

## THE KINGDOM OF LOVE.

In the dawn of the day, when the sea  
and the earth  
Reflected the sunrise above,  
I set forth with a heart full of cour-  
age and mirth  
To seek for the Kingdom of Love.  
I asked of a Poet I met on the way  
Which cross road would lead me  
aright.  
And he said: "Follow me, and ere long  
you shall see  
Its glittering turrets of light."  
And soon in the distance a city shone  
fair.  
"Look yonder!" he said; "how it  
gleams!"  
But alas! for the hopes that were  
doomed to despair.  
It was only the "Kingdom of  
Dreams."  
Then the next man I asked was a gay  
Cavalier.  
And he said: "Follow me, follow  
me."  
And with laughter and song we went  
speeding along  
By the shores of Life's beautiful sea.  
Then we came to a valley more tropical  
far  
Than the wonderful vale of Cash-  
mere.  
And I saw from a bower a face like  
a flower  
Smile out on the gay Cavalier.  
And he said: "We have come to hu-  
manity's goal;  
Here love and delight are intense."  
But alas and alas! for the hopes of  
my soul,  
It was only the "Kingdom of Sense."  
As I journeyed more slowly I met on  
the road  
A coach with retainers behind.  
And they said: "Follow me, for our  
Lady's abode  
Belongs in that realm, you will  
find."  
'Twas a grand dame of fashion, a  
newly made bride.  
I followed, encouraged and bold;  
But my hopes died away like the last  
gleams of day.  
For we came to the "Kingdom of  
Gold."  
At the door of a cottage I asked a fair  
maid.  
"I have heard of that realm," she  
replied;  
But my feet never roam from the  
"Kingdom of Home."  
So I know not the way, and she  
sighed.  
I looked on the cottage; how restful it  
seemed!  
And the maid was as fair as a dove,  
Great light gladdened my soul as I  
cried:  
"Why, Home is the 'Kingdom of  
Love!'"  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in New York  
World.

## LUCK OR SCIENCE—WHICH?

I had been in the service only a few  
years, but luck—or intelligent direc-  
tion—had brought me success, so  
when the chief told me to go to Tilt-  
onsville and find the murderer of  
Judge Sawyer I was complimented. I  
reached Tiltonsville about midday,  
and promptly made myself popular  
with the sportsy element of the town.  
Everybody talked about the shooting  
of Judge Sawyer, but no one could  
give me a hint which could be even  
tortured into a clue. Three days' re-  
sidence at the hotel, numerous inter-  
views with the important and unim-  
portant townspeople, satisfied me the  
newspapers had told all that was to  
be learned from the populace of Tilt-  
onsville.  
On the fourth day I went to Judge  
Sawyer's late residence and there met  
with his daughter Grace. Miss Saw-  
yer could tell me only this: She was  
visiting in Boston when her father  
was killed. The household consisted  
of the judge, the housekeeper, the  
cook, Joe, a mixture of butler, groom  
and chore boy. It was Judge Saw-  
yer's custom to dine at one o'clock and  
read, rest or sleep until three. He  
was regular in his habits and punct-  
ual at his meals.  
On the third day of July he had  
not varied his custom; he had dined  
at one, and thereafter went to his  
study. Not appearing at three o'clock,  
the housekeeper rapped on the study  
door; receiving no response she en-  
tered the room, and was horrified to  
discover the judge lying on the couch,  
and blood on his forehead. She spoke  
to him, but received no response. She  
alarmed the household. The doctor  
came and pronounced him dead—shot  
in the head from a gun or revolver  
close to him, as was evidenced by the  
powder in the forehead. The local po-  
lice, and the State's Attorney's office  
had investigated the affair, but no  
clue had been found. The room was  
in perfect order; no papers were dis-  
turbed. A safe which could readily  
have been opened was untouched,  
and no article of any kind or descrip-  
tion was missing. The dead man was  
lying in an easy position, and death  
had come swiftly and peacefully.  
Neither money nor papers were the  
motive for the crime. The judge had  
no entanglements either professional,  
social, or financial, and he was not  
known to have an enemy.  
The house was a frame building set  
back from the road. Shade and fruit  
trees dotted the grounds, which were  
generous and ran back to the river.  
It was a lovely spot to live in—the  
summer.  
I took a photograph of the study,  
and then discovered that the house in  
general, and that room in particular,  
was planned with the definite purpose  
of obtaining the sunlight. The study  
was in the rear corner of the house  
and pointed direct south east. A win-

