

MYSTERY OF A LABORATORY

When I was a young woman I was seamstress in the family of Doctor B.—who was one of the most prominent and able doctors in Philadelphia. His house was a three-story house in Walnut street below Tenth and was built as were most of the houses at that time with a back stairway which practically cut the house in two. On the second floor was a large bathroom and adjoining this the doctor had a smaller room fitted up as a laboratory. There were three rooms on the upper floor, one mine, the other two occupied by the cook and housemaid.

Like most young girls I was intensely afraid of the laboratory, and usually ran past it, holding my breath and keeping my eyes shut tight; the older women had told me tales of the ghastly contents of the bottles and jars on the shelves, of the skeleton of a man hauled in from the morgue, of skulls of notorious criminals and the thousand and one things that only men of horror to a young girl. Only once did I look into this chamber of horrors, and that was on a clear winter's afternoon, when I had run upstairs for something forgotten. But all I saw then was a detached bath tub which stood near a door on the opposite side of the room. This door, I learned, opened on a narrow staircase which ran down the opposite wall of the house into the yard.

When I reached my room at night I was usually too tired to worry much about what might be going on in the winter I was even more than usually tired. I locked my door as usual, fastened my one window, which looked into the yard, turned out the gas and got into bed. I had not slept long when I heard some one call, "Mary! oh, Mary!" in such a troubled voice that I thought it must be the cook or housemaid taken suddenly ill. I jumped out of bed and answered, "Yes, I'm coming! What's wanted?" I opened my door and looked into the hall, but could see no one; nobody was about on my floor.

I decided I had been dreaming, went into my room again, fastened my door and got into bed, determined to go to sleep at once. I lay with my face toward the wall when some insistent and irresistible force compelled me to turn toward my door. A light was always burning in each hall of the house and there was sufficient coming through the transom over my door for me to see clearly all the familiar objects in my room. As I looked I saw distinctly a woman standing as though she had just come through the door, though I knew it was locked. She had on a white bed gown, quite short (for I could see her white stockings and black cloth low shoes), a black petticoat and a little gray shawl across her shoulders. Her hair was white and her face was the most pitiful I had ever seen; it was pallid and wasted as though with a long sickness, and as I looked at her she wrung her poor, thin hands and said, "Mary, oh, Mary! don't let them—"

and that was all. I jumped from my bed again, lighted the gas and turned to see what she wanted me to do, but she was gone. My door was fastened, so was my window, and there was no other way to get in or out of my room. I again went into the hall, but it was silent and empty.

There was no more sleep for me that night, and I determined to leave my place. Next morning I went down stairs about five o'clock, and as I passed it I noticed that the door of the laboratory was open, impelled by the same force which drew my eyes toward my door the night before, I went to the tub and looked in. And there lay the woman I had seen in my room. Save that her eyes were shut she was as I had seen her, dressed in the short white gown, the white stockings and the low cut black shoes with the same pitiful white face framed in white hair. I ran screaming from the room, and the cook had to call the doctor to attend me, for I went into a violent fit of hysterics.

I left my place that day, but I have always wondered who that poor soul was. The cook said she had died of a rare disease and her body had been brought to the doctor's house for dissection. Was she dead when they brought her there and placed her in the tub and did her soul have a tenderness for the body that had cradled it so long and have a horror of its being dissected? Why had she come to me a stranger? I have never found an answer to any of these questions.

Ice Is Rare.
Ice is regarded with a superstitious reverence in Italy, France and England. Commercially it is not allowed to touch the precious produce, instead the head waiter hands it out in infinitesimal fragments with a pair of sugar-tongs. Recently the London newspapers have been clamoring for the advent of some enterprising American with an ice plant. Most of the London editors are Americans or have been in America, and their palates years ago long, cold things with a tinge in them in preference to the yeasty British beer.

A Dutch Proverb.
Much would have more and lost all.—From the Dutch.

Moral and Material Responsibility.
Private life should be walked in and sacred, but public life has a search light. All public existence is a responsibility, and this responsibility is moral as well as material. There is no escaping this, and all public functionaries admit they are responsible for their personal actions.

