

THE STOPPING OF THE CLOCK.

Surprising falls the instantaneous calm.
The sudden silence in my chamber small;
I, starting, lift my head in half alarm—
The clock has stopped—that's all.

The clock has stopped! Yet why have I so found
An instant feeling, almost like dismay?
Why note its silence sooner than its sound?
For it has ticked all day.

So many a life beside my own go on,
And such companionship unheeded keep;
Companionship scarce recognized till noon,
And lost in sudden sleep.

And so the blessings heaven daily grants
Are in their very commonness forgot;
We little heed what answereth our wants—
Until it answers not.

A strangeness falleth on familiar ways
As if some pulse were gone beyond recall—
Something unthought of, linked with all our days—
Some clock has stopped—that's all.
—George H. Coomer, in Youth's Companion.

A BLOODLESS DUEL OF THE WEST.

Captain Jacob Matthews died recently near Sidney, Neb. He was a principal in one of the most singular, if bloodless, duels ever fought in the West. He emigrated from Pennsylvania early in the '60s, and settled at Omaha, where he began as a small merchant. Of Quaker stock and peace loving, he frequently declared he had fired a pistol only once in his life. His title was entirely complimentary.

The duel in which he engaged took place shortly after his arrival at Omaha City, when he aroused the animosity of Bull Toney, a blackleg and an expert with the pistol. Matthews refused to sell goods to Toney on credit, whereupon the latter promptly challenged the young merchant to a duel. As Toney had participated in a dozen or more such affairs and had always come off victorious, great was the surprise and alarm of Matthews' friends when he promptly accepted the challenge.

"I have never had a pistol in my hands in my life," said Matthews, "but I mean to meet him, though neither of us will be hit."

The next day Toney and Matthews met in a field south of the town. The news of the impending duel had been well circulated and friends of both assembled, although the general conviction was that Matthews was as good as dead.

To the amazement of the spectators, as well as Toney and his second, when they reached the field they found a newly dug grave yawning for him who should fall in the duel. Toney made it the butt of his coarse wit.

"That feller Matthews is a thoughtful one," he said to the crowd. "He comes out here to get me to pop him off and has his own grave ready, so we can hold the funeral without waste of time."

"On the contrary," answered Matthews, "I have had that grave dug for you."

There was even greater cause for astonishment when Matthews' second—Williams—strode on the field. He was known to be one of the most desperate men in Omaha. His fame as a dead shot was as great as that of Toney, while his daring and wickedness were held in far higher repute by the rough element, of which he was a ruling spirit. Some trifling kindness had won this desperado to Matthews, and he had sworn to see him through the fight and secure fair play, if he had to clean out a score of his own tribe.

The duelists were to stand and fire at ten paces, and Williams, who immediately took charge of all arrangements without much deference to the wishes or views of his fellow second, so managed it that the grave came directly between them. To this arrangement Toney and his second strenuously objected, but Williams, with an ugly frown, overruled them, saying tersely that, as the challenged party, his principal had a right to select the ground, so long as no obstacles intervened. The dirt from the grave had been removed to a distance, so there could be no complaint on that score. Toney and his second appealed to the crowd, but soon found themselves a helpless minority, for the predominating rough element were afraid of Williams, and so of course sided with him. The respectable spectators naturally agreed with any proposition made in the interest of Matthews, whether the benefit was apparent or not. Finding it of no avail to protest further, Toney's second placed him on his side of the grave, and Williams did likewise with Matthews. Then Williams stepped some paces to the right of his principal, and made a brief address.

"You men are to have one shot apiece," he began, looking straight at Toney, who stood at careless ease with a smile on his repulsive face.

"That's all I want," he retorted. "I don't believe in tearing 'im all to pieces."

"All you want?" repeated Williams; "We'll see that you don't try to take more. And another thing I want you to bear carefully in mind, Bull Toney, that I'm standin' here with my gun in my good right hand, and if you fire before I give the word of command, why, I'll blow the heart out of you; and I reckon from what you know of

me, you will believe I'm in earnest when I caution you."

