Dross Of Her Dream

By... FRANK H. SWEET

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When the girl reached her own door she turned to look back at the sun which was just sinking behind the cotton mill. But it was a dull, disreputable ball which leered at her through the grimy atmosphere, and she threw out her hands with a sudden revulsion of pentup disgust.

"'Tain't my sun!" she half sobbed "Hit's—hit's only just some cheap thing the factory gits up!"

The company used the poorest grade of soft coal, and, though its dense smoke had ceased to blacken the sky above the tall chimney, it still clogged the moist atmosphere of the mill yard and the cheap, hastily constructed village in the little bend of the sluggish river.

A heavy step approached, and she turned to look into her father's easy good natured face.

"You 'pears to git ahead of we uns Nervy," he said, with obvious disapproval in his voice. "I spoke to to

THEN SHE CAME AND PLACED HER HAND FAMILIARLY ON HIS SHOULDER.

Bess comin' out, an' she said you left the factory like you was fired out a gun. She they don't like folks to be offish an' onneighborly."

At the name of Bess the girl drew back, flushing hotly.

"I don't care for none of 'em," she retorted drearily. "They're so cheap an' triflin'. Oh, pap, if only we hadn't left the mountain!" She turned abruptly into the cabin, and he followed.

"But hit was you as seemed most set on comin', Nervy," he expostulated as he seated himself upon a box and watched her start a fire and set about getting supper. "You said there'd be chances to study an' l'arn to be like folks, an' now," wonderingly, "here you be homesick a'ready. I didn't care much to come myse'f at first, but now I wouldn't go back."

The girl's face hardened a little, but she made no answer. The man drew his box forward and began to eat hungrily, but from time to time raised his eyes furtively to the face opposite.

"Mebbe you'd ought to have mo' comp'ny, Nervy. 'Tain't very lively with jest one man like me in the house an' me mostly out. Now, there's the Grogans, that take bo'ders," shifting his eyes from her direct gaze. "They don't charge but $2, an' that would leave you more'n a dollar a week for spendin' money. Of co'se," hastily, "I'd hate to have you go away, but if I 'lowed you was havin' a better time I'd be willin'."

Her lips curled a little.

"Then hit's true," she said. "I've been hearin' you was aimin' to marry that gal Bess, an' I reckon I've done said sharp things to folks that hinted hit, but I—I couldn't help hit, pappy," her voice breaking suddenly, "with my own mammy dead only five months. If you'd wait a year, I wouldn't say a word, an'—an' I'd even try to make friends with Bess. Oh, pappy, won't you please wait on mammy's 'count?"

The man shook his head sullenly. Her face again grew hard.

"I s'pose hit's Bess that's done told you that she an' me can't live in the same house. Well, don't be skeered. Jest whenever she tells you to send me off I—I"— She rose hastily and went to a window, and the man, with an uneasy glance in her direction, seized his hat and slipped quietly from the room.

Half an hour later she was again standing by the window, her few household duties completed. The doors and windows of the other cabins along the street were already being filled for the customary evening gossip and scolding, and at the shrill voices she suddenly dropped the sash.

Presently she noticed a tall, broad shouldered figure coming along the street, stopping now and then as though to make inquiries. A few moments later a clear, imperative rattat sounded through the house, and she went to the door, wondering who it could be.

"Nervy, I am glad to see you!"

"Oh, Jake! You here?" Then, with a warm flush on her face, she re-entered the room, and he followed.

There were no chairs, and she motioned him to the largest of the boxes. Then she came and placed her hand familiarly on his shoulder.

"Now, tell me, Jake," she commanded, "what ever brought you way off to these parts an' how's all the folks an' the farmin' an' everything."

But he only possessed himself of one of her hands, laughing.

"You uns are in a reg'lar hornets' nest of a place," he declared. "I 'ast for you at one house an' at another an' another, an', though nobody seemed to know you by name, they all wanted to talk an' say somethin' about somebody else. Hit was only when I spoke of you as bein a tall, fine lookin gal with square shoulders, that they seemed to know. An' then whew!" He paused abruptly, and at that moment a flare through a broad crack in the stove crossed her face. "Nervy," he cried sharply springing to his feet "what's the matter? You've been sick an' an', yes, you've been cryin."

"No, no Jake," she expostulated smiling and flushing under his anxious gaze. "Hit's hit's jest the lonesomeness of the place. You don't know."

