

THE SILVER LINING.

When poets sing of lovers' woes
And blighted lives and throbs and throes
And yearnings—goodness only knows
It's all a pose.

I am a poet, too, you know,
I, too, was young once, long ago,
And wrote such stuff myself, and so
I ought to know.

I, too, found refuge from despair
In solnet's to Amanda's fair
White brow or Nell's complexion rare,
Or Titian hair—

Which, when she scorned, did I resign
To flames, and go into decline?
Not much! When sonnets fetched per line
Enough to dine.

So, reader, when you read in print
A poet's woe—be wary and stint
Your tears and take this gentle hint—
It is his mint.

—Oliver Herford.

Sir Thomas' Invention.

I
Few things are more unpleasant to contemplate than the prospect of being buried alive. The horror of the idea haunts some people like a nightmare: the dread of such a fate amounts in some of them to a species of madness. It was so with old Thomas Twining, who had, on repeated occasions given the most precise instructions as to the tests which should be applied to his presumably lifeless corpse before it was finally made ready for its resting place among the Twining's of three generations.

One evening as he sat ruminating over the subject he was struck with what he thought was a new idea. It was not new by any means, for coffins which would open automatically on the revival of a supposed corpse have been known from almost the earliest times. Sir Thomas never heard of these of course; if he had he would have had one made long ago, and besides, there was really something new about his idea—which was that the coffin should not merely open, but fly to pieces, so as to afford instantaneous relief, and should contain the necessary tools, explosives, etc., to enable the prisoner to escape, even if he should awake to find himself bricked in from the air and the sun.

The baronet had always had a taste for mechanics, electricity, chemistry and the like. Castle Twining was full of apparatus—lathes, benches and tools—and so Sir Thomas decided upon inventing with his own hands, the coffin which was to inclose his remains, and which was to effectually guard him against the doom which he regarded as ten times more terrible than death.

He thought over all sorts of projects—of levers which the slightest movement of the body must certainly act upon; of elongated electric buttons, the faintest pressure upon which would lift the cover of the coffin and lay its sides and ends flat upon its bed; of cements which the increasing temperature of the "body" would melt, and of fabrics which, while air proof, would easily be torn in shreds by convulsive and desperate fingers. All these, after full consideration, he discarded as falling in some particular to meet the requirements of the case.

Patience rewarded him at last, however. The next solution, he perceived, must be a pneumatic one. The releasing apparatus must be operated upon by an increase of the internal air pressure. How was this to be achieved? The answer came to Sir Thomas just as the idea of gravitation came to Newton and that of steam to Watt—by observation of one of the commonest incidents imaginable. The falling apple of the former and the hissing kettle of the latter, spoke not more clearly to those keen observers than did the opening of a bottle of soda water to Sir Thomas Twining. What was the gas in soda water but imprisoned air? And why should not the release of imprisoned air in the projected coffin effect the purpose in view?

Still, there was this difficulty—that the force necessary to let loose the soda water was greater than that needed to operate the mechanism which would throw the coffin open. And how was this initial force to be provided? Much anxious thought was bestowed upon this problem. But it, too, at length yielded to the baronet's persistent efforts, for he found that the same effect, on a much larger and therefore better scale, could be produced by an ordinary seltz powder. To devise a plan by which a light metal plate, attached by a slender rod to two cups containing tartaric acid and carbonate of soda, which would rest upon the corpses' hands, and on the slightest movement tilt the chemicals into a vessel of water, was no difficult matter. And then Sir Thomas had the satisfaction of beholding his coffin complete.

II.

It was beautifully made of oak, hinged at the corners in such a way as to open out flat directly the cover was disturbed, and having a most ingenious snap-catch for the cover itself, so that, when once fastened down, it was practically immovable from the outside, but was instantly lifted partly off when the increased internal air pressure acted on a valve as delicate as the tympanum of a telephone.

Words cannot describe Sir Thomas' delight when for the first time he put the coffin to practical proof. Having chloroformed his favorite dog, a mastiff, he laid the animal out in the coffin, set the metal plate in position on his paws, charged the cups with the necessary chemicals, shut down the cover with a sharp click and calmly awaited the result.

