

THE LITTLE KING.

He came to his kingdom at dead of night, (Oh, never a cent to pay had he); The robes were fine and with lace bedight Of this acion of royalty.

He ate and slept and took his ease, (Oh, never a cent to pay had he); No word he said, nor cared to please, So very high was he.

On each fine day he rode in state, (Oh, never a cent to pay had he); With vaults true to watch and wait His slightest need to see.

Of everything he had the best, (Oh, never a cent to pay had he); With not a care to trouble his rest, Or a fear of aught to be.

And time goes on; he holds the throne; (Oh, never a cent to pay had he); He has the world for his very own, This acion of royalty.

Oh, time goes on, but his kingdom stands; (Yet never a cent to pay had he); And we all keep step to his swift commands, With glad humility.

—Emma A. Lente, in Good Housekeeping.

A CLEW BY WIRE

Or, An Interrupted Current.

BY HOWARD M. YOST.

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CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

The conversation which Sonntag and myself had noted this morning in our endeavor to solve the mystery of the voices in my bedroom and up in the attic seemed of the greatest significance. Some property was to be removed this very night, and if the reference was to anything hidden in the cellar the removal might take place while I was absent on my present errand.

The thought caused me to urge forward the horse to his greatest speed, and very soon I drew near the station. Stopping a short distance away, I tied the horse to the fence, and then cautiously approached, being careful to keep in the shadows as much as possible.

The station was standing out bold and distinct in the bright moonlight. There was not a sign of a human being anywhere around. The signal light in front of the place cast a sickly glow against the windows, in contrast to the white moonlight.

With pistol ready for immediate use in my hand, I ran swiftly forward and leaped upon the platform. The door of the station-house was locked, as were also the windows. By the gleam of the station light I could see the telegraph instrument inside.

The bank in which I had been employed was equipped with a private telegraph wire. In the gradual climb to the tellership I had at one time held the position of stenographer and telegrapher. How thankful I was now for the long hard study and practice gone through to fit myself for that position! I had not forgotten how to send or receive a message.

With the butt end of the pistol a pane of glass was smashed, and, reaching in through the opening, I undid the lock, and in another moment was inside.

My fingers trembled with excitement, as I threw the switch which connected the instrument with the circuit, and then handled the key.

I did not know the call for Philadelphia, so I clicked the abbreviation "Phil" a few times, and was delighted in receiving a quick response.

"Operator—Keep this dead secret, and have delivered quick," I wired. The answer came back: "O. K. Go ahead."

"Benj. F. Perry, 1459 Ridgefield Ave., Phila., Pa.: Come quick to Sidington on J. & M. division Mid-Trunk Ry. Get special train; bring detectives. Recovery of stolen funds and arrest of thieves in question. Do not fail. Am all alone. Nelson Conway."

I followed this up by another request to have it delivered immediately, to which the short but gratifying response came: "You bet. Good luck!"

The operator evidently comprehended the full meaning of my dispatch. Indeed, anyone who had resided in Philadelphia at the time of the robbery, reading that message, would know its meaning.

The short term expressing good will, received in answer to my request to rush, coming from one I had probably never seen, encouraged me greatly.

Then, too, knowing Mr. Perry's energetic nature, I was confident that gentleman would be up and doing immediately upon the receipt of my dispatch. A man of his standing would have no difficulty in procuring a special train, and, allowing the time necessary to obtain the officers of the law, in two or three hours I could expect Mr. Perry's arrival.

I could not repress a smile as I pictured to myself the president of the Safety Security company riding, not in the coach, but on the engine to which it was attached, and urging the engineer to greater speed. It was certain in my mind that that special would travel as fast as steam could drive the wheels.

A feeling of satisfaction came over me at having taken a decisive step, and my spirits rose in accordance. The numbness and dazed condition of my faculties had passed away, and I felt that to rely on one's own exertions was the better way, after all.

Leaving the station, I went back to my horse, mounted, and started up the long hill. Arrived at the top, I again dismounted in front of Sarah's house, and, going in the front door, rapped loud and loud. In answer to my summons a voice called from an upstairs window:

"Sarah, is that you?" I asked, stepping from the shadow of the porch into the moonlight.

"Is your husband awake?" I continued. "No, indeed. He sleeps like a log." "Well, wake him up, and tell him to hitch a team in the double wagon. There will be a special train come to the station within a few hours. Have the team waiting for it. Three or four men will get off the train; take them up and drive them over to the old place just as fast as the horses can go. Will you do this for me, Sarah?"

