

FIVE MEN KILLED.

SIX OTHERS INJURED, TWO PERHAPS FATALLY.

TERRIBLE RESULT OF A BOILER EXPLOSION IN A NAIL FACTORY AT TOWANDA.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 27.—A special to the Times says: The rolling mill and nail factory at Towanda, Bradford county, operated by Bostley, God-charles & Co., was partially wrecked this afternoon at 5 o'clock by the explosion of a boiler, the disaster resulting in the instant death of five men and injury of six other workmen, two of them perhaps fatally. The dead are: Sanford B. Smith, puddler, married; Richard Ackerly, puddler, married; John Bostwick, roller, married; Guy Herman, helper, married; Isaac Bandford, helper, single.

The fatally injured are: Charles Zebich, terribly burned by molten metal; James Rider, both legs broken and internally injured.

The force of the explosion was terrific, lifting the entire roof of the southern portion of the mill, tearing away the rafters and girders, leaving the whole mass crashing into the mill and on the terrified force of workmen, who were scattering in every direction and crouching behind all kinds of obstacles to escape the fury of the hissing steam, which was filling the structure from the nest of boilers that were displaced and broken in their steam connections by the exploding boiler, pieces of which were hurled through the mill. The larger portion of the bursted boiler was carried through the side of the mill landing away in a mass of scrap iron, fully 150 feet.

The explosion's sound was heard all through the town, and crowds rushed to the mill to learn its effect. Workmen were soon marshalled by Richard A. Bostley and Simon Rendell, members of the firm, and they speedily removed the debris and released the men who were buried in it, and also recovered the bodies of the killed, some of whom were badly mangled and scalped.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—About 300 feet of the Lake Shore Gas Coal Company's tippie, at Ciera Station, on the Pittsburgh, McKeesport and Youngbushen Railroad, tumbled down on the morning of the 26th, while two men and 14 loaded cars were upon it. The superintendent, Weaser and his brother, were fatally injured. The tippie was about 50 feet high, and was built three years ago.

—A serious break occurred on the morning of the 26th on the Erie Canal at Shelby's basin, two miles east of Middleport, New York. Forty feet of the embankment on the heel path went out and navigation was stopped. The quarries in the vicinity were flooded.

—Information has been received in Little Rock, Arkansas, of a negro riot at Jordan Brook, near Lockesburg, resulting in the death of several and the wounding of many others. For some time the negroes of Sevier county have been spending their Saturday nights in a jubilee ceremony in the woods near Jordan Brook, on the evening of the 24th, there was a large gathering. A great quantity of whisky was drunk and then the fighting commenced. The women ran away and the men fired at each other without knowing whom they were shooting at.

—The gang of robbers that has been operating extensively in Greene county, Pa., and Wetzel, West Virginia, since 1875, is at last in a fair way to be broken up. Charles Gorby, a suspected Greene county man, arrested on the 23d, has made a confession covering 14 years' operations of the gang. Six arrests have been made, while many others to follow.

—A boiler in the nail factory of Goodcharles & Co., at Towanda, Pa., exploded on the afternoon of the 27th, killing five men and injuring six others, two of them perhaps fatally. The killed are: Richard Ackerly, Sanford B. Smith, John Boentwick, Isaac Bandford and Guy Herman. J. Ryder and George Zebick will probably die. Two boys, aged from 12 to 15 years, who took refuge in a stack of corn-stalks during a thunder storm near Delacata, Mexico, on the 26th, were struck and killed by lightning. A cloudburst in the vicinity of Rockingham, North Carolina, on the 26th destroyed the dams and damaged the machinery of the Pee Dee, the Roherdee, the Great Falls, the Midway and the Ledbetter Mills. The loss is estimated at \$100,000. Five hundred hands are thrown out of employment. The railroad track of the Carolina Road for 15 miles is more or less torn up.

—A despatch from Bessemer, Michigan, says that Gustave Fliscelin, of Belleville, Michigan, who was shot twice by a highwayman on the afternoon of the 26th, near Lake Geogebie, is not expected to live. The wounds of the two others shot are very slight. There is no trace of the robber. His description tallies with that of the train robber who held up the Milwaukee and Northern train at Ellis Junction on May 28th, and the Wisconsin Central train on August 7th. His name is Reimund Holzhay, and his residence is at Shawano, Shawano county, Wisconsin. He is wanted by the Government, two railroad companies and others for murder and highway robbery. The rewards offered for his capture aggregate \$2500.

