

# IN A DETECTIVE'S TRAP.

## The One Weak Point in Paul Poloff's Great Murder Plot.

MERRILL HEATON, the brilliant operator of the Heaton Optical works, was a man of wealth, advanced in years, and happy in the love of his wife and their only child, Gertrude. He was strolling on a little knoll at his country home. There was a terrific blow from behind with a jagged bullet, and Merrill Heaton lay dead in the sunlight, while the rattle and plunge of his murderer's great down the embankment mingled discordantly with the shrill piping of birds protesting against so rude an invasion of their paradise.

The police came, the police went; the papers theorized, the papers scolded, but the mystery of the death remained unsolved. According to medical judgment, a full hour had elapsed before the body was discovered. In the meantime, there had been a violent shower, completely obliterating any tracks. No inference could be derived from the weapon, a silver pipe from the wood pile, except that the assassin had been prudent in its choice. Interest waxed and interest waned; other crimes more sensational occurred, and the Heaton case was by common consent relegated to that limbo of oblivion, where so many murders that will not out are confined.

### RIVALRY FOR GIRL'S LOVE.

Young Herbert Lovering, who lived in the adjoining place, heard the tale and was greatly distressed thereby. Not only did it disappoint the hopes which his lifelong intimacy with Gertrude had naturally encouraged, but it raised an unmet dread, lest she should be sacrificed. A quiet, scholarly man, without robust health and unknown of the world, he realized that he was unfit for such a feat; therefore he sought the advice of Josiah Marcellus, his former guardian, who was now the executor of Mr. Heaton's will. The judge shrugged his shoulders, with the resignation of an old bachelor for woman's whims, and then, after some philosophic reflections on the prudence of always employing a substitute, sent him to Abe Cronkite for the assistance which the ex-detective was so well qualified to render him.

Paul Poloff, at the works, heard the story, and it caused him hours of meditation before he acted. A valuable man was Poloff, a Hungarian who had passed an exhaustive apprenticeship in the best scientific workshops of his country before coming hither to put the one finishing touch of perfection on the Heaton lenses. A young man still was Poloff, in the thirties, unmarried, and of a cheerful disposition, way one of the towers of the factory sleeping during the day, toiling throughout the night, yet always prompt with orders and satisfactory in their execution.

Gertrude Heaton had never fancied this man the few times she had seen him at her father's table. There was an effusiveness in his manner which struck her as insincere; there was a deference to her opinion which their acquaintance did not justify. Hence, he impudently took advantage of her seclusion was so strong, one day, when his card was brought to her, that she would have dined by herself, had it not been for a line beneath the name, "on a matter close to your heart." As it was she descended to where he waited all tremble from hopes indefinite but tumultuous.

"What is it? Have you any clew to the murder?" she cried abruptly.

"Softly, my dear young lady," began Paul taking the girl's hand and leading her to a window. "What if I have? If, though far distant at the time, I was nevertheless an actual eye witness to the tragedy, what then?"

### POLOFF'S TRAGIC STORY.

"Why, your love of justice, your respect for my father, your employer, your character as a good citizen, all, all, must impel you to reveal at once to the police what you know to—"

"Softly, my dear lady; I am a poor foreteller unless you lead me. I believe in justice, yes; but if every man will mind his own affairs, then justice will reign undisputed. Your honored father, truly, was a good man; but I returned him faithful service for his wage; we are quits, and he is gone forever. I say again, what then?"

"Then why did you come to me?" moaned the girl in a torrent of uncertainty.

"Because I adore you," returned Paul; and then followed a scene which can be readily imagined, in which the poor girl, led on by furtive promise and threat, finally agreed that she would marry him when he had made good his word and brought about the punishment of her father's murderer.

The story which Poloff told was strange, but not unnatural, in its details. He had been working that afternoon, he explained, over in his room, in the tower of the factory, on a telescope of unusual power. When the last lens was completed and slipped into place he had raised the instrument and leveled it at the further side to test it. What had he seen? Mr. Heaton standing on the knoll; a man creep out from the shrubbery with a stick in his hand; a cruel, cowardly blow from behind; and then a headlong flight down the embankment. Was not that enough? The summer storm had burst just then and obscured further view.

