

FOUR MINERS KILLED

Terrible Explosion in Buttonwood Mine Near Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Wilkes-Barre, Feb. 19.—A terrific explosion occurred in the Buttonwood mine, operated by the Parrish Coal Company, in Hanover township, about two miles from this city. The explosion caused the death of four men.

It occurred in a small structure known as a timberman's shanty, located along the gangway a short distance from the foot of the shaft. In this shanty was stored a lot of giant powder and this exploded. A number of company hands were at work on Saturday night in the mine, and it is thought that they went to the shanty to rest and get warm, at the same time eating lunch. The supposition is that the heat from the steampipes became too intense and finally ignited the powder and exploded it.

The four men killed are: William Mentz, aged 25, single; John Taylor Williams, aged 30, leaves wife and two children; Owen O. Anthony, aged 45, leaves wife and eight children, and Anthony Shulrun, Polish, aged 35, leaves wife and one child.

The four men were in the centre of the concussion and were tossed about like feathers in a windstorm. Three of the men met instant death and their bodies were mutilated and dismembered in a most ghastly manner. The fourth man, Anthony Shulrun, died a few hours later at the city hospital. His head was crushed and several ribs were broken.

PLANNED WHOLESALE MURDERS Officials of Western Miners Implicated in Confession.

Boise, Idaho, Feb. 20.—Charles E. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners; William D. Hayward, secretary of the same organization, and G. A. Pettibone, a former member of the executive board of the Federation, who were arrested in Denver, charged with complicity in the assassination of Frank Steunenberg, former governor of Idaho, arrived at Boise in custody of a strong guard of Idaho and Colorado officers.

The prisoners are implicated through the confession said to have been made by Harry Orchard, who is in jail charged with the Steunenberg murder. Orchard's alleged confession, it is asserted, disclosed a plot to kill former Governor James Peabody, of Colorado; William H. Gabbert, chief justice of the Colorado supreme court, and John Campbell, former chief justice. Orchard is said to have confessed that wholesale assassinations were planned at the headquarters of the Western Federation of Miners in Denver, chiefly by refugees from the camps at Cripple Creek and Telluride.

Orchard's alleged confession purports to give details of the plot to assassinate former Governor Steunenberg at Caldwell, Idaho, from its inception, according to a dispatch from Boise. Since the confession was secured more than two weeks ago detectives have verified many of the details.

TO PROBE OIL AND COAL TRUSTS House Sub-Committee Agrees On Resolution.

Washington, Feb. 20.—Investigation by the interstate commerce commission of alleged monopoly of oil and coal by combinations of railroads and other corporations, is authorized by a compromise resolution agreed upon by a sub-committee of the house committee on interstate and foreign commerce appointed to consider the Tillman and Gillespie resolution and agree upon a measure which will be reported to the entire house committee on interstate and foreign commerce. A combination of the Tillman, Gillespie and Campbell resolutions was effected.

MITCHELL NOT IN POLITICS Miners' Leader Declines Nomination For Congress.

New York, Feb. 20.—John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers of America, received a telegram from Peoria, Ill., in which he was offered the Democratic nomination for congress to represent that district. Mr. Mitchell immediately replied to the convention, then in session in Peoria, declining the nomination. He stated that he would not accept any political office while head of the mine workers. Mr. Mitchell lives at Spring Valley, Ill.

CHARGED WITH MURDER President and Secretary of Western Federation of Miners Arrested.

Denver, Colo., Feb. 19.—Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, and Charles D. Hayward, secretary, were arrested on a charge of complicity in the murder of former Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho. The arrest was made at the request of the authorities and an officer is here from Idaho to take the men to that state.

Talk of Trolleys By Canal. Pottsville, Pa., Feb. 19.—It is stated here that a company of Pottsville and Philadelphia capitalists has been formed to get possession of the Schuylkill canal, now practically abandoned by the Reading company, and operate it with electric trolley boats from Schuylkill Haven to Philadelphia. Through express boats for passengers, and others designed to give quick haulage of coal and other freight, are contemplated.

When Lung Sing Whistled

By CLAUDE PAMARES

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The foreman at the Star ranch had come up to the house in the middle of the afternoon on some errand, and as he passed the cook house where Lung Sing was scouring his pots and pans he heard a sound that caused him to stop in his tracks and exclaim: "Well, I'll be hanged!"

Lung Sing was whistling. He had been cook at Star ranch for over a year and had never been heard to whistle before. Indeed, he never hummed, never smiled, never talked unless directly spoken to. He was put down as surly and crossgrained, but as he was a good cook and as none of the men cared a copper whether he talked or not he still held his place.

