

FIREWORKS OF THE FIELD.

Firefly, firefly, but a twinkle floating by. Sometimes burning in the bushes, sometimes gleaming in the sky. Like a gleam from a dream, or a fragment of sunbeam. Sparkling spangles on the darkness which like golden ingots seem. Winking light, in thy flight, swift winged magnet of the night. Dost thou know, small electrician, thou hast left man out of sight? Flame so fleet, lacking heat, thou canst endless repeat. What our best inventors covet and seek for, to be beat. Now confess, mite or less—that thy secret may bless— How thy flickering flame is kindled minus money or distress; How thy clear and steady lamps burn through rains and dewy damps, Till the meadows peared with moisture look like countless lighted camps. Dost thou ever cross thy wires, dost thou singe by thy own fires, dost thou ring a fire alarm when thy small flame to rise aspires? Dost thou have to be "put out" when the urchins run and shout, And thy flame some think so tame all regulations puts to rout? Not at all, headlight small, though men think they know it all, Thou canst regulate thy beacon in the tempest or the squall; Men's own smoldering inward fires, little transient ills and ills, Often run amuck and change into destructive funeral pyres. Firefly, firefly, signal me in passing by, I have been thy friend from boyhood and have loved to see thee rich; Bright in the let me see, beacon on life's shores a-lee, Sample gleam sent to remind us of the better light to be. I. EDGAR JONES.

A CLEW BY WIRE

Or, An Interrupted Current.

BY HOWARD M. YOST.

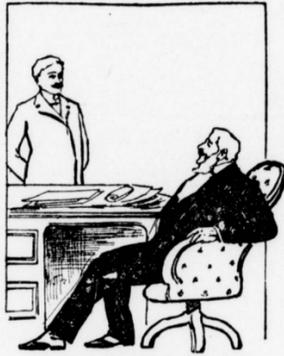
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CHAPTER III.

What could it mean! My head swam, my breath came in gasps, the cold perspiration broke out on my forehead and rolled down my face. For a few moments I stood with every muscle paralyzed. Then I sank down upon the ledge and covered my face with my hands. The porter, who had just come into the vault in answer to my summons, approached me. "What's the matter, Mr. Conway? Are you sick?" he asked. His question partially aroused me. "Call the president and the treasurer, Mason. Quick! Tell them to come into the vault," I managed to gasp. "Why—why—what can be the matter?" the porter exclaimed. I sprang to my feet and confronted him. I cannot tell what expression was on my face, but he slowly edged away from me. "Good God, man! don't stop to question! Go, quick!" He went out immediately at my vehement appeal, and soon the president and the treasurer came bustling in. "What's up, Conway?" the president, Mr. Perry, asked. "Why, man alive, how white you are!" he added, looking searchingly at me. "Oh, sir, what shall I do?" hardly knowing in my consternation what I was saying. "It's gone! all gone!" "What's all gone? Your wits? Are you sick?" Mr. Perry asked. Here the treasurer uttered an exclamation and pointed toward the reserve vault. Mr. Perry craned his neck and glanced inside. Then he turned quickly to me, and his face was as white as his shirt bosom. "Why, God Almighty, Conway, where's all your currency?" he asked, in hoarse tones. "I don't know, sir. I left—" I began, but the president cut me short. "Is it that that's gone? You mean stolen? How could it be? You could have entered the vault? You did not forget to lock up yesterday, did you?" he asked, with terrible earnestness. "No, indeed," I answered. "The vault was locked at usual. I set the timepiece for half past eight. I expected to be on hand and get things in shape for the examining committee." "And you have just discovered the loss?" "Yes, sir. I went out of town last evening, and returned but a few minutes ago." "So then the lock was unprotected by the timepiece a whole hour before the bookkeepers arrived," Mr. Perry said, with a most piercing glance thrown at me. "Jackson promised me he would be here in my place," I faltered. "Jackson! What has he to do with the vault? He doesn't know the combination, does he?" "No, sir. It was only to have an employe in the room after the timepiece had run down, that I asked him to be present." "Call Jackson," Mr. Perry requested of the treasurer. While that gentleman was gone on his errand, Mr. Perry and I made a hasty search through the other compartments. We found some of them in disorder, and, judging from appearances, many bonds missing. The president was completely overwhelmed by this new discovery. He stood gazing at me with a look of the greatest anguish on his white, drawn face. "Oh, Mr. Perry," I cried, "as God hears me, I know nothing about this. Oh, believe me, I am innocent." "No one has accused you, Conway, so far," he replied, seriously, and with significance. "You cannot think I had anything to do with it," I went on. "You know I have never betrayed any trust which I have held in this bank." "My God! I don't know what to think. I can't think. You never told anyone the combination?" the president suddenly asked. "Oh, no, no; I have never breathed a

