

A Modern Highwayman.

By CLAUDE ASKEW.

Clara Stanhope looked hard at her partner; he interested her, and it was seldom a man did that. She had actually danced four times with Roger Meredith; it was quite against her strict code that now she was sitting out with him in a dark corner. It was the evening of the Medford ball; all the country was there—the big fish and the small fry; it was a gay and animated scene; curious glances were cast at Clara and her partner, for she was the big catch of the country. Little was known of Roger Meredith beyond the fact that he was a handsome scapegrace, and the Bishop of Radford's nephew.

"He is almost a man I could care for," laughed Clara Stanhope to herself; "and what is there to prevent him liking me? I have youth, good looks and money, and I am tired of a lonely life; he may be a scamp—very likely he is, but I can afford to marry whom I would, and I like this man—hugely."

"I am leaving this section to-morrow morning," Roger Meredith's voice broke in suddenly on the girl's meditation; "so to-night will mean good-by for many years, I am afraid. I am off to the far West."

"You are going abroad?"

"Yes—for some time. Hark! they are striking up a waltz. Shall we dance it together?"

"Impossible. Lady Halcross, who is chaperoning me—I am staying with her, you know—ordered the carriage at 2.30 sharp. It is nearly that now, and she hates to keep the horses waiting. I am afraid I must go and get my cloak. You will not be stopping with your uncle again before you go aboard?"

"No; so this is good-by. I have barely known you for three weeks, Miss Stanhope, yet I can assure you that you are the only woman I have ever regretted saying good-by to." His speech and manner were unconventional, but there was a ring of truth in the voice.

Clara Stanhope caught her breath; she realized that for the first time in her life a man had touched her heart. She found no pleasure in her maiden freedom and almost masculine independence; she became frankly primitive and wholly natural. Crisping even to her brow, she asked slowly:

"Why should we say good-by?"

"My friends call me a bad card; besides, I've fallen on evil ways. If I had met you earlier in my life—well, well, we are all pawns on Fate's chessboard; so good-night, Miss Stanhope—and good-by."

"As you like, but remember if you ever care to see me again, I am twenty-eight, and my own mistress."

She gathered up the folds of her tulle ball gown and stood up, a tall and splendid specimen of young womanhood. She was brown-haired, with deep coloring; she carried herself superbly, and wore, as few women could, a magnificent tiara of emeralds—a famous Stanhope heirloom.

Roger Meredith caught her hands impulsively.

"If you were only a beggar girl, I'd take you abroad with me; out to a new life in the West."

"I might not go."

"Ah! but you would go." He dropped her hands, saying, as he turned away, "To each one his own destiny. I have met you a year too late."

"Have you?" She spoke in a clear, low voice, then moved forward, and in a few seconds was lost to sight. Roger Meredith followed her with his eyes till the crowd hid her from his view, then he sighed shortly, and turned irritably on a nervous-looking, fair-haired man who was advancing to meet him, and said:

"I thought you were never coming, Harry. Is my horse ready?"

"Yes; Jim is waiting with it in the shrubbery; it's almost time to start. Have you found out from the girl what time the Halcross carriage was ordered?"

"Yes, for 2.30; and it wants four minutes now."

"We are in luck to-night, Roger. Lady Halcross is wearing most of her diamonds. You will scoop an immense sum with the old lady's jewels, to say nothing of Clara Stanhope's emeralds."

"I cannot do it; I throw up the job."

"What! Showing the white feather at this hour? Besides, there's no risk, my dear boy! Who would recognize you in a crape mask, or suspect the bishop's nephew? There's not been a knight of the road in these quiet country lanes for the last eighty years. It will wake the good folk up—give them something to talk about!"

"Blame the good people; it's a hateful job robbing women. I tell you I won't do it, Harry."

"You seem to have forgotten that women have pretty well robbed you. Also that unless you can square old Levi within the next few weeks he will come down smartly on that young brother of yours." The youngster was a denuded fool to forge your father's signature, of course; still, you took him to see Vera, knowing her and her kind."

