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DUNHAM GREER.

Dunham Greer looked out through the big windows of the hotel reading room. Night was coming on, a thousand lights twinkled in the store fronts, the forms of the passers were growing blurred and indistinct. Dunham yawned. He was at a loss to kill time. He had just finished his dinner and the evening was before him. There were great houses up town where he would be cordially welcome, but Dunham had no desire to make an evening call. He fancied he would like something new, some novelty in the form of entertainment. There were the theatres. But no true New Yorker ever goes to the theatres away from home. He remembered being in Cleveland the preceding summer, and how he had enjoyed himself at a picnic to which he was self-invited. He laughed at the remembrance, and picked up the evening paper again.

And then his glancing eye caught this item: "The ladies of the Barclay Avenue Free church will give a progressive exclusive party this evening at the home of Mrs. James Lemmers, No. 62 Serpentine court, for the benefit of the Sunday school library fund. Friends of the church are invited to be present, and are assured of a good time. Take the Rockport car from the Square at 7:25."

Dunham stared at the notice, then he pulled out his watch. It was 7:10. He tossed the paper aside and stepped to the big mirror in the lobby. A quick glance assured him his appearance was quite satisfactory, and then he stepped out and hurried to the Square. He had just time to catch the Rockport car and a ride of half an hour brought him to Serpentine court, a short street of very new houses, amid which he had little trouble in locating No. 25.

"I never went to a church entertainment," he said with a smile, "since change was mentioned, and I'm too old to begin."

A tall young man in a long Prince Albert, a pale young man with thick black hair, looked around at Dunham and gave him a pleasant smile and nod. Dunham nodded back, and then went up the stairs.

"Dear me," murmured a voice over his shoulder, "but that was stupid. I must have caught my head on the upper step. Now shoes, on know, it was awfully good of you to be in the way. I might have progressed down every step to the bottom. It's Mr. Blossom, isn't it?"

Dunham looked around. A pretty girl with glowing cheeks, a pretty girl in a pretty light dress, was looking down on him from an upper step. "No," he said, "it isn't Mr. Blossom; it's Mr. Greer, and Mr. Greer is very glad that he could be of some assistance to you during the recent rush."

"Oh," said the pretty girl, "I thought it was the minister's friend from the west, I am May Fleming. You know Mr. Chandos, don't you?"

Dunham shook his head. "The fact is," he said, "I'm almost an entire stranger."

He put in the "almost" because he felt that he had some slight acquaintance with a young lady by the name of Fleming.

"I will introduce you," she said, and drawing him to the tall young man, presented him in due form and then slipped away.

Dunham's heart warmed to the young minister at once. He looked so earnest, so kindly, so good.

"I do not remember to have seen you among us before," he said.

"No," said Dunham, "it's the first time I've been in this part of the city. I'm an eastern man, a New Yorker."

Some free masonry of instinct prompted him to add, "Harvard, '08."

"Princeton, '01," cried the minister, and then they shook hands again.

"Your name," said the young shepherd as he beamed down on Dunham, "is quite a familiar one. At least it would be esteemed so by most readers of the daily press."

"Yes," said Dunham, shortly. And he frowned.

He was about to add something when his attention was drawn away by the pretty girl whom he met on the staircase. She held a salver to him and from it he drew a card. It bore the name "Jack."

Dunham showed it to the minister. "I fancy," laughed the latter, "that you are expected to look up a 'Jill.'"

"Yes," she quoted as he thrust his card before her. And presently they found themselves at one of the little tables scattered about the room, and when a bell jangled the playing commenced.

Dunham had never played in just this fashion before, but he quickly caught the fashion of it and entered into the spirit of the business as if he had found the one occupation that pleased him most.

At just 10 o'clock the playing stopped and the score cards were all gathered up by the active small boy, and then Dunham understood that this meant prizes. He fancied he had discovered why the lady in the evening dress carried on in such a grave and quiet manner.

