

THE GENI'S MAGIC BED.

The soul of the parson... Sleeps in yonder lounge alone...

So, stranger, if you're weary... Of the crushing load of life...

But the anguish of his patients... All their aches and all their groans...

Resistless fascination... Draws the restless world this way...

An Amorous Policeman.

As he approached No. 1444 Madison avenue, Policeman Watkins drew himself more stiffly erect...

stationed herself at the window, and as soon as the echoing tread of Policeman Watkins' boots became audible she called her companion.

It was this fact which enabled him to treat with silent contempt the impertinence of a messenger boy...

The dispute waxed fierce, and it is hard to say where it would have ended had not the ringing of a bell called Susan to duties upstairs.

Ignoring this impertinence, though mentally noting the boy for a sound cuffing on the first suitable opportunity...

For fully half an hour the two girls remained in deep consultation, maturing plans for the humiliation of the feckle policeman.

As a distance of several miles lay between the respective dwellings of the two ladies, the officer's duplicity might have remained undetected for an indefinite period.

Shortly after 10 o'clock a sickness about the region of his waist belt, combined with the feeling of security engendered by the fact that the roundsman's visit was a thing of the past...

It was a plate that did the business—an ordinary dinner plate. In an evil hour Susan broke it, and her mistress seized the occasion to expatiate on the carelessness of servants in general.

"What in all the world do you want here?" she exclaimed. "There are no thieves here that I know of."

A spirited reply by Susan by no means tended to bring tranquility to the ruffled domestic atmosphere.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed, as an attempt to imprint a salute on the girl's lips met with another repulse.

Mary Ann and Susan had not been long in each other's company before they commenced to exchange tender confidences.

"Never!" exclaimed the amorous policeman, stoutly.

As the afternoon wore on Mary Ann

And the paper, printing the yarn next morning, is careful to speak of its authority, not as very good, but as very high.—Puck.

"I don't know," said Mary Ann, thoughtfully. "He told me a lot of things that were true."

As she spoke, she produced a round piece of clear glass, about the size of a walnut, and held it up to the light.

The professor said it was simply a matter of concentrating one's thoughts on the subject one wishes to know about.

For a few moments Mary Ann sat silent, gazing fixedly at the crystal.

"Don't move," she commanded. "It is not yet finished. Now I see the girl's face. Surely I have seen that face before."

With trembling fingers Officer Watkins drew a handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his perspiring brow.

"I wonder at you, Mary Ann. You'll hurt yourself if you let your imagination run away with you like that."

The policeman turned and gazed in the direction indicated. A cry of horror escaped his lips. Standing in the open doorway was a figure robed in white.

For a moment he stood spellbound. Then, with a yell that would have done credit to an Indian, he seized his helmet and darted toward the door.

It would be impossible to describe Officer Watkins' feelings during the remainder of that night.

The latest application of the inclined elevator, more commonly known as the moving stairway, is found in a freight elevator for carrying trunks, mailbags and boxes between steamers and wharves.

There are only four such elevators now in use in the world, and these are all at Dover, England.

Another use of the inclined elevator is in stores, from basement to sidewalk. On it men with hand trucks and with rolling boxes or baskets are carried, as well as merchandise.

Another novel use for the inclined elevator has been found in England, at seaside resorts on its southern coast.

The editor wires his Washington correspondent: "Who gave you the information?"

Pluck and Adventure.

A CELEBRATED CASE. An extraordinary case, in which circumstantial evidence that was afterward proved to have been manufactured, led to a father's conviction for the supposed murder of his daughter.

There lived in Gibraltar an English merchant named James Baxwell, who had married a Spanish woman and reared a daughter named Elezia, remarkable for her beauty.

But the girl had inherited a high spirit from her mother, and vowed she would marry the man of her choice.

Two days after the scene with her father Elezia disappeared. Passers heard walls and groans in the cave, which died away as they listened.

Baxwell protested his innocence, but was brought to trial and was found guilty. On being sentenced he was overcome, and remained in a state of collapse until the day set for the execution.

But it was 6 o'clock, and Billy slipped quietly away in the dusk and went home to his supper.

Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Jencks, of Woonsocket, R. I., are the first visitors to run down by canoe a bull moose within sight and sound of the hotel.

Katt became pale on hearing these words. Baxwell mounted the steps slowly, and the black bonnet was put on him and the rope adjusted.

He then declared that he had carried off the girl and married her, and that she was now concealed near Gibraltar.

