

THE ICONOCLAST.

Ah, one by one, the idols that I worshipped in my youth...

ALMOST A TRAGEDY

By Annie O. Tibbits.

When Miss Martin gave Jack Elton her photograph, he little thought that it was one of those trifles which sometimes go to make the tragedies of life.

He put it in his pocket—the thin, tired face of a middle-aged woman—close to another, which rested against his heart.

"Well, you can tell her, Jack," said Miss Martin, "that I think you're a lucky man. I always liked Kitty Trevor. I knew her mother years ago, and somehow, when I saw you together, I hoped it would come to this. I'm glad of it, Jack."

Jack beamed. He and Miss Martin were good friends. She was not like the usual run of old maids. She had the good sense of a man, he often thought, and occasionally he found himself addressing her as "my dear fellow."

"I'm glad you like her," he said. "I should have been sorry if you hadn't, and if you and she are good friends, it will be jolly. I'll give her your photograph to-morrow."

He turned away whistling like a schoolboy, for the world was a peculiarly happy place to him just then. He was young, and not badly off, with good prospects—even without Miss Martin, who said she meant to leave him her money—and with the prettiest girl in the world for his promised wife. What more could a man want?

But fate has a nasty way of playing a man a trick sometimes, and an hour or two later, as Jack turned into Fifth avenue, fate played him one.

He came face to face with a man who stood still when he saw him, and caught him by the arm.

"Jack Elton, as I live!" he cried. "Why I haven't seen you for years—it must be five or six."

The captain nodded. He was a middle-aged man, tall and thin, and getting gray. Jack thought as he looked at him that knocking about the world didn't seem to agree with him, and then he remembered that he had disappeared from the club very suddenly five or six years ago, and wondered if there were anything in the rumor that there had been something wrong with him.

Captain Riley, however, did not look as though he had anything to hide, and when he suggested that Jack should turn in with him to the club and have a chat, Jack went.

"It's nearly six years," said the captain, "since I went away, and I suppose the world has changed a bit since then? What has happened to you?"

Jack's hand travelled quickly to his breast pocket. "Everything," he said. "The best that could."

He drew out a photograph—the one nearest his heart, and held it for an instant in the palm of his hand, and his fingers closed round it as if it were a treasure.

"I'm—I'm going to be married," he said, hesitatingly, "to—her!"

He lifted up his hand abruptly with the photograph lying in the palm, and turned its face toward the captain without looking at it himself. His eyes were averted, and if Captain Riley had looked at him he might have been even more startled than he was.

As it was he fell back sharply, with a queer gasp for breath. "What he saw was a woman's thin face, with wavy dark hair parted in the middle, with lips grown bitter through disappointment. With eyes faded, perhaps with too much weeping. It was the photograph of Miss Martin!"

His bronzed face grew gray. "To marry—her!" he cried huskily. "Good Heavens, man, you can't mean it!"

"Well, I hope she'll treat you better than she treated me," he said, bitterly, and Jack started, and rose to his feet.

"Treated you?" he cried, hoarsely. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," he said steadily, "that I meant to marry her once, and I thought she meant to marry me, but it appeared she didn't. She altered her mind—she jilted me, as I afterward heard she had jilted a dozen men before me. But you may have better luck. You're better looking than I was, and—"

Jack looked at him with his face growing red and hard. "It is a lie!" he burst out at last. "It must be a lie! It's impossible! Engaged to you—"

He broke off with a bitter laugh, and then stared at the captain's bronzed face, realizing suddenly that he was not such an old man after all—forty perhaps, that was all; and he had heard of girls being engaged to men older than themselves. Young girls liked middle-aged men sometimes, and Kitty was twenty-five.

How did he know what had happened before he met her last summer? He had but known her twelve months. How did he know really whether she was the first Captain Riley called her or not?

He hesitated, and the captain rose also to his feet. "You'd better go and ask her whether it is a lie or not," he said. "Ask her why I went away six years ago! Ask her—oh, heaven! Ask her if she didn't once swear with her arms round my neck that I was the only man she ever really cared for, and ask if a month later she didn't bid me go where I would! Ask her—ask her! I suppose she's sworn the same thing to you!"

