The DDICE BY FRANCIS LYNDE ILUSTRATIONS OF CORHODES COMPRIME TO CHARLES SCHOOLES SOME

CHAPTER XXVI-Continued.

" must be going," she said, rising. g you will give me my envelope?" Be crossed to the safe and got it for His curiosity was still keended, but he beat it back manfully " wish you wouldn't hurry," he said hangeful eyes for the warrant to say sore, but he could not find it.

He was obliged to let it go at that; but when they reached the phaeton and the horse-holding clerk had been relieved, he spoke of another matter. 'Tm a little worried about Ken-

he was sick. Have you seen much of him lately?" "Not very much"-guardedly-"Did you say he had gone home?"

I don't know where he has gone He left here about half an hour before you came, and I haven't seen him

"And you are worried because he been't look well?"

"Net altogether on that account, I'm he has in the past week or so. You inew him pretty well, and what a big beart be has?"

She nodded, half mechanically

"Well, there have been times lately when I've been afraid he'd kill some thow. He has been going armedwhich was excusable enough, under the er, I had all I could do to keep him rom taking a pot-shot at a fellow she, he thought, was following us. I of unfair advantage of him, telling you this behind his back, but-" "No; I'm glad you have told me.

Maybe I can help."

He put her into the low basket seat. md tucked the dust-robe around her arefully. While he was doing it he have done today-if you'd let me."

hto his eyes when she answered him. that way-to the right woman, you'll fad a great happiness lying in wait the gray old face. for you, Edward, dear." And then she mole to the Morgan mare and disunce came between.

As once before, in the earlier hours of the same day, Miss Grierson took the roundsbout way between the Raymer plant and Mereside, making the dreuit which took her through the college grounds and brought her out The Widow Holcomb was sitting on the bank. Is he still here?" her front porch, placidly crocheting. ben the phaeton drew up at the morning

him that I'd like to speak to him a fallen asleep. But he had not.

moment?" Mrs. Holcomb, friend of the Raymers, the Farnhams, and the Oswalds, and own cousin to the Barra, was of the perverse minority; and, apart from this, she had her own opinion of a young woman who would wait at the foor of a young man's boarding house and take him off for a night drive to goodness only knew where, and from which he did not return until goodness only knew when. So there was no stitch missed in the crocheting when she said, stiffly: "Mr. Griswold isn't in. He hasn't been home since morn-

Miss Grierson drove on, and the most casual observer might have remarked the strained tightening of the lips and the two red spots which came and went in the damask-peach cheeks. But it was not until she had reached Mereside, and had gained the shelter of the deserted library, that speech

"0 pitiful Christ!" she sobbed, dropping into a chair and biding her face in the crook of her arm; "he's done it at last!—he's trying to hide, and that's what they've been waiting for! And I don't know where to look!"

But Matthew Broffin, tilting lazily in his chair on the downtown hotel porch, knew very well where to look, and he was watching the one outlet of the hiding place as an alert, though ontwardly disregardful, house cat watches a mouse's hole.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Quality of Mercy. On no less an authority than that of the great doctor who came again from Chicago for a second consultation with Doctor Farnham, Andrew Galbraith owed his life during the two has to the unremitting care and devotion of one person.

Seconding the efforts of the physithe nurses. Margery threw herself into the vicarious struggle with the gener side the door. ous self-sacrifice which counts neither cost nor loss; and on the third day frest and charge was distinctly bet- to talk too much."

ter, and again, so the two doctors declared, the balance was inclining slightly toward recovery.

It was in the afternoon of this third day, when she had been reading to him, at his own request, the sayings of the Man on the Mount, that he referred for the first time to the details beentably. He was searching the of the accident which had so nearly blotted him out. Upon his asking, she related the few and simple facts of the rescue, modestly minimizing her own part in it, and giving her companion in the catboat full credit.

"The writer-man," he said thought fully, when she had finished telling meth," he told her. "He came down him how Griswold had worked over this morning looking positively him in the boat, and how he would not morning looking positively him in the boat, and how he would not spetched, but he wouldn't admit that give up. "I remember; you fetched him out to the hotel with you one day; no, you needna fear I'll be for getting him." Then, with a shrewd look out of the steel-gray eyes: "How long have you been knowing him, Maggie, child?"