Half an hour passed and nothing happened. There was nothing surprising in this for Sir Thomas had calculated the anaesthetic to last at least as long; but when fifteen minutes more had gone by, the baronet began to feel a little anxious. He was not so much concerned about the dog, although he was sincerely attached to him. It was the thought that the invention might be a failure, after all, which distressed him most. Judge, therefore, of his joy when as if some one had touched a hidden spring the cover was seen to rise—at first slightly, and then with a velocity as if dynamite had been exploded under it, while the mastiff, with a yell that might have lifted the roof—not of the casket merely, but of Castle Twining itself—sprang madly out of its prison, gave a ferocious glance at Sir Thomas and leaped like one possessed through the open window. The mastiff was not seen again for days, and when at last it returned the poor beast was so emaciated that it evidently nothing but hunger had induced it to come home. But Sir Thomas was overjoyed. The great work had been accomplished at last.

THE ROSES WERE DRUGGED.

How Travellers on German Railway Train Were Robbed by a Clever Scheme.

It may be all right for heroes to make their adorners tremulously happy by presenting them with roses. The novelists and dramatists must not be robbed of all their stock in trade. But it behooves the nineteenth century man to be particular about the roses he accepts, or rather about the girl who gives them. A short time ago a man and his two sisters were alone in a compartment on a German railway. At a station, an elegantly dressed, thickly veiled woman entered the carriage, carrying a superb bouquet of roses. When the train started, she asked her fellow travellers if they would object to her closing the window. The man hastened to close it for her, and, in moving to get out of his way, the stranger dropped her roses. He picked them up for her; and, thanking her charmingly, she asked him to keep one. Then, turning to his companions, she graciously offered each of them a few of the flowers. Naturally the courtesy was accepted; and the next thing of which the travellers were conscious was that the train had arrived in Berlin, that their veiled companion had disappeared, and that all of their money and valuables had gone with her. Of course, the roses had been drugged.

III.

After this Sir Thomas took great delight in showing off the merits of his coffin to his visitors and neighbors. On the first of these occasions the services of the mastiff were again requested. But the mastiff objected. Once buried, twice shy. No sooner did he catch sight of the dreaded receptacle than he broke loose from his custodians, and galloped off as fast as his legs could carry him. Of course, another dog was found, and was put through the experiment successfully, but he, too, strange to say, could not be induced to repeat the performance, and gave the mansion a very wide berth ever after. In fact, long before Sir Thomas had demonstrated his invention to all who were curious to see it, he had alienated the affections of every dog on the estate, and was obliged to borrow from his neighbors. Matters reached such a pass at last—all the available dogs for miles around having been "used up,"—so to speak—in response to the numerous applications which reached Sir Thomas to see the wonderful coffin, he used to say by way of postscript: "Visitors are kindly requested to bring their own dogs."

The coffin used to lie on a narrow bench in the library, and Sir Thomas would sometimes sit for hours and gaze upon it lovingly. One afternoon an idea occurred to him which he was rather surprised had not suggested itself before. It was that he should put the invention to a crucial final test by confining himself within the coffin, and then, by setting the apparatus going, effecting his own release, precisely as he would do if, unfortunately, he should be supposed to be dead while still alive. Of course, he would not chloroform himself; that was unnecessary, as well as impracticable. Indeed, it would be as much as he could do to adjust the chemicals and the levers, and then, having stretched himself inside the casket, to lower the cover upon it in the proper way.

He put in an extra dose of the soda and the acid, laid himself down, and carefully drew the lid forward until he had worked it into the right position. One hand was just beneath the metal plate, the other still supported the cover. At this supreme moment a sudden sinking of the heart sent a cold sensation through the baronet's frame, and he could not help thinking it would have been better had some one else been present in case—

Bah! what could happen? Had he not carried out a hundred similar experiments without a single failure? He withdrew his hand from the lid and in an instant, click! Sir Thomas was to all intents and purposes dead and buried.

What happened immediately after can only be conjectured; Sir Thomas himself was never able to give any clear account. It is certain, at all events, that from some cause or other the apparatus failed to act. The baronet swears that he moved the metal plate exactly in the right way, but that instead of hearing the "fizz" of the seltz powder he perceived nothing to save a deathly and appalling silence, while a few seconds sufficed to throw him into the agonies of asphyxiation.

He remembers very little else, and from this point the story is continued by the servants at Castle Twining, who say that they heard a most awful crash in the library, as if some body falling from a considerable height, that on rushing in they found the coffin on the floor, literally broken in halves, and that their beloved master was frantically endeavoring to extricate his head from one half, while his feet seemed firmly wedged into the other. They got him out, purple in the face, and with every vein in his body at bursting point, and applied restoratives freely, after which he speedily recovered, though speech was still denied him. It was not before a powerful restorative had been administered to him that he gasped:

"I think I must have forgotten to put in the water!"