figure of it to a living soul," I answered, earnestly. "Who besides yourself knows how to open the vault?" "The bond teller and the receiving teller," I replied. "And they are away on their vacations, are they not?" "Yes, sir," I faltered, for I divined the meaning of his questions. Here the treasurer returned, followed by Jackson. "Were you here this morning at the time you promised Mr. Conway you would be?" the president asked Jackson. Jackson glanced around in surprise at the group he saw inside the vault. "It was an impossibility for me to fulfill my promise," he answered. "An aunt of mine over in Camden who has been ill for some time died last evening, and, as I am her sole relative and heir to what little she possessed, I was compelled to go over to Camden last night. I expected to return in time to keep my word with Mr. Conway. But I was unable to complete the arrangements for the funeral and some other minor matters relating to the will until this morning, and I had only just arrived at the bank when Mr. Smithson (the treasurer) informed me you wished to see me." Then he added, in deep concern: "I sincerely hope the inability to keep my promise has not been the cause of any trouble." "Well, whatever trouble there may be, the blame certainly cannot be attached to you, Mr. Jackson, under the circumstances you have mentioned. You may return to your work," Mr. Perry said, after a long pause. "I intended to ask leave of absence for a few days," Jackson began, in a hesitating manner. "But if anything has happened which would prevent your granting it—" "No, no, nothing has happened which would keep you here. Your request is granted. Every consideration must give way to death," Mr. Perry responded. Jackson thanked the president in his quiet and courteous way and left the vault. "It is past the time for beginning business," the treasurer suggested. The remark aroused Mr. Perry from the troubled and perplexed state the loss of the money had plunged him into. "Is there any cash in the vault?" he asked. "Yes, sir. All the gold and silver and the receipts of yesterday seem to be here," I replied. "Well, get your money out to the windows as quickly as you can, Conway, then come to my room. Mr. Smithson, call the police, and send messengers to the trustees for an immediate meeting. God, what a report to give them!" With a heavy heart and a feeling that I was treading on the verge of a precipice I obeyed his behest. Then I went to his office. Before the door leading out into the vestibule one of the special police of the bank was standing. I smiled bitterly, as I recognized the fact that steps had already been taken to prevent my leaving the bank. Mr. Perry was walking the floor; he motioned to me to be seated. "The trustees will wish to interview you," he said, significantly. "Well, let them. They'll get nothing out of me," I replied, doggedly. The president paused in his walk and threw a searching glance at me. "I would advise you not to incriminate yourself, Conway, before you are accused," he said, coldly. I started to my feet. "I mean just what I say, Mr. Perry. I understand the position I am in. Why, sir, even you, who have been my best friend—I can see, even you, whom I have never given the least cause to doubt my honesty, suspect me." There was such a look came into his face, such a sad look, that it quite unmanned me. "Nelson," he began, "I don't wish to doubt you. I have always considered you one of my safe men. But do you not see, my boy, what is against you? You are the youngest man that has ever held such an important position as you hold in this bank. There was considerable opposition to giving you the place on account of your youth. But I insisted on your advancement and pledged my official word that you would prove faithful to the trust. I had such confidence in you that I did not even consider it necessary to put you on your guard by telling you this at the time." "There was no necessity, sir, to put me on my guard. My duties would not have been performed any better or more honestly and faithfully had I known this. I thank you for your kindness, however." Stung by his implied doubt of me, and knowing my absolute innocence and how I had given my best efforts in the discharge of my duties, I had straightened up proudly. My grandfather before he died had written on the fly-leaf of a primer of mine: "Be strong in adversity; that stamps the man!" I did not realize the full meaning of the words then. But they came to me now in full force. "I am sorry I gave way so. It was a foolish fear. I am innocent of any wrong, and I am confident that my innocence will be proved some time. Until it is, I will try to bear the suspicion as patiently as possible," I said, calmly. Here some members of the examining committee came hurriedly in. "What is this I hear?" "How did it happen?" "Whom do you suspect?" These were some of the exclamations that reached my ear as they crowded around the president. One by one the trustees came in. One of the last to arrive was Mr. Morley, but he passed on to the committee room without noticing me. I thought of Florence, and wondered what she would think of it all. After my happiness of the evening before, to be crushed under such a blow of fate was most cruel. But I resolved not to be