Toney scouted darkly, but made no answer. Relations between the two men were strained, but Williams was much too strong in the esteem of the rough element for Toney to declare for an open breach.

"Don't worry about me shootin' ahead of time," he replied surlily, "but hurry up these proceedings. I want to get back to town with the boys to celebrate this funeral."

"Very well, we're ready, I will count one, two, three, and then you are both to blaze away at the word 'Fire!'" went on Williams, at the time leveling his pistol at Toney's breast.

"I'm going to keep you under cover," said he, as Toney drew back with a start, "to make sure you don't fire at my man till the proper time. Your second may also cover my man, if he likes, to make certain his gun don't go off too soon, and that will even up the coverin' business all around."

Toney's second, not to be outdone by Williams, and acting on his advice, promptly drew a bead on Matthews, and thus the seconds stood. The crowd began to insinuate that there were too many hifalutin' novelties here introduced at the duel, but Williams silenced all dissension by the ferocity of his rebuking glare.

"Now, then, ready!" he called, and the principal brought their weapons to bear upon each other. "One!" he continued, and paused abruptly. Toney aimed at his antagonist's head, holding his pistol motionless and true. Matthews covered the entire anatomical range of the ruffian and fastened his eyes unflinchingly upon the snaky little object.

One minute, two minutes, three minutes passed, but Williams, coolly disregarding the lapse of time, refrained from continuing the count. Instead, he leisurely surveyed Toney and kept his pistol barrel on a line with the latter's head. Matthews, who was still covered by Toney's second, remained serene and totally indifferent as to aim. Toney was beginning to show signs of nervousness and tension. His pistol arm twitched perceptibly once or twice and he shifted his aim from Matthews' head to his chest. The spectators muttered impatiently at the delay, but Williams paid no heed. He waited five minutes, then announced in sepulchral tones:

"Tone!"

Matthews now took careful aim, pointing his weapon directly at Toney's brain. Toney was plainly ill at ease and eager to let fly at his opponent. Once Matthews withdrew his glance from Toney's eyes and allowed it to rest upon the yawning grave. Unconsciously Toney's glance followed suit, but the suggestions that grisly chasm inspired in his mind must have been unpleasant, for his pistol arm was observed to twitch again and his aim became unsteady and fluctuating. Matthews, however, brought his eyes to bear once more upon Toney's. But the latter found it difficult to return the piercing gaze. Instead, he shifted his glance from the grave to Matthews' rigidly held pistol.

The time dragged horribly, yet the relentless Williams remained silent. The mutterings of the spectators gave place to a settled hush—deep, significant, awful. Toney's face grew pallid and began to work spasmodically. Perspiration broke out on his brow and ran in tiny streams down his cheek. He gulped several times like a famished creature.

"Three!" roared Williams. His principal extended his weapon half an inch forward and ran his eye along the barrel. But Toney was fairly palsied. His eyes were staring and bloodshot; his pistol barrel was swinging from side to side like a pendulum and frightened within an inch of his life. The silence was maddening, yet Williams seemed in no hurry to break it with the fatal word.

The terrible delay was too much for the cowardly ruffian, who suddenly gave a hoarse cry, fired his pistol wildly, and leaped into the grave. Williams and the spectators made a dash for him. The shot had passed harmlessly over Matthews' head, but the crowd was eager to avenge the treachery which had prompted it. The grave was deep, but they got the potpourri out, and by no gentle means, either. His second in the meantime, under cover of the confusion, decamped.

"Now, you miserable cur," said Williams, when Toney had been set on his feet, still quivering and sick from terror, "you may take your choice—either Mr. Matthews here shall kill you (as he has first call) or I shall do the job, as I promised you."