dow on the west side was diagonally  
opposite one on the east side, while  
between these two windows was a  
semi-continuous window which formed  
a curved corner. The couch was  
pushed up close in the corner, in such  
a way that it would catch any pass-  
ing breeze. The desk was facing the  
couch, and rested against the wall  
which made the alcove. On the walls  
were foils, boxing gloves, a miniature  
boat, a broken ear with a crimson rib-  
bon and similar articles. On the wall  
opposite the desk was a gun, on a  
rest, a powder flask, and above these  
a baseball bat and a catcher's mask.  
Of course I examined the gun and  
found it empty, with not even a cap  
on it. These were the only articles  
of any consequence the photograph  
disclosed.

The next day I was called upon by  
Miss Sawyer and a young lady whom  
she introduced as her friend, Mena  
Bell, of Boston, who had come to  
make her a long visit; and she said I  
must make her house my headquar-  
ters. She thought I could do better  
service by being constantly about the  
premises, and, besides, it would not  
be unpleasant to have a man in the  
house.  
While I had not made any progress  
in solving the mystery which brought  
me to Tiltonsville, it is not quite true  
that I had not progressed favorably  
toward a wholesome friendship with  
Grace Sawyer and Mena Bell, who  
were delightful companions. I was  
treated as a guest and equal.  
We were a lively trio, and one day,  
in the midst of a gale of merriment,  
Miss Sawyer suddenly became serious  
and said:

"Perhaps, Mr. Fox, you think me  
an odd mixture. I loved my father as  
devotedly as an only child could love  
an only parent, and my grief is strong  
upon me at all times. But I know  
papa would wish me not to shut out  
sunshine; and if I can get away from  
sadness and gloom I am best serving  
myself and paying the highest tribute  
to his memory."  
I admired Grace Sawyer for that  
speech, but I admired more the philo-  
sophy which prompted it.  
Three weeks had passed and I had  
made no headway in the case. We  
were on the river, and Miss Bell in-  
cluded in an easy, off-hand way if I  
had made any progress. I replied  
promptly and almost abruptly:  
"No, I have discovered nothing."  
"Is that possible?" she drawled pro-  
vokingly.  
"Is what possible, Miss Bell?"  
"To discover nothing!"  
Miss Bell's speech nettled me, not  
so much by the words as her manner  
while speaking them, and I wondered  
if she had seen through the veil and  
had discovered that I was in love with  
Grace Sawyer. Later on I met her  
alone, and I resolved to dissipate that  
impression, assuming my conclusion  
was correct. With this thought up-  
permost I remarked:

"You taunted me this afternoon,  
Miss Bell, and I want to say, in self  
justification, that I offered to surren-  
der this case some time ago, but Miss  
Sawyer would not consent. I am free  
to say to you that I see no hope of  
solving this mystery unless luck  
points the way, and I—"  
"Somehow I feel as if you will win  
out yet," she responded, kindly; "but  
I know Grace will never feel content  
until the mystery surrounding her  
father's death is cleared up. I am  
sure I wish you success, but Grace  
will never—there, she is calling me;  
good-by for the present. I am dumb."  
The next day Miss Sawyer came to  
the study for what she termed a con-  
sultation. I was lying on the couch  
when a rap came upon the door, and  
before the echo of my "Come in" had  
died she was in the room. She told  
me not to move and seated herself at  
the desk, and said:

"I cannot bear this doubt and un-  
certainty. If my father was murder-  
ed I want to know it, and I want to  
see the murderer. Oh, I wouldn't  
harm him! If he'd confess I think I  
could almost forgive him; if I don't  
know for certain I shall go mad."  
She had swung about on the swivel  
chair, with her head and body thrown  
forward, and was sobbing bitterly. I  
sprang from the couch, more crazed  
than ever I was before or since, and  
placing my hands on her shoulders,  
cried:

"Grace, Grace, don't you know I  
would turn the world upside down for  
your sake?"  
Then I became lucid and realized  
what I had said; the reaction was as  
painful as the paroxysm had been de-  
fectious. I drew back. Grace turned  
and faced me; as her eyes confronted  
mine I was startled at their brilliance,  
and in making a backward movement  
my hand rested on the gun; the touch  
of that sun-beated iron formed an  
electric current, and in pain, fright  
and joy I gave a sharp cry and lost  
consciousness.  
The doctor said the causes of my  
attack were the heat, too much exer-  
cise, overwork, and too good living.  
The last 4 subscribe to, but the others  
I reject.  
I had solved the mystery. Now to  
prove my solution. I took the gun and  
carefully cleaned it. I loaded it  
with powder and one half-bullet shot.  
I put it back on the rest. I made up  
a dummy and placed it on the couch.  
I locked and barred the study door,  
and then silently, but vehemently,  
prayed for hot weather, the hotter the  
better.