"Yes I do know" explosively. "Hit's that shifty eyed daddy. No, I don't mean that Nervy. But I feered I t[illegible] comin' along." His face had grown dark, but now it suddenly cleared and he ended with a [illegible] "Anyhow he's goin' to help my [illegible]."

He drew her down beside him.

"You member that day we parted on the mountain," he said with suppressed eagerness in his voice. "You wan't satisfied with our narrer way of livin an' you lowed you loved me but couldn't marry me 'cause I wan't ready to climb up along of you. An' I'm free to say, Nervy, I didn't feel I could leave the mountains then. I'd been brung up among 'em an' I loved 'em. I had a nice farm an' was doin well. So I let you come off alone.

"But I was mistook, Nervy," his voice becoming more earnest and tender. "Jest as soon as you was gone I didn't care any more for the farm an' the mountains. Hit was you I wanted. So I've come here to climb up with you. I've been to the factory, an' there ain't no job for me jest now 'cept tendin fire in the engine room at 50 cents a day. 'Tain't much but mebbe hit'll do for a start. I did 'low on waitin till I could get a little saved up but now your daddy is—is goin' to do what he's goin' to do hit seems to be the best thing is for us to git married right at onct. You've knowed me since I was a little feller, an' you know I can be trusted. Will you marry me Nervy?"

She rose swiftly and stood beside him, her eyes shining. He could see the eagerness, the longing in them even in the dim light.

"You ain't sold nor—nor rented the farm, have you Jake?" she breathed.

"Not yet. Hit's the wrong time of year. I jest left hit in Brother Tom's hands to look out for."

"I'm so glad. Oh Jake, you can't ever know how glad!" she half sobbed. "Yes, I'll marry you, but we won't stay here. We'll go back, we'll go back to the mountains an' [illegible] other folks."

And she raised her face to his, transfigured at the thought, and he almost reverently, bent down and kissed it.

No Place Like Home.

A native of Prince Edward Island had gone forth to see the world. When he reached Boston he engaged a room at a modest hotel, intending to remain there while he hunted for work.

"Will you register?" asked the clerk handing him a pen.

"Register?" said the traveler. "What is that?"

"Write your name."

"What for?"

"We are required to keep a record of all our guests."

The man wrote his name and was about to lay down the pen when the clerk added:

"Now the place, if you please."

"What place?"

"The place you come from. Where do you live?"

"I live on the island."

"Well, but what island?"

The other man looked at him in amazement. Then he said with an emphasis that left no doubt of his feelings: "Prince Edward Island, man! What other island is there?"

Murky London.

A correspondent of an English exchange relates a story of an experience which an old Sydney colonist, Mr Joseph Thompson, used to tell with a chuckle. He arrived in London on a visit in the midst of a gloomy December and one day at noon suddenly stood still in the Strand and stared fixedly into the sky. Within three minutes he had the usual crowd round him, all asking: "What is it?" "What's up?" They stared with him at the murky darkness which to the Londoner represents the sky, and at length some one ventured to ask him what he was looking at. "Oh," answered Mr. Thompson, "I'm looking for the sun. That's all. You see, I come from a land where he's to be seen in the sky at this time of day, and I hoped I might find him here, too, if I looked long enough."

Too Commonplace.

Youthful Jack—Oh, mother, I do love cake! It's awful nice.

Mother (reprovingly)—You should not say you "love" cake; say "like." Do not say "awful;" say "very." Do not say "nice;" say "good." And, by the way, the word "oh" should be omitted. Now, my dear, repeat the sentence correctly.

Jack—I like cake. It's very good.

Mother—That's better.

Jack (with an air of disgust)—It sounds as if I was only talking 'bout bread.

Correspondence

WILLARD

Mr John Feehan died of pneumonia on the 15th inst. Mr Feehan was ill but a few days and his death was a great shock to his relatives. He was an old and valuable employee of the hospital and a man whose kindly genial disposition won him many friends. He leaves a wife and four children, three sons and a daughter to mourn his loss.

NEWARK

The funeral of Thomas Greves was held from St Michael's church Tuesday, Jan 27th.

St Rose's band will have an entertainment in Elliott's hall Monday evening Feb 2nd. All are cordially invited to attend.

Miss K Kanally of Syracuse was the guest of Mrs F Hewley last week.

CANANDAIGUA

The recent fair netted $[illegible] and the bands $3,000. This enables the parish to get out of debt and [illegible] the mortgage which [illegible] ceremony was duly carried out a week ago.

Mrs Andrew Young of Willard who has recently been granted a pension formerly lived here and is a [illegible] of Michael Patterson.