Toney begged hard for his life, but Williams was obdurate, and the crowd—even his former friends—were anxious to attend the funeral at once. Matthews pleaded for him. He said he was content to accept the striking apology, which the coward poured out in a torrent, and let him go. His entreaties finally gained the day, but not, however, until the spectators had ridden the disgraced duelist around on a rail and kicked him over a fence, with the injunction to vanish and never return on pain of death.

The Mexican in Old Age.

When a Mexican grows old he seems to shrink up until there is little to be seen of him but a big hat, and a scrap of blanket pulled tight over his meagre shoulders. His beard and hair stand out white and distinct from his dark shriveled face, which looks like that of a mummy in its frame of white. Life in one of these towns is as absolutely different from what one sees in an American village as though it were a bit of Egypt or India. Yet it may be seen at the end of a three days' journey from almost any of the Eastern and Northern States, and is well worth the journey.—Harper's Weekly.

The presidential term in France is seven years.

A NEW CORNER OF AFRICA.

THRILLING DETAILS ABOUT TWO LATELY DISCOVERED TRIBES.

They Believe in the Transmigration of Souls—Wives Killed When a Chief Dies—Prefer Human Meat to Any Other.

The white man's restless curiosity has left so little of the earth's surface undescribed to readers at home that it is a surprise to know there is still a great tract of Darkest Africa left. The European scramble for the lion's share of the continent has brought its library of information up to date on the Niger Valley, on Uganda, on the countries north of Rhodesia and on the southern Soudan. But the extension of the hinterland principle has not yet touched the heart of Africa; and it is only the much-discussed telegraph and railway from Cape Town to Cairo that has called attention to the little known part of Central Africa that lies north of the Zambezi River. Concerning this very large portion of it, Barotsiland, and the Avemba country, some very interesting information obtained at first hand is given by the late Cape papers.

The Rev. Francis Coillard of the Evangelical Society of Paris has spent many years in these territories. He found the Barotsi tribe very industrious and intelligent. When they saw the missionaries building their houses of wattle and daub they imitated them and did it even better than the missionaries. When they saw the missionaries draining the country they set to work also, and since then had made several canals uniting their principal village with the Zambezi River, some eight or ten miles away. They have perfect belief in the transmigration of souls. Among certain of them a man during his lifetime adopted an animal, such as a crocodile, tiger, elephant or lion, into which he wighed his soul to pass on his death, and after a certain ceremony, and when attending the funeral of a relative, they would even imitate the habits of the animals they had adopted, in their roaring, etc.

The Avemba country, which comprises ten thousand square miles, southward of the Tanganyika and Nyassa plateau, is occupied by natives of exceptionally fine physique. A traveler who has just returned from residence among them says the head chief of the Avemba died recently, and the body is being kept, in accordance with the native custom, for a year. When it is buried, if the custom be still carried out, the head man of the tribe and a number of women will have to be sacrificed.

The country is described as low and swampy, and therefore extremely unhealthy for Europeans. It abounds in game of all kinds, particularly elephants and the trade in ivory is of considerable dimensions. Entering the country from the south, an object of unusual interest that is passed on the journey is the tree which marks the last resting place of Livingstone, which bears an inscription cut on the base of the tree giving the name of the missionary, together with an inscription in the native language. The body of a deceased chieftain is, as mentioned above, kept for twelve months, during which time it remains in his hut, and at the end what remains of it is placed in calabashes; over these, when the time arrives, are slaughtered a number of the late chief's wives, together with the chief's head man, so that it would appear that the Prime Minister of the country occupies a position fraught with a certain amount of risk. In the case of a child detected stealing anything, the father is sentenced to have four fingers removed from each hand and his wife and children are sold as slaves to the Arabs. A liar is punished by being deprived of his eyes, the argument being that the liar sees too much, and that it would be better that he should not have the opportunity of seeing quite so much in the future, while anybody discovered spreading unreliable news concerning the actions of the chief is discouraged by having his ears cut off, though in this connection it is only fair to add that the practice of mutilation has to a great extent died out during the last two or three years, in fact, since the whites have commenced to occupy the Tanganyika and Nyassa plateau.

