

Merchants in Belgium are urging their Government to reduce greatly the duties on raw cotton and increase those on manufactured goods.

The thorny question, "Should an Anti-Vivisectionist Eat Meat?" has been the subject of a debate by the London (England) Vegetarian Society.

The local authorities in some of the Italian country districts are grossly alarmed at the excessive emigration of the peasantry. Marriages are becoming less and less frequent.

A recent writer calls attention to the Swiss method of insuring an interest in elections. A fine of about 20 cents is laid on those who absent themselves from the polls on election days.

The Royal Botany Society of England is authority for the statement that 110,000,000 people use coffee, 500,000,000 use tea and 2,000,000 use coffee-tea, or prepared coffee leaves.

State Senator Durban of Wyoming, says that "rustlers" have ruined the cattle business in that State, and that a war of extermination is likely to soon be begun against the thieves by ranchmen.

The University of Berlin, Germany, with its 6000 students and scores of famous professors, has a capital of but \$720,000. Its largest endowment, that of the Countess Bose, is only \$150,000.

Editor De Young of the San Francisco Chronicle, one of the commissioners of the Columbian Exposition, thinks it would be a good idea for the government to coin silver pieces of the value of fifty cents, which might be used to pay the price of admission to the Fair.

The London (England) Horticultural Times has caused some alarm by asserting that American apples are poisonous, owing to the limbs of trees being syringed with chemical solutions to destroy insects. A demand is made that the Board of Trade should restrict the importation of apples, as in the case of pork.

Miss Frances Willard, the temperance crusader, pays a high tribute to the quest and to the work of women who wield the quill. She specially favors those newspaper women whose quills are not borrowed from the porcupine, but rather from the wing of some angel seeking to raise humanity to a higher plane. In a humorous vein Miss Willard exhorts women writers to use quills taken either from the dove or from the wing of the American eagle.

Canadian bankers are becoming alarmed at the quantity of United States money that is being circulated in their province, and have resolved to petition the Canadian Parliament to impose a tax of 10 per cent upon it. No doubt, comments the New Orleans New Delta, the people who use it as a medium of exchange will have something to say about this, as it is purely a scheme for the benefit of the bankers who derive a large profit from the circulation of their own notes, which would greatly increase if American money were driven out of the country.

A United States naval officer says that no armor has yet been devised that will turn an enemy's shot from the enormous modern guns. Recent experiments with English 100-ton guns show that 16-inch projectiles striking squarely have actually passed through 44 and one half feet of defensive material, consisting of layers of steel, iron, granite, concrete and brick work of various thicknesses. Such guns have been found too unwieldy for advantageous use on ship-board. The limit of size is said to be 13-inch 60-ton guns.

Considerable difficulty was experienced recently by the Frenchmen who paid the King of Dahomey his annual pension of \$4000, because he could count only as high as one hundred. Eventually the silver, in which the pension was paid, was done up in packages of twenty five-franc pieces each (equalling \$20), and these packages were delivered one by one to the forty chieftains whom the king had summoned to see that he was not swindled. Upon the delivery of each package the chieftain who kept book laid aside a shell. When forty shells had been laid aside, the bookkeeper indicated to the other chieftains that the payment was complete, and all then affixed crosses to the receipt presented by the French agent.

SHE DEALS IN HORSES.

THE ONLY FEMALE HORSE-TRADER IN THE WORLD.

Miss Kittie Wilkins Tells How She Got Into the Business and Gives Interesting Information on Range Breeding.