Ostensibly my service had ended,  
but I stayed on to recuperate. We  
passed the days and evenings much  
as usual, but I met neither Miss Saw-  
yer nor Miss Bell alone. We three  
were sitting on the piazza, one after-  
noon, when Miss Sawyer, with an ef-  
fort for a matter of fact tone, said:  
"By the way, Mr. Fox, I have mis-  
laid a letter. I think I left it in the  
study. Will you get it for me?"

"Certainly," I replied; "shall I go  
now?"  
"Oh, no! later on will answer."  
Then a heavy silence overcame us.  
I began to wish I had gone for that  
letter. I was about to put the wish  
into action, in fact, had started for  
the study, when suddenly there was  
a report like the discharge of a gun.  
"Oh, my!" exclaimed Miss Bell.  
"What's that?" asked Miss Sawyer.  
"Thank God!" I softly murmured;  
but aloud I said: "Come, and I'll show  
you."  
We entered the study. My scheme  
had worked. The dummy was shot in  
the forehead. The mask was per-  
forated with powder, but a larger hole  
showed where the bullet entered. The  
gun had been discharged through the  
powder igniting by the sun's rays on  
the barrel. The mystery of the death  
of Judge Sawyer was solved. He had  
been accidentally shot and killed by  
his own gun, discharged by the heat  
of the sun.

I was so engrossed in explaining my  
experiment that I didn't see Miss Bell  
leave the room. Grace and I were  
alone.  
Several years have passed since I  
left the detective service. My office  
is in Pemberton Square, my political  
residence is in the old fifteenth ward;  
but my summer residence is at Tilt-  
onsville. My wife has just come into  
the room, and I will let our conversa-  
tion end this tale.  
"Grace, I have written a sketch de-  
tailing the solving of the mystery of  
your father's death. How shall I cap-  
tion it—luck or science?"  
"Neither."  
"Neither? Why, it was one or the  
other."  
"It was neither."  
"Then what was it?"  
"Love."  
—Elizabeth Carpenter.

## A GOOD MEMORY.

Witness Caused Shivers to Run up and down  
the Lawyer's Back.

"It isn't often," said the well-known  
attorney, as he smiled to himself,  
"that a witness gets the best of a  
lawyer. But I remember one that got  
the best of me in a way that caused  
the shivers to run up and down my  
back.  
"A good many years ago I was re-  
tained upon a line fence suit between  
two old farmers. It had been in the  
courts for ten years, and bid fair to  
be there for ten more unless the  
parties became bankrupt in the mean-  
while.  
"It was my first appearance in the  
matter. I having taken the place of  
one of the lawyers who died.  
"I was very, very young. In fact, it  
was my first case, and I felt my im-  
portance more than I do now after  
thirty years of hard grind.  
"Among the witnesses was an old  
farmer that I knew personally, having  
been born and brought up in the same  
neighborhood.  
"He was put on the stand to swear  
to some facts that happened ten years  
back, and when he was turned over  
to me for cross examination I pro-  
ceeded to test the value of his mem-  
ory dating so far back.  
"Do you mean to say," I began  
sternly, "that you can remember a  
mere incident that happened ten  
years ago?"  
"Yes, sir," he answered.  
"Then, perhaps," said I, sarcastically,  
"you can remember something  
else that happened upon that particu-  
lar day?"  
"Yes I kin," he put in eagerly, "jest  
after I saw Farmer Dunn drive that  
cow of his'n into his back pasture I  
wuz goin' through my apple orchard  
when I saw ye an' two other kids  
stealing apples. When ye saw me  
comin' ye tried to git away; the other  
kids did, but I coteched ye when ye  
kin a-shidin' down the trunk of the  
tree."  
"Like a flash my memory went back  
ten years to a very painful experience,  
and I tried to stop him, but he went  
on."  
"An I took ye across my lap an'  
gave ye the all fire-dirt spankin' that  
ye ever had," he concluded.  
"I didn't question his memory any  
further."

