

TWILIGHT SONG.

Through the shine, through the rain
We have shared the day's load;
To the old march again
We have tramped the long road;
We have laughed, we have cried;
And we've used the King's crown,
And we trust now he has died,
And we've trod the day down,
So it's left the old song,
Ere the night flies again,
Where the road leads along
Through the shine, through the rain.

Long ago, far away,
Came a sign from the skies;
And we feared then to pray
For the new sun to rise;
With the King there at hand,
Not a child stepped or stirred—
Where the light filled the land,
And the light brought the word;
For we knew then the gleam
That we feared then the day,
And the dawn smote the dream
Long ago, far away.

But the road leads us all,
For the King now is dead;
And we know, stand or fall,
We have shared the day's load;
We can laugh down the dream,
For the dream breaks and flies;
And we trust now he has died,
For the gleam never dies—
So it's off now the load,
For we know the night's call,
And we know now the road
And the road leads us all.

Through the shine, through the rain,
We have wrought the day's quest;
To the old march again
We have tramped the long road;
We have laughed, we have cried,
And we've used the King's crown,
And we trust now he has died,
And we've trod the day down,
So it's left the old song,
Ere the night flies again,
Where the road leads along
Through the shine, through the rain.
—Edward Arlington Robinson.

A Twelve-Thousand-Pound Cheque.

THE hour grew late, and Mr. Brand paced his chamber in a moody silence. The train had come in, but this messenger had not returned, and the merchant was troubled; troubled by a vague sort of doubt, which haunted him in spite of his faith in Lake. A merry, sober old trader of long experience had said that Lake was too young to fill the important position which he held, but Mr. Brand had never found his trust in Tom misplaced.

Having heard rumors concerning a house with which he had extensive dealings, the merchant had despatched Lake to London, telling him to make inquiries, and in any case, to get the partners of the firm in question to settle their account.

So Lake had gone from Liverpool to London. The time appointed for his return passed, and still he did not come.

A lady entered, and stole to the merchant's side; her own sweet face was anxious, and there was a tremor in the music of her voice as she said:

"Do you think he will be here to-night, dear papa?"

"I hope so, Mary, but it is very late."

"Is there no other train?"

"Only the night express, and that does not stop, except at the central stations."

"Perhaps he will come, papa; he would not mind coming ten miles, even if he had to walk."

"He should not have missed the train," said Mr. Brand, sternly; "punctuality is an imperative duty with men of business."

"But, papa, something may have occurred to detain him."

"Nothing should detain a man who has given his word."

The fair pleader was silenced—her father was angry, and knowing his strictness of principle and how inveterate was his dislike to any breach of discipline or duty, she did not even venture to speak again.

The time dragged slowly on; Mr. Brand continued his restless walk, and Mary sat subdued and quiet, watching him. She saw that he was listening as the night express went whirling by, and from the depths of her heart there went a prayer that Lake would come safely home. The girl loved him, would have staked her life on his truth, and knew that he was not beyond his time through any weakness or wrong. Two slow, weary hours passed. Mr. Brand was reading the commercial news; but for the first time in his life it did not interest him; he was thinking of the young clerk and the heavy sum of money that would be in his possession should the London firm have paid him. And Mary, reading her father's thoughts, felt pained and chilled by the slur cast on her lover's honesty by his suspicions—her every thought was a denial to his doubts, and as the rapid clatter of a horse's feet rang out, she ran to the window.

"Look!" she said, dashing the curtains aside with an eager hand; "look, look, papa, I said he would come—I knew he would."

The merchant's stern face relaxed with a smile of pleasure; he was not emotional or demonstrative, but his daughter's gladness pleased him.

There were a few moments of expectancy, and then Tom Lake came in. He went straight to Mr. Brand, only noticing with a bow the lovely face whose glance thrilled his soul.

"They have paid," he said quietly, as he placed a thick pocketbook in the merchant's hand, "but I think we were only just in time."

"Indeed?"

"There was a consultation at the banker's before I could get the cash for the check."

"Do you think they will break?"

"Hopelessly. They have given me an immense order, but it would not be wise to forward the goods."