Miss Kittie Wilkins enjoys the distinction of being the only woman in the United States whose sole occupation is horse-dealing. She is a tall and stately blonde, with a profusion of light golden hair, clear blue eyes, regular features and a mouth and chin denoting a firmness no doubt acquired in her business. "A head for business and an eye on the world," one could truthfully say. Her manners are perfectly lady-like, though somewhat frank; her language is unadorned, and she possesses a great facility for conversation. Miss Wilkins, her father and two brothers own one of the largest ranches in Southwestern Idaho, on Brown River, in Owyhee County. They have now on the ranch, after this season's sale, 2,500 head of horses and 1,500 cattle. The horses have none of the mustang, broncho or cayuse blood in them. They are bred from American mares originally brought from the older States and crossed with Clydesdale, Percheron and trotting stallions; and good judges say the horses formally brought by her to St. Louis are far above the average Western horses, chiefly from fifteen to sixteen hands high and from 900 to 1,200 pounds in weight. They are shown and sold in the rough, as not one of them has ever tasted grain or hay until they are rounded up for shipment.

Miss Wilkins, when interviewed by a reporter, said: "Now, I don't see why it should interest the public one bit to know about me."

She was assured the public was interested, and continued: "I have been engaged in the business with father and two brothers six years. They attend to the work and business on the ranch, while I am chiefly engaged in the shipment and sale of both cattle and horses, though I haven't one bit of use for cattle. I have transacted my business in most of the large cities west of the Mississippi river, also in Chicago, and shall carry it as far as New York in the future."

"My father has always been engaged in horse dealing, and when I was quite a little girl I commenced going around with him when he was selling horses, and as the years went by he found I knew as much about the business as he did. I was always independent and I induced him to let me do the selling, and they tell me I'm a pretty shrewd judge of the value of a horse. I guess I am, for I have learned a great deal, since I adopted this as a profession."

"I have been referred to as the Cattle Queen, regardless of my great distaste for cattle. I go out to the round-up every spring and fall and enjoy myself ever so much. It is a fascinating business and grows upon you."

"It was real romantic, the way I got my first start. The way of it was this: Over twenty years ago my parents had removed to Oregon and were returning to San Francisco, when our friends gathered round to give us mementoes of various sorts. When they got to me they said, 'Well, now, she's only a little thing'—I was about two years old—'we'll just give her some money to be invested for her,' and they gave me two \$20 gold pieces. Shortly after we went to Idaho as it offered better facilities for stock-raising. Father went to Oregon to buy a lot of horses for the ranch. When he went to pay over the money he thought himself of my \$40, and seeing a fine little filly yet left offered the owner the \$40 for her. He at first hesitated as he had asked \$80 for her, but as my father was taking the entire lot he let her go at the price mentioned. That was the first horse I ever owned."

On the question of range breeding Miss Wilkins said: "Our ranch is about seventy-five miles from the range on which we turn our stock after the rounding up and branding is completed. It is about 3,000 feet above the sea level and gives us a pure, dry atmosphere, which goes a long way in giving the young animal bred out there strong lungs to start with. Then the whole country is underlaid with a stratum of limestone which impregnates not only the springs and water courses but even the grass itself, and, of course, this abundance of lime gives plenty of bone, and of good quality. The climate is such that horses and cattle can run out of doors the year around. If we wish to increase the size of our horses we secure larger stallions; if our colts become too leggy we employ stout, compact stallions, standing on short legs. When we find we have sufficient size and substance we turn our attention to style and action. I hold that in open-air breeding we can obtain just as good results as those who treat their colts like babies. Of course, much can be done by special preparation, and forced in the direction of early maturity, and this is all very well for high-priced trotters and race-horses."

"Now, I will give you my reasons why I believe in range breeding for horses for every day use. In the first place they are always in the open air and breathe no impurities and take into their system no germ of disease and take all the exercise nature intended. You will, perhaps, understand the principles of this when I tell you in our whole herd we haven't an animal with spavin, ringbone, curb or splint, white distemper, pink-eye, epizootic and such ailments are equally unknown. In time, I suppose, this range will be surveyed and divided up, and ultimately this system of growing stock on big ranges will come to an end, but you can rest assured that by that time the range system will have produced a stock of horses that will be found hardy, sound and thoroughly salable." [St. Louis Republic.]

A Rest at Any Price.

