

### WEEDS.

We call them weeds; the while, with slender fingers,  
Earth's wounds and scars they seek to cover o'er;  
On sterile sands, where scarce the raindrop lingers,  
They grow and blossom by the briny shore.

We call them weeds; did we their form but study,  
We many a secret might unfold and find;  
Each tiny plant fulfills its heaven-taught mission,  
And bears the impress of Immortal Mind.

We call them weeds; the while their uses hidden  
Might work a nation's weal, a nation's woe;  
Send thro' each wasted frame the balm of healing,  
And cause the blood with youth's quick pulse to flow.

Weeds—yet they hold in bonds the mighty ocean;  
Their slender threads bind firm the sandy shore.  
Navies may sink amid its wild commotion;  
These humble weeds ne'er their work give o'er.

And who shall say the feeblest thought avails not  
To bind the shifting sands upon life's beach?  
Some heart may treasure what we've long forgot,  
The faintest word some soul with power may reach.

—E. Evans, in New Orleans Picayune.

### STOPPED IN TIME.

At the time of which I am writing I was living in seclusion in a small town about 25 miles north of London. I was engaged in rather a large literary undertaking—in fact, I was writing a novel. So engrossed was I with my task that I had no time to read even the newspaper and was quite ignorant of what was going on in the world. It was a little after 8 o'clock one evening in April that I finished the second volume of my work. I put on my hat and coat and started off for an evening stroll. I had no sooner stepped into the street than a boy accosted me with a bundle of papers under his arm and the request, "Buy an evening paper, sir?" I bought one, put it in my pocket and resumed my walk.

After my return I opened my paper leisurely—nay, lazily. Presently my eye caught the following paragraph heading, "Impending Execution of the Clifford Murderer."

There is a morbid fascination for most people in an execution, and so, yielding to the feeling, I proceeded to read the paragraph:

"The murderer of the unfortunate James Renfrew will be hanged to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock. The wretched man, whose name—Charles Fenthurst—is now in everybody's mouth, still persists in his plea of innocence."

Here I became deeply interested. The name Fenthurst was most familiar to me. I had formed a deep friendship for a man of that name. He was a good 15 years my senior and had died about two years previously. I knew he had a son named Charles, a young fellow who had emigrated to South Africa early in life and who was generally supposed to be working at the diamond mines. Could this be the same man? I read on.

"It will be remembered that at the trial the strongest circumstantial evidence was brought to bear upon Fenthurst. The murder took place in a house on the outskirts of the small town of Clifford. It was proved that Fenthurst was in the habit of frequenting Renfrew's premises, and that apparently he was expected on the evening in question. He was seen near the place soon after the crime was committed, and several other proofs of a strongly condemnatory character were also laid against him. He has persisted from the first, however, in maintaining that he was absent from Clifford at the very time the murder took place. This was about seven o'clock in the evening. At that hour, he says, he was returning from London, where he had been spending part of the day. Only one witness, he says, could prove this, and that is an individual who travelled with him as far as P— and entered into conversation with him. Advertisements have been inserted in all the papers by Fenthurst's legal advisers, for the purpose of discovering the individual in question, but as no answer has been forthcoming it is generally believed that the whole story is a myth. At any rate there seems but small chance of the alibi being proved at the last moment. The murder was committed February 6. Since his condemnation the murderer has been confined in Silkminter jail, where the execution will take place."

Astonishment and dismay confronted me as I laid down the paper. I was the missing witness they had so vainly sought. I distinctly remembered early in February running up to town rather late in the afternoon, spending just half an hour there, and returning by the first train I could catch. My landlady didn't even know but that I had been out for a longer walk than usual. I had entered into conversation on the return journey with the only other occupant of the compartment, a young man with a small black bag on which were painted the letters "C. F." I remembered all this distinctly. In order to make sure I snatched up my diary and quickly turned to the date of the murder, February 6. There was the entry: "Ran up to town this afternoon. Inquired concerning

material for chapter 7. Saw B— for half hour. Returned by 6:42 train." The horror of the situation now flashed upon me. A man's life—the life of an old friend's son—depended upon me. I looked at my watch. It was just 11 o'clock. Hurriedly I dragged on my boots, thinking of the while what I should do. My first impulse was to rush to the telegraph office. Then, with dismay, I remembered that it was shut for the night after 8 o'clock and that the postmaster took the 8:30 train to the large town of F— about five miles off, where he lived, leaving the office for the night in the charge of a care taker, and returning by an early train the next morning.