"Did you know him? Who was he?" whispered Gertrude.

But Paul declined to give a direct answer to this question. It would not do, he smilingly insisted, for him to show his hand; he was too happy in

his love not to be prudent. Let the honored mother be acquainted with their truth; with his undertaking, if you please. Then, when his standing was assured, it would be time to reveal what he knew and what he hoped under such inspiration to find out. To Gertrude, however, he readily imposed, poor Gertrude, in the stress of the rash course on which she had entered, felt herself constrained to yield.

Mrs. Heaton received the intelligence silently and without a sign of emotion, save a more livid pallor on her wan face. And when she had again gone into the seclusion of her protracted devotion the girl felt herself more alone, more helpless, unless she followed the glimmer of truth which Paul Poloff held tantalizingly before her. And as the fact of the engagement went abroad and was accepted, and the Hungarian lensmaker strutted through the works and about the grounds with an air of proprietorship far different from the demure bearing which had characterized him hitherto.

But Gertrude misjudged her mother in thinking her apathetic. The tidings that Poloff pretended to be able to solve the mystery of her husband's death roused recollections and strengthened suspicions which she had striven to banish from her mind as indefinite and unjust. Her nerves had been so racked and spent by sorrow that this fresh information had for the moment crushed her with its awful possibilities, but the supreme force of material evidence asserted itself and led him almost from her knees to, in some way, prevent so obnoxious, so unnatural a match!

The judge was inclined to make matters smooth for a hysterical woman. "It is certainly an indication at this time, madam," he said, "but then, you know, it may prove nothing but an infatuation as short lived as it was sudden. At the worst he is a worthy young man, with a great future before him, I am told. Really you take too much to heart. Unnatural! Pooh, pooh! There is nothing unnatural about such affairs so long as young men are young men and young maidens young maidens."

There came a specter of a flush to Mrs. Heaton's cheek, and she stammered as she spoke. "Unnatural! most unnatural!" she persisted. "I have prayed my God to keep my thoughts from unworthy themes, but when I see my only child consenting to join herself to the only man her father disapproved, I am shocked out, not because even a hint might drive her from one wild extreme to even a wilder, but to you, my friend and our counselor, I do not accuse Paul Poloff of anything, in less, O my God, of that one thing that the very day that Merrill was taken, he said that he had serious losses over at the works and that he feared the outcome must be his dismissing this young man."

The judge, knowing Mrs. Heaton's deliberate habit of thought and action, was more impressed by this statement than he saw fit to show. He recalled the old legal maxim about it being dangerous to intrude into a council uninvited, and concluded that Poloff by forcing himself thus boldly into the family circle had exposed himself to inspection. He therefore advised that he be encouraged in his hopes for the present, and having assuaged his client's distress with the balm of well chosen words and moral sentiments he went straightway with the tidings of these facts to Josiah Marcellus, his former guardian, but far too seriously losses over at the works and that he feared the outcome must be his dismissing this young man."

### ABE CRONKITE'S THEORY.

The former detective coincided with his patron's views. "Poloff's story," he said, "is either true, false, or partly true and partly false. If it is either true or false the probabilities are that the fellow is merely a cold blooded assassin, who has taken a cruel advantage of the young lady. But if it is part one and part the other, then, Judge Marcellus, I discern the indications of a graver crime—or murder, to wit. The safety of a murderer lies in silently pursuing his ordinary course of life. When he is done, unless he has been recklessly careless in his crime, he is apt to escape. But this seems to be the one thing, hard, almost impossible, for him to do. It is characteristic of all criminals to have absolute faith in their own cleverness; they yearn to take the initiative, to divert suspicion. In the case of murderers there is, besides, the impulse, the irresistible, fatal impulse, to confide, which seems to constrain them, in telling such a yarn, to bring in a part of what actually happened."