crushed. There came to me a kind of exhilaration of spirit in making this resolve, and when, after awhile, I was summoned before the trustees, it nerved me for the ordeal through which I knew I must pass. After telling all I knew, which I did in as concise a manner as possible, a deluge of questions was hurled at me, nearly every one of the 18 or 20 members of the board taking a hand in the cross-examination. "You say you were out of town last night and did not return until a few minutes before ten this morning?" asked one of the vice presidents. "Yes, sir," I answered. "You have not stated where you were, and how you spent the time," the man continued. "Perhaps the remaining trustees share with me a natural curiosity to know this?" I hesitated in giving answer, noticing which my questioner glanced around triumphantly, as though he had scored a point against me. "You do not answer," he finally said. "Of course you need not if your answer will criminate yourself." "It is not the fear of criminating myself that causes me to hesitate in my answer," I replied, casting an appealing glance in the direction of Mr. Morley. That gentleman turned his eyes toward me, and I thought there was rather a pleased expression about them. He smiled gravely and bowed his head. "I spent the evening at Mr. Morley's place in Fairlawn," I quietly said, interpreting that gentleman's inclination of his head as permission to tell. My answer created some surprise, and all eyes were turned upon Mr. Morley. Such were that gentleman's position and standing that the mere fact that I had visited at his house produced a change in the manner of questioning me. The questions were couched in more respectful terms. "And where did you go from Mr. Morley's place?" the examiner went on. "To the Fairlawn hotel," I replied. "You did not immediately return to the city?" "No, sir, for the reason that I could not. There was no train until the morning." "And you were on that train?" "I was on that train, and arrived in town at a quarter before ten," I calmly replied. "You may be compelled to prove that," continued the vice president, significantly. "Very well, sir; I can do so whenever it is necessary." Here Mr. Morley, who had been only a listener until now, spoke in his grave, dignified manner, and the deferential way the trustees hearkened to his words was an indication of the high regard in which he was held. "We are wasting time," he said. "This method of procedure is futile. I will say that Mr. Conway was a guest at my house last evening. How he spent the time after he left my place I cannot say. But he was on the train this morning, as he said, for I usually take the same train in coming to town, and I saw him." Mr. Morley only stated the cold fact, but nevertheless that he should speak at all in my defense seemed to me a good omen. I was soon asked to retire. As I went out into the president's room, three or four fellows went in. I knew they were detectives. There is no need to tell of the examinations I was compelled to submit to by these same detectives, and how they tried all their art, wheedling, threatening, bullying, to get me to confess to a crime I knew nothing of. For all their trouble they got nothing from me but the truth. When the trustees' meeting broke up, the president came out to me. "Nelson, if you are guilty, and wish to escape the consequences, now is the time to flee the country. The trustees have decided not to have you arrested just yet," he said, with a smile. "They are very kind, sir. But I wish to be arrested. Nothing would please me better than to stand trial," I replied, defiantly. Mr. Morley came through the room as I spoke, and at my loud tone he threw a glance at me. Whether it indicated disgust at what he might consider bravado, or commendation at my daring to take a firm stand on my innocence, I could not say. "You may go home for the rest of the day, Conway," said the president, without looking at me. "Come to my office in the morning. Don't go into the bank-room." I went out unmolested, and slowly walked toward my boarding place. Why should this horrible shadow have fallen, blotting out the bright promising sunshine of my young life? Was it a dream, and would I wake to find it all unreal? Ah, no! The newsboys on the street were already calling: "All about the bank robbery!" and selling their papers rapidly. God help me, it was no dream.



"You do not answer," he finally said.

CHAPTER IV.

