

The Awakening of Charley.

By Josephine Westworth.

When Charley awoke into the yard and dropped down beside Jane on the old bench under the elm, he had in his mind just what he was going to say—he had been rehearsing it all day—but when he was beside the little girl he had loved since childhood, looking into her big, innocent blue eyes, he suddenly became speechless so far as proposing went.

Jane was in her usual mood; quiet and confiding, telling him the happenings of the day. But Charley had something else on his mind, something that he wanted to say, and most of her news fell on deaf ears. Jane noticed his abstraction and, thinking that he was not interested, became silent.

For a long time neither spoke, then:

"Did you know that Ned Burley's cousin Violet, from Chicago, was coming to spend the summer with them?" she asked.

"No."

"Ned says she is a dream."

"Stuck up, isn't she?"

"He says that she will have all the fellows in town in love with her before she has been here two days."

"I know one she'll not have," Charley declared.

That night, after he had gone, she stood before her mirror, critically studying the reflection therein. Jane was not what one would term pretty. Her features were regular, but her face was covered with a mass of tiny freckles.

Ned's boast that all the boys would be at her heels had not been in vain, and much to Jane's discomfort, Charley was one of the foremost. To him Violet was a revelation, her red lips bewitching and dancing eyes played havoc with his heart. He wondered what on earth he could ever have seen in that freckle-faced, red-haired Jane.

Charley continued to call on Jane as ever, but there was a difference in his attitude toward her. He looked upon her now as simply a friend of childhood and accepted the changed condition of affairs with a fortitude that was pathetic. Had not Charley's eyes been blinded by the flashing charms of the frivolous Violet?

So passed the summer, and when fall came Violet began talking of returning to the city, and Charley awoke to the fact that for him life would become an empty void after she had gone. Then he asked her to marry him.

She threw him a saucy look, lowered her eyes demurely and said she would consider it. Charley had never made a study of human nature, especially people of Violet's stamp, and so foolishly went about in a dream of ecstasy.

When the day for her departure arrived he had not received his answer, and she promised to write to him as soon as she had spoken to her mother on the subject.

During the following week Jane saw nothing of him, as his time was all taken up in dreaming of the future, and in going to and from his house to the post office.

Finally he was rewarded by receiving a dainty missive postmarked Chicago. He did not open it till he was safe from observation, then he tore it open with a wildly beating heart. A moment later he was staring at the sheet in amazement—it was not his letter at all, but was written to a girl in New York.

Violet had written two letters and had put them in the wrong envelopes. He glanced over the pages until he came to the last paragraph, then his face paled and an angry frown settled on his brow. He read it over twice.

"And Minnie," it read, "you ought to have seen what I proposed to me. I use to amuse myself in picking hayseed out of his hair, and he had such lovely hair, too. And just think, it was the only 'pop' I got all summer. For much like the summer we had at the seashore a year ago. Well, I've written him a little letter of regret in which I told him that 'my ma won't let me, it may wake him up.'"

It did wake him up. It showed him a type with which he was wholly unfamiliar, and taught him a lesson that he would remember the rest of his life. And while he was thinking of what he had just read there came intruding into his mind a pair of big innocent blue eyes, and he imagined that he saw a look of sadness in their depths. Then he tore the letter into fragments and ground it into the earth with his heel.

When he sauntered into the yard Jane was sitting on the old bench under the elm. When he dropped down beside her he had no idea what he was going to say, or how he was going to explain his conduct of the past few weeks; in fact he had expected that she might ignore him, as he deserved.

But she didn't. And just how it happened he hardly knew, but he suddenly realized that she was in his arms, and he was calling her his little wife and smothering her with kisses.

If merchants would stop long through the advertising columns, there would be fewer failures and more bellers in advertising.

SURGERY FOR CHAMPAGNE.

Faults of Secondary Fermentation Corrected by Inoculation.

Surgery for champagne is the latest development in the effort to keep the supply of sparkling wine of fair quality up to the demand. It is different from "doctoring," the old vulgar process. It is described as surgical and absolutely scientific.

