

LOST.

I feel so far from anywhere! Perhaps my family has got so many other cares they've all forgotten me. I suppose I'll starve to skin an' bone if I stay losted here alone.

My little dog, he found me. An' wagg'd his tail an' whined. But he can't lead me home, for he is taught to walk behind. And so I'm crying yet, becuz I'm just as losted as I was.

—Burgess Johnson, in Harper's Magazine.

MISS NORTH'S INDICTMENT.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

The dusk was just falling when Colbridge alighted from his cab and mounted the steps which led to his friend's offices. He found the number and knocked, a little doubtful, for Jimmy Sullivan was not an ordinary business man. A deep voice shouted "Come in!" and he entered forthwith.

A short and stout gentleman who was writing furiously at a paper littered table sprang to his feet as Colbridge came forward.

"Good Lord—it's Dick! Come in, man. I'd no idea that you would be back so soon."

"Sit down. There's a siphon on your left and a box of smokes behind you." Dick dropped into the seat and stretched his long legs luxuriously.

"Jim, you're an oasis in the desert. How's the Missis—likewise the kiddy? By the way, I've a cabby waiting below with my boxes."

"Splendid, thanks. I'll tell Jenkins to have your things brought up."

Sullivan scribbled a note and touched a bell. A youth appeared from an inner room, received it with murmured instructions, and vanished. Five minutes later Dick's possessions were before him, and the man had departed with the fare.

"I say, don't let me interrupt you," protested the visitor, with the veneration due to a man who could earn nine hundred a year by writing frothy little articles and play cricket like a professional.

"It's all right," his host assured him comfortably. "The stuff needn't be handed in before 7 to-night. 'Some Curious Attempts at Perpetual Motion.' Your own case ought to be included, my son—though it isn't."

"It isn't," said Dick, "because the experiment was a dead failure from the first. I can't stand everlasting hotels and all the other delights of traveling souls. Young Myles is a decent chap, but he was only with me for a day or two. And I'm hanged if I can find another pal."

"How about female society? A wife is occasionally the lesser of two evils."

"Really?" Dick pitched the remainder of his cigar into the fire and flushed oddly. "For a man married a couple of years, you're an obstinate old optimist, Jim." He paused reminiscently. "There was a woman on the Ostend boat with a face like a buffalo. She foud out in some miraculous way that I had a banking account and was unattached. . . . It was horrible!"

"Poor, unprotected male! I'm afraid you've returned to even greater dangers. You'll stay with us for the night?"

"Well I thought of putting up at Ker-ridge's."

"My good man, you'll do nothing of the sort. Rose would never forgive me."

"But are you sure?"

"Shouldn't invite you otherwise. It isn't from entirely unselfish motives, either. If the extraordinary scarcity of dancing men continues (see press notices), it will end in our borrowing the fiancées of the cook and the housemaid for tonight. Oh, forget I hadn't told you. We've a little dance on—quite a small affair. Don't go pale—it's nothing agonizing."

"It's awfully good of you, Jimmy, but there are half a dozen people I must see, and—"

"Who are they?"

"My lawyers, and a man about a patent ventilator."

Sullivan grinned unsympathetically. "The lawyers and the ventilator man won't want you at 10 o'clock at night. No good, old man—you're booked. And I'll see you don't run into danger. As a matter of fact, you know a good many of the people who are coming already. The Russells will be there, and some people named North, who own a big factory at Walsall."

"I know a Miss North, of Walsall," said Dick with a little start.

"Possibly the same one. Meet her abroad?"

"Yes, in Belgium."

"That's the girl. She's about the most dangerous young person in Europe. Travels a lot with her cousin and an old governess, and has dark eyes of the unfathomable type. I know about fifteen sane and healthy young men who at one time or another have offered to die for her. She makes hay while the sun shines, and then laughs at 'em. Then there are the Westons, those Jenkins women, and a heap more of your old pals. We'll give you a treat me boy."

Colbridge gave a short laugh.

"Same old Jimmy! All right; I surrender."

