

THE COMPLAINERS.

A little dog bayed at the moon one night.
But the moon didn't seem to care;
And other dogs heard the little dog bay,
And, smiling, each trotted upon his way.
Thinking, "What a fool is there!"

A man sat down and grumbled at fate,
But fate didn't seem to care;
And other men heard what he had to say,
And, scoffing, each passed and pursued his way.
Saying, "What a fool is there!"
—Chicago News.

THE MIDDY'S CAPTIVE

"Blubbering won't do any good; you had better report the matter to Captain Wilson at once," said the navigating lieutenant of her majesty's ship Triumph, as he gazed quizzically down at the chubby-faced midshipman who stood in such comical dismay before his superior officer. "Come with me; I'm going to his stateroom now," the speaker added, not unkindly, as he noted the lad's evident distress.

"I'm not blubbering, and I don't care if he does stop my leave!" indignantly responded the youngster, drawing himself up to his full height.

"What is it, Stuart?" inquired the captain, as the twain entered his cabin.

"I merely wish to say that we are ready to get under way whenever you please, sir; but Robson has a report to make," said the lieutenant.

"Not seasick yet, I hope?" ejaculated Captain Wilson, ironically. "Well, I'm listening."

"Please, sir, it's the 'First Lord'; he's bolted! He ran off while we were shipping the soft tack—I mean the bread!" incoherently stammered Robson.

"The 'First Lord' bolted with the soft tack?" exclaimed Wilson in astonishment. "What does he mean, Stuart? Who's the 'First Lord'? Is the boy a raving maniac?"

Lieut. Stuart had perfect to explain that the cadet, being in charge of a boat sent ashore to ship provisions, had lost one of his men—an able-bodied seaman answering to the name of West, but who was, by reason of his superior bearing, nicknamed by his companions "the First Lord of the Admiralty."

Charley Robson meekly endured the reproaches of his commander, who was a stern martinet, and made no allowance for youthful inexperience. "But at any rate," mused the young fellow when he was at length dismissed, "he said nothing about stopping my furlough." And then his volatile spirits threw off the recent discontent, and only youth knows how to, while his thoughts wandered far away to that pleasant country home in Surrey, with all its attendant attractions, from which he had been separated for one long year. And if among the dream faces conjured up there was one which eclipsed all others, the fact should not cause undue surprise.

The usual steps taken to secure the arrest of the deserter were of no avail. His description was circulated by the police throughout the country, and all the majesty of the law invoked to capture the runaway, but the man disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. He was of a strangely reserved nature, mixed but little with his companions, and had evidently once occupied a far superior situation in life.

There was one person, however, who did not forget the runaway. Robson often in imagination ran the scoundrel to earth.

Little did Charley Robson imagine as at the commencement of his long deferred leave he lounged in a first-class smoker on his way to Guilford how soon, or under what strange circumstances he would meet the villain of his melodrama.

"And you have come home, Alice will be able to resume her interrupted country walks," said the mother of the youthful sailor next morning. "But of course," added she, addressing the girl, "Charlie has not heard of your latest admirer. I don't know whether the girl's nerves are out of order," continued Mrs. Robson, "but she declares that a strange man has been following her about during the last few weeks, although no one else has caught a glimpse of him."

"I shan't be afraid of any loafers while Charlie is with me," responded the maiden. "In proof of which, he shall convey me for a walk now." And Alice Western buoyantly danced off to array herself for the proposed jaunt.

The eyes of the mother and son followed the girl with a wistful look as she quitted the room.

"I suppose nothing has been heard of him?" queried the latter.

"No! Your father thinks there never will be. Doubtless Sir Richard died abroad, believing to the end that he was a murderer!"

"And Alice is still ignorant of her father's sad history?" queried the lad.

"Yes. We have decided not to say anything to her until she is of age, unless some contingency should arise, such as your obtaining a subalternancy, and being of the same mind as you are now."