"What's the matter?" asked Colonel Spear's wife, who was mistress of the ranch, as the foreman finally reached the door.

"That heathen back there is whistling."

"Well, can't a heathen whistle?"

"There is no law against it, but Lung Sing has been here over a year, and this is his first toot. Wonder what has happened to chirk him up?"

"I can't say. I had him in here an hour ago and told him that he'd have to take the buckboard tomorrow morning and drive over to Pine Hill to meet Fannie Williams. She's coming on to stay with us a month or two, you know. They think something is the matter with her lungs, and the doctor has recommended this climate. The colonel has got to go over to Wolf Creek, and, of course, the rest of you are busy."

"But—but I don't like the idea," said the foreman as he scratched his head.

"Why don't you?"

"Because Lung Sing is whistling. When a heathen whistles look out for him."

The woman laughed and turned away, and a minute later the foreman was walking off. He passed the cook house again, and the Chinaman was still whistling softly to himself.

"He's at it again, and I'll bet he's up to some deviltry. I'll tell the boys to keep an eye on him."

As soon as he had cooked the men's breakfast next morning Lung Sing set out on his ten mile drive to the railroad. He was given many words of caution by the colonel's wife, and he promised over again to drive slowly and bring the girl and her trunk safely to the ranch. His face was as impassive as a washboard until he had left the house half a mile behind him; then he puckered his mouth and began to whistle. Between whistles he grinned and smiled.

An hour and a half later he drove up to the little station on the plains, and when the train came in his passenger stepped from one of the parlor cars. Lung Sing welcomed her with a grunt. He grunted again as he put her baggage aboard the vehicle, and he put on a blank look as the station agent said to the girl:

"I suppose he's the cook over at the Star and they sent him because all the others were busy."

"Oh, I'll excuse him," laughed the girl as she settled herself. And next moment Lung Sing was driving away.

It was in June, and the weather was cool and pleasant, and the girl almost forgot the man beside her as mile after mile was passed. Once or twice she was conscious that he was whistling, but as she didn't know whether Chinamen usually whistled or not she did not give the matter a second thought. She had been informed by letter that the drive from the station to the ranch house would not occupy over two hours at the farthest. That meant her arrival by noon. Her watch showed her when that hour had come round, but she could see no sign of civilization. In fact, she saw that the vehicle had left the road, such as it was, and was proceeding over the unmarked plains.

"Are we almost there?" she asked as she turned to Lung Sing and spoke for the first time since leaving the station.

"Little while—little while," he replied as he stared straight ahead.

"But how is it that you are off the road?"

"Load alle light."

A minute later the Chinaman was whistling. It wasn't the honest whistle of an American, but there was something hypocritical and deceiving about it. The girl had nothing further to say. The man would not have been sent if he hadn't been all right, and if he had left the track it was probably to take a short cut and reach the house all the sooner. It was not until her watch marked 1 o'clock and the vehicle was being driven among the scrub pines and cedars, along a stretch of foothills, that the girl turned and seized Lung Sing by the arm and exclaimed:

"I know you are not taking me to the ranch house! What do you mean by this?"

"Alle light—alle light," replied the Celestial as he hurried the horse forward.

"But it is not all right! Let me out at once!"

He seized her with one hand to hold her in the seat while he guided the horse with the other, but in the struggle the animal was reined into a tree, and the vehicle stuck fast. Then Lung Sing developed the plot that had been working in his brain ever since the moment he was told that he must drive over for the visitor.

With a fierce scowl on his face, in his pigeon English he ordered the girl to proceed in a certain direction. For-

ty rods beyond where she had left the buckboard there was a rocky bluff hidden under the cedars and in the bluff a cave of considerable dimensions. Upon entering the cave he tied the girl's hands and feet and then retraced his steps. The vehicle was backed off the brink of a gorge, the harness flung over it, and then the man led the horse into a thicket and cut its throat.

When he reappeared at the cave he unbound his victim and lay down on a flat stone at the mouth and told her his plans. He had heard of brigands and holdups and abductions. He had abducted her and would hold her captive until Colonel Spear was willing to come down with \$5,000 in cash and promise not to set the law on his trail. He had been wondering for several years how he could make a grand coup, but fate had never aided him before. He knew the Chinese cook at Crescent ranch and through him could get provisions and open communication with the colonel. She would be well treated, but she would be held captive in the cave until results could be brought about.