"You did not hint that we had the slightest fear?"

"No; but I was glad to get the money. Twelve thousand pounds would have been a heavy loss."

"It would have done me serious injury just now."

"And yet," said Tom gravely, "this morning the odds were considerably against its ever reaching you."

"How?"

"Tom took two chairs and placed them side by side near the fire, led Mary to one, and seated himself in the other. He had done his duty as the merchant's clerk, and now was Mr. Brand's prospective son-in-law and partner.

"I had an adventure," he said; "I was the hero of a strange story in a ride by express."

Mary bent forward to listen—Tom clasped her hand in his own. Mr. Brand sat opposite them, interested by the speaker's manner as he began:

"When I got the cheque I had an idea that all might not be well, so to make sure I presented it to the banker's. There was, as I told you, a consultation before they cashed, and while the consultation was going forward, I noticed a stranger looking at me intently. I knew the man in my younger and wilder days, I had met him often at the race course, in billiard rooms, and in other places more or less respectable. Now he was changing a cheque for some petty amount, and was evidently astonished by the immensity of the order I had presented. I left the bank with my pocketbook full of notes, and I found that I had lost the train. The next would be the night express, so I strolled into a billiard room. A man in just as safe with a fortune in his pocket as if penniless, so that he is wise enough to hold his tongue. There was some clever play going on, and I stood watching the players till some one challenged me to have a game. If I have one special vanity, it is my science with the cue; I accepted, and as I did so a strange feeling, which had been growing upon me, took a sudden turn which startled me.

"My challenger was the man whom I had noticed at the banker's. There was nothing strange in the fact of his being in the room, one of his favorite resorts, but I was possessed by the vague shadow of a single idea. I had read somewhere of a man being followed and plundered in a train, and somehow I associated the story with the man before me. It was the first time I had ever paid him any particular attention, but I gave him full observation now. The more I looked at him the less I liked him. He was handsome, gentlemanly, with a fair form and elegant figure, full of suppleness and strength. His manner was singularly unassuming, his face frank and genial, but by looking closely at him you could see something sinister-looking in the depth and softness of his eyes.

"I never liked a stranger to be affable and prepossessing, and my friend was the very pink of affability and grace.

"We played for an hour with alternating success; he was an amusing companion, well informed, and had traveled, but I still having some time to spare, went to see a friend in the Temple.

"When, at the expiration of some thirty or forty minutes, I emerged into Fleet street, almost the first person on whom my gaze fell was my late antagonist at billiards.

"I thought there was something more than a mere coincidence in this second meeting since we stood together at the banker's. He was in a cigar shop opposite.

"Not a hundred yards from the Temple gate stood a man whom I recognized with a very welcome feeling. It was George Vixen, the detective. I went up and greeted him as I should an old familiar, held out my hand and said:

"Step into the hotel office. I have something to say."

"He shook hands in the most natural way possible. I took his arm, and we entered the door of an adjacent hotel.

"I told him my suspicion, told him of the sum in my possession, and of the journey I had to perform by rail.

"I saw that, watching through the glass of the door, he was taking a mental photograph of two men.

"They mean business," said Vixen, quietly, "but I shall be with you. We must part at the door, or they will see we have scented the game."

"And you," I said, "how will you act?"

"I," he said, "shall travel to Liverpool by the night express."

"He left me. I had no fear now—knowing him to be a clever and determined fellow.

"Taking a casual glance across the road, I saw my man with his companion. It was quite evident that they were tracking me, though I lost sight of them before reaching St. Paul's."

"I strolled along the churchyard, wandered nearly to Islington, then went through the city again before I made for the station; my acquaintance of the billiard room did not come in sight, though I kept well on the alert.

"I took my ticket, lingering almost to the moment of starting before I entered the carriage, but my man did not

appear. Two men were in the compartment with me. I could not see the face of one, and the other was a stranger.

"The bell rang. The guard had just time to put a bewildered old gentleman by my side, and we were off.

"The man whose face I had not seen turned toward me.

"I could scarcely repress an exclamation. There was no mistaking that frank, genial countenance, nor the lurking devil in those eyes, whose softness was so sinister.