Robson colored at the hint delicately conveyed by his mother, and so well understood by himself. To see their only son mated to their ward was the dearest wish of Admiral and Mrs. Robson, yet they had the good sense to restrain the impetuosity of the youthful couple until both arrived at years of maturity.

II.

With the course of true love running thus smoothly, and the crisp, frozen

ground under their feet, the twain started upon their ramble.

"With buoyant steps they breasted the 'Hog's Back,' from which favorite vantage ground a splendid view of the surrounding country could be obtained.

"Yes, there's the dear old Towers," said Alice, "where I should be living now if the pater had not died."

"You've found another home," whispered Charley, "and other parents."

"I know that, dear," responded the girl. "But you cannot imagine what it feels like to have one's birth place given over to ruin and decay, and to know one hasn't a single living relative. Only to think I cannot even visit my father's grave, because he died in some far away outlandish place!" Then, with returning vivacity, she added: "Don't you remember that day in your school holidays when we walked over there and rembled through the disused rooms? How we thought there was a ghost in the hall, and ran all the three miles back home without once stopping?"

"I should just think I did," said the young officer. "You caught a chill through being overheated, and the governor said he would make a sailor of me for being such an idiot."

"You wouldn't be afraid now?" queried the girl.

"No fear!" laughed her companion. "Life on a man-of-war soon knocks all the fear of spooks out of a man."

"Let us pay another visit, then?"

A sharp walk soon brought the twain to the rusty lodge-gates of Western Towers.

"How dreary it looks!" said the girl. "I wonder if that scullery window is still unfastened?"

Charley tried, and to his surprise the sash slipped up without difficulty. "It's a case of gentlemen first this time," said he, stepping through the aperture. "Come along, tomboy. If you're not careful you'll tear your dress. The window's no bigger than the lubber-hole of a brig."

The casement being negotiated in safety, together they wandered through the cobweb-festooned rooms of the once-palatiate residence. Ascending to a second story, Robson carelessly threw open a door of a room which faced the landing. Here an unexpected sight met his gaze. Sitting before a wood fire was an elderly man, contemplating the flames with a ruminant air. At the sound they made he turned his face toward them and started in alarm.

The next moment the youth was across the room and grappling with the stranger. "You villain!" he panted, "I've got you at last! Run, Alle, bring some one quickly! I can't hold him long; say he's a deserter from the navy."

The trembling limbs of the girl failed to carry out his behests as she stood fascinated, watching the unequal struggle, which was speedily ended. Youth and agility were no match for the sailor's sinewy arms, and in a short time Robson was ignominiously pinned against the wall.

With lowering brows and eyes, which boded no good to his captive, West stood staring at the lad as if undecided what to do with him. Then, catching sight of the pale face of Alice, who was petrified with horror upon recognizing in her companion's antagonist the man who had so persistently dogged her footsteps of late, his own features assumed a softer expression, and he muttered: "It is kismet!"

After a pause of breathless silence the ex-sailor, addressing his captive, said: "You are not so muscular as was your father in his youth, young fellow. The Charley Robson that I knew would never have allowed an old man to get the better of him; but let that pass and come to the crux of the matter. You want to arrest me for deserting from the navy. Very well, you shall, if you still wish to after hearing what I have to say."

Releasing the grip upon his would-be captor, the elder man, in a strangely cultured voice, addressed his auditors.

"Years ago," said he, "I was known and respected in this neighborhood, a man of substance, and a member of the diplomatic corps. Unfortunately, in my official capacity, I became embroiled in a quarrel with a political opponent, and, as was more common even fifteen years ago, the result was I had no alternative between fighting a duel or being dishonored."

"Not to make a long story, my adversary and our seconds journeyed to Guilford with me late one night, intending to settle our differences at day-break on the following morning. With the courtesy that such affairs demanded I offered the whole party hospitality for the night."

