

CINDERS.

Story of a Dog That Earned His Welcome.

By Eleanor H. Porter.

Half way through the park the boy with the dog stopped and looked about him. A chill wind had sprung up, and the wide, elm-bordered path was almost deserted.

"Jiminy!" muttered the boy. "This dog-stain ain't what it cracked up to be. I've a good mind now to leave the little beast where he is!"

It had been growing on the boy for an hour—this terror. All the elation of that first moment of successful theft had fled, leaving behind a lively fear of pursuit and punishment.

The wind from the east grew sharper, and brought a cold, fine rain. The dog, exhausted, frightened and hopelessly miserable, crept under the bench for shelter.

The rain increased with the dark. By midnight, hunger, cold and terror had driven the dog almost wild. Little by little his jolts and pulls loosened the cord about his throat, until one last frenzied effort disengaged the knot and set him free.

At the edge of the park the dog stopped. The endless blocks, the lights, the shadows—all were unfamiliar and confusing. Cinders, born and bred in the Western town that was his master's home, had never been in New York until that morning when he had come with that same master on a visit East.

It was then that there began for Cinders a new existence. An existence of anxious days and apprehensive nights; of little food and less shelter; of small boys with stones, and big boys with sticks.

As for food—sometimes a bread-crust designed for a squirrel was snatched up by his own hungry little jaws, and once it was the squirrel itself that made his dinner.

It was toward the end of the week that Cinders, skulking under the trees in the twilight, came face to face with a shabby, hollow-eyed man on one of the park settees.

"Hullo!" greeted the man. The dog backed away.

"Well, by Jove! you look a little more hard up than I do. Come here, sir."

The dog did not stir. "Pretty tough old place, this world—eh?" said the man, with a weary smile.

Still the dog did not stir. "Hungry?"

Two mournful eyes gazed unawerfully into the man's face. The duct of the dog's heels stirred faintly with the slightest—very slight motion of a tail feebly wagged.

"Humph!" grunted the man, thrusting his hands into his pockets and pulling out a dime and four copper cents. He glanced from the coins to the dog, and from the dog back to the coins.

"You'll not have any complaints of this dog," said the man, quietly, as he turned off at one of the side paths.

It was then that existence for Cinders changed yet again. It became now a thing of kind words, scanty but gladly given food, and a bed in one corner of a sparsely furnished room up many flights of stairs.

When he came back some minutes later he threw a hurried look about him, then drew a sandwich from the paper bag in his hand.

"Come, sir, come—good fellow!" he called softly.

a few loose coins in his pockets; but now days and days passed when he did not leave the room until night, apparently preferring to lie for hours on the bed in the corner with his face to the wall.

"Where's the use?" he would say more and more frequently, as Cinders would leap upon the bed and coax him, dog fashion, to get out for a walk.

"Ab, ha!" crowed the man. "So you were hungry!" He threw a second piece, then another, and another. "There!" he exclaimed, when the sandwich was finished. "How do you feel, Weary Willie?"

"What's your name—Jack?" There was a slow wagging of the dog's tail.

"Fido?" The tail wagged harder. "Rover?" There was a quick, short bark.

"Come here, sir," ordered the man; but at the outstretched hand the dog turned and ran; the memory of those friendless days and nights was not to be so lightly cast aside.

It came to be a regular thing after that for the shabby man to bring a nightly sandwich to the bench in the park, and for the dog to come and eat it. There was always an exchange of courtesies in the shape of jovial greetings and sharp barks, and gradually the dog lost his fear.

"After all, where's the use of it, Weary Willie?" asked the man one night when, the sandwich gone, the two sat together on the bench.

"There was something queer about the man that night. His voice shook, and was not quite clear; his step, too, was far from steady, and he dropped on the seat with a curious relaxation of all his muscles.

There was a flat bottle which he brought again and again from his pocket and put to his lips after a cautious look about him.

At such times the dog spent long minutes in motionless watching of the silent figure, giving occasionally a low whistle—a whistle which met with no response.

There had been almost a week of this when one night the man slipped from the seat and lay half on the ground. Cinders leaped to the man's side and licked his face, his hands, and again his face.

There was a chorus of fears, then a fusillade of banana skins. Cinders, fierce and bristling, faced the crowd and barked. He growled and showed his small white teeth, as from all sides came men and boys on the run.