"Good! Now, if you'll wait another ten minutes we shall be able to get away."

and hustled, and yielded still more willingly to the almost maternal welcome of Mrs. Sullivan. She had laughed away his apologies, introduced him to the baby and showed him his room almost before he had had time to realize the signs of increased prosperity on every side that marked the rising man. Truly the star of Jimmy Sullivan was in the ascendant.

It was during the long gap that separated dinner from the arrival of the first guests that Colbridge experienced a wave of something akin to loneliness and self-pity. Independence of action and absence of worries seemed an inadequate compensation for the things he had missed. It dawned upon him that the servant question, smoky chimneys and sticky fingered children were not the only and inevitable sequels to the honeymoon. His thoughts wandered persistently to days spent in Belgium when a woman's companionship had filled a gap in his life so naturally and completely that she had seemed but the embodiment of another side of his own nature. And, in his ignorance, he had had visions of a vaguely beautiful possibility becoming a certainty, which the telegram that had called her away had not destroyed.

The prospect of remaining abroad grew suddenly intolerable, and he had left for England within a fortnight of her departure.

And now he knew the truth. Idly and without compunction the woman had played with his heart. So be it. If it were broken she should never know the result of the game.

Colbridge watched the dancers drift into the brilliantly lighted room with almost pitiful anxiety. His dread of an encounter was blended with a sharp, reckless longing. In any case, he would be almost certain to see her, but he feared an actual meeting before his nerves were steady enough to bear the strain of light talk and laughter.

Fate ordained that he should be called away when at last she arrived, and it was nearly an hour later before they came face to face in a set of the lancers.

Miss North was obviously astonished. Colbridge thanked Heaven for the music and the quick movement that had helped him to recover his shaken self-control. Each revelation of her delicate beauty seemed to smite him like a physical blow. Her bright little nod of recognition carried him straight back to those days in Belgium when he had drifted so near to the rapids of utter self-abandonment, to—

"To making a fool of himself for her amusement," added Reason.

The dance ended in the usual laughter and flurry. He plotted his partner—a voluble lady of forty—back to her seat, and stood talking aimlessly until Jimmy, who had been lurking in the distance, swooped down as the music struck up a waltz and freed him.

"Look here, old man, you said you knew the Norths of Walsall. Well, why on earth don't you come and speak to the girl over there—the one in the white dress. I mean, sitting in pensive melancholy? Probably her partner's forgotten her! If—as I fancy—he is young Dowson ploughing his way along with that Freeman girl, she's had a lucky escape."

"He caught Dick by the sleeve, and the latter, raising his eyes, could see the girl was watching them with amusement. Since there was no escape he crossed to where she was seated alone among half a dozen empty chairs.

"Behold a distressed damsel," she said, gayly, as Dick dropped into the seat beside her, "deserted by both chaperone and partner. Put not your trust in gentlemen who won't write plainly on their programs."

"A young man of the name of Dowson is the criminal, isn't he?" said Colbridge. "In which case his present partner is paying pretty heavily for an honor unto which she was not born. . . . How long have you been staying in London, Miss North?"

"Only a week or so, with friends. It is odd we should meet again so soon. You have just arrived from the Continent, have you not?"

"Crossed yesterday by the night boat, Jimmy Sullivan is hospitality incarnate, or I should still be languishing in a hotel. And it's something to share the blessings of the table d'hôte in its literal sense again."

Miss North laughed.

That is so. I remember my first English dinner after returning from Ostend. My aunt, to honor the occasion, made a feature of veal. I suppose she thought it appropriate. And we had had it for three days running at the hotel?"

"You are exceedingly greedy people," said a voice from behind them. "You think of nothing but eating and drinking."

Dick turned as Mrs. Sullivan, looking very girlish in a wonderful yellow gown, slipped into the seat beside his companion.

"And, talking of food," she continued, "I'm going to treat you abominably, my dear. It's only permissible because you're such an old friend. Jim is your next partner, isn't he, and again later on? Will you forgive me if I bor-

row him to help me at the refreshment buffet? One of the waiters appears to be ill—Jim says the verdict would be 'Drunk from natural causes'—and I'm short-handed. No, Mr. Colbridge," as Dick rose, "I'm not going to allow you to do butler's work. For one thing, I don't believe your program is half full. Let me see."

