

FACTS ABOUT PEARLS.

METHODS SUGGESTED FOR MAKING THEM BY ARTIFICE.

An Ingenious Frenchman's Process—Pearls of Different Colors—The Pearl Divers.

Ever so many experiments have been made with a view to procuring the manufacture of natural pearls through artifice. For thousands of years the Chinese have practiced a method of introducing foreign objects into oysters and other pearl-bearing mollusks for the purpose of coating them with the beautiful nacre which adorns the inside of some shells. Since their first trials in this line were initiated numerous efforts have been essayed to improve upon them. Quite recently a distinguished Frenchman discovered a way of accomplishing the result, which he has declared to be susceptible of development into an important industry. Now that the pearl market of the world is seriously menaced by the threatened exhaustion of the fisheries, it is high time for human ingenuity to step in and supply the demand.

The process adopted by the Frenchman, M. Bouchon-Brandely, is simply to bore holes in the shells of pearl oyster with a gimlet, introducing through these perforations little balls of glass and stopping them hermetically with corks. After four weeks' time the balls of glass are found to be covered with a thin layer of pearl. In six months the layer has become of a sufficient thickness to be permanent, and the bigness of the jewel thus manufactured is in proportion to the period allowed to elapse. Of course this has its limitations, inasmuch as the mollusk will not deposit nacre indefinitely, its only object being to protect itself from irritation by the intruder. The expert quoted believes that pearls can be made of various colors to order by selection.

This signifies selection of the mollusks employed for the purpose. Each one naturally deposits its own sort of nacre. Even pearl oysters differ in that respect, producing black pearl, gray pearls or pearls of pure white, sometimes according to the part of the animal where the nucleus makes its lodgment. Conches of a well-known variety form pink pearls, as do also certain fresh-water mussels. Supposing that there is anything in M. Bouchon-Brandely's theory, one can get any color of pearl he wishes by making a choice of shellfish. Recent experiments made by the United States fish commission show that marine mollusks of all kinds can be kept admirably in aquaria, although previous notions have been held to the contrary, and thus there would seem to be no good reason why every one should not maintain his own pearl fishery on a small scale, collecting a valuable crop at suitable intervals.

A great deal has been done with natural pearls by artifice already. Parisian jewelers some time ago found out a way to remove the outer layers of these gems of ocean, when they are not pretty, so as to reveal the beauty that was within and render them marketable at big prices. Those which were found imbedded in the mother-of-pearl of the shell they discovered a process for extracting, treating them afterward with acid and rendering them of value. In a similar fashion they transform pear-shaped ones into perfect spheres. Likewise they have found means to make pearls of any color black in a bath of nitrate of silver or to turn them into rose color, lilac, gray or what not. However, experts know how to detect all of these deceptions.

Pearls are very perishable. They cannot be considered a first-rate investment, like diamonds. After a time they decay. Sometimes a fine specimen will lose its luster and beauty within a few months, so that the possessor of such treasures does well to keep them put away in a sealed place. They are very delicately made, consisting of thin films overlaid one upon another, with more or less animal matter between the layers, and it is no wonder that they deteriorate. After being buried in the ground for a while they are found worthless. Those which are dug out of Indian graves—some of them of great size and doubtless of wonderful beauty when they were new—are utterly valueless, even were they not pierced.

Nevertheless, there is a pure and advanced beauty about them which seems better to become the maiden than any other sort of jewel.

Nothing varies so much in value as pearls. With them fashion affects the market constantly. Sometimes white ones are sought, while other times at intervals are in demand. For some years past black pearls have been the rage. A fine specimen worth \$600 will fetch \$1,000 perhaps if another can be got to match it perfectly.

The most skillful pearl divers in the world are those of the Tuamotu Archipelago. They think nothing of staying under water for three minutes on occasions, and they carry no weight to drag them down to the depths, as do the fishermen of Ceylon. Unlike the latter they do not stop their ears and nostrils with cotton soaked with oil, but descend with no other preparation than a few inflations of their lungs. However, they do wear a sort of head-dress, with spectacles of glass, by the aid of which they are able to look down many fathoms into clear water and mark the oysters which they propose to gather. Forty years ago it was possible to buy with a gallon of rum or a few handfuls of flour in those South Sea islands most beautiful molluscan jewels, but since then the fisheries have been so overworked that they are seriously threatened with exhaustion. Fortunately it is believed that pearl oysters can be successfully propagated.