There were light refreshments served by the young women and Dunham found them good. He strove to let the people at the table with him and soon had them in a jolly mood. He told funny stories and hummed the latest popular song for the young women who sang and did a clever trick with the cards for the young man who wondered how professional could become so expert in handling the magic pasteboards. When the refreshments were cleared away everybody was expected to join in social

converse, and Dunham sought his new friend, the minister.

"You seem to be having a merry time," said the latter.

"That is what I endeavor to do wherever I go," said Dunham with a smile, "and it has required no effort whatever on the present occasion. This is all a delightful novelty to me."

"You have a happy disposition," said the young minister.

"Not always," said Dunham. "I do a great many things that are distasteful to me. I do not cut out for a financier, nor even for an ordinary business man. At the same time, don't set me down as an idle dreamer. I look after my father's business interests in a way that I have reason to believe meets with his entire approval. Oh, I can make myself do whatever occasion requires to be done. How is it with you?"

"This is the work I love and am fitted for," said the minister gravely. "My people are very dear to me, and I feel that I am doing them good. I have become so attached to these labors and to these people that my sole ambition now is to grow old among them."

"You shame me," said Dunham, touched by the other's simple earnestness, and he grasped his hand and drew him into an embrace. "I was a little vexed a moment ago at your allusion to the notoriety the name of Greer had gained in the daily press. Perhaps I am foolishly sensitive about it, but it has never seemed right that they should cartoon and vilify my father simply because he is a man of wealth. I know him to be a clean, honorable citizen, and the best father in the world."

"Your father," said the young minister, with a start.

"Yes, but kindly keep the relationship a secret," murmured Dunham. "Stand in front of me a moment, please." He drew a little wad of bills from his vest pocket and thrust it into the minister's hand. "Put that in your church treasury with my father's compliments," he said, "and the next time you read of his selfish greed don't believe it."

Before the minister could reply a clear voice rang out: "The ladies' prize is won by Miss Mary McAlpin, and the gentlemen's prize by Mr. Dunham Greer."

The gentleman's prize proved to be a small mirror, much gilded and filigreed, over which Miss May Fleming went into raptures as she congratulated him on his remarkable good fortune. And then everybody was going and Dunham just had time to give the young minister's hand a firm grip, when Miss Fleming hurried him up stairs.

"You're to see me home, you know," she said.

It wasn't a long walk, but in the course of it Dunham presented the merry maid with his prize, alleging that he never could get it safely to New York.

When they reached the gate of the Fleming home they paused.

"Did a little bird tell me right that you are soon to be married?" Dunham asked at a venture.

"Yes," she answered frankly, "in June, if all goes well. George is a civil engineer, and is in Mexico now, but he's to get a place in the engineer's department of the Lake Shore, and be stationed here."

"Will you come to New York on your wedding journey?"

"Yes," she laughed, "we have planned to stop there two or three days—three if we can afford it."

"Then," said Dunham, "I want you to be my guests. I fancy I can show you some things about the city—which you otherwise would not see. It will be a pleasure for me, I assure you. Here is my card. Write and let me know when to meet you."

"You are very, very kind," Mr. Greer, said the girl gratefully. "I begin to think there is something quite wonderful about you. We never saw you before to-night, and yet—everybody is delighted with you. It is just as if you were a fairy prince. There's your car. No, I won't forget. Good night and good bye."

As Dunham stepped to the dresser to turn off the gas in his hotel room an hour later, he looked at his reflection in the glass and smiled and said: "Well, my boy, you're out a handsome prize and some money, but you've passed a decidedly pleasant and useful evening. Good night and pleasant dreams."—Exchange.

Statistics show that man bears false witness 100 times to a woman's 17; man forgers and counterfeits coinage was convicted 100 times to a woman's 11; 16 France women are summoned before the tribunals four times less than men. Taking the whole of Europe, women are five times less guilty than men.

A gentleman recently cured of dyspepsia gave the following appropriate advice of Burns' famous blessing: "Some have meat and cannot eat, but some have none that want it; but we have meat and an eat,—kiddi dyspepsia cure be thanked." This preparation will digest what you eat. It instantly relieves and radically cures indigestion and all stomach disorders.

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WASTED EFFORTS.

