

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night, my burden, rest you there,
The working hours are over;
Poor weight, that had to be my care—

GOOD ENOUGH TO BE TRUE.

How a City Reporter Didn't Put System Into a Country Paper He Wanted Run Chicago Style—Fiction, but Good.

Jimmy Spencer walked dubiously down the main street of the town of Willardville.
Jimmy had formerly been a night police reporter on a big metropolitan daily, and in this capacity came in contact with the Hon. Thomas H. Willard, of Willardville, when that gentleman had been benched by a sharper on his last visit to the city.

his feet on your desk puffing stogie smoke in your face about three hours at a stretch, you'll say it isn't necessary to send over to interview him.

"All right," said Jimmy somewhat sullenly. "Who does sporting? Do you send your man out to baseball games and the like?"

"O, yes," said the city editor, cheerily. "He always goes. He's the best pitcher the Willardville Blues have got. That's why he holds his job here. He ain't worth his salt as a reporter, but he's a great pitcher, and the old man gives him a job here so he won't leave town."

"But who covers the games?" said Jimmy. "Do you go out yourself?"

"Yes, generally," said the city editor. "I'm third base."

"You'll have to quit it. I want an unbiased report. Besides, I don't see how you have the time to play."

"Well, you'll have to see the old man. He's crazy about that ball nine, and he'd have fits if I didn't play."

"Well, this staff is hired to edit a paper and not to play ball. I am surprised at Mr. Willard," said James with great dignity. "Who looks after the fires? They should be well covered."

"Not much danger of a fire getting away from us. Everybody in the town goes to the fire. The reporter would sooner miss a meal than a fire. But there hasn't been one here for two weeks. Nor," he added dismally, "does there seem to be any prospect of one."

"How does the paper find out about the fires?" asked the new editor. "Is there an electric alarm in the office that taps the fire off here at the same time it is tapped off in the engine house?"

"Well, no," said the city editor. "There ain't."

"There should be one," said Mr. Spencer. "I shall speak to Mr. Willard and have one put in."

"That's a good idea," said the city editor. The new editor smiled in a superior fashion. "I shall teach them a good many new ideas before I'm done. A fire going is an indispensable part of a newspaper office. I don't see how you've got along here without it."

"Well," said the city editor, "we've worried along somehow. The fire engine house is downstairs in this building, and two of our compositors and the pressman belong to the fire company. The fire bell is upstairs over our head, and the devil of it shows always rings it, and he yanks that bell until you can't hear yourself think until he gets through. The company makes more noise in getting out than a steam calliope, a saw mill, a bursting steam boiler and a brass band ought to make, but still I think, to be up with the times, we ought to have a fire going like the city papers do."

When Editor Spencer returned from lunch he found the following important items, all properly classified and waiting his inspection:

CITY HALL.

Mayor Jake Smith has bought a new team of trotting horses of Lew Stall. Now Hizzoner will give them all a dust.

SOCIETY.

Mrs. Jim Meeth, the wife of the popular bartender, is to give a high-five party at her house next Tuesday, in honor of her niece, Miss Myrtle Scraggles, of Bakertown.

SPORTING.

The Epworth League young people are going to have a croquet set out up in the vacant lot back of the Methodist church next week.

POLICE.

Janitor Mundell and two tramps who were arrested last night for refusing to leave town gave all the windows at the police station a much needed bath to-day. The hobos hated to work, but the janitor pounded them with the soft end of the mop until they took a different view of things.

MUSICAL.

Bill Martin, the enterprising grocer, is learning to play the trombone.

FIRES.

Nothing doing.

SUDDEN DEATHS.

Nothing doing.

ELOPEMENTS.

Nothing doing.

EMBEZZLEMENTS, ETC.

Nothing doing.

MURDERS.

Nothing doing.

OTHER IMPORTANT EVENTS.

The entire local staff of the Eagle and Banner, including the city editor and reporter, have resigned because they are expected to work under a smart Aleck from the city who thinks that a little jay two by four newspaper can be run on the same plan of a metropolitan daily in a city of 2,000,000 where there are things that happen every day, and where the editors and reporters are all paid money for their work instead of orders on the clothing and grocery stores taken for advertising. There have been no murders recorded in Willardville today, but there will be if this idiot doesn't leave town.