But there is a West African tribe that can teach the Avemba a lot in the way of human delicacies. Mr. P. A. McCann, who has had nineteen years' actual residence in West Africa and seven years trading and residence with the cannibal tribes of the French Gaboon, has returned to England. He says he got friendly with these tribes and thoroughly studied their habits and customs. They quite believed that the white men ate white men, as they themselves ate their fellow blacks. A big chief offered Mr. McCann the smoked thigh of a native. This was considered a gracious act. To refuse it would be unfriendly. Mr. McCann was in a dilemma. But he feigned illness and said he was not eating just then. The chief eventually put the matter off good-humoredly by saying he supposed the white man preferred white man to eat instead of black man.

"The Mpongwes," said Mr. McCann, "are in ferocity and pugnacious qualities second to no other tribe in Africa. Their villages mostly consist of a single street, from 600 yards to 1,500 yards long, on each side of which are the houses. In these houses they cook, eat and sleep, and keep their store of provisions, the chief of which is smoked game and smoked human flesh hung up to the rafters. Although ferocious and quarrelsome to a degree, they are very industrious. They show considerable skill in the manufacture of pottery, and the designs of their cooking pots, water jars, tobacco pipes, and palm wine bottles are extremely artistic. In ironwork they are also skillful workers. Although they kill game for

food, they much prefer human meat to any other."

Every Age Has Its Own Style of Pace.

Every age has its own style of face and features, due possibly to the fashions of the day, which impress themselves even in the expressions of the human countenance. No one who studies modern portraiture can fail to note the resemblance that runs through the works of the fashionable painters. It is not merely their characteristic style, but the type which they have transferred to canvas, and which almost borders on sameness. These well born, carefully trained beauties of to-day are as much alike as peas in one pod. They only vary in degrees. Of course, the artist "idealizes." He would not be an artist did he not find more in the face before his easel than the sitter sees when she gazes in the mirror or her family and friends may detect in daily familiarity. All the sumptuous detail of costume also adds to the variety of a picture; but in pose, in expression, there is traceable only this one woman of the end of the century, a creature of superb physique, clothed or unclothed, like a royal princess. Compare her with the pictured women of 100 or 200 years ago, and see how altogether changed is this "eternal feminine." In fifty years' time there will be produced another "beauty," but one ventures to predict it will have as great sameness as the beauty which commands our admiration in the portrait exhibitions of the present day, and which shows that fashionable painters are slaves to their subjects' will.—Boston Transcript.

BLEDSEE'S BATTERY OF GENTLEMEN.

Not One of Them Was Ever Reprimanded—Tribute From Grant and Beauregard.

"I was a member of Captain Hiram Bledsee's famous Missouri battery," said a man who is living in New York. "His recent death removes about the last prominent figure from the Confederate ranks in Missouri. Except in the presence of his superior officers he preferred to have his men call him H. He went into the war right at the beginning. The men who first enlisted under him were his neighbors and acquaintances in Cass county, where he had lived since the Mexican war."

"There were five brothers in his first command. When they presented themselves for enlistment H. asked them if they had not better divide, and added that he did not want to have the entire family. But the boys insisted, and it is a singular fact that they, with their commander, fought through the war. So far as I can now recall no member of the Bledsee battery was ever reprimanded. It was a model organization. Its discipline was army talk. And when Bledsee met Gen. Beauregard for the first time Beauregard complimented him on the reputation of his command, and asked him the secret of it. Bledsee's reply was that his command was composed of gentlemen, and that he treated them accordingly at all times. When this superb organization was decimated and it was proposed to recruit it with conscripts Bledsee refused. He said the men who fought under him must be volunteers. He challenged the admiration of Grant by the way in which he fought Grant's command at Port Gibson in 1862. It was when Bledsee was closing in upon Vicksburg, one day, and Grant asked, so I have heard, who was in command, and said if there were a few more as determined as Bledsee, the war would have lasted longer."