"Now, it is easy to conjecture that Poloff may have abstracted some of the valuable lenses in his charge from time to time, and that he came to know in some way that Mr. Heaton suspected him. Would not the desire to save himself from exposure and retain so lucrative a place be a sufficient motive for the murder? My dear sir, there is far less cause for nine-tenths of the murders committed. Here, at any rate, is a working hypothesis in point to me. I think his story should be verified step by step. If it is true, I may be able through it to bring the guilty person to justice. If it is false, an impostor will be exposed. If it is partly true and partly false, then, I believe, out of his own mouth, by his own actions, will Paul Poloff convict himself. Therefore, if you will urge Miss Gertrude, even taking the risk of telling her something, to insist on this man's furnishing the proof he has promised, and also keep him with you as much as possible, why, the field will be open for men to investigate at the works and he may be forced into betraying himself through the direct accusation of an innocent person."

A day or so later Abe Cronkite, in the guise of a porter at the works, stole up the stairs of the tower and let himself with a master key into Poloff's room. He knew that the lensmaker had crossed the river to call on Gertrude, and the opportunity was favorable to test the truth of his story about the telescope of a porter at the works, stole up the stairs of the tower and let himself with a master key into Poloff's room. He knew that the lensmaker had crossed the river to call on Gertrude, and the opportunity was favorable to test the truth of his story about the telescope of a porter at the works, stole up the stairs of the tower and let himself with a master key into Poloff's room. He knew that the lensmaker had crossed the river to call on Gertrude, and the opportunity was favorable to test the truth of his story about the telescope of a porter at the works, stole up the stairs of the tower and let himself with a master key into Poloff's room.

should there be a telescope commanding the knoll the story told to Gertrude would appear to be verified; and yet, even in that contingency Cronkite was not prepared to abandon the lead of his own judgment.

The room was an odd combination of utility and comfort, with a work bench opposite the lounge, and chamol rubbers and emery boards mingled with French novels and pipes on the table. On the wall were racks of telescopes and other rare taste and value. Cronkite selected the instrument of greatest power and brought it to bear on the Heaton place opposite. Yes, paths and shrubbery stood out distinctly. There was a rose bush to the right of the knoll, and a book lay open on one of the open benches. As a sense of the difficulties before him, he resisted in suspecting one so fortified by fact swept over him, he gave a gasp of astonishment, for into the field of the glass, cautiously advanced across the knoll to the edge of the embankment, he saw a figure in every movement as unerringly revealed as if the two were not 100 feet apart! The Hungarian looked this way and that. All was as silent, as solitary, as serene, as on the day Merrill Heaton met his death. He crept lightly to the embankment and swung slowly from bush to branch until he stood on a ledge. He raised a rock from the rubble and placed something that was white yet not all white, underneath; then he swung himself just as lightly back again, and waited away through the plantation with the air of a proprietor.

This slight was as fresh scent to a hound. Abe Cronkite's mind was no longer perturbed by difficulties; straight and true it ran after the quarry! Poloff was the murderer, crafty and cowardly; first the benefactor to avoid exposure for theft, and then seeking to secure his wealth through marriage with the daughter. What though he must shed more blood to accomplish his purpose; was he not broad enough ranging to do so; did not his furtive movements and swiftness show that he was preparing the proof that should condemn an honest man? Let him beware then, lest when he came to show it he found instead what pointed unerringly to himself! Ah, but the boy of the Atlantic, then went to Chicago, the New York City, next played with Syracuse in the Eastern and winds up in the National.

Honus Wagner, of Pittsburgh, has supplanted Elmer Flick as champion National league batsman. Big Honus has walloped out 390 and Flick is about fifteen points behind.

Chicago now has twenty-nine players under contract or engagement. They are: Catchers, Donahue, Chance, Dexter, Nichols and Kling; pitchers, Griffith, Callahan, Taylor, Garvin, Menefee, Harvey, Cunningham, Miller, Sullivan, and the New York City, Weimer, Infielders, Ganzel, Childs, Bradley, McCormack, Strang; outfielders, McCarthy, Mertes, Green, Ryan, Hartzell and Dolan. It is said that Childs, Cunningham and Ryan will be released to make way for younger players.

This season has been announced for sale by President Freedman, of New York, and both the Philadelphia and Chicago managements are eager to sign him. If the Phillies secure the little fellow, he will be played at second base. DeLoach will be transferred to first base. DeLoach will be sent back to left field.