"From the moment my head touched the pillow until I was awakened the next morning my mind was an entire blank, but judge of my horror when, essaying to rise, I found the bed-clothes dabbled with blood, and at the foot of my couch a gory hunting knife belonging to myself. Simultaneously with my horrible discovery the servant found the man I was to have fought lying foully murdered."

"Although conscious of my innocence I dared not face the inquiry which was sure to follow, as who would believe my own theory of the matter, which was simply that I committed the terrible act in my sleep, as from childhood I had been subject to attacks of somnambulism. Hastily caressing my infant daughter, the only pledge left me by my departed wife, I left the house like a felon and fled the country, and it was hunger for a glimpse of my dear child's face that has worked my undoing. My faithful secretary connived at my escape, and subsequently sent me the news of the charge of wilful murder against Sir Richard Western. Yes, you will be able to deliver up to justice a more important person than the deserter West. My devoted retainers Burton, who assisted me at such great risks to himself, is not here to help me now. He is dead."

"He was a villain, Sir Richard!" cried Robson, in wild excitement. "It was he himself who killed Lord Marcus and artfully foisted the blame upon you in order that you should not discover his defalcations. My father possesses his dying confession to that effect."

The sudden revulsion of feeling was almost too much for the baronet. Toting to the nearest chair, he buried his face in his toll-worn hands. Silence reigned in the room for a few intense moments. Then Sir Richard, feeling a gentle hand upon his shoulder, looked up into a sweet but still scared face and two half-frightened gray eyes.

"Daddy, dear," Charley heard a tremulous voice murmur softly as he stole from the room. * * *

Powerful friends at the admiralty soon glossed over the delinquencies of the seaman West, and Sir Richard Western once more assumed his proper rank and station. As time wore on, and the vividness of his past misdeeds faded, he could even afford to joke about the matter; and sometimes upon the rare occasions that he saw a certain young officer, would, much to the amusement of his daughter, simulate extreme terror and cry in affected dismay: "He has come for me at last!"

When some few years later a very excited youth, with a golden circlet upon the arm of his new uniform coat, burst unceremoniously into the room, he was greeted by the same old joke, and in response blushing replied: "I'll let you off this time if you will give me Alice as a hostage." And as the girl seemed to be a willing sacrifice, Sir Richard gave them his blessing.

KITCHENER'S NERVE.

He Demanded Twenty-five Thousand Dollars from Lord Rothschild.

The other day some ladies wrote to Lord Kitchener suggesting that he should give some thought to the girls as well as to the boys of the Sudan. Thereupon the sirdar wrote the reply that when he had got his Gordon College working well for the boys he would think of the girls. Then came the characteristic addition that when that moment came he would not fail to call on these ladies for subscriptions to help him in the work. Which reminds me of a story so like the man that it is worth telling. I may say that he tells it himself of himself with great gusto. When Kitchener was starting his list for the \$500,000 he demanded for the Gordon College he was advised that the first and best step he could take was to attend a lunch in the city which Lord Rothschild would give. The lunch was duly ordered; the guests were met; the table set. In the middle there was an awkward pause. Lord Rothschild was observed to leave Lord Kitchener after a short conversation, and as Lord Rothschild's face was somewhat flushed and his eyes shown brightly it was easily seen that the great banker was not pleased. And he wasn't. For what had happened was this, Lord Kitchener, with that shrewd sense he has—especially where money is concerned—saw that the amount of the subscriptions of others would largely depend on the amount with which Lord Rothschild would start the list. He fixed the amount in his own mind at \$25,000. When Lord Rothschild came up to him Kitchener asked, with characteristic bluntness, what amount he wished to subscribe. "Five thousand dollars," replied Lord Rothschild, a little taken aback. "I want \$25,000," said Kitchener, "and, moreover, unless I get it I shan't stay to lunch." Lord Rothschild is generous—the generosity of the family is as well known, indeed, as its wealth—but a stand and deliver message of this kind was something more than even the most generous of men would like. And that was why Lord Rothschild looked angry.

