WHAT HE FORGOT

For the Time Being It Was Serious

By Clarissa Mackie

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Quintin attached himself to the line at the ticket window and awaited his turn. He felt that the eyes of the whole world were upon him, and he knew that this was the very proudest moment of his life. Suddenly he bent down to recover the glove which had dropped from his hand, and at the same instant the man ahead swung quickly around, bringing the corner of a heavy suit case in violent contact with Quintin's head.

"I beg your pardon!" said the stranger as he returned Quintin's fallen hat. "I hope you are not hurt."

"That's all right," said Quintin thickly, staring dazedly at the man. "Gave me a confounded headache, you know."

At the ticket window the man asked him twice before Quintin gathered himself together sufficiently to reply.

"One—Miraflores," he said, pushing some money across the counter.

When the train pulled out he was comfortably napping in his seat.

The conductor aroused him to punch his ticket and thrust the pasteboard in a convenient place, and Quintin nodded off again, conscious that his head was aching splittingly and that so far as he was concerned the express might go on and on forever until it reached the end of the world and then drop off into space. Quintin did not know that these fantastic thoughts were a legacy of the blow he had received that evening. He knew only two things. One was that Cynthia Dewbury lived at Miraflores and that his ticket bore the name of that beautiful residential city.

Quintin's people also lived at Miraflores, and for years it had been his habit to run down there every Saturday afternoon for the week end. It was an hour out of New York and the first stop made by the limited express.

"Miraflores—Miraflores!" sounded from either end of the car, and, only half awake, Quintin aroused himself and dragged down his suit case, got into his overcoat, jammed on his hat, and, quite unconscious of the many curious glances shot after him by his fellow travelers who got off at the same station, he left the train and walked through the station to the opposite side, where he boarded a trolley car for his father's house.

The car was of an obsolete type, and as the little conveyance jigged along the track its rocking motion accentuated Quintin's racking headache. He had only a confused recollection of the happenings of the day, but he could piece together a few facts, the principal one of which was that something very unusual had occurred which had now slipped his mind altogether. Another matter that worried him was the idea that he had left something behind. Over and over again he counted his belongings. They were easily enumerated—his suit case, umbrella, and, confound it, what was that other thing which he could not remember?

He sat with bent head and knitted brow, puzzling over the matter with a growing conviction that he would not solve the problem until something cleared away the confusion in his head. When he arrived home he would get his sister Amy to prepare a bromo seltzer—nothing like that stuff for knocking out a headache.

Old Martin admitted Dick Quintin to his father's house, and, beyond the first incredulous stare into the empty darkness behind the young man, he showed no sign of surprise at his master's return.

"Where is my father, Martin?" demanded Dick as he turned his luggage over to the butler.

"In the library, Master Dick," said the servant, throwing open the door of Mr. Quintin's spacious private room.

As the door closed behind Dick two forms arose from the high backed chairs on either side of the wide hearth. One was his father, staring and incredulous as Martin had been; the other was Amy, his sister, her fair face pale and startled.

"Why, son, what is the matter?" asked the elder man as he approached the dazed looking youth.

"Something dreadful has happened!" cried Amy clinging to her brother's arm. "Oh, Dick, what is the matter?"

"Nothing has happened," returned Dick, with an air of irritation. "Is it so unusual for me to return to my father's house?"

"It is unusual under the circumstances," said Mr. Quintin, with a warning gesture toward his daughter. "You must have some explanation to offer us for your sudden return tonight."

Dick Quintin rubbed his head thoughtfully. Every time his hand touched the lump raised by that blow from the stranger's suit case he winced with pain. He felt a great desire for sleep, and he longed to throw himself down on the fur rug on the hearth and lose himself in the blessed unconsciousness of slumber. He yawned prodigiously, excused himself and turned to his father, who waited impatiently for his reply. There was a visible strain of anxiety about the old man's face.

"Tell me what you are doing down here tonight, Dick," he commanded.

"Why—why, I came down to see Cynthia Dewbury," said Dick, relieved at last to find that he could remember why he had come down.

"Cynthia Dewbury!" repeated his father sternly.

