind, began to plunge, and the groom had to run to his head. The distracted nurse scrambled from the cart and ran with flying skirts toward the gate, but the gray troop horse felt the dig of sharp spurs and plunged desperately out to head her off. Crowded into a corner by the palace gate, the nurse called to the groom to drive on and get the Princess Susette.

sette. The troop horse wheeled, and the sentry whipped out a gleaming pistol from his saddle holster.

"Halt!" he thundered, and the order rang in the cars of the groom like a pistol shot. The pistol looked big and black, and the gaunt soldier by the gate with his bearskin huzzar cap and the scarlet dolman over his shoulder was terrible to look upon.

The groom slunk back, and the nurse weet in despair.

The groom s... wept in despair.

It was the best time the Princess Susette ever had in her whole life. When she came back, the hair had straggled down into ner highness' face and there was a smudge of blue black mud across the tip of her highness' stockings, wet as a dishrag, were slung around her highness' neck in a lovely way that the lodgekeeper's children had shown her. The princess carried one shoe in her hand; the other had floated off down the stream after a the floated off down the stream after a tempestuous career as an ocean liner, plying across the creek and carrying bebbles. The princess sniffled with a cold in her head, but the heart of the

princess was glad.

The nurse, on the verge of hysterics, waited on the other side of the sentry line, like a football player ready to

But the Princess Susette turned back

to the sentry.

"Mr. Soldier," she said.

The sentry was staring fixedly at the

The sentry was staring fixedly at the gatepost.

"Mr. Soldier," she said, tugging at his boot, "Mr. Soldier, I fink I would like to kiss you."

The sentry looked down out of the corner of his eye at the sweet little flushed face. The sentry sheathed his drawn saber with a clang. The sentry reached down his two big gauntlets to the Princess Suscette. * * *

The nurse and the groom were horrified at the spectacle.

Representative Washington

Representative Washington.
Discussing the differences between
Washington and other American cities
in an article on "The Capital of Our
Democracy" in The Century, Henry
Loomis Nelson says:
"If Washington is not like the typical American city, how, then, can it
be the city of America, the one city
above all others in the land where the
stranger can most satisfactorily study
national traits? If its people are not
bubbling over with bolling energy; if
it is not shaken with the national fever
and ague, one day burning with the
heat of a 'boom' and another day shaking with the chill of a panic; if most
of its men are not struggling for money all day and rushing home to slippers and rest at evening; if the wives pers and rest at evening; if the wives and daughters of many of the more successful of these hunters for wealth are not vain seekers after social dis-tinction; if the idle American nobility is not dominating in its society, as it is in our other American cities, why is life in Washington characteristically American? Because it is all America on an even footing and all America in repose, with time to be idle. It is America not engaged in making its living or its fortune."

Payne's Verse and the Rejoinder.
There are many anecdotes and reminiscences of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," but perhaps nothing better than the following, says the Philadelphia Times. In 1835 Payne spent some time in the south and formed the acquaintance of a daughter of Judge Samuel Goode of Montgomery. The woman, like others of her sex about that time, kept an "album," to which her friends were, of course, asked to contribute. Payne was applied to, and this is what he wrote:

Lady, your name, if understood,
Explains your nature to a letter;
Active of the service of the come Goode
Unless if possible to better.
The man who was asked to fill the

Unless if possible to better.

The man who was asked to fill the opposite page happened to be Mirabeau of Lamar, afterward president of the Lone Star Republic of Texas. And this was his response:

I am content with being Goode,
To aim at better would be vain;
But if I do 'tis understood,
Whate'er the cause, it is not Payne.

An Old Idea.

frame the famous image of the man of a new civilization standing amid the ruins of that which we know today. Long before he wrote of his traveler from New Zealand meditating upon London bridge Mrs. Barbauld had used the same image, with the difference that she applied it to Blackfriars bridge. An earlier reviewer had used it in an article published in 1767, we are told by an English commentator, and Horace Walpole says in one of his letters, "At last some curious traveler from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of 8t Paul's."