It is applied during the supplementary stage of fermentation, after the wine is bottled. The wine is said to be "on the laths," owing to the peculiar way in which the bottles are piled in the cellars of the wine growers.

The fermentation has already developed a considerable amount of carbonic acid and the pressure inside the bottle is ten or twelve pounds to the inch. The problem is to introduce chemical agents into the bottles in order to correct any defects that may be found as sample bottles are opened for testing.

It has long been recognized that if lactic acid, alcohol, sugar or a variety of other matters could be introduced at this stage many faults such as muddiness, over acidity or over sweetness could be corrected, but as opening the bottles involves losing all the gas and spoiling the wine the manufacturers have hitherto had to stand pat and let nature take its course.

The new invention consists in driving through the cork a long, strong needle, hollow from near the point to its head—in fact, a longer and stronger hypodermic needle such as doctors use, similarly equipped at its upper end with a tiny stopcock and rigged to a syringe. The syringe contains the medicine that the wine needs to make it sound in properly measured doses. When the aperture in the needle gets clear of the cork on the inside the stopcock is opened and pressure is applied to the syringe. It is all over in a second. The needle is withdrawn and for temporary purposes the elasticity of the cork closes the tiny wound. But in order to make it absolutely airtight while the syringe man passes on to another bottle a second operator inserts in the pinhole of the medicated bottle a tiny sliver of wood, thinner than a toothpick and saturated with paraffin.

Camp Hunts.

How many sportsmen of the north-eastern states know the exact meaning of the term "camp hunt," commonly used in the southern and southwestern states? Very few, if any, although it may readily, and more or less accurately, be thought to be a combined camp and hunt, says Forest and Stream. A camp hunt cannot be described in general terms, and I myself would appreciate it if some reader would contribute what knowledge he may have bearing on the origin of this method of obtaining outdoor recreation. It may be said, however, that one form of camp hunt is as follows: A party of men agree as to time and place for an outing in company. Servants are sent to the spot designated with tents and all supplies, and a day or two later the sportsmen themselves drive to the place, fully equipped for shooting or fishing. When not actually employed in either they take their ease while the servants do the rest. Wagons, boats, or even small steamboats are employed in transporting men and baggage to and from the camp ground.

Another form of camp hunt, like the above in respect to the social side, is organized with a view to economy as well as economy of both time and cash. Several persons—perhaps families—combine. Perhaps a man to cor and watch camp is employed, in order that the sportsmen need not waste time during the short days of autumn in the camp.

Bullets Do Not Pierce.

A Milanese barrister, Signor Amadeo Bucci, has invented a flexible fabric, somewhat resembling leather, which no bullet or hard steel instrument is able to pierce. Signor Bucci made a tour around a large square in Rome with a motor car, the tires of which had been covered with the fabric. Balls of large dimensions were stuck in the ground, point upward, and the car passed over them without damaging the rubber tires. Later on the inventor called on the Minister of Marine, who personally experimented on a piece of the fabric, which he unsuccessfully tried to perforate by firing several revolver shots at it.

Painters' Colic.

The painters and decorators were at work in the dining room, and the good housewife was anxiously sputtering about, giving orders as to how this and that should be done. One of the "artists" was telling about his attack of painters' colic when she said: "I should think you would get sick. Why don't you keep your mouth closed while you work?" "Huh, missie," replied the man, "I'd like to know what kind of painter you'd make. You'd be dead with colic inside of a year; your mouth is open all the while." The rest of the job was finished in silence.—New York Press.

The most extensive cemetery in the world is that of Rome, in which over 1,000,000 human beings have been buried.

HABITS OF MEXICAN INDIANS.

Peaceful and Law-Abiding Manners Admirable Servants.

