

A MIDAIR ROMANCE

By MARIAN GRANT

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They both worked in the clouds, she on the top floor of a great factory building, he amid the iron framework of a huge skyscraper.

He did not know of her existence, but she felt quite sure that she should recognize him if ever they met in the street, whose noisy, busy life swept on far below their feet. She could always single him out among the mechanics working there in midair. No other workman trod the iron beams with such assured poise or squared his shoulders just as he did to the day's work. He did everything with an air of absolute confidence which thrilled and mastered her.

He was too far away for her to scrutinize his features, but she was quite sure that he had honest, clear blue eyes and brown curly hair, and his eyes could twinkle merrily. This she knew by the jovial way in which he signaled his fellow workmen.

Not that she had much time to study his mannerisms, for Ellen Mulvihill was a designer in the factory of Johnson & Co., makers of ladies' shirt waists and neckwear, and a very busy woman. Perhaps it was well for the firm, however, that while she designed stocks and fancy boas she wove in the thread of her romance, for this strangely one-sided love affair seemed to beautify the whole world for her, and while her heart sang her fingers worked deftly, and the firm reaped the profit.

If she had not been so absorbed just at this juncture she might have noticed that she was rising in the favor of her employers, but she was quite amazed one day when they voluntarily raised her salary. Quite naturally they did not offer the explanation that they feared their competitors and gave the increase as a precautionary measure. Ellen accepted it as a part of the rose color which had suddenly enveloped her entire life scheme. The extra salary had come just in time, she argued, for Trixie, the idol of her heart, or, rather, the one person who divided her affections with the hero of her mid-air dream, had been wanting to go to dancing school these two months—to a wonderful hall where children all in white frocks and velvet fauntery suits tripped to fairy music.

Ellen lived with her married brother, and knowing ones would say that she paid a high price for the privilege. Mulvihill's wife was something of a shrew, while Ellen was of more gentle birth and breeding. The sister-in-law loved neighborhood gossip and was not above a quarrel with the other dwellers in the flat house. Ellen enjoyed her books, the hall bedroom, furnished and decorated with the dainty simplicity which marked her designs at the factory, and the championship of Trixie. The girls at the factory were kind to her, too, and then there was the quiet, shadowy church midway 'twixt home and work where she stopped each day to say innumerable "all halts" to the Blessed Mother, who must have interested to secure for her so much happiness.

It was about a month after the memorable advance in salary that an ominous silence fell upon the Mulvihill supper table. Ellen knew instinctively that some domestic problem was coming up for discussion.

At last John Mulvihill pushed back his empty teacup and lighted his pipe. "Ellen, the Shamrock association are after givin' their annual ball a week this Tuesday night, an' the wife an' meself think you'd best be goin' along." Ellen raised startled eyes to her brother's face.

good humor, revealed in the purchase and making of a real white satin frock. But the day of the ball Ellen could hardly keep her mind on her work. Her glance would wander toward the skyscraper where he was working. She felt that he was whistling, his movements were so brisk. And John was trying, with the best intentions, to marry her off solely to maintain the honor of the Mulvihill family. She had thought of a day when she should marry, when the skyscraper was done perhaps and he become a contractor. She would not wear those nasty high stocks which she designed for other women, but dresses turned in at the neck and edged with soft lace, and he would tell her that she had the throat of a lily. Young husbands in novels always said that.

At night John led her the length of the hall with pride stamped on his face and his walk. Men were introduced to her and asked her to dance, but she became possessed of a strange terror and slipped back among the wallflowers. Mrs. Mulvihill watched her with rising anger. What was the use of worrying over a real satin dress for a stupid girl like Ellen?

Ellen was thinking of Trixie and how late they would reach home and how loud the music was when she heard a hearty voice at her elbow: "Sure, I'd be glad to meet the sister of John Mulvihill, an' it's odd I never knew you had one."

She swung around, and suddenly the lights in the room leaped into bewildering flames, the dancers mingled strangely as in a broken kaleidoscope. In the confusion one fact stood forth clearly. There was just one man in the world who could stand like that, one man who had such a pair of shoulders, and he was the man who wrought every day in the skeleton of the skyscraper.

She heard her brother say it was Dennis Gallagher, president of the Shamrock association. That was quite real to her. Of course he would be the president. Then John drifted away, and Gallagher sat beside her. It was quite awhile before she glanced up into his face. She was trying to realize the beautiful truth—that they were no longer parted in midair, but sitting side by side in a noisy, heated ballroom. She was glad it was noisy; otherwise he might hear her heart beating.

