

WHY?
It happened "death the mistletoe
Upon a Christmas long ago.
And when the reason she would know
He closer leaned and whispered low.
"Because, sweetheart, I love you so."
"Blue eyes and brown more earnest grow—
"You know, dear heart, I love you so."
Gone is the Teletic's cheery glow.
In fern lined halls the violets grow.
Again the embers' head droops low.
As swings the lazy hammock slow.
"Forgive me, dear, I love you so!"
And she forgives, I almost know.
Because, you see, he loves her so.
—Neil Carey in Times-Democrat.

A COMPROMISE.

I had dined with St. Croix, and we were now on our way to some uninteresting people who were giving a dance. Since entering the cab the conversation had slackened. Apparently we both possessed ample food for reflection. As we rattled over some streets St. Croix suddenly shouted in my ear:

"You'll see her tonight, Ingram."

I had returned from the country that morning. Still deep in my thoughts, I replied:

"No such luck. She is a hundred miles from town, and—"

I stopped abruptly, as I caught a glimpse of his face. Fortunately he had not noticed my observation. "So," I continued, grasping the situation, "you have once again decided that the feminine interest in your life should be centered in one?"

"Ingram, old chap," he said solemnly, "it's serious this time." (I had heard this remark made before under similar circumstances.)

"I sincerely trust it is!" I replied.

A good looking, wealthy man, past 30, has no right to be unmarried.

"This has happened while I have been away?" I added.

He nodded.

"And the maiden is"—I began.

St. Croix actually looked confused.

"Well, she's hardly"—he said awkwardly, "that is—of course she's young—well, the fact is, she's a widow."

I glanced at him reproachfully.

"Any—or?"

"No, no," he replied hurriedly. "Of course there are no children. Why, man, she's only young herself—husband died in India—fever, snake bite or some other handy thing of that kind. Oh, no," he went on, with a smile, "I couldn't do it if there were any children!"

"Have you actually proposed to her?"

"Not yet," he replied thoughtfully, "but I feel that it is as good as settled. Ingram, he continued, with an air of enthusiasm, "she's adorable. She"—

"My dear St. Croix," I said, "these confidences remind me of the good old days."

"Ah!" he replied, with a sigh. "This is no boyish flirtation!"

"By Jove!" he cried as an idea struck him. "You two will get on capitally together! Having both been in India, you will be able to—"

"Chat about her husband?" I suggested.

St. Croix looked serious.

"Poor child!" he said in a compassionate tone. "She must have been very unhappy during that time."

It is strange how men generally refer to their wives' first marriages in this way.

"We are admirably suited," he continued, his face lighting up. "I am 30, and she—well, I should say she is 23. A man should be a year or so older than his wife."

"I agreed. "She is very young for a widow."

"Much too young," replied St. Croix. "That's one reason why she should marry again."

"True," I said. "How long has it been going on?"

He hesitated for a few moments.

"I first saw her," he said slowly, "at 10 minutes to 9 on Monday last week."

"My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "you must hurry up matters. The lady will positively weary of the courtship."

Just then the cab drew up with a jerk.

"Here we are," said St. Croix. "Jump out!"

After greeting our hostess we separated. Several people of my acquaintance were there, and I had to go through the usual number of dates. Presently I saw St. Croix coming toward me.

"Ingram," he said, taking me by the arm, "come with me."

There is nobody so exacting as the man in love.

"She is waiting to be introduced to you," he said as we made our way to the conservatory. "In a secluded corner (for St. Croix was experienced in these matters), we found the lady."

"Mrs. Fordyce," said St. Croix, "allow me to"—

I looked at her, then burst out laughing.

"Dr. Ingram!" she exclaimed.

"You know one another?" cried St. Croix, with a puzzled look.

"Why," I said, "I have known Mrs. Fordyce since"—

"Yes, Dr. Ingram and I are quite old friends," she interrupted, with a glance at me.

I understood.

"That is jolly!" St. Croix said heartily.