Sheekard, of Brooklyn, is playing a grand left field for the Superbas, while Joe Kelly is on first base. Monday Sheekard made six hits out of seven times at bat, in two games. Among his drives were two doubles and a triple.

### POLOFF TELLS HIS STORY.

Abe Cronkite was there, too, in his porter's guise, industriously plucking the weeds from the verge of the embankment. But Paul Poloff thought nothing of it as he saw him so engaged. It had been Mr. Heaton's wont to have the men from the works to do odd jobs around the place. Doubtless when he himself was the master he would do away with such piecemeal methods, and in employing a skilled land-clearer whose progress had been more important things to occupy his attention! And so he hung persistently over Gertrude, with high, excited speech and exaggerated gesture as he and she, with Judge Marcellus, came across the knoll.

"It is here," the lensmaker was saying, "that your honored father stood. It was here, pardon me, that he fell to rise no more! The vile assassin, he ran, wiping his hands, so, so, with his handkerchief! Down he plunged, out of sight for a moment, and then, plunged again from rock to tree to shrub, until he reached the railway track and disappeared around the bend! But, my dear young lady, when he reached the bottom he did not know that handkerchief in his hand. I know him, as I have to you, by dress, by movement, by form; but, as the distance was so police, so rough with the poor foreigner, might say I was mistaken, I had no proof! And so I kept silent until I spoke for love of you, and then, and then, why, I thought of that handkerchief! The torrential rain, they might have washed it into some crevasse! I looked, I found, left it for your dear eye, so distressed! See!"

Paul Poloff crept lightly to the embankment and swung down from bush to bush until he stood on a ledge. He raised a rock from the rubble and put something that was white, yet not all white, from underneath. Then he presented his discovery to Gertrude. "There is a name in the corner," he said; "will you favor me by reading it?"

The girl took the handkerchief shakingly, all dabbled as it was, and held it up to the light. Her eyes were firm, though her lips were pale, as she read the name in the corner, "Abe Poloff!"

"The effect of this unlooked for transposition on the lensmaker was extraordinary. He sprang back, his arms in the air, his eyes protruding. "No, no, no!" he shrieked. "It is not so—a lie, a plot, a conspiracy! That man, that Herbert Lovering, it is his handkerchief that should be there! I saw it, I swear!"

Abe Cronkite laid a heavy lead on the man's shoulder. "You saw it, yes," he said, slowly, "after you had stolen it and stained it and placed it there. But you didn't see me, did you, watching you from the tower through the telescope, which, as you yourself suggested, commanded this spot? You didn't see me, either, when I found this one hidden away in your drawer—when I came across the dummy you rigged that afternoon? Come now, you mustn't do that you know, a man never gains anything by losing his pluck. Brace up, I tell you; it will be months before anything can be done."

The old detective's encouragement was kindly and pertinent, but useless, for Paul Poloff, as he was led away to the works, was in a fever of increasing comprehension that out of his own mouth and through his own actions, he was undone—Harrisburg Patriot.

# Sport

## THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

penant now looks like a sure thing for Brooklyn. The Superbas are pushing grand hard, and it is very unlikely that Pittsburg will be able to cut down the lead of over forty points which Hanlon's men hold. Philadelphia is now playing splendid ball and will make Pittsburg hustle to even their second place. The Phillies are putting the services of Delahanty and Lajoie, but are nevertheless playing a great game.

New York now looks like an almost sure tall order, as Cincinnati which has all season been the Giants' most dangerous opponent for the place in the city, came to Philadelphia in every movement as unerringly revealed as if the two were not 100 feet apart! The Hungarian looked this way and that. All was as silent, as solitary, as serene, as on the day Merrill Heaton met his death. He crept lightly to the embankment and swung slowly from bush to branch until he stood on a ledge. He raised a rock from the rubble and placed something that was white yet not all white, underneath; then he swung himself just as lightly back again, and waited away through the plantation with the air of a proprietor.

## Right of the Bat.

THERE IS being a general rush made by the big leaguers for the stars of the minor circuits, and the American League in particular will lose by drafting.