"Oh, for quite a long time," she has tened to say. "He came here, sick and helpless, one day last spring, andwell, there isn't any hospital here in Wahaska, you know, so we took him graid he is in deep water of some in and helped him get over the fever. tied. I never saw a person change as or whatever it was. This was his room while he stayed with us."

Andrew Galbraith wagged his head on the pillow.

"I know," he said. "And ye're doing it again for a poor auld man whose body-in this squabble of ours, you like the love you're spending on him. and talked over and primed plum' up ing example of his inability to break You're everybody's good angel, I'm to the muzzle. Why the blue blazes thinking, Maggie, lassie." Though he drennstances-and night before last, did not realize it, his sickness was shes we were walking uptown togeth- bringing him day by day nearer to his far-away boyhood in the Invernessshire hills, and it was easy to slip into the speech of the mother-tongue. Then, ton't know but I'm taking all sorts after a long pause, he went on: "He wasna wearing a beard, a red beard trimmed down to a spike-this writerman, when ye found him, was he?" She shook her head. "No: I have never seen him with a beard."

The sick man turned his face to the wall, and after a time she heard him solved up into her face and said: "I'd repeating softly the words which she love you awfully hard for what you had just read to him. "But if ye forgive not men . . . neither will It was like her to smile straight your father forgive. . . ." And again, "Judge not that ve be not "When you can say that-in just judged." When he turned back to her there were new lines of suffering in

"I'm sore beset, child; sore beset," he sighed. "You were telling me that MacFarland and Johnson will be here tonight?"

"Yes; they should both reach Wahaska this evening."

Another pause, and at the end of it: "That man Broffin; you'll remember you asked me one day who he was, and at the head of upper Shawnee street. I tell't ye he was a special officer for

"He is; I saw him on the street this

Again Andrew Galbraith turned his "Mr. Griswold," said the phaeton's face away, and he was quiet for so ecupant. "May I trouble you to tell long a time that she thought he had

> "You're thinking something of the writer-man, lassie? Don't mind the clavers of an auld man who never had

a chick or child of his ain." Her answer was such as a child might have made. She lifted the bigjointed hand on the coverlet and pressed it softly to her flushed cheek.

and he understood. "I thought so; I was afraid so," he said, slowly, "You say you have known him a long time; it canna have been long enough, bairnie."

"But it is," she insisted, loyally. "I know him better than he knows himself; oh, very much better."

"Ye know the good in him, maybe there's good in all men, I'm thinking now, though there was a time when I didna believe it."

"I know the good and the bad-and the bad is only the good turned upside down."

Again the sick man wagged his head on the pillow and closed his eyes.

"Ye're a loving lassie, Maggie, and that's a' there is to it," he commented; and after another interval: "What must be, must be. We spoke of this man Broffin: I must see him before Johnson comes. Can ye get him for me, Maggie, child?"

She nodded and went downstairs to the telephone, returning almost imme-

diately. "I was fortunate enough to catch few minutes," was the word she brought; and Galbraith thanked her with his eyes.

"When he comes, ye'll let me see him alone-just for a few minutes" he is some sort of teapot tempest going begged; and beyond that he said no on; I couldn't make out just what

more. It was after the click of the gate latch had announced Broffin's arrival in Lake Boulevard, and wanted haddays following his return to conscious that Margery drew the shades to shut for some reason or other. I had to lock-out and the resumption of of the luggage sorters, a clean-limbed, out the glare of the afternoon sun, lowering the one at the bed's head so fore I got away." that the light no longer fell upon the clans, and skillfully directing those of instruments of the small house telephone set mounted upon the wall be-

"Mr. Broffin is here, and I'll send the had her reward. Her involuntary let him stay long, and you mustn't try myself."

The sick man promised, and as she was going away she turned to repeat the caution. Andrew Galbraith's eyes were closed in weariness, and he did not see that she was standing with her back to the wall while she admonished him, or that, when she had gone to send the visitor up, the earpiece of the house telephone set had been detached from its book and left dangling by its wire cord.