"In 1864 a command of Federals moved up near Bledsee's lines, and the boys in blue became very noisy and did some miscellaneous firing. Bledsee was asleep. The noise awoke him. Turning to the nearest Captain, he asked what the trouble was about. And when informed, he said: 'Well, I must stop this, for I want to go to sleep.' And he shelled the Federals until they withdrew."

"When the war was over Bledsee returned to his home in Cass county. He represented that county in the Legislature for several terms. He was consulted by the leading men of his party, and if he had not checked his friends he might have had any office in the State. But he insisted on staying at home."

"In 1895 there was but one Confederate monument in Chickamauga National Park. It was the gift of Missouri. On its sides is the story of Bledsee's battery."—New York Sun.

The Doom of the Steam Locomotive.

The Scientific American quotes from Le Genre Civil a description of a high-speed electric locomotive recently tested with success by the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Company on its line from Paris to Melun, a distance of some thirty miles. The machine, which is conspicuous by the absence of a smokestack, boiler and a tender for coal, easily hauled a load of 100 tons at a speed of sixty miles an hour and a load of 147 tons at a speed of twenty-seven miles an hour, and its capacity greatly exceeds its performance. Looking back on the brief history of electrical development, it is impossible to believe that the smoky and noisy steam locomotive will long survive. It has been a good friend to mankind, but its departure will not be mourned.—New York World.

Carpet Worth \$1,000,000.

In the treasure-room of the Maharajah of Baroda is said to repose a carpet which cost nearly \$1,000,000. It is only 6 by 10 feet in size, but is woven from strips of pure pearls, with center and corner circles of diamonds. It required three years to manufacture this jewel of a carpet, which was intended as a gift to a beautiful Mohammedan belle.

FRANCE'S GREATEST NAVAL HERO.

Jean Bart's Part in Abolishing the Brutal Code of Oleron.

Captain Mahan has shown how England began her world-wide dominion under Drake and Raleigh and made it good under Nelson. Thomas E. Watson, the Georgia politician and orator, in his "The Story of France," makes the claim that, had the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV., encouraged Jean Bart as he deserved, the sea and the world might have another story for us to-day. Mr. Watson writes:

"Jean Bart is a robust figure of these times. He came of a race of corsairs of Dunkirk. A corsair, you must know, was a gentleman pirate. He did unto all ships but those of his own country the deeds which pirates did unto all ships without exception."

Jean Bart's grandfather was a celebrity, known in corsair circles as the Sea-fox. His father was likewise a semi-pirate of eminent respectability, and accumulated a great deal of plunder. Thus Jean was cradled in the luxuries, liberties, and heroisms of legalized piracy, and from his youth he followed the seas."

In 1666 he served in the crew of a man-of-war commanded by a brute named Valbue. Even at this early age he was a hero. In those days the captain of a ship was master of life and death on board his vessel. The code of Oleron, "an eye for an eye," was then the guide. If a sailor drew a knife upon another, the offending hand was nailed to the mast with a knife. If he killed his mate, his own body was tied to that of his victim, and both were cast into the sea. This simple code was practiced for several hundred years, because it was popular among sailors. In trying a case the captain took a vote of the crew, and the majority decided.

There was one Huguenot sailor in the crew of Calbue, and his religion made him the butt of his messmates. Valbue told a story of a miracle performed by some priest, and, when he had finished, he threw at the Huguenot sailor an insulting remark and a tin can. The sailor appealed to the code of Oleron. Valbue, angered by his resistance, struck Lanoix (the Huguenot) with a capstan. Lanoix retreated over the iron rail which ran across the forward part of the ship and warned Valbue not to strike him again, "for I have passed the chain."