Pat Patterson, the clever twirler of the Chicago stock is a much desired young. Only Boston, Cincinnati and Chicago have filed claims for him with President Young. Both Cincinnati and Chicago claim Tony Hartwell and the latter team threatens to wrest the services of the clever twirler from the Red Sox. Pittsburg has secured a gem, it is claimed in Bransfield, the heavy hitting first baseman of the Worcester Eastern League club. Dobbs, the fast outfielder of the Utica team in the New York State League, has been grabbed by Cincinnati.

Eason, Chicago's latest find, won his first game last week against St. Louis. The young twirler has only played in four leagues this season. He opened with Elmira in the Atlantic, then went to Canton in the New York State League, next played with Syracuse in the Eastern and winds up in the National.

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Poor Lajoie is out of the game again. This great player certainly has more than his share of baseball misfortune. In Tuesday's game with New York, one of the New Yorkers speared him on the forehead, and broke the bone. This is perhaps the first time in the history of base ball that a player has had a bone broken by a pitched or batted ball, and Philadelphia rooters are bemoaning the untimely demise of the veteran first baseman. DeLoach will be sent back to left field.

Both the Philadelphia and Pittsburg managements deny that their teams have been using any method to discover the battery signals of opposing teams. Captain Corcoran of the Cincinnati force is the man who has been peaching both Quakers and Pirates. At Philadelphia he claims that Morgan Murphy, the extra catcher, sits beneath the grand stand with a pair of spy-glasses and watches the signals, tipping them to Pete Chicago, the "coach" of the box who means an electric buzzer which operates a "buzzer" buried in the aforesaid box. This same buzzer was triumphantly unearthed by Slueth Corcoran at Philadelphia. At Pittsburg he discovered a man standing behind the Pirates' catcher, who was watching the battery with a pair of strong glasses.

After making out the signals this man reveals them to the batsman by arranging in various positions, a piece of black iron, which is swung in front of one of the letters in the Cincinnati code. Outfielder Geier climbed the fence and took possession of the piece of iron. The accused manages brand the accusations as ridiculous and false. That Morgan Murphy has been carried by the Philadelphia man for some time, it is certain. He has been at work at all has always aroused suspicion however, and talk has gone abroad in the land before, of the existence of a signal discovery bureau, of which Morgan was the chief operator.

## Punts and Drops.

JOHN Horan, of this city, played his first game with Lafayette Wednesday afternoon, when he lined up with the collegians against Ursinus. Horan played right guard during part of the game and made an excellent impression on all who watched his work. During most of the practice games the ex-High school guard has acted as right tackle, and in event of his securing a certain place on the team he will probably score at that position. He will be played at one of the tackles, Captain Chalmers, who was a star last year at tackle, will play one of the ends this year, which puts Horan's most formidable opponent out of the way. The Scranton boy is big, strong and plucky, and with practice ought to make a fine tackle.

In Wednesday's game with Franklin and Marshall, Captain Hare, of the University of Pennsylvania, shone brilliantly, both in offensive and defensive work, and kicked seven goals from touchdowns, not missing a single one.

The results of Wednesday's games proved disappointments to both the Yale and Harvard foot ballists. Unless Harvard shows better form today Bowdoin will probably score at the cup of sorrow of the boys in Cambridge would be filled to overflowing, indeed. Harvard has lost heavily

in the matter of star players, and although the back field was expected to be very strong, it is proving a disappointment, and the Crimson backs are fumbling badly, running awkwardly and doing all around poor work.

Ruhlin, the star of the Princeton team shown up very strong. Old Nassau is minus the services of Palmer and Poe, last year's wonderful ends, but in Roper and Little a brace have been developed who are more than holding their own. Pennsylvania promises to have the strongest team which has represented the college since '97. The rush line is composed entirely of big men, even the two ends, Davidson and Gardner each going over 175 pounds.

In little Graves, the quarter-back, Pennsylvania has one of the most promising players of the season. In addition to being a sure tackler, he is a magnificent drop kicker and punter, and on receiving kicks-off or punts, runs them back in a way which makes one think of De Saules, Yale's famous quarter. Captain Daly, of Harvard, for the last two seasons considered the best college quarter, has not yet struck his pace, nor has Pineke, Yale's old standby in the position. At Princeton the most promising man for the place is Meier, the hard-hitting short stop of the "varsity" base ball team.