"Wait; I come down," was her breathless reply. I was anxious to be off homeward, but before I had time to become impatient at the delay the front door opened and Sarah stepped out.

"Did you understand what I told you?" I asked, hurriedly. "Ach, yes, indeed." Then she repeated my instructions at my request, so there could be no possible mistake.

"Now I must hasten back. Heaven only knows what might happen during my absence," I said, making a start for the gate.

"Ach Gott, Nel, vat is de matter, anyways? Tell me! Is dere any harm to you?" Sarah cried after me, in such deep concern that, remembering she knew nothing at all of the occurrences at my house, I came back.

"I haven't time to stop and tell you everything," I said, hurriedly. "But I have found a small portion of the securities the bank lost by the robbery. It was a bond, and I picked it up from the floor of the cook-house cellar. Some one dropped it, and when the loss is discovered will be back after it. So I want to be there and see who it is."

"Ach, he kill you, Nel! Ton't go back! You git kilt!" Sarah exclaimed. "Oh, I guess not. I'll look out for that."

Sarah wished to accompany me, but I told her how much greater service she could render by staying and seeing that my instructions were fully carried out, which made her satisfied to remain.

As I started homeward, the hobbling light of a lantern was moving toward the barn, which told me Jake was doing his part, and the old fellow's unusual celerity seemed an auspicious beginning to my plan. I had left Sarah seated on the porch, whence I knew she would not move until her quick ear caught the first far-off rumble of the special.

During the ride homeward the thought occurred to me that perhaps I had been too hasty in sending for Mr. Perry and the detectives. For if the stolen property or a portion of it should be discovered hidden in my house, those who believed in my guilt might claim that I had hidden the securities myself and, becoming fearful of discovery or being unable to negotiate a sale, had now taken this course to restore what remained to the bank. Mr. Perry's friendship I could possibly rely upon; but the detectives, who had all along believed I was the real criminal, might not be so easily convinced of the truth of my story.

There was no recalling the dispatch, however, and in the meantime something further might arise to assist my case. So I had to be content in hoping for the best.

I stopped at the orchard below my house and, letting down the bars, led the horse through the long grass, up to the barn, so that the sound of hoofs on the hard roadway might not serve as a warning of my approach.

The animal had not been spared in the journey to and from the station; but, pausing not to rub him down, I slipped a blanket over his reeking back and sides and then quietly and cautiously approached the house.

When I came around the corner I was startled at discovering the dark outlines of a man's figure motionless before the cook-house door. I stealthily approached.

He must have heard me, for he glanced around, and by his action brought his face in the full light of the moon.

It was Skinner, that treacherous coward. My animosity toward the fellow was not lessened by the fact that he was prowling about my place, and I hope God will pardon me for the murderous spirit that arose in my heart. It lent wings to my feet, and in a few bounds I was upon him.

When he saw he could not escape, he turned quickly and raised his arm in defense. He started to say something, but I choked the words in his throat, for his arms could not stop me. My fingers were steel, and closed about his windpipe with the grip of a vise.

"You scoundrel, I've got a double charge against you, and I'll take my pay now," I snarled, between my clenched teeth.

He squirmed and struggled, his hands clutching my wrists, in the vain endeavor to tear loose from my grasp.

Soon one of his arms dropped to his side, and he seemed to be nearly overcome, for I felt his body gradually sinking down. The next instant there was a cold object thrust against my temple, and an ominous click sounded in my ears. Anyone who has had the muzzle of a pistol meaning business thrust into his face will understand my sensation.

I instantly let go my hold and fell back a few steps. So sudden had been the change in Skinner from the defensive to the aggressive that for a moment I forgot about my pistol. When I did think of it and got through fumbling in my pocket, the rascal had fled around the side of the house, whither I followed. He succeeded in eluding me, however. Even had I discovered him, I would not have fired. It was not my purpose to raise a disturbance just then. For some reason Skinner also was unwilling to attract attention to the spot by shooting, for, if he really wished to put me out of the way, he would never have had a more favorable opportunity than when he so cleverly got the drop on me.

Whether the fellow was about to enter the cook house when I came upon him so suddenly, or was standing guard to give warning to some one who was

already inside, I could not determine. If the last idea was the correct one, why had he not given the warning?

