Devoid of sentiment 'til after dinner. So, if the way you'd find into his heart, Essay not verse, but culinary art.—Louise Taber.—So, if the way you'd find into his heart, Essay not verse, but culinary art.—Louise Taber.—So, if the way you'd find into his heart, Essay not verse, but culinary art.—Louise Taber.—So, if the way you'd find into heart.—So, if the way you'd find you'd you see, but you didn't wan not love, you see. We didn't enter heart armehair beside him. Beside the egs and the toast and he glass of milk there was The Book, with its cover wondrously decorated in red and gold, popped open at the picture of the princess. As he finished the last morsel of buttered toast and began quite slowly on the egg—one kept the egg always for the last—he turned his eyes meditatively on the nurse.—"What could one do to grow large—as large as you—large enough to fill this big chair?" he wondered, thoughtfully.

Mary was pinning on her cap at the mirror. She spoke with difficulty, her attention on her task.

"Oh, eat much and sleep much and be very good and obedient."

"Eat and sleep—and be good," Paul summed up concisely. "Does it take long?"

Mary turned her laughing eyes on him, curjously. "Not very long," said she. "Why does he want to be big, I wonder?" He reached gravely for The Book and opened it quite slowly to the place.

"I should like," said Paul, "to eat downstairs, where Simpson waits, and to go places with—with her, and to see what happens after she kisses me good night."

"Oh!" said the girl, in an odd ittile voice.

"Ghirly and the double the pages wistfully."

"I suppose it rather surprised her it when the followed have and so—it was not love, you see, but, you didn't want—a boy, I didn't want—a boy, I didn't want—a boy, I didn't want—a boy. I

"Oh!" said the girl, in an odd little voice.

He thumbed the pages wistfully.
"I suppose it rather surprised her having a little son," said he. "The princes in this are all big, and I suppose wouldn't know quite what to do with me if I went down now—I wouldn't—fit in. But I don't seem to belong to her pages wistfully.

"I don't know. I really shouldn't have come, I suppose, I'm so little, and little people don't belong to stories, but—I wanted to be near you," he finished sweetly in her ear. She clasped her white arms around him, and let her head fall down on the soft, silvery folds of her gown.

"Boy—boy," she murmured unsteadly.

to do with me if I went down now—
I wouldn't—fit in. But I don't seem
to belong to her up here, somehow."

Mary dropped upon her knees and
patted his legs comfortingly. They
were rather fine little legs, straight
and shapely, and rosy-brown above
the socks.

The man reached over and caught
the child's hand. "And now that
you've come—what?" said he curi-

they always did when she was thoughtful or cross.

"I tell you! Let's have

time, please?" said he.

The boy opened his eyes on a strange world. Before him stretched a wonderful view, waving, fluttering billows of soft blue silk. His little body was almost buried in downy sheer pillows. He had never been in this place before, but somehow it reminded him of her, perhaps because the faint, very faint blossomy smell that she had was here, too. Suddenly he remembered. He breathed a quaint little sigh of content; then he opened his eyes again, amazed. Soft strains of music were floating in to him. Very cautiously he pushed back the curtains and peeped out.

The room was as dainty and blue as the bed, and was dimly lighted by a pale blue lamp in the alcove. He crept out of the bed scarcely breathing, and, half-awed, approached the window. It was black outside, and the familiar sky was strangely lit with many twinkling lights. He was five years old, and he had never seen the stars! He dropped down on his knees and gazed at them estatically. "How pretty—how pretty!" he murmured softly, and then, remembering, he drew a sharp little breath and added:

Trexpect you didn't want your picture in? Or maybe you aren't a prince; I'm afraid I'm not much good, you know. I'm—I'm there, though. I'm the Wicked One."

"No," said the man. "I am not a prince; I'm afraid I'm not much good, you know. I'm—I'm there, though. Perhaps you didn't recognize me. I'm the Wicked One."

"Why, no!" cried the boy, widety eyed. "Are you the one who kept the princess in the tower and made her oid and unhappy and—?"