MAN BEFORE BREAKFAST.

dore Ill Natured Than Woman, Say an Observant Restaurateur.

More III Natured Than Woman, Says an Observant Restaurateur.

"Of course," said an avenue restaurant keeper, "I think my business gives me the best opportunities in the world for judging human nature. My observations have led me to the conclusion that women, as nervous as they are supposed to be, are more good natured than men. The test for this trait comes at breakfast time. Now, I suppose that my customers are about as cheery a lot as frequent any restaurant in the city. A good many of them are newspaper men, who, as a usual thing, take life as it comes without much complaint. If you take them in the evening or late at night, you will find them the most companionable lot imaginable. But let me tell you there is a difference in the morning.
"As friendly as I am with most of the force he gets his breakfast. Most of the 'kicks' are made concerning the first meal of the day. The waiter is too slow; the steak is too rare; the steak is too well done; the eggs are not fried properly or are boiled too little or too much. But by the time the average man has had a good meal and a cup of hot coffee 'Richard is himself again.' "Now, with women it is different. I don't know whether it is because they wake up less hungry than men or whether an empty stomach affects their

don't know whether it is because they wake up less hungry than men or whether an empty stomach affects their nerves to a less degree, but those who get their breakfast here seldom annoy us with complaints."—Washington Post.

Don'ts For Literary Beginners

Don't tell the editor what your family or friends or literary acquaintances

ily or friends or literary acquaintances say of your manuscript.

Don't urge the editor to buy your manuscript because you need the money to help you in contributing to the support of your family or in making your way through college.

Don't assume a jaunty, sarcastic or insistent tone with the editor. Don't coyly ask him to "permit this literary dove to nest in your olive tree or else return it to the ark at the above address."

dress."

Don't try to temper the severity of his judgment by sending him pressed flowers with your manuscript or to impress him with your literary power and experience by telling him that you "write on the spur of the moment and never correct."

ever correct."

Bear in mind, in short, that the best way to submit a manuscript is simply to submit it and let it speak for itself.— Franklin B. Wiley in Ladies' Home

Snow In Venice.

"I saw Venice once under unusual circumstances," said a traveler. "At the time of which I speak that sunny, smiling land was wrapped in snow. Our folks were abit surprised, but the natives were amazed. To the real Venetians snow is a thing they do not know how to deal with. Many persons remain all day in bed indulging in hot drinks and pass their time in doing nothing. The children, to their extreme satisfaction, are not sent to school, as the streets and squares are covered with snow. Those courageous persons who venture abroad only walk at the slowest pace. To cross a bridge is considered hazardous, if not foolhardy. St. Mark's square is entirely deserted. Mark's square is entirely deserted. Even the pigeons are invisible."

Mixpah.

How many people know that the monument that Laban and Jacob set up near the borders of Canaan and called "Mizpah," or a lookout, was erected in suspicion rather than love? The literal meaning was this: "The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from the other, and see that you are not up to some new trick as soon as my back is turned."

ed."
So when it is inscribed in an engage ment ring it might mean, "The Lord watch and see that you do not flirt when we are absent one from the oth-

Strong Even In Death.

A yew tree almost destitute of branches or bark grows abundantly in the Caucasus to a height of from fifty to sixty feet and a diameter of a little over two feet. It grows slowly, but its timber is almost indestructible except by fire. It is considered superior in durability, appearance and toughness to mahogany, which it otherwise somewhat resembles. In some large forests of this tree it is very difficult to distinguish the live trees from the dead ones, the latter being very numerous and said to stand for 100 years after death without exhibiting decay.

Division of Labor.

Helene—How long did you stay in Paris on your trip to France?

Emma—Ob, a week altogether.

Helene—But surely you could not take in everything in such a short time?

Emma—But we did, all the same.

You see, there were three of us. Mamma took in the picture galleries, I studied the shops and things, and papa examined the local color in the cafes.—

Exchange.