It was impossible to telegraph. Then I thought of going to the police there were just two constables and a sergeant in our little town, but what could they do more than 1? Country police are proverbial for the leisurely "routine" manner in which they set about the inquiry and it would never do to trust to them. I was in despair.

Madly I threw on my hat and rushed out. I ran in a mechanical way to the post office. Of course it was shut, and if I had aroused the care taker he could not have wired. Besides, all our wires sent first to F—, and, as I have said, all communication was shut off after 8 o'clock. Then I started for the railway station. This was about half a mile from the post office and well outside the town. As I hurried along I thought, with fresh dismay, that this would also prove a fruitless errand, for the last train to Silkminter was the 8:30 p. m., by which I have mentioned, the postmaster always travelled nearly 150 miles down the line.

Should I wait till the morning and telegraph? I remembered that the office did not open till 8 o'clock. I had by this time reached the station. Of course it was all shut up and all the lights were out except those in the signal lamps for the night express. It was now half past eleven. Was there no hope?

At this moment my eye caught a light in the signal box, about a quarter of a mile up the line. I could see the signalman in his box, the outline of his figure standing out against the light within. I looked at my watch. The down express from London was almost due. I would make a rush for that signal box and compel the occupant to put the signal against it and stop it. It was a desperate game, but only get that train to stop for an instant and all would be right. By getting into it I could reach Silkminter in the early morning, and what cared I for any action the company might take if I saved my friend's son? If the signalman refused to pull back the levers the strength born of desperation would enable me to master him and then relax them myself. All this flashed across me in an instant, and I clambered over the railings on the side of the station and found myself on the line.

Even as I reached the rail the semaphore signal that was near me let fall its arm, and the red light changed into a brilliant green. The express was signalled. Would there be time? I dashed along over the rough sleepers towards the signal box. It was very dark, and I stumbled over and over again. I had cleared half the distance when I heard the ominous roar ahead, and in a few seconds could distinguish the distant glitter of the engine's head lamp bearing toward me. The train was just over a mile from me, rushing on at express speed. With a groan I ejaculated, "Too late!"

At that instant my eye fell upon a ghastly looking structure by the side of the track, looming grimly through the darkness. It resembled a one-armed gallow with a man hanging from it! For a moment I thought it must have been a fearful fancy conjured up by the thought of Fenthurst's dreadful fate, but immediately I remembered that this strange looking apparition was none other than a small mailbag suspended from a post—in fact, part of the apparatus by which a train going at full speed picks up the mails. The express train that was coming had a postal car attached to it. From the side of the car a strong rope would be laid out, catching the bag I saw suspended before me.

A mad and desperate idea took possession of me. Fortunately I am a small man. The bag hung just over my head. I jumped at it, seized it, drew myself up parallel with it, held it firmly at the top, where it swung by a hook, and drew my legs up so as to present as small a compass as possible. Then I waited. It was but a few seconds, but it seemed hours. I heard the roar of the approaching train. Then the engine dashed past me. There was a whir and a rush, and all was dark.

When I came to my senses I was lying on the floor of the postal van. Two men in their shirt sleeves were busily engaged in sorting letters at a rack. I felt bruised and stiff all over, and I found that my left arm was bound in a sling made out of a handkerchief.

"Where are we?" I asked.  
"They turned around."  
"Oh, you've come to, have you?" said one of them. "Now perhaps you'll give an account of yourself. Its peculiar lucky you're here at all, let me tell you, for if you had been a taller man we should only have got part of you in the net. As it is, you've got your collar bone broken. We've tied it up a bit."

I told them the motive that had prompted me to take the desperate step I had done. They piled a quantity of mail bags on the floor and made me a rough shakedown.

A little after three we drew up at Silkminter station. There was a policeman on the platform, and I at once told my story to him, the result being that we drove around to the jail and insisted upon seeing the gov-

ernor. Of course he was deeply interested in what I had to tell them and at once made arrangements to stop the execution. The home secretary was communicated with by means of special wire. Fortunately he happened to be in town, and after a couple of hours of anxious suspense a reprieve was received from him.

"Well," said the governor, "I don't know which I ought to congratulate most, Mr. Fenthurst or yourself, for you have both had a most narrow escape."  
Little remains to be told. I soon identified the condemned man as the person whom I had met on the train. He also turned out to be the son of my old friend, as I had fully expected. After the due formalities he was discharged. Suspicion having strongly attached itself to his name, however, until about a fortnight afterward the real murderer was discovered and captured. Charles Fenthurst and myself became firm friends and although I was fearfully shaken and upset for a few weeks after this adventure I never regretted the night on which I was picked up with the mails.—Strand Magazine.