## An Englishwoman's Fad.

The daughter of an English country  
gentleman prides herself on possessing  
the largest and most comprehensive  
collection of luggage and hotel labels  
in existence. In the albums in which  
these specimens are pasted can be  
found labels from all quarters of the  
globe. San Francisco hotels are rep-  
resented by fully half a dozen examples.  
There are no fewer than 156 from rail-  
ways and hotels of the Indian Empire,  
Canada, Samoa, New Zealand, China,  
Japan, Cairo, Russia, Asiatic Turkey;  
all have their sections allotted to them.  
The European specimens, obtained  
while traveling, from friends, or by  
letter application, numbering some  
thousands. Another English woman's  
pet hobby is a marvelous collection of  
all sorts and sizes of buttons. Many  
are veritable works of art. The most  
valuable, or rather the rarest, are two  
Chinese official buttons, which in real-  
ity are decorations, and buttons from  
the garments known to have been  
worn by Marat, Robespierre, Charles  
Dickens, Walter Scott, Washington,  
Nelson, Byron, Defoe, George II.,  
George III., Napoleon, Wellington, Bis-  
marck, Irving, Garfield and numerous  
other celebrities of both sexes. The  
collection numbers some 20,000 speci-  
mens, ranging from the commonest  
bone buttons to enamel ones set in  
gems valued at as much as \$1,750.—  
Chicago Times-Herald.

In 1897 only 0.11 per cent. of all re-  
ports for the German army were un-  
able to read and write. Ten years  
ago the percentage was 0.77.

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SOME P'S AND Q'S.

Pray, little lads and lasses gay,  
One lesson do not lose:  
As through the world you wend your  
way,  
Oh, mind your P's and Q's!  
For while P stands for pears and  
plums,  
For pleasantness and plays,  
For patience and for promptitude,  
For peace, politeness, praise:  
Yet, lackaday! it lends in part,  
In pinches, pests, and pain,  
Perverse, and petulant, and pry,  
And also is profane!  
Q stands for Quaker quietness,  
For quinces, quality,  
For quickness, and for queenliness,  
For quaint, and quaintance free.  
But then, it heralds quake and quail,  
And querulous—indeed,  
All quibbles, quarrels, quibs, and  
quicks,  
And quacks, it serves at need.  
Then watch them, little maids and  
men;  
For folks will soon excuse  
Full many a fault and foible, when  
You mind your P's and Q's.  
—Elizabeth Carpenter.

## THE BOY AND HIS CAP.

"I can't find my cap anywhere," is a  
sentence more or less familiar in  
the household, that being what the  
boy says, looking for his cap, when  
he wants to go out to play. Early in  
the search he enlists his mother, and  
that may make a serious business of  
it. She has to drop her dusting or  
whatever household work she may be  
engaged in, and the search may take  
a long time.  
"Where did you put it when you  
came in," is a question sure to be  
asked, sooner or later, but all the  
boy can answer is:  
"I don't know."  
And then the search goes on.  
Everywhere, over and under, in all  
sorts of places, all at a great loss of  
time, if not of temper. It is found at  
last, as most things are, in time, and  
in some simple easy place, which  
makes the finding of it all the more  
exasperating.  
The boy takes it and goes out to  
play and straightway forgets all about  
it; but it may take quite a little time  
to restore the normal calm in the  
house.  
It is a mystery how the boy man-  
ages to lose his cap as often as he  
does, but it appears to be a boy's way  
and common to almost all.

## FISHING FOR INSECTS.

Every little stream and pool abounds  
with insect life, at some season of the  
year.  
Of this there may be no appearance  
on the surface, but a few sweeps with  
insect life, at some season of the  
year.  
Provided with a canful of water and  
a net, any enterprising boy or girl  
will hunt up a pond and there go  
fishing for insects will discover many  
interesting things.  
Passing the net through some water  
weed it will not be long before some  
grayish green beetles leap vigorously  
into the net. There may be some  
water boatmen. The body of this in-  
sect is shaped just like a boat and the  
two long hind legs with which it pro-  
pels itself are feathered like oars.  
This beetle swims on its back and  
spends much of its time resting on  
the surface of the water, diving now  
and then to catch some insect on  
which it feeds.  
Among the contents of the net may  
be a sluggish, crawling grub, which  
buries itself in the mud.  
This creature is well worth exam-  
ination, for it is a dragon fly larva,  
provided with a remarkable lobster-  
like claw with which to seize its prey.  
As the grub lies concealed in the mud  
some insect may approach it, and as  
soon as its prey is within reach the  
claw, which has been folded up out  
of sight, darts out and secures the  
insect with unerring aim.