Mr. Spencer sat in a train bound for the city that afternoon. "I am going back to the mine," he told the conductor. "The pace down here at Willardville is too fast. I'd have nervous prostration here in a week. Little old Chicago is good enough for me."—Chicago Chronicle.

One Passenger too Many.

A good story going the rounds of the offices of the Metropolitan Street Railway company up in the big building at Broadway and Houston street, concerning the wonderful presence of mind displayed recently by a new conductor on one of the company's trolley cars. This particular car was bowling along up Broadway recently when it was hailed and boarded by a company inspector.

Pekin As It Is Now.

Ruin Wrought by the Allies For Which China Gets No Credit in the indemnity.

A Pekin letter to the London Times says: Seldom has a population had to suffer so severely for the sins of its rulers as the misguided people of Northern China. I have seen countries devastated by war during the Franco-German struggle and during the Russian campaign in the Balkans, but none presented such a scene of desolation as the region traversed by the railway between the mouth of the Peiho and Pekin. It is, of course, in many cases, difficult to distinguish between the destruction wrought by the Boxers and the Chinese troops and that inflicted by the allied forces, and as far as the latter are concerned, allowance must be made both for the legitimate exigencies of warfare and for the natural tendency toward reprisals which a conflict with a barbarous foe is bound to stimulate. Yet it cannot, I fear, be denied that our vaunted civilization has little reason to be proud of the mark which it has left on Northern China in the last year of the nineteenth century. Not that the Chinese themselves have any right to standards; they have been treated, on the whole, with a leniency they can hardly understand, but those are not the standards which Western nations have set up for themselves. From the mouth of the Peiho to Tien-Tsin, and from Tien-Tsin half-way, at least, to Pekin, not a single village, not a single house has been spared. It was formerly one of the most prosperous districts in Northern China; a fertile agricultural district cultivated with all the patience and industry of the Chinese peasant, who found in the neighboring cities of Tien-Tsin and Pekin a ready market for his produce. In normal times it would be at this season have been covered with winter crops ready to burst forth into fruit at the first approach of spring. To-day it is a wilderness. Not a furrow breaks the monotony of the desolated vastness. The once busy roads over which long strings of heavy Chinese carts and beasts of burden plowed their way incessantly from market to market are deserted, the once crowded villages are empty. The whole population seems to have disappeared, save the coolies actually impressed into the service of the allied forces. As one nears Pekin the isolation of the landscape is lessened, but to the right and to the left, especially as one approaches Chien Men, great gaps in the formerly unbroken array of gaudy shops and quaint signboards which lined the long thoroughfares on either side show the ravages of fire during the troubles, one of the greatest conflagrations in the history of the city. The walls of the old city, which the Boxers themselves, who imagined that their tutelary deities would not allow the flames to spread beyond the solitary European drugshop which they had doomed to destruction. The great tower surmounting the Chien Men has itself disappeared, and as one passes through the central archway, formerly closed only for imperial processions, the long vista of open gateways, through which the eye plunges almost into the heart of the Forbidden City, brings home to him with startling suddenness the measure of the blow that has been dealt to the pride of the Celestial empire. If for a moment I had a feeling as of profanation at the reading of the title which, during my former visit to Pekin, in view of the weird fascination the mysterious life concealed behind those portals, that feeling quickly passed away when, turning off into the legation quarter, I was brought face to face with the visible results of the conspiracy hatched behind the pink walls of the imperial palace.

HOW THE LOOTERS LEFT THE PALACE. To-day it is chiefly in the imperial palaces that one can measure the lengths to which some of our allies have gone in their rapine. There are all that are left of the most beautiful of all the imperial residences, and, indeed, the only one that can be called beautiful, an Indian sentry mounts guard over the single chamber in which the British authorities have stored for safety the few articles of inferior value left behind them by the Russians after they had packed off all priceless treasures accumulated by the dowager empress. The winter palace, now occupied by Count Waldersee and the German headquarters staff, has been stripped actually bare, and in the Forbidden City the great bronze lions and peacocks in the courtyards, a few of the sacrificial vessels in the temples, and a number of European clocks in the private apartments are all that are left of the movable ornaments. In one of the small rooms occupied by the emperor one curious relic has, however, been overlooked, which ought to have had a peculiar interest for the Russians. It is a piece of silver plate, representing Russia the Liberator restoring freedom to the Bulgarian people. It was originally made by our ally, the Emperor Alexander, before its presentation to the Sobranie at Sofia, but before its completion Prince Alexander of Battenberg had lost favor in the eyes of the imperial kinsman, and the gift was never forwarded to its contemplated destination. But in 1897, an opportunity was at last found of putting it to a new use, when Prince Ukhtomsky was sent out with presents from the czar to the Son of Heaven. The date and inscription were altered, and though many of the Bulgarian accessories still betrayed its identity, it was passed on to the emperor of China as a symbolical representation of Russia the Liberator restoring to him the Leo-Tong peninsula! If the Emperor Kwang Hsu has any sense of honor he must have appreciated the grins of the joke when Russia, the Liberator, relieved him a few months later of all further destinies of Leo-Tong.