### CANINE REMORSE.

**A Mastiff Kills a Little Greyhound, Disappears and Never Returns.**

A gentleman from Indiana county, Pennsylvania, who is absolutely reliable, related a dog story the other day which would seem to indicate that a dog can suffer canine remorse.

"A few years ago," he said, "I owned a fine, big mastiff, which I had reared from puppyhood, and who was intelligent and faithful. He was extremely good natured and seemed to exercise the most considerate care in playing with children or smaller dogs, not to hurt them."

"When I had kept the mastiff for several years I became the possessor of a delicate little Italian greyhound. The mastiff treated him as one of the family and never abused him, but the little greyhound considered himself a dog of superior breed and too aristocratic to associate with the mastiff. He would snap and snarl at the mastiff when he came near, and when the dogs were fed the little greyhound would attempt to drive the mastiff away. This continued for some time, until one day, after the greyhound had eaten the quantum of food taroan to it, it ran up to the mastiff, snapped it on the leg and attempted to take its food. The mastiff looked at it for a second, and then, as if it had concluded that it was time to teach the impudent little greyhound a lesson, grabbed it by the neck and gave it a little shake. When he dropped it the greyhound lay limp and lifeless. His neck had been broken. 'Brag,' that was the mastiff's name, looked at the dead dog as if sincerely sorry for what he had done. He tried to make him get up, and when the little greyhound was taken up and buried, he went along and took great interest in the proceedings."

"Seeing that the mastiff was much disturbed over what he had done, I spoke to him kindly, parted him on the head and tried to cheer him up, supposing that he would forget all about it in a few minutes. But I was mistaken. The dog slunk away and never returned. That was nearly three years ago and I have never heard of the mastiff since. I can account for his actions in no other way than that and shame for what he had done."

### A New Fly Discovered.

Surgeon James D. Gatewood, U. S. N., attached to the flagship Resolute, has discovered a new fly in Cuba. The fly that Surgeon Gatewood has discovered is about half as big as the full grown Northern kind. It is perfectly black, if there be any perfection at all about it, and it has wings shaped like those of a bat. It lives in only the most filthy places, unless disturbed, when it will fly to the nearest wall. Here it rests for a long time and from a distance has the appearance of a black speck or of an ordinary fly that has died there some months before. When on the wall it does not move as ordinary flies do under fright and it is necessary to take a stick or stiff paper to dislodge it. Surgeon Gatewood has forbidden all the marines and others who are employed around the naval station ashore to touch these flies, it being his opinion that they are undoubtedly responsible in great measure for the plague that is to be found in Havana to-day. He has captured a number of them alive and will send them to the scientists at Washington.—New York Mail and Express.

### Tabby Medivivus.

At a south side school the pupils were requested to bring some kind of an animal to be used in the study of anatomy.  
Tommy Miller's mother had two kittens and wanted to get rid of them. The kittens were both alike and Tommy brought one of them with him to the teacher the next day.  
The juvenile feline was killed, dissected and lectured upon and the remains were put away in a tin box for further use the next day.

Who can imagine the teacher's surprise when a live kitten jumped out of the box the next day when he opened it, expecting to find a mutilated feline cadaver? It was an exact image of the one he had chloroformed and was positive that he had killed the day before.

It is still an unsolved mystery to the teacher, but both kittens are gone from Tommy's home.  
And Tommy wears a suspicion of a knowing grin.—Chicago Journal.

### HOW ENSIGN BAGLEY DIED.

**A Comrade Tells About the Brave Naval Officer's Last Moments.**

The engagement of the gunboat "Winslow" at Cardenas on May 11, 1898, was designed to disable the Spanish gunboats there, and prevent their interfering with the blockading operations of the smaller American vessels. This object was accomplished, the "Winslow" having the active support of the cruiser "Wilmington" and the tug "Hudson." In his account of the fight in the Century, Lieutenant Bernard, who commanded the "Winslow," and was himself badly wounded, thus describes Ensign Bagley's death:

Shortly after the receipt of injuries to the machinery I had sent the men of the fire room force stationed in the compartments containing the disabled engine and boiler on deck, where they rendered efficient service in passing ammunition and getting up hawsers. At the time of the parting of the first line they were standing in a group near the after engine-room hatch, on the unengaged side of the vessel, at a point just abaft the forward one-pounder gun. Here they were joined by Ensign Bagley, who stopped near the hatch upon a trip from the engine-room. I had stepped aft to speak to Bagley, walked forward a few paces, and turned facing aft, when I heard a sharp report, and saw him and the four men around him sink to the deck. An armor-piercing shell coming from a direction abaft the beam had struck the deck a glancing blow, but at a sufficient angle to allow its point to take against a riveted seam in the fore-and-aft line of deck-plating, developing a resistance sufficient to cause it to explode. The men were caught in the zone of dispersion of the fragments; Bagley and two others were killed instantly and two were mortally wounded. (It was incorrectly stated, in newspaper reports of this action, that these casualties were inflicted by the enemy's last shot.) I ran to Bagley and threw open his blouse. A glance at his wounds were sufficient to convince me that he had ceased to live. There was nothing to be done but to move to one side and cover with the torpedo-tube covers the bodies of the dead, and to administer to the wounded such aid as was in our power to give them.

The destructive effect of the fire of our ships was apparent for some time before the close of the fight. The fire from the shore batteries slackened as the action progressed, and finally ceased altogether; the last shots fired by the "Wilmington," "Hudson," and "Winslow" remained unreplicated, while a large section of the town of Cardenas was in flames.

After seeing the wounded transferred to the "Wilmington," I was obliged to turn over the command of the "Winslow" to her chief petty officer, Gunner's Mate G. P. Brady, who remained temporarily in command until relieved by a commissioned officer from the former vessel. At the close of the action the ships retired to their former anchorage off Piedras Cay.

In the death of Ensign Bagley the navy suffered the loss of a gallant young officer, whose bravery and stainless record will ever be held in loving remembrance by his brethren. His remains, with those of the brave men who fell with him, were at once removed to Key West, to find their last resting-place in the soil of their native land.

### Some Stories of Royalty.

Two or three pretty stories have come floating in to us from various sources abroad—stories which, like those best loved among fairy tales, have to do with kings and queens and children. Queen Victoria, it seems, sometimes goes unannounced into the nursery at Buckingham Palace where the Battenberg children who live with her play with each other or entertain their visitors. Two little girls were among these visitors the other day, when the Queen came into the room, very much to their consternation. They had never been taught how to address her, but having been brought up in Bible history, they suddenly remembered what Daniel did before King Darius. So they threw themselves at the feet of the Queen and cried out, with a loud voice, "O Queen live for ever," greatly to her amusement, who, being most of all a woman, as all good queens must, laughed, and taking them on her knee, entertained them with funny questions.

Another story has to do with the German Emperor in the Holy Land, when all the children of the mission were brought into his presence. "Which is the Emperor?" asked the Emperor, and the children with one accord shouted, "There he is," which threw the Emperor into a pretended fright, and he jumped back as if they had scared him, which so greatly amused them all that they shouted again with delight.

Simple stories, the reader will say. Yes, but pretty ones, we think—there were three or four others like them—interesting, too, as proving that before little children even kings and queens, like the rest of us, must unbend, or else be proved unworthy of high estates.—Harper's Bazar.

### A Fellow's Conceit Hit Hard.

Up at the other end of the crowded car sat a pretty young girl, maybe nineteen years old, with fresh pink cheeks and the sweetest blue eyes in all the world.

Down at this end of the same car by the door, sat a man maybe forty-five, and beside him a younger—the latter possibly twenty-five. It was not until the car had reached Grand River that the young man noticed the girl. She was looking his way, apparently at him, and smiling sweetly. She would flirt her handkerchief and nod as pleasantly as you please. At first the young man was amazed, then he pulled down his vest and straightened

his tie, the feeling taking possession of him that unconsciously he had made a deep impression on the pretty girl. He winked at her and she smiled some more.

"Easy picking," thought the young man. Then, proud of himself, he nudged the older man at his side and said: "See that pretty girl up there in the corner? She hasn't been doing a thing but flirting with me ever since she saw me. Who is she, do you know?"

The elderly gentleman looked down at the young man and replied, with a grin, "Yes, she's my daughter. She's been looking at me, not at you."

The young man gasped, and the rest of the way to his street he rode on the platform. And when he had gone out the girl came over and took his place beside her father.—Detroit Free Press.