Real Estate.
"Yes," said the mild-mannered man, "I have been where the bullets fall thickest."
"A war veteran?"
"No, Gullie in the slums woods."
Her Abiding Youth.
"I am afraid I never will grow up and look like a woman," pouted the bride-to-be.
"The other day, while I was having one of my new walking suits fitted and was listening that it would have to be finished this week the tailor asked me: 'When does your friend come?' And that frock is a part of my trousseau!"

JUSTIFIABLE

New Evidence Which Influenced the Jury to Acquit St.

Easa—I heard St. Plummer get a verdict of justified homicide for killing that summer boarder last August, and everybody says it was such a cold-blooded crime, too.

Refuse—That's the same new evidence at the trial. First, St.'s wife told how, when the Keller came, he saw a patch on St.'s trousers and said, "I see you got a stitch in your side." Then St.'s little girl got up and evidenced how the fellow followed St. out to the yard when they were washing the milk cans and yells, "Don't you know honest's the best policy?" Finally, the hired man swore how, on the day of the murder, after he and St. had picked up from E. K. M. to 3 p. m. with the temperature like Haydays in the shade an' a hyemalike luff behind, and looking up, sees that fellow under a tree, with a straw hat, an' his flannel trousers rolled nice an' cool, with a refreshin' bottle in his hand, an' he chirps, "Go it, Huber. Make hay while the sun shines!"

A Common Delinquent.
The dean of a normal college, in a talk before the student body, was exploring the practice common among children of getting help in their lessons, and the tendency among parents to give it too generously. An illustration he told the following incident:

The mother of a small pupil in a Chicago school had struggled through the problems assigned for the child's next lesson, and had finally obtained what appeared to be satisfactory results. The next day, when the little girl returned from school, the mother inquired with some curiosity:

"Were your problems correct, dear?"
"No, mamma," replied the child. "They were all wrong."
"All wrong?" repeated the amazed parent. "Oh, I'm so sorry!"
"Well, mamma, you don't need to be sorry," was the reply. "All the other mammas had theirs wrong, too."

A Case of Wits.
A man who called himself George Arnold was before a High Court Judge on the charge of stealing a ride on a train to Darupan, according to Philippine Gossip.

"Where were you?" asked Judge Low, referring to his former place of abode.
"In Manila," was the reply. "I was waiting."
"Waiting for whom?"
"Just waiting."
"What were you waiting for?"
"To get my money."
"Who from?"
"The man I was waiting for."
"What did he owe it to you for?"
"For waiting."
"How did you start in waiting?"
"By beginning to wait."
"What did you mean? Explain yourself."
"I thought you knew I was waiting in a restaurant."
"Oh!" gasped the Judge.

A MODERN APOLLO.
Quenele—Why do you always wear them stand-up collars for, Chimmiot?
Chimmiot—Cause dey match me Greeko-Roman style of beauty.

When the Little Man Scored.
A meek-looking little man with a large pastboard box clamped on the car. As he did not he bumped slightly into a sloopy, corpulent passenger with a self-satisfied look and two little dabs of side-whiskers. As the car rounded a curve the box rubbed against him again and he growled: "This is no freight car, is it?"
"None," returned the meek little chap with the box, "and when you come right down to it, it ain't any cattle car, either, is it?"

Not Open to Everybody.
"A most peculiar effect was produced by an announcement in the advertisements of a county fair to be held in my State," says Congressman Ohamp Clark. "Among other things, the announcement said that 'attractive features of this great fair will be highly amusing donkey-races and pig-races.' Then, to the amusement of the ludicrous, this note was added, 'Competition in these two contests will be open to citizens of the county only!'"

Real Pearl.
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CAUSED MUCH COMMOTION

They have had more trouble at our meeting house.

Last Sunday Rev. Mr. Moody was just beginning his sermon and had uttered the words, "Brethren, I wish to direct your attention to this meeting in the fourth verse of the twelfth chapter of Saint—" when a hen emerged from the recess beneath the pulpit. As she had just laid an egg, she interrupted Mr. Moody to announce the fact to the congregation; and he stopped short as she walked out into the aisle screaming: "Kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-to-ko! Kuk-kuk-kuk-to-ko!"

