Quita's Kidnaping By Izola L. Forrester Copuright, 1903, by T. C. McClus

Mariquita Josepha Maria was her hind the rock. But we stopped, they name, according to the baptismal rec ords in the little white mission church to ledge up over the ragged, splintered at San Junipero. Over at Happy Chance we called her Ouita.

Some way she seemed to belong more Junipero, with its soft toned bells and the solitude of cloistered gardens. She shadowy eyes that looked sidelong at upturned to the dawning light and a itself was enough to draw her stormy one and made the earth seem an excel-dull, crimson stain soaking the right gaze like a magnet. But there wer lent place to live in.

as a silver mining center the shack of old Tom Ferrier had held its own up on the mountain side and dominated the whole valley. No one knew when it had been built. Ferrier had drifted from camp to camp down through Colras until Mexico was the limit, and he and it seemed better to go at the last found Happy Chance. It was a bit of the wilderness that had escaped for-him all the same. I thought a girl

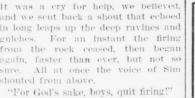
daughter of the old Mexican who hid its head in shame. It is not pleasresult was a success in a way. There in the head by the scorn of a woman's were no signs of silver, but there was will

When the pines on the hills, and from the Larry in his arms and made his way shack Quita and her mother looked down on the valley and saw the cho- lowed slowly. away their Canaan and its wealth. But they were wise, being women, and showed no fight, and Happy Chance as a law abiding community reviewed their case and admitted them to a share in the profits of their own property Larry said, no laws had been broken and shook hands with itself over its but the law of the heart, and each

of honor. He was a miner, but he nev-er mined. He would follow the cry of fame to a new camp and laze around for a few weeks until he found a claim that suited him. He paid in cash, and the camp would see him no more until one day he would come back with some poor innocent of a capitalist he had corralled, and the claim would change time since, and at the first opportunity hands, and Larry would ride on in triumph, ten thousand to the good.

It showed a depth of intuitive wispy Chance welcomed him; also he had a winning way with women. He was thors were kings." gay hearted and debonair and masterlike a water spaniel, chestnut curled. studied history fairly well, I do not He never wooed with words; only with his eyes. They were sufficient. You can-O'Harrigan." She thought she had the score of tender cycs. So Larry rode the score of tender cycs. and Quita.

There was a dance at Dorrity's the night he came, and he rambled in. Qui-Sure, she wuz me grandmother's greatta was dancing, and as he stood in the great - grandmother!" - London Andoorway, watching, she whirled by swers. him on hig Sim Rawdon's arm, and the cluster of scarlet mountain flowers she wore in her hair fell at Larry's feet. Sim went back for them. They were in another story about the time when the breast pocket of Larry's shirt, and you were a young man and traveled the two went outdoors to settle the ar- with the show." gument for possession, while Quita perched herself on a window sill and "when I was with the circus forty or smiled contentedly. It was the beginning of a state of was to get a boy to put an apple on affairs which Happy Chance resented. top of his head, and then I would stand Rawdon owned the biggest claim in ten paces away and shoot a rifle ball camp and if we ever grew to be a city through it." we intended making him mayor or chief of police or something interesting. In the dream of the future Ouita had shared his honors in our minds. She belonged to Happy Chance. It was right that she should have the breathlessly. best article in its 'marriage market, and neither Sim nor Quita had object- shrugging his shoulders. "Why, someed up to date. But with the coming of times I had to wait two or three min-Larry there was a change. We car-ried Sim home from the dance with a but not often. There are always plenbullet in his shoulder, and Larry went ty of boys." back and finished the waltz with Ouita. The next day Sim went to the shack FISH FOOD NOT THE BEST. with a bandaged shoulder and spoke up like a man, knowing that public sentiment was with him. When he came back he invited us all to the wed ding, and Larry tipped his chair far ther back on the shady stoop of the Silver Star and whistled softly The wedding was set for the following Saturday, and Sim rode every day to the shack and came back with smile on his lips and a spray of scarlet flowers from the vine that grew on Quita's hillside. But Saturday sunset, when he rode after his bride he came back without smile or flowers and told his story to the crowd pair quickly overtakes waste and a that waited in the Silver Star. Quita been carried off by the devil with the tration of such elements as phosphorus Irish eyes to the mountains, and Sim asked for company. We were willing to go. She was a evenly distributed in the materials of a home product, and we didn't propose any stray blue eyed maverick It is often stated that fish is a food having come out of the north and steal her away. Up through the valley we rode that the falls and took to the broken trail do the ordinary meat foods, and it certhat led to the mountains on the Call fornia line. Larry was making for the phosphorus had no doubt its origin in twenty-five on a gray day in Novem-