She (after the service)-You dreadful fellow! Why did you smile during the Why did you smile during the renow: Why did you smile during the offertory?

He—I couldn't help it. There was Miss Addle Pose singing "Had I the wings of a dove." The mental picture of a 200 pounder trying to fly with a

pair of four inch wings was too much

When the first baby howls at night with the colic, the father and mother look reproachfully at each other, as if to say. "You got me into thio!"—Atchison Globe.

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Possibilities In a Boy. I have a profound respect for be Grimy, ragged, tousled boys in street often attract me strangely. street often attract me strangely. A boy is a man in the cocoon. You do not know what it is going to become. His life is big with possibilities. He may make or unmake kings, change boundary lines between states, write books that will mold characters or invent machines that will revolutionize the commerce of the world. Every man was a boy. It seems strange, but it is really so, Wouldn't you like to turn time backward and see Abraham Lincoln at twelve, when he had never worn a pair of boots, the lank, lean, yellow, hungry boy—hungry for love, hungry for learning—trampling of through the woods for twenty miles to borrow a book and spelling it out crouching before the glare of the burning logs?

Then there was that Corsican boy.

crouching before the glare of the burning logs?
Then there was that Corsican boy, one of a goodly brood, who weighed only fifty pounds when ten years old, who was thin and pale and perverse and had tantrums and had to be seek supperless to bed or locked in a dark closet because he wouldn't "mind!" Who would have thought that he would have mastered every phase of warfare at twenty-six and when the exchequer of France was in dire confusion would say: "The finances? I will arrange them."

Distinctly and vividly I remember a Distinctly and vividly I remember a squat, freekled boy who was born in the "Patch" and used to pick up coal along railroad tracks in Buffalo. A few months ago I had a motion to make before the court of appeals at Rochester. That boy from the "Patch" was the judge who wrote the opinion granting way neiting.

ing my petition.

Be patient with the boys. You are dealing with soul stuff. Destiny waits just around the corner.

Be patient with the boys!—Philistine.

It is not an uncommon thing for rees to be torn up by the great storms tres not an uncommon thing for trees to be torn up by the great storms that break over tropical countries and swept out to sea. One time while a vessel was lying in the bay of Bengal waiting for a breeze to fill its sails the sailors spent their time in studying the wonders of the deep. An object floating at some distance from the ship was thought to be a turtle. When they rowed up to it, however, it turned out to be a tree upside down in the water. Swimming in and about the leafless branches were fishes of every description from three to nine inches long, many beautifully colored. Outside the branches a ring of dolphins were keeping watch in the hope of gobbling up any fishes foolish enough to leave their harbor of refuge, while a wider circle was composed of sharks waiting for their chances.

A Child's Natural Question.

Roland was five years old when he fell ill with scarlet fever and was quarantined in the nursery with mamma as nurse. During his convalescence the doctor cautioned mamma not to let anything come into the sickroom except such articles as could either be scalded or burned. Ronald looked very grave when he heard this repeated several times and, looking up from the tin and wooden soldiers which he was marshaling on the sewing board, said, "Mamma, these can be scalded or burned, but what are you going to do with me?"—Exchange.

Cleaning and Pressing as a Business

Cleaning and Pressing as a Business. There are hundreds of towns and small cities where a boy or young man can do a good business in cleaning and pressing clothes. In Morristown, N. J., Kelsey B. Gould began by circulating attractive printed matter and arranging to serve his customers on yearly contracts. After awhile he provided dress suit cases for his customers, and clothes were collected and delivered by uniformed messenger boys. Calls were made regularly every week. The business requires very little capital, and any bright boy with push can make a success of it.

Hurt Himself on a Bug.
One morning a lady noticed a hornet
on the window of her parlor. She
started to drive out the unwelcome
visitor, but was called away for a few
minutes, and the hornet was forgotten.
Soon little Elmer ran into the room
to look at a passing parade. He did
not see the hornet and leaned his forehead directly upon it whereupon it re-

not see the normet and leaned his fore-head directly upon it, whereupon it re-taliated in the usual way. With shrieks and a rapidly swelling forehead he ran to his mother, crying: "Oh, mamma, I hurt myself on a bur!"

