

ASPIRATION.

I.
The pale and misty particles of Time
Hover about us; scarce our eyes can see
Youth's far-off dream of what we were
to be.
Life's truth, which once we would redeem
With rhyme.
Has proved instead a world-worn panto-
mime.
The running river of expediency
Has drowned the hopes that Fortune held
In fee—
Why fall upon the track so many climb?
Why strive to speak what all the earth has
heard?
Why labor at a work the ages plan?—
Life has been lived so oft an outworn
thing!
Then hark! The time-sweet carol of a bird,
New as a flower; and see—ah, shame to
man!
The endless aspiration of the spring.

II.
The full throat of the world is charged with
song.
Morning and twilight melt with ecstasy
In the high heat of noon. Simply to be,
Palpitant where the green spring forces
throng.
Eager for life, life unashamed and strong—
This is desire fulfilled. Exalted, free,
The spirit gains her ether, scornfully
Denies existence that is dark or wrong.
This is enough, to see the song begun
Which shall be finished in some field afar.
Laugh that the night may still contain a
star.
Nor idly moan your impotence of grace.
Life is a song, lift up your care-free face
Gladly and gratefully toward the sun.
—Helen Hay Whitney.

A MIDNIGHT RUN.

By
Frie Waters.

"Please leave Jim at home this trip," mother said, when father suggested taking me with him, as he often did in the holidays. I was a lad of twelve and father, who was a contractor, had a big job on a new railway. The object of this journey was to pay the men, the paymaster being ill.
"I don't like you to carry so much money," mother complained. "It's dangerous."
"Not a bit of it, Mary; don't worry. Not a creature knows that I am taking it. Besides, we are ahead of pay day."
But mother was not satisfied, watching us wistfully from the doorway the next morning when we started for the office. A messenger from the bank brought the money, which was put into father's valise. My bag was only half full and exactly like father's in size and color.

We left town at 11 o'clock. You may be sure that we kept a careful eye on the valise.
It was dark when we reached Oakton, and after a poor supper at the only hotel we waited for the stage which was to take us to our destination—twelve miles distant. The stage, drawn by two bony horses, rumbled up to the sidewalk.

"Where's Bill?" father asked, for the burly driver always amused him with his quaint remarks.
"Guess Bill can't drive this here stage tonight," the landord answered. "Them old horses skeered at something this morning and upset the rig, an' Bill, he's a-lyin' upstairs with a broken leg."

Billy's substitute was anything but attractive. I have seldom seen a more disagreeable face. His eyes were small and shifting; his mouth drawn down. He was polite, however, and put out his hand for the valises.
"Never mind," said father, carelessly. "They will not be in the way, since we are the only passengers."

The night was dark and gloomy. An unaccountable depression came over us. Going through the village father told me that it had once been of some importance, but a rival town had drawn away business and people, adding that it was sad to see "such beautiful houses going to decay."

"We will pass a house said to be haunted," father went on. "A man was found dead in his room and the place became so terrifying to the family that they left it hurriedly not even taking their furniture."

I wished that father would not dwell on such unpleasant subjects, for it gave me a horrid sensation of fear.
"Where did the accident happen this morning?" we inquired of the driver.
"Near the haunted house was the reply. The horses seemed nervous and shied at every shadow."

"Here's the place," the driver cried, "and—curse it! the beasts seem to remember it." At the same instant the terrified animals shied violently, and before we could speak the left wheels had gone into a ditch and the big pole snapped off. The man jumped out, trying to quiet the frightened horses. Strange to say we were unhurt and scrambled out, clinging to our luggage. The driver professed great concern, appearing much annoyed at the accident. We freed the horses and tried to lift the wagon, but so much damage had been done that it was impossible to repair it.