"Cynthia Dewbury! Oh, Dick Quintin," shrieked Amy, shaking his arm vigorously, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Dick stared dully at them. "I have a very bad headache," he said soberly. "If you'd fix me up a bromo I think I'd feel better, sis." He sank down in a big chair and nodded drowsily. His father bent above him and looked closely at the young man's pale, clear cut face. He thought it looked unnaturally white, and there was a heaviness about the eyes that alarmed him.

"I thought he was intoxicated at first," he muttered to himself as he left the room and locked himself in the telephone booth. As he passed through the hall on his way back to the library he spoke to the waiting Martin. "Dr. Gray will be here presently; send him into the library, Martin."

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

In the library Amy was mixing the foaming drink in a tumbler, and Dick drank it greedily.

"Gee, but my head feels awful!" he murmured as he sank back in his chair and went directly to sleep.

Dr. Gray arrived and listened to what the father and sister of Dick Quintin had to say.

"Queer, confoundedly queer, I must admit," he commented as he bent over the young man. "Said he came down see to Cynthia Dewbury, eh?"

"Yes," said Mr. Quintin, with dry lips.

"Used to think a lot of her?" asked the physician musingly.

Mr. Quintin's face wore a look of displeasure. "That was in Dick's younger days, doctor. Under the circumstances one could hardly expect that he had not recovered from any prior attachment," he said significantly.

"Hardly!" ejaculated Dr. Gray, running his fingers skillfully over Dick's head. "Ah, young man, hurt you that time!" as Dick winced and stirred to wakefulness. "Pain in your head, Dicky, boy?"

"Rather," groaned Dick, opening his eyes. "How are you, doc?"

"I'm all right, thanks," responded the doctor dryly.

"Anybody sick here," continued Dick, sitting up straight and looking around with worried frown—"father, Amy?"

"We're all right, Dick," assured his father. "The doctor happened in, and as you complained about your head I thought you might like to tell him about it."

"How did you get it?" asked the doctor, sitting down beside his patient. "You haven't been running up against a blackjack, have you?"

"I don't know. I've been trying to recollect what happened to make my head ache so confoundedly. I've been forgetting a lot of things ever since I left the station. There's one thing in particular that I simply must remember!" Dick dropped his head into his up turned palms and closed his eyes.

"You remember that you came down to Miraflores to see Cynthia Dewbury?" asked the doctor softly.

"Oh, yes, of course! I always go to see Cynthia Dewbury when I come down," returned Dick impatiently.

The doctor crossed the room to confer with Mr. Quintin. "If you will leave me alone with Dick for awhile I think I can locate the point of trouble and perhaps correct it. I'll send Martin around to my office for some more instruments, with your permission."

"Of course we are all at your service," assured Mr. Quintin, and while Martin hastened around to the doctor's office that gentleman sat alone in the library with Dick Quintin.

The young man still sat moodily staring into the fire. Suddenly the physician leaned forward and tapped Dick on the knee.

"How's Edith?" he asked significantly.

Instantly Dick Quintin was on his feet staring wildly around the room. "Edith? Edith?" he repeated in a stunned tone. "Why, I haven't seen Edith since—since I went to buy our tickets this afternoon!"

"Yes," soothed the doctor, "and what happened when you went to buy the tickets?"

"I think I leaned over to pick up something and a man struck me on the head with something—I know it was his suit case, for he apologized afterward. But what am I doing here? Where's Edith?"

"She's probably waiting for you wherever you left her. Hold on, there, Dick—not so fast, my boy! It's 9:30 now and"— Dick's brandished arm cut the doctor's sentence short.

"Was I married to Edith Martin this noon?" demanded the young man fiercely.

"Yes, you were, because I saw you married, and your father and Amy have just returned from the reception. Now, Dick, my lad, we've just time to take that 10:30 back to town—oh, yes, you'll need all three of us to prove an alibi. That blow on your head caused temporary lose of memory, and you forgot you had just been married, and, according to your confirmed habit, you bought a ticket for Miraflores instead of Atlantic City, wasn't it?"