"I am not sure that Mrs. Fordyce agreed with him entirely."

The strains of a waltz came through the open doors. St. Croix looked at his program.

"Bother!" he cried. "It's my dance with the daughter of the house. Will you kindly look after Mrs. Fordyce, Ingram?"

"I should be delighted," I replied, and he hurried off.

As soon as he had disappeared I turned to Mrs. Fordyce.

"It's all very odd," I remarked.

"What?" she queried. "That you should turn out to be the friend of Mrs. St. Croix has been talking to me about?"

I smiled, the quaintness of the whole matter seeming infinitely amusing to me.

"No," I said, "that you should be the lady whose charms he has been describing to me."

She blushed. I gazed at her critically.

"Pou my word," I exclaimed at length, "it is positively marvelous to think that it is close upon"—

"That is just what I don't want you to think, doctor," she interrupted.

"But, my dear Mrs. Fordyce, you actually look younger and more beautiful than you did when we were together at Simla!"

She laughed.

"We have always been in the habit of

speaking plainly to one another."
"Yes," I agreed. "It saves time. It gave me a nervous little glance."
"Oh," I said reassuringly, "I am your friend!"

She was playing with the edge of her fan.

"A woman is only as old as she looks," she observed, "and I was married at an extremely early age."

"St. Croix was perfectly justified in his estimate—25 he told me," I said, with a laugh. "But that is a detail. The thing that will surprise him most will be the fact that Clare exists!"

She looked at me with a smile.

"Ah, you have met her at the Roscoes?"

"Yes; I found my little 10-year-old sweetheart of Simla had grown into a dainty young lady of 18! How is it," I continued, "that St. Croix is ignorant of her existence?"

"Well, he assumed I had no children, and I—I could not summon up enough courage to tell him afterward. You see what a difficult position I am in?" she added plaintively.

"Yes, it is difficult," I agreed. "The unexpected appearance of a full grown daughter upon the scene might prove too heavy a strain at this critical stage of his love. A girl of 18 is a responsibility," I added.

All this time I had been hugging to myself some special intelligence. I thought it was about time to bring matters to a head.

"Mrs. Fordyce," I said, "do you really care for St. Croix?" She did not reply for a moment.

"Yes," she said simply. "I really love him. Oh, can't you suggest something?" and she looked at me pleadingly.

"Yes," I said quietly. "We will help one another. Have you heard from Clare today?" I continued.

Her hand went to her pocket.

"Why, yes," she said. "A letter came as I was going out. I have not read it yet."

"Would you oblige me by doing so, as you have it with you?"

She drew an envelope from her pocket, opened it and smoothed the letter out. As she read it a smile came over her face.

"My dear doctor," she exclaimed, "do you think one so young as Clare will make you happy?"

"Did she not settle in Simla years ago that she would marry nobody but the 'doc'?" I replied. "Have I mamma's consent?"

She laughed happily.

"Really," I said, glancing at her, "I hardly know whether I'm talking to Clare or her mother."

St. Croix rejoined us.

"St. Croix," I said to him quietly, after a minute or so, "I have been meddling in your affairs—with a good result," I added.

He turned with a glad look of surprise to Mrs. Fordyce.

"Is it 'yes'?" he murmured.

"It's for you to say, after hearing the doctor," she replied softly.

"I have no objection," I said abruptly, "that you agree to become my father-in-law!"

He seemed to be quite surprised. I tendered a few simple words of explanation.

St. Croix glanced at Mrs. Fordyce—she was looking radiantly beautiful—and then did the most intelligent thing he ever did in his life—accepted my proposal.—Magnet Magazine.

WAS IT FUNNY?

A Practical Joke of Whose Humor the Victim Was Doubtful.

"Would you mind telling me something?" he asked, with some hesitancy.

"Certainly not," the reporter answered.

"You see a great many newspapers?"

"I have to read considerably."

"And you ought to be able to tell whether a thing is funny or not."

"Can't you tell for yourself?"