The envelope scheme [illegible] taken up last Sunday amounted to $[illegible]. A few [illegible] it is expected that [illegible] approximate $[illegible].

The [illegible] last Sunday were Edward [illegible] Ward [illegible] and George [illegible] St [illegible] had [illegible] in the distant future.

[illegible] annual [illegible] officers for the ensuing year [illegible] at the meeting of the Young Ladies Sodality. Julia Welman President, Julia [illegible] vice president, Kathryn McCarthy secretary and Elizabeth McConnell treasurer.

LIMA

The last of a series of festivals which were commenced during the holidays was held [illegible] Friday evening Jan [illegible]. The contest for a silver tea set between Mrs Silas Sylvester, Mrs Wm Flynn, Mrs Patrick [illegible] and Mrs Frank Hayes was brought to a close on this occasion. Mrs Silas Sylvester was the successful candidate having collected the largest sum of money. These ladies took charge of the supper room. All report a very enjoyable evening. Many persons from out of town were present. About $500 will be realized from the festivals.

The Children of Mary Society of St Rose's church is being reorganized and a reception of new members will be held in the near future.

The Children of Mary are contemplating a pedro party to be held in the hall Wednesday evening Feb 11th.

St Rose's choir recently spent a very pleasant evening at the home of their pastor, Rev S Fitzsimons.

DANSVILLE

Rev W F Dunn has issued his annual financial statement for 1902 which includes receipts and expenditures and detailed report of contributions pew rent and Sunday offering at St Patrick's parish Dansville and Holy Name Mission [illegible]. St Patrick's receipts amounted to $[illegible] expenditures $[illegible] leaving a balance in bank of $[illegible]. Through Father Dunn's [illegible] [illegible]

Miss Margaret F Barrett of New York is visiting Dansville friends.

[illegible] parties.

The Chrysanthemum club were entertained by Mr and Mrs James Kelly Wednesday evening.

BATH

Last Sunday after mass a special meeting of Division No 3 A O H of Bath was held to take action on the letter sent out by National President of A O H James E Dolan of Syracuse. The meeting was largely attended. Speeches were made in which the speakers in no uncertain terms denounced the government of England for the outrageous manner in which Col Arthur Lynch had been convicted and sentenced to death for the crime of treason. The members held that he has not been proven guilty of the crime for which he was arrested as he had become a citizen of the South African Republic before taking up the Boer cause. The following resolutions were adopted by a rising vote:

Whereas We the members of Division No 3 Ancient Order of Hibernians of Bath, Steuben County, New York being apprised of the unjust and evil verdict of the High Court of England finding Colonel Arthur Lynch of Galway guilty of the atrocious crime of treason and

Whereas, This fresh assault upon justice calls forth in unanimous protest the voice of the people of the world

Therefore we the members of Division No 3, A. O. H., of Bath, N. Y., hasten to express these resolutions

Resolved, that we, the members of Division No 3, A. O. H., of Bath N Y., with emphatic condemnation voice our deepest regrets that through the same instrumentality by which the revered Emmet was taken off his co patriot Lynch, is to suffer thereby and whether the framing of their epitaphs be possible at an early or more distant date let us, however, say with Cicero, "Twas not their crimes, but their virtues that destroyed them", and may this act of a malicious tribunal whose crime of office has been dyed crimson in the blood of the martyred be an incentive to all good citizens to thwart the attempts of the same pernicious goverment in her efforts to overthrow the Monroe doctrine and she silently with an inevitable and irresistable progress accomplishes her own foreordained destruction, may the blessings of our land penetrate the midst of the broad Atlantic and Britan's decline be illuminated by the effulgence of the land of the free. Be it further,

Resolved, That these resolution be spread on the minutes of this meeting.

Division No. 3, A.O H., of Bath, has elected the following officers for the ensuing term Pres., James L Grogan; vice pres., Geo. Sams, treas., R. R Flynn, rec. sec., C E Tyrrell fin.sec., John S Hogue, sentinel, John McNally, sergeant at arms, Martin Tigue. It is expected that the elected officers will be installed on Friday evening of next week by County President W H Sullivan, of Hornellsville.

The pew rent report for the past year was given out last Sunday at mass. On the whole it is very creditable. Most all have paid up in full.

1/2

At one HALF THE COST

Lion Coffee

has better strength and flavor than many so-called "fancy" brands.

Bulk coffee at the same price is not to be compared with Lion in quality.

In 1 lb. air tight, sealed packages.

Consumption Cured at a Bargain.