Losses of Filipinos.

Number Captured or Surrendered is Put at Over 37,000. The War Department makes public statistics showing losses by Filipinos in the war.

The compilation of reports covers the period up to June 17th, 1901, the total number of Filipinos captured or surrendered was 21,497, together with 5,048 rifles, 56 field pieces, over 3,000 shells, 273,800 rounds of ammunition and 19 tons of powder. From January 1st to April 15th the number of captures includes 247 officers, 2,459 men; the number surrendered were 820 officers and 6,492 men, making a total of 1,067 officers 8,951 men, or a grand total up to that date of 31,415 Filipinos captured. To this is to be added 1,998 rifles captured and 4,300 surrendered, a total of 6,298. 42,000 rounds of ammunition, 408 bolts and 246 pieces of cannon.

Signed By The Governor.

HARRISBURG, June 21.—Governor Stone today approved the following bills: Private for the immediate printing and distribution of advance sheets of laws of this commonwealth as they are enacted from time to time.

To prevent the importation and sale of dressed carcasses of lambs and sheep with the hoofs on.

Relating to collection of city, school and poor taxes in cities of this class and providing that the city treasurer of such cities shall be the collectors of these taxes.

To provide for the registration of labels, trademarks, trade names, designs, devices, shop marks, terms, brands, designations, descriptions or forms of advertisement and protect and secure the rights, property and interest therein of the persons co-partnership or corporations adopting and filing the same.

Even Rats Have Their Uses.

Life's monotony is a blessing, and not in disguise, for they contribute directly to longevity, health and happiness. The long lived man is not the adventurer, the explorer, the plunger, the man who has worries; but he who takes the world as he finds it and slips along through life with as little friction as possible, forms easy going habits, sticks to them and cares not one straw for the opinions of men who say that he is in a rut. He is healthy, because he has peace of mind and regularity of life; he is happy, because life is healthy and in a good, smooth, comfortable rut, which he prefers to the macadam on the sides of the road. Goldsmith's pastor, who had spiritual charge of the deserted village, who never had changed or wished to change his place, is an excellent example of the man who makes the most of out of the monotony of life.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

At a Disadvantage.

Mrs. Bingo—You are perfectly welcome to another piece of cake, Willie, but I am afraid it will make you sick. Your mother told me particularly to give you but one piece.

enchants who still hang about the imperial house are only less offensive than the only smile to which they train their evil countenances in the presence of the hated foreigner. Sturdy weeds have grown up between the marble flags of the spacious courts, and pools of fetid water lurk beneath the marble bridges of ornamental streams. Here and there a magnificent array of gilded lions and bronze vases of the Ming dynasty or the painted fretwork of a cloisonne screen behind an ancestral shrine serves only to brighten by force of contrast the general sense of desolation.

In the streets of the capital the same sense of desolation prevails. Some of the chief thoroughfares have resumed in a measure their normal physiognomy, varied only by the incongruous presence of the Bengal lancer or the German uhlan, the French zouave, or the Italian marine. But most of the streets are comparatively deserted even in the busiest hours of the day, and at night the whole city is hushed in unaccustomed silence. The stillness is no longer broken by itinerant hawkers and story tellers, nor by the bawling runners of high officials proceeding long before daybreak, to the imperial audience chamber. Even the music of the pigeons as they circled in the early morning among the trees with a sort of Jew's harp strung about their necks has ceased. No one knew exactly what the population of Pekin was before the troubles, and still less does any one know what it is to-day. To judge by the appearance of the streets it might well have diminished by one half, and women are more than ever rarely seen. The majority of the upper classes have fled, and the once familiar sight of high officials, with their motley crowd of retainers, borne by swift bearers in their curtained chairs and from their Yamens, or Manchu ladies of rank and fashion doing their rounds of fashion in closed carts with red hangings, has entirely disappeared. In some quarters almost all the houses are closely shut up, though many of them are doubtless not untenanted, and foreign flags alone relieve the gray monotony of long silent streets ankle deep in the accumulated winter's dust. The amount of bunting displayed by the inhabitants seems to vary in inverse proportion to the confidence inspired among the natives by the nationality to whose administrative mercies they have been committed.