All that night I walked the floor, cudgeling my brains over the affair, but could arrive at no satisfactory so-

lution. It seemed impossible that the vault should have been opened, and the currency, the bulk of which would more than fill a bushel basket, abstracted. The fact remained, however, that it was gone. On my way down to the bank the following morning, I bought some newspapers, and eagerly read all the accounts. Every paper, without actually stating the facts in so many words, gave out strong hints that I was somehow connected with the affair. I noticed, also, that passers-by looked around after me. Many men with whom I had a bowing acquaintance turned their heads and pretended not to see me. I realized in great bitterness of spirit that I was already a marked man, suspected, and therefore shunned. It is a lamentable fact that often a suspicion of a man runs through the general public without any just reason. The current in such an event is overwhelming, and it is useless to try to stem it, as I soon realized. When I entered the lobby on my way to Mr. Perry's private office, I was favored by having the curious glances of my former associates thrown at me, but only one of them extended to me a salutation. That one was Horace Jackson, and he smiled as he bowed. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SPIDER FIGHT.

In Which the Combatants Fought Like Small Demons.

I once had a spider pet of a kind the books enabled me to identify. He was a fine, big fellow. I caught him in the garden, carried him home, and for nearly two months he and I took a close interest in each other, he for the flies I introduced to him, and I for the amusement he introduced to me. I kept him in a milliner's box, letting him out when I visited him, specially delighting myself and allowing him to drop from one hand by his fine-spun thread, and then either catching him in the other or gently compelling him to climb back again by apparently eating his own ladder. One day I captured another spider of the same species. I kept him for a few days in a separate box, and then, with the kindly idea of companionship, I introduced him to "Tiger." I have seen dogs fight; I have seen chanticleer fight and slay his man; I have seen rats fight till, with his skull crushed in, one lay dead at the foot of the other; I have seen men fight; I have seen women fight—at least they once were women—till they became a confusion of blood and hair and shredded garments; but the fullest sense I ever realized of mad, murderous passion let ungenerously loose, centered in one destroying aim and summoning every physical energy to its devilish service, I realized when those two spiders rushed to mortal combat. I stood in boyish terror at their tangled legs dropped off, torn by mutual rage; and as, with vicious dexterity, they struck each other with their poisoned fangs, using for their own destruction the weapons and appliances with which nature has provided them for the capture and slaughter of their prey, I visibly turned pale. "Tiger" was the victor; but even while with brutal wrath, all mangled as he was, he bit and spurned his dead and limbless foe, he was seized with symptoms I took to be paralytic, and in a minute or two I helped him to his death. And this fearless gladiator was afraid of, I remember, and never would tackle a big blue bottle fly. What is courage?—Manchester News.

ARMED FOR EMERGENCIES.

Fearless Courage of the Arctic Explorer Nansen.

When Fridtjof Nansen was a young student he attended a ball and danced with many partners. Returning long after midnight through the streets to his lodgings, he heard loud outcries from a woman who was struggling with two ruffians. In another moment the woman broke away from them and ran toward the spot where Nansen was standing. The two men were close behind her in hot pursuit. Nansen was an athlete full of courage and vigor, and put himself on guard as the men approached. He allowed the woman to pass, but called upon the infuriated pursuers to halt, standing directly in their way, and hitting out first at one and then at the other. The ruffians, angered by this unexpected attack, turned resentfully upon the rescuer, and would have overpowered him, and possibly have murdered him, if he had not shown presence of mind. Drawing himself up to his full height and throwing back his coat collar so as to expose the cotillion favors which he had worn during the ball he sternly asked them if they knew who he was. The two assailants, awed by his manner and supposing him to be a royal officer, were at once cowed. They apologized roughly for not recognizing him, dropped their arms, and sneaked off in the opposite direction from that which the woman had taken. This incident of Nansen's youth illustrated at once the fearless courage and the readiness of resource which were to characterize his career as an intrepid explorer.—Youth's Companion.

Worn Out in Service.

Bismarck, who had worn himself out in the service of Germany and of his emperor, rarely referred to his labors for the Fatherland. One morning he and Emperor William were riding together in the park. They had not gone far when Bismarck complained of fatigue. The emperor, who was quite fresh, said, somewhat testily: "How is it that, though I am an older man than yourself, prince, I can always outstride you?" Bismarck's reply was as reproachful as it was epigrammatic. "Ah, sire," he said, "the rider always outlasts the horse."—Youth's Companion.

Quite True.

Mulligan—a phenologist told me I was a very even-tempered man. Mrs. Mulligan—So you are; always in a rage.—Pick-Me-Up.

A WORD OF ADVICE

To Those Coming to Alaska or the Klondike Gold Fields.