He surrendered it meekly. "No—not nearly. Your duty lies before you. And mine is among the eatables, so goodby."

With a wave of her hand, she rose and departed. Dick dropped into his seat again and for some moments sat watching the dancers with absent, moody intentness. He formulated and abandoned half a dozen excuses for escaping. With Jimmy's warning ringing in his ears he had no excuse for running into danger, but there should be no difficulty in keeping the conversation in safe and easy channels.

And so, indeed, he found it, as the old charm of her personality asserted itself. Mrs. Sullivan, watching unseen from afar, smiled at the smile of the successful conspirator at each ripple of laughter from the distant seat. Paris they discussed, Rome and Naples—the reminiscences of two months' travel along the regular tourist routes, hotel life and Continent amusements. Only he made no allusion to Bruges and the little Belgian villages where her holiday and his dream had ended. Once or twice she wandered on dangerous ground, but Dick set his teeth, and found a grim satisfaction in baffling her every reference to those last days. He watched her with hungry, furtive eyes, unwilling to admit the pure delight that her mere presence gave him. Her program slipped to the floor, and as he stooped to recover it he saw that the space between Jimmy's initials was vacant, and was ashamed, and then angered at his own relief.

A fool and his folly! How many men had she sacrificed for her idle amusement? And even now she triumphed in the conquest of a fresh victim.

He was swept by a revulsion of feeling. Her voice at his side precipitated a sudden resolution.

"Have you heard from your friend Mr. Myles, lately, Mr. Colbridge—the one who stayed at Bruges for a day or two? We saw in the papers how splendidly he had done at Oxford."

"Dennis Myles? Yes, I had a letter from him a few days ago. He has left the college, given up his career, and gone to India."

"Given it up!" echoed the girl in astonishment. "I thought he was going to do such splendid things."

"So he might have done"—Dick's voice was cold and even—"if a woman had not broken his heart and ruined his life."

She gazed at him curiously. "How dreadful. Tell me about it."

"There isn't much to tell. He met her and fell utterly and hopelessly in love. She, liking admiration, probably lured him on. And then he learned that she was a woman who played with men's hearts for amusement. The story is as old as Cleopatra's."

"Was she beautiful?"

"Beautiful."

At the passion in his voice the girl stole a quick glance at his bowed head.

"Then you met her?" she said, a new softness in her voice.

"I did."

"I remember Mr. Myles well. He was a handsome boy. Tell me what she was like."

"The woman who ruined him was lovely enough to turn the head of any man," he said slowly. "And she was young and clever, and—"

"Tell me what she looked like," insisted the girl.

"Lokked like? I am a poor hand at descriptions, but—"

Colbridge broke off abruptly, and then continued, almost under his breath—

"Her face was a soft oval, pale and clear, and the curve of her cheek would have sent a painter crazy. Her eyes were dark, and set rather wide apart, and her nose was straight, and as dainty as her whole figure. . . . These trivial things cannot interest you."

"They are not trivial to—a woman Mr. Colbridge."

He lifted his head, and saw that her cheeks were flushed and her eyes very bright.

"Then forgive me if I talk like a penny novelette, for—I knew the girl rather well. I think her mouth was his—Dennis's—final undoing. You see he knew next to nothing about women, and she was like on other on earth. Her hair was dark—though not darker than her eyes—and she wore it gathered in a shimmery coil on her white neck. And she was clear-brained and well read, and yet utterly feminine. So Dennis came a cropper and I have no doubt she laughed at him. That is all."

"And this happened in Belgium?"

"In Belgium," repeated Colbridge, steadily.

The girl watched the dancers whirl by them in silence, her face hidden by a big white fan.

"Did—did you—like her too?"

The unexpectedness of the question held him mute. She misunderstood his silence.

"I think not," said Colbridge. The distress in her face was pitiful.