Miss Grierson went on into the library after she had met the detective at the door and had told him how to find the upstairs room. When the sound of a cautiously closed door told her that Broffin had entered the sickroom, she snatched the receiver of the library house phone from its hook and held it to her ear. For a little time keen anxiety wrote its sign manual in the knitted brows and the tightly pressed lips. Then she smiled and the dark eyes grew softly radiant. "The dear old saint!" she whispered; "the dear, dear old saint!" And when Broffin came down a few minutes later, she went to open the hall door for him, screnely demure and with honey on her tongue, as befitted the role of "everybody's good angel."

"Did you find him worse than you feared, or better than you hoped?" she

asked. "He's mighty near the edge, I should say-what? But you never can tell. Some of these old fellows can claw back to the top o' the hill after all the doctors in creation have thrown up Doc Farnham say?"

"What he always says; 'while there's life, there's hope." " Broffin nodded and went his way down the walk, stopping at the gate to take up the cigar he had hidden on his

arrival "So Galbraith's out of it, lock, stock and barrel," he muttered, as he strode thoughtfully townward. "I reckoned siller has never bought him anything man that had just been honeyfugled merely served to afford another strik



can't she take her iron-molder fellow and be satisfied? She can't swing to both of 'em. Ump!-the old man want ed me to skip out on a wild goose chase to Frisco in that bond business. and take the first train! Sure, I'll go -but not today; oh, no, by grapples; not this day!"

It was possibly an hour beyond Broffin's visit when Margery, having successfully read the sick man to sleep. tiptoed out of the room and went beow stairs to shut herself into the hail telephone closet. The number she asked for was that of the Raymer Foundry and Machine works, and Raymer, himself, answered the call.

"Have you heard anything yet from

Mr .- from our friend?" "Not a word. But I'm not worrying any more now. I've been remembering that he is the happy-or unhappy -possessor of the 'artistic temperament' and that accounts for anything and everything. I'd forgotten that for a few minutes, you know."

"Well?" she said, with the faintest possible accent of impatience.

"He has gone off somewhere to plug away on that book of his; I'm sure of it. And he hasn't gone very far. I'm inclined to believe that Mrs. Holcomb knows where he is-only she won't tell. And somebody else knows, too."

"Who is the somebody else?" Though the wire was in a measure public. Raymer risked a single word.

"Charlotte." None of the sudden passion that leaped into Margery Grierson's eyes

you think that?" "Oh, a lot of little things. I was over at the house last night, and there But from the way things shaped up. ! promise that I'd try to dig him up, be-

tient accent was unconcealed.

"I promised: but this morning Doctor Bertie called me up to say that it

ly used to say when he happened to when you feel like it-and have time. You mustn't forget that you owe me

two calls. Good-by." After Margery Grierson had let her self out of the stifling little closet under the hall stair, she went into the darkened library and sat for a long time staring at the cold hearth. It was a crooked world, and just now it was a forests or drifting about in one of the the constwise steamer Adelantado to sharply cruel one. There was much to be read between the lines of the short telephone talk with Edward Raymer. The trap was sprung and its jaws were closing; and in his extremity Kenneth Griswold was turning, not to the wom an who had condoned and shielded and paid the costly price, but to the other. "Dear God!" she said softly, when the prolonged stare had brought the quick-springing tears to her eyes; "and I-I could have kept him safe!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Pendulum-Swing.

To a man seeking only to escape from himself, all roads are equal and all destinations likely to prove uniformly disappointing. Turning his back upon the iron works in the day of defeat, with no very clear idea of what he should do or where he should go, Griswold pushed through the strikers' picket lines, and, avoiding the militant suburb, drifted by way of suntheir hands. I've seen it. What does dry outlying residence streets and a country road to the high ground back life. In the pleasant glow of the high of the city.

In deserting Raymer he was actuated by no metive of disloyalty. On the generous hope that it might be the contrary, so much of the motive as true. had any bearing upon his relations with the young iron founder sprang from a generous impulse to free Raymer from an incubus. If it were the curse of the Midas-touch to turn all it'd be that a way, as soon as I heard things to gold, it seemed to be his own the story o' that shipwreck. And now peculiar curse to turn the gold to I ain't so blamed sure that it's Ray- dross; to leave behind him a train of mer a-holdin' the fort in them pretty disaster, defeat and tragic depravity black eyes. The old man talked like a | The plunge into the labor conflict had the evil spell, and Raymer could well

spare him. On the long tramp to the hills the events of the past few months marshaled themselves in accusing review. No human being, save one, of all those with whom he had come in contact since the day of dragon-bearding in the New Orleans bank had escaped the contaminating touch, and each in turn had given his name and identity; the mate of the Belle Julie had sacrificed what little respect he may have had for law and order by becoming, potentially, at least, a criminal accessory. The little Irish cab-driver had sold himself for a price; and the negro deckhand had earned his mess of fried fish. The single exception was Charthat she had escaped only bacause she had done her duty as she saw it.