—S. Mason Smith, member of the New York Democratic State Committee from the Rome district, was found unconscious at the foot of an embankment near Rome, on the morning of the 27th. It appears that while driving home alone on the evening of the 26th he was seized with paralysis and his unguided horse went over the embankment, throwing him out of the carriage. There is little chance of his recovery. A later despatch says that Smith died on the afternoon of the 27th, and that certain circumstances indicate that he met with foul play. When found his face was covered with a handkerchief, and there was a contusion on his cheek

more severe than would have been caused by a simple fall.

—At Goodland, Indian Territory, on the evening of the 26th, Captain Joseph Everidge shot and killed his brother-in-law, William Luther. Everidge, Luther, W. H. Ford and one Purcell all had married sisters. A feud arose in which, about a year ago, Luther killed Ford and Purcell. On the evening of the 27th he attempted to kill Everidge, who is a detective on the "Frisco" road, but was shot as he drew his pistol. Herman Kerl, a shoemaker, was kicked to death in Martin Lavin's boarding house, in Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, on the evening of the 26th, by Lavin, his mother and their hangers on. Kerl objected to being robbed.

—A sharp shock of earthquake, the severest experienced there for several years, occurred at Los Angeles, California, at 6:13 on the evening of the 27th. It began with a slight tremor, which lasted a few seconds, then the vibrations grew stronger, and ended with two heavy shakes. The entire duration of the disturbance was about ten seconds. Clocks were stopped and ceilings cracked. A slight earthquake, lasting about five seconds, was felt on the 27th, at Pasadena, California.

—Charles W. Thompson, merchant and postmaster at Thompson's Post-office, Montgomery county, Maryland, has been arrested on charges of forgery amounting to about \$300. He resisted arrest with a knife and pistol, but was overpowered and committed to jail. E. W. Pierce, ex-postmaster of Lenox, California, has been arrested for embezzling money order funds. A lady guest at Plank's Tavern, in St. Joseph, Michigan, was robbed of money and jewelry on the evening of the 26th to the value of \$750. The burglar entered through a window from the porch, ransacking three rooms, but securing booty in only one. No arrests have been made.

—A despatch from Chicago says that a desperate attempt was made on the evening of the 27th to assassinate Gus Klahre, the tin-smith, who last week identified Martin Burke as the man for whom he soldered together a tin box on May 6th, which, it is supposed, contained the clothing of Dr. Cronin. He was assaulted by a dozen men. They knocked him down, beat him about the head with some blunt instrument and threw him over a low fence to the ground below, a distance of 12 feet. He struggled to his feet, calling for help and ran toward home. His brother and the servant girl heard his screams and they ran out toward him. The assailants sprang over the fence after him and pursued him almost to his door.

—At Oxford, North Carolina, on the afternoon of the 28th two negroes quarreled over a game of cards. Policeman Whitefield tried to arrest them, and they shot him five times, fatally wounding him. They then fled, pursued by several hundred whites, who succeeded in catching the culprits in the suburbs of the town. Three of the lynchings were freely made, but the Sheriff succeeded in gaining the custody of the negroes, who were placed in jail. There was talk of an effort being made by the colored population to attack the jail and rescue the prisoners.

—C. E. Stocum, an aeronaut, on the 28th fell from his balloon at Antwerp, Jefferson county, New York, 150 feet to the ground, breaking no bones but receiving a concussion of the brain that may prove fatal. The balloon was unmanageable and he attempted to leave it by a parachute, but the latter failed to work.

The body of John E. Wise was found near his home in Chicago on the morning of the 28th, with a bullet-hole in the head. The body had been robbed.

—A bold case of kidnapping occurred on the morning of the 29th in Chicago. Henry Rosenberg, a vegetable peddler, drove into South Water street and went into a market house to buy supplies, leaving in his wagon his two sons, aged 10 and five years. While he was gone an unknown man appeared, and lifting the younger boy from the wagon ran rapidly away with him. No trace of the child has yet been found.

—D. B. Russell, Treasurer of the School District in Kearney county, Kansas, is reported to be a defaulter for \$1500. W. E. Seimant, a general delivery clerk in the Post-office in St. Paul, Minnesota, was arrested on the 29th for robbing the mails. Charles Curtis and James Rumville, have been arrested and placed in jail in Salt Lake City, Utah, on the charge of robbing the Rio Grande Western train on August 6.