"Oh-h!" breathed the woman outside in glad relief, as she saw that the man was at least alive. "Tom! how could you? Are you hurt?" she cried, stepping swiftly inside, and closing the door.

"The man fell back in amazement. "Sally!—you?"

"Yes, dear, yes. I've come back. Tom, I've been miserable, wretched without you. 'Twas my fault, dear—the whole of it. I've come back. Won't you—take me?"

"A shamed red came into the man's face. "But, Sally, I—"

Long minutes afterwards the man, the woman, and the dog sat down together. "After all, Weary Willie," said the man, softly, as he patted the dog's head.

"What Happened." The stout man on the park platform declined to agree with the conductor. The conductor thought he hadn't paid his fare. The stout man was of the contrary opinion.

"They exchanged harsh words over the matter. "I gave you a nickel when I got aboard," said the stout man.

"I haven't taken in a nickel on this trip," said the conductor.

The stout man grew very red. His hair seemed to bristle.

"That's just enough of this," he growled. "I don't want to have any trouble with you. I had trouble with a conductor once. I'd hate to tell you what happened."

The conductor drew back a little and made no further attempt to collect the stout man's fare.

"But when the stout man was about to alight from the car at the Pennsylvania crossing the conductor's civility was too much for him.

"The stout man looked back. "I was in the hospital six weeks," he mildly answered. — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Industrious Hen. A billion two hundred and fifty million dozen eggs were produced in this country last year.

Many tales are told by travelers of the wonderful skill of the Algerians in handling riffs. The native Algerians would rank with our expert rifle shooters.

"THIRD DEGREE" A MYTH.

Veteran Tells a Dramatic Story About a Supposed Instance of It.

It was my privilege, several years ago, to witness the infliction of that much-dreaded "third degree," so much written about, and believed by many people to be conferred with torture, etc., on persons arrested for crime.

The case in question was the murder of a man in an upper Third Avenue. The evidence, which the arrest was made a circumstance, but of the highest and most convincing character.

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News of Pennsylvania

CHILD WONDER BACK. Girl Celebrated For Her Mind-Reading Tricks. Lancaster (Special).—Elsie Miller, or "Elsie the Child Wonder," as she is known on the vaudeville stage was returned to her home in this city by the police authorities, and her return was accompanied by one of the most daring escapes of a prisoner ever recorded in local criminal annals.

For several seasons the girl, a child in years, had been taken over the country and featured in a "mind-reading" act in all the principal vaudeville houses. Her manager was H. R. Parker, and the pair were unusually successful. Recently the girl's parents decided to recall her, but Parker, it is alleged, enticed her away from her home.

Warrants were issued for his arrest and he was finally taken into custody at Hanover. He was brought here and taken to police headquarters. Prior to his intended removal to the county jail Parker asked permission to send a telegram. While waiting for a messenger boy in a private room and surrounded by officers Parker plunged from a window and made his escape.

DREAM SAVED TRAIN. Engineer Saw Landslide In A Vision And Ran Slow. Harrisburg (Special).—Confidence in a dream probably averted a big wreck on the Northern Central Railroad.

Previous to reporting for duty at the roundhouse Tuesday night, Engineer James Burd, who hauls the Buffalo flyer leaving Harrisburg at 11:30 P. M., dreamed that his train had run into a landslide at a point between Dauphin and Halifax.

He told his dream to several roundhouse attendants, but they laughed at him. Engineer Burd, to ease his mind, determined to run very slowly between Dauphin and Halifax.

Spreading his train to the limit till Dauphin was passed, Burd then slowed up. And it was well he did, for at a point some distance north of Dauphin, identical with the place he had seen in his dream, the engine ploughed into a landslide.

Going slowly, the engineer was able to bring his train to a stop with little or no damage. A jury went out and brought a verdict of not guilty—the Judge (Gildersleeve) looked in amazement at the jury, then at the prisoner, and said: "If you did not kill the deceased, who did? You are discharged."

Every reference to the third degree since brings this memory to my mind and causes me to ask myself, "Was the 'third degree' ever given anybody, at any time or place, outside of a fraternity? And why will people continue to believe such a cruelly as is frequently reported to have taken place in connection with arrests, when in fact there has been none?"

The belief in the practice not only influenced that jury, but misleads as well the Grand Jury, our Public, and creates prejudice against our police.—The New York Times.

An "Inch" of Rain. Few people have an adequate idea of the amount of water that descends from the clouds during a rainstorm.