"This was known in all ships of those days as 'the chain of refuge.' This part of the ship was as a sanctuary on land. Valbue declared that the law did not apply to swine Jews and Huguenots, and so rushed upon Lanoix and struck him. Lanoix stabbed the captain in the arm, and all the crew except Jean Bart Sauret fell upon the Huguenot, who killed one of them with his knife.

"Bring me the book!" shouted the captain, and the cabin boy fetched the code of Oleron.

"Read me the law!" demanded Valbue of Sauret, putting his finger on the clause meant.

"I will not read it," answered Sauret, disgusted and indignant.

"You are not acting according to law," continued Sauret. "This unfortunate man (Lanoix) is entitled to three meals at which he may confess his faults; he is also entitled to make his oath of excuse and his promise of future obedience."

"Hush your mouth!" shouted Valbue. "Being a heretic, he is entitled to none of these rights."

"Listen!" continued Valbue, whose method of procedure was, in truth, diametrically regular and correct. "The sailor who raises his hand against the captain shall be fastened to the mast by a knife, and he shall be compelled to loose his hand from the knife in such a way that he shall be compelled to lose at least half of his hand."

After carrying out this brutal program, Lanoix was tied to the body of the sailor he had killed, and both were cast into the sea. Jean Bart stoutly protested against this procedure, and left the ship when it reached Calais. The inhumanity of the occurrence so shocked Colbert, Louis's great minister, that he had the maritime code changed.

Philippine Superstitions About Aguinaldo.

It is quite true, says F. D. Millet, in his Manila correspondence to Harper's Weekly, that Aguinaldo is reputed to have miraculous powers; that he is said to be impregnable, that no mortal weapon can harm him, and that his followers, when going into action, often carry in their mouths a slip of parchment with his magic name written on it, which, they believe, will protect them from harm. The Filipinos are intensely superstitious, inordinate in vain, and like all people of the Malay stock, treacherous—that is, they have no code of honor or morals as regards an enemy. Their superstitions have been largely worked on by the leaders of the rebellion, and every possible means is used to make the armed native believe that his cause is heaven-born. The officers distribute among the men little ang-tung ang-tung, or charms, with some image or word or the name of Aguinaldo written on them, and those who can afford to pay for them generally wear on the chest a large piece of cotton or linen, on which is rudely drawn in ink a number of symbols, Christian and heathen combined. The soldiers have little or no fear of death when provided with a breastplate of this sort, and fight with the ardor and determination of savages.

Has a Monopoly of Snow.

The Prince of Palermo is said to owe his wealth chiefly to the trade in snow, of which he has a monopoly. The snow is brought at night in baskets on mule back from the mountains to the coast and shipped to the Italian cities, where it is sold at two and three cents a pound.

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Gleaned from Various Parts.

A SHOCKING TRAGEDY.

John Kratz Slaw His Son and Himself in Despair—After Telling His Wife He Was Ruined by Loss of \$40,000 in Philadelphia Market He Grew Calm and Perpetrated a Ghastly Deed—Other News.