When she looked into his eyes she started, and the color came and went prettily in her cheeks. Dennis Gallagher smiled. He had seen girls look like this before. But Ellen was utterly ingenuous in spite of her twenty-five birthdays. He did not speak, and finally she said almost breathlessly: "I thought they would be blue, an' they are brown—no, hazel."

So of course it came out. She didn't mean he should know all, and he didn't know all—just enough to make him linger through two dances and set John Mulvihill's heart swelling with pride.

A month later Ellen dropped into the quiet, shadowy church on her way to work. There were so many "all halts" to say this morning, and the church was quite empty, so with clasped hands and eyes full of happy tears she looked into the benign face of the Woman of Many Sorrows and murmured: "Blessed Mother, do I deserve so much happiness? Am I good enough for him? He is comin' every Wednesday an' Sunday night to see me, an' by an' by it will be every night. He said so. Every day an' every night we will be together so long as we live. You who have suffered much, teach me to be strong an' leave for him."

And all that day a man working far above the din of the mighty city looked across the gap to the great factory building where he knew she went over her work. His heart sang within him, and his blood felt full and clear, for a wonderful light and happiness had come into his life.

SOLDIER AND JURIST

Interesting Career of Judge Thomas A. Morrison.

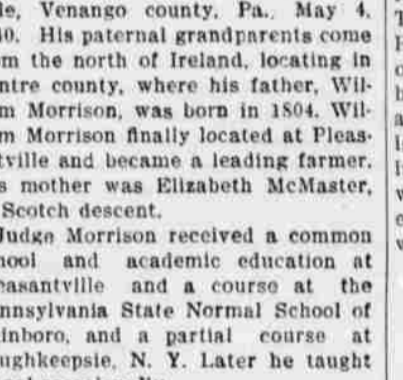
ON REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET

Candidate For the Superior Court, Who Has Fought Bravely For the Flag and Honored the Bench on Which He Has Served.

[Special Correspondence.]

Harrisburg, Sept. 8.—In view of the fact that neither of the Republican candidates for the superior court will appear on the stump in the campaign this fall to speak for himself, citizens of Pennsylvania will naturally be interested in reviewing the careers of these nominees.

Thomas Anderson Morrison, of Smethport, McKean county, Pa., one of the Republican candidates for the



Judge Thomas A. Morrison.

superior court, was born in Pleasantville, Venango county, Pa., May 4, 1840. His paternal grandparents came from the north of Ireland, locating in Centre county, where his father, William Morrison, was born in 1804. William Morrison finally located at Pleasantville and became a leading farmer. His mother was Elizabeth McMaster, of Scotch descent.

Judge Morrison received a common school and academic education at Pleasantville and a course at the Pennsylvania State Normal School of Edinboro, and a partial course at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Later he taught school occasionally.

A BRAVE SOLDIER. In July, 1862, he enlisted as a private in Company A, 121st Pennsylvania Volunteers, and while serving at the front lost his left arm at the shoulder joint and received a severe wound in the left knee at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862. After lying in a shelter tent near Fredericksburg for two weeks after the battle he was removed to Washington and spent the winter of 62-63 in Army Square Hospital, being unable to walk until the next spring. In April, 1863, he was discharged and returned to Pleasantville, and in 1864 and 1865 held the office of justice of the peace in that place. He was treasurer of Venango county in 1868 and 1869. Later he was deputy internal revenue collector at Oil City and connected with the editing and publishing of a newspaper at that place.

Afterwards he engaged in business and read law, and in 1875 was admitted to the bar. He practiced his profession at Pleasantville until 1879, when he removed to Smethport, where he was engaged in a successful practice until September, 1887, when he was appointed by Governor Beaver judge of the 48th district, composed of McKean and Potter counties. In November of the same year he was elected to the same judicial office for 10 years. So satisfactory was his term of service that in 1897 he was accorded unanimous nomination by his party in both counties, and in November following was re-elected for another term of ten years.

During Judge Morrison's second term McKean county was made a separate judicial district, and on September 10, 1901, he was commissioned president judge of the 48th district, composed of the county of McKean. The judge served on the bench until December, 1902, when he was appointed judge of the superior court by Governor Stone to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Judge John A. Mitchell. On December 30, 1902, he was commissioned as a judge of the superior court until the first Monday of January, 1904.

LAKE GEORGE BATTLE.

Celebration of 148th Anniversary Participated in by Four Governors.