Dick's groan was lost in a hurried donning of outer garments as Amy, Mr. Quintin and the doctor prepared to accompany him back to New York, where his frightened bride awaited him in the railroad station where he had left her.

Everbody forgot about Cynthia Dewbury, Dick's old flame, and it was just as well, because Cynthia had been married a half dozen years before.

One of the Thousand.

"My wife is one in a thousand." "What now?" "I just left her at the bargain counter."—Boston Transcript.

Samuel Noyes and Charles E Talbot of Bennington caught 10 trout of unusual size in the Battenkill at Manchester, two of them weighing 2 1-2 pounds each, and four weighing 6 1-2 pounds, making altogether 13 pounds.

The Polar Regions.

It is estimated that there are 300,000 inhabitants of the polar regions, one person to each ten miles.

W. R Oldaker of Aberdeen, Wash., has 24 hens that laid 480 eggs in one month.

A ton of honey was found by workmen tearing down a tavern at East Lee, Mass., built 150 years ago.

An Archaeologist

He Looks For Antique Treasures and Finds a Man

By J. L. Careno

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Some ten miles from the Eternal City, Rome, across the Campagna, are hills on which the Romans for centuries have been accustomed to spend their summers. The sides of these hills are dotted with villages, villas and the ruins of villas. In one of these small towns, Frascati, I was born. There is or was in Italy very little opportunity for a young man to make his way, and at the age of eighteen, the only field open to me being the army, I chose rather to go to America.

Chance led me to become a telegraph operator, and yet possible scientific tastes may have had something to do with the matter. At any rate, I fancied the work partly because it was a science. I saved money, and when the telephone was discovered I subscribed for some shares in the company then organizing. These shares made me wealthy, and within ten years after leaving my native land I returned to it and my home.

Archaeology became a passion with me. I devoted myself to digging for those treasures in art which lie buried in such profusion in and about Rome. My field lay at my very door, since the range of hills on which I lived were a favorite location for the villas of the ancient Romans when the wealth of a conquered world was flowing in upon them.

In my investigations I went about wherever I suspected an archaeological treasure might lie hidden. The lower grade of Italian people in that region are a dangerous class. A few miles back of my native village there is a small town in which there are about 400 people, all belonging to the criminal class. On this account in my tours through the country I invariably went armed. The wisdom of doing so was apparent from the fact that I heard one day that an American gentleman who had come out from Rome to visit Frascati had disappeared. He had climbed the hill back of the town, visited the villa of the Aldo Brandini family, one of whom was a pope, then wandered farther along the road leading toward the village of criminals of which I have spoken. He did not return.

One day I started out to visit some graves of which I had heard among the Alban hills. In one of them I found relics dating back to a period beyond the foundation of Rome. I was so delighted with my find and buoyed by hopes of discovering more such treasures that I pursued my investigations till it was dark. Then I started to find some place in which to spend the night. The region was not thickly settled, and I was obliged to go some distance before coming to a house. Seeing a dim light ahead, I pushed on and came to a large stone building that bore evidence of having been some gentleman's villa. It was now a ruin and only partly occupied.

I knocked at the door. I could hear plainly a quick moving about of persons inside, and it was some time before my summons was answered. Then a woman appeared, one of the lowest class, and, although she stood with her back to the light, I could see enough of her face to assure me that this was no good stopping place for me. However, I told her what I was looking for, and she asked me to come in. There were two men there of the same grade as the woman.

I was puzzled what to do. If I went elsewhere these persons might follow me to rob me; if I stayed in the house I might be murdered in my sleep. In either event I must rely on my arms, which I had not on this occasion neglected to bring with me.

Having had nothing to eat since morning, I sat down at a table and ate some luncheon I had with me. I would have called for a glass of wine, but knew these people would have only the worst, and, fearing poison, I refrained. While I ate I considered I determined to ask for a room, and if I found it capable of being held in case of an attack I would stay there; if not, I would go on. To my surprise, when I asked for a place to sleep one of the men spoke up and said gruffly:

"There is no room for the gentleman."

This looked as if he would like to force me out, so I concluded to stay. "Very well," I said. "I will remain in this room. I will sleep in a chair. I shall be off by daylight anyway."