We read in the weather bulletins that two or three inches of rain sometimes fall in a day, and that in our last rainy spell nearly five inches fell in forty-eight hours; but these figures really convey very little information to our minds and give us no idea as to the prodigality of nature.

An acre contains 6,272,640 square inches of surface, and an inch of rain means, therefore, the same number of cubic inches of water. A gallon contains 231 cubic inches of water, and an inch of rainfall means 27,222 gallons to the acre, and as a gallon of water weighs ten pounds, the rainfall on an acre is 272,220 pounds. Counting 2000 pounds to the ton, an inch of rain means over 135 tons per acre.

An acre is about half a St. Louis block, so that a rainfall of an inch means a downpour of about 225 tons of water on every city block. Multiply this by five, the number of inches of rainfall during the wet spell in the last week in May, and no one can wonder that the gutters were insufficient to carry off a sewer. The occasional overflow of a sewer, the over part of town is regarded as a very remarkable thing, but the wonder really is that there is not an overflow every time it rains.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A New Problem. It is reported that more than 1000 Hindoos have crossed the Canadian border into the State of Washington recently, and have become competitors in the labor market of the State.

Men of their race, who present a strange and curious type to most Americans, may be seen at work now on the railroads of California. They are made conspicuous even at a distance by their turbans. A gang here and there makes an impression on the traveler without being noticeable because of its size.

But there is a population of 294,861,000 in India, an area of 3,769,442 square miles, as against a population that is probably considerably less than 400,000,000 on an area of 1,532,420 square miles in China, and a population of 47,000,000 on an area of 147,955 square miles in Japan.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Health. There is a great deal of ill-health which deserves not sympathy or pity but criticism and condemnation, and a worship of good health, including works as well as faith, might with advantage be made a feature of the national religion.—Hospital.

According to the most reliable reports, there are 262,000 Sunday schools in the world, with a total enrollment of 26,000,000 pupils.

PHILADELPHIA (SPECIAL).

Philadelphia (Special).—In a 30,000 word opinion handed down Tuesday Judges Willson and Audenried, of Common Pleas Court No. 4, rendered their long-awaited decision upon the Dunmore 2-cent rate law, declaring the act "unjust, unreasonable and confiscatory," and therefore unconstitutional insofar as it applied to the Pennsylvania Railroad.

While the decree was hailed as a great victory by the Pennsylvania Railroad, which had made the County of Philadelphia defendant in a suit to enforce the collection of the Dunmore act, the opinion of the Judges, if upheld upon the appeal, would be taken to the Supreme Court and all other legal kno for all the State's railroads.

It is specifically stated by the court that the opinion is rendered entirely upon the contentions set up by the Pennsylvania Railroad, leaving open the question as to whether the law may not apply equally to other railroads unless these corporations can prove the same facts shown by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Judges' Findings. Briefly the finding of the Judges is this: "It agrees that the Legislature possesses the power to fix the rates to be charged by the railroads, but it excepts that part of the Pennsylvania Line that part between Pittsburgh and Harrisburg—built under charter rights which permit it to charge whatever fare its officers consider reasonable."

"It is set down by the Court, however, that the Legislature under a ruling of the Federal Supreme Court has no right to regulate rates so that a company will be unable to earn the legal rate of interest—which in this State is six per cent.

"By their own calculation the Judges decide that the Pennsylvania would not be able to earn this six per cent under the two-cent law. Therefore, it is that the act in its application to this railroad is declared 'unjust, unreasonable and confiscatory.'"

Effect On Other Roads Uncertain. Whether this will apply also to the pending cases of the Philadelphia & Reading, the Lehigh Valley, the Northern Central, and the Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington, cannot be known until the figures of the roads are subjected judicially to the same test as used in the case of the Pennsylvania. All of the roads claim that they could not be enabled to earn the legal rate of interest. But the interpretation of the law is such that each corporation must stand upon its own bottom in court.

Preparation Appeal To Supreme Court. Preparations to appeal the case to the Supreme Court of the State was begun immediately by City Solicitor J. Howard Gendell, who has been defending the case in company with Attorney General Todd. He will first have to file exceptions which will be argued before the entire Court, Judges Willson, Audenried and Carr.

TO RETURN BRIBE MONEY. Pittsburgh Criminal Suits Will, However, Be Pushed In Courts. Pittsburgh (Special).—Negotiations are in progress for a settlement of the financial differences between President C. S. Cameron, of the Pittsburgh & Tube City Railroad Company, and Broker C. H. Richardson, who furnished the \$70,000 in the attempt to bribe the Councilmen.