—A carriage, containing Mrs. Dobson, of Wauwata, aged 65 years, and Mrs. Dennett, of West Granville, aged 70 years, was struck by a train in Milwaukee on the evening of the 28th, and both women were killed. They were sisters. Mrs. H. P. Dickerson, wife of a prominent farmer near Stanton, Virginia, was killed by a runaway accident on the evening of the 28th, while returning from a Sunday School picnic. A despatch from Baltimore says that Mrs. Rose Coughlin, a young married woman, was drowned at Curtis Bay on the afternoon of the 26th. Her husband sprang after her and made great efforts to save her, but in vain.

—A stage coach going from Bidwell to Reno, in Nevada, was stopped on the evening of the 28th by a highwayman, who carried off Wells & Fargo's treasure box. The post-office at Cornwall, New York, was robbed of \$400 on the evening of the 28th. The office of the Times-Record, a Prohibition paper, of Valley City, Dakota, was completely demolished by a mob on the evening of the 27th. A. M. Forsyth and Mrs. Kiler, of immoral reputation, were visited by a committee at Barnston, Nebraska, on the evening of the 28th, given each a coat of tar and feathers, and warned to leave that part of the country. They left.

—In Buffalo, on the evening of the 28th, a Nickel Plate engine was run out of the Chicago street round house, and when near the Hamburg street crossing the engineer saw a train com-

ing at a good rate of speed. He reversed and opened his throttle and he sent the switch engine flying back into the round house at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Another engine was just coming out and a terrific shock ensued. Both engines were smashed and the engineer and fireman of the second engine were badly injured.

—James M. Newbaker was assassinated at Salaria, Mississippi, on the evening of the 28th, as he was entering his house. An attempt was made to kill him about a year ago. He was a prominent politician and a candidate for the Legislature before the last county convention.

Swiss Socialists are of the opinion that the appointment of public prosecutors "tends to restrict personal liberty." They are entirely right. It has that tendency. But then public prosecutors are appointed for the express purpose of restricting the personal liberty of law breakers, and it is only the latter who have any cause for complaint.

A TRENTON correspondent has observed that of the prisoners confined in the New Jersey State Prison nine-tenths have "no trade." It written opposite their names. There is a suggestion in this which parents and guardians should ponder over. Boys should be given trades if they are not being educated for a profession or are not kept at home on the farms.

WHILE the great powers of Europe seem to be peacefully inclined, Turkey is being stirred up by Greece on the one hand and Russia by the other. Greece cannot afford to prosecute her designs in Crete with the knowledge that the allies support Turkey, and it does not yet appear what object Russia has in view in the organization of irregular cavalry in the Caucasus, but Turkey is getting ready for an attack.

CHICAGO is not a good place from which to get news of affairs in London; but this fact was overlooked when obituaries were written of Fred Leslie, the comedian, who, we are glad to say, reports himself direct from London as being alive and well. He is one of the world's merry makers, and as such deservedly popular everywhere.

WHENEVER Emperor William, of Germany, makes a speech heshows that his thoughts first and last are of war and of armies. In a dozen of lines in which he spoke of the alliance with Austria for the maintenance of peace the word army occurs four times, the speech winding up with a declaration that the armies of Germany and Austria would fight together, shoulder to shoulder, to maintain peace. The greatest menace that there is to the peace of Europe is this young Emperor, thinking of nothing but war and military glory and anxious to win spurs for himself. He only waits his opportunity to make a name for himself as a warrior or lose all in the attempt.

A FEW years ago, when a succession of naval accidents had caused a demand to be made on the Secretary of the Navy for information concerning the same, the report of this officer showed that during the year 27 accidents had occurred. Of this number, one was a case of a ship on fire, two brakelodges of machinery, 14 collisions and 10 groundings. Out of the 10 cases of vessels grounding nine occurred in home waters. All these cases occurred subsequent to the order prohibiting the use of pilots on naval vessels, except in cases before mentioned. The question is now one of pilotage or no pilotage.

WHILE the Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repair has maintained that the battle-ship Texas would not float at a proper level if constructed upon the plans purchased in England, and adopted by the Naval Department, the constructor in charge of the work on the vessel has as steadily affirmed that the plans were all right. The Secretary of the Navy also appears to entertain the latter opinion, since advertisements for proposals for furnishing the steel armor plates for the Texas have recently been issued. With an armored battle-ship nowadays the question appears to be not so much whether she can float as whether she can float.