The two men consulted in low voices, and one of them, taking up a light, told me to follow him. I did so and was led to a dingy room with one window in it. I threw up the sash and saw that I was about thirty feet from the ground. The lock on the door was on the inside. Altogether I considered the position favorable for defense. I concluded to stay in the room, even if I did not sleep, till dawn (about 3 o'clock). So I told the man I was satisfied and said good night to him, and he set down the light and went away.

I was too tired to keep awake, but did not dare even to lie on the bed with my clothes on for fear of falling asleep. I sat in a chair, but even there I found myself nodding. It was 11 o'clock when I heard a tapping. Being at the time half asleep, I was not fully conscious of it. Presently the taps seemed to take the shape of the Morse telegraphic alphabet that I had learned in America. Still I was too drowsy to take notice of it. But after a dozen letters had been tapped, from A to L, I woke up to the fact that something strange was happening. Rousing myself, I listened till the whole alphabet had been given.

Thoughts as to the explanation of the phenomenon flew thick and fast through my brain, but they had no time to find lodgment, for no sooner did the tapping cease than I began to tap a message on the wall with one of my implements used for scraping articles found in excavating.

"Who is that tapping the Morse alphabet?" I asked in Italian.

"Who are you?" The reply came in English.

"One stopping for the night in this place."

"Where did you learn telegraphy?"

"In America."

There was a pause, after which came the question:

"Are you not connected with the bandits?"

"Bandits? Is this a bandits' place?"

"Yes. I am a prisoner here, held for ransom."

Phew! What had I struck? Amazed, I tapped another message.

"What nationality are you?"

"American."

"How do you happen to know telegraphy?"

"I have been a division superintendent of a telegraph line."

"Your name?"

"Edward Owen."

"I have heard of you. I was once an American telegraph operator. Now tell me how you came to be in this place."

"I am the American recently kidnaped."

He told me that after leaving the Aldo Brandini grounds he was walking leisurely when he heard a whistle and was at once surrounded by men, who made him a prisoner. They knew he was an American and supposed him to be very rich. He was not rich at all. He had come abroad for rest and recreation after years of hard work.

We began to lay plans for his liberation. He told me that his window was barred and his door locked. I examined the lock of my room and found it a large, old fashioned one, placed, as I have mentioned, on the inside. My neighbor told me that the lock on his door had been removed to the outside. I presumed that it was the same kind as mine and screwed on instead of being set into the wood, as in the case of modern locks. If so I could take it off by removing the screws, using one of my archaeological implements instead of a screwdriver.

I proposed to the prisoner to do this, give him one of my revolvers and we should walk out together. He was not a fighting man, and only his desperate condition induced him to make the attempt. I opened my door sufficiently to look out into the hall and reconnoiter. A man was sitting on a stool asleep, a candle burning low in the socket. A rifle lay across his lap. He was at the other end of the hall, and we would have to pass him to get out. It was so dark where our rooms were that I resolved to attempt to remove the lock on Mr. Owen's door and let him out before tackling the guard, who was sleeping soundly. The lock was so old and the screws so loose that I had no trouble whatever. Opening the door, I entered Owen's room. He was in the dark, but put a hand on me at once. We whispered together, and I handed him a revolver.

I proposed that we should go out together, I to seize the man's rifle, while Mr. Owen clapped his hands over the man's mouth. Then I was to put my revolver to his head, threaten to shoot if he made a noise and compel him to let us out of the house. But Owen said he knew that there were at least a dozen men in the house and it would be impossible to pass them. So we changed our plan to a far simpler one. We decided to go out by the window of my room.

Stealing back to where I started, followed by Mr. Owen, I made a rope of the bedclothing, and we let ourselves down on to terra firma. There was no yard to the place, no wall to go over, the latter having disappeared probably many years before. But there was something more dangerous. We had scarcely touched the ground when we saw the dim figure of a man walking to and fro. We huddled near the wall till he receded, then consulted.