Lung Sing rested on his right side and elbow as he told his story. The sun had got far in the west, and as it shone over the hill forming the roof of the cave it cast shadows down in front. As the story was finished, and it had been listened to without a word in reply, Lung Sing began to whistle. He had brought his plot safely thus far and felt that he had a right to whistle. As he whistled a new shadow appeared among the shadows. It fell upon the flat stone at the Chinaman's heels and was so clean cut that the girl drew in her breath at sight of it. She knew it for the head of a great cat. The head moved to and fro, and the ears worked backward and forward, and all the time the man lying there was whistling to himself. He may have wondered why the captive did not shed tears and appeal to his mercy, or he may have mentally praised her for the bold front she put on. She was ready enough to weep, and she would have appealed but for that shadow. It fascinated her and for the time being made her oblivious of her situation. Sometimes it disappeared for a moment, but always to reappear and to seem to grow larger and become more menacing. By and by Lung Sing ceased to whistle and said:

"I tie you up again and go away."

He had lifted himself off his elbow when there was a scowling so fierce that the hills rang, and a tawny body alighted on the recumbent Chinaman, struggled with him for a moment, and then was gone from sight among the cedars. The girl rose up and stared, but Lung Sing was gone as well. The big mountain lion had carried him off as easily as a cat carries a mouse.

"Didn't I tell you?" said the foreman of the Star ranch at midnight that night when the girl had been found wandering on the plains and brought in by a searching party. "It isn't in the nature of a Chinaman to whistle. He just sulks and grunts. When you find him whistling, look out for him, for there'll be mischief to pay in some shape."

Steelyards Still Popular.

"It beats me," said a clerk in a hard ware store, "how the old fashioned steelyards hold their own. I can remember how popular they were with certain farmers' wives when I was a boy in the country and what a delight it was to me to be allowed to try my hand at weighing a roll of butter or a bag of wool. But even then the women and children were the only persons who seemed to take much stock in steelyards. The tradesmen who bought out produce very flatly said that the figures represented by steelyards not only could but did tell lies, and they proceeded to weigh all our stuff over again on scales that were supposed to have the quality of truthfulness.

"Up to the present day steelyards have had the reputation of being unreliable, but in spite of their ill repute people still buy them. Just why so many householders and tradesmen retain their fondness for an antiquated style of weighing machine when there are so many new and approved patterns on the market is a puzzle, but even though mystified we keep a supply on hand for the benefit of those who stick to the old way of doing things."—New York Press.

Qualified to Practice.

When John Hay was crossing the Atlantic in 1865 on his way to Paris to serve as secretary of legation he told the following anecdote to one of his fellow travelers: On applying for admission to the bar of Illinois he was summoned to appear before a committee of prominent Chicago lawyers to be examined as to his qualifications.

He went to the place appointed and found the committee assembled, but for a long time they took no notice of the young candidate, but continued talking vigorously together on various subjects. At last one of the lawyers, turning to him, said:

"Mr. Hay, what would you do if a client should come to you with such a case as this?" and proceeded to describe very elaborately a complicated legal case.

"I should ask for a retaining fee of \$50," promptly replied Mr. Hay, "and tell him to call tomorrow."

"Mr. Hay, you are admitted," said the gentleman, and with a hearty laugh from all present the proceedings closed.

Knew He Was Worshipped.

"In Paris Mr. Whistler and an English painter got into a very turbulent argument about Velasquez at a studio tea," said an artist. "Mr. Whistler at one point in the argument praised himself extravagantly. The Englishman, listening, sneered, and said at the end: 'It's a good thing we can't see ourselves as others see us.'"

"Isn't it, though?" said Mr. Whistler. "I know, in my case, I should grow intolerably conceited."

THE LAST DAY
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1906
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The American Chameleon. The American chameleon, a small lizard (Anolis carolinensis), inhabits various parts of the southern United States. The little animal has the remarkable habit of quickly and completely changing its colors, varying from brown to yellow or pale green. Its food consists of insects. The little animal is perfectly harmless to higher forms of life, is often kept as a pet and has been worn attached to a chain as an ornament. The toes are provided with adhesive pads, which enable the lizard to run upon smooth vertical surfaces.—St. Nicholas.

The First Knitting Machine. Historic mention of hand knitting is first found in the books of the time of Queen Elizabeth, though it is known that it was one of the arts of the Pomepians. The first machine for knitting was the invention of one William Lee, who made application for a patent in England in 1589. On being refused a patent by the English authorities he forthwith departed for France and soon afterward set up a large factory at Rouen. The Lee machine, which remained the same as it was 200 years before, was introduced in the colonies during the Revolutionary war. A sharp Yankee improved on it and set up the first United States stocking factory at Cohoes, N. Y., in 1832. A great lie is like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and fling and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still and it will die of itself.—Crabbe.

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