CATCHING THE TROLLEY.

By TAYLOR WHITE.

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

He wanted to tell Enid 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

He slipped down the foggy street with the easy stride of a cross country runner and smiled as he heard behind the soft patter of other hurried foot-steps. 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 in-terest in a thief with Enid in Chester and the car about to start. Then sud-denly a blue coated form started up before him, and he almost ran into the policeman's arms. An instant later he had been scientifically collared 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

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



"I'M SO SORRY!" SHE GASPED.

He took a fresh grip on his club as though anticipating trouble and tooked at his brother officer.

"But see here," insisted Colbrook. "I was running to catch the Chester trol-

ley. I had to make the 11:80, and I was sprinting. I heard some one running behind me, and suddenly he must have dodged into a doorway. That

was probably your man."
"Quite likely," was the cheerful response, "but all the same you can tell

"But I have to get to Chester and back in time to catch the western express," he pleaded. "I am leaving on that for China."

"Through train?" laughed the officer appreciatively. He evidently regarded Coltrook as a humorist. "I am Jennings Colbrook," he said

You can call them on the Perhaps I'll have time to go out on the train if you will drop this

"You drop yours," was the sharp ommand. "I know you fellows. Look out that he doesn't throw nothin' away, Rafferty." Rafferty nodded his understanding, and the trio headed a procession for the police station.

The desk sergeant was a newly promoted roundsman impressed with a sense of his dignity. Something in Colbrook's manner offended him, and he refused to listen to his plea that the Fontellen company be notified, "What's the use of botherin'?" he demanded. "Sure I recognize you as Res.

"Sure I recognize you as Boston Mike. What have they to do with
the likes of you? Tell that to the
judge when you're arraigned."
At a motion of his head Colbrook

was led back to the cells, and, this being his first arrest, he did not know that he could bribe the officers to get word to his employers. His threats to have the whole matter

shown up only added to the doggedness of the sergeant, and in answer to his third threat he was told that the sergeant would be back in the cells with a night stick presently if things did not quiet down.

After that he could only sit in silent

despair and wonder what the outcome could be. If he did not catch the next steamer, the agents of the English company would be on the ground first. It was through his old time friendship for Garson that he had gained the early tip that led to his being promoted to be foreign salesman at more

than double his old salary. Now this mistake would cost him not only his promotion, but probably even his position, and he could only little earlier.—London Chronicle. sit helpless in his narrow cell and rail

Then the grated half of the cell loor was darkened by a form, and he sprang to his feet.

"I'm the bull in this precinct," an nounced the newcomer. "Don't throw that bluff," he added as Colbrook's eyes went up in inquiry. "You know what a bull is."

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 Blatter.

"I was always under the impression that they possessed four feet and horns," he said.

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

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 understand-

"Stow that," admonished the detec

that, administed 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."

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 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'il come in there."

"I am at the lady's service," said Colbrook hopefully. He understood from the previous conversation that she could from him by refusing to make a could free him by refusing to make a complaint. It should not be very diffi-cult 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

valuations: in definition with and unnatural.

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

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

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

of this, Enid."

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."

"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 wiscad 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

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 goodby."

"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 accom-

plished, and presently they were pass-ing the desk. Colbrook leaned over and shook the sergeant's hand. he said heartily

"Goodby, sergeant," "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

chief."

thought he'd make trouble with the

Liberty was first introduced into this country with a shipload 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 prin-cipal places of amusement, it has then

left town. Liberty is the one thing that every body believes in, but no one has ever seen. Traces of it are occasionally found in public documents, but rudely and unintelligently speaking it is ca-

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.

"Mr. Pumpus is very careful of his dignity." commented the observing

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 gentlemen, as Ascham did when he wrote his "Scholemaster" in the six-teenth 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 cock-fights and potations as are commonly used in schools." In Scotland particu-larly one morning a year was given to cockfighting, and the dominie's pe sites, 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

Wife (at the costumer's)—Which shall I have—this coat at 40 marks or that one at 70? Husband—I have only

CRUSOE THE SECOND.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcells

As Peyton's sailboat, the Gull's Wing, ducked her way between myr-iads 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 Ains-

ley.

Peyton smiled. I thought you liked that sort of thing better?" he said, with a backward glance at the summer col-ony of Cliffcrest, 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 "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

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

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

"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 Ains-ley in utter innocence and then flushed suddenly as Peyton's look answered

"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 engag-ed 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 dabbled her hand over the edge

"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 "Quite useless, I'm afraid," returned Miss Ainsley gently, "though I 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 steadled her. The kael 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 directed, "and put for that little Island over there. I'll have to bale like

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

Mghtly. She did not refer to their past

ously, "Miss Ainsley, you're soaking

"So are you! But the sun's strong and hot on this little beach, and we'll soon dry. When do you think they'll come for us?"

"I'm afraid we won't be missed till

"I'm afraid we won't be missed till nightfall, and it's only 3 o'clock now. Thank heaven my matches aren't damp, and we can build a fire!"
"Crusoe the second!" laughed Miss Ainsley. "Do you think the wreck will yield us anything? It should, according to the best story books."
"Nothing but the bailing pail and a second of the pair and the pai

coffeepot and two tin cups in the

"Get them," she besought. "We'll use them to cook with." "Cook what?" Miss Ainsley's eyes danced. "Oh, Crusoe, Crusoe! Haven't you any im-agination? Don't you know there's al-ways food on a desert island—sea

Peyton caught the fire of her en

thusiasm. "Tea and sugar and a loat of bread," he laughed.
"Bread!" exclaimed Miss Ainsley.
"Do you think that it's stale?" She pulled a bit from the heel of the loaf and nibbled it furtively. "No! It's fresh. There must have been a picnic here this morning. We'll have a feast, recorder feast." "Tea and sugar and a loaf

regular feast." a regular feast."