Being armed, we were prepared for a fight, but feared to be overpowered by numbers. I thought of the following as the only feasible plan: The night was so dark that by crawling on the ground so that the sentinel could not see my silhouette I might move toward him, possibly reaching him when his back was turned, and pinion his arms, holding him while Owen made a dash for liberty, or, having a knife, I might dispatch him silently. But Owen was averse to blood spilling.

"Hold!" he whispered. "There's another man."

Two men on guard met, chatted for awhile, then turned their backs and walked away from each other.

"Now's our chance," said Owen. "Let us steal between them."

We advanced on tiptoe, and before the two men came together again we had got beyond them and, making a detour, struck the road a hundred yards from them. We walked till daylight, when we hired a team to take me to Frascati. Mr. Owen to Rome.

He had been held for $20,000 ransom, and the day before his release his family had received a message from the bandits stating that if the money was not forthcoming within two days he would be killed. Their surprise and delight at seeing him walk in upon them were a sight to behold.

His View.

Missionary—What is man, anyway?

Cannibal—Nothing but a foodstuff.—New York Press.

Prof. M. F. Guyer of the University of Cincinnati says the future Americans will be curly haired brunettes.

A cactus with 26 buds and with blossoms as large as coffee cups is owned by a Mrs. Lyford of Cabot.

The Rat's Sense of Smell.

The rat's sight is not good, but its sense of smell and locality is without parallel.

A shipment of wild celery seed to be planted in ponds and in Lake Bomoseen as food for ducks has been received by Henry W Clement of Rutland, from State Fish Commissioner John W. Titcomb.

How It Was Managed

A Union of Estates and a Union of Hearts

By Oliver L. Mitchell

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When Chandler came home from college his uncle told him that he had a special plan for him. Chandler was an orphan who had inherited a large estate, and his uncle was his guardian and would be for a few months, when the heir would come of age. A widow of the name of Atherton had bought some contiguous property that Chandler had long coveted. She was forty years of age, but Chandler's guardian proposed that he should marry her. The benefit to his estate would be considerable. Chandler said he would look into the matter and about a week after his return strolled over to pay his respects to his new neighbor.

It was a hot morning, and Chandler in a thin white flannel suit and a straw hat entered the gate of the Atherton grounds and strolled up the walk toward the house. A young girl sat on a rustic bench under a tree reading. It occurred to the visitor that he would go over to where she was sitting and ask if Mrs. Atherton was at home. Besides, he might elicit some preliminary information about the widow. Leaving the walk, he approached the girl. She was pretty, but so plainly dressed that Chandler was in doubt as to her position. However, he lifted his hat politely and asked:

"Beg pardon, but can you tell me if Mrs. Atherton is at home?"

"Not this morning. She has gone to the city."

"Um! Ah! I'm sorry to miss her. Hearing that I had a new neighbor, I came over to call upon her."

"It's very hot, and you look tired. Won't you rest yourself?" The girl moved to one end of the bench that he might occupy the other.

"Thank you very much," he replied, seating himself.

This was all very fortunate. He would have an opportunity to chat about the widow.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to say to Mrs. Atherton on her return that Mr. Herbert Chandler, a neighbor, called to pay his respects."

"Mr. Bussing's nephew?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Bussing has spoken to Mrs. Atherton about you. He said he thought you would call."

"Um! Are you a relative of Mrs. Atherton?"

"I may say that I am, for my mother and Mrs. Atherton are as closely allied as if they were one person."

"And you are?"

"Mrs. Atherton's secretary."

"Indeed."

"And her amanuensis. She writes, you know."

"I was not aware of that. I presume that her absence gives you leisure to enjoy yourself out in this pleasant nook reading."

"It does."

"Is Mrs. Atherton an elderly or a young woman?"

"Between forty and forty-five."

"I hear she is very handsome and appears far younger than that."

He had heard no such thing. He was working the pump handle. The girl smiled.

"Something amuses you," he added soberly.

"Excuse me. I may as well confess that I know your errand. I heard Mrs. Atherton and your guardian uncle talking over the union of the two estates. It is quite natural that you should be interested to learn something about her, especially what you have just referred to, since she is so much older than you."