THIS is a Summer of calamities. The great flood at Johnstown, Pa., was followed by the great fire at Seattle, W. T., and then by the lesser flood at Johnstown, N. Y., and by a number of other smaller floods and other disasters. And now, just as the danger from floods appears to have passed, comes the news of another terrible fire, this time at Spokane Falls, W. T., by which the whole business portion of the city has been destroyed, involving a loss of over \$14,000,000. Some of our correspondents and most of the newspapers, even those which ought to know better, sneer at any intimation that God has had anything to do with sending these afflictions. But what saith the prophet Amos? "Shall evil befall a city and the Lord hath done it?" Oh, yes, it was the forces of Nature working according to the laws which govern them; and it was the hand of man which built the dam or lit the fire. But back of it all was an overruling Providence working for righteousness and directed by infinite love. Say, brethren, shall we heed the warning and awake to righteousness, or shall we harden our hearts still more, like Pharaoh?

God Love Her.

A song for the girl I love—
God love her!
A song for the eyes of tender shine,
And the fragrant mouth that melts on mine,
The shimmering tresses uncontrolled
That clasp her neck with tender gold;
The blossom mouth and the dainty chin,
And the little dimples out and in—
The girl I love—
God love her!
A song for the girl I love—
God love her!
A song for the eyes of faded light,
And the cheek whose red rose waned to white,
The quiet brow with its shadow and gleam,
And the dark hair drooped in a long, deep
dream;
The small hands clasped for their churchyard
rest,
And the lilies dead on her sweet dead breast,
The girl I love—
God love her!
Good Words.

OUR COOK'S FOLLOWER.

I, PHILIP LESTRANGE, find myself absent two months, and myself seated once more at my own breakfast table and opposite my wife, Susie, the fascinating little witch for whom I broke my vows of eternal bachelorhood. Seven years of married life, with attendant cares, have scarcely left their mark on her; she is rosy and dimpled still, although the mother of two bouncing cherubs.

Now Susie is just the dearest little wife that a man was ever blessed with, but she is not very clever at house-keeping. We have been at the mercy of servant girls all these seven years; in fact, our experience has been about paralled with that of David Copperfield and his child wife Dora.

This morning, as I enter the dining-room, the order and neatness are unusual. I have noticed something of the sort about the other rooms, but attributed it to an extra effort on Susie's part in honor of my home-coming. Our parlors generally appear well enough by gaslight; the disorder gives a sort of social, free-and-easy air that friends seem to enjoy. But this dainty neatness is for that reason only the more apparent in the bold glare of daylight, and wholly unaccountable in my house.

The general air of comfort extends over the breakfast table; the silver glitters, the linen is snowy white, and the breakfast served perfection. Muffins light and delicious, beefsteak done to a turn, and the coffee—ye gods, what a cup of coffee! Clear and fragrant. Shall I ever again be able to swallow the thick, muddy decoction usually served us?

Susie sits mutely enjoying my evident perplexity. My mother has been staying with us, but left three days ago. There is nothing stale about this breakfast.

Eureka! I have the solution! My honored parent has given some lessons. "So mother has taught Bridget to cook a steak?" I ventured at last.

"You have a very high opinion of Bridget's ability. I don't believe," with emphasis, "that a thousand lessons would make such a cook of her."

Susie not offering to enlighten me as to who such a cook might be, I venture again. "You have learned? Well, you do your teacher credit."

"Mistaken again!" laughs Susie. "My ability is inferior to Bridget's, I am afraid, although I intend to try and learn something about cooking. I think I'd starve on Biddy's food after this. I'll be magnanimous and explain. You know I have the best mother-in-law in the world."

"Far be it from me to say anything against your mother-in-law." "As I was about to remark, I was glad to have your mother visit me, but I knew that she would not enjoy such miserably cooked food as often appeared on our table. So in my letter I told her how inefficient my servants were especially cook. Then she wrote me that if I discharged Bridget she would send me a cook—one that she taught herself, a capable, neat and quiet girl. There could be only one objection: she had a 'follower' and probably before many months he would persuade her to return to Millville and cook for him. And oh, Phil! How I wish he would come and take her. If it wouldn't seem so ungrateful to your mother, I would send her away this very instant."