Whether this was so or not, it is certain that Sir Thomas had the wreck of the coffin carefully removed and disposed of. He never made another, and never patented the invention. He still retains his dread of premature burial, but his final instructions on the matter are that all possible doubts as to his decease shall be resolved in

any way his medical attendants may decide upon, but that his body shall not be inclosed in any coffin whatever. "A mere winding sheet," he says, "a mere winding sheet! That's quite good enough for me!"

THE ROSES WERE DRUGGED.

How Travellers on German Railway Train Were Robbed by a Clever Scheme.

The German bark Zion, which arrived at the port of Philadelphia recently from Fowey, England, brought a rather peculiar cargo. It consisted of 1,800 casks of china clay, but in addition there were on board 200 casks of arsenic. This part of the cargo had a remarkable effect on the crew. The fact that arsenic as well as strychnine helps the formation of adipose tissue when taken into the human system in minute particles is well known, and both drugs have become favorite tonics for convalescents. On board the Zion the men slept very near the large array of barrels containing the drug. They were stored in the hold, near the fore-castle, and partially exposed to the rays of the sun, which streamed in through the open hatch. When only a week out from port one of the crew mentioned to his messmates that a peculiar and indescribable odor was coming from the casks containing the drug. It was not long after their attention had been called to it that they all noticed the same thing, and, strange to say, noticed it all the more forcibly a week later. Several of the German tars became aware of the fact that they were filling out their clothes to a much greater extent than when they shipped. Many others, as days went by, became abnormally stout, in vast contrast to the former slim appearance which many of them presented before the land was left. One man gained, it is said, twenty-five pounds. Others were affected to a less extent. But the aggregate weight put on by the entire crew was little less than 400 pounds.

Several of the sailors are known in Philadelphia and they are said to be scarcely recognizable when contrasted with the old days. The entire sudden taking on of avoirdupois is attributed to vapor, which, generated by the action of the sun on the casks, was inhaled by the seamen as they slept, and acted in precisely the same manner which it does when given as a tonic in a prescription. Captain Hammes, who slept aft in the vessel, entirely removed from the arsenic, does not show any effect of the inhalation.

How Porto Ricans Shave.

The natives of our new territory, Porto Rico, have no need to buy soap, for the wooded country abounds in plants whose leaves and bulbs supply most fully the place of that indispensable article. Among the best of these is the soap tree, so-called, although it is more of a bush than a tree. Its bulb when rubbed on wet clothes makes a snow-white lather, which has an odor like old brown soap. The Porto Ricans, who are all from the highest to the lowest, great dandies in their way, make soap out of cocoanut oil and home-made lye—and a fine soap it is, smooth and fragrant. This cocoanut oil soap is used for shaving. When a man wishes to have a shave in the morning he starts out with his cocoanut shell cup, and his donkey-tail brush and bottle. It is never any trouble to find an empty bottle in Porto Rico, Cuba, Jamaica, or almost any of the larger West Indian islands, even in remote spots in the mountains. At least twenty generations of thirsty people have lived there and thrown away the bottles. The man carries no mirror, he is too poor to own such a luxury. Not one house in twenty in Porto Rico has even the cheapest kind of a looking-glass. But generously rich nature provides the mirror, as well as the soap. The man goes to some convenient pool in the mountain stream where the water is quite still—there is his mirror. He breaks his bottle on a stone, and deftly picks out a sharp piece of suitable size. Then he lathers his face profusely, and begins to scrape away with his piece of glass, which in his hands works as well as the best steel razor. A cut or even a slight scratch, is extremely rare as a result of this al fresco form of shaving.

How to Ride in a Hansom.

The hansom cab of our day started in life as "the patent safety." The patent of that safety vehicle has long since expired; anybody may come to grief in it. Here, for instance, is the sufferer of Arthur's Club, who "ventilates" his accident. A hansom horse came down with him six weeks ago, and, by the operation of its first plunge, sent the sufferer's head clean through the double glasses of the window folded above it, cutting an artery, and making the appearance of a surgeon providential. The driver, too, was damaged. When he came out of the hospital he called upon his fare and explained how it had happened. The fare was sitting too far forward, it seems: when the horse slipped it was unable to recover itself. The straight tip is to sit as far back in your hansom as possible, and put your feet against the footboard. The up-to-date hansom, though, has no footboard, and you do not always ride with the door open. You will do well, anyhow, never to have the window down, and always to wear a tall hat. If the sufferer had taken this latter precaution his head would have been a long way from being clean through the glass.