Scantily Clad.

Little Augusta was at the window.
"Oh, come quick, or you won't see
it." she called excitedly. "He's running

"What is it, dear?" asked her mother. "Why, there's a horse going down the street with nothing on but his tail."

The One Who Was Afraid.

"I like the dark," the bat exclaimed.
"Afraid of it? Not I!
I spread my wings and filt around
Beneath a starless sky."

"And so do I," remarked the moth.
The owlet hooted: "Who-o-oWho fears the dark? At any rate,
They cannot say I do!"

"I wish you did!" observed the mouse.
"Now, I am very small,
And I'm afraid of many things,
But darkness? Not at all!" The watchdog gave a mighty yawn
And then a cheery bark;
"While I am here to guard the house
Why should folks dread the dark?"

The cat upon the roof cried: "Mew! I'm sure I feel all right. Give me the darkness, if you please; One sings so well at night!"

And all this while a little boy
Lay trembling in bed,
With blankets, sheet and coverlet
Pulled high blove his head.

Kidney Disease Kills.

Its Victims Numbered by the Hundreds of Thousands.

Kidney diseases should be attended to at once, for almost 90 per cent of our unexpected deaths of today are from Favorite Remedy is the only sure cure known for diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and chronic constipation. It is marvelous how it stops that pain in the back relieves the preceding the state of the s back, relieves the necessity of urinating so often at night, drives away that scalding pain in passing water, corrects the bad effects of whiskey and beer and shows its beneficial effects on the sys-

tem in an incredibly short time.

George L. Smith, foreman of the Holley Manufacturing Company's Works. Lockport, N. Y., says in a recent let-

er:

"I have used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy with the most beneficial results. I was troubled with gravel and kidney complaint very severely, it brothered me a great deal, and have found great relief from its use, and cheefully recommend it."

It is for sale by all druggists at \$1.00.

It is for sale by all druggists, at \$1.00 a bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5.00-less than

one cent a dose.

Sample bottle-enough for trial, free by mail.

Dr.D.Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N.Y. Dr. David Kennedy's Golden Plasters strengthen Muscles, remove pain anywhere. 15c each.

LOOK LIKE FLATIRONS.

Curious Stone Implements of Ou Aborigines Puzzle Scientists. Aborigines Puzzle Scientists.

Among thousands of curious objects of utility, weapons, etc., of the races that peopled North America in prehistoric times that one sees in the cases and cabinets in the Smithsonian Institution are some five or more curiously wrought stone objects from mounds in Fennessee bearing such a close resemblance to modern flatirons that many people have thought that such might have been their use among their prehistoric makers, although it would be hard to imagine what the primitive aborigines of this continent had to iron.

The shape and appearance of thes The shape and appearance of these objects in every way correspond with a modern fix—on, handle and all, and thus far scientific men have been unable to discover what they were used for. It is, however, just a little singular that wrought stones, similar to the ones from the Tennessee mounds, have been found in Peru among the tombs o the Incas and at the necropolis of Ancon. The old Spanish writers, mer who accompanied Pizzaro in the con-

who accompanied Pizzaro in the conquest of that country, state that the ancient Peruvians, who were great builders, used these wrought stones, or so called flatirons, as trowels in plastering walls with mcbar.

The objects found in one of the Tennessee mounds are the only ones that were ever found in the United States, and the only way to account for their presence in that locality is to suppose that in pre-Columbian times a great deal of Peruvian material reached countries far to the north of the isthmus by means of intertribal trade.—Washington Post.