And as the bedeviling thing had begun, so it had continued, losing none of its potency for evil. In the little been the theater of Utopian demonstration, the curse had persisted. The money, used with the loftlest intentions, had served only as a means to ween master and men. And the se cret of the money's origin and acquisition, which was to have been so easily cast aside and ignored, had become a porch an omnibus backed to the curb soul-sickness incurable and even consuspect that it had attacked Margery train. Grierson; that it had subconsciously, if not otherwise, thrust itself into days lately past had shown him into what depths it could plunge its wretched guardian and slave.

Now that the plunge had been taken and he had been made to understand that he must henceforth reckon with a base and cowardly underself which would not stop short of the most heinous crime, he told himself that he must have time to think-to plan.

Caring nothing for its roughness, he followed the country road into a valley forest of oaks. After an hour of aimless tramping he began to have occasional near-hand glimpses of the lake; and a little farther along he came out upon the main-traveled road leading to the summer resort hotel at the head of De Soto bay.

Still without any definite purpose in mind he pushed on, and upon reaching the hotel he went in and registered for a room. Here he drew the window shades and lay down, and since the week of strife had been cutting deeply into the nights, when he awoke it was evening and a cheerful clamor in the dining room beneath told him that it was dinner time.

It is a trite saying that many a guif, seemingly impassable, has been safely bridged in sleep. Bathed, refreshed him at the hotel. He will be here in a was suffered to find its way into her and with the tramping stains removed voice when she said: "What makes Griswold went down to dinner with the lost appetite regained.

> Early on the following day he sent a note to Mrs. Holcomb by one of the Inn employees; but the copy of the Daily Wahaskan laid beside his break- recognized Broffin among the porch fast plate made it unnecessary to telegathered that our friend was wanted phone Raymer. The paper had a full chair to saunter toward the steps "Well?" went the questioning word ring of self-compassion. As he had suddenly and gripped him. over the wires, and this time the impa- reasoned it out, there was only one way in which the result could have been attained so quickly. Had Raymer taken that way, in spite of his wrath-

said the voice at the Mereside trans- that was fairly appalling, and the Jonnson; I want you to snake hands mitter. "Excuse me, as Hank Billings- healthy breakfast appetite vanished. with an old newspaper pal of mine Griswold knew what it meant, or he from New York, Mr. Kenneth Gris shoot the wrong man. Come over thought he did. Margery Grierson was wold. Kenneth, this is Mr. Beverly call.

> After that, there was all the better reason why he should grapple with tramping for hours in the lake shore hotel skiffs, and returning to the inn prove it to him. only to eat and sleep when hunger or weariness constrained him. On the whole, the discipline was good. He flattered himself that the sense of proportion was returning slowly, and with it some saner impulses. Truly, it had been his misfortune to be obliged to loquacious, continued to do most of compromise with evil to some extent, the talking. He was telling Griswold and to involve others, but was not of the strenk of good luck which had that rather due to the ineradicable faults of an imperfect social system in the South to make him night editor than to any basic defect in his own theories? And was not the same im- son was merely an onlooker. Broffin's perfect social system partly responsible for the quasi-criminal attitude which had been forced upon him? He blank. was willing to believe it; willing, also, to believe that he could rise above the constraining forces and be the man he wished to be. That he could so rise was proved, he decided, on the morning of the third day, when he chanced to overhear the hotel clerk telling the patience in the half-absent query. man whose room was across the corridor from his own that Andrew Galbraith still had a fighting chance for resolve the news awakened none of the murderous promptings, but rather It was tate in the afternoon of this

third day, upon his return from a long pull in the borrowed skiff around the group of islands in the upper and unfrequented part of the lake, that he found a note awaiting him. It was from Miss Farnham, and its brevity. no less than its urgency, stirred him apprehensively, bringing a suggestive return of the furtive flerceness which he promptly fought down. "I must see you before eight o'clock this evening. It is of the last importance, was the wording of the note; and the heavy underscoring of the "last," and a certain tremulous characteristic in the handwriting, stressed the ur-