### DYING PACIFIC PEOPLES.

**An Investigation of the Causes of Their Disappearance.**

It has been known for years that the native population of the beautiful Polynesian Islands is growing smaller and that the day is not far distant when the aborigines will become extinct, as is already the case in Tasmania. Mr. B. Mahler has been making an exhaustive study of the causes that are blotting these people out of existence and has printed his voluminous memoir in the "Internationales Archivus Ethnographicus."

He says that even at the time when Europeans began to visit the islands comparatively few of them were inhabited. This fact was partly due to their isolation from other lands and partly to natural phenomena unfavorable to human life, such as hurricanes, volcanic eruptions, drought and other causes that tended to exterminate or drive out the natives. The people of islands, however, which had never been visited by human beings were very small. But since the white race appeared among the Polynesian groups the number of inhabited islands has greatly diminished. Some of the islands have lost all their native population, while in others only a feeble remnant remains of the large numbers who formerly lived there.

Mr. Mahler gives the following as the chief reasons for this depopulation: In the first place contagious maladies introduced by whites have destroyed large numbers of the natives. Then spirituous liquors have been introduced in many islands regardless of the consequences to the natives, and the drink habit has claimed many victims. Then the wars that have been waged by the natives against the whites or with one another have been made more destructive by the introduction of firearms.

Another cause of depopulation has been the exportation of many natives of some islands to labor on the white plantations of other islands, often far from their homes. Many of the deported islanders die in this service, many others have never returned to their homes and the entire enforced labor system in the Pacific is merely a disguised form of slavery. The crowding of the natives back into less fertile regions in order to make room for white settlements in the best part of the islands is another fruitful cause of the native diminution.

The white man is still assisting effectively in the extinction of the natives which, Mr. Mahler thinks, will be completely accomplished in the course of the next century. The fine Polynesian race, so interesting in many aspects, will be completely replaced by the white races, particularly by the English and the Germans, and some of the islands will be occupied by the Japanese and Chinese. The natives will disappear first from the largest and most fertile islands, but they may have a somewhat longer lease of life on the islands that are less attractive because smaller and less productive.

The appearance among them of the whites produced great changes in the distribution among the natives of the island areas. For instance, in former times the need of protection was great and many villages were hidden in the forests or perched upon elevated rocks. The whites now maintain peace in nearly all the islands, and a great many of these protected villages have, therefore, been abandoned. The natives have sold many of their best lands to Europeans or have been forced to abandon them, and on account of their decreasing numbers Polynesians have abandoned a large number of villages they formerly occupied.—Sun.

### Palmonic.

A teacher in the sixth grade of one of our city schools finds time, now and then, in spite of the ten thousand and one things unknown to the school-ma'am of our youth which the modern teacher is expected to teach, to give her pupils a talk on current history. Recently she told them one day some interesting things about Queen Victoria and her family. Portraits cut from various magazines illustrated the talk. Among them was a picture of the Duke of York. The teacher held it up. Nobody in the class could tell her who it was.

"Well," she said at last, "I will tell you who this gentleman is. He is the Duke of York. And now can any of you tell me what he is?"

Quick as a flash the hand of a little girl in the second row went up. "I can tell what he is, Miss Blank," she said proudly. "He's the heir-apparent to the British throne."—New York Sun.

One of the most successful English breeders of cats says that frequent change of diet benefits the animals. Boneless fish and rice are good for them; so is condensed milk, and in warm weather vegetables should be freely mixed with their food.

## THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Gleaned from Various Parts.

### SLAYS HIS SWEETHEART

**Assaulted Caught and Jailed—The Girl Was Maggie Guth, Aged 20—Slayer is Hostler Frank Krause—Hotel-keeper Owen Kern, Who May Die, and His Wife the Other Victims.**