In that warm region they spawn during all the year, and with proper measures taken for breeding them, there is no reason why they should not be made more profitable than ever. The most valuable mother-of-pearl, which is a product incidental to the pearl-fishing industry, is obtained from Ancaster and is used for making sumptuous furniture. It is worth \$1,000 a ton.—[Washington Star.]

Peculiar Torture.

A curious form of torture is one described in the "Pictures from Italy" and

was among those shown at Venice as used by the dread Council of Ten. "One press, or case, I saw full of accursed instruments of torture, horribly contrived to cramp and pinch and grind and crush man's bones, and tear and twist them with the torments of a thousand deaths. Before it were two iron helmets, with broad pieces made to close up tight and smooth upon the heads of living sufferers, and fastened on to each was a small knob or anvil, where the directing devil could repose his elbows at his ease and listen, near the walled-up ear, to the lamentations and confessions of the wretch within. There was that grim resemblance to them to the human shape—they were such molds of sweating faces, pained and cramped, that it was difficult to think them empty; and terrible contortions lingering within them seemed to follow me when, taking to my boat again, I rowed off to a kind of garden or public walk in the sea, where there were grass and trees."—[All the Year Round.]

Washington and his Mother.

When the tidings of the splendid success at Yorktown were brought direct from the General to his mother, she was moved to an exclamation of fervent thanksgiving: "Thank God! the war is ended, and we shall be blessed with peace, happiness, and independence, for at last our country is free." Shortly after the surrender of Cornwallis, Washington left Yorktown with a brilliant suite of French and American officers, and started upon his journey to Philadelphia, stopping on the way at Fredericksburg to visit his mother. It was nearly seven years since he had last seen her face; he left Mount Vernon in May, 1775, and did not return till the autumn of 1781. Now that the time of meeting drew near, his mother was serene but very quiet, only smiling to herself oftener than usual. But it was not the hero crowned that filled her thoughts, but the son who, after years of absence and danger, was coming back to her. On the 11th of November, 1781, the town of Fredericksburg was all aglow with joy and revelry. Washington, "in the midst of his numerous and brilliant suite," wrote Mr. Custis, "sent to apprise her [his mother] of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. . . . Alone and on foot, the general-in-chief of the combined armies of France and America," he goes on to say in the sequel, "of the style of the day, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the hour, repaired to pay his humble tribute of duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being," etc. When the warm embrace of greeting was over, looking into his face with earnest, close observation, her eyes enkindled with maternal love, she said tenderly, "You are growing old, George; care and toil have been making marks in your face since I saw it last." Her voice is said to have been singularly sweet, and he loved its cadence as she called him by name. She inquired as to his health, and she spoke much "of old times and old friends, but of his glory not one word."—[Century.]

How Paris Buries Its Dead.

In every great city the poor live by the worldly vanities of the rich. In Paris they die in the same way. It is the manufacture of innumerable superfluities which makes up the bulk of the industry of the working classes. The French capital has developed an ingenious system by which the poor are furnished with a free burial at the expense of the "pride, pomp and circumstance" which Dives considers his due on the road to the tomb. One of the largest, best managed, and most profitable industries in Paris is that of the Pompes Funebres, the gigantic monopoly which alone has the privilege of transporting the dead through the streets of Paris in funeral style. It possesses undertakers' material to the value of over four millions of francs, does some six millions a year of business, and turns over nearly two and a half millions of this as clear profit to its accredited owners, the church establishment of the city, after gratuitously and decently burying some three out of every five of the dead as in light subjects.