gency. It was still quite early in the evening when the inn conveyance set him down at the door of his lodgings in upper Shawnee street. To the carehad suffered loss. The man Gavitt taking widow, who would have prepared a late dinner for him, he explained that he was going out again almost at once: and taking time only for a bath and a change, he set forth on the cross-town walk. It lacked something less than a half hour of the time limit set in Miss Parnham's note. but he attached no special importance to that. He knew that the doctor's lotte Farnham, and he told himself dinner hour was early, and that in any event he could choose his own time for an evening call.

It nettled him angrily to find that the premonition of coming disaster was still with him when he crossed world of Wahaska, which was to have the courthouse square and came into the main street a few doors from the Winnebago entrance. Attacking from a fresh vantage ground it was warning him that the town hotel was the an end, and the end had proved to be stopping place of the man Broffin, and the rearing of an apparently impast that he was taking an unnecessary hazsable wall of bitter antagonism be and in passing it. Brushing the warning he went on defiantly, and just before he came within identifying range of the loungers on the hotel to deliver its complement of passentagious. Griswold was beginning to gers from the lately met northbound

Griswold walked on until he was stopped by the sidewalk-blocking group Charlotte Farnham's life; and the of freshly arrived travelers pausing to identify their luggage as it



Deftly the Man Catcher Worked Them Open.

was handed down from the top of the omnibus. Alertly watchful, he quickly loungers, and saw him leave his tilted account of the sudden ending of the Then the fateful thing happened. One work in the Raymer plant, and handsome young fellow with boyish he read it with a curious stir eyes and a good-natured grin, wheeled London, and thus prevent the admis-

"Why, Griswold, old man!-well, I'll be dogged! Who on the face of the were sold out within an hour or two earth would ever have thought of find. The most popular form was that made ing you here? So this is where you him up," she said. "But you mustn't was all right; that I needn't trouble ful rejection of the suggestion? Doubt- came up, after the long, deep, McGinty rubber, except the mouthplece. They less he had; and on the heels of that dive, is it?" Then to one of his it? have motor goggle fittings to protect "And I needn't have troubled you," conclusion came a sense of deprivation low travelers: "Hold on a minute, the eyes. - Lordon Globe

gone out of his life-gone beyond re- Johnson, of the Bayou State Security bank, in New Orleans."

Thus Bainbridge, sometime star re porter for the Louisianian, turning up bimself in the fallow interval; and for at the climaxing instant to prove the two complete days he was lost, even to crowded condition of an overnarrow the small world of the summer resort, world, much as Matthew Broffin had once turned up on the after-deck of

While Griswold, with every nerve on edge, was acknowledging the introduction which he could by no means avoid, Broffin drew nearer From the porch steps he could both see and hear. Bainbridge, cheerfully snatched him out of a reporter's berth of one of the St. Paul dailies. Johneyes searched the teller's face. Thus far it was a blank-a rather bored

"And you are on your way to St. Paul now?" Griswold said to the news paper man. Broffin, whose ears were skillfully attuned to all the tone variations in the voice of evasion, thought he detected a quaver of anxious im-

"Yes; I was going on through to night, but Johnson, here, stumped me to stop over. He said I might be able to get a news story out of his sick president." Bainbridge rattled on. "Ever meet Mr. Galbraith? He is the bank president who was held up last spring, you remember; fine old Scotch gentleman of the Walter-Scott brand.' 'When did you leave New Orleans? Griswold asked; and now Broffin made sure he distinguished the note of anx-