Mr. Moody contemplated her for a moment, and then concluded to go on; but the sound of his voice seemed to provoke her to rivalry, and so she put on a pressure of five or six pounds to the square inch, and made such a racket that the preacher stopped again and said:

"Will Deacon Grimes please remove that disgraceful chicken from the meeting house?"

The deacon rose and proceeded with the task. He first tried to drive her toward the door, but she dodged him, and still chattered vigorously. Then under the seat in the front pew the deacon seized his umbrella and scooped her out into the aisle again, after which he tried to "shoo" her toward the door, but she darted into a pew, hopped over the partition, came down in the opposite pew, and in the side aisle, making a noise like a steam plating mill. The deacon didn't know what to do with her, so he went around, and just as he got into the side aisle the hen flew over in the middle aisle again. Then the boys in the gallery laughed and the deacon began to grow red in the face.

At last Mr. Binns came out of his pew to help, and as both he and the deacon made a dash at the chicken from opposite directions, she flew up with a wild cluck to the gallery and perched on the edge, while she gave a scintillating expression to her views by scolding about 500 clucks a minute. The deacon flung a hymn book at her to scare her down again, but he missed her and hit Billy Jones, a Sunday school scholar, in the eyes. The other boy in the gallery made a dash at her, and reached so far over that he tumbled and fell on Mrs. Miley's summer bonnet, whereupon she said out loud that he was predestined to the gallows.

The crash scared the hen, and she flew over and roosted on the stovepipe that ran along just under the ceiling, fairly howling with fright. In order to bring her down the deacon and Mr. Binns both beat on the lower part of the pipe with their umbrellas, and at the fifth or sixth knock the pipe separated about 40 feet of it came down with a crash, emptying a barrel or two of last winter's soot over the congregation.

There were women in the congregation who went home looking as if they had been working in a coal mine and wishing they could stab Deacon Grimes without being hanged for murder.

The hen came down with the stovepipe, and as she flew by Mr. Binns he made a dash at her with his umbrella and knocked her clear through a 415 pane of glass, where upon she landed in the street and hopped off clucking manfully. Then Mr. Moody adjourned the congregation.

They are going to expel the owner of that hen from church when they discover his identity.

Around and in the House.
If the cellar is damp, leave an open barrel of lime standing in it. The lime will absorb moisture and will gradually stave, and in the fall it will be in good condition to put on the lawn or garden to sweeten the soil.

Examine the furnace and pipes. Clean soot out of all smoke pipes. Look for pin-holes, especially on the under sides of smoke-pipes, and have them repaired while you think of it. To keep the house cool in prospect of hot weather, open all the windows and doors in the cool of the morning and thoroughly air it. As the outside air becomes heated, close all the doors and windows tight except one or two in the top story or a skylight for the sake of ventilation. Be sure all cellar windows are closed and all other openings in the lower part of the house through which warm air may enter. Screens and screen doors that show signs of rust should be painted over with black metallic paint before the winter run through. Preserve eggs for winter in an 8 or 10 per cent solution of sodium bicarbonate (water glass). Use boiled soft water and sterilized jars. It is a Modern Power Error. In the Gulf of Lower California there is in operation the largest pearl farm in the world, where the cultivation of pearls has been taken up as a practical industry. To harvest the annual crop of pearls raised on this farm requires the labor of a thousand persons, including the modern pearl divers, whose methods have been completely revolutionized by the up-to-date appliances employed in this new industry. Pearl farming, as originated by the Mexican company which owns the big Lower California farm, is the result of the discovery of a very simple fact concerning pearl-bearing mollusks. After twenty-five years of study and experiment it was discovered that the shell loses its gem after it is two years old, and unless opened at the proper time there will be no pearl within. Following this discovery the system whereby the shells are cultivated until the proper time, and then opened was devised. From the time of planting the eggs to the harvesting of the crop two years must elapse, as the length of time is required for the growth of an ordinary shell.

A BIT OF ORIENTAL HUMOR

A Waiter in a Broken Voice Told of an Untimely Demise.