The Germans govern, as usual, with a somewhat heavy hand, and the streets in the German quarter make as brave a show of black, white and red bunting as any German village on Sedan Day, while in the British quarter, where the Chinese appear to be relatively friendly and contented, not a single union jack is to be seen. That the people of Pekin are at least temporarily subdued, the clinging attitude which has replaced the sullen scowls or open insolence of former times conclusively shows. But the old spirit still lurks beneath the surface, and of late especially the belief has been reported to be especially among the populace that the heroes of the Boxer movement are not dead but only asleep, and will wake up again to smite the foreigners as soon as the sap rises in the trees. If ever the present negotiations reach an end and the time arrives for evacuating Pekin, there will be an awkward period of transition during the withdrawal of the troops and the restoration of responsible Chinese authority. In the meantime, whatever of the glory and glamor of the East still clings to Pekin has departed, probably forever; the havoc alone remains.

Ice Caves.

One of them Near Flagstaff, Ariz., is Now Supplying Ice for Summer Use. Several years ago a man who was wandering over the lava fields in the pine woods, nine miles from Flagstaff, discovered a narrow slit in the lava, which opened to lead into a lateral and much larger opening. The slit was wide enough for a man to squeeze his way into it. At the bottom, about twenty feet from the surface, a low chamber opened on one side, which was found to extend about 300 feet. At the further end the roof was high enough for a man to stand erect. It was in the month of August, a large bank of ice was heaped against the farther wall, but the rest of the cavern seemed to be dry.

In the following March the cave was visited again and found to be as full of ice as it could hold. It is now a source of ice supply for the hot months of the summer. The ice melts away as the summer advances, but early in the season there is a large amount, most of which is now utilized. The ice is split into large pieces, hauled to the surface with block and tackle and carried away by the cartload.

A Horse Frightened to Death.

Last Thursday Professor Milton Wright, of Cass township, drove to Mapleton to do some marketing. On his way home, after passing the Railroad school house above town, day express east came in sight. At this point the road parallels the railroad. The horses stopped suddenly, one of them commenced quivering at the sight of the passing train and dropped dead. It was a valuable animal in good healthy condition and the only explanation to be made is that the horse was literally frightened to death.—Mapleton Items.

A Physician Says.

"Girls in feeble health should take a tramp through the woods or fields every day." But suppose a tramp should object to being taken through the woods or fields every day?—New Jersey Mirror.

Tom Sloan's Earnings.

At the Age of Twenty-Eight He is Making a Hundred Thousand a Year.

James Todhunter Sloan is taken, all in all, as the best jockey of the American turf to-day. Notwithstanding his egotism, turfmen agree that he has done most to revolutionize the art of riding. Born at Kokomo, Ill., in August, 1873, and raised by foster parents, he began to earn his living by inflating balloons for a professional aeronaut. This business he followed until his brother put him in a racing stable at Pueblo, Col.

"Sloan gave evidence then of a trait that has well served him in his calling, namely, kindness to dumb animals and thorough appreciation of their nature. When Sloan enters a paddock down here, a trainer at Sheephead Bay told me, 'and speaks aloud, horses that he has once ridden recognize his voice and turn to look in his direction.'"

"A good race horse," says this learned youth, "is the best judge of human character. He knows you better than you know him."

Sloan is five feet and three-quarters of an inch in height, has a chest measurement of thirty six inches and wears a seven and three-quarters hat. He is fond of fine clothes and big, fat cigars, makes as much as \$100,000 a year and spends money freely. While riding for August Belmont at Saratoga one season he engaged a \$50 suite of rooms at the Grand Union Hotel, and was comfortably situated there when Mr. Belmont himself arrived, accompanied by his wife.

