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FREELAND, PA., JANUARY 2, 1903.



HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Trouble For the Proofreader.

"If you think that I am going to pay you a penny for this advertisement of mine in your measly old paper, you are mightily mistaken, my friend," said an irate business man as he slammed down a copy of the Morning Reveille on the counter in the business office of the paper.

"What is the matter with the advertisement?" asked the business manager of the paper as he came forward.

"I ask what is the matter if I were you! What I wrote was 'A fresh invoice of dairy butter every day.' Will you just cast your eye on that ad. of mine and see what you have printed?"

"The business manager 'cast his eye' on the ad. indicated and looked for a place of safety when he read:

"A fresh invoice of dairy butter every day"—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Bad Break.

"Mary," he said as he picked up his knife and fork, "this steak, Mary—this steak is simply—"

"Now, I know you're going to say it's tough and it's cold and it isn't fit to eat and—boohoo—you mean old thing!"

"No, Mary, I was going to say that it was the tenderest and most deliciously cooked I have ever tasted, but since you have drawn my attention to the matter I find that—"

But she had fled.—Baltimore News.

His Indignation.

"Aren't you sometimes a little conscience stricken when you think of the advantages you take of the public?"

"Not at all," answered Senator Sorghum. "Look at the men of genius the public has permitted to starve. Look at the heroes whose sacrifices are not acknowledged even by a tablet of stone. Any little thing I can do toward getting even with the public gives me sincere moral satisfaction."—Washington Star.

Never Satisfied.

"I declare, those trolley conductors can't tell the truth."

"What's wrong now?"

"Why, the one on the car tonight put me off three blocks from my corner."

"What did he say to you?"

"Why, he said, 'This is where you get off, madam.'"

"Well, it was, wasn't it?"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Compromise.

"And that is why you said 'No' to Tom Davenport last week and refused Aunt Sageman's gifts?"

"Now, mother, dear, you know Aunt Sageman treated you atrociously not so long back. I'm not going to swallow that just because I happen to need togs."

"Still it doesn't do to be too proud, dearie. Who was it—Elijah—who let himself be cared for by—wasn't it ravens?"

"Mamsie, you must read up," the girl exclaimed, laughing. "Ravens are all right, or even English sparrows, for that matter, but I draw the line at relations. And as for Tom, he was good, and he had pennies and ancestors and all the usual means of grace. But—well, I just couldn't, that's all. It would seem nice, though," reflectively, "not to have to calculate whether my shoes will hang together till I get back before I accept an invitation for a stroll. I'm afraid Providence has grown a trifle absentminded in my direction of late."

"Dorothy, my dear," the older voice cried, "you frighten me. You must not talk so, and then with a change of tone and apparent irrelevance: 'Dallas Sinclair was talking to me last night about his home. He has a very lovable nature, Dorothy, such a contrast to Mr. Mortimer.'"

"The other one? Oh, he's just a nice playfellow. What—what did Mr. Sinclair say to you, mother?"

There was a clatter of heels in the hall, a momentarily astonished face in the doorway, the glibly false assurances of welcome and delight, during which Dal silently and unnoticed slipped from screen to open door. He

Clerk—You've called me an idiot, and if you don't take it back you may look for another clerk.

Employer—Very well. I'll take the idiot back. So you'll stay.

Out.

Hicks—That's what I call real "out and out" hard luck.

Wicks—What's that?

Hicks—When I was away from the office today, Boroughs called to pay me \$5 he owed me. Being out, I was out the five. If I'd had good luck, I'd have been in and in.—Philadelphia Press.

Discouraged.

"I'm sure," said the clumsy man as he slipped off his horse again, "that I'll never learn to ride."

"Oh," replied the riding master, "just keep on trying."

"But I'm having my own troubles trying to keep on."—Catholic Standard and Times.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Pletcher.

ABORIGINES

By Esther Harlan

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The "cliff dwellers," from the dizzy altitude of their apartments in the old studio building, were on terms of semirivalry (veiled of course by the usual bilious courtesies) with the "mound builders," who "burrowed" on the first floor. The former "drew with a pencil," and the latter "did things with a pen," and there was absolutely no ground for collision in their work, but instinctively they pretended there was (each secretly wondering if the others guessed facts merely to disguise the real cause for the friction—a man, as usual, or rather, three men, who also "bunked" in the studio building. The sum of the situation was the cliff dwellers were the poster sort both as to occupation and personality. They dressed smartly, chatted entertainingly, even wittily, were trammeled by no traditions and were a match in most ways for any up to date young man of their acquaintance.

