

CATCHING THE TROLLEY.

By TAYLOR WHITE.

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Colbrook glanced at his watch and started to run. The Chester trolley started from the public square on the half hour. He had just time to make the 11:30. Could he do that there would be just time to speak to End and get back in time to take the western express that would connect in Chicago with the Overland. That would get him in San Francisco just in time to catch the Empress of China.

He wanted to tell End that his chance had come at last and ask if she would wait. An unexpected turn of affairs had put him in a position to speak of marriage, a thing he had not dared to even think of for at least a year yet.

He slipped down the foggy street with the easy stride of a cross country runner and smiled as he heard behind the soft pattering of other hurried footsteps. The man behind would never reach the car first if that was what he was running for.

Then suddenly the steps ceased, and a moment later a mob came tearing around the corner, raising the hue and cry. Colbrook kept on. He felt no interest in a thief with End in Chester and the car about to start. Then suddenly a blue coated form started up before him, and he almost ran into the policeman's arms. An instant later he had been scientifically collapsed and the mob had come panting up.

The last to arrive was a fat policeman, still violently puffing from his exertions. He took a fresh grip on Colbrook's collar and, with a flourish of his club, entreated him to come quietly. For the first time Colbrook realized that he was under arrest.

"Look here," he said, "you are making a mistake. I'm not the man you're after."

"I know it," agreed the officer pleasantly. "I was after a man in green pants and a red coat, but I guess you'll



"I'm so sorry!" she gasped. "I'm not," he disagreed. "I see the hand of fate. You see, I was running to catch a car to Chester to see you. You were in town, and I should have missed you."

"But why such haste?" she asked. "I am leaving this afternoon for China," he explained. "My chance has come at last, and I wanted to ask you to wait for me, dear. Will you?"

"I think," she said, "that we must bow to fate. I ran into town unexpectedly, and—suppose you had caught the car and gone out there. I should not have had a chance to say goodbye."

"Now we can say it over the lunch table, and there's still time for a trip to the jewelry store, too, if you will explain to the officer that I was not the thief."

That formality was quickly accomplished, and presently they were passing and shook the sergeant's hand.

"Goodby, very much obliged," he said heartily. "I am very much obliged."

"I wonder what he meant," mused that official as he regarded the bill that had been left in his palm. "Sure, I thought he'd make trouble with the chief."

As to Liberty.

Liberty was first introduced into this country with a shipment of tea. Since then it has been seen occasionally in odd places.

Liberty has no permanent place of residence, but boards out. At present it is staying with friends just outside of Washington.

Liberty is a great traveler. It has visited in time New York, Boston, Philadelphia and all the other large centers. Having been introduced to the municipal government, met the leading politicians and visited the principal places of amusement, it has then left town.

Liberty is the one thing that everybody believes in, but no one has ever seen. Traces of it are occasionally found in public documents, but rarely and unintelligently speaking it is casewise to the general.

It is popularly supposed that some day Liberty will be in full charge of everything. When this day will be no one but Liberty knows.

In the meantime give us liberty or give us life in a republic.—Puck

Careful.

"Mr. Pampus is very careful of his dignity," commented the observing girl.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "He naturally has so little that he has to be careful of it."—Washington Star.

Cockfighting in England.

Cockfighting is still enthusiastically carried on in many parts of England. But no educational expert would now pronounce it a very becoming sport for gentlemen, as Ascham did when he wrote his "Schoolmaster" in the sixteenth century. Colet was centuries ahead of his time when he discouraged cockfighting in his statutes for St. Paul's school. The typical statutes of a north country school of that period direct that the master "shall have, use and take the profits of all such cockfights and potations as are commonly used in schools." In Scotland particularly one morning a year was given to cockfighting, and the dominie's perquisites, all the cocks killed and a shilling from each boy, sometimes amounted to a quarter of his total fees. This lasted at least until 1828, though Manchester Grammar school dropped the practice a little earlier.—London Chronicle.

Her Reasoning.

Wife (at the costumer's)—Which shall I have—this coat at 40 marks or that one at 70? Husband—I have only 40 marks with me. Wife—Oh, well, then, we'll buy the seventy mark coat on credit, and then you can buy me a hat with the 40 marks.—Lustige Blätter.

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"That's a good bluff, but it don't go," said the visitor. "I guess you know what plain clothes men are by any title."

"The precinct detective? I see," said Colbrook.

"The fairy what had her leather swiped wants to know what you did with it."

"I'm sure I don't know what became of the lady's purse," he said pleasantly. This slang was more understandable.

"Stow that," admonished the detective. "I think she'll let you off, and it's a ten spot to me if you tell."

"But I tell you there is a mistake," he insisted. "Your men picked up the wrong man."

With a snort of disgust, the ward man turned away. Here was a chance to make \$10 gone through the thief's stubbornness. He was back in a minute, though, and Colbrook caught the echo of a lighter step on the stone flagging.

"The dame wants to give you the third degree herself," he said. "Don't you give her none of your lip or I'll come in there."