The news spread through the room; surprise and horror were on every face and several of the distinguished guests went up to Kitchener to remonstrate. Wolsey at the head. They might as well have talked to the Egyptian sphinx. "Twenty-five thousand dollars or I go," said Kitchener. He got the \$25,000 with the result he had anticipated—four other multimillionaires had to follow Lord Rothschild's example, and when the lunch was over the subscription for the Gordon College was well started with \$125,000.

Destroying the Sources of Rubber.

The consumption of india rubber has grown enormously in recent years. The trade has been stimulated chiefly by the use of pneumatic tires on bicycles. Several years ago it began to be evident that unless wasteful and destructive methods of collecting rubber were discontinued the supply would diminish while the demand was increasing. Government after Government has therefore prohibited or restricted the collection of rubber in its territory in order to give the plants time to multiply and recuperate. The Congo Free State has now gone a step further. In addition to its decree of 1892, still in force, which made it a serious and punishable offence to kill the rubber plant or to gather rubber in any way except through incisions in the bark, it is now made obligatory to plant at least 150 vines or trees for every ton of rubber collected. Infractions of the new decree are punishable by fine up to \$2,000, or imprisonment. A Bureau of Control of Rubber Forests has been appointed to guard the rubber interests of the State and to enforce the decrees of 1892 and 1899.

It is necessary to kill the camphor tree in order to get camphor, but it is not necessary to kill any of the varieties of trees and vines that yield rubber to collect their juice; and yet this inexcusable stupid and wasteful method has been employed in many countries with the result that rubber plants have been exterminated in hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory.—New York Sun.

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMINE TOPICS.

Gloves for Mourning Dress—Accomplishments of Princesses—Statue of Frances E. Willard—The Correct Veil, Etc.

Gloves for Mourning Dress.

Both dressed and undressed gloves are worn with mourning frocks, but the undressed finished kid is perhaps more appropriate. The keynote to dressing well in either heavy or light mourning is simplicity. Avoid every accessory that will call attention to a costume, a bonnet, a veil, or even a pair of boots.

Accomplishments of Princesses.

German Princesses are said to be good cooks and housekeepers. The Empress Augusta was a skilled dressmaker. Some of the English Princesses are trained in the profession of nursing. The Princess of Wales is an accomplished bookbinder. Queen Wilhelmina is said to be a good cook and laundress. For a total lack of interest in homely, old-fashioned pursuits, it remained for the American girl to show what really could be done in that line.

Statue of Frances E. Willard.

Since the passing of the bill authorizing the expenditure of \$80,000 for the erection of a statue to the memory of the late Frances E. Willard, an effort has been made to have the commission filled by a woman sculptor. Those in favor of this movement say it is most fitting that a woman should design the figure and carve the features of that woman whose work was so grandly feminine, yet so strong. The statue is to be placed in Statuary Hall, Washington. Five men have been appointed to serve under the name of the "Frances E. Willard Monument Commission." They were appointed by the Governor of Illinois.

The Correct Veil.

The newest veil is of white or black chantilly, slightly longer in the centre than at the sides and shaped to fit the hat. Women who find that the large figures are unbecoming wind the veil loosely about the hat, as though carelessly thrown back from the face. The veil is extremely becoming to a brilliant complexion and large features, but faces that are finely chiseled and delicately tinted will find that a better effect is produced when the veil is wound around the hat than when worn over the face.

Covered Buttons.

The first maker of covered buttons was Mrs. Samuel Williston, of East Hampton, Massachusetts. In early life her husband prepared for the ministry, but his eyesight failing, he was compelled to give up all study and support himself. He opened a general country store, and his wife gave a great deal of attention to a notion-counter. One winter, in 1826, she was sorting her stock, when it suddenly occurred to her to cover some of the wooden buttons, then in general use, with cloth. They attracted much attention among the customers of the little shop, and were finally known to all the neighboring towns, and became very popular. Williston and his wife contrived machinery to do the work, the first ever employed in America. An immense manufactory sprang up, and made half the covered buttons of the world, and Williston died worth several millions. And the source of this wealth originated with a bright New England woman.—Harper's Bazar.