"He had met me then at last! Vixen had broken his promise! and I was left to travel that perilous journey alone with the man who had followed me so skilfully—another who might be his confederate, and an old gentleman who, after grumbling out his indignation against all railway servants and locomotive traveling in general, was fast asleep in the corner.

"That the intentions of my billiard player were bad was manifest by the fact of his having assumed a false mustache and beard. They added to the beauty of his face, but left to his eyes that steady, cruel glitter that is characteristic of the Asiatic.

"He spoke to me, remarked the oddity of our being traveling companions, and grew pleasantly familiar. I answered him, not wishing to appear churlish or afraid, knowing that I could trust something to my own strength should the worst come.

"We had made the last stoppage, and were rolling swiftly through the gloom, when, among other topics, our conversation touched on jewelry; he drew a showy ring from his finger, telling me it was a curious piece of workmanship, having a 'secret spring, which he said I could not discover.

"I took it, searching in vain for a spring, then returning it to him. It dropped and rolled under my feet.

"I stooped to pick it up, and so did he, but in that moment, while my head was down, he had me tightly by the throat, and threw me to the carriage floor.

"His confederate was upon me in an instant. I could scarcely breathe, and could not struggle for a heavy knee was upon my chest, and two strong, brutal hands were clutching the life from my throat.

"Though the horror of that situation did not last a minute, it seemed an eternity to me. I felt the ruffian's hands searching for the pocketbook, and I strained desperately for a chance of resistance.

"Their work was nearly done. Cramped in that small space, I was powerless, and the veins in my throat and head were swelling like sinuous bars, when the old gentleman in the corner awoke and came to my assistance.

"I heard a low, quiet whirr of some weapon in its descent, and my first assailant reeled from me, stunned. The old gentleman, with a strength and rapidity of action wonderful to see in a person of his age, seized the scoundrel, lifted him away and dashed him down on a seat.

"There was a brief struggle, and then I heard a sharp click—scoundrel the second had a paid of handcuffs on his wrists.

"They were more prompt than I expected," said the old gentleman, removing his woolen comforter, with which he fastened my first assailant's hands behind him, and a railway carriage does not afford much scope for a struggle.

"The pocketbook was safe. The ruffians were securely bound, and the old gentleman, without his spectacles and muffled, stood out in pleasant relief as the detective, kept guard over them.

"At the station they were handed over into the custody of the police. I was all right by that time. Vixen rode with me as far as the hotel nearest here, and to-morrow he will call to see if I am any the worse for my ride by express."

The contents of the pocketbook were Mary's bridal dowry.

The detective speaks of the senior partner in the firm of Brand & Lake as the most hospitable and generous man he ever met in the course of his professional career.

Lake was quite cured of his love for billiard playing. He had too narrow an escape, and he did not forget the lesson.—Waverley Magazine.

Wild Horses on Sable Island.
Sable Island, which lies about eighty miles to the eastward of Nova Scotia, consists of an accumulation of loose sand, forming a pair of ridges, united at the two ends and inclosing a shallow lake; tracts of grass are to be met with in places, as well as pools of fresh water. The droves of wild horses, or ponies, and herds of seals appear to be the chief mammalian inhabitants of the island. It is generally supposed that the original stock was landed from a Spanish wreck early in the sixteenth century, although some writers make the introduction much later. Twenty-five years ago the number of ponies was estimated at five hundred; at the present day there are less than two hundred, divided into five troops. Not more than two-thirds of these are pure bred, the remainder being the offspring of mares crossed with introduced stallions.—London Nature.

Origin of the Frankfurter.
The little sausage known as "frankfurter" and "wiener" was offered for sale for the first time in 1855, and the centennial was observed in Vienna by the Butchers' Guild. The inventor of the sausage was Johann Lahner, who named it for his birthplace, Frankfurt. The business founded one hundred years ago by a poor man has yielded a fortune to its various heads. It has always remained in the same family, and is now conducted in Vienna by Franz Lahner, a grandnephew of the original frankfurter sausage manufacturer.—Vienna Neue Freie Presse.

THE MAN FOR ME.