The only drawback to a tropical winter is the flies. In the hot sun of a January day in Egypt, Morocco or Algeria the flies are an incredible pest. You see them in the corners of the eyes of native children, and men lie asleep in sunny places with flies crawling over their lips.

The natives don't mind the flies. In fact, they like them. At a boor, or native inn, in the Sahara, a traveler said to the waiter, pointing indignantly at his stew of barley and kous's flesh:

"How comes this dead fly in my consoups?"

"Monseur," replied the waiter, "I can not tell you. Perhaps the fly had not eaten for many days, and, throwing itself ravenously on the consoups, fed with too great heartiness, thereby contracting an inflammation of the stomach severe enough to cause death. The poor little thing could never have been strong. When I brought the consoups it was dancing and humming merrily on the surface. Perhaps—the idea has just presented itself to me—it endeavored to swallow too large a piece of meat. The morsel stuck in its windpipe. A terrific coughing fit, inaudible to our gross ears, ensued. Alas, soon all was over."

The waiter wiped his eyes and said in a broken voice:

"I can account in no other way for the poor creature's death."

And the Prayer Was Answered.
Little Dorothy at the age of 8, was very thoughtful regarding the care of her clothes, and the many admonitions she had received about neatly arranging her clothes on a chair each night before retiring were daily forgotten.

One night, just as she was ready for bed, her mother came in and, finding the little garments in a heap on the floor, as usual, said, "Dorothy, you may say your prayers, and then mother will have to punish you for not minding her about your clothes." Having said this she stepped into the adjoining room and partially closed the door.

In a few moments she heard Dorothy, who was a firm believer in the power of prayer, repeat, "Now I lay me down to sleep, and I will pray for thee, dear Lord, if ever you wanted to help a little kid, now's your chance."

Telephone Hospitality.
Mr. Brown had just had a telephone connection between his office and house and was very much pleased with it.

"I tell you, Smith," he was saying, "this telephone business is a wonderful thing. I want you to dine with me this evening, and I will notify Mrs. Brown to expect you." Brown (speaking through the telephone)—"My friend Smith will dine with us this evening."
"Now listen and hear how plain her reply comes back."
Mrs. Brown's reply came back with startling distinctness:
"Ask your friend Smith if he thinks we keep a hotel!"

PHILANTHROPY ABOUT THE DOCTOR

The Old Dodger Tells How Young Dr. Smart Is Transformed.

"When I used to be ailing—had spring fever, say, or some such paltry complaint," philanthropically said the Old Dodger, "I'd send for young Doctor Smart, whose office hours were from 9 to 1 and from 2 to 4:30, and he'd come suitably dressed, doak-in-gloved and eye-glassed and give me a little something late and scientific, and say considerable about therapeutics and auto-suggestion and sanitation, and all such, and shut his medicine-case with a conclusive snap, and with all cure me, and send his bill around promptly on the first.

"But when I was really sick, when I was down and under and weakly scrambling for straws and up-gugging for dear life, I always sent for old Doc Pillsbury, who didn't have an office hour to his name, but would come looking along, any time day or night, no matter how deep the snow was or it was raining pilt-folks with the time down, and flop down his old saddle-bags, faithful critic of the days when he couldn't afford a buggy and traveled on horseback, and grin at me like an amiable hyena and gimme a dose that would lift my hair. And away along towards morning, when I'd wake up feeling better, I'd see pudgy old Doc humped over fast asleep in the red rocker, where he had sat all night waiting to see what the medicine would do to me. When I'd speak he'd jump wide awake, and kinda grin and say that he didn't know as it was really worth while to try to save such a trifling reprobate, anyhow, but he'd got the habit and couldn't quit. And, likely as not, he'd forget to send the bill at all.

"Well, nowadays I'm employin' Doctor Smart again, 'cuz old Doc Pillsbury has come to get his pay where all debts are liquidated in full with the surplus running over to the saucer. It was storming like all fury that night, so I presume old Doc didn't feel at all surprised when he called that case, and—well, anyhow, Doctor Smart ain't as alippy as he used to be, and wear mittens in cold weather now, and is getting gray, and has no office hours any more, and is generally called 'Doc' by us who are best acquainted with him, and is talking less about therapeutics and giving us a good deal bigger doses than he used to.