A Curious Claim.

One of the strangest claims ever made out an insurance company was that for \$1.50, the value of a plum pudding which had been accidentally burnt to a cinder. The claim was not allowed, though the amount was paltry, because it was proved that the casualty had resulted from the carelessness of the cook, who had omitted to put any water in the saucepan.

ALL THE CREW GREW FAT.

The Phenomenon Explained by the Presence of Much Arsenic on Board.

The German bark Zion, which arrived at the port of Philadelphia recently from Fowey, England, brought a rather peculiar cargo. It consisted of 1,800 casks of china clay, but in addition there were on board 200 casks of arsenic. This part of the cargo had a remarkable effect on the crew. The fact that arsenic as well as strychnine helps the formation of adipose tissue when taken into the human system in minute particles is well known, and both drugs have become favorite tonics for convalescents. On board the Zion the men slept very near the large array of barrels containing the drug. They were stored in the hold, near the fore-castle, and partially exposed to the rays of the sun, which streamed in through the open hatch. When only a week out from port one of the crew mentioned to his messmates that a peculiar and indescribable odor was coming from the casks containing the drug. It was not long after their attention had been called to it that they all noticed the same thing, and, strange to say, noticed it all the more forcibly a week later. Several of the German tars became aware of the fact that they were filling out their clothes to a much greater extent than when they shipped. Many others, as days went by, became abnormally stout, in vast contrast to the former slim appearance which many of them presented before the land was left. One man gained, it is said, twenty-five pounds. Others were affected to a less extent. But the aggregate weight put on by the entire crew was little less than 400 pounds.

Several of the sailors are known in Philadelphia and they are said to be scarcely recognizable when contrasted with the old days. The entire sudden taking on of avoirdupois is attributed to vapor, which, generated by the action of the sun on the casks, was inhaled by the seamen as they slept, and acted in precisely the same manner which it does when given as a tonic in a prescription. Captain Hammes, who slept aft in the vessel, entirely removed from the arsenic, does not show any effect of the inhalation.

A Saving Soldier.

"There is a general idea," said a New Orleans insurance agent, "that the pay of a private in the regular army is entirely too small to permit him saving any money, but a case came under my observation recently that seems to prove quite the contrary. As usual, it all depends on the man. The one I have in mind is a sergeant who was stationed for some years at a southern post. He was in New Orleans during the recent war, and I was asked to attend to some formalities connected with a travel permit on an insurance policy he carried. It was for \$10,000 and had been in force since 1894. I was surprised at a non-commissioned regular having a policy of that size, and took special pains to draw the man out in conversation. He told me that he wasn't even a sergeant when he took the insurance, but a plain every day private, and that every dollar he possessed had been made from the capital of his wages. He had dabbled a little in money lending at the outset, but, although the profits were enormous, he found the business was making him unpopular among the men, and he then bought an interest in a small candy store near the post. That prospered, and he made other investments, all of which have turned out so well that he is worth to-day between \$10,000 and \$15,000. He is married, and a good deal of prosperity is, no doubt, due to his wife, who is said to be a very shrewd woman, and who looks after the business end of the partnership. I subsequently heard the story verified from another source, and know it to be strictly true. It shows what a steady, pushing fellow can do—even in the ranks."—New Orleans Times.

An Anecdote of Admiral Dewey.

One afternoon Mr. Dewey came down to my table on the gun deck. With an easy air he sat down on a camp stool and said quietly: "So you are the ship's writer?" "Yes, Mr. Dewey." "And these, I presume, are the ship's books." "Yes, sir." "This is your liberty book. Let me see." And Mr. Dewey turned over the leaf after leaf, glancing down the list with a grim smile. "Mr. Kimberly tells me that you are a conscientious bookkeeper," he said, after a pause. "The men think that I am too much so, sir."

Dewey regarded me with a searching look.

"Why, what do they say?" he asked. Boylke, impatiently anxious to learn what manner of man I had to deal with, I blurted out: "They say they want less book and more executive officer." Mr. Dewey's face darkened and his square jaw closed hard. "If they mean by that that they expect me to sail ship on sweet words and fair promises in spite of past experiences, they will be badly out of reckoning," he said slowly.—Harper's Round Table.

Ill-Temper Unnecessary.

