AN ADVENTURE AT MIDNIGHT

"I'LL do it if you will—I'm not scared."

"I'll go you."

The two boys stood on the shore and bright moonlight shone overhead in a great star-dotted field of unclouded blue. Before them was a rare and marvelous sight, one which they had never seen before, but which their fathers had described to them as coming very seldom in generations. It had been a very severe winter and the Great South Bay was frozen over—frozen so hard and so thick that men had crossed that day with wagons. The scene was very grand and solemn. Absolute silence ruled the waters which in the spring and autumn winds were so often boisterous and noisy. No waves splashed on the beach; no breeze ruffled the surface. The bay was dead. For full four miles across to the other shore the ice enshrouded it, sprinkled with the daintiest lacing of snow, which glittered in the moonbeams.

"I'll go you!" said Joel Harris, sturdily.

"Then," said Frye Gates, "let's hurry up for our skates."

They hurried back from the lonely beach where they stood to Joel's house—a little cottage where dwelt the boy's father and mother, and where Frye, from New York, was stopping for a holiday. The youngsters approached the house with the caution of trespassers and rule-breakers, for they knew very well that if their purpose were discovered their skates would not be required, although the skate straps might be unpleasantly employed. Frye Gates, being a comparative stranger, hid in the gloom of the

"THE HORSE AND WAGON WENT THROUGH THE ICE."

laurel bushes while Joel played a trick familiar to him. He mounted the water butt, climbed the spout to the top of the kitchen, crept along that roof and was speedily at his own bedroom window. In a trice he was out with two pairs of skates, and, disdaining the pipe, dropped gently to the ground. But the clang of the steels as he jumped made a loud noise and the kitchen window opened. Joel hid in the shadow of the wall, breathless and still.

"Who's that?" his mother called out.

"It's the kids up to some mischief," father's voice spoke from the stove.

"They're in bed," said Mrs. Harris.

"Then's it's nothing," said her husband. "Shut the window; it's cold."

But Mrs. Harris peered out anxiously.

"It may be them!" she said.

"Who's them?"

"The burglars who took Mrs. Van Schalk's jewels at their dinner hour from the great house to-night. The

"'WHO'S THAT?' HIS MOTHER CALLED OUT."

whole village is astir about it and a reward's offered. Didn't you hear as you came home? They say—oh! Hoan, my grandmother's old china and the present"

A roar of laughter came from the stove.

"Shut the window, old lady," cried Harris. "Burglars who aim for the Van Schalk diamonds ain't likely to swoop down on your kitchen dresser. Shut the window; it's cold."

The window was slammed down and Joel giggled and sped away. In a minute the boys were slipping through the woods at the edge of the town to the shore. At the beach they put on their skates, and in a moment they were off on the ice, the keen cold reddening their cheeks and the exhilarating knowledge that they were off without leave adding excitement to their wild trip.

"I looked at the clock through the window," said Joel, "and it's just 10. Mother thinks we're asleep. We can cross the bay, call on the coastguard so that he can swear we've been there, and be back long before mam's awake. Won't the fellows be mad! Dad says it'll thaw to-morrow and they won't have a chance, and only us two can say we've skated across the bay! Hooray!"

It was distinctly scrumptious—a word which you will not find in the dictionaries, but which is readily comprehensible. The ice was a little rough in parts, and of a peculiar billowy formation, but there were no breaks save a few cracks—no holes. They forgot their main object in the delight of the solitude and the fairness of the moonlight. They sung and whooped and felt that they had cast off the shackles of their little world and were free—free of school, and chores and all a boy's troubles. They were monarchs of that immense silent bay.

Suddenly Joe swooped in a wide circle from the straight track and skated slowly back, peering here and there in the thin snow.

"What's up?" Frye yelled, following.

"I saw something queer in the snow—shone out like a flash. I want to see what it was."

They skated slowly about in short circles, when Frye darted on his knees and held up something in his hand—a ring.

"Was it this? It flashed."

The boys examined the ring curiously.

"It's gold. It must be worth all of a dollar," said Joel.

"There's something on it shines when you hold it right. That's what flashed. Hold it in the moonlight."

"I can't get it right. Say! What's the matter with the moon?"

They looked up and were awestricken. The moon was passing out of sight. A great black shadow was stealing across it.

"I know," cried Frye. "Your dad was talking of it, but I forgot. It's an eclipse!"