Whereas the mound builders were not full fledged Bohemians and far from "smart," they still had ideals and illusions, also a chaperon, who was the mother of one of them. They had taken the ground floor apartment because the rent was lower.

When Dal and his chum and "the other one" spent an evening either separately or collectively with the mound builders, they came away feeling decidedly jolly, almost boyishly so, on good terms with themselves and the rest of the world.

"A call on the builders leaves a good, wholesome taste in a fellow's mouth," "the other one" had remarked one night.

"The little girl's mother's a brick," Dal chimed in. "She makes one feel like the time when the treecrops 'seemed close against the sky.'"

Dallas Sinclair had dropped in this afternoon just for a word with Vivacia, she of the cliff dwellers, and had stepped back of the screen to examine some of her latest sketches. Vivacia had preened in the next room to slip on a party house gown. Somehow she always liked to look her best when Dal came.

So it happened that while Dal was back of the screen they left the elevator and paused to study the card carelessly left in the ground glass door.

"Back at 2! It's ten minutes of 2. Let's wait. I can never screw my courage up to this point again."

It was the voice of "the little girl," she of the mound builders. Then the door was pushed farther open, and the two entered.

"Oh, mamsie, dear! If our den only looked like this! I wonder people ever come to see us—we're so 'sparse.'"

Dallas was in an agony. It would certainly not do to disclose his presence. His soul loathed the role of eavesdropper. Yet he did so want to know which one she cared for, himself or "the other one."

"If only my last wee bit story will be a 'go,'" the sweet voice went on, "then I can accept Mr. Sinclair's invitation at last. I suppose most of our friends really believe our 'no place like home' excuses by this time."

"Is that the bachelor girl story—'Tips'?" the older voice asked. "Why didn't you let Mr. Sinclair have that, Dorothy? He told you he was on the Up to Date staff."

"Now, mother mine, you know I couldn't do a thing like that. I would rather never have it printed."

"Well, maybe not. You're a funny little chick of a daughter, but one can overdo even so desirable a thing as independence. If Mr. Sinclair wants to be of service to you, I don't see why—even if he is merely a casual acquaintance—the color crept up over the girl's fair throat—"you would do the same for him, I am sure."

"But, anyway, it's lots more fun, mamsie, dear," the girl began, with an effort at lightness, "to blaze one's own trees."

"And that is why you said 'No' to Tom Davenport last week and refused Aunt Sageman's gifts?"

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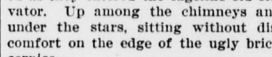
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An Elizabethan Room. We go to Elizabethan models for inspiration which finds expression in a ribbed ceiling and a paneled and recessed chimney piece. The walls should be paneled in white woodwork except for the frieze, which should be embossed in gold. A pretty effect would be given by having a raised dais at the window end and a fitted window seat.

Then the electrolights should be of a quaint pattern to imitate mediaeval lanterns, the carpet warm in tone, say old rose, and the curtains matching its shading. The furniture may be either what is called Queen Anne or have the quaint note of the existing Elizabethan style. With this you will have a treatment which combines cheerfulness with refinement. It needs by way of supplement a few prints—proofs from Romney or Sir Joshua, for choice—but failing these high priced luxuries some good strong modern etchings and half a dozen pieces of china or delft, and then your room cannot be surpassed for comfort, usefulness or effect.

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"James, we have had an expert on your books during your absence."

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"I went along with him," said the drummer, "and was fined \$5 and costs, and though I'm not a thin skinned man, my feelings were hurt, and I left Sarah to find a better man. She was a nice girl, but her old dad was too conscientious for me."

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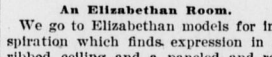
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Mrs. Dane, of Northfield, Vt.,

Cured of Kidney Disease and Rheumatism.

There is no better known woman in Northfield, Vt., than Mrs. Jane S. Dane, whose picture is shown above. Mrs. Dane was so much benefited