Each country and each age have their own fashion of disposing of their dead, from the Patagonian who makes "lion meat" of his spouse back to the ancient Romans with his ancestral urns. Taken all in all, there is no more reasonable arrangement than that of the thrifty Parisian who manages to have each disposal of the dead carried out "decently and in order" through the exploitation of a love of lavish display in a minor portion of the community. One sees nothing of the ghastly side of the undertakers' work in visiting the vast premises which have been recently devoted to the use of the Pompes Funebres, away out in the extreme northeast of Paris, in La Villette. There we found only the "trappings" and the suits of "woe," the materials for the funeral decorations and the funeral corteges. Take it altogether, a ramble over the establishment is one of the most interesting sights of the city.—[The Forum.]

Simple Home Remedies.

Frequent applications of which hazel are recommended for chilblains. Powdered tannic acid should be carried in a small pocket box. Used as a snuff it will check nose bleed.

A dust of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) not only will relieve a burn, but it is said will soothe a toothache. Oil of cloves will surely do this.

Bend the head forward so that the chin rests deeply on either collar bone; close the eyes; or the head "nod" from side to side in the attitude into which the person falls naturally when dozing in a chair. This position cuts off the supply of blood to the brain.

For a rash of blood to the head try to get some of it down to the feet. Even in sitting you can use the same device as that which prevents cold feet in a church or horse car: rest the weight of the leg on the toe of each foot. Make as though you were about to walk on tiptoe. This diverts the blood from an apoplectic head, and is found to relieve giddiness or swimming of the head in a few minutes. Perhaps the resolution to send the blood to the toes has something to do with it, as well as the attitude.—[New York Press.]

FISHING FOR PEARLS.

EXPERIENCE OF A DIVER IN AUSTRALIA.

Curious Features Among the Native Divers—Pearl Shells are the Divers' "Bread and Butter."

Around the northern and western coasts of Australia the mother-of-pearl shell has been found in great quantities, and it was on these coasts, which are still unexplored, and inhabited only by natives, that the writer gained what knowledge he possesses of pearl-diving as it is followed to-day.

Formerly it was carried on in two ways, by native divers and by dress-divers. A few years ago the aborigines were easily induced to sign a contract binding them to their employer for the diving season, and in remuneration for their labor received the usual pay—food, tobacco, clothing from the neck to the knees, and a blanket. They lived aboard a schooner on the fishing-grounds during the five summer months, diving from small boats without the aid of sinker or other appendage, and in water from twenty to sixty feet deep. Each boat was in charge of a white man, who sculled the boat along and kept his "boys" up to the mark. Excepting an hour for dinner, they remained away from the schooner from sunrise to sunset. A good native diver, if shells were moderately plentiful, would get from sixty to one hundred pairs per day.

A curious feature among the native divers is that toward the end of the season their long, curly, jet-black hair becomes a straw color, presumably through the action of the salt water and the sun, and forms a ludicrous contrast to their intensely black faces and bodies. Since bleaching the hair has become a "fad" among civilized nations perhaps the above recipe may prove useful to some of my readers.

Native divers are not in much request at this time, owing to the shell being pretty well worked out in the shallow waters, and it has been found by long practical experience that naked native divers cannot work with any degree of success beyond a depth of ten fathoms. For this reason it will be readily understood that, as the greater part of the shells now found have to be searched for at a depth of water exceeding ten fathoms, they can be obtained only by means of the well-known diving-dress.

During three years spent on the coast of Western Australia I never knew an instance where an aborigine had been broken in to work in a diving-dress, his objection to it arising from some superstition. The greatest depth at which pearl-shells were found in payable quantities when I left, in 1882, was eighteen fathoms, and the main portion of the diving is now done by white men and a few Mongolians.

Dress-diving is by far the most approved method, as the diver can remain under water an hour or two if he chooses, can dive much deeper than the natives, and is able to work all the year round. The style of boat universally used for this work is the lugger, which is a good sea-boat and easy to handle. It ranges in size from ten to twenty tons, is filled with air-pumps, and carries a crew of six men and a diver.

The crews are almost entirely Malaya, who are brought down from Singapore by the regular steamer Australind, owned by C. Bethel of London, which runs up and down the coast and supplies the pearl-divers with provisions, etc., and by which the shells are shipped for the London market. I should mention here that pearl-fishing means not only fishing for pearls, but also for the shells in which they are found, the latter being really the "bread and butter" of the diver, and worth from \$100 to \$150 per ton. In a ton of shells there is always a quantity of seed-pearls, probably a hundred or more; but good pearls are not to be reckoned on as certainties, as one man may open ten tons and not find a stone worth \$10, while another man may take a small fortune out of a day's gathering. The average weight of a pair of shells is two pounds.—[The Century.]