Jack stood still. He had only been engaged a week—only seven short days, and even as he stood there he could feel the touch of her arms again, and see her eyes looking into his—looking so true that a sudden passion seized him at the captain's words.

"It's a lie!" he cried. "But I'll ask her. I'll go now. She's true as steel—I'll stake my life on her."

The captain laughed again. "I was ready to do it once," he cried, "and now I wish I'd never seen her. I wish I could forget her. She could lie a man's soul away. I know, and yet, if I saw her again—I couldn't help it—I should love her still, and I've been round the world to forget her! Go and ask her if she's forgotten me."

Jack strode away hastily, leaving Captain Riley looking after him. He fingered his wine-glass uneasily as he shut the door.

"To think of her getting hold of a boy like that," he muttered, "a boy like that!"

Jack went as rapidly as he could toward his fiancée's house, and when he was shown in to her, he strode forward impetuously, with his heart beating like a sledge hammer.

"Kit," he cried, huskily, "I want to ask you something. It's a lie, I know—it's almost an insult to ask you, but I've just seen a man—a Captain Riley—I met him in the street by accident, and he says—"

He hesitated. Kitty had given a little start, and a color had sprung into her cheeks. She gave a quick, involuntary glance out of the window. How odd! Only an hour ago Miss Martin had been speaking of Captain Riley. If it should be the same! If she could manage somehow to patch up the quarrel of ten years' standing, that had been renewed six years ago, and had never been made up! If she—Kitty—could somehow heal the breach now!

She looked up at Jack with her lips parted. "Captain Riley?" she asked, breathlessly.

Jack fell back. "Then it's true," he cried, hoarsely, "and I called him a liar—I thought—I couldn't believe—"

"But what's true?" asked Kitty. "I don't understand."

Kitty looked bewildered. "But I—I—I— couldn't," she cried. "It wouldn't have been fair—oh, I couldn't. I might have told you later on perhaps, but, oh, you know I couldn't at once."

Jack turned on his heel. "Well, if you can hide a thing like that, you can hide a dozen other worse things," he said in a harsh, hard voice. "It's a good thing I found out before it was too late."

Kitty darted after him. "But I don't understand," she cried, breathlessly.

He turned again. He saw her bright, girlish face, her eyes wide and innocent as a child's, and he remembered the captain's words. "If she lied to me now—I couldn't help it—I should love her still."

His face hardened. "I'm deceived in you—that's all," he said, unsteadily. "I thought—you were different—and I've made a mistake."

He turned and slammed the door behind him, and Kitty, dazed and stupid because she did not understand, stared blankly before her. He surely could not mean to go because she had not told him Miss Martin's love story? He must be mad!

His footsteps echoed on the pavement outside. He strode away quickly—back to the club, and the face that had earlier in the day put him there again.

He was in a corner of the club reading a paper, and Jack strode up to him. "I apologize," he said, abruptly. "I called you a liar this morning. Forgive me. You were right, after all."

The captain looked up. His lips were set. "So you asked her?" he said in a low voice.

Jack nodded. His hand traveled to his breast pocket. He took the photograph and threw it down on the table in front of the captain.

"I've done with her," he cried, savagely. "I—I—I've done with her."

He turned away unsteadily, and the captain picked up the photograph. He looked at it, then started to his feet. "Here—I say, Elton, what's this?" he cried.

Jack looked round. "I don't want it," he said. "Tear it up. I don't want to see her face again."

Captain Riley went hastily toward him. "But this!" he cried. "This girl—what about her?"

Jack stared. "I've ended it all," he said, "or I suppose I have. I never mean to see her again."

The captain shook the piece of cardboard in his face. "But this isn't Miss Martin!" he cried.

"Who said it was?" asked Jack. "The captain looked bewildered. No body had said it was, so far as he could recollect, and he looked up at Jack rather doubtfully—as if he were wondering if he were sober.

"But this isn't the girl you were engaged to, is it?" he asked.

"Of course!" said Jack. "Captain Riley thrust the photograph into his hands. "Then take it back," he said. "It isn't the one I meant. I never saw her before in my life. The photograph you showed me this morning was the photograph of an older woman, of Miss Martin. There is a mistake somewhere."