My sudden attack taking him so un-awares might be accountable for this, and he might return at any moment and sound an alarm.

I went quickly back to the cook house, determined to take advantage of his flight. Kicking off my shoes, I entered. A shudder ran over me at the thought of again descending into the sepulchral darkness, but there was not that horrible fear, that unaccountable terror in the thought, which had so completely demoralized my nerves on the former occasions. I was prepared now, was on a hot scent, the end of which promised a tangible result. At the same time, I fully realized the danger. I was alone, single-handed, against I knew not what odds.

Gliding noiselessly to the cellar-way, I paused and listened. Tomblike silence was about me.

With the utmost caution, lest the old stairway should creak under my weight, I descended. The instant my head came below the level of the floor, a faint streak of light in the opposite wall struck my eye. The painted door was ajar.

Eagerly I continued downward until I came to the last step. Would the voice sound again, and thereby give the alarm? How could I avoid it?

Thought flies quickly when the mind is keyed up by excitement. I remembered how on former occasions the plank at the bottom had given way beneath my weight, and how the voice had sounded immediately after. Was there some connection between the two? Could I avoid the voice by avoiding the plank?

I climbed over the balustrade and reached the cellar floor at the side of the stairs. To my intense satisfaction, the silence remained unbroken.

After waiting a few minutes, I was about to cross to the door, when from the



room above came a sound which set my heart wildly beating—the sound of footsteps moving cautiously across the floor toward the stairway.

All seemed clear to me then. A trap had been laid for me and I was caught in it.

CHAPTER XVI.

The sounds of footsteps upon the landing ceased for a short time. I was not afraid to cope with a single man, but I naturally felt no desire to have two or more upon me at once. It might be that Skinner had returned. I nerved myself for a supreme effort against odds, and waited for the alarm which would sound the note of warning to the colleague in the walled-up cellar. To my surprise no alarm was given.

The footsteps again began to move slowly forward. To lie in wait for the newcomer at the foot of the stairs, trip him up, and so make my escape, was my first impulse.

I was about to station myself in position to carry out this plan when a band of light streamed down and made a round, yellow patch on the stones below.

Thus being prevented from following my plan, I hastily but silently withdrew behind the stairs, and, crouching down, breathlessly waited.

Slowly and deliberately the unknown came down. When he reached the bottom step he paused. Then the beam of light from the dark-lantern was thrown upon the plank, and moved from side to side as if in investigation.

The secret of the plank was evidently known to the newcomer, for when he left the stairs it was by a jump which landed him on the stone floor beyond, and thus, as in my case, the sound of the warning voice was avoided.

I had no opportunity then for speculation as to the close connection between the plank and the voice, for the time of danger was upon me. The round glow crept slowly over the walls, gradually approaching my hiding place.

I held my pistol ready, determined the instant the light fell upon me to fire, aiming at a spot in the darkness directly above it.

But the glow suddenly died away, and total darkness again reigned. The footsteps went lightly across the floor, and soon the crack of light in the opposite wall widened.

The fellow passed but an instant before the wide open door, and then, assuming a crouching position, entered into the region beyond.

He had had his back toward me, and the light, coming from the walled-up cellar through a narrow, low passage-way leading to it, was faint; but my heart took a sudden bound from the glimpse of that form, fleeting and indistinct though it was. Here was a new element entering into the mystery which surrounded me. For a moment amazement, wonder, held me spell-bound. Then, rising from my hiding place, I swiftly went to the door, which the person who had just entered had left wide open.

The faint light from the room beyond was almost blotted out by the man's

form, as he went slowly along the low, narrow passage. He could not proceed without making some noise, and I saw a startled face appear at the other end. I could hardly repress a cry of astonishment.

The light in the room was at one side of the passage; it shone full upon the fellow and revealed the form and face of Horace Jackson. In one hand he held a bundle of papers, and he appeared too dumfounded to move. The man he was watching reached the end of the passage and stepped into the apartment beside him.

I was eager to verify my first impression, which the glimpse of the newcomer's back had given me, but immediately upon his entrance into the walled cellar he stepped to one side, out of the line of vision.

Jackson's eyes followed him, and were evidently resting upon him in doubt and suspicion.

"You?" he finally exclaimed. I listened intently for the answer, and the sound of the voice sent a shudder over me. The voice was familiar, and it was with deepest dread I heard it.