"No," said the man gently. "It to couldn't. The little prince won her away from me; got into her heart and held it against me, and then—and then even captured mine!"

He lay back comfortably in the Princess' arms and closed his eyes object the town of the princess' arms and closed his eyes object the princess' arms and closed his eyes object the princess' arms and closed his eyes object the princess'.

"Good-bye," he whispered. "I'm off again. You are happy, I see, happier than I could ever make you. I—I'm glad."

"How pretty—how pretty!" he murmured softly, and then, remembering, he drew a sharp little breath and added, "How very clever, too!"

Outside the music was running on dreamily. He scratched his head an dard of the sharp of started slowly turned to go, and held out his hand reflecting, and started slowly Instant, renecing, and statted for the half-open door in his bare feet and pajamas. And so, in his journey of inspection and exploration, he came, unheard, upon the two upon

eyes and tiny, quivering lips.

She nodded, her face turned away to escape the pain in his eyes; her own were very soft and dark and

pitying in the half light, and a little Nation.
"Yes," she repeated, "everything."
The man fastened his glove intenty and looked off somewhere into

"I believe," he said, grimly, "that am breaking yours again. Oh, if I down to the harder s might make you happy--if I might!" the great bed rests.

"Why not?" he asked earnestly,

"Why?"
She leaned over thoughtlus, eyes on the people below them.
"You wouldn't understand," she said; but she half closed her eyes and seemed about to go on, so he and seemed about to go on, so he to the seemed about to go on, so he to the seemed about to go on, so he to the seemed about to go on, so he to the seemed about to go on, so he to the sum of happiness, of sorrow and of pain.

ously

Paul sat thoughtfully pondering

the question.

"It is only for a visit, I guess," he sighed. "There is no place, you know, for—for just children. They don't count in things at all—they don't—"

we have it?"

"Yes, let's!" cried Paul eagerly.
"Is it something about being big and eating downstairs and being with—with her? What is it?"

Mary hugged him tenderly. "It's sleeping in her very own bed with her!" she said impressively. "Would you like it—just for once! And when she wakes up she will find you!"

Paul put his arms around her happily. "When—when will it be bedtime, please?" said he.

The boy opened his eyes on a strange world. Before him str

Then she smiled at him. Tears for

turned to go, and held out his hand to the Wicked One, who arose from

his stair seat.

"I'm sorry you are the Bad Man," he said: "I—I rather like you. I—I suppose, though, you have to be stairs—a pale, slim, little face, all yees and tiny, quivering lips.

"I'm only you were not unhappy," id the man slowly, "I—why—I suld bear it then; that would be

"If only you were not unhappy, said the man slowly, "I—why—I could bear it then; that would be enough for me; but—"

"I am happy," said the Princess tremulously. She raised her roses to her lips to hide their piteous trembling, and dropped her eyes.

"Last week—yesterday, perhaps I might have thought otherwise, but tonight—to-night, I know that I have everything—everything my heart desires."

"They must, "then he turned and smiled up into the Princess' soft blue eyes.

"Would you put me—in bed?" he asked timidly s"and kiss me good-night again—if the other's could get on without you, I mean?"

"They must," whispered the Princess happily. "They must, for I am never coming back to them. I am pressed his warm little lips tenderly against hers.

against hers.
"To-morrow—and to-morrow—and to-morrow?" he asked doubtfully.
"For always," she promised.

He closed his eyes sighing, and smiled and so, in her arms, she carried him back to the blossomy in Black and

In the sandy deserts of Arabi you are breaking your heart."
"No, no," she cried, softly, "but I am breaking yours again. Oh, if I

### THE REPORTER.

The man behind a newspaper
Is the man who gets the news,
Who reads the plot of human hearts
And tragedy reviews.

story. We d and so—
We didn't He world declines to praise, The world declines to praise, the moves unnoticed and unknown in crowded human ways.

No soldier in the ranks more brave, No patriot more true, A rare devotion is revealed In all he tries to do. And while no bugle blare may lift
His merit to the skies,
The world has lost a hero when
A good reporter dies.