It is recorded of President Lincoln that he once gave a piece of advice to Secretary Stanton which that official was very fond of "passing on" to others afterward. Mr. Stanton was greatly vexed because an army officer had refused to understand an order, or, at all events had not obeyed. "I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton,

"and give that man a piece of my mind." "Do so," said Mr. Lincoln, "write it now while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp; cut him all up." Stanton did not need another invitation. It was a bonecrusher that he read to the President. "That's right," said Abe, "that's a good one." "Whom can I get to send it by?" mused the Secretary. "Send it!" replied Lincoln, "send it!" Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters; I never do." The lesson was not lost upon the Secretary.

What Advertising Is.

Advertising is business news. It tells the things which are of great daily importance. It is of more account to the frugal housewife to know where to get certain necessary commodities at a less price than usual than to know of the troubles in Siam and Alaska.

The news should be news. It should not be allowed to grow stale with repetition in the same old way. If you can advertise only in a small way, pick out the best paper in your territory and spend all your advertising money in that. When your business grows and you can spend more money, buy more space in the same paper, until you are using all you profitably can.

Properly prosecuted, newspaper advertising will always pay. There here and there there is a man who says, "Advertising doesn't pay, I have tried it," proves nothing but that his methods were faulty. It is the persistent, sympathetic effort that pays in advertising as well as in everything else.

In taking medicine, the regularity of the dose is almost as important as the drug itself. For that reason the columns of a newspaper offer the very best mediums for business announcements. For that reason programmes, wall hangers and schemes of all sorts, from the industrial write-up of the town down to picture cards, are never effective.

The local newspaper goes into the household bristling with intelligence, brimful of the news of out town, and sparkling with the daily doings of the community. If its advertisers are awake to their opportunities, it contains business news of value, for it pays to read advertisements.

John Wannamaker has said: "To discontinue an advertisement is like taking down your sign." "That is just the idea. You have a sign above your door to let people know who you are, where you are and what you are doing. That is what your ad does. Space in newspapers merely multiplies your signs. It lets thousands of people know what you have to sell."—Charles Austin Bates.

A Kentucky Centenarian.

There are many curiosities throughout the hills and mountains of northeastern Kentucky, the Carter caves, the mysteries of which the half has never been told; the river that has cut its way through and under a mountain, are wonders that may be explained by science; but why men and women live to such an old age in these mountains has never been known. It is no uncommon sight to the traveller through this section of the country to see old people at nearly every house ranging from seventy-five to ninety years of age, but few reach the century mark.

Going over the dirt road from Ashland to Grayson, soon after passing the line between Carter and Boyd counties, off in a secluded spot on Williams Creek, lives the oldest man in this part of the country and perhaps the oldest in the state. His name is David Wade. He was born August 20, 1787, or a little more than 111 years ago. He is a spare built man, never weighed more than 150 pounds, but always wiry and spry, and now at his old age he frequently rides three miles to Joe Barrett's store at Kilgore and alights from his horse and mounts again when he is ready to go home without any assistance whatever. His mental faculties are correspondingly well preserved. When the civil war came on he enlisted and served his country as a soldier until peace was proclaimed. He was then an old man, and only on account of his unusual activity he was accepted. He now draws a small pension from Uncle Sam for his services rendered.

The oldest men in the neighborhood when being questioned, say: "I do not know how old he is nor how long he has lived in this neighborhood, but I know he was an old man when I was a boy," and some of them worked for him at the old charcoal furnaces, when they were boys, away long before the war.

How Peace Was Received in Porto Rico.

A day after the fight at Albion peace laid her detaining hand on the shoulder of each general, and the operations closed for thirty days. Peace came differently to different men. One major of volunteers, who had already established his nerve on polo fields and as a most reckless rider, without a moment's hesitation threw his hat high in the air and cried: "Thank God! Now I won't get killed!" Or the other hand the artillerymen of Battery B of Pennsylvania, when they heard peace had come, swore and hooted and groused. They were behind a gun pointed at the enemy, who was entrenched to the left of Guayama. The shell was in the chamber, the gunner had aimed the piece and had run backwards, but before it spoke Lieutenant McLaughlin of the Signal Corps galloped upon the scene, shrieking: "Cease firing; peace has been declared!" Whereat the men swore.

There are over six thousand known languages and dialects.

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Gleaned from Various Parts.

LEWIS RICHTER GUILTY.

Zohner Heirs Awarded \$19,000 Damages Against a Coal Company—Child Burned to Death While Playing With Matches—Shamokin Police Finally Capture a Burglar After Two Years.