"I know I did. Well, he shall have the four thousand all right, and get back the bill. Cheer up, Harry, old man. I'm going to see the game through. Forget my momentary hes-

the same noonday sun poured its rays on the old land and the new. He felt that he was done with his home forever; that he was exiled by his own deed from intercourse with the woman he still loved; but, all the same, he intended to work out a new life, for—well, perhaps for her sake, perhaps for his own, for his old life and old sins had grown distasteful to Roger Meredith. He knew there was something better in life than anything he had found yet, and he had a strange sort of feeling that Clara would understand one day the real Roger Meredith, understand and forgive him.

So the days passed on—days in which the man's character ripened and strengthened, and the careless, good-for-naught developed into a grave, reliable man, a man who did his duty, neither asking nor expecting reward.

Clara waited at home, waited as women have to wait, keeping her love story to herself—her broken, unfinished love story.

She sometimes heard news of Roger through the Bishop of Radford, who delighted to speak of his nephew to a sympathetic listener.

"Getting on splendidly, my dear, splendidly. Put his shoulder to the wheel at last. Ah! I always said there was good stuff in Roger. Texas is making a man of him."

Clara used often to go and lunch at the bishop's residence and talk to the old man. She was very fond of the bishop, but not even to herself would she confess that she still cared for the bishop's nephew—the highwayman, the thief. One day she heard a piece of news that colored her face, and set her heart beating wildly.

"My nephew Roger has had to come home. My brother is not at all well, and he wanted to see Roger again before he died. The dear boy arrived last week; he will be staying here for a night or two soon, so you must dine with us, Clara, and meet him."

The bishop may have been getting blind, but Clara's telltale pink blush gave him a sudden clue to the girl's throbbing heart.

"He's been turning over a new leaf, my dear," he said, gently; "it's a great comfort to me, Clara, a great comfort; and God bless you for it, my child, if it's your work."

Clara said nothing; what was there to say? She privately determined not to dine with the bishop; but, of course, she went.

She found a very different Roger from the man she had parted from nearly five years ago; and Roger noticed that some of the freshness of youth had left Clara's face, to be replaced by a softer, sweeter look. The hard, brilliant girl had softened into a tolerant and merciful woman.

Roger flushed under his bronze as he touched Clara's hand; she noticed the shame in his eyes, and her heart bled for him.

"I am very glad to meet you again," she said slowly, looking steadily at him; "very glad, indeed."

"I do not deserve this," was his low answer.

Somewhat, after dinner—how it happened neither Clara nor Roger was ever quite aware—the two found themselves alone in the small inner parlor, the other guests having congregated in the larger room, where singing was going on.

Roger looked at the woman he loved, the woman he should love to the end of his days, and an intense desire came to tell her the truth, to let her know he had not robbed for his own sake, and so redeem himself even a little in her eyes.

"I want to tell you something, Miss Stanhope," he said, in low tones. "Will you hear me? It's quite a short story."

Clara inclined her head silently. She looked at the man as he stood up in front of her, and she knew that whatever his faults were that she loved him, loved him as only a strong woman could. What was he going to tell her? She could not trust herself to speak.

In a few words Roger Meredith explained why he had stolen the jewels. "The boy was saved by my theft," he finished, in a whisper; "and my brother runs straight enough now. He has had his lesson."

A long pause followed. Clara looked at Roger. His eyes were fixed on her, but he said nothing.

"Why have you told me this story?" She tried to speak calmly.

"Because I love you—forgive me a thief for his presumption. Clara—Miss Stanhope, I return to Texas next month; say you forgive me before I go. I shall never see you again after to-night. Say you understand ever so little."

Clara interrupted him.

"Do you still want my emeralds?"

Roger flushed to his eyes.

"I beg your pardon—well, perhaps I deserve that speech."

"I accompany my emeralds," murmured Clara.

"Clara, my dear, you don't mean—oh, no, it is impossible. I'm not worth your love."

"Perhaps not," was Clara Stanhope's answer; "but you have it all the same." Then she added, shyly, "Don't you want to keep it?"

Roger gave her the best answer to her question.—New York Weekly.

Distant Fields.

The toiler in the city had been given an advance in salary. "Now," he said, jubilantly, "I can begin saving to buy a farm." Out in Washington the agriculturist looked at the check received for his season's wheat. "Another such crop or two and I can move into the city," he mused.—Philadelphia Ledger.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE NEWS

KILLED ONE VICTIM

Highwaymen Make a Desperate Assault Upon and Rob Two Men Near Dunbar.

