

**A DETECTIVE'S QUICK WORK.**

The Police Officer Was Not Only Rapid Himself, but Compelled an Unsuspecting Bystander to Join in the Mad Flight and Capture.

In defending the London police from charges of incompetence a contributor to Blackwood's Magazine narrates an incident in which he figured a few years ago, when he accompanied his wife to a Bond street jeweler's, where she went in to match some pearls and have some gems reset, he awaiting her on the street, where she smoked his cigar. He says:

"I noticed three well dressed men go into the shop and several women, when suddenly one of the well dressed men came out through the glass doors of the shop and pushed rapidly past me as he turned up the street. At the same moment I was seized violently by the arm by a milkman who had been arranging his cans on his handcart just in front of the shop."

"Quick, governor!" he shouted. "After him or we lose him! Look; he's passed the bag to a pal!"

"Now, for the life of me I cannot tell you what impelled me. I'm not the kind of man that you can picture tearing up Bond street in the wake of an agitated milkman. But there was something in the grip that man took of my arm that impelled me, so that I threw away my cigar and ran after the man with the bag neck and neck with the milkman, who exhorted me to continue in my efforts by shouting:

"Throw a leg, governor! If we lose him we lose him forever!"

"We tore up Conduit street. I don't know what the passersby thought. I had no time to think of them. When we reached Regent street our quarry dove into the traffic like a frog into a mill race. We went in after him. How I missed being knocked down I don't know. The milkman took the same risk. We were across almost as soon as the man and sped after him. I don't know what streets we doubled down. I know that at this period it flashed across my mind that I was making a conspicuous ass of myself. Here I was racing down the slums of Soho at the bidding of a strange milkman, who never stopped in his exhortations to me.

"Keep it up and we'll get him!" "Our quarry doubled and tacked, but we stuck to him till just as we were pacing down the very worst looking street of the lot he suddenly slipped into a low house, of which the door was open. My milkman never lost a second. He whispered hoarsely in my ear:

"Stop here, governor, and grab the first person as comes out of that house, no matter who he is! I know the way behind!"

"In a flash he was gone. He had nipped down an alleyway and disappeared. I felt a real fool, and the whole folly of my action rushed in upon me. I had left my wife stranded in a shop in Bond street. I had lost my hat and my stick, and here I was in an almost deserted street, standing outside a door waiting with orders from a strange man to grab the first person that came out of it. In two seconds more I would have left the place and gone to the nearest hatter, a wiser and chastened man. But just at that moment a boy of about fifteen came out of the door. My milkman must have left his spell upon me, for I immediately threw my arms around him.

"Lemme go, governor!" he shouted. "I ain't done nuffin' to you!"

"He struggled hard, and the more he struggled the more I felt impelled to hold him. And then suddenly, as if by magic, two policemen appeared on the scene and seized my boy for me. The milkman, wreathed in smiles, appeared in the doorway from which the boy had just come, saying blithely and quite respectfully:

"You've done that very well, sir. We've got the other two inside." He then added, "I'll just put my hands over this young feller."

"He took off the boy's battered hat, and out of the lining came a roll of £80 in Bank of England notes. He then went through the boy's clothes and produced out of his socks a pair of ruby and diamond earrings which, to my astonishment, I saw were the very gewgaws that my wife had taken with her to have reset. The detective, for my milkman was nothing less, then pinched the boy's ear and said:

"Where's the lady's bag?"

"In the yard, sir," he answered sulkily enough.

"The milkman retrieved it, and, sure enough, it was my wife's bag."

"But, I said to the detective, 'how did you know that I was connected with the lady who owns this bag?'"

"It's our business to know a few things," he said. "But if you hadn't been game to run we should have lost the lot. We were only just in time."

"We left the boy and the two men in the house in the custody of constables and took a cab back to Bond street, and here the stranger part of the story comes in. We found my wife still discussing her pearls with the jeweler, quite unconscious of the fact that her bag was gone."

**Legislation.** Mrs. Knicker—Did you hold a short session with your husband? Mrs. Becker—Yes, I merely had him pass an appropriation bill.—New York Times.

**MUSICAL GLASSES**

**Mozart Composed For Them and Gluck Played Upon Them.**

**INVENTED BY AN IRISHMAN.**

**Richard Pockrich, the Versatile Genius Who Originated Them, Once Used Their Melody to Charm Away the Bailiffs Who Had Arrested Him.**

Richard Pockrich, an Irishman who lived in the eighteenth century, was a true genius, a dreamer and an inventor. He proposed metal ships, predicted flying machines, advocated bog drainage and vine planting in the Emerald Isle, invented an instrument for transfusing blood and was for some years a brewer in Dublin.