"I must get on to Norton tonight," father said. "Can we get a wagon near?"
There was nothing nearer than the village, the man declared, "and I must take these horses back and hitch them to the other 'bus." Then rubbing his head and considering:

"There's some folks in the old house yonder. I guess they can give you a bed, and I will be back by daybreak."
There seemed to be no alternative, so we went to the old mansion. The door was opened by a man with an unforgettable face; with large pale blue eyes, a wide forehead with a broken nose. He spoke kindly, saying that he would give us shelter. After lingering before a cherry wood fire, which seemed to emphasize the fitful shadows, we were conducted to a big bedroom upstairs. Its windows opened on a long veranda.

After our host left us we stepped out, discovering that the veranda was much dilapidated and that a long ladder leaned against it. We next turned our attention to the room. A huge, high-backed bed stood at one side; and in the centre a table on which were two lighted candles. It had been a handsome apartment, with richly painted walls and dark wainscoting. Old pictures hung on the walls, their gift frames tarnished and dusty. Opposite the tables were portraits—handsome people in the dress of long ago.

We began to prepare for bed. Father placed his valise on the table, taking out different articles and laying some

of the money parcels on top. I wandered about looking at everything. I had an uncanny feeling and a sensation that somebody was looking at me, and that some one was breathing near.

"Look at this picture, father," I cried, pointing to the life-sized face of a handsome old gentleman with cold blue eyes. "He seems to look at me wherever I go."
"Can I catch it for my collection?" I had been learning of eyes lately from an uncle who was an oculist and he had shown me how the pupil dilates in darkness and contracts in a strong light. I do not know what induced me to take one of the candles and go close to the picture.

"See this big moth, father," I cried. "Can I catch it for my collection?"
Going to the portrait of the old gentleman I raised the candle suddenly, and was certain that I saw the pupils of the blue eyes grow smaller and smaller.
"Oh, that moth!" I said, and made another move with the light, to see again the sharp contraction of the pupil.

"There! you've blown out the light!" father said. "Be careful, lad."
In the dim light I glanced hastily, to see a well dilated pupil in the pale blue eyes. To say that I was frightened would be to put it mildly. I was perfectly terrified—ghosts and goblins were in the very air. If ghosts could see they could hear—I dared not speak. Once more I raised the candle which I had relighted. Had I been dreaming? The eyes in the portrait were dark brown!

What I had seen, I had seen, but how was I to convince father of the fact. He, meantime, had repacked the valise, leaving it on the table. Going behind the bed where the eyes could not follow, I wrote rapidly on a bit of paper. Again pretending to catch a moth I called father. The moment he saw my ghastly face he realized that something serious had happened. But for the money he might have laughed at my fears, but he was superstitious and confessed afterward that he had experienced the same sensation of a presence in the room. He scribbled a few lines, telling me to watch him and wait.

We heard voices below; a door shut, and then silence fell. We blew out the lights and pretended to retire. Then father got up quietly, took everything out of my bag, which, you remember, was the duplicate of his, and stuffed it with heavy bedding, locking and strapping it and putting it on the table. Cramming everything in the precious valise, he put it in the bed. We were dressed except for our boots. We left the French window ajar and got into bed. The moon came up and shone into the room.

"Good night, Jim; pleasant dreams," came in a sleepy voice from father and presently loud snores could be heard from his side of the bed. An hour passed. I kept shivering and seemed to see mother watching us anxiously; would we never see her dear face again? Suddenly we heard stealthy steps and nudged each other. The snoring became louder. Peeping through half-shut lids, we saw a shadowy form creeping in the window, and a hand stretched out to the valise on the table. Then cautiously and noiselessly man and bag disappeared.

Father argued that the men would take their plunder to a distant room to open it, and that if they found themselves tricked our fate would be sealed. Signing me to follow, father slipped out of bed. Carrying our boots and the valise we gained the veranda, going down the ladder, which creaked under our weight. Great heavens! if it should fall!

We touched the ground safely. Moving in the shadow of the building, we reached the barn; hiding behind it. Horrors! what did we hear! I clutched father's arm and we cowered down in the high, rank burdocks. The door opened, and four men came out, laden with trunks and bags. They hastened to a wagon already loaded. The poor old stage horses were harnessed to it. It was evidently a "fitting." There was not time to examine their spoils. "They'll not wake till morning," the blue-eyed man whispered hoarsely. "The old one is snoring like a rusty saw."