"Ordinarily. But I have a case here that needs an expert opinion. Some time ago I was employed by a man to look after his stock in trade, which consisted mainly of beer. Some people came in, and in order to entertain them I showed them a few tricks that I had learned. One of them said to me that he knew a good trick, and that if I would help him out he would show it. I was willing to do anything I could to make it pleasant for the company, and when he asked me for an aperitif I handed him a small one that happened to be handy. He went over to a keg of beer and bored a hole in it. He told me to put my thumb over the hole and he held another hole in the keg. At his request I put my other thumb over the other hole."

"Then what did he do?"

"Then he began to treat the crowd to everything in sight. All I could do was to reason with them about their conduct. I didn't dare take either of my thumbs off, for the result would have been a geyser that would have ruined the new wall paper. When they had helped themselves to all they wanted they went away and left me. It was two hours before the proprietor came and plugged up the holes and released me."

"Does the owner hold you responsible?"

"I don't know whether he does or not. I haven't been back, and the next time I go to work it will be in a dry goods store or a grocery. All I want to ask you is this: Was that a good joke, or was it a case of false pretenses? Which ought I to do—laugh and be merry or have some people arrested?"—Washington Star.

Lincoln's Grave.

About 1 1/2 miles north of Springfield, Ill., Abraham Lincoln lies buried under a towering pile of marble, granite and bronze. The height of his monument is 120 feet. The cost was \$250,000, the money being collected through popular contributions. Several attempts have been made to steal the body. Not until the leaden coffin was sunk deep in the crypt and covered with six feet of concrete did the robbers desist.—New York Press.

Something to Know.

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the liver and kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c or \$1.00 per bottle at A. F. Streit's drug store. 2

TO PROTECT AMERICANS.

Warships Available For Foreign Waters In the Event of a European War.

Should there be a general war among the European powers over the disposition of Turkey and its dependencies President McKinley would have to take some action to protect the lives and property of American citizens, and his action would have to be immediate.

Officials of the war and navy departments are already talking about the threatened outbreak, and it seems probable that the European squadron will be greatly strengthened within the next few weeks. The only vessels now in the Mediterranean are the flagship San Francisco, the cruisers Minneapolis and Cincinnati and the gunboat Bancroft.

The cruiser Detroit is now on its way from the China station to the Mediterranean by way of the Red sea and the Suez canal. The ship was last reported from Singapore and will probably be heard from next at Ceylon.

Most of the ships of the north Atlantic squadron are needed in home waters on account of the threatened complications with Spain over the arrest and execution of American citizens in Cuba and to prevent the violation of the neutrality laws by filibustering expeditions.

There are several ships, however, which could be spared, and among these are the armored cruiser New York, the cruiser Columbia and the battleship Texas.

Rear Admiral Selfridge is in command of the European squadron, and with the three or more additional ships which might be sent him would have a force sufficiently formidable to command respect, even among the great fleets which are now gathering in the little port of Khania, Crete. He would be able, naval officers say, to afford Americans in Europe ample protection.—New York Journal.

HE STOPPED THE CAR.

A Soldier Lies Across the Track Until His Regiment Crosses the Street.

Samuel Morris of Baltimore, first sergeant in Company E of the Fourth regiment, will receive a medal from the officers of the regiment for stopping a car by lying on the track while the regiment passed on inauguration day in Washington.

The boys were marching down Seventh street, when their progress was interrupted by the approach of a cable car. Morris stepped from the line and politely asked the gripman to stop the car so that the regiment could pass along. This the gripman refused to do, and he had no sooner started the car than the soldier lay down across the track and dived him to go on. The car moved forward, the fender touched the body of the man and pushed him along a little, but he did not arise, and in order to avoid a murder, the gripman brought the car to a standstill. The regiment crossed the street, and as the last man crossed the tracks the soldier arose and thanked the gripman with mock courtesy and went off on a double quick, while the hundreds of spectators cheered him enthusiastically.

A RARE PITCHER.

One of the Three Original Washington Pitchers Given to Princeton.