There was, and when it was clear to him what he had done, Jack hurried once more to Kitty.

"I was an awful fool, Kitty," he said. "It might have spoiled both our lives. I don't deserve to be forgiven."

"No, you don't," said Kitty, "and I shan't do it again."

"You shall never have the chance," said Jack. "I shan't make such a mistake again."

PENNSYLVANIA

Interesting Items from All Sections of the Keystone State.

DARR MINE WILL RESUME

Work of Removing Debris Has Been Carried on for Seven Months.

West Newton.—Darr mine of the Pittsburgh Coal Company at Jacobs Creek, where over three hundred men died in an explosion last December, will probably resume operations in a few days, for the first time since the catastrophe.

Great holes were blown in sides and roof, looking as if a cannon had been used. So great was the force of the explosion that several bodies were found strewn along for a distance of several hundred feet.

The mine is about three miles deep, and was wrecked almost from one end to the other. When in operation the pit will employ nearly five hundred men. Darr being one of the largest and most productive mines the Pittsburgh Coal Company has.

ANOTHER CLERK SHORT

Employee of Pittsburgh Bank Charged With Abstracting \$51,000.

Pittsburg.—H. W. Tiers, former discount clerk of the First National bank of this city, was arrested on an information made by National Bank Examiner William L. Folds, charging him with the abstraction of \$51,000 of the bank's funds.

All the money was taken from February 8, 1906, to July 26, 1906. Shortly after that time the bank officials learned of the irregularities and dismissed Tiers. He made partial restitution and turned over to the bank certain collateral, upon which, it is stated, the institution hoped to realize.

Recently the many bank defalcations occurring in this vicinity resulted in orders being received from Washington, it is said, to prosecute all such cases and the information against Tiers was made.

Since leaving the employ of the bank Tiers has been engaged in the real estate business.

TELEPHONE COMBINATION

Nine Companies Join Resources to "Give Better Service."

New Wilmington.—The Interstate Telephone Association, with a capital stock of \$100,000 is to be organized by merging nine independent telephone companies in Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. It will have over 2,500 telephones and 1,000 miles of wire under its control.

The independent companies are those of Beaver and North Jackson, O.; New Bedford, Plain Grove, Slippery Rock, Harrisville, Mt. Air, Blacktown and New Wilmington, Pa. It is proposed to establish uniform toll rates and get better accommodations from the bigger companies.

VALUES ARE ON SURFACE

Judge Holt Decides Against Overtaxation of Coal Lands.

Washington.—Judge R. S. Holt of Beaver county, in the Greene county court at Waynesburg, practically decided that county assessors have no right to assess land for values that may be below the surface.

The case on which the decision was rendered, was an appeal from the valuation fixed by the county commissioners on land of A. T. Adamson. By the decision of Judge Holt the valuation is reduced from \$11,550 to \$7,700.

CAR SHORTAGE THREATENS

Reading System Rushing Repair Work on Rolling Stock.

Reading.—The demand for box and refrigerator cars is so short of both in order to get these cars into service a number of men, who were temporarily suspended at the car shops here some time ago, have been sent for. It is said that several hundred are to be employed. Shopmen are hurrying out extra box cars as rapidly as possible.

The cement trade is active, and a large number of cars are required to move the shipments. Considerable demand for cars has sprung up in other lines.

TWO BOYS DROWN

Kaufman Loses Life While Trying to Save Companion.

Altoona.—Chester Hamer, 16, of Altoona, and a young companion named Kaufman, were drowned in the Juniata river near Ryde station.

The boys were swimming in the river and the Altoona boy, getting beyond his depth, young Kaufman went to his assistance. Both went down. The bodies were recovered some distance from the place where they entered the water.

Misses Wife, Shoots Daughter.

Uniontown.—At Hoover, this county, George Hinck, is alleged to have fired a gun at his wife. The aim was poor and his little daughter, standing beside her mother, received the shot in the upper part of her left leg. She is expected to die.

Scranton—Prof. Edward Sullivan, 36 years old, a teacher of music and organist at St. Paul's Catholic church, dived from a boat in the lake at Rocky Glen, a small resort near this city, and was drowned.