A Sensible Health Fad.

Women have begun to understand that health as well as wealth trends upon the footsteps of outdoor work. Several brokendown society leaders have had the courage to persist in a half-day's garden work regularly for a stated period. The result is very much more in their favor than they had dared to imagine. Improved circulation, rest and digestion have thrown themselves in the balance against disordered nerves, sleepless nights and the hollow eyes and worn face attendant upon prolonged social dissipation, and nature has inserted her immortal rights before the paints and lotions and powders, the paraphernalia of the toilet-table. The rosy health and wholesome strength of the average Englishwoman is the outcome of her outdoor life and exercise.—Woman's Home Companion.

Old-Fashioned Bandboxes.

When grandmamma was young and inveigled great-grandpapa into the purchase of a new bonnet it was invariably sent home from the milliner's in a huge bandbox, which differed from the pasteboard bonnet receptacle of to-day in that it was superbly ornamented with floral designs. As a rule, these designs ran to carnations, moss roses and other old-fashioned flowers. Some interesting faddist, in casting about for a motif, has whisked the accumulated dust of half a century from these ornamental affairs and reinstated them in popular feminine favor. No beautiful bonnet or hat is properly cared, according to the strict letter of the law of fashion, unless deposited in one of the old-time bedewed bandboxes.

Many of the leading milliners are exhibiting them in connection with those flower embroidered aviaries and velvet, plume-tipped towers of their art and creation. The carnations and roses are printed on fine, glossy paper, which has the effect and appearance of watered silk, and the sight of the decorated box is well calculated to subdue those tumultuous emotional outbreaks which are liable to occur when the masculine eye is called upon to contemplate the

accompanying bill for the box's inclosure.—New York Herald.

\$15,000 Salary for a Chaperon.

The Countess of Selkirk is the chaperon of Pauline, the only daughter of William Waldorf Astor of London and New York. Mrs. Astor, who died five years since in England, was Miss Mary Paul of Philadelphia, and a woman of rare beauty and gentleness. Since Mrs. Astor's death Miss Astor has been without any near woman relative as a companion. Now that she is old enough to enter society, it becomes necessary for her father to choose a chaperon for her, and he was fortunate enough to secure the services of the Countess of Selkirk. The Countess is the widow of the late Dunbar James Hamilton, sixth Earl of Selkirk, keeper of the great seal of Scotland. She married him when he was sixty-nine years of age, and he died in 1855, leaving no children.

The Countess of Selkirk has a fine old country house, Belmar, in Kirkenbrightshire, and a town house in Berkeley Square, London. Having but a modest income and a great fondness for society, she is pleased to accept the position offered by Mr. Astor, with a salary of \$15,000, a sum almost three times as large as that paid the Senators of the United States. In addition, Mr. Astor pays all of the specific expenses. The Countess has been deemed a desirable chaperon by Queen Victoria. When the Princess Marie, sister of Prince Dhuip Singh, entered society a few years since, the Countess was chosen as a chaperon for her by the Queen, whose ward the Hindu Princess was. Miss Astor was presented at court at the last drawing-room held in behalf of the Queen, and the Countess prepared her for the great social function. The Countess of Selkirk is a handsome woman of about fifty. She is the daughter of the late Sir Philip de Malpas Grey-Egerton, of an old Cheshire family. Miss Astor is a graceful girl, accomplished and self-reliant. As she is a great heiress, she will doubtless marry a title. She has been educated entirely in Europe, and naturally has absorbed only foreign ideas of life. William Waldorf Astor owns \$200,000,000 of New York real estate. Miss Astor's share of her father's property will doubtless be \$30,000,000.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Proper Thing in Skirts.