Just then a stray beam kissed the ring, and a shaft of light shot from it.

"Oh! Frye!" cried Joel. "Now I know—it's a diamond. It's diamonds that flash like that. Golly! I bet that ring's worth all of $2!"

And then all the light passed away, and the total eclipse left them in utterly complete darkness.

Joel and Frye felt quickly afraid.

"Let's go home," they said together, and clasped hands and skated as fast as they dared in the blackness for the shore.

They were far out now, nearer the ocean side of the bay than their own home. They skated and skated, but nothing but blackness surrounded them.

"We ought to be there!" Joel cried in trouble, "but I can't see any lights or anything, and it looks the same all round. Frye, are you sure we're skating in the right direction?"

"You ought to know better'n me," cried Frye, fretfully. "You belong here, and I don't."

Joel tried in another direction and again in another. He saw no lights. They were lost on the ice in the middle of the Great South Bay, and the moon still hid its face. Frye began to cry.

Joel kept peering about into the blackness. He saw a deeper shadow than those about and took Frye's hand and slowly skated toward it. When very near they heard loud, angry voices.

"You're a dandy, you are!" cried out a man in very savage tones. "Said you knew the whole country, and get lost same's if you were in an African desert! You're a nice one to put trust in!"

"How could I know this eclipse was going to leave us in this blackness?"

"Well, all I know is, if we don't get over to the sloop soon and make all sail for New York, Van Schalk will catch us like mice. I bet they're after us now, and this snow, confound it, leaves tracks. Ye gods, man, can't you tell which way to turn?"

"I can't. If we go straight on for all all I know we'll run right into Van Schalk and the police."

Joel listened and froze with something else than cold. At once the words of his mother, which he had paid little attention to at the time, recurred to him, about a diamond robbery at Van Schalk's great country house, full of guests for a Christmas house party.

"Frye!" he whispered. "Let's go! They're bur——"

Two big hands fell on the boys' necks.

"What do you want here?" a great voice growled, and in a second the breathless boys were pushed to the spot where the two men were talking. A light road wagon with one horse stood on the ice. Two men were at the horse's head.

"Did you find any look of shore?" one cried, as the boys' captor led them up.

"Not a bit! It's as black as ink! But here's two kids I found nosing around."

One man lit a match and examined the boys' faces.

"What's up?" said he.

"We were skating and got lost," said Joel.

"Belong round these parts?"

"Yes, sir."

"We're lost, too. Look here, if you want to earn a dollar apiece will you guide us to the coast shore? Surely you can tell which direction that is in?"

Joel looked around in perplexity and fear, and, as he did so, his keen bright eyes, familiar with every light on the bay, detected what none of the others did—a faint twinkle in the rear. He knew the light in the tower of the big hotel near his home. He was about to speak, when, for he was a sharp boy and a brave one, he remembered what his mother had said about a reward for those lost diamonds. He remembered, too, the ring dropped on the ice. He had no doubt these were the thieves. Frye was shaking with cold and crying. He could not even nudge Frye.

"I'm almost sure, sir," he said, "I know the way."

"Which?"

Joe pointed to the rear.

"I knew you were wrong," cried the man to his comrade-villain. "There's no time to waste. Skate on, boys, and we'll follow. Two dollars when you show us the shore!"

On went Joel, white but firm in a sudden determination, gripping the weaker Frye's hand. Plots and plans were whirling through his excited head. It was still pitch dark, and they could easily have skated away from the robbers, but that was not Joel's wish. He skated just in front of the horse.

"It seems a long way!" the man shouted.

"Not far now!" Joel answered, as cheerily as he could.

They moved swiftly. The light in the hotel came nearer—grew bigger. The night lifted; the moonlight came creeping back. Joel increased his speed; the man whipped his horse.

"It's a long way!" yelled the man with a note of sudden suspicion in his voice.

"Not far now!" Joel screamed back, and dashed ahead. "Come on, Frye!"

The moon shone out again, and the robbers howled with rage, for Joel had led them straight to the town, and right before them, among the trees, stood the house they had robbed.

"Trapped!" screamed one.

"Turn round and go back!"

They tried to, but they were close in among rushes where the ice was thin. Squish, crish, splash! The horse and wagon went through the ice into three feet of water, while the boys were running along the beach yelling at the extreme height of their shrill voices: "Help! Murder! Police! Diamonds! Thieves!"