Th' man what gains th' most in life ain't naryways th' one
'At' allus frettin' 'bout his job an' wishin' things wuz done;
He works away 'th cheerful heart an' does his honest best,
An' allus keeps a-jaffin' an' a-jokin' of th' rest.

If trouble comes, why, he don't set an' grieve until he's sick,
He up an' gets to work, an' so th' worst is over quick;
An' when you tell him, friendly, 'at you're sorry 'at he's down,
He sorter smiles an' says 'at he's the luckiest man in town.

An' 'en he tells you what he's got 'stead of what he ain't;
I tell you he's th' man for me—a kinder common saint,
'At ever body likes beuz he's never kinder nor blue,
Th' honestest an' cheerfulest—an' true man through an' through.
—Grace G. Boswick, in Lippincott's.



It takes two to make a bargain, but one can break it.—Philadelphia Record.

"It's so hard for a man to work after he's been in jail." "Unless he's a chauffeur."—Puck.

Upgardson—"You were in a railway car once when it was telescoped. What was the sensation?" Atom—"It made me see stars."

Dressmaker—"And would you have leg of mutton sleeves, madam?" Customer—"Most certainly not. I am a vegetarian."—Punch.

"Did you ever see such an ostentatious display of wealth?" "Never! One would think they were really rich."—Brooklyn Life.

As to our various cars we pull,
We surely must allow
The sea of life is rather full
Of torrid waves just now.

Madam—"Be sur' to put plenty of nuts in the cake." Cook—"I'll crack no more nuts to-day. My jaw hurts me already."—Harper's Bazar.

Little Clarence—"Pa, what is an optimist?" Mr. Callipers—"An optimist, my son, is a person who doesn't care what happens if it doesn't happen to him."

"I am always carried away by that song," he said, as she arose from the piano. "So you told me once before," she rejoined. "That's why I sang it."—Chicago Daily News.

New York Man—"Why do you call Boston the Hub?" San Francisco Man—"Because the swiftest part of the country is the furthestest from it, I guess."—Cleveland Leader.

"Could you help a poor unfortunate person, sir?" asked the blind man. "Sure thing!" answered Chugger. "How would \$30 a week strike you for acting as my chauffeur?"—Detroit Tribune.

Oh, come into the garden, Maude,
For the black bat, night, has flown;
Come down and see the damage, Maude,
The neighbors' hens have done.

"What authority have you for the statement that Shakespeare is immortal?" "The fact that he still survives after having been murdered by bum actors for 300 years."—Cleveland Leader.

"Your hair is coming out on top, sir," said the barber. "Good!" exclaimed Peppery. "I knew it was in me. Now, for goodness sake, don't talk to it or it will crawl back again."—Philadelphia Press.

"Yes, the walls of our flat are so thin that my husband and I learned the deaf and dumb alphabet." "What for?" "So we could out our quarrelling without being overheard."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"So glad you finally managed to visit us," said Mrs. Blugore of Virginia. "First of all, come right into the picture gallery; I want to show you my old masters." "My lands!" exclaimed Mrs. Dubley of Chicago. "I didn't know you was ever a slave."—Philadelphia Press.

KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS

IMPERSONATED THE BRIDE

Man Under Arrest for Alleged Perjury in Securing a License to Wed a Minor.

Thomas H. Pritchett, of Moravia, was arrested at Mahoningtown and placed in jail at New Castle on the charge of perjury in procuring a marriage license for himself and Bessie Robb, 16 years old, by having his sister, Elizabeth Pritchett, it is alleged, to appear at the office of clerk of courts and impersonate the bride-elect. Miss Pritchett is 25 years old and escaped from the officer who had her under arrest by asking to get a shawl, and disappearing out of a rear door of the house. After procuring the license Pritchett and the Robb girl were married by Rev. W. M. Keith, pastor of the Mahoningtown Methodist church. When Pritchett was asked if he was single he is alleged to have started that he was never married, while the records show that he was divorced from Alice R. Pritchett in September, 1904.