"I am at the lady's service," said Colbrook hopefully. He understood from the previous conversation that she could free him by refusing to make a complaint. It should not be very difficult to convince her that he was not the thief.

He started as she spoke, but some impulse restrained the exclamation that sprang to his lips.

"What was in the purse that was so valuable?" he demanded, making his voice harsh and unnatural.

"I cannot explain," she said, with embarrassment—"some keepsake of which I am very fond. The purse was a keepsake. I am most anxious about that."

Colbrook's heart gave a leap. It was the purse he had given her that she sought, and it was End Sangston who was pleading with him to restore her property.

"I'll get you another purse just as good," he said, "if you will get me out of this, End."

With a scream she started back from the bars as Colbrook moved into the light. "You?" she gasped. "I was running to catch a car," he explained. "It was misty, and the thief slipped into a doorway, and the mob thought that since I was running it must be I who was the culprit. Then the officer collared me and brought me here."

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As Peyton's sailboat, the Gull's Wing, ducked her way between myriads of anchored craft, mostly steam launches, Viola Ainsley looked at the receding shore with a sigh of relief. The sail filled with a brisk breeze and spray dashed against the bow as they tacked for the open bay. The air was keen and fresh and full of relish. The sun shone strong and warm.

"Splendid, isn't it?" cried Miss Ainsley.

"Peyton smiled. He thought you liked that sort of thing better?" he said, with a backward glance at the summer colony of Cliffert, rows of cottages and a big hotel that stood a little back from the water front.

"Don't I look as if I was enjoying myself?" she parried.

"For a person not addicted to the simple life, I must confess you do."

TIME WENT SWIFTLY IN PREPARING IT.

said Peyton, regarding her as she perched on the seat before him in her trim white yachting suit.

"What a salty tang!" she sniffed. "It's strange, but one never seems to get the full flavor of it near the shore."

"One has to get out, away out, to get the full flavor of most things, I fancy," Peyton answered, his brown hand on the tiller, his keen eyes looking straight ahead.

"Why did you come here at all, then?" Viola questioned. "You must have known what a summer hotel would be like."

"One has one's duty to one's family, you know, and my mother and sister are here. And then there's another reason for my coming. I followed a girl."

"A girl?"

"Yes, a girl I saw on the train. She had the seat across the aisle from me, and there were a lot of people with her, a very gay, noisy, fashionable crowd. The girl was laughing with the rest of them, and I thought she was their kind till I saw her eyes. And then I knew, for they were neither hard nor shallow nor full of surface lights. They were very deep and beautiful. If she were moved by love I think they could be exquisitely tender."

"But who is she?" cried Miss Ainsley in utter innocence and then flushed suddenly as Peyton's look answered her.

"Oh!" she said breathlessly and turned away her head.

"Of course I know it was extremely foolish of me," Peyton Fernald went on, "because rumor has already engaged her to Millionaire McNugget."

Miss Ainsley bit her lip. "Rumor," she said, "is often very impertinent."

"Then it isn't true?"

"It is not true—yet," said Miss Ainsley and dabbed her hand over the edge of the boat.

"Ah!" he began.

"No," she said quickly; "you've made a great mistake. The girl isn't at all as you've imagined her. She's very fond of money. She's hard and selfish and doesn't care for simple things a bit. She'd hate not to have lots of houses and clothes and a good time."

"You think, then," said Peyton, "that because I'm not very well off in this world's goods it would be quite useless if I asked her to marry me?"

"Quite useless, I'm afraid," returned Miss Ainsley gently. "I know you know what the girl's missing, for there aren't many men in the world who—" She paused as the boat gave an abrupt lurch, nearly sweeping her from her feet. Peyton reached out a strong arm and steadied her. The keel of the Gull's Wing scraped against something hard and slippery; then, with a slide and splash, the boat righted herself and went on. But the cockpit was rapidly filling with water.

"A derelict dory, by jingo!" cried Peyton as a dark object drifted past them beneath the surface of the water. "Take the tiller and the main sheet," he directed, "and put for that little island over there. I'll have to bale like blazes."

Viola did as she was bid, cranking on the seat to be out of reach of the water that swished in the bottom of the boat. The trees of the little island, they were approaching stood out sharply against the blue sky. Its sandy beach lay white and shining in the sun.

"Do you think we'll make it?" she asked quietly.

"We'll try," he answered, with equal repression. Their eyes met in the understanding of a common peril. There was much against them, but wind and tide were with them, and when the Gull's Wing sank it was within a few feet of the island's shore.

Peyton stepped out and carried Miss Ainsley to land. Then he pulled in the boat as far as he could and made it fast.

"Marooned!" cried Miss Ainsley lightly. She did not refer to their past

CRUSOE THE SECOND.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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The Rattler Doesn't Bite.