"Why, Susie, send away such a treasure—a girl that makes coffee like this—the author of these muffins? Are you deranged?" "Phil, if you knew what I have suffered since she came! When you've heard her— I look at my watch, and it is high time I left for the office.

"Dear, I've not another moment to spare; I'll hear about it this evening." And with a good-morning I'm off. Six o'clock finds me, after a romp with the children in the nursery, hurrying to dress for dinner. I am anxious to learn why Susie wants to get rid of a girl whose cooking equals my mother's.

I say this only to myself. I always refrain from any allusion to my mother's cooking in Susie's presence. I have just finished my toilette when the most blood-curdling shriek greets my ears, followed instantly by another and yet another in quick succession. By the time I reach the nursery at the far end of the hall, there have been at least a half dozen such screams that can be heard almost a block away.

Visions of Maud enveloped in flames, or Harry's mangled form lying on the pavement beneath—the sounds seem to come from below—flit before me. I open the door, my heart beating wildly. There sits Maud and Harry, calmly looking at a picture book. "I say, pap, did she scare you?" says Harry, on catching sight of my face. "Don't she holler awful?" "What is it?" I manage to ask. The reaction on finding the children safe almost overcame me. "Why, it's Katie, the cook, she hollers like that every time she sees a bug or a mouse." Susie enters the nursery. "Now, then, you have heard her, Phil. Isn't it terrible. I can't get accustomed to it, it makes me nervous all the time. Like you, at first I always thought of the children."

"What frightened her?" "Oh, a couple of big spiders ran from behind a jar when she moved it. Nurse says the police think you are a wife beater, and say I ought to make a complaint, and some of the neighbors declare that we keep a private insane asylum, and have a very violent patient. How I wish that follower would come and take her! He has never been to see her, I am afraid he is only a myth."

"But, Susie, it is only habit; can't you reason with her and persuade her to try to overcome it?" "I have tried again and again."

"Think what a treasure of a cook she is."

"I know, and so neat; the kitchen is as clean and cozy as your mother's. The range always shines so that you can see your face in it, and the hearth is kept painted a bright red; she wasn't contented until she got the paint for it; she said it kept her from getting homesick."

"About how often do these lung exercises occur, Susie?" "Sometimes several times a day; as often as the slightest excuse can be found for them. She is so very timid or nervous, that to speak to her without giving her warning of your presence will send her into the area screaming. She fancies that every peddler who comes to the door has burglarious intentions. Of all vermin she seems to be in mortal fear. I don't see how she ever existed in the country where there are awful cows with horns, and snakes, and so many dangers. I am afraid we shall never get rid of her."

After partaking of the dinner she served up an hour later, I earnestly hope we never may.

Three weeks passed away, and cook's reputation is firmly established. Our friends congratulate us. I have not been treated to another exhibition of her vocal powers, and I wonder why Susie is always wishing for that unknown to make his appearance to carry off our cook, the only one we have ever been fortunate enough to employ who was competent enough to prepare a meal we were not ashamed to invite our friends to partake of.

Again I am dressing for dinner, when screams of "murder! murder!" echo through the house, then a terrible yell that sounds like a human voice, a noise as of some one falling is followed by an instant of awful stillness. Again I hear a smothered sound, as of some half suffocated voice that resembles Susie's.

As I am not in condition to appear outside of my room, I become almost frantic. I grasp some of my clothes and struggle into them, and rush down the stairs. Policemen are struggling with a figure in the doorway; another, a female, seemingly lying in a pool of blood, is at the foot of the stairs. Susie is rising from the floor, her face, the dearest face on earth, white and ghastly, streaked with blood, gives me such a shock that I can scarcely open my arms as she totters to me.

"You are not going to faint? Where are you hurt?" But Susie is not hurt, and Susie never faints. She throws her arms around my neck, lays her head on my shoulder and begins to cry. "What has happened, darling? Can you tell me?" "Cook is killed—murdered by a burglar!" she sobs.

There is something strange about it. Strange that a burglar should enter the kitchen at such an hour. Perhaps it was a blood-thirsty madman. It may have been that the screams of cook had saved our lives.

Such thoughts rushed through my mind while I put Susie in a chair and close the hall door. The policeman has disappeared by this time with their captive. Cook shows signs of reviving. I am bending over her, trying to ascertain the extent of her injuries, when the door opens again, and a man enters, accompanied by a policeman, who hands me a letter saying.