"Have I made a mistake? Were you not speaking of—"

Colbridge played his last card with a sick feeling of cruelty.

"I referred to Miss North," he said, and turned away.

"I—I thought so, though I had forgotten you met her. Is it possible to smooth matters over? I shall be seeing my cousin tomorrow."

"Your—cousin?"

"My cousin, Dorothy North. She was to have come this evening. We have been a good deal together, and they say we are somewhat alike. She is thoughtless, I know; but if—"

"I have never met or heard of her," said Colbridge.

The girl stared at him, pale, uncomprehending. Then suddenly a wave of color spread over her face and throat. Colbridge faced her with clenched hands, like a man in physical agony.

"Do you understand," he said. "I have been a fool, a presumptuous fool. I tried to punish a woman. And I lied also. Dennis Myles never met your cousin—he only saw you for one day; and he left Oxford to become a missionary. And I had never heard of her existence until—"

Light broke upon him suddenly, blinding and stunning.

"I am afraid we have been talking at cross purposes," said the girl, and her voice was cold and steady. "And now if you will take me to Mrs. Sullivan—"

Colbridge's face was set in an extremity of shame and longing.

"Won't you allow me to explain?"

"I cannot see that—that anything would be gained."

"I have less what I coveted most in the world through my own madness. Is not that sufficient punishment?"

Her eyes met his pitilessly for an instant, and then fell.

"I came home solely to see you again, and to tell you that you were dearer than anything on earth to me. And then Sullivan spoke of your cousin and, thinking he referred to you, I jumped at a false conclusion. . . . God knows I am paying the penalty. . . . Now let me take you to Mrs. Sullivan."

"Thank you," said the girl, quietly, and slipped her arm in his.

Colbridge looked down at the white hand shining on his black sleeve, at the graceful hea so near his own shoulder. Through the curtained doorway came a sudden burst of music. It was the "El Dorado" waltz. They had danced it together at the hotel ball on the evening before she had left for England.

He made no movement. The girl lifted her eyes slowly to his.

"Is there no hope?" he said, hoarsely.

"You were cruel."

"Is there no hope?" he repeated. Her answer was a little soft, sobbing cry, as he caught her in his arms in a passion of remorse and tenderness.

"Oh, my dearest—to think that you cared, after all! And I hurt you so!" She smiled up at him.

"It isn't too late—to make amends," she whispered.—The Sketch.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

One physician advocates hot applications and another ice-cold baths for pneumonia.

A contractor in South Africa threw up his job on the ground that the lions were so numerous and aggressive that the men would not work.

It is proposed to substitute solitary confinement during six years for the death penalty in France. The death sentence has not been carried out for some time.

Oliver Cromwell is the name of the incoming tenant of the Red Lion Hotel, High Wycombe, England, and it is said that he claims the Protector as an ancestor.

In Germany it is still customary to plant fruit trees along highways. In the province of Hanover there are 175 miles of such roads, along which there are 175,784 fruit trees.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

ASKS BETTER PROTECTION.

State Water Commission So Urges In Report to Legislature Regarding Water Supplies.

Better protection for water supplies of Pennsylvania is recommended by the State water supply commission in its first annual report made public on the 21st. The commission suggests that the legislature pass an act giving the commission authority to effect equitable distribution of the water supply of the state, subjecting water companies and other companies to the control of the commission.

In an encounter at 1 o'clock in the morning between William T. Bayless, a Baltimore & Ohio railroad detective, and Samuel Jackson, a negro desperado from Washington, D. C., the former receiving a bullet in the back and the latter fatally wounded just after the arrival of express train No. 10 at Conneville from Pittsburgh, Jackson was riding "blind baggage" on it and Bayless arrested him. The officer discovered a Winchester rifle protruding from the overcoat of his prisoner and attempted to seize it. The negro resisted, dazed the officer by a blow in the face and fired six shots, one piercing the officer's thigh and lodging in the back. Bayless returned the fire and brought the negro to the ground. The officer remained with the wounded negro while witnesses of the duel went for an ambulance.