Time went swiftly in preparing it. Peyton found some blackberries, and Miss Ainsile made plates of leaves. They built a fire of driftwood on the beach, and over a pile of stones the coffcepot sang pleasantly. It was sunset when they seated themselves luxuriously on the sand and ate what Viola Ainsile called the fruits of their toil.

"This tea is the best I ever tasted,"

"You didn't know I was such a good cook, did you?" Miss Ainsile inquired as she sat opposite him poking at the

said Peyton, "and then our day will be "Yes." said Miss Ainslie with some-

thing strangely like a sigh.

Behind them the woods of the little island were deepening into the shad-ow; the waves broke softly on the beach; the rosy dames of the fire shone brightly out into the gathering dusk,

"Listen," she added. In the distance could be heard the faint, steady puffing of a steam launch. "They've seen the fire," she exclaimed, shielding her eyes with her hand.

"There's McNugget," cried Peyton almost savagely, "and I suppose you're glad." He was kneeling on the sand picking up the tin cups.

Miss Ainsley smiled. "Oh, Robiuson
Crusoe," she said softly, "how very

blind you are!"
Peyton dropped the cups and stared at her. "You mean"—he breathed.
"I mean that—this afternoon when I thought that perhaps we—we wouldn't reach the shore—it didn't seem as if the other things mattered at all. I knew then what really counted most. I knew that wealth was nothing and that I can would now you. that I only wanted you—you."
The last words were almost inaudible, and Peyton had to lean very near to catch them. Then the voice of the mil-

through the megaphone.
"Coming." cried Miss Ainslie in an-

swer. "Hurry up, Crusoe. Why on earth are you carrying that old coffeepot under your arm?"
"It's a trophy." said Peyton, "of a shipwreck that has made me the happlest man on earth."

Cautious.

A few days ago a new male resident of this city, recently arrived from Ireland, having made a favorable impresland, 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 mall box on the 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 mer-chant's desk. "I may be a little green vet 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 policewhy not? What about the police-man?" asked the astonished storekeep-er. "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?"—Phila-delphia Record.

An Optical Illusion. An Optical Illusion.

An interesting optical experiment may be made with the ordinary incandescent light. Gaze stendily 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. Viola did as she was bid, crouching 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 take sun.

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

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 fillusion 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 will be red at first. In a few minutes it will turn purple and then a bright blue. Later it will apparently move to several minutes, though more faintly

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the vis-itor. "Hear those boys fighting and yelling out there. Regular little hood-lums, aren't they?" "I can't say," replied Mrs. Famley.
"I'm rather nearsighted, you know."

than in the darkness.

ont as far as he could and made it itst.

"Marooned!" cried Miss Ainsley they're my children or the neighbors'." -Exchange.

The Rattler Doesn't Bite.

Speaking quite strictly, a rattlesnake does not bite, but strikes. The same thing is true of the copperhead and moccasin. 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 distendis raised with the jaws widely distend-ed, the body is shot forward with ter-rific 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

Humor In the Far East.
Abdur Rahman, the late ameer of Afghanistan, had a grim sense of humor which was sometimes exercised with ways food on a desert island—sea gulls' eggs and things like that? Come along and let's explore."

"The set Little year" the explore."

"The set Little year" the explore."

gulls' eggs and things like that? Come along and let's explore."

"There! I told you!" she exclaimed as their wanderings brought them to a little spring. "Isn't that pretty, the way it bubbles up between the moss and ferns? And I do believe there's been a picnic here. Look at that bit of orange peel."

"You sand see this!" cried Porton of orange peel."

"Yes, and see this!" cried Peyton, emerging from a thicket with a brown paper parcel in his hand.
"Something the picnickers forgot!" cried Miss Ainsley ecstatically "Your them arrive."—Grand Magging to the summit of a certain watch tower. "Look you out well for the Russians," commanded Abdur Rahman, "for you do not eat until you see them arrive."—Grand Magging to the marrive."—Grand Magging to the marrive.

Color Blindness.

The term color blindness implies an entire absence of the color sense, and 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 is 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, green blindness and a perfect perception 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 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 compre-hension, but the fact remains that they do both.-Wide World Magazine

Enforcing the Law.

for?"
"Well, stranger, I'm mayor of these
"Well, stranger, I'm hay enforcement. "Well, stranger, 1111 mayor or new diggin's, an' 1'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.

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 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

Chopin's "Inspiration."

Many people have heard the "Marche Funebre" of Chopin, but few are aware that it had its origin in a rather ghastiy 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 "draping" and an old piano covered with a

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 Poli-gnac seized it and, wrapping himself with the skeleton in the sheet, sat with the skeleton in the sheet, sat down to play a queer dance of death at the wheezy old plano.

In the midst of it all Chopin, who was of the party, was selzed with an inspiration and, seating himself at the plano, 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 flown a hymning light. The work redown a burning light. The men re-turned to the earth level without being wet. The light was still burning they came to the surface.—Pit

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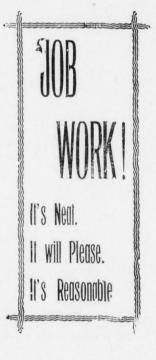
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