To one who has lived long enough in Mexico to become acquainted with the working classes and acquire some insight into their natures and some degree of confidence in and from them it seems unfair when writing or talking of them to Americans to refer to them as Indians, as they are commonly called here. To the average citizen of the United States the word Indian at once brings to mind the picture of the sudden and revengeful red man of the North. The simple minded, patient, docile Indian of Mexico is not in this class at all. He is eminently peaceful. Bountiful nature and perpetual summer combine to palliate his improvidence. He cannot see the necessity of laying up anything for a rainy day. It rains half the days in Mexico anyhow, but that only makes the mangoes grow larger and cheaper. If he has no tortillas today, some of his neighbors have, and they will gladly share, for conditions may be reversed tomorrow.

These Mexican Indians make the best and the poorest servants in the world. The greatest charm from this standpoint is their perfect appreciation of their position. Always polite, never presuming with hat in hand, it is always "your servant" and "with your permission." In the household they ask a half holiday once a fortnight, and never a word of complaint when working hours last from daylight to midnight. So different are these people from the Northern Indian that it seems an injustice, as has been said, to call them by that name to those who know only the Indian of the cold country. The Mexican Indian does not want to fight. All he asks is to be left alone. His politeness and affectionate nature are inborn. His love for children is particularly marked. It is a common sight to see a laborer in the street with but two pieces of white cotton clothing to his back or his name stop a woman with a baby in her arms, and holding the child's face between both his hands deliver a resounding smack and chuck it under the chin. And in the same unconscious and entirely unthoughtful manner will a young man take his sombrero from his head and reverently kiss the hand of some ancient relative in a tattered dress when he encounters her in the crowded thoroughfare.—Modern Mexico.

A Princely Priest.

Prince Max of Saxony, with his china blue eyes, short stature and the flaxen hair of his race—probably the only princely priest in the world—abjures everything, almost, which is of the world worldly. A little while back, at the marriage at Cannes of Princess Marie of Bourbon to a Saxon prince, Prince Max appeared at the church door so poorly clad that the doorkeepers, as the way of humiliated, refused to admit him until he disclosed his identity. An earnest preacher, if a dull one, when he preaches at the Church of St. Laurent, in Paris, he draws to his feet a very smart audience of the Faubourg St. Germain variety. But then, it is not every itinerant preacher who is a prince, the brother of a king, and the brother-in-law of an archduke, two archduchesses and the archbishop of Montignoso.—Bystander.

Noise-Making Spiders.

Recent observations of government naturalists show that many sub-species of the gigantic spider, generally known as the mygal, are provided with stridulating, or noise-making organs, with which speaking sounds can be produced. Professor Moorhead states that there is not a particle of evidence that these spiders, which have occasionally been known to destroy small reptiles, possess the sense of hearing. Yet they can emit sounds, and the inference is that the purpose of these noises is similar to that of the rattlesnake's rattle—they are emitted when the spider is on the defense and under the excitement of fear or anger.

Suicide Statistics.

Suicides in the United Kingdom have increased by 200 per cent. in fifty years. In 1904, the last year for which official figures are available, 2,523 men and 822 women took their own lives in England and Wales alone, while the total in the metropolitan police district was 600, says the Social Gazette. At least an equal number of persons were prevented from accomplishing their intention. How rapid has been the increase during recent years may be seen from the fact that suicides in England and Wales have increased from 478 women and 1,529 men in 1885 to 822 women and 2,523 men in 1904. There have been more than 50,000 suicides in England and Wales in 20 years. Bad as is the case in England, in other countries the evil is even worse. According to statistics recently published by the Swiss Government, there have committed suicide during the last 35 years 16,440 persons in Switzerland, 323,600 persons in Germany and 274,000 persons in France. German official figures put the number of suicides in Europe yearly at 70,000. Cases in the German Empire itself have risen from 10,510 in 1896 to 12,780 in 1905. In America the number is about 3,000 annually, and is increasing.

Her Heart's Wish.