Lake George, N. Y., Sept. 8.—The celebration by the Society of Colonial Wars of the 148th anniversary of the battle of Lake George began yesterday. The first of the New England delegation to arrive were the two companies of the Governor's Foot Guards of Connecticut. This organization has the distinction of being one of the oldest of its kind in the United States, dating from 1775. They escorted Governor Chamberlain.

Governor Odell and staff arrived a few minutes later and Company F of the Second Massachusetts Infantry of Pittsfield, arrived during the forenoon. They are an escort of Lieutenant Governor Curtis Guild, who with his staff and the council reached here late in the afternoon.

The Society of Colonial Wars chartered the steamer Horizon, taking their guests, including the military men, down the lake and to Paradise bay. The morning's entertainment included a trolley ride to Warrensburg, the members of the society being the guests of President A. B. Colvin of the Hudson Valley railway.

Governor Odell was greeted with the governor's salute of 19 guns, and the governors of Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut each with 17 guns. Governor Odell reached the hotel first escorted by the troops of the Second United States cavalry with Major General Charles F. Roe riding at their head. When he alighted from his carriage he was greeted by Frederick DePeyster, governor of the Society of Colonial Wars. Governor Chamberlain was close behind, escorted by the Connecticut Foot Guards. Governor Odell waited at the top of the steps where he greeted Connecticut's executive.

Two More Deaths From Trolley Wreck

Lowell, Mass., Sept. 8.—Two additional victims of the trolley car collision on the Hudson, Pelham and Salem division of the New Hampshire Traction company's lines at Pelham, N. H., Sunday, died yesterday. The list of dead numbers six, with the possibility of two being added to it. The authorities are still investigating. It is learned that the signals ordinarily in use to denote danger on the lines were not in operation, due to a heavy electrical storm which burned out the wires on Saturday.

MARKET REPORT.

New York Provision Market. New York, Sept. 6.

WHEAT—No. 2 red, 88 1/4 c. f. o. b. afloat; No. 1 northern Duluth, 95 1/2 c. f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 white, 60c.

OATS—No. 2 oats, 38 1/2 c. f. o. b. afloat; No. 3 white, 41 1/2 c. f. o. b. afloat.

PORK—Mess, \$14.50@15.25; family, \$17.50@17.75.

HAY—Shipping, 70@75c; good to choice, \$1.00@1.05.

BUTTER—Creamery, extras, 20c; factory, 15@16c; western imitation creamery, 16@17c.

CHEESE—State, full cream, good to prime, 10 1/2 c.

EGGS—State and Pennsylvania, fancy, selected, 25@27c.

POTATOES—Long Island, per bbl, \$1.87@2.12.

Buffalo Provision Market.

Buffalo, Sept. 6.

WHEAT—No. 1 northern, 86 1/2 c; winter wheat, No. 2 red, 84c.

CORN—No. 2 yellow, 59c f. o. b. afloat; No. 3 yellow, 58 1/2 c.

OATS—No. 2 white, 39 1/2 c. f. o. b. afloat; No. 3 white, 39 1/2 c.

FLOUR—Spring wheat, best patent per bbl, \$4.75@5.00; low grades, \$3.25@3.50.

BUTTER—Creamery western extra tubs, 20c; state and Pennsylvania creamery, 19 1/2 @ 20c; dairy, fair to good, 15@17c.

CHEESE—Fancy full cream, 11 1/2 c; good to choice, 10 1/2 @ 11c; common to fair, 8@10c.

EGGS—State, fresh fancy, 22@23c.

POTATOES—Per bu., 50@55c.

East Buffalo Live Stock Market.

CATTLE—Best steers on sale, \$5.35 @5.50; good to choice shipping steers, \$4.75@5.25; fair to good steers, \$3.75 @4.25; common to fair heifers, \$3.25 @3.75; choice to extra fat heifers, \$4.25@4.75; good butcher bulls, \$3.50 @4.25; choice to extra veals, \$8.00@8.25; common to light, \$6.00@7.00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Choice lambs, \$6.00@6.25; yearlings, good to choice, \$4.00@4.50; culls to common, \$1.50@2.50; wether sheep, \$3.75@4.25.

HOGS—Mixed packers' grade, \$6.30 @6.40; medium hogs, \$6.20@6.30; pigs, light, \$6.20@6.30.

Buffalo Hay Market.

HAY—Timothy, new, per ton, loose, \$12.00@14.00; hay, prime on track, new, \$14.00@15.00; No. 1 do do, \$12.00 @13.00; No. 2 do do, \$10.00@11.00.

Utica Dairy Market.

Utica, Sept. 7.