During the past week the strong eleven representing the St. Thomas college on the gridiron this season has been both strengthened and weakened. The weakening consists in the loss of Jerry Kellher, the aggressive fighting tackle, who has gone to Pittsburg in response to an offer from the management of the Duquesne Athletic club. He will try for that eleven of stars and his local friends are confident that he will make it. The strengthening consists in the addition to the team of Hadjins, who last year played guard back for the Carbondale Indians, and who is a remarkable punter and excellent line backer. He will be played at half back. McDonald and Kirkwood will alternate at the other half and one of the ends and "Bill" O'Hara will remain at full back. Hadjins will do the punting for the team, relieving Quarter-back O'Hara, whose work, however, has been excellent so far this season, in the kicking line. St. Thomas will play the Carbondale eleven on Friday night at Kingston, Pa.

The school of the Lackawanna eleven in their first game Wednesday afternoon at Kingston with Wyoming Seminary, and will meet that team in a return game here Nov. 17. The wearers of the red and the white are getting in daily practice, and are rapidly rounding into splendid form. Two new players of local renown are expected to join the squad this week, when some changes in the line-up will be made. Freeman and Gleason, the Lackawanna halves, are showing up in excellent form, and the work of Earl-Back Jones leaves nothing to be desired. The team will certainly be strong in the back field, and the lightness of the line will be partially remedied by the new players, who are expected to come out next week.

## KISSING AT THE STATION.

### Some Interesting Statistics Compiled by a Hoosier Genius.

From the Indianapolis Press.

An individual who is very prosaic was standing in the Union Station recently watching the crowds going into and emerging from the train shed. He saw a young man get on a train and rush forward to embrace a relative who was there to meet him. He saw many other affectionate meetings and partings among all kinds of people and the unromantic individual's love for mathematical calculations got the better of him and he began figuring.

His preliminary step was to count a time table. He found that 154 passenger trains come into or leave the Union Station on week days and 86 on Sunday. He estimated that there are at least 395 special trains every year. His observations led him to believe that there are on an average of four acts of osculation performed every time a train comes into or leaves the station. The data were therefore plentiful; the only thing that remained was to perform a few mathematical operations. The result of the calculations led him to the belief that there are 212,106 kisses bestowed in the Union Station every year. The record for week days is 192,808, for Sundays 17,888 and for the special trains 1,409. The average for the number of kisses a train may be too low. The results prove that for the number of kisses to the square foot the Indianapolis Union Station has few equals and still fewer superiors. The places that go ahead of it must furnish more partings per annum, that is all.

Of the 212,106 cases of kissing probably it is safe to say that in 212,000 of them either one or both partners to the transaction are women. Once in a long while two men are seen to kiss each other. When such a thing occurs fully one hundred people with elastic necks look and grin. The other day a young soldier, who evidently was returning home from the wars, alighted from a train. He hurried along the platform and the onlookers had visions of his rushing into the arms of some fair girl who had stayed at home and sighed for her soldier lover. There could not be much doubt about it, for he was handsome and had the appearance of being well groomed. A few long strides brought him up to a man who was taller and almost a hundred pounds heavier than the soldier. Some of the spectators had to take hold of each other when they saw the ensuing scene. The two men rushed into each other's arms and kissed each other with a vigor that was unusual for school girls. Similar cases happen occasionally, but it is not safe to estimate their yearly number at above 156.

Sometimes it happens that a family party goes to the station to see some one off. The group moves toward the gates as the time approaches for departure. The traveler begins to take her leave—women are always the stars in such performances—and proceeds to kiss the whole outfit. Round the circle she goes, a big and little stepping forward in turn to be "Hobnobbed" with each member of the party. In the drama, others look amused, while the ticket puncher at the gate looks very, very much tired. Again it is a blushing bride that osculates an admiring crowd. She is going away to live. All her friends are at the station to see her leave. Perhaps some black matron, on whose face coal would make a light mark, takes leave of her friends.