Two freight trains met in a head-on collision near East Sandy, on the Pittsburgh division of the Pennsylvania railroad, killing the engineer and injuring two others of the crew of the northbound train. Thomas F. Keating of Pittsburgh, 25 years old, leaves a widow and two children, his body taken to Arnold for burial. Thomas Goodekuntz, brakeman, of Kittanning, probably fatally scalded; brought to the Oil City hospital. John Caldwell, fireman, of Oil City; legs injured and ankle sprained. Keating, it is said, mistook a freight on the siding at East Sandy for the extra, which he had orders to meet there. Supposing he then had a clear track, he went ahead and ran into the extra freight. None of the crew of the extra was hurt. The engines were smashed and several cars were derailed. The tracks were blocked most of the day. Goodekuntz was caught between the engine and the front car, and it was more than half an hour before he could be released.

By an explosion of gas at the First Presbyterian Church, of McKees Rocks, the main building is a complete wreck, the sides having been blown out and the roof falling in. August Leader, the janitor of the church, who is 63 years old, was blown to the floor by the explosion and was struck by the timbers when the roof fell. Leader was badly burned about the face, head and arms, but will recover. His daughter Anna, who was with him, was hurled into the Sunday school room, but not badly injured.

The export department of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company has received a contract from Takata & Co., its Japanese representative, for the electrical equipment of a street railroad in Kobe. The contract calls for 16 double equipments of 50 horse power motors, with multiple unit control. Some of this machinery will be furnished by the East Pittsburgh factory.

William Slade, colored, aged 35 years, a single, perished in a fire that destroyed his shanty at Leisenburg No. 2 near Connellsville. Slade and an unknown companion had a keg of beer in the shanty Saturday. In the evening the two were in a drunken stupor and a stove was overturned setting fire to the shanty. Slade was too drunk to get out.

A deal was closed for the purchase of 1,000 acres of coal land in Amwell township, Washington county by Isaac Seaman of Uniontown. The purchase price is \$100 an acre. Options on a block of 2,000 acres adjoining this plot have been taken by D. L. Frazee of near Washington for a Pittsburgh syndicate, at \$100 an acre.

On the William J. Munce farm, northeast of Washington, the McKeown estate has recently drilled in two oil wells, good for 30 and 80 barrels per day, respectively. The territory is old, and the strike has created considerable interest among oil men here.

An income of over \$1,100,000 in three years is the record of the estate of the late James Cochran, of Dawson, according to a report made to the Fayette county court by M. M. Cochran, trustee. The report filed covers the period from 1902 until July, 1905.

Hope of rescuing the six men entombed in the burning Fredericktown mine of the Clyde Coal Company has practically been given up. The local concern has made every effort to get at the imprisoned miners, but say there seems no chance whatever of getting the men out alive.

A stranger, who said his name was John Johnson, a telegraph operator, of Pittsburgh, was robbed at New Castle of about \$20, but the thieves overlooked a wallet containing \$1,055. Johnson was arrested, but was discharged by Mayor Hainer.

William Ruidisell, 58 years old, dropped dead at Sharon. For many years he was borough constable. He leaves a wife and several children.

Fire destroyed the plant of the Dunbar Sand Manufacturing company near Dunbar. The loss is about \$10,000, partially covered by insurance.

Margaret Williams committed suicide at State College, by drinking carbolic acid. Her home was at Natick.

Mark Corryell, a Pennsylvania railroad yard brakeman, whose family resides in Sunbury, caught his foot in a guard rail at Union depot, Harrisburg, and a locomotive struck and killed him before he could escape from its path.

At Punxsutawney, a contract for a school building, to cost \$60,000, was let to J. A. Nixon of Titusville. The work will commence at once.

The Robbs Run school, near McDonald, has been closed on account of diphtheria. "Three" cases were found among the pupils.

EAT BEAVER MEAT.

That's the Advice of Chief Bear, of the Tobique Tribe.

Newal Bear, who was chief of the old Tobique Indian tribe 65 years ago, has reached the great age of 106 years, and is probably the oldest Indian of full-blood in America today, says a Bangor, Me., dispatch to the New York World. Chief Newal enjoyed robust health until he reached the age of 95 when he began to lose flesh and strength. Thereupon he went into the woods and remained for some months subsisting entirely upon beaver meat with the result, as he claims, that his strength was fully restored. Beaver meat, he declares, will cure any of the ills that flesh is heir to, if taken in time and in sufficient quantity.