"How much is this suite per day?" he asked the clerk, pointing to the dial. "Forty dollars, Sir," was the reply.

"Oh, too much! too much!" exclaimed the multi-millionaire. "Give me something cheaper. How about that one?" pointing to the adjoining apartments.

"That's \$50," said the clerk, "but it's occupied."

"Looking over the register, Mr. Belmont saw that the occupants were James Todhunter Sloan and valet."

"Well," he decided, "I guess I'll take that \$40 suite."

A Little Talk on Tact.

It is not always the best-looking woman, nor the one who has the greatest amount of brains, who is the most successful on popular tact. It is the tact, or the faculty of saying a thing in the best possible way, at precisely the right time, is one of the most useful of qualities to a woman, and if she possesses it she is often able to make an impression where her more brilliant and more beautiful sisters fail.

Born of sympathy and quick perception of the feelings and wants of others, tact smoothes over many unpleasantnesses which arise, and enables one to turn around the corners of life without giving offense. The very word "tact," meaning touch; and tact implies the faculty of being in touch with the feelings of others. It is the perception which enables us to enter instinctively into their thoughts and their interests. In its truest and best sense, it is the outcome of a kind heart and a very generous consideration of others. Tactlessness frequently arises from want of thought. One must learn to forget one's self and to study the character of those around, always ready to do a kind act and exercising a firm self-control.

Now and then you meet people in this world who affect to despise the aid of tact. They say it glosses over falsehood when it should be plainly revealed and encourages deception. They make it their duty, under the guise of plain speaking, to wound other's feelings, little thinking of the hurt and the harm they may be doing and forgetting that tact can be used in the telling of a disagreeable truth without the truth losing any of its force, whereas the expression of a truth in a tactless way generally defeats its own object.

The Other Talent.

A club society near Boston gave an entertainment for the benefit of one of the numerous charities, and at the end of the evening one of the gentlemen in charge was paying several people for their services in connection with the affair.

Finally he approached the boy who had blown the organ and said, "Well, Willie, how much do we owe you for your work this evening?"

"The boy looked at him in genuine surprise. "Why, Mr. W.," said he, "don't the rest of the talent give their services?"

"—In a town in Kansas there is a Sunday school superintendent whose temporal vocation is running a dry goods store. On a recent Sunday he carefully explained the lesson and then said: "Does any one wish to ask a question?" "Yes, Mr. Barnes," said a little girl in great excitement. "How much is those little red parasols in your show window?"

An Inference.

"One thing I like about her is that she never gossips," said one woman.

"Noneless!" said Miss Cayenne. "That doesn't indicate amiability. It merely shows that she has no friends who will intrust her with a secret."—Washington Star.

Most Likely.

Wife—I somehow just feel in my bones that we will go to Europe this summer.

Husband—In which bone do you feel it most?

Wife—Well, I don't exactly know, but I guess it's my wishbone.—Judge.

—All tramps applying at the Lebanon county almshouse for food and lodging will be put to work in the stone quarries, on the county poor farm, and given a bread and water diet. Wardens will be appointed to oversee the labor of the tramps in the quarries.

SHE DIDN'T WEAR A MASK.—But her beauty was completely hidden by sores, blotches and pimples till she used Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Then they vanished as will all eruptions, fever sores, boils, ulcers, and felon from its use. Infalible for cuts, corns, burns, scalds and piles. Cure guaranteed. 25c. at Green's.

Sunspots and Rainfall.

Sir Norman Lockyer, director of the Solar Physics Observatory at South Kensington, and professor of astronomical physics in the Royal College of Science is the author of a suggestive article in the June number of the North American Review on "Sunspots and Rainfall."

Sir Norman is one of the greatest living authorities on solar science, having devoted many years of his life to the successful study of that subject; and it occurred to him some time ago that there might be some connection between sunspots and the conditions of drought which occurred from time to time in India, which occasioned the distressing and destructive famines there. Could such a connection be established, he reasoned, the famines could be anticipated, so that steps might be taken in advance to mitigate their effects. With this beneficent purpose Sir Norman and his son began a series of experiments which have gone far toward proving the correctness of his surmise, and which he describes and explains in his article in the June North American Review.