Crazed with jealousy, Frank Krause shot and killed his sweetheart, Maggie Guth, and wounded Owen Kern and Mrs. Kern. Miss Guth was shot three times in the breast, and died instantly. Mr. Kern, at latest accounts, is in a precarious condition. Mrs. Kern's wounds are not so serious. Krause fled, but was captured within two hours and is now in the Lehigh county jail. The scene of the terrible tragedy was the Cedarville Hotel, located in a village three miles west of Allentown. Owen Kern is proprietor of the hotel. Maggie Guth, who was but 20 years old, was his hired girl. Krause, who is 23 years of age, was employed as hostler. Miss Guth came to the hotel last summer and Krause, who is a typical Lehigh county farmer's boy, fell desperately in love with her. For a time his suit progressed favorably and Miss Guth, who was an unusually pretty girl, appeared to reciprocate his affection. Lately, however, the girl grew cold toward Krause and gave him to understand that she no longer desired his attentions. He was a persistent lover, however, and refused to be put aside for another so easily. He insisted on thrusting his company on her. Krause and the girl met in the rear yard of the hotel. They were having a dispute. Mr. Kern and Oscar Miller were in the barroom throwing dice. Mrs. Kern entered and said: "Just listen how those two young people are talking. It is too bad and should be stopped." Mrs. Kern then went into the yard and took the girl by the arm and asked her to come into the house. Krause took the girl by the other arm and tried to keep her in the yard. Mrs. Kern said: "She belongs to me." Mr. Kern next came upon the scene and told Krause not to make a fool of himself. Then, without a moment's warning, Krause drew a 32-calibre revolver and fired five shots. Three of these were fired at the girl and two at Mr. and Mrs. Kern. The girl fell to the ground without a moan. She was carried into the house and died in ten minutes without regaining consciousness. In the excitement incident to the shooting, Krause managed to slip away. But he was not destined to be at liberty long, for Detectives Haines and Keck soon tracked him to his brother's house, several miles away, and placed him under arrest.

**Maniac Wielded a Spade.**  
Henry Hamilton, of Fort Jervis, 22 years old, was seized with a sudden mania in Conshohocken, said to be due to the excessive use of cigarettes. Young Hamilton was discovered at 3 o'clock in the morning engaged in violently digging in an open lot. He declared that his parents were buried there in the late blizzard. Several rolling mill workmen attempted to subdue his frenzy, but were beaten off, Hamilton using his spade as a weapon of defense. He continued at work and kept calling for cigarettes until a number of policemen effected his capture. He was locked up and legal steps taken to have him declared a lunatic. His parents were notified of his affliction.

**Deadly Blow With a Flat.**  
While coming out of the Opera House at Bethlehem, Robert F. Hittel, a young man of Hellertown, accidentally jostled Herman Rodgers. The latter, it is alleged, struck Hittel a fearful blow on the jaw, knocking him down and forcing his false teeth down his throat. Hittel was unconscious when picked up and nearly strangled to death before a physician succeeded in removing the teeth. He is suffering from concussion of the brain and will probably die. Rogers was arrested and remanded to jail without bail. He served during the recent war as a private in the local company of the Ninth Regiment.

**Unknown Man Killed.**  
A train on the Schuylkill Valley Railroad killed an unknown man at Five Locks near Easton. The engineer suspected the whistle, but the man was unable to get off the track in time and was struck by the pilot of the engine. Deceased was about forty years of age. He had black hair and a dark mustache, and weighed about 167 pounds. On his person was found a tax receipt reading as follows: "Philadelphia, 10,797; Division 30, Ward 29th, City of Philadelphia. Received of Rich. Schock, 50 cents for personal tax for 1897. (Signed) John J. Hagas, collector." The body was taken to Reading and an inquest held.

**Children For Sacrifice.**  
Mrs. Mary Butterwick, widow of John Butterwick, of Pottstown, became apparently violently insane and threatened to offer her two children as a sacrifice by killing them. Policemen Frankum and several neighbors interfered and rescued the little ones. The husband died a year ago and since then the woman has earned a living for herself and children in a shirt factory. Her income was insufficient to properly maintain the family. In suffering a severe attack of grip her mind gave way.

**Iron Works to Resume.**  
After having been idle over a year the Vulcan Iron Works, at Tamagna, which are controlled by Wilkes-Barre capitalists, will resume operations as soon as the plant can be placed in readiness, several large contracts having been received. The plant is one of the most modern in the State, and its resumption means much for Tamagna.

**Rich Boy Ends His Life.**  
Romeyn Olds, aged 17 years, a high school boy, sole heir to \$350,000, and son of Clark Olds, one of the most prominent members of the Erie bar, committed suicide by blowing out his brains with a shotgun. The deed was done in his own room. No cause can be assigned, unless it be a boyish love affair.

**Station Destroyed by Lightning.**  
A terrific thunder storm passed over Doylestown and vicinity. The frame station at New Britain, on the Doylestown Branch of the Reading Railway, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground, together with its contents. The freight house remains intact.

**Appointment of Prince Henry of Prussia to the command of the German cruiser squadron over Admiral von Diederichs is said to have been an expression of Emperor William's personal desire to maintain friendly relations with the United States.**