—Birmingham Age Herald,



"She'll miss her man when he bes, I can tell you." "Better miss oes, I can tell you. him than 'it 'im!"-London Specta

The Writer's Child-"Pa, what is The Writer-"Penury, my enury?" The Writer—"Penury, myon, is the wages of the pen."—Cleve land Leader

"What is the height of your ambi-tion?" "Don't know exactly. About five feet three, I should say at a guess."—Philadelphia Public Ledger She braved the sunshine's fiercest ray
With fortitude almost sublime;
She changed her gown six times a day
And said she'd had a lovely time!
—Washington Star.

"Then you don't care for this new motor novel?" "Can't say that I do. It reads to me like a repair catalogue with a slight plot to it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"We hever know what we can do till we try," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes, and then sometimes we are sorry we found out," added the Simple Mug.—Philadelphia Record.

"Sometimes," said the press humorist, "I think my jokes are rotten.

I s'pose that's my modesty." "No," explained a friend, "that's your common sease." Lowisville Course. - Louisville Courier

Judge (to prisoner) now going to read you a list of your former convictions." Prisoner—"In that case, perhaps your lordship will allow me to sit down."—Philadelphia

"The plural then of 'wife' is what?"
The teacher asked. Said Bess,
A most precocious little tot:
"It's bigamy, I guess."
—Philadelphia Press.

"Well, Pat, after a year at the au-tomobile school, I suppose you un-derstand everything?" "All but one thing, sir." "What's that?" "Wha thing, sfr." "What's that?" "What makes the thing go without horses."—Life.

"That railroad president who used to be so fond of fishing never touches a rod now." "Why not?" "He is so much afraid of being taken up for the re-baiting on his hook." Balti-

"John, I hear that you were betting on the races yesterday." 'Oh, no, wifey. I merely took out some insurance that certain quadrupeds would not pass under a wire first."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"But," said the fair maid, "you seem rather young to be wearing the title of colonel." "Anyway," rejoined the beardless youth, "I've par-ticipated in seventeen summer en-gagements."—Cleveland Daily News.

The hobo had just finished dining "If you will excuse me," he said to the kind lady, "I will now leave the table." And after his departure the k. l. discovered that the table was k. l. discovered that the table was about all he had left.—Chicago Daily

Towne—"I never saw a man who was so fond of entertaining as Henpeck is. It's really remarkable." Browne—"Oh, that's not so strange. You see, his wife is quite pleasant to him when there's company in the house."—Philadelphia Press.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

Thrift is itself a good income. A tree that affords thee protection

do not order to be cut down .-Arabian.

No man loveth his fetters, be they made of gold .- Greek.

Never praise a ford until you are over .- Danish.

Christianity excludes malignity, subdues selfishness, regulates the affections. It would unite men in one great brotherhood.—Mark Hopkins.

Unjust gains are equal to a loss. Hesiod.

If you see a fault in others, think of two of your own, and do not add a third one by your hasty judgment.— Hope is the dream of the man

It would be a great happiness to women if doctors would have bargain days to dose the children.—New York

One's work is the best company.

"You have a high appreciation of your wife's intellectuality." "I should say I have. She's a mar-yel. She knows how to keep score at bridge."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### TELEPHONE USED FOR WRITING, TOO.

London With Results That Are Wonderful -- Sketches by Wire.

Simultaneous writing and speaking by telephone is made possible by the wonderful invention of Gustave Grzby telephone is hade possible to wonderful invention of Gustave Grzanna, of Germany, who has been demonstrating his instrument in London. With the Grzanna telephone, handwriting, sketching, etc., carl be transmitted over an ordinary telephone wire for very considerable distances in a few seconds. This means a great improvement on the old system of electric writing at a disance, which was slow and clumsy. Messages on the Grzanna system are passed through as fast as they are written. One can actually speak and write or draw at the same time through the same wires, the telephone being connected with the apparatus (to use the technical term) through a condenser of two microfarads.

farads.