It was in the domain of art that he achieved his one real triumph, the one by which he is known in contemporary musical history, by which he became known to general European civilization during his lifetime and by which his name will long survive. He invented the musical glasses. These can be heard today in vaudeville houses all over the world and will probably survive as long as the musical art itself. Most of our readers have heard them. They are simply a set of tumbler or goblet like glasses selected for tonal quality to carry out a musical scale. Pockrich seems to have been the first man to be struck by the musical tone in glass, and so he thought the thing out and produced a scale on which he could play any melody.

He exhibited his discovery in Dublin and finally took it to England about the year 1750, where it became the sensation of the hour. Nothing was talked of but the marvelous, simple, new musical instrument. It seemed to the ears of the jaded Londoners that the heavenly art in all its elemental beauty had returned to earth. Far from sneering at so very simple an idea for making melody, the cognoscenti of London went into raptures over the musical glasses. Gluck, the great composer, who was in London, did not disdain to play his immortal airs upon them. "The opera flourishes more than in any recent year," wrote Horace Walpole to a friend. "The composer is Gluck, a German. He is to have a benefit, at which he is to play a set of drinking glasses which he modulates with water. I think I have heard you speak of some such thing."

Not only did Gluck perform upon Pockrich's new instrument, but Beethoven, Mozart and other great musicians in later years actually composed music for it. Goldsmith refers to it in "The Vicar of Wakefield." Not long after the inventor visited London, and Benjamin Franklin speaks of him in a letter to a friend thus:

"You have doubtless heard the sweet tone that is drawn from a drinking glass by passing a wet finger round its brim. One Mr. Pockrich, a gentleman from Ireland, was the first who thought of playing tunes formed of such tones. He collected a number of glasses of different sizes, fixed them near each other on a table and tuned them by putting into them water, more or less as each note required. The tones were brought out by passing his fingers round the brim."

There is a story of Pockrich, who was making occasional tours to England after the invention of the musical glasses, that illustrates the surprising effect of his own performance on them. It is told by his friend Brockhill Newburgh, a gentleman of wealth and position, who lived in Dublin at the time:

"Mr. Pockrich in his brewery near Islandbridge, happening to be one day seized by bailiffs, thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, I am your prisoner, but before I do myself the honor to attend you give me leave, as a humble performer in music to entertain you with a tune."

"Sir," exclaimed one of the bailiffs, "we came here to execute our warrant, not to 'hear tunes.'"

"Gentlemen," says the captain, "I submit to your authority, but in the interim while you are only taking a dram—here, Jack (calling to his servant), bring a bottle of the Rosa Solis I lately distilled—I say, gentlemen, before you take a dram I shall dispatch my tune."

"In the meanwhile he flourishes a prelude on the glasses and afterward displays his skill through all the pleasing turns and variations of 'The Black Joke.' The monsters, charmed with the magic of his sounds, for some time stand and gaze. At length, recovering from their trance, they thus accost the captain:

"Sir, upon your parole of honor to keep the secret we give you your liberty. 'Tis well playing upon glasses is not more common; if it were I believe our trade would find little employment."

Another musical instrument that Pockrich developed as no man had ever dreamed of before was the drum. He planned an orchestra of drums only. There were to be twenty of them, varying in size and tone from the smallest trebles to the basses, to be played by one person standing with the drums arranged about him in a circle. Pockrich never succeeded in producing true melody from a concert of drums.

The musical glasses were the direct cause of Pockrich's death. It was while he was upon one of his musical tours in England in the year 1759 that the hotel in London in which he was sleeping caught fire and he was burned to death.—Joseph Lewis French in New York Post.

**BASEBALL SIGNS.**

**Their Importance is Much Greater Than Their Number.**

Among the players we do not use the word "signal." With us it is a "sign." There are not as many "signs" used on a ball club as the public would believe. Of course the catcher must "sign" the pitcher for every ball that he throws. That is to prevent confusion or, as we say, to keep from "crossing each other." The catcher has a sign for a curve ball, a fast ball and a slow one.

To ball players all curve balls, such as the drop and the outcurve, are called "a curve." The catcher gives the same sign for any one of them. We do not call a ball that jumps "in" a curve. Ball players do not recognize the incurve. That is called a fast ball. Any ball thrown by a right handed pitcher with sufficient speed will jump inward to a slight degree. The outcurve and drop are unnatural curves, and the ball must be spun in an unnatural manner to get that peculiar "break."

The only other "sign" of importance is the one the batter gives to the runner when he intends to hit the ball. If he wants the runner to start as he swings (the hit and run play) he gives him a certain sign. There are any number of signs used for this play. Sometimes the batter gives it by rubbing his hand over the small end of the bat. Again, he may give it by knocking the dust from his shoes with the big end of the bat.—John J. McGraw in Metropolitan Magazine.