The official sales on the Utica dairy board of trade were:

Large white, 4 lots of 216 boxes at 10; large white, 4 lots of 350 boxes at 10 1/2; large colored, 9 lots of 797 boxes at 10; large colored, 15 lots of 1,020 boxes at 10 1/2; small white, 2 lots of 160 boxes at 10; small white, 2 lots of 125 boxes at 10 1/2; small white, 12 lots of 1,077 boxes at 10 1/2; small colored, 2 lots of 150 boxes at 10 1/2; small colored, 17 lots of 1,555 boxes at 10 1/2; small colored, 19 lots of 1,515 boxes at 10 1/2.

Butter—Creamery, 22 packages at 21 1/2; 15 packages at 21; 500 one pound prints at 22.

REPUBLICAN FLAG UP

State Committee Headquarters Opened for the Campaign.

WANT THE VOTERS TO QUALIFY

Citizens Who Pay Taxes This Year Will Be Qualified to Vote at Next Year's Presidential Election.

[Special Correspondence.]

Philadelphia, Sept. 8.—With the opening of the headquarters of the Republican state committee in this city yesterday, the campaign for the election of the nominees on the state ticket will be prosecuted with renewed activity.

Much preliminary work had already been done through the correspondence conducted by Secretary Wesley R. Andrews from Meadville, where he was engaged most of the summer keeping in touch with the chairmen of the county committees and others who take an interest in the affairs of the Republican organization.

Senator Penrose, chairman of the state committee, is now on his way home from British Columbia, where he spent his vacation, and until he reaches here Secretary Andrews will be the acting chairman. An efficient corps of assistants have been put to work and every department at the headquarters has already been organized and gotten under way.

PREPARE FOR NEXT YEAR.

It is not anticipated that there will be much of a demand for meetings before October, but the voters of the state will be enlightened in other ways as to the issues of the campaign and the importance of there being a large Republican vote polled at the coming election. The committeemen throughout the state were industrious in their efforts to get the Republicans of their respective precincts registered before the last day for registration expired, and they are now engaged in canvassing to inquire as to the voters who have not qualified themselves to vote at the November election by the payment of taxes.

In this state, in order for a citizen to be qualified to vote he must have paid a state or county tax within two years. Secretary Andrews states that unusual efforts will be taken this year to get the committeemen to see to it that the Republican voters are all qualified. Taxes paid this year will qualify voters for the presidential election, so that any work done now by the committeemen in this direction will be effective for the campaign for the election of Roosevelt next year.

MANY DEMOCRATS DISGUSTED.

From every quarter of the commonwealth come reports that conservative and substantial members of the Democracy are disgusted with the exhibition given by their party at the state convention held at Harrisburg last week. They had hoped to have the Democracy of Pennsylvania take its natural place in the cause of sound money and offset the radical Bryanite declarations of the Democratic convention held in Ohio a few days before, where there was an unqualified endorsement of the Kansas City platform. The Pennsylvania Democratic leaders, however, refused to listen to the advice of men of prominence and influence in professional and business life, who declined to follow the free silver and anarchistic policies of Bryan. They declined to come out boldly for a new deal in their national organization and an absolute repudiation of Bryanism in every form.

Guffey is too close to the Bryan ring in the Democratic national committee to permit anything of that sort, so that all suggestions for the turning down of Bryanism were brushed aside. The result is that thousands of the best element among the Pennsylvania Democrats will refuse to support the ticket nominated last week at Harrisburg and will either not vote at all or will make their protest most effective by voting the entire Republican ticket.

The Democracy of Pennsylvania seems to be going from bad to worse. Republican county leaders say that if the feeling of disgust among the sound money Democrats now manifested everywhere continues until election day, the Republican candidates on both state and county tickets will be the gainers by many thousands of votes.

Sound money Democrats appreciate that while Guffey failed to size up to the situation and put the party in this state on record against a reiteration of the free silver plank at the next national convention, they can enter an emphatic protest against this omission by supporting the Republican nominees on the state ticket who stand upon a platform for sound money and protection to American industries.

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Yours truly,
J. C. SCOWDEN, : TIONESTA, PA.

MORPHINE

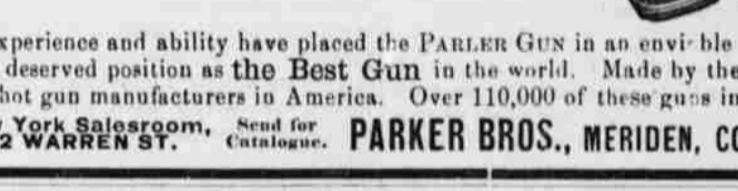
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