A terrible double tragedy took place at Belfry Station, four miles from Norristown, in which John Kratz, a Philadelphia stock broker, shot and killed his only child, Clayton, aged 7 years, by sending two thirty-eight calibre bullets crashing through the unsuspecting boy's head. With the smoking revolver in his hands Kratz then killed himself by placing the weapon back of his right ear and blowing his brains out. The motive for the crime is attributed to temporary loss of reason through adverse stock speculations. Kratz returned home earlier than usual and the first words with which he greeted his wife were: "We are ruined. I have lost all my money and we have only got the farm left." Shortly after his arrival Clayton came home from school and the father, apparently resigned to adversity, began to perform his customary chores about the place. Shortly after 4 o'clock he called upon Clayton to accompany him to the woodshed for the purpose of turning a grindstone. The lad readily consented, the father taking a carving knife to sharpen. Nothing unusual was thought of this by Mrs. Kratz. They delayed so long that she finally determined to call the boy's preparation for the bloody deed. The mother, a lifeless husband and child met her gaze. She was overcome with terror and ran screaming to all the neighbors. The quiet villagers were panic stricken by the news, but finally quieted down sufficiently to have the bodies removed at once to the dwelling. The weapon clutched tightly in the father's hand told the story. Coroner McGilghery was hurriedly sent for, and with his physician made a hasty examination of the bodies, preparatory to holding an inquest. These officials found the neighborhood in a wild state of alarm over the terrible deed. Mrs. Kratz is a woman who is held in high esteem, and it was thought that when she married Kratz ten years ago that she had made a fortunate marriage. The reputedly happy domestic relations of herself and husband made the affair all the more of a startling nature to the neighbors, for the Kratzes were envied in a worldly way. His wife endeavored to console him when he returned crestfallen. His grief was unbounded, and between his sobs he informed her "I dropped forty thousand dollars." She tried to reconcile him in a merry way, observing as a palliative to his despair. "Oh, cheer up; we have the farm and Clayton left. We will be all right again." To this he moaned out: "Oh, you could get along if Clayton wasn't here." She assured him that there was enough left for all three to live comfortably. The encouragement seemed to infuse a new spirit of hope into his breast. He appeared cheerful, but it was the cunning craftiness of a madman, and left the quondam wife totally unprepared for the shocking discovery. Mrs. Kratz, whose maiden name was Emma Beiff, is a daughter of the late Jacob Beiff, a prosperous farmer, who left his children considerable property. Another sister is married to Professor S. U. Brunner, of North Wales. Mrs. Kratz was born and raised near the vicinity of her present abode. Little is known of Kratz except that he is what was known in the neighborhood as a stock speculator and it was thought that he had a broker's office in Philadelphia, to which city he made daily trips. He was about 56 years of age. He had the reputation bereabouts of being very shrewd and successful in his dealings, and always seemed to relish the compliment when his sagacity was referred to in those terms. He enjoyed the distinction of being a city business man in a rural neighborhood, where the neighbors are all husbandmen. He was considered somewhat eccentric.

Clemmer to Hang May 18.

James A. Clemmer, the Montgomery county murderer of Mrs. Kaiser, will die on the gallows on May 18. The Supreme Court records notifying Governor Stone of the affirmation of the decision of the lower courts were received at the Executive Department and the Governor fixed the day for the execution. James Preston, Jr., the Chester County murderer, will also die on the gallows on the same day.

Kicked to Death by a Cow.

Mrs. Christian Monk was found dead in the stable at her home in Rekey by her 7-year-old daughter. The woman went to the barn to do the milking and being absent so long the child went out to find her parent, and on reaching the stable found her mother lying flat on her face in the back of the stall. Evidence showed that the cow had kicked her in the stomach, killing her.

Lawnton Inn Burned.

Fire destroyed Lawnton Inn, the famous hotel at Oak Lane. The flames were seen issuing from the porch of the hotel. The frame structure was soon a total ruin. Lawnton Inn was owned by Mrs. Jane Thompson, of Ogontz, and Mrs. A. S. Williams, of 1816 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. It was fully furnished and equipped for the reception of the early guests. The loss is \$20,000, covered by insurance.

Escaped in Night Robes.

The large country house of H. Graham Rambo, in Valley Township, was totally destroyed by fire, caused by a defective furnace. The house was occupied by Mr. Rambo's farmer, John Lyan, who, with his wife, narrowly escaped burning to death. They were awakened from their slumber by the cracking of the flames, which were then consuming the room in which they were asleep. They escaped through a window in their night robes and lost everything.

Rev. Dr. Swallow 111.

Rev. Dr. Silas C. Swallow, late Prohibition candidate for Governor, is seriously ill at his home in Harrisburg.

Failed to Conciliate.

As the conventional young man sat talking with the conventional young woman the conventional stern father came in. The young man would fain be sociable and at ease. "The open door—" began he. "The front door is open at this minute," said the father.—Indianapolis Journal.