It was hard to obey with victory se ear and the bullets flying wild are ur heads from the hidden hand be

stones until the top was gained, and we looked down on Larry and his cap-It was a strange sight. Back against to Happy Chance than she did to San the rough, gray rocks stood Quita, her self should discover her. eyes aflame with reckless courage and was tall and slim and sunburned, with gripped, still smoking in her hands. were as blue as those of Gladys Ara lips like the heart of a rose and dark At her feet lay Larry, his white face

Before Happy Chance had opened up is a silver mining center the shack of a pack of cowards to follow and hold is own pu side of his gray flannel shirt. up like this! What's he done?"

It was Sim who answered her, Quita turned on Lim like a flash.

"He didn't steal me, Sim. I ran orado and crosswise through the Sier- gway with him because I loved him, the which had been and be sine of the same of the same

In earnest of that belief he had built There was a dead silence. Her eyes ness. The head disappeared. the shack and married Dolores Ruiz, were full of tears, and Happy Chance claimed the valley by prior right. The ant to have a gallant rescue knocked road laughing. But Sim stood without shame or an-

the strike did come, fifteen ger and stared at the white, young later, both Ferrier and the Mex- face at Quita's feet, and at last withican lay in the deep sleep up among out a word he went down and lifted a glimpse of the gypsylike head and with him to the trail, and Quita folsen of the Lord of Mammon sweep At Prospera we left the three, and out of sight.

heart has a law of its own. The summer after the strike Larry But when it was all over Sim sold Carroll alighted in camp, and we en- out his mine to him and went back tertained him unawares, not seeing over the mountains to the States. We ny wings. We had heard of Larry understood and did not blame him. It before. He was a gentlemanly boy is easier to save the life of the man with a good record behind him of ways you hate than to stand by and see the girl you love as his wife.

most modest man that ever came from the black eyes. He did not mention to

Ireland, and his most constant boast concerned his ancestry. He was at an evening party a short

he held forth upon the old theme to a fascinating young lady guest. "Yes," he said; "sure, I may be a poor dom that the world respected, and Hap- nobody in these days, but centhuries face at him. Guess he wouldn't think ago in me own counthry me ances-"Indeed," smiled his fair auditor, ful, with eyes of Irish blue and hair "but yet, do you know, although I have her, but at last he impulsively prof-

scot free over a highway of sighing "Sure, it must be joking ye are," he hearts until he struck Happy Chance said. "An' did ye niver read of Misthress Katherine O'Harrigan, who married Hinry VIII, the owld villin?

Plenty of Raw Material.

Their Interrupted Love Story By KEITH GORDON

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At the tender age of eleven years did also, and we scrambled from ledge she was at her post, peeping over th

fence very cautiously lest the boy him There was something about this par Larry's two revolvers were ticular boy that she liked. His eye bella, her favorite blond doll. That in other things beside. There was the

there was a daring, dashing, fascinat ing something about him even at four teen that proclaimed him one of the

For weeks she had paid him the si lent homage of that trip to the fence each morning. Then one day, waxing

careless from long security, her black head and big dark eyes appeared just

sissy?" he called out with boyish rough-He waited a moment, but as she failed to reappear he dashed off down the her. For a moment she watched it in-After that it was his delight to catch her watching him. He would turn at the most unexpected moments to see light.

if he could surprise her. But when, once in awhile, he succeeded in getting the flery dark eyes his brusque "Hi there, sissy! See anything green?" always had the same effect. She dropped

It was a private school for boys kept by an old friend of the family. So her happen along this very first morning parents sought a place for her there that I'm home?" she queried when,

when it was necessary for them to sail their nonsense over, they stood talkwithout their small daughter. ing across the wall. For her the excitement of being "Well, not so odd as it would have placed in the school where the boy been if I had not known you were went each day was delicious. They coming," he admitted laughingly. Ther had known each other for a year-that a queer look came into his eyes

is, she had watched him and he had known that she was there. "Why haven't you married?" he de-manded abruptly. She opened her lips known that she was there. "My eye! It's the girl who's always to reply, but something in his face ar peeking over the fence," he remarked | rested her. She flushed furiously. H to his chum at his first glimpse of the laid his hand on hers.