A Procession of Two.

The late General Charles Sargent used to tell a good story in which himself and the late A. Minor Griswold, the famous humorist, were the leading figures. On one occasion Sargent and Griswold went over to Govington to take a part in a jollification. In some manner they lost track of the main procession and organized a parade of their own. Sargent was the commander of the procession, which consisted only of himself and Griswold. The pair of wags marched up and down the street, and, it is possible, made more noise than was consistent with good order. They went through all the evolutions with which they were familiar. Sargent giving the commands, and Griswold, policeman arrested them, and the next morning they had to appear before the judge on the charge of disorderly conduct. Mr. Sargent acted as the counsel for the defense. He seemed inspired by the situation, and made a most skillful argument. "We were a procession, if it pleases your honor," began the general; "it is true that there were only two of us, but the law does not say how many persons it takes to compose a procession. It can be either two or 2,000, so far as the statute is concerned. It is essential for every procession to have a commanding officer, and I acted in that capacity. I know that your honor will agree that it is also customary to have music on such occasions, and as there was no band to be had on such short notice, Mr. Griswold furnished it by whistling and singing." Mr. Sargent made such an ingenious plea that the judge released the two friends on their own recognizance and reserved his decision. His opinion has never been handed down, and Charley Sargent used to say that it has never yet been decided how many people it takes to make a procession.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Serenity.

It takes a great deal to disturb the even tenor of certain well-ordered and serene minds. In illustration of which the following incident is given:

An old lady living in a certain New England village was going down a flight of back stairs when she fell and went

rolling to the very bottom of the stairs, where she burst open the door and came rolling out into the kitchen.

"My servant girl, Jane, screamed in fright, and various members of the family came running into the kitchen, breathless with alarm.

"Before any of them could speak a word the old lady lifted herself to a sitting position on the floor and, holding one finger up warningly and snuffing at the air, said calmly:

"Jane, then biscuits in the oven are burning and I know it!"—[Wide Awake.]

POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES.

It has been found by experiments that ordinarily the blood travels from the heart through the arteries at the rate of about 12 inches a second and through the capillaries at about 3-100 of an inch per second.

There is a railway in France which has a continuous down grade in one direction, thus requiring no locomotive for that run. It is now proposed to use electric motors and make the descending train generate and store part of the current necessary for returning.

An excellent ink for writing upon glass or porcelain is made by dissolving ten parts of bleached shellac and five parts of venetian turpentine in fifteen parts of oil of turpentine by immersing the containing vessel in warm water. After solution is effected, five parts of lamp-black are incorporated.

ANCIENT TELEGRAPHY.—The ancient Greeks and Romans practiced telegraphy with the help of pots filled with straw and twigs saturated in oil, which being placed in rows expressed certain letters, according to the order in which they were lighted, but the only one of their contrivances that merits a detailed description was that invented by a Grecian general named Eneas, who flourished in the time of Aristotle, intended for communication between the generals of an army. It consisted, says the Industrial World, of two exactly similar earthen vessels filled with water, each provided with a cork that would discharge an equal quantity of water in a given time, so that the whole or any part of the contents would escape in precisely the same period from both vessels.

On the surface of each floated a piece of cork, supporting an upright, marked off into divisions, each division having a certain sentence inscribed upon it. One of the vessels was placed at each station, and when either party desired to communicate he lighted a torch, which he held aloft until the other did the same as a sign that he was all attention. The sender of the message lowering or extinguishing his torch each party immediately opened the cork of his vessel, and so left it until the sender relighted his torch, when it was at once closed. The receiver then read the sentence on the division of the upright that was level with the mouth of the vessel, and which, if everything had been executed with exactness, corresponded with that of the sender, and so conveyed the desired information.

"The Obstinate Thing."