They roused the town; men rushed from the houses; the burglars were caught; the diamonds were recovered, and the boys were rewarded, but—they got well spanked, too, by a judicious parent who looks at both sides of a story.—P. Y. Black, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Sawed Their House in Two.

John and William Arbuckle inherited a house and lot at Elwood jointly from their parents, but neither was willing to buy or sell at the price the other was willing to give; and, after much dickering they became angry and refused longer to hold the property jointly. It was then agreed to saw the house in two from roof to basement, and the work was begun, and at the direction of the two brothers workmen began on the roof with large crosscut saws and each wall was sawn through until the foundation was reached. A large crowd witnessed the destruction of the house, and commented on the folly of the brothers. A fence will be run through the middle of the lot, each brother taking one side.—New York Sun.

Portugal is the most illiterate country in Europe; sixty-seven per cent. of its population cannot write.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Indian Skeleton Unearthed—Child Burned to Death.—Medico's Puzzled.—Coal Famine.

Among the pensions granted during the week were: William W. Reed, Sachet, $8; Ellis S. Young, Tyrone, $6; Charles Shaffer, Coraopolis, $8; Silas H. Little, Saxton, $10; John A. Wolff, Shippensburg, $10; John W. Ross, Washington, $12; Benjamin F. Ketter, Pottsville, 12; Theo. Stafford, Millerton, $8; William Roberts, East Canton, $12; Andrew Weaver, Holbrook, $17; John Geiling, Carlisle, $12; Mary E. Curtis, Smethport, $8; Mary A. Morrow, Bradenville, $8; Jane Emerson, Union City, $12; Margaret Finn, Hollidaysburg, $8; William Black, Leechburg, $12; Chauncey C. Hays, Townville, $10; Andrew H. McDonald, Patterson, $12.

On acount of the wrecking of the Pennsylvania Gas Company's pump station at Ludlow, the entire natural gas supply of Erie was shut off Monday. Added to the terrors of the situation there was not a pound of coke in town, and the coal supply was not equal to the demand. Before noon the supply of wood was exhausted. Fully 6,000 families were cut off of their supply of fuel. The public schools were forced to close.

Lying unconscious for 12 days at Corry, Lulu Nuncey, the girl victim of the Pennsylvania grade crossing disaster Christmas evening, baffles medical science. The case attracts wide attention as an operation for compound fracture of the skull was performed, but it did not relieve the pressure on the brain. The surgeons still hope for her recovery.

A stranger presented a letter and draft to the Cashier of the Smithton National Bank, calling for the payment of $800. The letter purported to be from the Cashier of the First National Bank, of Confluence. The draft was promptly paid by the Smithton institution. It has since developed that both the draft and letter were forgeries.

Tuesday a gas explosion blew out all the windows in one side of the home of Mrs. E. L. Williamson, of Washington, and started a blaze in the cellar. Charles Williamson, a son, aged 18, wrapped a quilt about him, pushed through the blaze to the valve, turned off the gas and saved the house.

Many sick persons Tuesday were sent from their homes to the Erie Hospital on account of the scarcity of gas, caused by tae explosion at the pumping station of the Pennsylvania Gas Company. It may be two months before the town is again supplied with gas for fuel.

At Altoona Alderman Dobyne rendered decisions against the American Investment Company, of Lexington, Ky., in three suits brought by Altoona investors to recover the amount of their investment on the ground that the concern was not an incorporated institution.

The three alleged murderers, Peter Morrow, Frank Morrow and Rees Jack, charged with the killing of John E. Faulk of Leechburg, about three years ago, were discharged on habeas corpus proceedings at Greensburg Monday before Judge L. W. Doty.

Prominent business men of the Chartiers Valley, with representatives from Washington, Canonsburg, Houston, Meadow Lands, Bridgeville, Woodville, Carnegie and McKees Rocks, are agitating the organization of a Board of Trade.

Citizens of College Hill, Beaver county, have petitioned court to allow them to vote on consolidating with Beaver Falls. Borough Council turned down the request for the privilege of voting on the question at the coming election.

At Connellsville the coroner's jury to inquire into the deaths of the three Italians killed in the Bluestone quarries Wednesday, returned a verdict of accidental death. The company was exonerated from all blame.

The employes of the Penn Bridge Company at Beaver Falls, have organized the Penn Bridge Works Relief Association, with 200 members. The members will receive benefits in case of sickness, accident or death.