"There, that will explain, I hope. The girl's a fool to make such a row for nothing."

"She has been murdered," I say, although she is making an effort to rise; yet there is no blood to show that she is wounded. "Read your letter," cries Susie. It is from my mother. I open and read it. In the meanwhile, Susie helps cook to rise. At the first glimpse of the policeman she screams, then she takes a look at the man standing by my side, screams again, rushes to him,

and throwing herself in his arms, begs him to take her away from burglars. "It is all right, it's the follower," I say to my wife.

The policeman has picked up a small tin pail, from which red paint is trickling on the rug. It is soon all explained. The follower appeared just as cook was putting away the can of red paint; she saw a man standing in the open doorway and ran screaming with the can, up stairs, where she met my wife, and bumping together they both fell, cook fainting away, the red paint spattered Susie's face. The policeman rushed in, captured the follower and carried him off, but finally listened to his entreaties to deliver the letter to me, which has explained his identity.

So nobody is hurt, and we get rid of our treasure. Now Susie is struggling with the mysteries of the culinary art, and I again patronize my favorite restaurant.

Streaks of Lightning.

When Benjamin Franklin, something after the manner of Prometheus, brought down fire from the heavens with a kite string, he added considerably to the store of human knowledge. But if amateur photography had been in vogue 137 years ago, no doubt he would have been able to tell us more than he did about atmospheric electricity, or at least its wonderful manifestation in the shape of lightning. Some curious features of this phenomenon, not formerly recognized, have only within a few years been revealed, and through the help of a camera. Records thus made in different parts of the globe were recently collected by the Royal Meteorological Society, and are discussed in the current number of "Know edge."

So long ago as 1856 James Nasmyth told the British Association for the Advancement of Science that the thunderbolt's course was not zigzagged, as artists for centuries had represented, but sinuous like a river; and he also declared that lightning sometimes had forks or branches. This was the result of singularly keen observation. Photographs, however, corroborate his views in a marvellous way. These show that the streak which travels with marvellous velocity is as full of kinks as a map of the Mississippi, and that apparently, like Lowell's mill stream, "it goes wandering at its own will," while at times the ramifications suggest a diagram of an uprooted tree.

A feature which would have eluded much sharper eyes than Nasmyth's, however, is brought out by photography; the ribbon-like appearance of some lightning flashes. These, instead of conforming to the popular idea of a slender (perhaps round) streak, are flat bands, much folded and contorted, to be sure, but of appreciable width, and crossed by fine parallel lines or stripes, highly suggestive of familiar auroral phenomena.

A puzzling discovery made by one observer, who had left his photographic plate exposed long enough to take several flashes—this was at night—was a dark streak in addition to four bright ones. Its conformation is unmistakably that of lightning. The possible explanation of this development was due to "over-exposure" is discredited by Secretary Marriott, of the Royal Meteorological Society, and Mr. Ranyard, who seems to favor this other view: that a thunderbolt which had flown across the heavens before the lens was unaccounted, produced nitrous oxide along its path, thus obscuring that line when the next flash came after the plate was exposed. No similar case was found in the collection; and no one, probably, ever heard of black lightning before; but this does not preclude the occurrence being paralleled in the future. It is surprising that no one picture among the hundred or more on which the article in "Knowledge" was based showed lightning in its globular form; for this type is not very rare, and quite unlike the flash, the ball lasts not only seconds, but sometimes even minutes, rolling along slowly like a spent cannon-shot. Information upon this important branch of the subject is the more desirable, since opinions differ greatly as to the distinctiveness of globular lightning. That Catholic church over in Brooklyn which was nearly destroyed a short time ago seemed, from the testimony of observers, to have been a victim of this form of electricity. Certainly a fiery globe was seen on the roof before the disaster. And a Russian scientist who attempted to repeat Franklin's experiments, three months after the Quaker Statesman-philosopher made them, was killed by what is described as a "ball of lightning."

Yet the preponderance of belief is to the effect that this phenomenon is harmless. Here, clearly, is a useful and fascinating field of research for owners of small cameras.

For hoarseness take a lemon until soft, cut off one end, fill with sugar and take the sweetened juice before going to bed. Kerosene is an excellent substitute for machine oil where the latter can not easily be obtained. It can be mixed with a little lard. From the hand of a man of genius everything has the freshness of morning and of May.

Colors taken out by acid can sometimes be restored by an application of ammonia.