Gen. Sternberg Saved His Money but It Did No Good.

Surgeon-General Sternberg of the army says that when he was going into the battle of Bull Run, the Irish sergeant-major of his regiment came to him with a big bag of gold coin weighing three or four pounds, and said:

"Doctor, I know that I'm to be killed entirely, and I want you to take care of this money for me, so that it gets to the old folks at home."

There was no time to reconnoiter or to make any other arrangement, and, dropping the bag into the surgeon's lap, the Irishman hurried away to his place at the head of the column.

All through two bloody days Dr. Sternberg carried the bag of gold with his surgical instruments, and it was a burden and embarrassment to him. He tried to get rid of it, but couldn't find any one willing to accept or even to share the responsibility, and he couldn't throw it away for the sake of the "old folks at home."

Toward the close of the second day the surgeon was taken prisoner. He lost his surgical instruments and his medicine chest, but clung to the gold, and, making a belt of his necktie and handkerchief, tied it about his waist next to his skin to prevent its confiscation by his captors. During the long, hot and weary march that followed, the gold pieces chafed his flesh, and his waist became so sore and blistered as to cause intense suffering, but he was bound that the "old folks at home" should have the benefit of that money, and by the exercise of great caution and patience managed to keep it until he was exchanged with other prisoners and got back to Washington.

There he found his regiment in camp, and one of the first men to welcome him was the Irish sergeant-major, who was so delighted to learn that the doctor had saved his money that he got drunk and gambled it all away the first night.—Washington Correspondence Chicago Record.

POWER OF RED RIBBON.

Induces Two Indian Maidens to Have Face Masks Made.

Two of the fairest maidens of the Winnebago tribe of the Indians went through an hour of abject terror the other afternoon, when they had their "faces pasted with white mud." The "pasting" was only the efforts of Hugo Loeb, sculptor, to get masks of the young maidens.

T. H. Roddy, the newly appointed chief of the Winnebagoes, brought the two girls to Chicago on a visit. Annie Bluewing, the fairest of all Indian maidens, attracted the artistic eye of Mr. Loeb, who asked to be allowed to make a mask of her face. Mr. Roddy led the two girls to Mr. Loeb's studio, and the mystery of the masks was explained. When everything was ready, both girls declared evil spirits lurked in the plaster and refused to go.

"Chocolates," said Mr. Loeb. Both maidens became attentive at once. Mr. Loeb made the mistake of feeding them a pound of chocolate before he completed his work. All the explaining of Mr. Loeb and the commands of Mr. Roddy were of no avail.

"Red Ribbons," suddenly said Mr. Loeb. He brought forth several yards of the reddest of red ribbons, and both girls made a rush for them.

"After I have taken the mask," said the sculptor, with a winning smile. The bright colors proved too great an attraction for the young Indians, and with the reward of ribbons suspended from a gas bracket they at last permitted their faces to be covered with the plaster—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Editing a Proposal.

The young man took a piece of paper and pencil from his pocket and laid the paper on his knee.

"I will have something important to say to you in a minute, Miss Jones," he said.

Then he read over carefully what he had written and crossed out a word.

"Superfluous," he said, half to himself.

He went over it again and crossed out another word.

"It's just as strong without that," he muttered. "We are all too prone to use adjectives and adverbs, anyway."

He picked up the paper and seemed about to begin to read from it, but suddenly stopped.

"That whole sentence might as well come out," he said. "The meaning is perfectly clear without it. Conciseness is really the crying need of the hour."

Then turning to the girl he said: "Be mine."

Thus we see the power of habit. For years his duty had been to edit the "copy" of prolific correspondents.—Chicago Post.

Locusts Saved Them.

The Household Cavalry Composite Regiment being met by an overwhelming force of Boers, from which there seemed little chance of escape, the sky suddenly was darkened by an immense swarm of locusts, which fell between the troopers and the enemy.

The Boers could not locate the cavalry and fired at random, wounding one or two men. The regiment, however, screened by the locusts, eventually galloped back safely to camp.—Exchange.