This is said to mean that Cameron will pay Richardson the money he borrowed from him and that Cameron will get back stocks put up as collateral.

The settlement of the civil suit will not affect the criminal cases against Cameron and Richardson.

Swallowed Thermometer. New Cumberland (Special).—Daniel Erney, a Lewisburg trucker, died from the result of swallowing part of a clinical thermometer which he broke while holding between his teeth to ascertain his temperature.

Mr. Erney has been sick for some time and symptoms of typhoid fever had developed. He is the father of nine children.

Brakeman Falls From Train. Wilkes-Barre (Special).—Earl Barton, of Sayre, a Lehigh Valley brakeman, was killed at Coxtown by falling off the top of a freight train while it was running. He was misadvised and the train was run backward for a couple of miles before his body was found.

Doctor Causes Wife's Arrest. Quakertown (Special).—Domestic troubles in the family of Dr. Nelson Weinberger, finally resulted in the doctor having his wife arrested on the charge of threatening to kill him. The doctor alleges that on different occasions Mrs. Weinberger threatened to shoot him and that she forbid him visiting his parents, continually threatening him with a revolver, and thus intimidating him. Mrs. Weinberger was admitted to bail.

Lawyer Got Good Shaking. Reading (Special).—Miss Mary Rogers, a buxom maiden of 19 years and a witness in an assault and battery case in Criminal Court, gave a striking illustration of the way she said her friend, Miss Jeanie Geta was assaulted by William Pilgrigt and his wife.

Asked by the latter's lawyer, D. E. Schroeder, to describe the alleged assault, she took hold of the attorney by the neck and shook him as if he had hit her with a chair. The incident caused a general laugh in the courtroom.

Read Paper Crossing Track. Chester (Special).—James Farnen, aged 40 years, was struck and instantly killed at the Madison Street crossing of Baltimore & Ohio Railroad by a northbound express train. He was carried three squares on a cow-catcher before the train stopped. His neck was broken.

Fallen from a pear tree, Levi Ritter, of Mountville, fractured his spine and is now in a critical condition at the Allentown Hospital.

Mrs. Catharine Martin, 80 years old, died in the Reading Homeopathic Hospital as a result of falling out of a second-story window at her home.

Asleep on the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a short distance above South Dillsville, John Rogers, an ironworker of that place, was struck by the locomotive and ground to death. Rogers had been drinking and had fallen asleep on the tracks.

TOOK POISON FROM SORROW. Girl's Mind Unsettled By Frequent Deaths In The Family. Chester (Special).—Pretty Mayme Feeney, aged 17 years, drank six drams of laudanum at her home at 357 Howell Street, but the arrival of members of the family and a physician frustrated her plans. The girl was taken to the Chester Hospital where, after several hours of heroic work by the physicians, her life was saved.

Friends claim that the attempt was made on account of the great sorrow she experienced by deaths in her family and that when notified that her brother could live but a short while longer, she became mentally deranged. The girl claims that she did not intend taking her life, but that she took the drug in mistake for medicine.

LOAN BELL DEFEATED. York Votes Against Borrowing \$750,000 For Improvements. York (Special).—At the special election here to decide whether or not York could borrow \$750,000 for municipal improvements the loan proposition was snuffed under by a big majority.

This action of the voters came as a thunderbolt to the members of the Municipal League and others who have been working ardently for the past several months to induce the voters to cast their ballots in favor of the loans.

The proposition voted upon was for the completion of the sewage system, street paving and for park purposes. Beliefonte (Special).—Miss Mary Rapp, a seamstress of this place, is threatened with a bad case of blood poisoning as the result of the bite of a rat. She encountered the rodent in a closet and attacked it with a broom. Before she realized what it was up to the rat ran up the broomstick and bit her on the hand and made its escape. Miss Rapp had the wound dressed and thought little of it until a day or two ago, when sores broke out on her arm and face and the attending physicians say they are symptoms of blood poisoning and that they are undoubtedly due to the rat's bite.

Hid Gold In Mountain. Mauch Chunk (Special).—Somewhere on Flag Staff Mountain there is \$940 in gold in a coin bag. This amount of money disappeared from the Madous home when Mrs. Madous, suddenly bereft of reason, left her home and family Sunday evening and roamed the mountain until the Monday night following.