As the result of a holdup near Dunbar, one man is dead and another seriously injured. The dead man was Mike Lemick of Dunbar, employed on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad construction work. Mike Bogavitch, his companion, is in the hospital at Conneville with a fractured skull.

The two men were returning from Dunbar to a camp train when two men ordered them to give up their money. They refused. Lemick was struck on the head with a large cylinder and rendered unconscious. Bogavitch was hurled backward over a stone and also rendered unconscious. Lemick later revived and wandered back to Dunbar. A physician dressed his injuries and urged him to go to the hospital. Instead he went to the home of a sister, where he died this morning. Bogavitch lay unconscious all night and this morning was found and removed to the hospital.

The highwayman took \$5 in money and a check for \$22.25 from Bogavitch's pockets.

TO INSPECT ALL MINES

Special Commission Will Make Vigorous Examinations of the Doubtful Works.

Uniontown, Pa., Jan. 22.—As a result of the recent mining disasters many mines in this region will undergo rigid investigation by the special commission of the mine inspectors appointed by Chief James F. Roderick, which includes Inspectors Isaac G. Roby of Uniontown, C. B. Ross of Greensburg, Alex. McCan of Scottdale, Joseph Knapper of Phillipsburg, and Elias Phillips of Dubois.

The commission left today to begin the inspection of Banning No. 1 mine of the Pittsburg Coal Company, adjoining the Darr mine on Jacobs Creek. They have completed their investigation of Naomi mine and their recommendations as to its future operations will be sent to the Naomi Coal Company, within a few days. The commission will examine all doubtful mines in Fayette, Westmoreland and Allegheny counties.

THEATER HORROR ARRESTS

Coroner Forecasts Action—Bolted Door Story Confirmed.

Boyetown.—With all the victims who lost their lives in the theater fire here buried the authorities of the borough and the coroner of Berks county will now begin two investigations.

Coroner Strasser said: "I promise the investigation of the cause of the fire and panic will be rigorous. I believe that there will be at least four arrests."

Warren Jones, ticket taker at the Rhoades Theater at the time of the fire, has confirmed in part the story that the exit doors were bolted when the audience made its rush. He declared that one of the two doors, which swung both ways was bolted, and added:

"When the people began to rush from the hall I threw open one door and tried to open the one bolted. I could not do it. People finally smashed it down."

"I believe that what caused the deaths more than anything else was the placing of collapsible wooden chairs in the aisles and behind the reserved seats."

FIVE HURT IN EXPLOSION

Ammonia in Greensburg Hotel Refrigerating Plant Lets Go With Fearful Force.

Greensburg.—Five men were hurt and \$12,000 damage inflicted through an explosion of ammonia in the private refrigerating plant of the Hotel Rappe. A five-inch concrete sidewalk for a distance of 100 feet along Pennsylvania avenue was blown to pieces and one man buried under the debris.

To Study Italian Conditions.

Uniontown.—Italians of the coke region are planning a big meeting in Uniontown to awaken interest in a congress to be held in Italy next October to study the conditions of Italians in America. An effort will be made to get the Italian consul in Pittsburg to attend. The primary object of the movement is to provide for deportation from America of criminal Italians who have escaped from their native country.

Black Hand Destroys Property.

Wilkes-Barre.—The pump house at Fernwood colliery near Yatesville, owned and operated by the Hillside Coal and Iron Company, was blown up by dynamite. An investigation was made by the officials and the State Constabulary, who believe it was the work of the Black Hand, there being a number of them in a thickly populated settlement nearby.

Superintendent of the Meadville schools, wired home today that a Chicago jury had awarded him \$18,000 damages in his suit against the Chicago Traction Company for injuries sustained last July in a collision.

New Postmasters.

The President nominated the following Pennsylvania postmasters: Jennie M. Smith, Coal Center; J. B. Mifflin, West Brownsville; G. S. Stoup, Oakmont.

POWDER MILL BLOWS UP

Terrific Explosion Injures Two Men and Shakes Earth.

Zellenople.—With a terrific detonation felt for miles the Pittsburg Fulminate Powder Company's building at Fombell, two miles west of here, blew up, totally destroying the work. Frank Stewart, foreman, aged 33, of Pittsburg, had his body badly burned, and Samuel McDevitt had his right leg broken.