Chandler drew within himself. "How did it happen," he said coldly, "that you overheard"—

"Oh, I was not eavesdropping. Besides, Mrs. Atherton told me all about the matter as soon as your uncle had departed."

"May I ask if she was favorably disposed toward the plan?"

"She was very much interested in the matter of uniting the two properties. She said it would very much enhance the value of both."

"But marrying a man younger than herself?"

"All that part of it you must get from her." This was said in a tone that indicated she had not relished the implied charge of eavesdropping.

"I beg pardon. I should not have expected you to reveal what is of necessity a confidence. Since we have progressed so far in discussing the matter may I ask—just an opinion, you know—what you would think of such a match?"

"I? Oh, I wouldn't think of giving an opinion on a matter that concerns you and Mrs. Atherton."

"You consider it very mercenary, I suppose."

"I certainly would unless you came to love each other."

In this vein they chatted on for some time, when Chandler arose.

"I presume," he said, "that you will inform Mrs. Atherton of this meeting and so much of what has passed between us as you think will interest her."

"If you desire it I shall consider the meeting and all that has been said confidential."

"As you like," he replied. "Nothing has been said that Mrs. Atherton should not hear."

"I may tell her that you will call again, I suppose."

"Please do so. I will come in a few days."

"She will naturally be interested to see you."

Chandler walked away, perhaps better pleased with his visit than if he had seen the lady he had called on. Mrs. Atherton's secretary was not only attractive in appearance, but had a delicate sense of what was not proper for her to say in such a conversation. Chandler was a bit dissatisfied with himself for having implied that she had been an eavesdropper. He wished for an opportunity to remove any unpleasant impression that his mistake might have occasioned.

When he called again he did not acknowledge to himself that he would like to have another tete-a-tete with the secretary. He was received by her with a message from Mrs. Atherton that she was indisposed and begged him to excuse her.

"Mrs. Atherton has especially charged me to say to you," she added, "that you are not to regard adversely her not seeing you today and that she hopes you will come again soon. She expects to be presentable within a few days."

Chandler did not hurry away. He called at 5 o'clock, and at 6 he was still occupied with Mrs. Atherton's secretary. Then the butler came in with an invitation for him to remain for dinner. Mrs. Atherton herself could not be present, but her secretary would do the honors for her. Chandler accepted the invitation with alacrity. He did not leave the house until 11 o'clock that night.

Fate seemed to be against Chandler meeting the widow. The next time he called she had again gone to the city, and the next after that she had had a fall that had necessitated her remaining in bed for a few days. Chandler was enjoying so well his visits with the secretary that he didn't care if the mistress remained bedridden for the rest of her days. Then one day when he called he received a message from the lady through her secretary that she had been considering the matter of joining the estates by their marriage and had come to the conclusion that the difference in their ages would be altogether too great an objection.

On receipt of this communication Chandler stood looking very disconsolate.

"I am sorry for your disappointment," said the secretary.

"It isn't that," replied Chandler dolefully.

"Not that? Then what is it?"

"Why, I have no excuse to come here any more."

"And why should you come when the object of your coming has ceased to exist?"

"How am I going to get on without seeing you?"

To this the only reply was a dropping of the girl's eyes to the floor.

"I have a plan," said Chandler. "Since I can't marry the mistress I'll make a proposition to the secretary. It is not to unite two estates, but two hearts."

She looked up at him with a charming expression.

"Sit down," she said, "and I'll tell you a story. Your uncle and Mrs. Atherton were very anxious to unite these estates, as you know. Neither of them had any idea of a marriage between you and her. And now I have a confession to make. I am more than Mrs. Atherton's secretary: I am her daughter. Your uncle suggested to mother that the property be united by a marriage between you and me. But such proposals usually miscarry. Their plan was to bring you and me together, you thinking that you were opening negotiations to marry mother. They were obliged to let me into the secret. I agreed to carry out their plan—that is—well, provided I liked you."

"And you do, don't you?" said Chandler in a pleasing tone.

"Well, so-so," was the answer.

"Then the plan is to be carried out."

"What plan?"

"Why, the one you have just referred to."

"Oh! I meant the plan of making you think you were opening negotiations to marry mother."