"Yes. You wonder how I found you out," came in response to Jackson's exclamation. "That I will not say. Enough that I am here."

"Well, we can't talk in this place," Jackson said, after a pause. "His bedroom is right above us."

"You mean Mr. Conway. No fear of his hearing. He was called to my house by a message from my daughter, and is with her now. I have no doubt."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ACQUITTED BY THE CROWD.

Judge, Who Wanted to Be Re-elected, Dodged to Make Votes.

Twenty years ago Powers was an engine wiper in the shops at Burnham. Losing an arm in a railroad wreck he was obliged to use his head more and his limbs less in the business of making a living for himself and his little family. Drifting to Leadville with the first tide of fortune hunters, Powers remained there as long as he could consistently, and until the sheriff took him down to Canyon City to live permanently, that being considered a healthier climate for a man of his temperament—he had shot and killed his son-in-law, Pat Kennedy, in a friendly, go-as-you-please with revolvers.

But Powers was not nearly so vicious as he looked, and during all of the years that I knew him he had never killed a man—a pretty good record for that vicinity. He was always a potential factor, and filled various positions of honor and responsibility, from justice of the peace to policeman and janitor of the courthouse and superintendent of the chain gang.

While dealing out justice in the old jail, a Missourian was brought before him for a preliminary hearing upon the charge of horse stealing. That was ranked as a capital offense in Leadville in those days, punishable with death.

But the culprit was from Joplin, and had many friends in camp, albeit the courtroom was crowded with them, all determined, as every true Missourian is, to see justice done. In the midst of the proceedings a stentorian voice was heard in the rear room, shouting:

"I move, your honor, that the prisoner be discharged!"

That was all Powers wanted. To convict the Missourian would have been fatal to his hopes for reelection, and without waiting for a second to the proposition he put the motion to the house and declared it carried unanimously, which it was. The court then adjourned to Johnny Shea's, where the friends of the vindicated man did the handsome thing by the judge, the clerk and all of the bystanders.—Denver Times.

An Aggrieved Small Boy.

There is one small boy on these grounds who fervently wishes that his sister would learn to write more legibly. Just as he was going for a swim she sent him down to the pier with a handbag and a note which read: "Please keep this bag for me until I come down." To his surprise the boy was ordered to come in and sit down in a corner of the office. After a patient wait of half an hour he asked: "May I go now?" "No," was the reply of the busy clerk; "keep quiet and stay where you are." An hour rolled by and the sister appeared on the scene. An explanation followed, and the boy was released with the promise of some candy.

The clerk had read the note: "Please keep this bag for me until I come down."—Chautauquan Assembly Herald.

Calmness in Emergency.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, lecturing to a school of nurses lately upon the necessity of self-control in emergencies, told the following incident: "One of his patients, while in a low, nervous condition, swallowed by mistake a dose from the wrong bottle. She shrieked out that she was poisoned. One of the nurses screamed 'Aconite!' and began to cry hysterically. The other nurse, seeing that the patient was going into convulsions from terror, when relief would be impossible, said, coolly: 'Don't be frightened. Look here,' taking a mouthful of the dose herself. She then went outside to rid her mouth of it, procured an emetic and sent for a doctor and a stomach pump. Her calmness saved the life of the patient."—N. Y. Ledger.

So He Declared His Independence.

Mrs. Goodson—You say you were thrown upon the world by a great cruelty of nature. That's too bad! What was the character of it, if you don't mind telling?

Bumma D'Way—Well, mum, ye see, it was dis way: Nater made hayin' an' harvest come at a time when it's too hot to work; an' den she turns right around an' makes de time ter saw wood come in de winter when it's too cold! Oh! She had it in fer us, mum!—Puck.

SAMPLE OF "DROP-IN" TRADE.

The Dealer in Corn Salve Spoils the Real Estate Man's Proud Bonnet.

Real estate dealers often console themselves during these dull days by reminiscences of the periods of inactivity which have gone before. A well-known Washington street dealer while in a reminiscent mood told the following:

"The period of inactivity through which we are now passing reminds me somewhat of the days of 1873 when a dealer who made a sale was looked upon as a marvel. I had my office at that time on the second floor of this building. On the main floor were the offices of Kece, Pierce & Co. I was in the habit of stopping in each morning and greeting Col. Pierce, and usually the greeting became a morning visit. One day I was complaining somewhat bitterly of the dullness of the market, and the colonel remarked: 'I tell you that you miss it by not getting down on the ground floor. Now we get a great deal of drop-in trade, so to speak, that never gets to you because of the stairs.'