About two months ago the company's plant, which then consisted of three buildings, was destroyed by a similar explosion.

PARDONS REFUSED

State Board Turns Down Some Alleged Cases.

Harrisburg.—The board of Pardons refused pardons for James Newton Hill, Allegheny, murder; Howard Hall, Allegheny, entering a building with intent to commit felony; Isadore Cutler, Allegheny, robbery and receiving stolen goods; T. L. McMahon, Fayette, assault and battery; Rocco Cirullo, Blair, murder; Barney Levinson, Allegheny, larceny; James Lemon, Westmoreland, felonious shooting.

Application for rehearing was refused in the case of Stephen Hawley, Allegheny, voluntary manslaughter.

WRECKED BY DYNAMITE

Husband of Inmate Pursued by Police Thought to Have Shot Himself.

Uniontown.—Three inmates of a house in Willson avenue narrowly escaped death when the building was wrecked by a dynamite explosion and R. D. Hickman, a negro, arrested after a revolver battle, is in the hospital with two serious wounds. Officers are investigating the explosion.

At 2 o'clock in the morning there were two distinct reports at the home of Mrs. Virginia Dillon, a negress. Mrs. Dillon, her daughter, Mrs. R. D. Hickman, and Langston Hickman, by almost a miracle, were unhurt by the falling debris. The house was wrecked. Mrs. Hickman had recently applied for a divorce and gone to live with her mother. The police found her husband in a nearby street, just after the explosion, and pursued him. Hickman shot at the police when they returned the fire. As he ran into a field the police heard two more shots and then lost track of the fugitive. Hickman was found later with two bullet holes in his chest and his coat burned, where the bullets penetrated, indicating he had shot himself. He refused to talk about the shooting and is not expected to live.

MINER BURNS TO DEATH

Fire Follows Quarrel and Companion Is Held on Murder Charge.

Johnstown, Pa., Jan. 19.—Samuel Walker, a Beaverdale miner, was burned to death in a fire that destroyed a shanty occupied by Walker and Walter Stonebraker. The latter was arrested on a charge of murder. It is known the men quarrelled and Stonebraker carried several wounds on his head, said to have been inflicted by his companion.

Robbed of \$40 and Murdered.

Corry.—In the Allegheny river at Salamanca the body of Piero Vandazza, an Italian, aged 22 years, was found wrapped in blankets, with the throat cut from ear to ear and the features terribly mutilated. His cousin and another foreigner were arrested and a confession was made that Vandazza had been robbed of \$40 and murdered and the body thrown into the river to hide the crime. Both men are held.

To Fight Liquor Habit.

Lattrobe.—At a temperance mass meeting in Derry, an organization was completed and resolutions urging the elimination of the liquor habit among employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad adopted. Committees were appointed to discourage the habit of drinking at the end runs. Similar meetings will be held at other convenient terminals of the Pittsburg division. The movement is being conducted by railroad employees.

Sewage in Ice Pond's Feeder.

Greensburg.—The Canonsburg board of health has received orders from the state board to examine into the sanitary condition of the Canonsburg Ice Company's seven-acre pond, which receives water from Chartiers creek, after passing through a gravel filter. The creek is the outlet for Washington's sewage at Arden, five miles west of here.

Bequests to Employees.

Philadelphia.—Under the provisions of the will of John F. Betz, the wealthy brewer of this city, who died recently, each of his numerous employees is given an amount equal to a week's salary.

Bulk of Estate to Church.

Washington.—Under the will of Sarah C. Miller, late of Florence, this county, probated today, after a number of minor bequests the residue of her estate goes to the Florence Presbyterian church.

Greensburg, Pa.—Frank W. Howell,

a laborer, 35 years old, shot himself at his home in Southwest Greensburg and died instantly. He left a letter asking that a former sweetheart be notified.

Road From Bellington to Pittsburg.

That the promoters of the West Virginia Connecting Railroad expect to construct the line from Bellington, W. Va., to Pittsburg is evidenced by the efforts of right-of-way agents to renew options in Greene county, which have expired. Some have been renewed, but some landowners refuse to renew without substantial evidence that the road is to be built. This, it is said, has been given.