A story is going the rounds on the South Side which makes a well-known society young man and a millionaire's pretty daughter the principal characters in a rather laughable comedy.

The young man, who is noted for his handsome bearing and winning voice,

accompanied the young lady to her home on Friday evening, and, as all true lovers do, lingered yet a little while at the gate to have a lover's tete-a-tete with his fair companion. The night was beautiful, no one near to intrude, and, above all, he loved. Why shouldn't she kiss him?

With maidenly modesty she refused. He implored. She still withheld from him that which could fill his cup of happiness. The request was repeated several times, and so engrossed did the young man become in wooing that he failed to notice the approach of a parental step.

The old gentleman, who had been there himself, and did not care to intrude upon the happiness of the young couple, quietly stepped behind a convenient rosebush and waited, thinking the young man would soon leave. In this he was mistaken. The lover tarried over the request until the patience of the old gentleman was exhausted. A voice the young couple well knew aroused them from their happiness in a tone of impatient anger by saying:

"Alice, kiss the young idiot, and let him go home!"—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

THE AFRICAN BUSH.

A Land Where Silence and Heat Are Prolifical.

To see this land typically one should outspan one's wagon on the top of a height on a summer's midday. Not a creature stirs anywhere, and the sun pours down its rays on the flaccid dust-covered leaves of the bushes. When the driver has gone to lie down behind the bushes and the leader is gone to take the oxen to water, if you stand up alone on the chest at the front of the wagon and look out you will see as far as your eye can reach over hills and dales the silent, motionless hot bush stretching.

Not a sound is to be heard, and the heat is so intense your hand blisters on the tent of the wagon where you have rested it, only from a clump of bush at your right a cicada sets up its keen, shrill cry, glorying in the heat and solitude of the bush. Not less characteristically do you see it when as a little child you travel through it in the night. The ox wagon creeps slowly along the sandy road. The driver, walking beside it calls at intervals to his tired oxen; we look out across the wagon chest and see as the wagon moves along how the dark outlines of the bushes on either side seem to move, too; a great clump seems coming nearer like a vast animal; the shapes are magnificent by the dark.

We creep closer down behind the wagon chest and look out across it. Against the dark night sky to our right, on the ridge of the hill, are the faint forms of aloes standing like a row of man keeping watch. We remember all the stories we have heard of Kafir wars and men shot and stabbed as they passed along the hillsides, and of wild animals, and we creep down lower; then a will-o'-the-wisp comes out from some dune-up torrent bed and far before us dances in and out among the clumps of bush, now in sight and now out again.

You are glad when the people in the wagon begin to sing lyrics, and more glad yet when at 9.30 the wagon stops, drawn up against a great clump of bush at the roadside. The tired oxen are taken out from the yoke and every one climbs out and a fire is lighted, and you gather from far and wide stumps of dried elephant's food and euphorbia what you can drag in one hand, and bits of branch and dry twig, and throw them on the fire; the flame leaps higher and higher and all sit down beside the ruddy blaze.

Away behind another bush the driver and leader have lighted their fire and are talking to each other in Kafir as they boil the coffee and grill the meat. The blaze of your own fire leaps up and illumines the great and dusty body of the wagon with its white sails and glistens on the horns of the tired oxen where they lie tied to their yokes, chewing the cud, and on the bush with its dark green leaves behind you, and you laugh and talk and forget the stories of Kafir wars and the great bush stretching about you. [Fortnightly Review.]

Prehistoric Canals.

Prehistoric irrigation canals in Arizona are really worthy of more notice than is usually given them. The Salt and Gila River valleys are intersected by a vast network of these canals, which antedate, at least, the arrival of Colorado in 1552, for he mentions these ruins and the traditions of the Indians regarding a once dense population in this region. Modern engineers cannot improve upon the lines of these canals, nor in the selection of points of diversion from the rivers. The first irrigation canal in this section, the one that has made Phoenix, with its present population of 20,000, simply followed the lines of one of the old canals.