To our unspeakable relief they jumped in and drove rapidly toward Oakton, evidently to catch an early train. When they disappeared we ran rapidly down the road. At last we reached a house. Waking the inmates we told our story. One by one the family hurried down, and a little brown-haired girl was greatly excited, watching us curiously.

"We thought them suspicious characters," the farmer said, "and only to-night a hint was given me that they

were a gang of counterfeiters, their chief being the blue-eyed man with the broken nose. The authorities were prepared to search the place tomorrow."

Neighbors were collected, horses brought out, and we started in pursuit. And here I may as well say they were never captured.

At daylight the constables from the village went with us to the haunted house, where were found evidences of a counterfeiters' work and signs of a hasty departure. They had probably been warned of the intended raid, and father's journey with the money and had delayed their fitting in order to secure it, in both cases causing the breaking down of the stage. We thought with glee how enraged they must have been when they opened the bag.

In examining the house they found the secret of the blue eyes. In an adjoining room hung a picture. Taking it down we saw that the plaster had been removed and the canvas exposed. Over the eyes were cleverly arranged slides. Moving them, one could by pressing the face closely to the yielding canvas, look into the next room. The man with the broken nose could do so more easily. Thus I saw his eyes as he watched father stow away the money.

That night's adventure gave me the chance of finding a treasure, for the little girl whom I met for the first time that night is now my wife. She declares, however, that it was not a case of "love at first sight." That a more grotesque little figure she never saw, with staring eyes, hair standing on end, clothes covered with burrs, and a red necktie neatly tied under one ear.—Michigan Farmer.

AUDIT GAME SWINDLE.

Applicant for Loan Pays to Have His Books Examined—Gets Nothing.

It is hard to keep track of the easy money games that are going on in this town all the time. The man who pays the bill is usually the one who is looking for money that is not easy. He is short himself, and he is seeking some one to help him out. When he has had his little dose of experience he is shorter than when he began.

A new phase of the swindle might be called the audit game. A man needing capital is likely to be taken in by men who advertise that they have unlimited capital to put out in safe ventures. He knows that his own business is pretty well founded and he nibbles at the bait.

At the office indicated he gets a cordial welcome. He would like to borrow money, would he? Well, he has come to the right place, but it is only fair to warn him that the shop cares to do business only with high grade business men.

The applicant, however, is a little wary. He would like some assurances on his part that the men he is to deal with are all right. The man who receives him calls his attention to several prosperous looking men sitting in an inner office looking over securities. He points these men out as rich and as always seeking safe investments. Sometimes the caller is introduced to one of these men, who mildly acknowledges that he has money, but who makes it known at once that he has no desire to handle any proposition that isn't safe. He nods to the first man, and tells the visitor to make plain his proposition to him. If it seems to be good, he will be glad to look it over.

Here is where the bunco game begins. The office man again says that his clients must be sure before they invest. It will be necessary to make an exhaustive examination of the applicant's books. It is only right that the applicant should pay for this. According to the nature of the business in which he is engaged, the price will be from \$100 to \$500. The lender-to-be assures the applicant that there will not be the slightest difficulty in getting the loan. But the money must be advanced to pay for the examination.

The applicant is by this time so confident that he will get the money that he pays the advance required. The examiners come around all right. They go over the books and ask a lot of wise questions, but are non-committal. In due time the applicant gets word that the moneyed men have come to the conclusion that the examination of the applicant's business shows a condition which makes it undesirable for them to invest in it.

A promoter who has investigated several of these concerns said to a Sun Reporter that there are scores of men engaged in this game.—New York Sun.

France's Submarine.

The French navy is still maintaining an active interest in submarine vessels, and an entirely new type of craft is soon to be constructed at Cherbourg, which, on account of its large size, will be known as a "submarine cruiser." It is 182 feet in length and 15 feet beam, being driven by electric motors when under the water and by gasoline engines at the surface.