In the course of due time the canoe was alongside, and the occupants were stroking the shaggy back of the tired and frightened animal with their fire-rods as he surged on, snorting and grunting furiously.

Two fishermen on the schooner Ida Silva, after they had made fast at T wharf, Boston, told the longshoremen a story which so much savored of whaling fiction that it was not believed until the raconteurs exhibited a billfish weighing 1400 pounds and measuring nineteen feet and seven inches.

Recent investigations of the region about the head waters of the Congo have excited new interest in the mysterious small folk who inhabit the forests of that land.

The pygmy race was known to the ancients. Aristotle, Herodotus and Homer write of the dwarfs, and probably many fair folk grew out of the misty knowledge of these small tribes.

Thirteen carloads of black walnut logs were shipped from Stroud, Okla., to Germany.

WILL THE PANAMA CANAL EVER PAY?

An interesting comparison of the Suez Inter-oceanic Waterway With Its Projected Counterpart.

Mr. Frederic C. Penfield, who for some four years was diplomatic agent and consul-general of the United States in Egypt, and there became thoroughly conversant with the commercial history of the Suez Canal, contributes to the North American Review an interesting comparison of that inter-oceanic waterway with its projected counterpart at Panama.

The present toll in the Suez Canal is \$1.70 per ton on vessel tonnage, and \$2 for every passenger, a ship's crew not being counted.

There was a lean, freckled-faced boy who a year or two ago ran the elevator up and down in an old, shabby office building in Philadelphia.

But one day the old house began to shudder and groan to its foundations, and then one outer wall after another fell amid shouts of dismay from the crowds in the streets.

Mr. Penfield is convinced that for many years to come the Panama Canal cannot be made to pay directly.

Found in a Bathroom. "Gimme a revolver, gimme a shotgun!" shouted Tom, a window washer, as he dashed up to Clerk McHenry in the Victoria Hotel the other afternoon.

Clerk McHenry, aroused, led a procession to the room. From behind the bathroom door came the sound of splashing and grunting.

The amazed spectators saw Mrs. Moeller lift a velvet-looking creature with long whiskers and shining legs from the tub and begin to pet it.

In 1801 the Archduke Charles was called to take command of the Army of Austria, which at the Battle of Hohenlinden had been defeated by the French and Bavarians.

The abandoned guns fell into the hands of the French commander, who, when he heard of the motive that had prompted the sacrifice, immediately ordered the whole to be sent back to the gallant Archduke with his compliments.

The fish shot seaward at a terrific speed, dragging the dory. The fishermen tied the line to a seat of the dory and waited, in the hope that the fish would tire out.

When the fish eventually tired out and floated near enough to the surface to be killed by an oar the fishermen were in such a state of nervous exhaustion that they had practically to be lifted aboard the Silva.

In a letter which he wrote to Joseph Hoopes, chairman of the Marine Committee of the Continental Congress, on September 14, 1775, Paul Jones briefly set forth what an officer commanding a United States naval vessel should be in character, mental attainments and deportment.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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NATIONAL GAME. Pitcher Wiggs, of Minneapolis, has signed with Detroit.

Catcher Harry Smith has been called to duty by the Pittsburgh Club.

Devlin is not a particularly graceful thrower, but he is a very accurate one.

Pittsburgh has recalled Jim Archer, the catcher farmed out to Atlanta, Ga.

Manager Haulon has remarkable faith in Harry Batch as third baseman.

Pittsburgh has bought outfielder Wallace, of the Haverhill, New England League, team.

Cincinnati has purchased pitcher Fred Beebe from the Oshkosh (Wis.) Club for \$750.

Sam Strang is playing second for the New York Nationals, while Billy Gilbert is nursing a wrenched foot.

This season the Boston champions have come to be known as the "rain-makers" of the American League.

Hugh Duffy won't be in Boston (N.Y.) in '06, except as a resident. He has made terms with the Phillies.

The Washington Club has purchased Pitcher Falkenberg from Toronto, and outfielder Stanley from New Orleans.

The Boston Club will have at least seven new men to try out next spring. Among the rest a clever first baseman.

Thomas, of the Providence team, said to be the best catcher in the Eastern League, has been secured by New York (Am.) for next season.

The Giants say they have scored more times from third base, when a player on first has made a bluff to steal second, than any team in either league.

Sammy Strang has proved a valuable utility man for the New York Nationals with his batting and ability to fill in wherever needed—which is a tribute to McGraw's judgment in signing him last year when he was cast adrift by Brooklyn.