By this system an artist reporter can telephone to his office a description and sketch of any event simultance. tion and sketch of any verbing the taneously. In military operations, maps and sketches illustrating the enemy's movements can be wired back by scouts as they unfold themselves, together with a verbal dispatch, or an engineer can order material by telephone from a manufacturer accompany his message with

terial by telephone from a manufacturer, accompany his message with drawings of the goods he requires.
The wonderful system of telautography is accomplished by means of a light ray traveling over sensitized paper. The graphite pencil at the transmitter end has two electrical contacts, one for horizontal and the other for vertical movement, a curve being made up of the component parts of one or the other. On taking the pencil from off its rest a tiny electric glow lamp in the receiver box is illuminated. The light from this lamp is conducted to a prism, from is illuminated. The light from this lamp is conducted to a prism, from which it is reflected on to two little pivoted mirrors, one of which corresponds with the circuit of horizontal hovement and the other with that of

movement and the other with that of the vertical.

The light ray produced by the mirrors is absolutely identical with the movements of the point of the pencil, and it is thrown upon the section of a spool of sensitized paper set to receive it. By unbinging the attachment to the receiver box containing the photographic film, and substituting a focusing glass, the evolutions of the light ray can be watched. It appears as a tiny pinhead of light traveling in all directions over the glass—really imitating exactly the handwriting or drawing of the transmitter.

handwriting or drawing of the transmitter.

On laying thepencil down the lamp is extinguished, and a little electromotor pushes forward the sensitized paper, on which the message has just been photographed, passes it through a chemical bath, in which it is developed, and in ten seconds the writing or sketch becomes visible, while arother film is unwound from the spool and placed in position to receive the next message. All these processes are automatic. The receiver has now but to cut off the film bearing the massage, and "fix" it in the photographic sense.

HORSE'S SENSE OF DANGER.

Animal Carried Owner Against His Will Away From Cloudburst.

That a horse has the instincts of impending danger was demonstrated the other afternoon when an animal belonging to M. D. Swisher, county road overseer, refused to act on the bit, ran up the mountainside and saved its rider from death in a cloud-

further up the gulch, and the horse had heard the noise of the rushing water before the rider. Half a mile of the Box Canon road

ding to Florissant was washed ou and bridges carried away. Swisher remained on the mountainside for an hour before he considered it safe to re-enter the canon. — Cripple Creek Correspondence Denver News.

## A Hopeful Sign.

Crushed among the straphangers who filled a suburban car to the bursting point, a timid man gasped to his neighbor:

o his neighbor:
"Please give me a little space."
"Don't apply to me," was the answer. "Read that advertising card."
The timid man glanced in the direction indicated and read this answer.

FOR SPACE IN THIS CAR Apply to Stringem's Advertising Agency.

An old hen was pecking at some stray carpet tacks in the back yard.
"Now, what do you suppose that hen is eating those tacks for?" said

"she is going to lay a carpet."— Christian Register

# PENNSYLVANIA

## German Invention is Shown in Interesting Items from All Sections of the Keystone State.

FIFTY HURT IN COLLISION

Together in a Fog.

Philadelphia.-Fog caused a headon Philadelphia.—Fog caused a headon collision between two cars on the Southwestern Traction Company's line between this city and Chester, in which about 50 persons were injured, several probably fatally. Men were hurled in every direction and both cars were wrecked.

Among the most seriously hurt were Edward Smith, William Mullen, Philip Hanagan. George A. Caffrey.

were Edward Smith, William Mullen, Philip Hanagan, George A. Caffrey, Harry Potter, N. Poscovitch, Hiram Neill and John P. Chambers. The Baldwin Locomotive works' tripper had waited on the siding for the regular Philadelphia-bound car to pass, and then proceeded toward the Baldwin works, the crew unaware that an extra car was coming toward them on the same track.

### JUROR DERANGED

Rises in Box to Plead Not Guilty and Eleven Men Hear Evidence.

Greensburg.—"I'm not guilty," exclaimed William Custer of New Kensington, as he arose in the jury box in Judge L. W. Doty's court. Tip staves and lawyers rushed to the man's side, realizing that he had gone suddenly insane. Physicians pronounced his trouble temporary.