[illegible] woman whose bargain [illegible] so mighty developed [illegible] a market [illegible] Santa Cruz [illegible] to watch bargains [illegible] she declares that [illegible] $10." Last week she came home with a bottle of patent [illegible].

"What is it?" asked her husband resignedly. He knows it is always better to ask "What is it?"

"Consumption cure," she announced triumphantly, holding up the bottle to the light. "Isn't it a pretty color?"

"But who's got consumption around here?" asked the husband brutally.

The wife opened her eyes.

"Why, James," she remarked coldly, "I'm surprised at you! It was like picking up hundreds of dollars. It just cost 19 cents. A whole case of consumption cured for 19 cents! Aren't you broad minded enough to see the bargain?"

And hugging the consumption sure close to her heart as though it were an abused poodle, she fluffed out of the room.—New York Press.

A Nursery Hammock.

As the advancing season shuts little children more or less indoors a hammock in the nursery will be very helpful for the mother or nurse. It may be adjusted from the wooden rail across a corner of the room to a strong hook in the wall. Knit with two large wooden needles, using macrame or other strong cord of one or two colors. Cast on twenty-five stitches and knit [illegible] or with any preferred fancy [illegible] strip five feet in [illegible] [illegible] yard [illegible] Country Gentleman.

To Call the Children Home.

"A [illegible] whistle," says the mother of four small boys living in a suburban town, "solves the problem of how to call the children home with the least expenditure of vocal energy and precious time. Of course that would not answer in a city, where bluecoats abound, but here or when off in the country it is most efficacious. A child can't make excuse that he 'didn't hear' if anywhere within the radius of a half mile, and there is something in the insistent note of the whistle that brings them scampering with as much celerity as those who followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin."

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Sore Throat!

Don't delay; serious bronchial trouble or diphtheria may develop. The only safe way is to apply

Painkiller

a remedy you can depend upon. Wrap the throat with a cloth wet in it before retiring, and it will be well in the morning.

There is only one Painkiller, "PERRY DAVIS'."

BRAVE BOY DIVERS.

They Go Down After Pearl Shells Without Any Artificial Aid.

Away out in the south Pacific ocean where white men rarely are seen there lies a little coral atoll known as Hikueru atoll, says the Tacoma Ledger. It is different from most coral atolls of which you read in your geography, for it is a solid ring of coral, and the lagoon inside of it can be entered only by dragging boats over the beach.

The lagoon is one of the valuable pearl [illegible] lagoons and is sought every year by the dwellers on Tahiti and other islands of the south seas to [illegible] pearl.

The French government, which owns the atoll, has forbidden the use of diving suits, because it is feared that this method would prove too destructive to the pearl shells; so the diving is done in the ancient [illegible] way by men and boys and women who go down with no artificial aid.

Most of the diving is done in water from sixty to seventy feet deep. The sea is so clear in the atoll that the diver can study the bottom perfectly with a water glass and locate the best clumps of shell before he dives.

When he is ready to go down, he slips into the water over the side of the boat, and, holding to the gunwale with one hand, he looks downward through the water glass. The moment he sights a good lot of shell he begins to breathe deeply, [illegible] the air in until his chest is [illegible] as far as it can be, and then [illegible] it slowly through the mouth so that it makes a whistling sound. [illegible] thus cleaned out his [illegible] he takes a long breath, filling his chest with perfectly pure air, and then he lets go of the gunwale instantly and sinks below the surface feet foremost.

On touching bottom he hauls himself along by seizing clumps of coral until he reaches the shells. Then he breaks them off the reef with his right hand, which is protected by white cotton cloth. Quickly he puts the shells into a little net of cocoanut fiber which he carries over his shoulder. Then he stands erect, and immediately he shoots toward the surface as if he were pulled by a [illegible]. So [illegible] does he ascend that he [illegible] to leap out of the water when he reaches the surface.

Longfellow the Universal Poet.

Among the many interesting stories which Mr. Higginson collected in his "Life of Longfellow" there is one that puts the wide spread of the poet's fame in a very dramatic way. A party of passengers on a steamer from Constantinople to Marseilles fall to talking about Victor Hugo. A Russian lady exclaims that it is not Hugo, but Longfellow, who is the universal poet, and she recites "I stood on the bridge at midnight," an English soldier recites "Tell me not in mournful numbers," a Scotchman follows with "There is no flock, however watched and tended," an American recites "My Lost Youth," a young Greek sings "Stars of the Summer Night," and the captain winds up with "Excelsior." This is curiously like the poet's own "Tales of a Wayside Inn."—London Spectator.