Their extent may be appreciated when it is said that in the Salt River Valley alone the land covered by these canals once aggregated over 250,000 acres, and the canals themselves, with their laterals, must have exceeded 1,000 miles in length. This country is filled with prehistoric ruins, with walls of stone or adobe, and almost every acre contains fragments of pottery, shell ornaments, stone implements and other remains of a population which can only be estimated in its aggregate. [Engineering News.]

An Impromptu Dress Coat.

"About eight years ago," said Auditor Joseph Brown to the St. Louis Chronicle, "I was in London, England. One day I bought a stall to see Fatti at the Royal. A stall correspondent to our boxes. When the evening came I took the ladies around and walked in at the door. But I did not get far. 'You cannot come in here,' said the doorkeeper. 'Why not?' I asked in surprise; 'here are my seat tickets.' 'Well, you cannot enter,' he replied, decisively; 'your coat is a frock, and nothing but dress suits are allowed.' I expostulated. I told him that my hotel was a long way off and that the ladies would be greatly disappointed. I was an American and did not know the rule of the theatre. Finally he told me to go into the

dressing room, where the attendants might perhaps be able to fix me out all right. I went, expecting to pay two or three crowns for the loan of a coat. The fellow looked at me a moment, whipped a pin from his lapel, and pinned my coat tails back, and I found myself in evening dress. I gave the man half a crown."

Pennsylvania Pelt-Hunters.

The amateur trappers and hunters of the Lebanon and Schuylkill valleys are now reaping their harvest by securing the skins of the small wild animals so prevalent in Berks, Lebanon, Montgomery, Lancaster, Lehigh, and other counties, and sending them to some of the leading furriers in the country. The foxes, skunks, opossums, raccoons, muskrats, and other animals caught in these counties for their fur alone number thousands annually. In a single season leading dealers have alone purchased and shipped to Philadelphia, New York and other furriers as high as 25,000 to 30,000 skins. This year these animals have been exceedingly plentiful, and the shipments have been very heavy. Some of the finest skins are sent from Philadelphia and New York to the centers of the fur trade in Germany and elsewhere, and there prepared according to methods with which they alone seem conversant, after which they are again sent back to this country in a finished state, and bring high prices. Many farmers' boys make extra pocket money by trapping these animals, and their traps can be found in the fields, in the woods, and along the streams.

For the next few months the slaughter of these animals will continue, and a successful season is anticipated. Now and then a wild-cat is shot, and some of the counties pay a bounty of \$2.50 for killing one of these animals, and their skin is much sought after for rugs. The prices paid for furs this season depend greatly upon the condition they are in when they reach the local dealers. Black skunks are worth from \$1.10 to \$1.35, while the half-stripe range from 50 to 75 cents each, and the full stripe from 25 to 35 cents each. Muskrats are worth 10 and 15 cents each. Minks command from 50 cents to \$1 each, and red foxes are worth 75 cents and \$1.25 each, while gray foxes bring only from 50 to 75 cents. Possums are worth only 10 and 15 cents, but skins are more valuable, running from 25 to 75 cents. [Philadelphia Ledger.]

Latter Day Cliff Dwellers.

It is not necessary to go among the barrenness in the inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains of Old and New Mexico to find cliff dwellers and their primitive abodes. We have cliff-houses here in Socorro county and here, as did those discovered by Lieutenant Schwatka, living in the remote barranca of the Sierra Madre in Old Mexico. Out back of the coal mines at Carthage the Mexicans and dogs have burrowed into the sides of the canyons and chambered out dwellings one above the other, in which they live in wretchedness and filth, and with as few of the household conveniences as their savage prototypes. It is possible that in after years, when the coal mines are exhausted and abandoned, that some antiquarian and archaeologist wandering about gather from far and wide stumps of dried elephant's food and euphorbia what you can drag in one hand, and bits of branch and dry twig, and throw them on the fire; the flame leaps higher and higher and all sit down beside the ruddy blaze.