Speaking quite strictly, a rattlesnake does not bite, but strikes. The same thing is true of the copperhead and mooccasin. Their fangs are hinged, so to speak, and when the snake is at ease and at all times except in the very act of striking they are closed up tight against the roof of the mouth. When the snake strikes it draws its body back into a tense spiral, the head is raised with the jaws widely distended, the body is shot forward with terrific speed, and the curved fangs, now at right angles to the jaw, are driven deeply into whatever they come in contact with. The jaws are never closed into even the semblance of a bite.

Chopin's "Inspiration."

Many people have heard the "Marche Funebre" of Chopin, but few are aware that it had its origin in a rather ghastly after dinner frolic. This is the story of its writing:

The painter Zeim had given a little Bohemian dinner in his studio, which was divided by hangings into three sections. In one of these was a skeleton sometimes used by Zeim for "dressing" and an old piano covered with a sheet.

During the after dinner fun Zeim and the painter Ricard crept into this section and, wrapping the old sheet like a pall around the skeleton, carried it among their comrades, where Poligague seized it and, wrapping himself with the skeleton in the sheet, sat down to play a queer dance of death at the wheezy old piano.

In the midst of it all Chopin, who was of the party, was seized with an inspiration and, seating himself at the piano, with an exclamation that brought the roisterers to their senses, extemporized then and there the famous "Marche Funebre," while his bohemian auditory applauded in frantic delight.—London Globe.

The First Diving Bell.

The diving bell was not mentioned before the sixteenth century. Two Greeks in that century (1538) gave an exhibition before Charles V., descending into water of considerable depth in an inverted large kettle. They took down a burning light. The men returned to the earth level without being wet. The light was still burning when they came to the surface.—Pittsburg Press.

Color Blindness.

The term color blindness implies an entire absence of the color sense, and there are a few persons who are in this condition, but it also includes all the forms of partial color blindness in which the perception of one of the fundamental colors—red, green and violet—is wanting, and which are known as red blindness, green blindness and violet blindness. The line between these various kinds of color blindness and a perfect perception of colors is not sharply drawn, so that a large number of persons have what is called a feeble color sense, which falls short of actual color blindness. There is no doubt that color blindness in its various forms is much more common than is generally supposed, and it is more common among the imperfectly than the well educated classes.

Where Beggars Ride.

"If wishes were horses beggars would ride," says the old saw. But in Persia beggars actually do ride, although they patronize the humble donkey instead of his more aristocratic brother. How they manage to obtain these useful animals or even to exist themselves passes European comprehension, but the fact remains that they do both.—Wide World Magazine.

Enforcing the Law.

"What are they moving the church for?"

"Well, stranger, I'm mayor of these diggins, an' I'm fer law enforcement. We've got an ordinance what says no saloon shall be nearer than 300 feet to a church. I gave 'em three days to move the church."—Judge.

The Danube Valley.

The valley of the Danube is probably the original home of the prune and plum. Not only do they grow wild, but, what is more, nowhere in Europe do they reach such perfection, and, despite the competition of France and California, Bosnia and Servia still furnish the greater part of the world's prune supply. Prunes and figs are the two chief sources of wealth of these Balkan states, for after the people have sold all the prunes they can for export they feed the rest to the pigs or distill them into prune brandy.—Providence Journal.

Cautious.

A few days ago a new male resident of this city, recently arrived from Ireland, having made a favorable impression upon the manager of a wholesale house on Market street, secured a position. The merchant the next day, having made out a large number of statements, called the new employee into his office, directing him to "go out and post these bills." "Where?" inquired the young man. "Oh, yes," said the business man, "I forgot that you have only been in this country a short time. There's a mail box on the telegraph pole at the corner. Post the bills there." The son of Erin soon returned, laying the bills on the merchant's desk. "I may be a little green yet, sir," said he, "but I'm not posting them bills with a big policeman watching the box." "Not posting them? Why not? What about the policeman?" asked the astonished storekeeper. "That's all right, but you're not fooling me all the same, if I do appear to be green. Sure, didn't I see the sign on the pole over the box. Post no bills under penalty of the law?"—Philadelphia Record.

An Optical Illusion.

An interesting optical experiment may be made with the ordinary incandescent light. Gaze steadily at the light for a few seconds, then suddenly extinguish it. The experiment is best performed in a very dark room. In about half a minute you will see the perfect image of the light, with the fine strands of wire plainly visible. It will be red at first. In a few minutes it will turn purple and then a bright blue. Later it will apparently move to the right. As you turn your gaze it will continue moving to the right. If you keep your gaze fixed, it will come back. It is surprising how long the illusion will last. It will be seen for fully five minutes, perhaps longer, and if you turn on the light and look away from it you will see the old image for several minutes, though more faintly than in the darkness.

It Made a Difference.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the visitor. "Hear those boys fighting and yelling out there. Regular little hoodlums, aren't they?"

"I can't say," replied Mrs. Famiey. "I'm rather nearsighted, you know."

"But surely you can hear them."

"Oh, yes; but I can't tell whether they're my children or the neighbors'."—Exchange.

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