Lately the little sons of the Emperor of Germany were shown the mysteries of a chapeau-claque, or crash hat. Shortly afterward, in the ante-room of the father, they found a tall hat, and immediately desired to test their skill in shutting it up. Being an ordinary hat and without the claque mechanism, it naturally refused to shut. At last one little prince, growing impatient, said to his brother: "Sit on it, Fritzchen!" Fritz obeyed; there followed a loud crack and a roar of laughter from the authors of the mischief. The Emperor sent out to learn the cause of the disturbance. Pointing to the smashed hat, the young Crown Prince replied, with a military salute: "The obstinate thing wouldn't shut at first, but among us we managed to make it change its mind!" The wrecked hat was replaced by a new one, which the Emperor all doubtless kept as a souvenir of a very amusing episode in the life of his country's future head.—[Manchester Times.]

The Alaskan Woman's Boat.

The omlak, or woman's boat, is the barge of the northern waters of Alaska, and sometimes these skin boats will carry from thirty to forty people. Built with sharper lines, it becomes the whaling boat. It is the skin boat on a larger scale, walrus hide being used. Mr. Elliott tells of his uneasy feeling when he first saw "the cold, green water" through the transparent sides of the bidarka, but that after a while he was satisfied of the excellence and seaworthiness of the craft. "If attended to thoroughly and constantly, these skin-covered boats are the best species of lighters that can be used in these waters, for they will stand more bumping and pounding on the rocks and alongsidship than all wooden or even corrugated-iron lighters would endure and remain seaworthy."—[New York Times.]

A Modern Diana.

Mrs. W. C. Lane, of Capay Valley, in a crack rifle shot. A few days ago she caught a stray dog, tied a tin can filled with stones to his tail, and as he scampered up the hillside fired seven shots at him from her Winchester. The last shot severed the tail from the dog's body. When she picked up the canine caudal appendage she discovered that the other six bullets had perforated the can.—[San Francisco Chronicle.]

The New Hairpin.

New hairpins, which are thrust in the back of the coiffure to hold in place the small bonnets and crownless hats, are of gold, beautifully cut out in open-work pattern. These have almost superseded the fine knots and twists, so long in vogue. "It is so easy," say the exclusives, "to imitate those in cheap qualities." The new ones readily show whether they are choice or not.—[New York Times.]

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

FIVE LITTLE RABBITS.

Five little rabbits went out to walk. They liked to boast as well as talk. The first one said: "I hear a gun." The second one said: "I'll not run." The two little ones said: "Let us stay in the shade." "I'm not afraid!" The big one said: "I'm not afraid!" Bang! bang! went the gun. And they ran every one. —[New York Mail and Express.]

A BAD PONY TRADE.

A Brooklyn boy, nine or ten years old, began several months ago to save money to buy a pony. His parents and relatives amused his whim, and having ample means, they helped along his accumulations very rapidly. The youngster had no idea of the purchasing power of money, but he had started out with the notion that when he filled his little iron bank he would have enough to buy the pony. When the bank would hold no more, he broke it open, and his mother counted \$60.15. "That is not enough to buy a pony," said she. "Then, I guess, I'll take a tricycle," said the boy. The tricycle was bought, and the boy started out to explore the neighborhood with it. He was gone about two hours, and when he reached home he had no tricycle, but he held his hat carefully under his arm. "Oh mamma! look at these pretty kitties," he exclaimed, displaying four small kittens just able to walk; "I traded my tricycle for these." The boy's parents have not yet been able to find the other party to that bargain.—[N. Y. Times.]

TAD'S BALLOON.

It was the first one he had ever seen, and he thought there never was anything half so wonderful.

He sat on the floor with it and drew his little fat hands softly over the smooth, shining surface and was almost afraid to breathe for fear it would float away.

Papa had just brought it home with him. He bought it from a man by the ferry who stood with a lot of them fastened to strings tossing them up in the air, like beautiful, goat, red soap bubbles.

When Tad got tired of looking at it and tried to lay it on the floor, it floated up to the ceiling and hung there glistening in the lamplight.

Occasionally he would pull it down by the string but soon it would go back again.