**EAST INDIAN RUNNERS.**

**Kahars Who Can Regularly Make a Hundred Miles a Day.**

Ordinary Marathon races seem rather insignificant compared with the regular performances of a certain east Indian caste. These Kahars, also known as Jhinwar, live in the Punjab, where for centuries they have acted as runners, fishermen and water fowl catchers.

The men are trained runners and are said to be able to go a hundred miles a day without resting. According to Bailey's Magazine, there is a well authenticated instance that Tilka Ram, the son of Latu Ram, carried dispatches 300 miles in three days—from Meer-Mir to Meerut.

The point discussed, however, is whether the normal exertions of the Kahar post runners and the similar exertions of jirnikisha men shortened their lives, and it appears that the Kahars, trained from childhood to be distance runners, live to be old men. They are not only able to withstand the strain of running great distances under a heavy load, but thrive under it.

The jirnikisha man, too, notwithstanding his irregular diet, excessive use of liquor and exposure to the elements, lives to a reasonable age. In

Tokyo when a census was taken of the jirnikisha men a few years ago there were found to be more than 1,300 who were over fifty-five years of age.

**Sailing is So Interesting.**

The lady was reading a nautical novel. She struggled along bravely for a few minutes, but finally had to appeal to her husband.

"Gerald," she said, "the author says that the boat was sailing 'wing and wing.' What does that mean? I've been on a yacht, but I never heard that before."

"That means," answered Gerald, rejoicing in the fact that he, too, had spent several hours on a sailing vessel—"that means that the schooner had her mains' out to port and her fores' out to starboard, or vice versa."

"Oh, I see!" cried the lady. "It's just like a chicken—a wing on each side. And now I understand why they call those little sails in the middle 'jibs.' It's short for 'jiblets,' of course. Isn't sailing interesting?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Ancient Architecture.**

Herr Knauth, the architect in charge of the Cathedral of Strassburg, has shown that the principles of construction followed by the great cathedral builders of former times are identical with those used by the builders of the Egyptian pyramids and are based on triangulation. The same simple geometrical figure underlies all these constructions. More than this, Herr Knauth traces the architectural principle in the formation of crystals and lays down this formula: "The laws of proportion in medieval architecture are the geometrical laws of crystallization."

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**Travelers Guide.**

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Condensed Time Table effective June 19, 1911.

READ DOWN			STATIONS			READ UP.		
No 1	No 5	No 3				No 6	No 4	No 2
a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	Belefonte	Ar.	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.
7 15	2 58	2 32	F. Night		9 27	4 52	9 46	
7 50	3 43	2 37	Zion		10 12	4 47	9 27	
7 59	4 02	2 37	F. Dunks		10 21	4 47	9 27	
7 59	4 02	2 37	F. Dunks		10 21	4 47	9 27	
7 59	4 02	2 37	F. Dunks		10 21	4 47	9 27	
7 59	4 02	2 37	F. Dunks		10 21	4 47	9 27	
7 59	4 02	2 37	F. Dunks		10 21	4 47	9 27	
7 59	4 02	2 37	F. Dunks		10 21	4 47	9 27	
7 59	4 02	2 37	F. Dunks		10 21	4 47	9 27	
7 59	4 02	2 37	F. Dunks		10 21	4 47	9 27	
7 59	4 02	2 37	F. Dunks		10 21	4 47	9 27	
7 59	4 02	2 37	F. Dunks		10 21	4 47	9 27	

**BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.**

Schedule to take effect Monday, Jan. 6, 1910

WESTWARD		STATIONS		EASTWARD	
Read down.				Read up.	
↑ No 5	↑ No 3	No 1		↓ No 2	↓ No 4
p. m.	a. m.	a. m.	Lve.	a. m.	p. m.
2 00	10 15	6 30	Bellefonte	8 20	12 50
2 10	10 25	6 35	Coleville	8 40	12 40
2 12	10 23	6 38	Morris	8 37	12 37
2 17	10 27	6 45	Stevens	8 35	12 35
2 21	10 30	6 46	Hunter's Park	8 31	12 31
2 25	10 34	6 50	Filmore	8 28	12 28
2 32	10 40	6 55	Brarley	8 24	12 24
2 35	10 43	7 00	Waddles	8 20	12 20
2 50	10 57	7 12	Krumline	8 07	12 07
3 20	11 10	7 25	State College	8 00	12 00
		7 27	Stroubles	8 45	3 20
		7 31	Bloomersd.	7 40	
		7 35	Fine Grove Mt	7 35	3 30

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

**Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.**