new pupil. "Isn't she a regular In-

essly waste their nerve energy. The drum the chair or the desk with the and smiled, a foolish friendly smile. fingers or tap the floor with their toes Instead of meeting this overture with they hold their hands; they sit in the ladylike graciousness that her rocking chair and rock for very dea training had taught, she made up a life. If they go upstairs they mak the whole body do the work that wa now that she liked him-that horrid intended only for the legs; if they write or sew they get down to it with vengeance and contract their brow

they met in the corridor one day. If they have an unusual task to de With a stamp of her foot she threw they screw and contract and contor it to the ground. "If your mother every muscle of the body, making

selves up into big things. - Medical with some offering for the girl. Often

Then the guard called "All aboard," THE LAND CRAB. waved her hand in gay rewell, the train pulled out of the A Mean Trick by Which Pacific Is-

land Natives Catch Them. In Fiji and other Pacific islands the world seemed suddenly flat to "And I didn't get her London he exclaimed aloud, as his ng the male crab. The native goes pidity dawned upon him. "Well, I'll out in the late night, and when he

Two years later the servants at Fairthe tree is generally a hundred feet re received notice from their young igh or more-and ties a large wisp of round the trunk. The crab, havss of her intention of opening he house for a few weeks. The old ing finished his work, hurries down to ace had been closed since her early

his partner for a feed, traveling backard, as usual. When he comes to the She had traveled far and wide; been treacherous clump of grass, thinking arted and admired. But after awhile

lst of the season, when gayety was its height, thoughts of the dear old but at least she would go back ad have a bit of "make believe" all ad have a bit of "make believe" all but at least she would go back ad have a bit of "make believe" all but at least she would go back ad have a bit of "make believe" all but at least she would go back parently regarded this as a mean trick to see this, as I fancied the poison

berself. Tears rose in her eyes as she was now very circumspect on their expe-int side of the sting pear its point and below of Banklurk? Iriven up to her own door. How well diffors, so that few are caught in this he remembered the quaint support- way.

ng pillars and the broad veranda! The was just dropping out of sight, but its faint golden glow lingered lovingly | fiber, and he makes the material up | --on the place. In the darkness of her so well that the native women burrow

d room that night she thought with for it, as it is found useful for many At 8 o'clock the next morning she tole down to the stone fence once toilet "fakings" which they have now ore, smiling foolishly to herself as picked up from the mission stations she did so. There was no need to hide; and towns.

> Such Fun. "So you are really engaged, dear?" said Elsie gushingly to her particular

A weird buzzing aroused her, and e looked up to see a big, red touring friend Madge. "Yes, dear," was the blushing reply. "I am really engaged at last." car spinning down the road toward ently. Then as it drew nearer "And to that stern, stolid looking fel-

ow, Alec Wilson?" "Oh, yes, dear," replied her friend and the outlines of its occupant became clear her heart jumped with dequickly. "He often says that after we

"It's he; it really is!" she exclaimed are married he means to manage the house, look after my personal expendi-At the same moment the automobile ture as well as his own and, in fact, slackened speed, and the man inside lifted his hat with a flourish and sang ave his own way in everything. "Good gracious! And you seriously

out joyously: "Hello, little girl! What tell me you mean to marry a man like you staring at?" As of yore she dropthat?" cried Elsie in astonishment. ped suddenly down out of sight. "Oh, yes, dear. I wouldn't give up

"But isn't it strange that you should the idea on any account. You see, it will be such fun to show him how a surd such ideas are, won't it?" And the speaker smiled a wicked smile, which the happy Alec ought to have

seen, but luckily didn't.

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HAIRS OF THE NETTLE. The Reason They Sting So When They Prick the Flesh.

in the highest esteem and the older t The stinging hairs of the comm widow grows the more agreeable h nettle, which can easily be seen by the position becomes. Should she rea naked eye, stand out under the micro- fifty years she may, by applying to the scope as rigid, transparent, tubular emperor, get a sum of money wi hears a crab at work up a tree he prickles, highly polished and exqui- which to buy a tablet on which I sitely pointed. hairs are furnished with bulbous reservoirs, which are charged with formic

acid, an acrid, poisonous fluid, which is discharged into the wound after the sharp points have pierced the skin. Mr. Curtis, in his "Flora," gives this ful idiot while trying to look serious graphic description of the process: "Placing the foot stalk of a nettle leaf

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OPULAR

side of the sting near its point, and here it appears to be placed rather you know. The toastmaster called on than quite at the end, that it may not a gentleman who had lost an arm and in his note the land crab makes him-self a comfortable bed of cocoanut take off from its necessary sharpness. a leg to answer to the toast "Our Ab sent Members."-New Yorker

of Danville.