One of the most important additions that has recently been made to the Princeton Art museum is the gift of a Washington pitcher. It was bought by Julius Morgan and brought to the museum by Mr. M. Taylor Payne.

It is one of three pitchers of this style made and imported by James Kitchen, proprietor of the old coffee house on Second street, Philadelphia, and is now probably the only one in existence. It is certainly the rarest of all Washington pitchers.

The pitcher is vase shaped. The neck is ribbed brown, the mouthpiece a grotesque head, and the body decorated with medallions. One of these medallions is a portrait of Thomas Jefferson, another picture the apotheosis of General Washington, while the others contain appropriate inscriptions.

SUBMARINE CABLES.

The Difficulties Encountered In Sending Messages at a Profitable Speed.

While submarine cables can now be made of any length and at comparatively small cost, great difficulties are still encountered in sending messages at a commercially profitable speed, and these difficulties increase with the length of the line. In long cables there is a troublesome retardation of the electric current, due to the fact that the insulating cover of the copper strands becomes itself electrified, and this surface charge delays messages by preventing the current at the beginning of any signal from rising rapidly to its maximum and again from rapidly dying out. The consequence of this is that while from 400 to 600 words a minute can be sent over a land line, the maximum speed on an Atlantic cable is somewhere about 33 words a minute. Before the "siphon receiver" and Lord Kelvin's "current sender" were invented, the maximum speed was eight or ten words per minute. Curiously enough, the more perfect the cable's insulation may be the greater is this retardation, and slight leaks in this covering often increase for the time the line's working capacity. The corrosive action of the salt water is active at such points, however, and will soon cause a break in the cable.

Professor Silvanus P. Thompson of the Royal society of England has invented a system of cable construction by which he expects not only to increase the capacity of the present lines, but to make practicable the covering of the 3,600 miles which separate Hawaii from North America. His plan is to make a cable with two separate conductors enclosed in the same armor, so as to form a complete circuit, and every 100 or 150 miles he will introduce stretches of cable with three such conductors, the third being a wire of high resistance, the purpose of which is to act as a sort of artificial and protected leak. One end of this third wire will be connected with the positive conductor and the other with the negative one. By this device the static charge on the wire will neutralize that on the other, and all retardation will be avoided. The expectation is to multiply four or five times the number of words now sent over Atlantic cables, to increase to 70 or 80 the 12 words per minute that could be sent over a single core cable to Hawaii, and to raise from 15 to 25 the words sent from London to Cape Town.—New York Times.

Wot's the Use.

Wot's the use 'o' catin, say? Gotted eat again!

Wot's the use 'o' goin' to sleep? Gistin up's soch pain!

Wot's the use 'o' gettin full? Gotted sober up!

Wot's the use 'o' ridin a wheel? Only gotted stop!

Wot's the use 'o' livin, say? Only gotted die some day!

—New York Sunday Journal.

DISAPPEARING GATES.

Grade Crossing Protection Without Any Unpleasant Features.

A disappearing gate for railroad crossings has been recently patented by Frederick Nichols of Lynn, Mass. The many advantages of such a gate will be readily understood. Its construction is very simple, there being no cogs or gears. It is made of sliding and jointing bars and angle irons and can be constructed without any great expense.

A trench about four feet deep is dug on each side of the tracks across the street. The earth sides of this trench are supported by plates of boiler iron, instead of expensive masonry, bolted to U shaped iron castings. To these castings is fastened the lower and stationary part of the gate. The slit or opening through which the gate comes up is, of course, protected from dirt, etc., by the top rail of the gate when it is down and when public travel is passing over it. When the gate is up, the opening or slit is protected, and no travel over it is stopped. The bottom of the trench is of gravel or concrete, and it is graded toward one end to allow water which does not soak up to run off into a sewer or blind drain.

At the side of this opening, on the street level, are cast iron plates covering manholes, which allow a man to go the entire length of trench to oil or adjust any of the movable working parts.