Keith Webster bent his wandering attention to his typewriter. His hand stopped. Important letters had just been dictated all the afternoon. The swinging door of his office opened to admit the letter carrier, who threw two letters on his desk, nodded and departed. Webster hastily opened the smaller of the letters. The handwriting was feminine. When he had eagerly read the daily missive he pushed the remainder of the letters and papers toward the typewriter, saying: "Miss Johnson, just finish that last one and then you may go home." Glancing at his watch, he added: "I shall not return to-night." In another moment the swinging door banged after him.

The office boy impatiently waited for the typewriter. Miss Johnson, to arrange her wavy pompadour to the best advantage and to give a delicate pull to the bow of ribbon surmounting the wonderful structure, as she smiled at her charms reflected faithfully in the office glass.

The boy said: "Guess I'll get home some time before morning at this rate. Can't you get a move on?"

And he skillfully threw a handful of sawdust as near to her as he dared.

Keith Webster loved a girl whom he knew was a embodiment of all he had been taught to love and reverence in woman.

Sometimes it seemed to him that her heart's best devotion was given to his worship of it.

Her studio was but a few blocks from his office. She was usually gathering up her brushes and erasing her signs when he entered the room.

A planned look lighted her face as she caught sight of him, and she cried quickly:

"Keith, I'm so impatient to tell you of my legacy I can't wait till morning; that is why I summoned you."

Then, anxiously looking into his face again, she added:

"I could have waited, I suppose, I hope it was not an interrupt on."

Keith? I meant to have written that also."

"Interruption!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Dora, I want you to understand that my time is always at your disposal. Now, tell me all about your precious legacy. So the last you've come money and I'm dead. Come, sit here and tell me all about it."

He led her to the table, where a curious bronze lamp shed a soft light upon an official looking envelope, the seal of which he recognized to be that of Janette Penland, Dora's eccentric old aunt, who was living in Paris at that time.

"Listen, Keith, while I read my aunt's queer letter."

"Sept. 11, 1903."

"Dear Niece Dora:

"Here, right under the shadow of statues and monuments in the house of a sculptor, with art in the very atmosphere, and with clipped antiques in all corners of the house, lives your old aunt Janette."

"And I have a lonely time of it. But for the climate, I would never stay here. The French verbs are bad enough, but the battle I've had with old men have weakened my constitution."

"It has occurred to me that I can inaugurate a new fashion in the matter of bequeathing my money, so that I can see for myself the actual benefit ensuing therefrom. Accordingly, I depart from this established custom, by making my bequest before my death."

"I propose to place at your disposal the sum of \$2,000 to be used absolutely for one of two purposes:—Mark the conditions of my bequest. They must be observed, or the money will not be obtainable."

"First. The money may be expended your tuition in Paris, under the best teachers, in which case, the bequest will be doubled when you have given reasonable proof that you have talent."

"Second. In the event of a contemplated marriage, within a year from this date, the sum of \$1,000 is to be appropriately spent in preparing for said marriage. Should you refuse both my conditions, the money will be given to the first of my nieces who will give me reasonable proof that you have talent."

"I am, my dear Dora, your affectionate aunt, H. Contelux, No. 17 Rue Ponce de Leon."

"Janette Penland."

The old document slipped from Dora Evans' limp fingers. The girl felt the arid burning in the eyes of the man who had loved her ever since they had been playmates.

At the thought of life without his love her eyes filled, and there seemed to sound in his ears an appealing note of tenderness as she said: "My dreams have been of art, you know, Keith; all my life I have longed to be an artist."

"Yes," said the man, taking her hand and clasping it close. "Yes, and my dreams have been of a home, with you for its queen, my wife, ever since we were children comrades. You surely know that, Dora. Which shall it be, dear? Is it art you love best or is it me?"

The girl lifted a shy, happy face, radiant with love, and whispered:

"It is you, Keith."

Dr. Hauthal's Supposition.

Dr. Hauthal, a German savant, has put forward a startling theory concerning the remains of a gigantic sloth, related to the great mammoth and the mylodon, recently found in Patagonia. In his opinion these animals whose race is now extinct, were kept in a domesticated state by the prehistoric Americans.



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