Skirts are all clinging from the knees up and flare about the feet, but are not cut in genuine eel-skin style either by leading French modistes or tailors of highest repute. The prevailing mode, which is circular either with a gored front or cut all in one with the single seam at the back, sets snugly to the figure and adheres to its lines, as good styles should do, but only in rare instances does it run to the extreme of appearing so tight as to render both walking and sitting a difficult task, while few if any well-dressed women consent to that length of front which means awkward movement, if not actual danger. As a well-known modiste asserts, "many things are extreme, but fashionable that are little worn." Freedom, grace, and beauty have become too well understood to allow any such hampering fashion full sway. Women of sense and judgment wear what they prefer, and modify "the latest cut" to their own tastes and needs. Only upon the stage do we see the edicts adhered to without moderation. Real life is too active, too full of daily demands to permit a surrender of common sense and utility. Education along artistic lines has become too common to allow the mistake of believing that any fashion can be good that interferes with natural grace or necessitates a cramped and restricted walk.

As a rule the skirts flare in graceful, undulating waves about the feet, and those designed for street wear just escape the ground at the front. But it must be confessed they are frequently slightly trained, although a sufficient number barely touch to allow of refusing to do scavenger's work without the risk of being out or pronounced, and of reserving greater length for indoor and carriage gowns, where it is effective in the extreme. While tunics are much worn and are graceful upon tall, slender women, the plain skirt either bound with braid or stitched as a finish still holds, and is even preferred for these gowns of steady use. The circular flounce, while not new, is seen, but the simple model is preferred and far more generally becoming, as the greater number of women require all the effect of height it is possible to obtain. The tall girls who tower over their male friends, although apparently increasing in number, make the small minority as yet, and those ideal figures whose proportions are perfect are seen far more often in fashion plates than in real life.—The New Voice.

Gleanings from the Shops.

White velvet belts studded with steel beads.

Sailor ties of soft satin with prettily knotted fringed ends.

Pale-blue and cream-silk muslins covered with Dresden figures.

Sheer wash fabrics with swivel figures in self or contrasting shades.

Brightly colored silk and lisle hosiery in tasteful open patterns.

Silk and cotton mullers showing much drawn-work for summer dresses.

Colored pique skirts with white bands edged on either side with black braid.

Entire waists made of heavy venise lace, to be worn with light-weight cloth skirts.

Short cloth capes showing rows of machine stitching, bands of satin or effective braiddings.

Foulard gowns trimmed elaborately with broad bands of cream-colored batiste applique embroidery.

A great variety of soft mull, net, chiffon with liberty scarfs with tucked, plaited or lace-trimmed ends.

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Gleaned from Various Parts.

TRUST AFTER TRUST.

Pittsburg Milling Company Will Probably Enter \$25,000,000 Combine—Another Pittsburg Woman Expires After Suffering a Nostrum—Business Miner Killed by Tramps—Other News.

McIntyre's Flour Milling Trust, now in course of formation is endeavoring to absorb the Pittsburg Milling Company, in itself a combine, with \$1,000,000 capital. Secretary Forsyth, of the Pittsburg Milling Company, has returned from a conference with Mr. McIntyre and the financiers of the consolidation. The meeting was held at New York. Mr. Forsyth says that negotiations are in progress. The Pittsburg company, which was formed a few weeks ago by the consolidation of the Iron City and Marshall-Kennedy Milling Companies, has given the McIntyre people a valuation on its plants, and this option was practically accepted, it is said. The trust, which has applied for a New Jersey charter, is known as the United States Flour Milling Company. It will be capitalized at \$25,000,000, and with the Pittsburg property, will own twenty-one mills, with an output of 85 per cent. of the total production in the country.

Mine Fire Spreads.