"Two days back; missed a connec tion on account of high water in the Ohlo. Might have stayed another 12 hours in the good old levee town if we'd and told the school board that some of only known, eh, Johnson?" And then again to Griswold: "Remember that supper we had at Chaudiere's, the night I was leaving for the banana coast? By George! come to think of it, I believe that was the last time we foregathered in the- Say, Kenneth,

what have you done with your beard?" Something clicked in Broffin's brain. The final doubt was cleared away. Griswold was the man he had seen and marked when the two were saying good-by on the banquette in front of Chaudiere's. Broffin's right hand went swiftly to an inside pocket of his coat and when

it was withdrawn a pair of handen.ffs. oiled to noisclessness, came with it Deftly the man-catcher worked them open, using only the fingers of one hand, and never taking his eyes from the trio on the sidewalk. One last step remained; if he could only manage to get speech with Johnson first-During the trying interval Griswold

had been fully alive to his peril. He had seen the swift hand-passing, and he knew what it was the Broffin was concealing in the hand which had made the quick pocket dive. He knew that the crucial moment had come and, as many times before, the say are fear-mania was gripping him. In the cold vise-nip of it he had become once more the cornered wild heast, (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Whooping Cough.

The Bureau of Laboratories of the New York board of health has been conducting an extensive investigation of whooping cough, and Dr. Paul Luttinger recently reported to the Medical association of the greater city of New York some of the results of that

inquiry Among the most interesting conclusions reached is that the early part of the disease is the most infectious. The bacillus that is believed to cause it is rarely found in the sputum after the first week of the paroxysmal, or whooping, stage, so "there would seem to be no necessity for the child to be kept in the house for more than a week after the weoop appears."

Doctor Luttinger says physicians underestimate the seriousness of the disease and fail to report cases. Only 26 per cent of cases in a certain area were reported, and "probably not more than 10 per cent are reported in Greater New York."

Good Men Are Scarce.

Col. E. Polk Johnson of Louisville. who fought for the Confederacy, read something in the dispatches from the front the other day that reminded him very much of what happened when he was serving in the western army in the Civil war. "I remember it was a wet, cold, rainy night in the middle of winter," said the veteran, "when a long, lean chap in my regiment was ordered to go on picket duty. thought the situation over for a minute and then he turned to the sergeant who had brought the message. 'You go right straight back whar you come from,' be drawled, 'and tell the can'n I jest natchelly can't do it. got a letter from Gin'ral Brage this mawnin', and he said good men was gittin' almighty skeerce in this here army, and for me to take good care of myse'f."

Respirators for mir Raids. As a result of the police warning advising people to keep all windows closed in the event of an air raid on sion of deleterious gases, there has been a rush to buy respirators Stores of either noninflammable celluloid or

For Men of Forty

The United States public health service states that the expectation of life after the age of forty is less now than it was thirty years ago, owing largely to the increased prevalence of diseases of degeneration. mends as a remedy for this state of things: "Take exercise. Have a nobby that gets you out of doors. Walk to your business, to your dressmaker's keep chickens, make a garden, play golf or any other game, but take two hours' exercise a day."

STATE NEWS **BRIEFLY TOLD**

The Latest Gleanings From All Over the State.

FOLD IN SHORT PARAGRAPHS

Child Incinerated In Kennett Square Fire-Raise Men's Wages 10 Per Cent.-Farmer Routs Highwayman.

Falling from a haymow, Thomas Aten, a Zenith farmer, aged sixty-nine, died as the result of internal injuries.

Principal Ross, of the Doylestown schools, is arranging to get the cooperation of business men in making the commercial course fit their business needs

Having run away from home, Richard, seventeen-months-old son of D. P. S. Boyer, Midvale, walked across # rallroad track and his right leg was cut off by a train.

Lewis Martini and Joseph Nortini, after firing a shot in a breast at the Alaska collier, were blown many feet by an explosion of gas and probably fatally injured. As the result of a fall downstairs, Mrs. Ann Kelly, aged 107, died at the

home of her son, J. J. Kelly, Pittsburgh. Mrs. Kelly had resided in Pittsburgh seventy-five years. I. C. M. Ellenberger, superintendent of Sunbury schools, declared that the school facilities are entirely too small,

the pupils are quartered in a shack. Governor Brumbaugh granted a respite staying the execution of H. E. Filler, of Westmoreland county, from

the week of October 11 to the week of

November 8. J. B. Millard and Company, owner of limestone quarries in the vicinity of Annyille, has announced a voluntary raise of 10 per cent. in wages, effective at once. Forty men will be added to the pay roll.

Colonel Joseph B. Hutchinson, who recently resigned as chief of police, Harrisburg, will become head of the police department of the Pennsylvania Steel Company, at Steelton, it is re-

A Pennsylvania Railroad train crashed into an automobile in charge of C. A. Wert, Mt. Carmel, the ear having stalled on the crossing near Johnson City. Wert escaped by leaping from the machine which was wrecked.