THE

virtues are named. The tablet is the placed over the door of the princip Big Undertakings "Talk about big jobs," said the cheer "Well," said the victim wearily

Widows In China

According to the laws of good a

in China, young widows should not

marry. Widowhood is therefore h

"Wheeling West Virginia may 1 got tired—so tired. In the very lets go his hold of the tree and of on the stage of a microscope, I pressed some and Lansing Michigan may h ts height, thoughts of the dear old s haunted her mind. They were a forever, those wonderful childish s, but at least she would go back manning. The where a structure for the manning of the manning. The where a structure for the manning of the ma the bulb with a blunt pin and found rather a big surgical undertaking, bu

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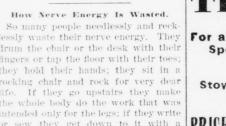
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P.M

P.M.A MAM PM

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and wrinkle their foreheads and grin fered her a stick of hoarhound when their teeth.

it to the ground. "If your mother makes you eat hoarbound, eat it your-self. I'm not going to eat it!" she flashed out with spirit. Then, in a tumult of happiness, she fled, leaving the astonished boy gazing after her with an ensure mouth." Wasting nerve energy; frittering it

with an open mouth "Spitfire!" was his greeting when Little things, to be sure. But little Thus the ice was broken. Morning things have a way of adding them

after morning now he came to school

his chum that he liked shiny black hair and eyes like big, dark stars. After awhile he looked toward her

"Haven't we been a pair of idiots?

A Reliable

States by his tracks, and we hoped to the glowing phosphorescence of fish in catch him before he struck a railroad. the dark. This phosphorescence is due ber, and the girl and her companior "Will you plug him on sight, Sim?" not to phosphorus at all, but to micro asked Keno Davis, in mild interest. The belief, therefore, that

"I don't believe there'll be any shak- fish is a brain food is just about as tion, waiting for the ing hands," said Sim grimly, and we reasonable as the idea that because a gloried in the coming fight.

them half way up Bald mountain. As celebrated advice to Verdant Green we rounded a corner of the trail a gray to lay in a stock of Reading biscuits to sombrero showed above the tangled assist his reading. Fish, of course, is excellent food, growth of vines and ferns that ch partly because of the nourishing nature of its constituents and partly bebullet thro out under the shade cause of its digestibility. But it is in

sided to rest no sense a specific for brain or nerve. of a serub tine, cull we d -London Lancet. Betting Among Englishwomen. The habit of betting amon; force. While the 1

iw the of the lower class is one which has his interest i rock, Sim took four other started grown with amazing to idity, especial-It was a gool fight. There was no dustrial districts. And indeed no powyelling or Apache war daucing, only or of law second to avail much against a steady, quiet interchart ments that meant business, and a grad-

When Knight and Was in Flower, We knew Quita must be with him, but whether she had fainled or been boy. Chimmie-W'ot, an' me goil looka clear, sharp cry rang out, and every a quitter - Build take me for a quitter - Build take me for man lowered his gun at the sound.

it was a bunch of roses begged from the gardener. "The prettiest ones you have" he would command important-

"Well," said Grandfather Dutton, fifty years ago one of my great acts

"But didn't you sometimes miss the apple and shoot the boy?" her the laughing face of the boy. 'Not often. But it happened once in awhile, of course."

a moonlit night in California. Propped "What did you do then?" they asked up by pillows of mystical, Japanese design, she lounged in the oriental "Do?" said Grandfather Dutton,

Borne on the light breeze that ruffled Many Fallacies About a Diet on Sea

the leaves of the toyon tree at her Products Are Extant.