"Just as he was closing this remark the door opened and in stepped a man with a calise. 'There, what did I tell you,' said the colonel. 'Here's a man who probably wants to buy a lot and who never would climb up to you.' I was duly impressed with the truth of the statement then, and we both became silent as the newcomer advanced. As he came up to us he bowed and smiled and then blandly inquired: 'Can't I sell either of you some corn salve to-day?'

"The colonel was almost overcome, but he managed to express a decided negative and the visitor retreated. When he had closed the door behind him I burst out laughing and exclaimed: 'Colonel, if that's the kind of drop-in trade you get down here I want none of it. Now, that man would never trouble me because he could easily see that any man who could frequently climb the stairs of this building could not possibly have corns.' I went upstairs to my office, leaving the colonel speechless."—Chicago Chronicle.

Bill of Fare in Fashionable Restaurants.

The question has been mooted over and over again whether the engraving of French and German dishes upon the bill of fare of the better class of American restaurants is or is not an improvement. Many pretend that before their introduction our cooking was coarse, barbaric. This is an open question, but no bill of fare presents attractions to the dyspeptic, but they, like the bilious, malarious and persons with weak kidneys, can be cured by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Had Outgrown the Habit.

She—Do you believe microbes are got from kissing? He—I really have no way of knowing; you know, I'm married.—Yonkers Statesman.

Give the Children a Drink.

called Grain-O. It is a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it, because when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee but is free from all its injurious properties. Grain-O aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder, and children, as well as adults, can drink it with great benefit. Costs about as much as coffee. 15 and 25c.

A loafer doesn't seem to care for anybody except those who are busy.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

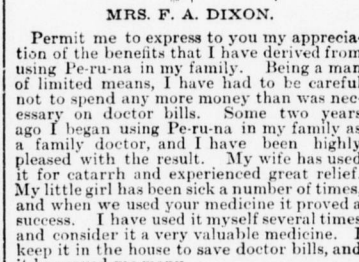
For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. Dieter, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

The Doctor's Discovery.

"What do you find the most common delusion among your patients, doctor?" "That we physicians care nothing about having our bills paid."—Detroit Free Press.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.

The Experience of a Prominent Editor Who Uses Pe-ru-na in His Family.



MRS. F. A. DIXON.

Permit me to express to you my appreciation of the benefits that I have derived from using Pe-ru-na in my family. Being a man of limited means, I have had to be careful not to spend any more money than was necessary on doctor bills. Some two years ago I began using Pe-ru-na in my family as a family doctor, and I have been highly pleased with the result. My wife has used it for catarrh and experienced great relief. My little girl has been sick a number of times, and when we used your medicine it proved a success. I have used it myself several times and consider it a very valuable medicine. I keep it in the house to save doctor bills, and it has saved me many.

F. A. DIXON. 310 E. 10th St., Kansas City, Mo., Ed. Missouri Dept. "Spring of Myrtle." Send for Dr. Hartman's latest book on chronic catarrh. Sent free by The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

CHEERING HIM.

His Hearers Were Duly Appreciative But Were Not Completely Carried Away.

He was unquestionably an orator. But he was not content with that gift. He desired to deliver speeches which would read well in print. As a result, his periods were polished till they lost force. They would have made more of an impression if he had left a few jagged edges on them. His speeches were famous for their soporific qualities as they were for their immaculate syntax, but his wife was a confident admirer of his powers as a speaker. Without taking the trouble to inform herself very thoroughly on the topics he discussed, she accepted his observations with implicit faith and unbounded applause. She had gone to hear him address the legislature. After it was over she remarked:

"That speech wasn't the success we hoped it would be." "It was a very nice speech, indeed," she answered, encouragingly. "I enjoyed it very much. I have passed it highly instructive afternoon. And, besides, I needed rest." "There wasn't much enthusiasm." "I was very enthusiastic." "I was referring to my fellow-members." "You couldn't tell whether they liked it or not." "At all events, they were not carried off their feet." "Oh, you mustn't be the least bit worried about that. They couldn't be. They took special precautions. I noticed that before you got half through nearly all of them had their feet on their desks."—Washington Star.

\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Housler's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891. HENRY AUCRY, President.

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