New railroad commissioners will take oath of office February 3. Todd declined to comment on rate decision.

WORN OUT WOMEN.

Will Find Encouragement in Mrs. Merritt's Advice.

Mrs. W. L. Merritt, 207 S. First Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "Last winter I began to suffer with my kidneys. I had pains in my back and hips and felt all worn out. Dizzy spells bothered me and the kidney secretions were irregular. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills brought decided relief. I am sure they would do the same for any other woman suffering as I did."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Japan and America.

The worse than silly twaddle which is still being printed in certain of the American newspapers concerning the relations of Japan and the United States is none the less iniquitous and mischievous because, its character is so transparent. No sane and well-informed person believes for an instant that there is, in the normal development of the affairs of the two nations the slightest intention on the part of either government of provoking hostilities, or that conditions arising in the near future where there could be danger of a war.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

CUTICURA CURED FOUR.

Southern Woman Suffered With Itching, Burning Rash—Three Little Babies Had Skin Troubles—Calls Cuticura Her Old Stand-by.

"My baby had a running sore on his neck and nothing that I did for it took effect until I used Cuticura. My face was nearly full of itchy or some similar skin disease. It would itch and burn so that I could hardly stand it. Two cakes of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment cured me. Two years after it broke out on my hands and wrists. Sometimes I would go nearly crazy for it itched so badly. I went back to my old stand-by, that had never failed me—one set of Cuticura Remedies did the work. One set also cured my uncle's baby, whose head was a cake of sores, and another baby who was in the same fix." Mrs. Lillie Wilcher, 70 Eleventh St., Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 16, '07.

Britain's Smallest House.

The quaint old town of Conway, North Wales, boasts possession of the smallest house in Great Britain. This quaint house consists of only two rooms, one above the other, each of which is just two yards square. The place is more than 300 years old and is in every respect a curious dwelling place. The upstairs, which is reached by mounting a tiny ladder, has in it a four-foot bed and a washstand, so that there is none too much room for the occupant to move about. Names of visitors ornament the walls. The present caretaker states that one tenant actually brought up a family of 10 in this miniature house, though no explanation is forthcoming as to how the feat was performed. The present occupant, who has inhabited the cottage for seven years, pays a rent of seven and sixpence a week, and is very proud of the fact that she lives in the tiniest house in Great Britain. —Wide World Magazine.

Gorillas Terrorize Negroes.

Alfred Yorke, a young explorer, who has returned to London from the French Congo, brought back with him three immense gorillas. He states that a section of the territory between the French Congo and the German Cameroons is filled with these big beasts.

The natives had been driven away by the ferocious animals, which had even succeeded in getting rid of all the monkeys.

These animals are generally armed with heavy clubs, and woe to the caravan that is attacked by them. Mr. Yorke describes one such incident that happened to the caravan with which he was traveling, and says that he and his companions owe their lives to the large amount of ammunition they carried, with which they succeeded in routing the gorillas.

Fence Wire Carries Messages.

Telephone communication has been established between a number of Australian farms by means of wire fences. It has been found easy to converse with a station eight miles distant by means of instrument connected on the wire fences.

CUBS' FOOD

They Thrive On Grape-Nuts.

Healthy babies don't cry, and the well-nourished baby that is fed on Grape-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food, Grape-Nuts, and get well.

"My little baby was given up by three doctors, who said that the condensed milk on which I had fed her had ruined the child's stomach. One of the doctors told me the only thing to do would be to try Grape-Nuts, so I got some and prepared it as follows: I soaked 1 1/2 tablespoonfuls in one pint of cold water for half an hour, then I strained off the liquid and mixed 12 teaspoonfuls of this strained Grape-Nuts juice with six teaspoonfuls of rich milk, put in a pinch of salt and a little sugar, warmed it and gave it to baby every two hours.

"In this simple, easy way I saved baby's life and have built her up to a strong, healthy child, rosy and laughing. The food must certainly be perfect to have such a wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully say I think it is the best food in the world to raise delicate babies on, and is also a delicious, healthful food for grown-ups, as we have discovered in our family."

Grape-Nuts is equally valuable to the strong, healthy man or woman. It stands for the true theory of health. "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.