## HERO OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

It is a beautiful story told by Laf-  
cadio Hearn of an old man whose  
great deed belongs to Japanese history.  
He was Hamaguchi, and his  
farmhouse stood on the verge of a  
small plateau overlooking the bay.  
The plateau, mostly devoted to rice  
culture, was hemmed in on three  
sides by thickly wooded summits;  
and from the outer verge the land  
sloped down to the sea. Below were  
ninety thatched dwellings and a tem-  
ple; these composed the village.  
One autumn evening, Hamaguchi  
Gobei was looking down from his  
balcony on the preparations for some  
merrymaking in the hamlet below.  
All the villagers were out, and he  
would have gone with them, had he  
not been feeling less strong than usual.  
Suddenly there came an earthquake  
shock, not a very strong one; but  
Hamaguchi, who had felt many be-  
fore this, thought there was some-  
thing odd in its long, spongy motion.  
As the quaking ceased, he chanced to  
look toward the sea, and there he saw  
the strangest possible sight; it seemed  
to be running away from the land.  
Apparently the whole village had  
noticed it, for the people stood still  
in wonderment; only Hamaguchi drew  
any conclusions from the phenomenon,  
and guessed what the sea would do  
next. He called his little grandson,  
a lad of ten, the only one of the family  
left with him,  
"Tada! Quick! Light me a torch!"  
The child kindled a pine torch, and  
the old man hurried with it to the  
fields, where hundreds of rice stacks  
stood ready for transportation. One

by one he lighted them in haste, and  
they caught like tinder, sending sky-  
ward masses of smoke that met and  
mingled in one cloudy whirl. Ta'ia,  
astonished and terrified, ran after his  
grandfather, weeping and calling:  
"Why? why? why?"  
Hamaguchi did not answer; he  
thought only of four hundred lives in  
peril. He watched for the people, and  
in a moment only, they came  
swarming up from the village like  
ants.

...and still the sea was fleeing toward  
the horizon. The first party of savor  
arrived, a score of agile young pen-  
ants, who wanted to attack the fire  
at once; but Hamaguchi, stretching  
out both his arms, stopped them.  
"Let it burn, lads!" he command-  
ed. "Let it be. I want the whole  
village here."  
The whole village came, mothers  
and children last of all, drawn by con-  
cern and curiosity.  
"Grandfather is mad. I am afraid  
of him," sobbed little Tada. "He  
set fire to the rice on purpose. I saw  
him do it."  
"As for the rice," said Hamaguchi,  
"the child tells the truth. I set fire  
to it. Are all the people here?"  
"All are here," was the answer;  
"but we cannot understand this  
thing."  
"See!" cried the old man, at the  
top of his voice, pointing to the open  
sea.  
"It was the returning sea, towering  
like a cliff, and coursing swifter than  
the kite. There was a shock, heavier  
than thunder, as the colossal swell  
smote the shore, with a foam-burst  
like a blaze of sheet lightning.

Then a white horror of sea raved  
over the village itself. It drew back,  
roaring and tearing out the land as it  
went. Twice, thrice, five times it  
struck and ebbed, each time with  
lesser surges, and then it returned to  
its ancient bed, and stayed there, al-  
though still raging. Of all the homes  
about the bay, nothing remained but  
two straw roofs tossing madly in the  
oiling. All lips were dumb, until  
Hamaguchi observed gen'y.  
"That was why I set fire to the  
rice."  
He was now poor as the poorest in  
all the village; but he had saved four  
hundred lives.

## THE CARE OF ANIMALS.

The boy who is really fond of ani-  
mals never ill-treats his pets, or  
abuses and makes a slave of his dog.  
On the contrary, his dog is his com-  
panion and playmate.  
The boy knows that a dog's master  
is a god in the eyes of the poor brute,  
and is worshiped with canine devo-  
tion, which again and again has been  
proved faithful unto death. Such  
knowledge makes the boy just and  
kind. But a dog is only a domesti-  
cated wolf, and the wolf is not the  
only wild creature which can be do-  
mesticated; neither is the wolf the  
only animal which can appreciate  
kindness.