Custer was one of the 12 men to pass upon an ejectment suit of Martha Cannon against C. C. Hileman. The property is the old Covenanter church in Greensburg, which has figured in litigation for 20 years. Hileman claims to have a full warranty deed under—a forced sale, but Mrs. Cannon says she is entitled to one half interest willed her years ago by an ancestor. The trial was continued by agreement of counsel, with 11 jurors.

## DAMAGES FOR WRECK

Victims of Railroad Accident of Kelley's Station Awarded Money.

ley's Station Awarded Money.

Kittanning.—Four damage cases growing out of the railroad wreck at Kelley's station in August, 1907, have fianally been settled by the Armstrong county court.

Joseph Smith and his wife, Minnie Gerhelm and Louise Gerhelm, were confined in the Kittanning hospital for weeks before they were able to go to their homes in Pittsburg. They failed to agree upon the question of damages with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the claims were referred to the court in this county for adjustment. Their aggregate claims were \$15,000. By the court's decision the claimants will receive the following amounts: Joseph Smith, \$2,000; Mrs. Smith \$6,400; Minnie Gerheim, \$1,400; Louise Gerheim, \$700.

## ESCAPE MAY COST HIS LIFE

Wounded Prisoner Flees Hospital
Only to Be Recaptured.

Only to Be Recaptured.

Altoona.—Frank Moore, who was shot in the arm and thigh by Constable Norris, while trying to escape arrest for robbery and who had since been under guard while receiving treatment at the Altoona hospital, pluded his guard and escaped. He was recaptured in the mountains completely exhausted.

His daring exploit may cost him his

belonging to M. D. Swisher, county road overseer, refused to act on the bit, ren up the mountainside and saved its rider from death in a cloudburst.

Swisher was riding along Box Canon, a narrow guich, when the horse turned from the road, and paying no attention to the rider ran up the mountainside and stopped on a ledge twenty feet above. Swisher was mystified until he saw water about eight feet deep rushing down the canon tearing up bushes and upending everything movable. The water was from a cloudburst about half a mild further up the guich, and the horse from a cloudburst about half a mild further up the guich, and the horse from a cloudburst about half a mild further up the guich, and the horse from a cloudburst about half a mild further up the guich, and the horse from a cloudburst about half a mild further up the guich, and the horse from a cloudburst about half a mild further up the guich, and the horse from a cloudburst about half a mild further up the guich, and the horse from a cloudburst about half a mild further up the guich and the fortieth Allegheny senatorial district, have been filed at the state department. State Nominations Withdrawn

To Receive 30 Per Cent.

New Castle.—Depositors of the closed Mahoningtown private bank, which suspended April 8, 1907, will receive a 30 per cent payment within 60 days, Receiver Rufus C. McKinley announced. A year ago they received A year ago they received not navment. The bank a 10 per cent payment. The had about \$100,000 in deposits.

Forty-Five Years in Pen.
Uniontown.—Judge J. Q. VanSwearingen sentenced Alex. Townsend, convicted on three charges of crimes
against little girls, to 45 years in the
Western penitentiary. Pasquaie
Caruso and Francis Calonic, for highmay robbery, were sentenced to 10
years each.

Uniontown.—As the result of an automobile accident at Williamsport last Saturday, S. M. Graham, vice president and treasurer of the Fayette Title and Trust Company, was forced to have his right leg amputated.

AUTO KILLS CONSTABLE

Official Struck While Trying to Halt Speeder.

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

To Lay a Carpet.

An old hen was pecking at some ray carpet tacks in the back yard.

"Now, what do you suppose that m is eating those tacks for?" said omer.

"Perhaps," rejoined his better half, the is going to lay a carpet."—

MAN BLOWN TO ATOMS

Two Suburban Trolley Cars Crash First Stabs Guest at Christening, Then Tries to Wreck House

With Explosives.
Altoona.—Attempting to dynamite the foreign boarding house where a man whom he had stabbed lay sleeping, Andy Marcini was himself blown to shreds.

to shreds.
During a christening celebration
Sunday night Marcini quarreled with
Joseph Nesberoc, another guest, and
in a fight that followed cut the other
with a stiletto. Marcini was finally
ejected.