## Knights of the Mitt.

BOB Fitzsimmons has now developed into a genuine home field physician, and in addition to running a "How to Get Strong" column daily in one of the New York papers, recently made a few sage remarks for the benefit of the gentler sex. Said the Antipodean, delivering himself with a sort of a staccato emphasis on each word: "Muscle brings beauty to women. That's enough, I think, to make any woman start out right away upon a physical development course. What won't a woman do to become beautiful? They—some of them, least—powder and paint, and bleach their hair, and do all kinds of other foolish things in an attempt to make themselves more beautiful. If they only knew what a routine of daily, healthful exercise would do for them they would soon forsake their toilet for the gymnasium. I will suggest a few things for their benefit. First of all, dress to breathe freely; give the lungs full play. Ninety-nine per cent. are dressed so that they breathe up to the chest only. That means walking, play golf, but don't over do it. Don't overtax yourselves. Be moderate in all exercises, and, above all, don't make physical freaks of yourselves. Divide your exercises as evenly as possible. Let golf, horse-back riding, swimming, shooting, tennis and cycling be your amusements. Don't take tight, breathe deeply, and the woman that follows these few suggestions will be a queen in figure and beauty."

Billy Madden, manager of Gus Ruhlin, according to the Chicago Daily News, is worth over the rumors that are rife to the effect that the Akron Giant is close-fisted. Said Madden:

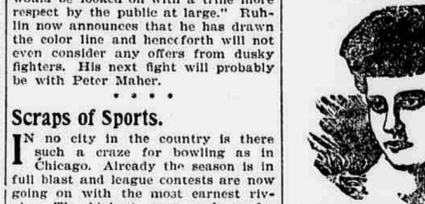
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## MADAME A. RUPPERT,

6 East 14th Street, New York

Mme. Ruppert's Gray Hair Restorative actually restores gray hair to its natural color, for the reason that it does not dye, but is not a dye, and does not discolor the skin, nor irritate the hair, and is always gives satisfaction.

Mme. Ruppert's Depilatory removes all superfluous hair, without pain; will not injure the most delicate skin.

Mme. Ruppert's Egyptian Balm for softening and healing the face and hands.

Mme. Ruppert's Skin Cream for removing freckles, moles, and all scaly diseases, stops falling hair, and in many cases restores the hair.

Mme. Ruppert's Almond Oil Complexion soap, made of pure almond and wax. Delicately perfumed, and does not irritate the skin, and is the most delicate skin soap.

All of these preparations are always kept in stock and can be had from our local agents.

## Mme. A. Ruppert's Celebrated Complexion Specialties are for sale in Scranton by

# Jonas Long's Sons

ers of kissing. They have told of the "mitty" microbes that lurk about the human system. Pictures have been drawn and the diminutive terrors have been made to bristle with all sorts of organs of destruction. The world has read and shuddered. The world may believe, but the Indianapolis portion of it goes right on with its Union Station osculations. The annual returns do not indicate any decrease.

## POWER FOR THE SULTAN.

W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record.

His Highness Ibrahim, sultan of Johore, has entered into a contract with the General Electric company of Schenectady, N. Y., to furnish him an electric plant costing between \$700,000 and \$800,000 to transmit power ninety-eight miles from a catarract to the gold mines belonging to the government, and the company is sending nine of its experts to Johore for the purpose of setting up the plant. They are under contract to remain in the employ of the sultan for a term of years until his own subjects have learned the business. The agents of Ibrahim are now contracting for the rest of the machinery, which will cost in the neighborhood of \$250,000.

It is informed that this will be the most complete and expensive electrical mining plant ever established, and indicates great enterprise on the part of the sultan. His little country has 200,000 population and lies at the extreme end of the Malay peninsula south of Siam. It has been controlled by Great Britain since 1855.

At present the greatest distance over which power is being transmitted by wire is eighty-five miles, being carried from a waterfall at Redlands, Cal., to the city of Los Angeles to run a street railway, to light the city and to furnish power for several municipal undertakings. The plant was set up in 1897. It has a capacity of 400 horse power and 33,000 volts.