The First Cumberland Presbyterian congregation at Punxsutawney have sold their church property to J. B. Eberhart for $20,000. The congregation will erect a $25,000 edifice in another part of the town.

Owing to the idleness of a majority of the coal mines in the Hazleton district, which have been flooded for three weeks, a coal famine prevails. Coal during the last week has advanced 50 to 75 cents a ton.

Workmen unearthed the skeleton of an Indian in a fair state of preservation ih a sand bank near Sharon Saturday. The bones were exposed to the air and immediately crumbled to dust.

The Hollidaysburg Iron and Nail Company has announced that it will build an addition to its plant 100x200 feet, which will double its capacity.

William Harts, aged 15, was fatally injured on the railroad at the three culverts west of Altoona Sunday in attempting to board a freight train.

The frame business blocks owned by Mrs. Andrew Suever and A. A. Shaffer, at New Wilmington, were burned Sunday night. Loss $3,000.

John Rosenthal, a peddler, was attacked by highwaymen, near Greensburg, Wednesday night, who beat him into insensibility and robbed him of $50 and the best of his stock of goods.

There is an epidemic of scarlet fever at Vesta, near Charleroi. Ten cases have been reported and two deaths have occurred. The public schools have been closed.

The tipple of the Osceola mine, near Irwin, was burned Sunday, entailing a $10,000 loss.

The public schools of Antis township, Blair county, have been closed on account of smallpox.

Notice of Applications for License.

Order of the Court of Quarter Sessions Fixing the Time at Which Applications for Liquor License Shall be Heard, Etc.

And now, October 3rd, 1898, it is ordered as follows:

1. That the third Monday of January, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, and each and every year thereafter, at nine o'clock in the forenoon of each day (being the second Monday of the January term, in each year) be and the same is hereby fixed as the time at which applications for license to sell spirituous, vinous, malt or brewed liquors shall be heard, at which time all persons applying or making objections to applications for said licenses may be heard by evidence, petition, remonstrance or counsel.

2. That license then granted shall take effect and be in force for one year from the sixteenth day of February next following the granting of the same.

3. Applicants for places not heretofore licensed will be required to establish (1) the fitness of the applicant and (2) the necessity for such licensed place, and in contested cases not more than three witnesses on a side will be heard on the question of the general character of the applicant and the necessity of the place for which a license is desired.

4. Supplemental petitions and remonstrances in writing; also specific objections to the petition or bond of the applicant as well as specific charges made against him shall be reduced to writing, and filed in the case at least five days before the time fixed for hearing said application, otherwise they will not be considered, and no evidence will be heard in support of them, by the Court. This rule shall not apply to disqualifying causes arising within the five days preceding the hearing.

5. No spirituous, vinous, malt or brewed liquors, or any admixtures thereof, shall be furnished or sold by any licensed vendor between the hours of 10:30 o'clock p. m., and 5:30 o'clock, a. m., of each day on which said liquors otherwise may be legally sold.

6. All orders and rules, or parts thereof, now in force, which may be inconsistent with the foregoing order and rules, are hereby rescinded.

By the Court,
JOHN W. REED,
President Judge.

The following applications for license to sell liquor have been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Jefferson county for January Session, 1899:

RETAIL LIQUOR LICENSES.