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EAST BY MAIN LINE.

A. M.—*1:00, *3:18, *5:44, 6:42, 8.05ac., *9:05, *9:38, *10.05, 10:45 ac. P. M.*12 20ac 2.24, 2.35,ac., *5:15, 5.20ac, ‡*6.49 *9:00 ac, *8:45, *9:50, *10:20, *11:15ac.

Trains arrive from the East.

A. M.—*1:05, *2:05, *4:00 *5:28, *6.17 *6 48, 8:10 ac., *9:25ac., *9:42, *12:28 P M.—*12:55 ac., *2:30, 3:25, 5:00ac., *5:20; *8:20ac. *9:10, *9:28, *9:40, *10:15, 11.10

EAST BY AUBURN ROAD.

A. M.—5:00, 6:44, *7:45, 9:40, 11:35 P M.— 2:40, 4.00, 5:10, *6.50, *7:53 *11:10.

Trains arrive from Auburn Road.

A M.— 8:17 9:00, *9:40, 10:50, P. M., *2:10, *4:15, 5.10 7:10, 8:50, *9:15, 11.55

WEST BY MAIN LINE.

A. M.—*1 10, *2:10, *4:25, *5:38 *6.55 *7:50, *9:52, 10 55, *11:42 P. M. †1.05ac. *2:25, 3:25, *5:25 *†5.48, ac., *7:80, *9.15 *9.30, *9.45 *10.15, 11:15.

Trains Arrive from the West.

A. M.— *12:56, *3:33, *5:40, 6 37 †8:01 *9:00, *9:35, *10:00, †10:40ac. *11:35 P.M.—*2:10 ac., 2:28, *4:55, *6.44, *†7 50, *8.40 *9.45 *10:15.

WEST BY FALLS ROAD.

A M.— *†6 05 *†8:25, †10:30. P M —†2:30 *†5:40, †11:20.

Trains Arrive From Falls Road

A. M.— †7.30, *†8:50, *†11.30 P. M.— †2.00 †4:15 *†7 45 *9 10.

CHARLOTTE AND ONTARIO BEACH

Leave—A. M.— †8.30, †10.20, P.M.- †2.00 †5.00

Arrive—A. M.— †9.30, †11:20, P. M. †4.00, †6.00,

R. W & O. DIVISON.

Trains arrive and depart from State street tation:

East Bound—A. M.—8.10, 10:00 P M —3.45, 5.55,

West Bound—A.M 8 10. P M. 4.40.

Arrive from the East—A. M.— 9:00 P. M.—3:45, 7 40.

Arrive from West—A.M.— 10 45.P. M 6.45

Trains marked † stop at Centre park.

* Denotes daily.

All other trains daily except Sunday.

ac. denotes accommodation train.

‡Sleeping Car passengers only.

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LEAVE GOING EAST.

*6.05 A. M.—Continental Limited.

*8 4[illegible] A. M.—Local Express.

*10.57 A. M.—New York Express

*6 1[illegible] P. M.—Newark Local

*9 18 P. M.—Atlantic Express.

LEAVE GOING WEST.

*12 07 A. M.—Continental Limited.

*4:32 A. M.—Chicago Limited.

†8.05 A. M.—National Express

†[illegible] 13 A. M.—Buffalo Local.

†[illegible] 15 A. M. Pacific Express.

†[illegible] P. M.—Buffalo Local.

TRAINS ARRIVE.

From the East A. M.—*12:02, *4:27 *5.53 *7:10 *10:10. P. M.—*4:18,

From the West, A. M. *6:00, *8.37, *10:55 P. M.—*†6 12 *9:15

* Denotes daily Stops at Center Park.

†† Denotes Daily except Monday. All other trains daily except Sunday.

Tickets sold, sleeping car berths secured and baggage checked to destination at City office Telephone 859-A, 20 State street, corner Corinthian, also at New York Central Station. Agents of Westcott Express company are on all through trains to check baggage and engage cab or carriage, etc.

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4:00 P. M.— Week days, Salamanca and Bradford Express. Connects for Silver Lake, Perry, Castile, Hornellsville, and Jamestown.

9:10 P M.— Daily Pittsburgh Night Express with Pullman Sleeper for Pittsburgh.

8 3 A. M.—Sundays only, Pittsburgh Day Express. Connects for Silver Lake, Perry, Jamestown, Cincinnati Chicago and points West and South West.

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7:40 A. M Daily from Pittsburg.

11.45 A. M. Week days from Bradford.

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