STOPS BELCHING BY ABSORPTION—NO DRUGS—A NEW METHOD.

A Box of Wafers Free—Have You Acute Indigestion, Stomach Trouble, Irregular Heart, Dizzy Spells, Short Breath, Gas on the Stomach

Bitter Taste, Bad Breath—Impaired Appetite—A feeling of fullness and weight pain over the stomach and heart, sometimes nausea and vomiting, also fever and sick headache?

What causes it? Any one or all of these: Excessive eating and drinking—abuse of spirits—anxiety and depression—mental effort—mental worry and physical fatigue—bad air—inefficient food—sedentary habits—absence of teeth—bolting of food.

If you suffer from this slow death and miserable existence, let us send you a sample box of Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers absolutely free. No drugs. Drugs injure the stomach.

It stops belching and cures a diseased stomach by absorbing and removing undigested food and by imparting activity to the lining of the stomach, enabling it to thoroughly mix the food with the gastric juices, which promotes digestion and cures the disease.

SPECIAL OFFER.—The regular price of Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers is \$60 a box, but to introduce it to thousands of sufferers we will send two (2) boxes upon receipt of 75c. and this advertisement, or we will send you a sample free for this coupon.

THIS OFFER MAY NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

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Send this coupon with your name and address and name of a druggist who does not sell it for a free sample box of Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers to

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Give Full Address and Write Plainly.

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This Woman Had Nerve.

Hurrying across Broadway at Chambers street at noon recently, a young woman tripped and fell directly in front of a team of big draft horses. There was a chorus of screams and yells from the crowd on both sides of the crossing, but quick as a wink the young woman rolled herself from beneath the bobbing heads of the moving horses and regained her feet with the spring of a trained athlete. She darted to the walk and then—she cried! Other women said nice things to her and when she had put her hat on straight she took "Big Dinny's" arm and got to the other side and "Dinny" said: "A man would have been kilt if he was in her place."—New York World.

Mourning for Enemies.

The expressions of sorrow shown by the Japanese for the death of the Russian Admiral Makaroff prove that the people of Japan are far in advance of the so-called Christian nations in magnanimity and human charity. Contrast a public procession in Nagaya bearing 1,000 lanterns in token of mourning for the dead, on both sides of the banners inscribed: "We sorrow for the brave Russian Makaroff," with the rejoicing of the Israelites over the death of Goliath of Gath, or imagine what the people of the northern states would have done if Jefferson Davis had been killed while riding over the battlefield at Bull Run.

The Tone of Machinery.

Engineers judge of the condition of their machinery by the tone it gives out while running. Every engine, whether stationary or locomotive, has a particular tone of its own. The engineer becomes accustomed to that, and any departure from it at once excites a suspicion that all is not right. The engineer may not know what is the matter. He may have no ear for music, but the change in the tone of the machine will be instantly recognized and will start him on an immediate investigation.

THE SECRET OF YOUTH

De Soto looked for the secret of youth in a spring of gushing, life-giving waters, which he was sure he would find in the New World. Alchemists and sages (thousands of them), have spent their lives in quest for it, but it is only found by those happy people who can digest and assimilate the right food which keeps the physical body perfect that peace and comfort are the sure results.

A remarkable man of 94 says: "For many long years I suffered more or less with chronic costiveness and painful indigestion. This condition made life a great burden to me, as you may well imagine.

"Two years ago I began to use Grape-Nuts as food, and am thankful that I did. It has been a blessing to me in every way. I first noticed that it had restored my digestion. This was a great gain, but was nothing to compare in importance with the fact that in a short time my bowels were restored to free and normal action.

"The cure seemed to be complete; for two years I have had none of the old trouble. I use the Grape-Nuts food every morning for breakfast and frequently eat nothing else. The use has made me comfortable and happy, and although I will be 94 years old next fall, I have become strong and supple again, erect in figure and can walk with anybody and enjoy it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in every pkg.