It developed that Clarence Dulaney, who committed suicide at Waynesburg, was a confessed forger and had deliberately planned to end his life. Until February 4 of this year Dulaney was employed by Williams Brothers, a timing firm at Monongahela. On that day he cashed a check for \$66 at the Alexander bank in Monongahela city, and then left for Waynesburg. The check, which purported to be signed by Williams Brothers, was found to be a forgery. The firm decided not to prosecute Dulaney. Williams Brothers received several letters from Dulaney, in one of which he said he was carrying five grains of strychnine and would swallow it if any attempt to arrest him should be made. He said he had forged another check for \$55.

Congressman John E. Reyburn, Republican, was elected mayor of Philadelphia over William Petter, City Party and Democratic candidate by 33,093 majority. The total vote polled for mayor was 228,167, of which Petter received 97,582, and Reyburn 130,585.

Hugh Black, the Republican candidate for receiver of taxes, has been elected over Franklin Spencer, Edmonds, City Party-Democratic candidate, by a plurality slightly exceeding that polled by Reyburn.

The longest record of married life enjoyed by any couple in Fayette county has been broken by the death of Mrs. Martha B. Sturgis, 85 years old, who for over 67 years was the wife of Rev. Phineas G. Sturgis, three years her senior. The couple had lived in and around Smithfield all their lives. They were wedded Jan. 16, 1840.

S. S. Gressley, formerly proprietor of a business college in McKeesport, has bought 107 acres of land near West Newton and proposes to establish a boys' farm. The object of Prof. Gressley and his associates is to provide a Christian home for boys, where they may be educated and taught to earn a living for themselves.

Judge Thomas made a complete job of the liquor license applications from Crawford county, granting 68 and refusing seven. Meadville gets two new licenses, 24 in all, and Titusville gets 27. Licenses are granted at Cambridge Springs, Saerstown, Cochranton, Spartansburg, Coneaut Lake, Oil Creek and Venango borough.

Patrick Egan of Coulter, charged with being responsible for the wreck of passenger train No. 10 on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad at Guffey station December 1 last in which Engineer H. C. Shepherd and Fireman C. F. Kenny were killed, was acquitted at Greensburg.

The 2-year-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. John Isaacs of East Pike Run township, Washington County, was burned to death in a fire that destroyed the home. Mrs. Isaacs left the house with three children, none over 8 years old. When she returned she found the house in flames.

Safe crackers blew the safe in the postoffice at Hermine, Westmoreland county, securing a small amount of money. This makes the fourth time in two years, that the safe in this office has been blown. Postmaster Bolton has no clew.

The most torrid section in the world is the Great African desert, where, in the hottest days of summer, the mercury rises to 150 degrees F. Yet a day when the thermometer has recorded such a feat is often followed by a night that is uncomfortably cool.

The books in the hotel and boarding house libraries of Florence and Venice are the books of the first 60 years of the last century. Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and G. P. R. James rule the shelves—all in early editions. Longfellow is plentiful in Florence.

There was a time when dogs did the roasting—at least they kept the meat turning, so it would not burn. "Spit dogs" they were called, and we call their descendants "spitz" to this day. Spit dogs were trained to turn the spits on which roasted chickens, beef, ducks and turkeys. The little fellows did their work well. They were never known to let a fowl burn or to snatch a mouthful or two from it. As late as 1816 spit dogs were employed.

Of Interest To Women.

To such women as are not seriously out of health, but who have exacting duties to perform, either in the way of household cares or in social duties and functions, which seriously tax their strength, as well as to nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proved a most valuable supporting tonic and invigorating nerve. By its timely use, much serious sickness and suffering may be avoided. The operating table and the surgeon's knife, would, it is believed, seldom have to be employed if this most valuable woman's remedy were resorted to in good time. The Favorite Prescription has proven a great boon to expectant mothers by preparing the system for the coming of baby, thereby rendering childbirth safe, easy, and almost painless.