"Oh!"

"That's all I had to do with it."

"I think you had a great deal more to do with it."

"I don't see what."

"Well, while you have been receiving me in place of your mother you have got me used to being with you. Besides, think how advantageous it will be to unite the estates."

"I care nothing about the estates."

"Or me?"

"I didn't say that, but I shall not marry for the purpose of uniting two properties."

"Then will you marry for the purpose of uniting two hearts?"

"I must be satisfied that such a union will be effected."

"I can answer for myself, but not for you. I love you dearly, and I wish you to be my wife."

"I will be your betrothed on trial if I see that our union is to be a financial one I will break the engagement."

Such was the practical disposal of the subject. Chandler went from her to his uncle.

"Uncle," he said, "the properties will be united. Why didn't you introduce me to Miss Atherton in the first place?"

"Because when I was a young man I was introduced to a girl whom it seemed advisable I should marry. I took a violent dislike to her, and simply, I have since believed, because I felt obliged to love her. I have had cause to regret the failure of that match."

The union of hearts was complete and the union of the estates followed.

The Rutland Woman's Club is giving whist parties to raise money to beautify the city. Prizes are to be given to school children and also shrubs to plant in the parks.

Mount Macy.

Mount Macy, in the Adirondacks, is the highest point in New York state, having an altitude of 5,344 feet.

Practical Hubby.

Mrs. Benham—The lecture was so uplifting.

Benham—What was it about—an elevator or an airship?—New York Press.

No Trouble at All.

"Do you have any trouble in getting a maid?"

"Oh, no! I got ten last month."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Elm Tree Press. Fine Printing

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

James A. O'Gorman, New Senator From New York.

James A. O'Gorman, who was ele-ed senator from New York to succe-Chauncey M. Depew, is a Democ-and for the past eleven years has be-on the bench of the supreme court-New York.

In 1902 O'Gorman was elected gra-sachem of the Tammany society. T-is a much coveted position, carryi-with it great honor, but little pow-The grand sachem of Tammany is-is theoretically the leader of the-ganization.

Since then Justice O'Gorman-been honored by two universities. 1904 he was made an LL.D. by Vil-nova college, and in 1908 a like deg-was bestowed upon him by the Univ-sity of the City of New York.

Justice O'Gorman has always bee-warm advocate of organized lab-He is a prominent member of the Ca-olic club and was chairman of-board of trustees of the '98 Cente-nial association, a national moveme-designed to perpetuate the patri-memories of the Irish rebellion of 17-

The new senator is a native of N-York city and is fifty-one years-He is a graduate of the College of-City of New York and of the N-York University Law School. In 18-he was elected justice of the distr-court and on the expiration of-term was elevated to the supr-bench.

Culberson's Inquiry.

Senator Charles A. Culberson of D-las, Tex., was once making a politi-speech, and some of his auditors sho-ed a disposition to "heckle" him, -they say in England. After a rhet-cal pause (according to the tale as-is told around the capitol) a man-the audience asked:

"Do you drink?"

Without any hesitation the senat-responded quickly:

"Is that an inquiry or an invi-tion?"

It was in Texas, and the audien-roared.

Mr. Pujo of Louisiana.

Congressman Arsene P. Pujo of L-isiana, chairman of the committee-banking and currency in the Sixty-s-ond congress, has served three ter-in the national legislature. In-last congress Mr. Pujo was rank-minority member on this committ-so by seniority as well as by abili-he was entitled to be exalted. In-ganizing the new house committee-Democratic members of ways-

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ARSENE P. PUJO.

means have generally recognized-rule of priority in giving out chairm-ships, but not in all cases, so th-has been grumbling in some quart-

Banking and currency is one of-big committees of the house. Du-the extra session its duties will p-ably be only nominal, but when-monetary commission hands in its-port to the regular session there-be work a-plenty. Representative-is a native of Louisiana and is in-fiftieth year. He is of French des-and is a lawyer by profession. He-a member of the Louisiana cons-tional convention of 1898, servin-the judiciary committee of that b-

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"FIVE HUNDRED"

Rules and Schedules

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