The same care which transforms a  
red-mouthed wolf into a faithful dog  
can transform other undomesticated  
beasts into useful creatures. As soon  
as an animal learns that you are con-  
tributing to its comfort in place of  
tormenting it, you may notice it will  
greet you with a milder expression.  
As soon as you can make the wildest  
and fiercest beast understand that the  
use of jaws, claws, or stings are un-  
necessary, it will refrain from using  
them. It is not always possible to  
come to this understanding with the  
larger beasts, but the lad who loves  
his pets will bestow upon the little  
creatures that affection which shows  
itself in a sympathy which can un-  
derstand their wants and necessities.  
Such a lad can perform wonders;  
birds will come at his call, the small  
beasts of the field will follow at his  
heels, and no child will fear him.

## Verifying a Pioneer Yarn.

When we were a boy, a great many  
years ago, we used to hear the old  
folks say that the first pioneers to  
Kentucky when they returned to Vir-  
ginia for their families used to tell  
some marvelous tales of the produc-  
tiveness of Kentucky soil. One tale  
they told that fixed in our imagina-  
tion was that sweet potatoes grew  
to such a length that they could sit on  
one end while the other roasted in the  
fire. We never believed it, but we  
wondered at it and remembered it.  
The other day Ike Gess brought into  
our office a sweet potato that meas-  
ured three feet, eight and one-half inches  
and after our visitors are done won-  
dering over it we intend to build a fire  
in the park and put one end in the  
fire and take a seat on the other, to  
verify the tale the old pioneers used  
to tell. It has taken one hundred  
years to prove the veracity of those  
honest old pioneers, but it is better late  
than never.—Kexington (Ky.) Gazette.

## Truthful at Least.

A certain judge who was blessed  
with a tremendous head of hair, which  
was generally in a state of wild dis-  
order, was questioning a young wit-  
ness, to make sure that he compre-  
hended the character and importance  
of the oath he was about to take.  
"Boy," he said, with his severest  
and most magisterial manner, "do you  
feel sure that you could identify me  
after six months? Now, be careful  
think before you speak."  
"Well, your honor," replied the boy  
after a prolonged survey of the  
judge's portly figure and ragged fea-  
tures. "I ain't sure, but I think I could  
if you wasn't to comb your hair."—  
Detroit Free Press.

The progress of modern ideas in  
China is shown by the fact that the  
Empress Dowager has selected  
Bright's disease as the malady of  
which the Emperor is to die.

## THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Gleaned from  
Various Parts.

### BLEW OPEN TWO SAFES

Had \$5,000 in Their Grasp, but Went  
Away Without It—Explosion Kills Two  
Men, Injures a Number of Others and  
Demolishes a Building—Eugene Weid-  
man Crushed to Death in Quicksand.

Two large safes in the office of the pipe  
works of Albright, Sons & Co., Allentown,  
were blown up by crackers. The office is  
directly opposite a Lehigh Valley watch  
tower, where a man is stationed all night.  
The watchman, however, declares that he  
never saw anything of the safe crackers  
nor heard any noise from the explosion.  
The crackers left a half dozen big chunks,  
marked "H. Jones," and an sugar and  
brace. One of the safes was badly wrecked  
by the explosion, which also damaged the  
office and furniture. Only the outer door of  
the other safe yielded to the explosive.  
The contents of the first safe consisted of  
books, stocks and bonds. The negotiable  
papers, that were overlooked by the bur-  
glars either accidentally or through igno-  
rance of their value, were in two packages.  
One of them was worth \$3500, and con-  
sisted of bonds, and the other package was  
made up of \$1800 worth of negotiable bonds.  
No booty was obtained, but the damage by  
the explosions amounts to \$400.

Killed by a Shying Horse.  
John A. Dering, of Chester, took Paul  
Vanaman, of Philadelphia, for a drive up  
the Chester pike. Near the city line, the  
horse shied, throwing both occupants of the  
carriage into the road. Mr. Vanaman fell  
under the horse's feet, but escaped serious  
injury. Mr. Dering had his skull fractured.  
He was removed to the Chester hospital,  
where he died without regaining conscious-  
ness. Deceased was chief book-keeper for  
the Delaware County Trust and Safe De-  
posit Company, and a son of Joseph Der-  
ing. He was a member of the Alpha Best  
Club and the Knights of Columbus.