One thing should be impressed upon every miner, prospector or trader coming to Alaska, to the Klondike, or the Yukon country, and that is the necessity for providing an adequate and proper food supply. Whether procured in the States, in the Dominion, or at the supply stores here or further on, this must be his primary concern. Upon the manner in which the miner has observed or neglected this precaution more than upon any other one thing will his success or failure depend. These supplies must be healthful and should be concentrated, but the most careful attention in the selection of foods that will keep unimpaired indefinitely under all the conditions which they will have to encounter is imperative. For instance, as bread raised with baking powder must be relied upon for the chief part of every meal, imagine the helplessness of a miner with a can of spoiled baking powder. Buy only the very best flour; it is the cheapest in the end. Experience has shown the Royal Baking Powder to be the most reliable and the trading companies now uniformly supply this brand, as others will not keep in this climate. Be sure that the bacon is sweet, sound and thoroughly cured. These are the absolute necessities upon which all must place a chief reliance, and can under no circumstances be neglected. They may, of course, be supplemented by as many comforts or delicacies as the prospector may be able to pack or desire to pay for.—Alaska Mining Journal.

A book of receipts for all kinds of cookery, which is specially valuable for use upon the trail or in the camp, is published by the Royal Baking Powder Company, of New York. The receipts are thoroughly practical, and the methods are carefully explained, so that the inexperienced may, with its aid, readily prepare everything requisite for a good, wholesome meal, or even dainties if he has the necessary materials. The matter is in compact though durable form, the whole book weighing but two ounces. Under a special arrangement, this book will be sent free to miners or others who may desire it. We would recommend that every one going to the Klondike procure a copy. Address the Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.

A PRETTY INCIDENT.

The Kindness of a Spanish Lady to a Lone Soldier Boy.

A recent traveler in Spain describes a touching scene witnessed at the departure of a regiment for Cuba. All day long there had been heard the measured tread of soldiers marching through the street; all day long gayly bedecked boats had been passing to and from the vessel that was to take them to Havana. The twilight began to deepen when the correspondent saw a "startling and pretty sight"—the impetuous action of a portly, good-looking and well-dressed lady, who noticed a young soldier walking dejectedly along down the pier in his traveling gray, with a knapsack strapped over his shoulders. All the rest of the men had friends, their novias, mothers, relatives, and made the usual gallant effort to look elated and full of hope. This lad had no one, and it might be divined that he was carrying a desolate heart over the seas. The handsome woman burst from her group of friends, took the boy's hand, and said: "My son has already gone to Cuba. He is in the regiment of Andalusia, and sailed two months ago. You may meet him, Pepe G.; take this kiss to him." She leaned and kissed his cheek.

An English boy would have shown awkwardness, but these graceful southerners are never at a loss for a pretty gesture and a prettier word. The boy blushed with pleasure, and still holding the lady's hand, said with quite natural gallantry, without smirk or silly smile: "And may I not take one for myself as well, senora?" The lady reddened, laughed a little nervously, and bent and kissed him again to the frantic applause of soldiers and civilians, while the boy walked on, braced and happy.—Blackwood's Magazine.

He Had Flung Up.

The superior court was in session and the little mountain town was crowded with people. Along about the middle of the day when the judge was worried with a tedious trial, Bill Williams, of the Lick Creek settlement, began galloping up and down the streets on his little red mule, firing off his pistol, whooping like a Sioux, and otherwise dispensing the energy which a liberal supply of corn liquor had inspired. "Mr. Bailiff," commanded the judge, sternly, "go out and arrest that man and bring him into court." The bailiff went timidly out of the courtroom and the judge attempted to proceed with business. But Williams' racket outside did not cease. It grew worse and the judge looked over the room for some one else to send out, and observed the bailiff sitting complacently on one of the back seats. "Look here, Mr. Bailiff, why did you not arrest that disorderly man? Are you not an officer of the court?" "Y-es," replied the bailiff, quaking with fear, "I wuz, but I've done flung up."—Atlanta Journal.

Her Gentle Reminder.

"Grace," he began, "between you and me—" "Bob," she interrupted, "between you and me there should be nothing." And what could he do, in face of this, but move up to her end of the sofa?—Ainslee's Magazine.

Geniality.

A quality often found in men whose whole mental and physical organizations are kept vigorous by diligence and temperance, and in simple-minded men who love fun and comfort without falling into vice or folly.—Judge.

\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Houser's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891. HENRY AUGER, President.

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