"Eh-yah! It ain't the office hours or the Latin on the diploma, but the 'Doc' and his faithful, unswerving self-sacrifice, that makes the doctor, after all!"—Tom F. Morgan, in Puck.

RECKLESS.
John (looking at a drop of water through a microscope)—"It is wonderful."
Janet—"Come awa', John! What would come of us if the horrible things should brak' out o' the water!"

Taking His Medicine.
Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, recently told this story at New Haven's Chamber of Commerce banquet. A hard drinker was told by his doctor that he could be cured if every time he felt that he must have a drink he would immediately take something to eat instead. The man followed the advice and was cured, but the habit of asking for food had become so fixed with him that once he was nearly locked up as a lunatic. He was stopping at a hotel, and, hearing a great commotion in the room next to his, he peeped over the transom to see what the matter was. He saw and rushed madly down to the office and shouted to the clerk: "The man in 153 has shot himself! I'm and egg sandwich, please!"

Oratory.
"Gentlemen of the jury," erupted the attorney for the plaintiff, addressing the twelve peers who were sitting in judgment and on their respective shoulder blades, in a damage suit against a grasping corporation for killing a cow, "if the train had been running as slow as it should have been run, if the bell had been rung as it ought to have been rung, or the whistle had been blown as it should have been blown, none of which was did, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed!"

A Deadly Meal.
Marshall P. Wilder tells the story of a wife who told her husband that the cat had eaten the pie that she had baked for him. "Never mind, my dear," replied the husband, "I will get you another cat."

To Get Rid of Mosquitoes.
A Memphis (Mo.) man has discovered a new way to get rid of mosquitoes. He says to rub alum on your face and hands. When the mosquito takes a bite, it puckers his buzzer so it can't sting. It sits down in a damp place, tries to dig the pucker loose, and dies of death of cold, and ratches of pneumonia.—Minneapolis Journal.

An Inherited Felling.
A native of Annam, Indo-China, resented in Paris for theft, was offered the following epitaph to his employer: "All Annamites, whether emperors, mandarins, secretaries, literary men and others, are born thieves. It is a grave and deadly complaint, and there is no cure for it. I know people do not like thieves in France, but it cannot be helped."

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Tickets on sale at Port Jervis to all points in the West and South west at lower rates than via any other first-class line.
In effect June 30th, 1908.

CHAINS NOW LEAVE PORT JERVIS AS FOLLOWS:

EASTWARD
48, Daily Express..... 4:10 P. M.
6, Daily Express..... 5:40 "
20, Local Except Sunday..... 6:10 "
41, Holidays only..... 6:20 "
No. 8, Daily Express..... 6:54 A. M.
702, Way Sunday Only..... 7:21 "
42, Local except Sun & Hol 7:35 "
30, Local Except Sunday..... 10:30 "
4, Daily Express..... 1:34 P. M.
704, Sunday Only..... 3:30 "
3, Daily Express..... 4:30 "
2, Daily Express..... 4:55 "
28, Way daily except Sunday 6:35 "
708, Local Sunday Only..... 7:15 "

WESTWARD
No. 7, Daily Express..... 12:35 A. M.
47, Daily..... 2:35 "
17, Daily Milk Train..... 8:10 A. M.
1, Daily Express..... 11:34 "
118, For Ho'dale Exp't Sun. 12:15 P. M.
3, Express Chicago thru Sat. 3:32 "
29, Daily Except Sunday 6:00 "
8, Limited Daily Express 10:05 "

Trains leave Chambers street, New York, for Port Jervis on week days at 8:30, 7:15, 9:15, 10:55 A. M., 1:30, 3:30, 4:30, 6:15, 7:15, 9:15, 12:45 P. M.
On Sundays, 7:30, A. M.
12:50, 1:57:30, 2:15 P. M.
H. L. SLAUSON, Ticket Agt., Pt. Jervis.
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