The gate is counterbalanced with weights, and friction is reduced to a minimum, thus making its operations easy. A bell signal is sounded before the gates are raised. At night incandescent lamps are lighted by contact being automatically made as the gates are raised. Lanterns are used where electricity is not available.

The gates are quick and easy in action, can be operated by one man, where it often requires two by present methods. They can be operated from switch or signal tower in many instances. They will not interfere with trolley wires or electric car tracks. The gates are raised and lowered by the simple movement of a lever on which is a latch, securing the gate in any position.—Philadelphia Record.

DRESS PARADE.

Many of the newest bodices are draped on the cross and are pointed back and front.

In dressy evening boleros the pretty butterfly sleeves are very frequently made to match the skirt.

Topes, by which are meant bonnets without strings, are just now more common than last season's elegant wear.

New very pretty neck, wide squares of open canvaslike silk that require a tulle lining are among the novelties in summer fabrics.

New dress skirt models are finished with flounces at the hem, with row after row of tiny frills, with long overskirts caught up at one side.

There is a rage for ticked bodices of silk or very light wool materials, and for the summer organdies, swiss, muslins, India linens and other thin textiles.

The broader waistband, cut on the cross and formed of three, five or seven apparently careless folds, is a most charming finish to a soft, full bodice.

Very beautiful natural looking violets, with leaves and stems apparently a trifle wilted, exquisitely shaded and very faintly perfumed, are still the great rage as a garnish for elegant evening hats and bonnets.

Coats and skirts of tweed and chevrol are renewing their youth, and instead of representing a vogue that is at least a dozen years old, might, judging by their present very fashionable attitude, be almost entering on their first season.

Among the minor additions to spring gowns imported or made by high class modistes are noted very small puffed bustles and rather narrow graduated dress extenders, formed variously of moiree covered with silk, mohair or rustle peraline.

Entire skirts are cut in circular shape, then accented plaited. Other shapes are gored or have fancy side panels, and so on ad infinitum, and there is neither shape, height, style nor taste that cannot be exactly suited this season.—New York Post.

NO ONE DIES.

No one dies of Pulmonary disease who takes "77" in time. Twenty per cent—one in five—die of pulmonary diseases, colds, grip, pneumonia, consumption, who could be saved by the timely use of "77".

Dr. Humphrey's famous specific.

Since "77" has come into general use the fatality has decreased and it only remains for its adoption as a national remedy, to rob our climate of its terrors.

For sale by all druggists—25c.

How an Owl Saved a Train.

Owls are by common consent adjudged to be birds of ill omen, but Engineer Ned Barnett of the Santa Fe says he happens to know that they are anything but that and tells the following story to prove his assertions:

One morning as the east bound overland was pulling through the mountains west of here, Barnett's engine doing the work, a big horn, beaked owl dashed against the front window of the cab with such force as to break the window, the bird itself dropping dead at the engineer's feet. Though Barnett is not, generally speaking, a superstitious man, this seemed so singular an occurrence that he stopped the train and sent a brakeman ahead to see if the way was clear.

Stranger to relate, the brakeman soon returned, reporting a landslide across the track in the mountain pass about 100 yards ahead. Hands were sent at once to clear the track, and in removing the debris they found another owl, no doubt mate to the first, caught in the crotch of an uprooted tree, crushed to death in the fall.

Barnett had both owls stuffed, and the two now adorn his cab, always insuring him good luck, he says.—Philadelphia Times.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 9th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLASSBORO, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials.

U. P. TIME TABLE.

GOING EAST—CENTRAL TIME.

No. 2—Fast Mail..... 8:45 a. m.

No. 4—Atlantic Express..... 11:40 a. m.

No. 28—Freight..... 7:30 a. m.

GOING WEST—MOUNTAIN TIME.

No. 1—Limited..... 3:55 p. m.

No. 3—Fast Mail..... 11:20 a. m.

No. 23—Freight..... 7:35 a. m.

No. 19—Freight..... 1:40 p. m.

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