It is doubtful whether any given brushed across her face. A subtle food in common use contains constituchange came over her. "No, no, Hugh. Please stop, dear, ents which have a selective action, so to speak, on the property of minister-ing to one part of the body more than another. As a rule, when a food is as-the transformation of the body more than another to be transformation of the property of t sumed to have specific reparative propthe scent of the roses that had decided erties-as, for example, a so called her.

next they met.

brain or nerve food-the fact really is The old boy and girl affair had died that such food is easily and quickly the usual death of such attachm assimilated to the body's general ad-He had gone to college and she to a vantage; in a word, in such a case rereal purposeful nutrition and restoration are accomplished. The adminis-

Later a certain society belle whose or iron in medicine is, of course, a dif-ferent matter, but these elements are 'dark beauty" was much exploited by the newspapers, occasionally found herself wondering, in off moments, what had become of the boy. And he! One must not be hard on him. The which ministers particularly to the world is so full of pretty girls, and his needs of the brain, because it contains eyes were blue and daring, his sho phosphorus. As a matter of fact, fish

ders broad and he was gay and dedoes not contain more phosphorus than bonair. * * * * tainly does not contain it in a free She had reached the mature age of

paced aimlessly up and down the platform of the little Scottish railway str A handsome young man who had been taking a turn up and down the soup is thick and gelatinous "it will Just before sunrise we came upon stick to the ribs" or as sensible as the opposite platform, waiting apparently for a train to the north, glanced acros paused in astonishment.

> and advanced with boy toward her.

It was a pretty bit kling with pleasure ness. Then the big bla down upon them with phant shrick as much to London, young lady midst of their excited g

were obliged to part. "No, I'm waiting for the lady fair," he answered gayly. "And you?" "Waiting for the gentleman dark," she replied archly.

The Poet's Impromptu. Edward Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," was a man of the world never guessing that their fresh nd a shrewd and caustic wit as well uty was instantly quenched in the a poet and the rector of St. Mary's darkness of the girl's small trunk urch at Welwyn. It was there, i Each time that she lifted the lid to put garden of the rectory, that he con in a fresh bunch the exquisite scent osed some of the best imprompt of the withered ones floated out into verses known. He was walking wit the room. Years afterward the drifttwo ladies when some one summor ing scent of roses would bring before him to the house. But his companior

Once, indeed, it did more. It was were agreeable, and he was in n reached the gate, he said: Thus Adam looked when from the garde

chair that was her special delight. thus disputed orders sent from

Her companion leaned toward her Like him I go, an Like him I go, for Hard was his fate and yet to go am loa and began to speak in a low, eager voice. His words of love seemed nat-

ural—a part of the breathless enchant-ment of the time and place. Why not His E went with him, but mine stays behind decide her fate now and have it done?

MAKING MATCHES.

side, a breath from the rose garden Hand Labor and Slow Methods When the Industry Was New.

The first really efficient lucifer match must be put to the credit of Mr. John Walker of Stockton-on-Tees, who in the year 1827 placed them on the marcompliment to Sir William Congreve, the inventor of the war rocket. These

matches were sold for a shilling a box, which contained, besides a few of the matches, a little piece of folded sandpaper, through which each splint er to forget and to write twice a week. of wood had to be drawn before it And for six months they kept their could be made to inflame. An original tin box, stamped with the royal arms and bearing the word "Congreve,

preserved as a curiosity in one of the London museums. As in the case of all other industries

this one was initiated by hand labor alone. The splints of wood were no doubt originally dipped in the igniting composition one by one, but subse quently they were tied up in bundles and dipped en bloc, the workman giving each bundle a twist with his hands

o that the end of each splint would be free to move to a certain extent and absorb a little more of the comound than it would if kept quite still.

The next advance was to fix the splints n a frame so that each was separated om its neighbor, and this frame, con tining about 1,500 matches, would be ought down on a marble slab upon which the composition was spread The tipped matches, still in their rame, would then be dried in air for few hours and afterward placed in a heated chamber to complete their lesiccation. Manual labor is now al most wholly dispensed with in the manufacture of matches. The employnent of yellow phosphorus for the harging of matches made the industry a very unhealthy one, and the orkpeople, if not in the best of

realth, ran the risk of contracting a terrible disease known as necrosis of the jawbone, the vulgar name for which was "phossy jaw." With imhas now been eliminated .-- Chambers'

Cold Feet. When Dr. John A. Hartwell, better known as "Josh" Hartwell, was at Yale he was asked by a professor what would happen to a patient if his tem perature were to get as low as possi-ble, "Why, sir," Hartwell gravely re-"Why, sir," Hartwell gravely re plied "he would have cold feet."