Similar theories as to the relation between sun spots and terrestrial phenomena have been entertained by scientists for many years. Sir Norman Lockyer says: "It was in 1801, just a century ago, that Sir William Herschel attacked the question whether the price of wheat in England was in any way related to the appearance of many or few spots on the sun's surface."

"The inquiry then was a daring one; for, however perfect our national statistics may have been in relation to the price of wheat, there was nowhere kept a continuous record of the changes visible on the earth's surface, nor had there been any serious attempt made to determine the law underlying them. Still, what data there were enabled Herschel to arrive at the conclusion that the price of wheat was highest when there were fewest spots."

Horsewhip for Bridegroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wood, who were married on Monday following the consent of Mrs. Wood's mother, Mrs. C. W. Burton, called at the latter's home in Babylon, L. I., on Wednesday afternoon to seek her forgiveness. They were met at the door by Mrs. Burton, who is also aunt of the groom.

Mrs. Wood asked her mother for her belongings, whereupon Mrs. Burton flew into a passion, declaring that she had been treated shamefully, and would never have given her consent to the marriage. She then got a bucket of water and a horsewhip, dashed the water over her son-in-law, and then proceeded to horsewhip him.

Mrs. Burton's husband, who is the bride's stepfather, appeared and endeavored to pacify his wife, but he also was used roughly. The bridegroom then started to run, and was followed by Mrs. Burton some distance.

Mrs. Wood's mother later sent word to the bride that she could come and get her belongings, but she must not bring her husband with her.

Got More for the Money.

A gentleman living in a rural part of England sent his coachman to a neighboring village for 5 shillings' worth of penny stamps.

After a time John returned from his tramp of two miles.

His face wore a self satisfied look when he came into his employer's presence.

"Got th' stamps, John?"

"Yes, sir," the man replied, handing over a batch of half-penny stamps.

"I said penny stamps, John, and you have got half-penny ones."

"Yes, sir," the smile widened. "I asked for 5 shillings' worth of stamps, and the postmaster says, 'Half-penny or penny?' 'Do you sell half-penny stamps?' I asked."

"Yes," said he. "Well, I says, 'if you can buy stamps for a half-penny, what's the use of payin a penny?' An I bought the half-penny stamps, sir."—London Telegraph.

Interesting to Geologists.

A discovery of much interest to geologists has recently been made about the Yellowstone river. It seems to have been established beyond doubt that Yellowstone lake, now the head of the river, once flowed off southward into Snake river. At that time a comparatively small stream followed the course of the Yellowstone canyon, which had then nothing like its present great depth. The head of this stream gradually sank its way back until it cut the divide that enclosed the basin of the lake, and by this diverting the waters of the latter formed the Yellowstone river.

The Other Talent.

A club society near Boston gave an entertainment for the benefit of one of the numerous charities, and at the end of the evening one of the gentlemen in charge was paying several people for their services in connection with the affair.

Finally he approached the boy who had blown the organ and said, "Well, Willie, how much do we owe you for your work this evening?"

"The boy looked at him in genuine surprise. "Why, Mr. W.," said he, "don't the rest of the talent give their services?"

An Inference.

"One thing I like about her is that she never gossips," said one woman.

"Noneless!" said Miss Cayenne. "That doesn't indicate amiability. It merely shows that she has no friends who will intrust her with a secret."—Washington Star.

Most Likely.

Wife—I somehow just feel in my bones that we will go to Europe this summer.

Husband—In which bone do you feel it most?

Wife—Well, I don't exactly know, but I guess it's my wishbone.—Judge.

—All tramps applying at the Lebanon county almshouse for food and lodging will be put to work in the stone quarries, on the county poor farm, and given a bread and water diet. Wardens will be appointed to oversee the labor of the tramps in the quarries.

SHE DIDN'T WEAR A MASK.—But her beauty was completely hidden by sores, blotches and pimples till she used Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Then they vanished as will all eruptions, fever sores, boils, ulcers, and felon from its use. Infalible for cuts, corns, burns, scalds and piles. Cure guaranteed. 25c. at Green's.

DAILY SCHEDULE OF WILLARDVILLE EAGLE AND BANNER. Foreign..... Domestic..... Local..... County Building..... City Hall and Other Public Buildings..... Society..... Police..... Musical..... Sudden Deaths..... Murders..... Elopelements..... Embezlements..... Other Important Events.....