DEATH ENDS CHILDREN'S FUN

Firecracker Falls Into Powder, Causing Explosion Which Kills Boy.

Canonsburg.—Through a premature celebration of the Fourth of July here, one child is dead, and three persons are seriously injured.

The Dead.—John Fenosess, Jr., aged 6. Those seriously injured—Jennie Fenosess, aged 2, face, body and hands burned; Gelempy Fenosess, aged 8, frightfully burned and may die; Mrs. John Fenosess, Sr., mother of the children.

The accident occurred at the house of John Fenosess, a Russian miner. The children were exploding firecrackers and one fell into an open powder can. Beside the can was another can containing sticks of dynamite, and one filled with kerosene oil. All exploded, tearing the top off the house, and hurling the children about.

John died from his injuries two hours later. Mrs. Fenosess, who rescued the children, was burned in getting the young ones out of the building which was burned.

STUART APPROVES MERGER

Eight Trolley Companies With a Capital of \$150,000 Unite.

Harrisburg.—Governor Stuart approved the merger of eight trolley lines in Western Pennsylvania under the name of the Suburban Railway Company, with a capital of \$150,000 and offices at Rochester, Pa.

The companies consolidated are the original Suburban Company, the Freedom & Baden, the Sewickley & Leetsdale, the Beaver & Bridgewater, the Beaver Falls, the Rochester, Beaver & Vanport, the New Brighton, Beaver Falls & Marado and the Economy & Harmony.

Foust Makes Recommendations.

Harrisburg.—The appointment of a commission to revise the food laws of the Commonwealth and to urge the passage of new milk inspection, pure drink and stricter food laws is recommended by State Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust in a bulletin issued. He states that receipts from oleo licenses are \$32,549 so far this year, making a new high record for the first six months of the year.

Bar Association Officers.

Cape May, N. J.—The Pennsylvania Bar association elected the following officers: President, H. Hampton Todd, attorney general of Pennsylvania; secretary, Judge William H. Staake, Philadelphia; treasurer, Hon. William Penn Lloyd. The president was given the power to select delegates to the American Bar association. The body requested the executive committee to have the next meeting at Cape May.

Veteran Editor Dead.

Robert Peables Nevin, known to his intimate friends and newspaper men as "Uncle Robert," the Nestor of Pittsburgh journalism, died at his home, Vine acre, Edgeworth. Mr. Nevin's death was due to the infirmities of age. He was 88 years old, and for the past several months had been ailing. Mr. Nevin was a man of varied accomplishments. He was a contributor to literary publications and a song writer also.

Deer on the Track.

Several times during the last month trainmen on the Allegheny Valley Railroad have seen deer along the route. The crew on a southbound freight train sighted a fawn just north of Black Rock, near Emlenton. It came out of the woods and ran in front of the engine for half a mile, keeping about one hundred yards in front of the engine.

Raise Salaries of Teachers.

Washington.—Although the Washington school board faces a deficit and was forced to raise the millage from eight mills to 10, it voted to increase teachers' salaries. The additional money thus to be paid out, will amount to almost \$2,000. Practically all teachers are benefited. The action is said to be necessary to retain first-class instructors.

Coal Company Changes Hands.

New Castle.—Through a deal just closed, a half-interest in the Thompson Run Coal Company has been sold for \$40,000. The purchasers are Charles S. Gause of Uniontown, J. H. Lowry of Thompson Run and Frank H. Douthitt of Ellwood City. The company has operated its mines 12 years and employs 150 men.

Sharpsville Blue Laws.

Sharons.—Burgess T. W. Craig of Sharpsville, has issued a proclamation notifying confectionery dealers and others that they must close their places of business on Sundays, beginning July 5. Sunday newspapers may be delivered till 6 o'clock in the evening by carriers on foot, but shall not be collected for on Sunday.

Will Go to Annapolis.

John Byers, son of F. H. Byers of Greensburg, has been appointed cadet at the Annapolis naval academy, and has successfully passed the examination. He will enter the naval academy at once.

Miners Back at Work.