Greater Than Niagara.

The latest visitor to the Grand Falls of Labrador is full of the grandeur of what he saw. Henry G. Bryant, of Philadelphia, and Professor Kenaston, of Washington, started from New York last June to reach these falls, the existence of which at that time was little more than a tradition. It was not until three months afterward that their eyes were gladdened by a sight of the great falls. Mr. Bryant describes the falls as truly magnificent. The roar makes conversation almost impossible, and they are more than twice as high as Niagara. Anaroid measurements were made, carefully checked by other measurements, above the falls. The river makes down for 188 feet at an angle of thirty degrees over its rocky bed. The abrupt descent of the water is 316 feet, and the river here is from 150 to 200 feet wide. The column of mist that arises is very striking and can be seen at a great distance. The banks are extremely rugged. Photographs were taken. The return journey to the coast was made in seven days, while it had taken one month to reach the falls. [St. Louis Republic.]

Home-made Tooth Powder.

Some of the best powders for the teeth are prepared at home. A simple old powder is made of pure charcoal powdered and sifted and mixed to a paste with water flavored with myrrh, if you like the slightly bitter refreshing flavor. If a charcoal paste is used, abundance of water should be used to rinse the mouth, as nothing is more objectionable than a residue of black streaks left sometimes by this powder. Equal parts of prepared chalk, powdered pumice stone and pulverized orris root make a good paste. There is no better wash than the well-known one of a few drops of myrrh dissolved in a tablespoonful of water, but where this is not agreeable there are many delicious washes now found for sale which are equally valuable. [New York Tribune.]

White satin ribbons are used on full dress bonnets.

A Musical Well.

One of the most curious wells in the West is on the place of Henry M. Henderson, on Oakes avenue. This well can play a tune on a dozen different instruments at the same time, and has done it, which is an accomplishment that no human being is known to possess. The well is about 100 feet deep. At nearly all hours of the day or night a wind blows up from the bottom of it, and whistles through the cracks in the tight board covering. When the wind does not blow out it seems to be sucked in by the well. An abundant supply of good water is in the well at all times, and where the wind comes from or where it goes is a mystery which Mr. Henderson has not solved. One day not long ago Mr. Henderson collected all the musical instruments he could, amounting to eight, from his neighbors and friends. He bored holes in the boards covering the well, and at one aperture placed a cornet, at another a bass horn, at another a clarinet, then a fife, an immense tin horn about three yards long, which he had made, a mouth organ and other instruments, up to the number mentioned. One after another they began to blow as he put them in. The hoarse growl of the bass horn mingled with the clarion tones of the cornet and clarinet, etc. When all were going the din was terrible, and there did not seem to be a good note sounded. The wind does not come up from the well in a steady blow, but in gusts of more or less force, and it was amusing as well as astonishing to hear the old bass and the nine-foot tin tuba snort together. [Tacoma (Wash.) Herald.]

How to Make Good Coffee.

Coffee had been in use in England for about 150 years when Count Rumford wrote exhaustively on coffee making, and his text is fresh and crisp reading today. He used the porcelain or earthen coffee pot, and perforated earthen strainer on the top of the pot. Hot water was poured on and allowed to filter through.

An improvement has been made on Count Rumford in substituting cotton, cotton flannel or flannel bag for his perforated diaphragm of earthenware, abbreviating the time needed to filter. The best pot for making coffee is one in which the pot is earthen and the bag of cotton is suspended at the top. The best results are produced by having the coffee extra fine while it is hot, and put into an air-tight receptacle. When a can of this ground coffee is opened its odor pervades the whole apartment, as the volatile oil has not had a chance to escape.

In Havti they roast, grind and use their coffee at once.

To make good coffee: First—Have the coffee good, fresh and ground very fine.

Second—Pour hot water into the coffee pot, so as to heat it thoroughly before use.