When Tad went to bed it seemed so funny not to be able to put it away as he did his other toys. He carried it upstairs and let it float up to the ceiling right over his little bed.

The dim light from the gas jet flickered on the balloon and made a red speck in the darkness.

He watched it until it grew smaller and smaller, and finally he could not see it at all. He was asleep.

In the morning he had almost forgotten about it, until he saw baby in her crib reach up her hands and coo toward something over her head. Tad sat up quickly in bed and looked.

There it was, looking more delightfully like a soap bubble than ever.

Tad scrambled into his clothes and didn't half eat his breakfast, he was in such a hurry to get out in the yard to play with his balloon.

He let it go only a little way at first, but soon he grew bolder and let out the tender cord, and the lovely crimson ball floated clear up to the top of the big oak tree where it rested.

Tad sat down to watch it, and build air castles about it.

He played he was in it and going up to see the man in the moon.

That made him think he would get a longer string and let it go away up to the moon when it came out that night.

So he drew the balloon down and started for the house with it under his arms.

He was just going into mamma's sewing room when he stumbled and fell.

The balloon caught on a pair of scissors which ripped the pretty red surface open.

Tad gazed in astonishment. Then he burst into tears, for the pretty balloon would not float any more and was fast flattened out.

He said his head in mamma's lap and cried so hard that mamma put down her work to comfort him. And she told him this story:

"Once upon a time there was a little boy who had a beautiful red balloon given to him. He was delighted with this lovely plaything and he neglected all his other toys to play with it.

One day it occurred to him to see what was inside of it, and so he took a knife and made a little slit in it.

"Immediately it began to flatten out just as you're did, and he began to cry just as you are crying.

"Suddenly he heard some one say 'Don't cry,' and looking up he saw a little old fairy.

"He was so surprised he didn't say a word, for he supposed, you see, that all fairies were young, and lo! this was an old one.

"Then she said again: 'Don't cry!'

"And he said: 'Excuse me please, but my balloon is spoiled and I must cry.'

"'Tut! tut!' said the fairy, sharply.

"'By cutting your balloon you have liberated me. I am very glad you cut it. I was a prisoner inside it. Now I can go home to Fairyland.'

"'Inside my balloon?' said he, 'how came you there? Is there a fairy in every balloon?'

"'Of course there is,' she replied. 'If there wasn't how do you suppose the balloon could float?'

"'He couldn't say, and he told her he couldn't.'

"'We are shut up in there by our fairy queen as a punishment. And there we have to remain till some boy or girl liberates us. I made a face at our queen and to punish me she put me in your balloon. Thank you very much for letting me out. Now if you'll shut your eyes a moment you'll see—what you will see.'

"'So he shut his eyes very politely and when he opened them the fairy was gone.'

"Tad looked down at the shapeless red mass on the floor and said thoughtfully: 'I don't believe there was no fairy in mine, massy, because I didn't see none.'

"'Perhaps not,' said mamma, and then she laughed.—[New York Recorder.]

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

EPITOME OF NEWS GLEANED FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE STATE.

THE body of Garble Weir, superintendent of the Pittsburgh police, has been exhumed and undoubted evidence of poisoning found. Suspicion is directed toward a number of persons and arrests are promised, but have not yet been made.

THE posse which left Somerset in search of Bill Pritts, one of the alleged murderers of old man Hoekstetter, has failed to capture him. It is believed that he is in hiding in his son-in-law's house, which is being guarded.

THE Presbyteries of Chester and Westminster met, the former at Chester and the latter at Lancaster.

FREDERICK FISHER deliberately drowned himself in the Lehigh Canal at Bethlehem. Aid was offered him several times but he would not accept it.

ROBERT KEISER, aged 14, of Pottsville, has been missing from home for four days. It is supposed he was abducted by a tramp named Jack Douglas, whose company he was in when last seen.

ONE of the Chaser mills at Cresconia, near Pottsville, was blown to atoms by an explosion. No one was injured.

THE Ashland Mutual Fire Insurance Company has decided to settle the Elliot case by paying the \$1,350.20 awarded by the jury at the last trial. The case has been on the court docket several years.