There are two electric motors, which operate two propellers and eight horizontal rudders, while current is to be supplied by double sets of accumulators. Water-tight compartments will be fitted along the sides of the vessel for over two-thirds of its length, while fuel-tanks are to be placed in the centre, one on each side.—Harper's Weekly.

The first notes of the "Marcellaise" are being used as a popular form of whistled greeting in London.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—Empire styles suit them in place. The thread is not as young girls especially well and are greatly in vogue for winter coats. This one is shown in claret red broadcloth



with a loose weave have a narrow tape stitched with the seams so that they cannot pull out. Buttonholes are often strengthened with lip glue applied before the cutting or with machine stitching between two rows of which the cloth is cut. These are what I mean by trick of the trade.—Boston Traveler.

New Chiffon Velvet.
There is a very pretty cottonback chiffon velvet which is found in many attractive tones, and velveteens for street suits are always satisfactory. In more expensive weaves pompadour velvet, short-haired plush with a design painted upon it and floral panne are all new, as is striped velvet and the new mouseline silk with velvet flowers scattered over it.

Misses' Pleated Skirt.
The pleated skirt in all its variations is a favorite for young girls and makes one of the most becoming of all styles. This one is adapted to almost all seasons and materials and gives a box pleated effect at the front that is always desirable. As shown it is made of claret red camel's hair stitched with beading silk. The pleats are turned backward and stitched in graduated lengths, giving the best possible effect to the figure, while they fall in abundant and graceful folds below the stitchings. Broadcloth, cheviot, serge and all suiting materials are in every way

with trimming of black braid and handsome buttons, but the design is a thoroughly useful one and can be made available for all seasons of cloaking. Broadcloth is particularly fashionable



—Blouse Jacket, with Tucked Eto n, 32 to 40 Bust.

this year, but kersey is a bit heavier and warmer for the everyday coats and such materials as cheviot and homespun are always desirable.

The coat is made with body and skirt portions. The skirt portion is laid in flat pleats and is joined to the body portion, the seam being concealed by the trimming strap. There are coat sleeves of the accepted style and the neck is finished with a flat collar.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (fourteen years) is six yards twenty-seven, three and three-fourth yards forty-four on three and one-half yards fifty-two inches wide, with sixteen yards of braid to trim as illustrated.

Home Dressmaking.

There is no way in which a woman can save so much money as in making her own clothes, but to do it to the best advantage she needs to have knowledge and experience. Working with a home dressmaker is a good training, and taking advantage of the tricks of the trade as seen in the shop windows will save time and trouble. For instance, the large buttons on outside garments of the better class have small buttons on the inside to hold

desirable, while the model also makes a good one for the lighter weight materials of in-door wear.

The skirt is cut in seven gores, the seams being concealed by the pleats, and is laid in deep inverted pleats at the centre back.

Purple Gowns the Rage.

One dressmaker no sooner asserts a color will be worn than it is straightway denied by some other sartorial authority of equal importance. That is what makes fashion so interesting, it is said, for one may be in the extreme of fashion today and quite out of it tomorrow. All the shades of violet, heliotrope and purple are just as much in vogue here just now as in London, although the crude tones of these colors are seldom seen. They are rather the

Velvet in Fashion.

Velvet is always more or less fashionable, and this year the demand for it is immense, and to meet this demand many new and beautiful variations in all grades are exhibited.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

MCCOY'S BODY DISINTERED

Examination Said to Have Revealed That Shots Were Fired from Inside the House.

The body of Hugh McCoy, who was killed at his home near Darlington, Beaver County, several weeks ago, was disinterred at the request of District Attorney J. B. McClure, by Coroner Dr. J. S. Wade, of New Brighton. The district attorney stole a march on friends of the McCoy's, who expected to prevent the body from being raised. The examination, it is alleged, revealed that the gun that killed McCoy must have been close to his body, as wads were extracted from the wounds. There was no trace of glass found in either of the wounds. One shot lodged back of his ear and the other under one of his arms. The claim is made that the shots were fired from inside of the house, and not from the outside.