Ice cream at Merkt's. YOUR FAITH will be as Shiloh's Consumption Cure and ours is so strong we guarantee a cure or refund money, and we send you free trial bottle if you write for it. Karl's Clover Root Tea corrects the Stoma

FINANCIAL STATEMENT of Freeland Borough for Year 1901-1902. Cr. 1900 Duplicate. Abatements after March, 1901 21 15
Exonerations 43 42
Paid treasurer 749 90
5 per cent commission on \$789.37. 39 47 39 47 A batements by county com-34 80 \$ 3,996 27 Balance due borough

J. J. McMenamin, Treasurer, in Account With Freeland Borough.

in Account Dr.

Geo, H. Thomas, ex-treasur67 333 75
67 330 67,20 00 or H. Thomas, ex-treasurer John F. Boyle, burgess.

County Treasurer, license.
Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, insurance.
Hugh Mailoy, 1980 taxes.
Hugh Mailoy, 1981 baxes.
Daniel Kline, ex-tax collector 200 00 \$12,353 07 Cr.
Special Fund by orders
General Fund by orders...
Outstanding from previous
year by orders
Interest on bonds

 Woodring
Order 407, of 1899, Thomas
Order 244, of 1901, The Gutta
Purcha and Rubber Manufacturing Company
Order 296, of 1902, City Lumber Yard
Orders 305, 200, 281, of 1902,
Figure 1902, and 1903,
Heat and Power Company
Heat and Power Company 3 58 DISBURSEMENTS AS FOLLOWS:

814 71 --- \$ 1,313 84

Burgess and Police— John F, Boyle... Charles () Donnell... Patrick Welch... Joseph Mick... Joseph Burger... Charles Derappe... Patrick Me Fadden... Peter Schnee... James Benner... Georye Farrell... Neal Ward... John Slattery. Board of Health— Stephen Drasher.... James J. Ward.... Dr, I. M. Portser... Dr. H. M. Neal Dr. W. H. Deardorf. Streets, Sewers and Manho

almothy aviscommittee of the committee \$ 1,545 90

R. C. Roth ... The New York and Pennsylvania Paving Brick Com-10 50 vania Paving Brick Company
L. V. R. R.
John Reddington
Hazleton Machinery and
Supply Compahy
D. P. Jones Janitor and Feeding Prisoner 360 00 34 15 394 15 Condy O'Donnell, janitor ... Condy O'Donnell, feeding...

Surveying— Frank Dever 565 00 - \$ 565 00

Coal and Hauling— John Mechan.... T. A. Buckley.... Frank O'Donnell....

Printing and Publishing—
Tribune Printing Company.
Limited......\$
Semi-Weekly Progress.....\$ Semi-Weekly Progress

Fire Protection—

Citizens' Hose Company, appropriation.

Citizens' Hose Company, tax

Citizens' Hose Company, tax

Citizens' Hose Company, tax

James McLaughlin—

Hurb Dinion

Francis Mooney

John Gallagher

Frank Metirairty

Rozer McNeilis

Bernard Gallagher

Hurh Brisin

John Mechaney

John Mech

pany.... Wm. E. Martin..... Joseph Birkbeck..... Building and Grounds-

Building and Grounds—
M. M. O'Boyle.
Joseph Birkbeck.
City Lumber Yard.
City Lumber Yard.
Asa Rute.
Wm F. Boyle.
Freeland Lumber Company
Freeland Lumber Company
Hazleton Machinery and
Supply Company.
J. P. McDomid
H. C. Koons.

291 60

RECAPITULATION.

Total amount from all sources...\$12,353 07
Expenditures general fund. 8,912 30
Expenditures special fund. 8,912 30
Expenditures old orders paid 2,555 31
Commission J. J. McMenamin ...241 41 min

Balance in hands of J. J.

McMenamin

Interest on bonds 241 41

We, the undersigned auditors of Freeland borough, having been duly sworn according to law, do certify that we are aware that there is money due the borough from property owners and residents of south Heberton, through the annexation of the same in 1887 made to the court by the auditors appointed for that purpose, we are unable to state what that amount should be.

We further certify that we have carefully examined the foregoing accounts of the colessand of the

311 96 SEAL Henry Krone, Bernard Boyle, Auditors, Jonah Evans,