Kittanning.—After protracted idleness the mines of the Great Lakes Coal Company at Kaylor have been put into operation employing 1,400 men. It is said the number will soon be increased.

Third-Class City Registration.

Harrisburg.—The State Department announced that the registration days for the November election would be September 1 and 15 and October 17 in third-class cities.

HEALTH BRINGS HAPPINESS.

Invalid Once, a Happy Woman Now.

Mrs. C. R. Shelton, Pleasant street, Covington, Tenn., says: "Once I seemed a helpless invalid, but now I enjoy the best of health. Kidney disease brought me down terribly. Rheumatic aches and pains made every movement painful. The secretions were disordered and my head ached to distraction. I was in a bad condition, but medicines failed to help. I lost ground daily until I began with Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me at once and soon made me strong and well."

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

Kaiser Delighted.

An old lady near Bromberg, whose ten sons have all served in the German army, had the idea of having them photographed in a row, and sent the picture to the Kaiser. She has received a letter of hearty thanks and cordial wishes from the Imperial Cabinet by His Majesty's order.

FTTS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.

Dr. H. R. Kline, 14, 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Smallest Mammal.

The smallest of all mammals are the shrew—nocturnal, mouse-like creatures, that hunt for worms and insects in woods and meadows. An eggshell would make a commodious barn for a mother and her little ones.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Recipe for Old Age.

A recipe for attaining a ripe old age is given by Miss Ann Graham, of Norwich, Conn., with great appropriateness, for she is the oldest woman in Connecticut, and has just celebrated her 105th birthday. Her maxim is "do plenty of hard work, to bed early, consider carefully what you eat." The daily routine of this centenarian is of interest. She rises at 6 o'clock in the morning. After breakfast she eats a hearty breakfast, then listens to the reading of the New Testament by her nurse; after which she takes a nap for an hour. She eats her most substantial meal at noon. Then she has another nap and at 5 o'clock she partakes of toast and tea. An hour later she goes to bed and sleeps the round of the clock. Miss Graham's hearing and eyesight are excellent, and she is a most interesting talker concerning the events of her long life.

Ventilating the Bedroom.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in the American Magazine, gives the following advice about the bed and bedroom: The bedroom should be well ventilated. All windows should be open from the top at least two, and better four to three feet, so that a gentle current of air can be felt blowing across the face. "Night air," as Florence Nightingale pitifully remarked, "is all the air there is to breathe at night." It is just as pure and as wholesome to breathe as day air. The temperature of the room should be about 65 to 69 degrees Fahrenheit, if possible. The clothing should be as light as is consistent with warmth, the mattress elastic but firm, the pillow as high as the breadth of the shoulder, so as to keep the neck and head horizontal, or slightly above, when lying on the side.

WIFE WON.

Husband Finally Convinced.

Some men are wise enough to try new foods and beverages and then generous enough to give others the benefit of their experience.

A very "conservative" ill man, however, let his good wife find out for herself what a blessing Postum is to those who are distressed in many ways, by drinking coffee. The wife writes:

"No slave in chains, it seemed to me, was more helpless than I, a coffee captive. Yet there were innumerable warnings—waking from a troubled sleep with a feeling of suffocation, at times dizzy and out of breath, attacks of palpitation of the heart that frightened me."

"Common sense, reason, and my better judgment told me that coffee drinking was the trouble. At last my nervous system was so disarranged that my physician ordered 'no more coffee.'"

"He knew he was right and he knew I knew it, too. I capitulated. Prior to this our family had tried Postum but disliked it, because, as we learned later, it was not made right."

"Determined this time to give Postum a fair trial, I prepared it according to directions on the pkg.—that is, boiled it 15 minutes after boiling commenced, obtaining a dark brown liquid with a rich, snappy flavor similar to coffee. When cream and sugar were added it was not only good but delicious."

"Noting its beneficial effects in me the rest of the family adopted it—all except my husband, who would not admit that coffee hurt him. Several weeks elapsed during which I drank Postum two or three times a day, when, to my surprise, my husband said: 'I have decided to drink Postum. Your improvement is so apparent—you have such fine color—that I propose to give credit where credit is due.' And now we are coffee-slaves no longer."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.