Fatal Boiler Test.  
Two men lost their lives by the explosion  
of a new boiler, which was being tested at  
the shops of the Oil City Boiler Works. The  
killed are Charles McCloskey and John  
Frawley. E. J. Giddens was fatally injured,  
Dennis McMahon was injured internally  
and about a dozen other men were hit by  
flying debris. McCloskey, Frawley and  
Giddens were directly engaged in testing the  
boiler with steam. They were hurled against  
the side walls of the shop by the force of  
the explosion, and their bodies roasted by  
the escaping steam. The shop was demoli-  
shed, the boiler going through the roof and  
landing fifty feet away.

Met Death by Inches.  
The body of Eugene Weidman, standing  
rigidly erect in four feet of quicksand, was  
found in a swamp near East Hebron. Near-  
by was found a note which Weidman had  
written while sinking to death. It read: "I  
am sinking and starving. I cannot get any  
water. I cannot yell any more. I am  
going to pray, for my end is near." Weid-  
man left his home at East Hebron Sunday  
morning, and had not been seen since.

A Tragic End to a Parade.  
The parade of the Joshua Stimpkins Com-  
pany came to a sudden and sensa-  
tional ending at West Chester, when John  
Streckfus, the bass horn player in the band,  
dropped dead in the street in the presence  
of 400 spectators. His affliction was pro-  
nounced apoplexy. Deceased was 38 years  
of age, and a native of Germany. For a  
number of years he was employed as a mus-  
ician in Westminster Theatre, Providence,  
R. I.

Dog Causes Trouble Between Farmers.  
H. D. Crider, of Sunbeam, shot a setter  
belonging to Charles Shatzer, another young  
farmer, who was hunting rabbits. Crider  
claimed that the dog was chasing his chick-  
ens. He and Shatzer quarreled, and the  
latter is said to have fired a load of bird  
shot at Crider, hitting him in the breast,  
arm and hand. The wounds are not very  
dangerous, if blood poisoning does not  
follow.

Three Escape From Jail.  
Frank McCabe, Cyrus Thompson and  
Frank O'Brien, alias Bernard Gorman,  
notorious criminals, picked a lock with a  
fork at the Youngstown jail and escaped.  
The fugitives will be tracked with blood-  
hounds.

A Workman Injured.  
While workmen of the Keystone Foundry  
Company, Bloomsburg, were breaking iron  
by the use of dynamite, an explosion oc-  
curred and firing pieces of iron struck Frank  
Ivey on the head and inflicted wounds that  
are likely to prove fatal.

Accidentally Shot by a Hunter.  
While William Ewing, of Adamsburg, was  
showing Levi Luck the rabbit he had shot  
in his day's hunt his gun was accidentally  
discharged and the charge lodged in Luck's  
abdomen, inflicting a probably fatal wound.

Burning Mine Being Flooded.  
The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Com-  
pany has begun flooding Mine No. 8, Tam-  
paga, in order to extinguish the fire that is  
burning there. This colliery is one of the  
most valuable operated by the company,  
and employs over six hundred men and  
boys, the majority of whom have been sus-  
pended.

A Christening Starts a Riot.  
While a christening in a Slavic home in  
Johnstown was in progress beer and whis-  
key started a free-for-all fight in which  
Slavic Slavs took part. Two of the partici-  
pants, including the father of the child,  
were badly hurt. The other thirteen were  
arrested by the police and locked up.

Highwaymen Held for Robbery.  
John Ahern, of New York, and Timothy  
Conolly, of South Boston, alias Thomas  
Charlton, of Connecticut, were arraigned  
in court in Boston charged with highway  
robbery and an assault, with intent to kill,  
upon Jackson Dawson, Superintendent of  
the Arnold Arboretum. Both waived ex-  
amination, and were held in \$2500 each for  
the Grand Jury and committed to jail.

Sarah Bernhardt to Shoot Tigers.  
Sarah Bernhardt, the celebrated actress,  
is going to India to act and shoot tigers.  
She has chartered a big steam yacht, which  
will be commanded by Pierre Loti.