1. Jacob B. Sykes, residence Winslow township, "Sykes' Hotel."
2. R. R. McKinley, residence Brookville borough, Union Hotel.
3. R. E. Clover and N. G. Edelblute, residence Punxsutawney borough, Hotel Pantall.
4. James Hughes, residence Winslow township, Hotel Hughes.
5. Otto C. Phillips, residence Clayville borough, Lindsey Hotel.
6. Francis P. Graham, residence Punxsutawney borough, Hotel Waverly.
7. Charles R. Wilson, residence Brookville borough, Central Hotel.
8. G. D. Buffington and L. A. Brady, residence Brookville borough, American Hotel.
9. Philip J. Allgeier, residence Brookville borough, Jefferson House.
10. W. R. Chesnutt, residence Brookville borough, New Commercial Hotel.
11. Frank J. Black, residence Reynoldsville borough, The Mansion.
12. Ben Record and Thomas F. Benson, residence McCalmont township, Benson House.
13. Edward F. Lynam, residence Punxsutawney borough, Washington House.
14. T. C. Anderson, residence Big Run borough, Hotel Anderson.
15. G. H. Barclay, residence Washington township, Hotel Barclay.
16. Jacob Merwine, residence Falls Creek borough, Falls Creek Hotel.
17. F. E. Bennis, residence Punxsutawney borough, Hotel Bennis.
18. John Quinlisk, residence Clayville borough, Parnell house.
19. Edwin Bevier, residence Brookville borough, Brookville House.
20. E. E. Shaffer, residence Punxsutawney borough, Hotel Whitney.
21. James S. St. Clair, residence Clayville borough, Hayley House.
22. Harry R. McGregor, residence McCalmont township, Hotel McGregor.
23. John Mansell and George Roberts, residence Winslow township, Central Hotel.
24. W. S. Gessier, residence Punxsutawney borough, City Hotel.
25. W. S. Ross, residence West Reynoldsville borough, Ross House.
26. John O'Hare, residence Reynoldsville borough, National Hotel.
27. Joseph Hoffman and David Haag, residence Punxsutawney borough, Continental Hotel.
28. Frank A. McConnell, residence Reynoldsville borough, Frank's New Tavern.
29. Jonathan M. Davis, residence Reynoldsville borough, Burns House.
30. M. J. Miller, residence McCalmont township, Park Hotel.
31. David M. Crawford, residence Winslow township, Commercial Hotel.
32. James Ensell, residence Falls Creek borough, Taylor Avenue Hotel.
33. Rysome Wayne, residence Henderson township, Wayne House.
34. Joseph McDonald, residence Brookville borough, Hotel Longview.
35. Gilbert Lamontagne, residence Falls Creek borough, Hotel Lamontagne.
36. Thomas Green and John Conser, residence Reynoldsville borough, Imperial Hotel.
37. William A. Jordan, residence Big Run borough, Hotel McClure.
38. W. W. Wiley, residence Reynoldsville borough, Hotel Behnap.
39. Clayton E. Palmer, residence Perry township, Fordham Hotel.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR LICENSES.

1. James B. Phelan and S. E. Wilson, residence Punxsutawney borough, in that one storied brick store building, located on the west side of Jefferson street in the said borough of Punxsutawney, in the county of Jefferson aforesaid, on lot bounded on the north by L. C. McQuown; on the east by Jefferson street; on the south by an alley; and on the west by an alley.
2. Joseph F. Weist, residence Reynoldsville borough, in the store room occupied by the applicant, situate in said borough of Reynoldsville, county of Jefferson and state of Pennsylvania, bounded on the north by Main street; on the south by Gordon alley; on the east by P. McDonald; and on the west by Deguan & McDonald.

BREWERS LICENSES.

1. Magnus Allgeier, residence Brookville borough, "Spring Brewery," Brookville, Pa.
2. S. C. Christ, doing business as The Brookville Brewing Co., residence Brookville borough, "The Brookville Brewing Company," Brookville, Pa.
3. Bernhard Schneider and E. B. Henderson, residence of Bernhard Schneider Punxsutawney borough, residence of E. B. Henderson Brookville borough, "Elk Run Brewery," Punxsutawney, Pa.
4. Joseph Baumgartner, residence Punxsutawney borough, "The Punxsutawney Brewery," Punxsutawdey, Pa.

CYRUS H. BLOOD,
Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions.

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Boy's Overcoats, $5, now $3.
Boys' Overcoats, $4, now $2.75.
Men's fine Clay Worsted suits, $12 to $15, now $10.
" " " " $10 and $12, now $7.50.
Boys' Knee Pants Suit, 75 cents.
Boys' Knee Pants, 19c.
Mens' Fleece-lined Underwear, suit 80c.
Mens' All-wool Underwear, suit $1.25.
Men's Neckties, 25c, now 15c.

DRESS GOODS.

Black Henrietta, 25 cents.
" " 45 cents.
" " 90 cents, now 45 cents.
Ladies' Plaid, 15, 18 and 20 cents, now 12½ cents.
Ladies' Fleece Lined, 40 cents, now 12½ cents.
Ladies Flannelette Night Gowns, $1.00, now 75 cents.
Ladies' Night Gowns, $1.25, now 95 cents.
Misses Night Gowns, 50 cents, now 40 cents.
Outing, 50 cents.
Fleisher Yarn, 90 cents per pound.

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