Two passenger trains on the Northern Central railroad were saved from being wrecked by Mary McGill, aged 16, daughter of a trackwalker living at Clarks Ferry. The girl saw a huge boulder roll from the mountain side upon the tracks near her home. Taking a lantern, she ran down the track and stopped the Erie express within a few yards of the obstruction. She then hurried in the other direction, stopping the Erie fast line.

A block of 600 acres of coal in Independence township, Washington county, near the Wabash railroad, has been sold to a syndicate of New York capitalists for \$120,000. The prices ranged from \$100 to \$300 an acre. D. C. Perrin negotiated the deal. The block lies between holdings of J. V. Thompson and the Wabash and is said to have cut off the outlet of the Uniontown capitalists to this road.

The commission created by the last Legislature to arrange for the dedication of the new capitol, consisting of Governor Pennypacker, Auditor General Snyder, State Treasurer Mathews, Speaker Walton of the House of Representatives, and Senators Fox and Sprout met in Harrisburg to organize, and elected Governor Pennypacker president and Thomas J. Lynch and Thomas M. Jones, secretaries.

Mack Day, a farmer of Video, Green county, dropped dead. The Virginia Oil and Gas company several weeks ago began drilling and when near the sand notified the owner of the farm that a few minutes would inform him whether or not there was oil. When oil began flowing from the well Day threw up his hands and sank to the ground. He was dead when picked up.

According to the report of the Board of County Auditors, filed in court at Meadville, the accounts of former Treasurer D. H. Scott are short \$30,874.80. Mr. Scott had held office for three years. He declares a mistake has been made in accounting. He will contest in court the validity of the findings, some of the strongest financiers of Meadville and Titusville having been his security.

In a dispute over a game of cards, at West Newton, Edward McCoy stabbed Jesse Kincaid with a pocket knife, the blade penetrating the region of the kidneys. McCoy was arrested and will be held to await the result of Kincaid's injuries, which are serious. The men are employees of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

The plant of the McFreely Brick and Manufacturing company, one mile east of Latrobe, was burned. The plant was erected five years ago and was equipped with modern machinery. The loss is estimated at \$100,000, said to be covered by insurance. The plant is owned by Pittsburgh capitalists.

The physicians of Monongahela have organized a protective association, with Dr. C. B. Wood as president and Dr. P. M. Wall secretary. A list of delinquents will be made and regular monthly meetings will be held for discussion of subjects of interest to the profession.

Councilman Morris Gukerbraum and Harry Rabinowitz of New Castle, have received word that a test-wall which they have been drilling in the Butler county field has proved a gusher. They have a large amount of land under lease and will sink more wells.

The postponed bill fixing the salary of the insurance commissioner at \$6,000 a year, after the governor had given his opinion that this came within the jurisdiction of his call, was passed by a vote of 166 to 1. Mr. Stroup voted in the negative.

Dr. Arthur Staples, president of Beaver college, made information against six young men of Beaver, charging them with breaking into the college building. The maximum penalty is \$100 fine and six months imprisonment.

Murray Heider of Selins Grove and Mary Crumwell of Sunbury were instantly killed while attempting to cross the Pennsylvania railroad bridge which spans the Susquehanna river at Selins Grove.

The Rev. Dr. Herwin M. Roop, who recently resigned from the presidency of Lebanon college, was re-elected president by the directors. After the election was announced a dozen members of the faculty resigned.

Bert Delgee, colored was convicted of murder in the second degree by a Centre county jury for the shooting of Ralph Williams, a 13-year-old boy, last October. Delgee claimed the gun was accidentally discharged.

The Rev. Dr. George Whitfield Mead, recently called to the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian church of Wilkesburg, has notified the congregation that he will assume the pulpit on February 11.

Italians in the anthracite region have formed organization for the purpose of exterminating the "Black Hand" society.