A POSSE of Revenue and State officers left Somerset in search of Bill Pritts, the moon-shiner who was concerned, it is alleged, in the Hoekstetter murder.

MRS. THOMAS EVANS, residing at Georgetown, near Wilkes-Barre, attempted suicide by cutting her throat with a table knife. A quarrel with her husband was the cause. Her condition is critical.

H. CLAY SMITH, accused of forgery in Bradford, was captured at Cumberland, Md. At Ebersburg in the case of Elmer Bruner, who pleaded guilty of the murder of Samuel Rees, Judge Baker fixed the grade of the crime as murder in the first degree.

By the fin of a fish penetrating her hand Mrs. John McCord, of Harrisburg, is ill with blood poisoning and may die.

WORKMEN with dynamite blew up a huge boulder near Huntington. It fell on the railroad bridge crossing the Juniata and broke one of the spans, delaying traffic.

THE separator in the rod department of Oliver's Seventh Street mill, at Pittsburg, blew off, seriously wounding three workmen—James Rodgers, Michael Ross and Dennis Donovan. Their injuries are not fatal.

AT Hollidaysburg masked burglars broke into the house of John Daily, and falling to find any money, beat and tortured him. The residence of Miss Olivia McDowell was visited and she was also cruelly cut and beaten.

GENERAL W. G. YEASEY, who commanded the 16th Vermont Infantry Regiment in the battle of Gettysburg, and four members of his command, have chosen a site for the regiment's monument on the battlefield.

PALM Sunday was celebrated in the churches throughout the State. Special services were held and in some denominations the right of confirmation was administered. At Bethlehem the Moravian congregations held a service of song. At Allentown all the churches were decorated with flowers.

THE Turners of Pittsburg District held their annual meeting at McKeesport. Officers were elected and a resolution that the World's Fair be kept open on Sunday was unanimously adopted.

MICHAEL WALSH, who sued the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company for \$50,000 damages, for injuries received in the fatal Mud Run disaster, was awarded \$550 by the jury at Scranton.

THE Lehigh Valley shops at Easton, which were closed down some time ago, will start again, it being the intention of the company to keep them running on full time.

AN incendiary attempt was made to destroy the Chester City Hall but the fire was extinguished before it had gained much headway. REPORTS from country districts in Western Pennsylvania, Western Ohio and West Virginia, to Pittsburgh papers state that snow fell and that the thermometer is still falling.

GEORGE L. CAKE, Secretary of the Assembly, No. 300, of the Window Glass Workers' Association of Pittsburgh, was arrested on the charge of bigamy and infidelity. Mrs. Julia Cake, of Brooklyn, claims that she was deserted by him. The association will also investigate the charges.

JOHN GALL was crushed to death beneath a heavy field roller in Lancaster County.

LIZZIE UHL, of Ashland, was arrested for throwing her newly-born child into a sewer.

FOR two years Fred Phillips, of Stroudsburg, suffered intense pain in his stomach. Doctors said it was indigestion. It was finally discovered that a live lizard five inches in length caused the trouble. The animal has been removed and Phillips will recover.

ILL health caused George H. Reider, a Williamsport lumber agent, to commit suicide by hanging.

RECEIVER COLLINS has notified the depositors of Muncy Bank that they will be paid in full.

WHEN Sheriff John D. Howard attempted to levy on the goods of Frank Green, near Lima, he was confronted by a revolver in the hands of Green. The latter was finally subdued.

They Become Expert Shots.

Engineers of railroad trains in Texas and most of the Western States carry revolvers, and often rifles, in the cab for various contingencies that might arise. They amuse themselves by shooting at the telegraph poles or any other mark while running at full speed and attain a wonderful skill in marksmanship. A few days ago an engineer on the Denver and Rio Grande railway shot and killed a wildcat near Newcastle from the cab of his locomotive.—[New York Sun.]

Why, Mr. Ardent, how ungallant of you to say you thought I was 32!

"Well, it certainly struck me that you were somewhere near the freezing point."

You Can Have Our Share.

There are 1,500,000,000 cigarettes smoked in Great Britain every year, and in the United States the consumption reaches 2,400,000,000, or 100 to every man and boy.