Bear in mind, please that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a secret or patent medicine, against which the most intelligent people are quite naturally averse, because of the uncertainty as to their composition and harmless character, but is a medicine of known composition, a full list of all its ingredients being printed in plain English, on every bottle wrapper. An examination of this list of ingredients will disclose the fact that it is non-alcoholic in its composition, chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine taking the place of the commonly used alcohol, in its make-up. In this connection it may not be out of place to state that the Favorite Prescription is recommended by the only medicine put up for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, and sold through druggists, all the ingredients of which have the unanimous endorsement of all the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice, and that too as remedies for the ailments for which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is recommended. A little book of these endorsements will be sent to any address, post-paid, and absolutely free if you request same by postal card, or letter, of Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take as candy.

Courts of Love.

"Courts of love" were established in the middle ages, when chivalry was at its height and love the serious occupation of life among the higher class of society. The first "court of love" was established in the south of France in the twelfth century and was composed of knights, poets and ladies, and their decisions on subtle questions connected with affairs of the heart were given with great formality.

Stimulate the Blood.

Brandreth's Pills are the great blood purifier. They are a laxative and blood tonic; they act equally on the bowels, the kidneys and the skin, thus cleansing the system by the natural outlet of the body. They stimulate the blood so as to enable nature to throw off all morbid humors and cure all troubles arising from an impure state of the blood. One or two taken every night will prove invaluable.

Each pill contains one grain of solid extract of sarsaparilla, which, with other valuable vegetable products, make it a blood purifier of excellent character.

Brandreth's Pills have been in use for over a century and are sold in every drug and medicine store, plain or sugar-coated.

As to the Size of Heads.

The average adult head has a circumference of fully 22 inches. The average adult hat is fully six and three-quarters size. The sizes of men's hats are six and three-quarters and six and seven-eighths generally. "Seven" hats are common in Aberdeen, and the professors of our colleges generally wear seven and one-eighth to eight sizes. Heads wearing hats of the sizes six and three-eighths and smaller or being less than 21 inches in circumference can never be powerful. Between 19 and 20 inches in circumference heads are invariably very weak, and according to this authority, "no lady should think of marrying a man with a head less than 20 inches in circumference."

People with heads under 19 inches are mentally deficient, and with heads under 18 inches invariably idiotic.—London Young Woman.

Spider Chased a Man.

A story is told by an explorer of a large and fierce South American spider which chases men if they come too near its lurking places. On one occasion he was pursued by one. "Riding on an easy trot over the dry grass," he writes, "I observed a spider pursuing me, leaping swiftly along and keeping up with my beast. I aimed a blow with my whip, and the point of the lash struck the ground close by it, when it instantly leaped upon and ran up the lash and was actually within three or four inches of my hand when I flung the whip from me."—London Standard.

A FRIEND'S TIP.

70-Year-Old Man Not Too Old to Accept a Food Pointer.

"For the last 20 years," writes a Maine man, "I've been troubled with Dyspepsia and liver complaint, and have tried about every known remedy without much in the way of results until I took up the food question."

"A friend recommended Grape-Nuts food, after I had taken all sorts of medicines with only occasional, temporary relief."

"This was about nine months ago, and I began the Grape-Nuts for breakfast with cream and a little sugar. Since then I have had the food for at least one meal a day, usually for breakfast."

"Words fail to express the benefit I received from the use of Grape-Nuts. My stomach is almost entirely free from pain and my liver complaint is about cured. I have gained flesh, sleep well, can eat nearly any kind of food except greasy, starchy things, and am strong and healthy at the age of 70 years."

"If I can be the means of helping any poor mortal who has been troubled with dyspepsia as I have been, I am willing to answer any letter enclosing stamp." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Cornelius N. Weygant, President of the Western National Bank and a member of the Philadelphia Clearing House Committee, died suddenly at his home in Philadelphia. Mr. Weygant was 72 years old.

Squire David Fuller of Salisbury, Somerset county, who is 81 years old, is again a candidate for justice of the peace. He has served in that office in Salisbury continuously 20 years.

The safe in the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company at Altoona was robbed of \$537. Of this amount \$300 belonged to the manager, J. B. Unglaub.