Third—Put, for an ordinary family, a teaspoonful of coffee, prepared as above, into the bag placed at the mouth of the open, heated pot.

Fourth—Pour on boiling water until sufficient coffee is made. Renew as required.

The process is one of displacement, such as is used in pharmacy. It is wonderful with what facility roasted coffee imparts its virtues to boiling water. Probably no fruit gives up its virtues so readily. A good cup of coffee can be made in one minute in this way. [New York Sun.]

A Woman's Game of Conversation.

"The women at our boarding-house have taken up a little game," said a New-York wife the other day, "from which they derive considerable amusement. The men at our house, I am sorry to say, are not very entertaining. Our husbands are deeply engrossed in business and are generally too tired when they come home to dinner to engage in small talk without a manifest effort. There are two or three unmarried men who are talkative enough; often too talkative, in fact; but their conversation is not half as entertaining to us as to themselves. So six of us hit on this plan. We gather in the parlor before going down to dinner, and there we agree upon some well-known proverb or familiar quotation. Our object is to bring the conversation of these talkative young fellows around to a point where we can introduce this quotation appropriately."

"Whoever succeeds in getting off the quotation first is the winner; and when each tries to win, she also tries to head off the others, if she sees an opportunity coming. It is rare sport and affords us plenty of fun. To drag the quotation in badly, inappropriately, does not count. It must come in aptly, so as not to excite the suspicions of these youths that we are playing with them instead of at them as they fondly imagine. Take, for instance, the quotation, 'A primrose by the river's brim a simple primrose was to him, and it was nothing more,' and try to bring around to that connection the conversation of a young man which begins with 'shop,' takes a flight into flirtation, and ends with the theaters or horses."

"It takes some ingenuity, I tell you; and the little mystery underlying all our remarks, which is known only to ourselves, gives the game additional interest for a woman, of course." [New York Tribune.]

How to Avoid Catching Cold.

Accustom yourself to the use of spongeing with cold water every morning on first getting out of bed. It should be followed by a good deal of rubbing with a wet towel. This has considerable effect in giving tone to the skin and maintaining a proper action in it, and thus proves a safeguard against the injurious influence of cold and sudden changes of temperature.

Sir Ashley Cooper, the celebrated English physician, said: "The methods by which I have preserved my own health are temperance, early rising and spongeing the body with cold water immediately after getting out of bed, a practice which I have adopted for thirty years without ever having taken cold." [Newport Observer.]

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

EPITOME OF NEWS GLEANED FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE STATE.

The failure of the Muncy National Bank will create excitement in that town and at Williamsport. A shortage of \$15,000 has been established by the Examiner. Ex-Cashier Green makes accusations, and wants President Bowman arrested. The bank was not examined in 1891 because the Comptroller had not appointed an Examiner.

In the Keck murder trial, at Allentown, the prisoner testified in his own behalf. He said Nibich killed his wife, and he, Keck, shot Nibich in the back because he feared an assault.

JUDGE HEMPHILL decided in favor of the Reading road in the Marcus Hook railroad war, and the Reading people, to the surprise of the Pennsylvania, soon had an army of laborers on hand who commenced to lay tracks. Marcus Hook people are indignant over the action of some negro laborers.

A PROCESS of injunction was served upon the Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Girardville and Ashland Railway Company by the water company to prevent the former from laying their tracks on the streets of Shenandoah over the pipe line. A bond for \$50,000 will be put up by the railroad people and work resumed.

The Committee on Mines and Mining of the World's Fair Board met at Harrisburg and decided to leave the selection of an active secretary to Messrs. Williams, Merritt and Watres. A big exhibit of the anthracite coal industry is promised.

BENJAMIN SHAW, of Conshohocken, aged 15, died from the effects of injuries received in the March pork packing establishment in Bridgeport, Montgomery county, Monday. He was the son of John Shaw, whose head was blown off by the explosion.