The old fire that has been smoldering in the Hill Farm Mine, Uniontown, since the disastrous explosion in 1890, and which broke through into the Mahoning Mine adjoining, is baffling the ingenuity of the mine owners. The outbreak occurred last Friday but was kept secret. Meantime the company has had 125 men at work day and night fighting the flames. They have secured large quantity of hose and gas pipe with which numerous streams of water have been plugged into the burning sections. Since this fire started in Hill Farm, the Dunbar Farming Company, which owns the mine, has spent over a hundred thousand dollars in their efforts to extinguish it. Stone and brick terraces were built around the fire sections. There have been two outbreaks in the Ferguson Mine, south of Hill Farm. The flames had soon spread westward that last Hill Farm was finally abandoned by order of the mine inspectors, the company losing many acres of valuable coking coal.

Deadly Headache Powder.

Twenty minutes after Mrs. Celia Butler, aged 25 years, swallowed a headache powder, she died, in terrible agony, at her home, 18 Mercer Street, Pittsburg. Her husband is a millworker, and bought her some powders when she complained of a bad headache. In a few minutes after taking one powder Mrs. Butler fell into convulsions. Dr. J. W. Brown arrived just as she drew her last breath. He said there was evidence of excessive poisoning, and she frothed at the lips. Beyond the headache, the woman was in good health. Ernest Stifel, the druggist who sold the powder, was greatly perturbed. He said they were put on the market by a firm, but had not had much sale recently, since Edna Price swallowed a similar powder and died soon after. Mrs. Butler's death is one of a series which have resulted lately in Pittsburg from the use of preparations sold as headache powders.

Robbed and Murdered.

While plodding along a lonely stretch of track on the Wheeling branch of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, near Pittsburg, Joseph Kamen was robbed and murdered. Two unknown negro tramps killed him after a tussle near Willock Station. Kamen was a Russian, 28 years old, and worked in a mine. With him was Frank Daner, who succeeded in making his escape. The negroes carried clubs and asked Kamen for tobacco. After he had given it to them they swung the clubs and felled both men. Daner regained his feet and was able to run away. Kamen's body was found under the tracks. Kamen leaves a widow and six children.

Valuable Cargo Burned.

A freight car and its entire contents were burned up at the Landreth siding, one mile above Bristol. The fire originated from a hot box and was not discovered by the train crew until the flames were too far advanced to check. The train was stopped and the blazing car cut out and ran upon a siding to save further damage. The cargo, consisting of furniture, bicycles and paint, consigned to Princeton, N. J., is a total loss.

Infant Killed by Hatpin.

The body of an infant girl was found by James Collins in the field at the corner of Monroe avenue and Myrtle street, Scranton. An autopsy by Coroner Roberts disclosed the fact that the child had been stabbed to death. Eleven holes had been punched in the body, evidently with a hatpin. The child was evidently about a day old. Coroner Roberts is making an investigation.

His Injuries Caused Death.

J. T. Kelley, aged 25 years, who is thought to be a resident of Middletown, died at the hospital, Harrisburg, from injuries received by being struck by an engine on the Philadelphia & Reading Road, at Hummelstown. His skull was fractured.

Burned by Gasoline Explosion.

Joseph Kaol, aged 60 years, a restaurant keeper of Harrisburg, was seriously and perhaps fatally burned by the explosion of a gasoline stove. The injured man inhaled flames.

In Brief.

The milkmen of Altoona have determined to begin a fight against the imposing of an annual toll for peddling milk about the street.

George V., son of Calvin W. Booz, of Edgewood, near Verdier, mysteriously disappeared from home. The lad is 15 years of age.

The Bradford County Soldiers' and Sailors' Encampment Association, which met at Towanda, decided to hold the annual encampment at Altoona in August.

James Raut, of Altoona, entered suit against the Central Railroad of New Jersey to recover \$20,000 damages for the loss of both legs. While a freeman on the Central Railroad he fell under the engine and had both legs cut off.

James H. Frank, of Rowlandville, was commissioned as chief detective officer of the central division lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with headquarters at Media. He succeeds the late officer C. E. Otley, of Media, who held the position for fourteen years.