Miss Mary E. Morgan was acquitted by a jury in the Blair County Court, at Altoona, of the charge of larceny, preferred by John A. Fox, manager of an Altoona furniture company, by which she had been employed as book keeper for six years.

Jacob Innerst, a Jacobus butcher, held up at the point of a gun by a highwayman while on his way to market in York, handed over his small change, but A. Downs, a farmer, who followed him, slashed the road agent across the face with his buggy whip, and the latter beat a hasty retreat into

The stone tenement house on Howard Griffith's farm, Kennett Square, was destroyed by fire. It was occupied by Arthur Atwell and his family or eleven, all of whom escaped in their night clothes, except the youngest child, Irving, aged three, which was burned to death. The eldest daughter, Margaret, fifteen, was injured from jumping from a window and was taken to a hospital.

Without showing the slightest emo tion, Mrs. Catharine Stringfellow signed a plea of guilty of murder in the second degree, thereby insuring herself a term in the penitentiary. At the same time, however, she made sure of her escape from the electric chair. Mrs. Stringfellow was charged with the murder of James A. Bowen in Chester on May 19, as the latter was leaving the home of Mrs. Charles Rostron, a widow, whom Mrs. Stringfellow is alleged to have considered a rival for the affections of Bowen.

Six employes of the Reading Highway Department had a narrow escape from death when they were overcome by sewer gas in a trench sixty-five feet below the street level. James J. Gallagher, forty-eight years old, and William M. Burleigh, aged thirty-eight, are in a serious condition at the Reading Hospital. The others were revived with a pulmotor.

After serving three months and nine days of a nine-months' sentence, imposed following his conviction of exortion of \$55, former Constable Sencor A. Phillippi was released on parole by Judge George W. Wagner, at Reading. Affidavits were presented to the effect that Phillippi's health had failed from imprisonment.

A complete set of by-laws has been made by the newly-formed Student Council at Ursinus College, which will give the students complete control over student conduct.

Mrs. N. Guiley Finch, of Allentown, accidentally threw a paper in which for diamonds were wrapped on the rubbish pile, and the ashmen hauled them to the dump. The gems, worth several hundred dollars, were re covered.

Miss Annette Umbenhen, a public school teacher, daughter of Rev. J. H. Umbenhen, pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Pottsville, was married to George Wolf Ryon, a State fores

Experience That He Had in a Cloud.

FOUND HIMSELF UPSIDE DOWN | length be emerged from the cloud and | and he was presented by the mayor saw the sea apparently over his head, cut was able to right his machine and

continue his flight A young English aviator, the bullet noies in whose planes bore testimony A British naval airman when flying to his repeated exposure to fire, had maward recently entered a thick white one narrow escape with an amusing loud and wholly lost his sense of ending Mistaken for a German air zine, direction. He only realized that he man, he was fired at b; the French as upside down on finding that and forced to descend through the hings were falling out of his pockets | puncturing of his petrol tank When

of the district with a pougnet

Talking of bullet holes, by the way may mention that the record surely belongs to a British aviator who, es caping from a hall of shrapnel, counted 90 separate punctures in his planes -C L Freeston in Scribner's Maga

When Glass Adheres.

them by sheets of paper, the glass in | perfect that even the microscope cancertain places adheres as tightly as if not detect the place of union it were cemented, so that it is necessary to remove it bit by bit. This is due solely to cohesion which is the property of bodies to adhere as soon as their molecules are in contact. It is almost impossible to make surfaces so smooth and to exert pressure so great that the molecules of the two surfaces hills, the healing breath from the will actually be in intimate contact, woods will not permit that "wrong-If sheets of plate glass be piled up but in certain machines this does oc- way-out-of-bed feeling' so common Then his belt broke, and he had to the mistake was discovered, of course, borizontally to a considerable height casionally take place with both steel among the dwellers of closely packed hang on by his knees and a bows. At profuse apologies were forthcoming, without the precaution of separating and lead, effecting a sort of welding so tenements.

To him who sleeps out of doors these days there will be no confused feeling in the mind as he springs from his blanket, no heavy taste in his mouth. The sweet airs from the