THE disappearance of the funds of the Muncy National Bank is still a mystery. Ex-Cashier Green thinks they may have been stolen by a sneak thief. The directors of the bank swore to the correctness of the statements without ascertaining their truth or falsity. The depositors will be paid dollar for dollar. Comptroller Lacy at Washington refused to say anything about De La Green, the Examiner. One of the directors of the bank declared that Mr. Green had always been regarded as cashier of the bank. No more arrests are probable.

PART of the congregation of St. John's Lutheran Church, at Kutztown, had the organist, Preston Metzger, arrested because he sang and played in the church. The arrest grew out of a dispute over the selection of an organist.

A FREIGHT train collided with a mixed train at Five Points, Cambria county, and Mrs. Mary McNellis and two children were injured.

BRIDGET DOUGHER, of Scranton, married Morris M. Jones. Bridget's mother became angry because the ceremony was not conducted by a Catholic priest, and when the newly married couple visited Mrs. Dougher she threw a stove lifter at the groom and locked her daughter in a room. The latter escaped through a window and joined her husband.

PITTSBURG is again agitated over the smoke question. Since the consumption of natural gas has been reduced the city is becoming very smoky.

WILLIAM H. DENNISTON, of Pittsburg, has sold the Home Life and Investment Company, of Philadelphia, for \$6,000. The suit grows out of an alleged failure on the part of the Home concerns to keep an agreement made when Mr. Denniston sold the East End Insurance Company to the Home.

THE Governor pardoned Abalom M. Bowser who was sentenced in October, 1884, to ten years in the penitentiary for the murder of Obadiah Haymcker. The pardon had been recommended by the Board of Pardoners.

THE Sinking Fund Commissioners have agreed to sell Government bonds to the amount of \$500,000. This sum added to that now in the Sinking Fund will pay off the balance of the \$8,000,000 loan due on February 1.

THE First National Bank of Muncy, was closed by United States Bank Examiner, E. H. Douglas. On the latter's arrival, the vault could not be opened and an expert was called in. The bank has not been doing a profitable business for some time past and has met with heavy losses in loaning money. There was \$70,000 on deposit at the last statement and the shortage will exceed \$40,000. When the vault was opened it was found to be empty. Cashier Green was arrested.

A. H. MARCH's pork-packing establishment at Bridgeport, near Norrisstown, was blown up by a boiler explosion. Two persons were killed and eight injured.

PROCEEDINGS were begun at Norrisstown to contest the will of Harriet Y. Shepard, of Plymouth Township, on the ground that the signature was a forgery. It is alleged that the share of her son, Henry J. Shepard, was left to his children, so that it could not be touched by Mr. Shepard's creditors. The will is being contested by the creditors.

MRS. E. JONES MONAGHAN, of West Chester, wife of the missing lawyer, received a cablegram from Australia in which her husband sent his love and promised her a long letter by the last March.

AT Plymouth, Father Jakowitz, of the Hungarian Catholic Church, ordered the St. Joseph Society from the building. They refused to go, but were ousted by Constables. Armed adherents of the priest are guarding the building. The church is divided in factions because of the removal of a priest.

THE West Lehigh mine fire at Ashland is still raging furiously and appears to be of enormous proportions. The burning vein is almost seventy feet thick. The outlook is very discouraging, there being no water in the neighborhood. A stream carried by means of hose is turned on the burning coal until it is cooled enough to be shoveled into the mine cars, when it is removed to the surface.

JOHN SWETZER, of Wilkes-Barre, married Katrina Gottlieb through a matrimonial agency of New York. Mrs. Swetzer after a few days married life captured her husband's savings of \$100 and departed.

THE condition of J. P. Witherow, the New Castle manufacturer, who recently failed and was afterward taken ill, is improved and may recover.

WORK in the Hartford mine at Ashley, near Wilkes-Barre, has been stopped. A fire was discovered in some abandoned workings. The inside boss was warned of the danger by a stream of warm water.

ROBERT BRUCE held his first parliament at St. Andrews, Scotland, in 1309.