He went to a building of the Pitter

ejected.

He went to a building of the Pittsburg Limestone Company, nearby and stole sticks of dpnamite. With these at 3 o'clock in the morning he returned to the house from which he had been put out. He had apparently placed most of the dynamite under the building preparatory to setting it off, when he accidentally exploded the sticks still in his pocket.

### ATTEMPT TO KILL FAMILY

Reading Grocer's House Wrecked by
Explosion of Dynamite.
Reading.—An attempt was made to kill Joseph A. Ganster, a grocer, and his family, when a quantity of dynamite was exploded against a wall of his home. Mr. Ganster and members of his family were thrown out of bed, but no one was injured. The front of the building was shattered.
There is no clue to the perpetrators of the outrage. Some weeks ago Mr. Ganster received an anonymous letter that his house would be blown up and he reported the matter to the authorities. A policeman has had the place under surveilance since. So violent was the shock of the explosion that houses for several blocks were shaken. shaken

## USE TOO MUCH DYNAMITE

Amateur Yeggs Wreck Station and

Amateur Yeggs Wreck Station and Get Nothing for Their Pains.

Apollo.—The safe in the West Apollo station of the Pennsylvania railroad was blown at 2 o'clock in the morning. Two charges of nitro-glycerin were used.

The safe and its contents were blown to atoms. The robbers were frightened away before they had finished their work. The station was wrecked. The safe contained railroad tickets and a small amount of money, all of which were torn to bits. It is believed 10 times as much of the explosive was used as was needed for the job, which is supposed to have been done by amateurs.

WILL ARREST FIREBUGS Department of Forestry Will Endeav-

Department of Forestry Will Endeavor to Frotect Trees.

Harrisburg. — Vigorous efforts to arrest and prosecute to the limit every man who can be proved guilty of starting a fire in the woods or setting fire to state reserves will be taken by the state state department of forestry. Commissioner Conklin, who has been receiving reports from the fires the state state department of lores-thy. Commissioner Conklin, who has been receiving reports from the fires which are raging on the Commun-wealth's lands has given this order and the gre wardens and detectives will carry on the work ferreting out the miscreants or thoughtless persons responsible for the extensive fires.

Sentence for Fish Dynamiters.

Kittanning.—Justice of the Peace
J. C. Mobley meted out the full measure of the law to John V. Galvin and
James Mitchell, each of whom had entered a plea of guilty before him to a
charge of dynamiting fish in Crooked
creek. The justice sentenced each
to pay \$100 and costs; to be imprisoned 100 days in the county jail in
default of payment, and in addition
to undergo six menths' imprisonment
in the county jail. Sentence for Fish Dynamiters.

Applies Only to Residents.
Harrisburg.—Deputy Aftorney General Cunningham rendered an opinion to Deputy State Highway Commissioner Beman to the effect that the annual tax of \$1 which the road supervisors of each township are authorized by the act of April 12, 1905, to assess against each "taxable" applies to the residents of their respec

tive townships, but not to non-residents. Sues for \$10,000.

Philadelphia.—Placing the value of the relations which formerly existed between himself and wife at \$10,000 Frank Habermann, foreman in the Tioga rewing Company's brewery, instituted suit against William Welsh to recover that amount, alleging that Welsh had stolen his wife's affections.

Shoots Wife; Kills Self.

Wilkes-Barre.—David Beilley, who came here six weeks ago from Buffalo, N. Y., went to his home in a fit of anger fired four bullets from a revolver at his wife, all missing her but one, which inflicted a serious flesh wound in the cheek. He then went to his room, locked the door and sent a bullet into his own brain. He died an hour later—The tragedy is the culmination of an unhappy marriage.

Woman Burned to Death the rear of her home Mrs. William Hensell, aged 60, was burned to death. Five hundred dollars in bills which she had in a pocket was destroyed.

Big Shop Starts Double Turn Washington.—The Phoenix glass factory, after an all-summer shutdown, started double turn. It is stated the Pittsburg window plate factory will resume operation soon. of t stru scor a di and oug The to t