Photographs of the enemy's encampments, taken from the war balloon, greatly helped Lord Roberts in his "closing" of Cronje at Paardeburg.

It has been demonstrated by experience that consumption can be prevented by the early use of one minute cough cure. This is the favorite remedy for coughs, colds, croup, asthma, "wrippe" and all throat and lung troubles. Cures quickly.

For burns, injuries, piles and skin diseases use DeWitt's witch hazel salve. It is the original. Counterfeits may be offered. Use only DeWitt's.

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TRAINS NOW LEAVE PORT JERVIS AS FOLLOWS.

EASTWARD.

No. 12 Daily Express	3:21 A.M.
" 10 Daily Express	5:20 " "
" 20 Daily Express Sunday	5:20 " "
" 22 Daily Express	7:45 " "
" 24 Daily Express	7:45 " "
" 26 Daily Express Sunday	10:07 " "
" 28 Daily Express	10:10 P.M.
" 30 Daily Express Sunday	10:10 " "
" 32 Daily Express	10:10 " "
" 34 Daily Express	10:10 " "
" 36 Daily Express	10:10 " "
" 38 Daily Express	10:10 " "
" 40 Daily Express	10:10 " "
" 42 Daily Express	10:10 " "
" 44 Daily Express	10:10 " "
" 46 Daily Express	10:10 " "
" 48 Daily Express	10:10 " "
" 50 Daily Express	10:10 " "

WESTWARD.

No. 3 Daily Express	12:30 A.M.
" 1 Daily Express	11:30 " "
" 11 Daily Express	11:30 P.M.
" 13 Daily Express	11:30 " "
" 15 Daily Express	11:30 " "
" 17 Daily Express	11:30 " "
" 19 Daily Express	11:30 " "
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" 45 Daily Express	11:30 " "
" 47 Daily Express	11:30 " "
" 49 Daily Express	11:30 " "
" 51 Daily Express	11:30 " "

Trains leave Chambers street, New York for Port Jervis on week days at 7:45, 9:00, 10:15, 11:30 A. M., 1:00, 3:00, 4:30, 6:30, 7:30, 9:15 P. M. On Sundays, 1:00, 2:30, 4:00, 9:15 A. M., 12:15, 2:30, 7:30 and 9:15 P. M.

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CHURCH DIRECTORY

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CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, Milford. Services Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:00 P. M. Week-day service Friday at 10 A. M. Holy Communion Sunday at 7:45 A. M. Seats free. All are welcome.

Rev. CHAS. B. CARPENTER, Rector. M. E. CHURCH. Services at the M. E. Church Sunday: Preaching at 10:30 A. M. and at 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 11:45 P. M. Epworth league at 6:45 P. M. Weekly prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. Class meeting conducted by Wm. Angle on Fridays at 7:30 P. M. An earnest invitation is extended to anyone who may desire to worship with us.

Rev. C. E. SCHUBERT, Pastor. MATAMORAS. KENNETH M. E. CHURCH, Matamoras. Services every Sabbath at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 12:00 P. M. Meeting Monday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Everyone welcome.

Rev. T. G. SPENCER. HOPE EVANGELICAL CHURCH, Matamoras. Services next Sunday as follows: Preaching at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school at 8 P. M. Junior O. E. boys and C. E. prayer meeting after the evening service. All week prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Seats free. A cordial welcome to all. Come. Rev. J. A. WELLS, Pastor.

Secret Societies. MILFORD LODGE, No. 344, F. & A. M.; Lodge meets Wednesday on or before Full Moon at the Sawhill House, Milford Pa. N. Emery, Jr., Secretary. Milford John C. Westbrook, M. M. Milford, Pa. VAN DER MARK LODGE, No. 888, I. O. E. F. Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P. M. Brown's Building, D. H. Hornbush, Sec'y. Jacob McCarty, S. G. PURDISE BROTHERHOOD LODGE, 107, I. O. O. F. Meets every second and fourth Fridays in each month in Old Fellows Hall, Brown's building. Miss Katharine Klein, N. G. Miss Wilhelmine Leck, Sec'y.

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