The jury in the case of Lewis Richter, who was on trial in Criminal Court, at Allentown, charged with causing the death of Jacob Kessler, a war veteran, returned a verdict of guilty of voluntary manslaughter. Richter was a bell boy at a hotel. Several weeks ago, while the usual Saturday night throng was on Hamilton street, Richter and Kessler got into an altercation. It is alleged that Kessler struck at Richter with a cane, when the latter, so it is said, gave the old man a stinging blow in the jaw, knocking him down. Kessler is said to have died from the effects of the blow. When the case was called Richter's lawyers made an attempt to have the array of jurors quashed, because two names in the wheel were of men who served on juries before this year. This came about through the September panel being quashed, because one name too many had been placed in the wheel. Judge Albright refused to entertain the motion and ordered the case to proceed. Sentence has not yet been pronounced. Richter's lawyers will take the case to a higher court, alleging that it is illegal for a man to serve more than once on a jury in a year.

Settled After Seven Years.

After pending seven years the case of David Zohner versus the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company was settled at Tamaqua, when the Zohner heirs were paid \$19,000. Zohner sued the company for damages done his farm by the culm from the defendant's collieries washing upon it. Two of the arbitrators decided in his favor, but the company protested and in the argument before Judge Koch, the defendants won. Zohner carried the case to the Supreme Court, which reversed Judge Koch's decision, and the heirs were paid the full amount with interest.

Tot's Fatal Amusement.

The 3-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Homolo, of Dunmore, was burned to death in their apartments. The father and mother went out, leaving their two children, aged 6 and 2 years, respectively, in the house. The children found some matches and played with them. The flame caught the clothing of the younger child, and in a few moments she was enveloped in flames. When the neighbors rushed upstairs in response to the cries of the other child they found the babe on the floor unconscious and her face and body most fearfully burned. She died shortly afterwards.

Arrested After Two Years.

The Shamokin police received information that Thomas Frohman would at some time during Friday night visit his parents after an absence of two years. He was arrested near midnight and was placed in jail. Two years ago the police captured a number of alleged burglars, but Frohman, who was suspected, ran home. The officers followed, so he climbed from the attic to the roof and jumped thirty feet to the ground without sustaining injury. He then disappeared in the mountains. He says that he went West.

Found in a Dying State.

Peter Lynch, a sober and industrious type settler on one of the morning papers of Hazleton, was found lying in an unconscious condition in front of his boarding-house in West Hazleton. Two physicians remained with him all day, but he died without regaining his senses. There was a mark on his temple, as if being hit with some blunt instrument, which leads to the belief that he was foully dealt with.

Three Deaths In Ten Days.

The family of Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Fried, of Allentown, is sadly afflicted. Within ten days three children have died from diphtheria. Lillian May, aged 10, Robert Patterson, aged 7, and Jennie Gerdtude, aged 5. The grief of the mother is shattering her health.

An Afflicted Family.

During the past week five members of the family of Reuben Wilds, in Adams County, have died of diphtheria and at present another member, a child, is critically ill with the disease. Several cases of diphtheria also exist in Huntsdale, a village of Cumberland County.

Stone Causes a Boy's Death.

John, the 6-year-old son of William Forrey, of Lebanon, while playing in the yard of one of the public schools on Wednesday, was hit on the head by a stone thrown, it is charged, by a young colored boy named Hughes. Young Forrey died of brain fever, and the police are investigating the matter.

Struck It Rich in the Klondike.

S. C. Lippie and wife of Sharon, have returned from the Klondike, where they cleared, they say, over \$65,000. Lippie owns two valuable claims, and this is his third trip to the States. He says that much distress from cold and hunger will prevail this winter at Dawson.

Coal Train Conductor Fatally Hurt.

John Ahrensfield, of Gordon, employed as a conductor on a Philadelphia & Reading coal train, was struck by an engine while standing along side of his train near Girardville and sustained injuries from which he died at noon. He leaves a wife and three children.

Country Store Robbed.

The general store of Gianey L. Dry, at Lehartsville, was robbed of ready-made clothing, shoes, jewelry, etc., to the value of \$150.

Hunter Loses His Left Arm.

John Lathas, while hunting at Bear Valley leaped on a stump to get a better shot at three rabbits as they dashed by. His gun was accidentally discharged, a heavy load of shot tearing off his left arm at the elbow. He was alone, but managed to walk home.

Alleged Flirting Teacher Held for Court.

William Meyer, a teacher in one of the public schools of Holling Springs, who several years ago was charged with cruelly beating a pupil, was held for trial at court. Meyer gave bail before George Faber, a Carleisle Magistrate.