Love's Dearest Moment.

the hands Are clasped in marriage, and the world looks on; Nor yet when all the importunate

world has gone. And flaming passion like the archangel stands

fire the bands Of impotent human law; nor when

alone Triune and chrismed, pure, as God's

commands: It is not in the many morrows' track While love by loving grows more rich and wise

Till age counts up love's wondrous, wondrous sum. Love's dearest moment is far back, far back-

When first they looked within each other's eyes, And in the silence knew that love

> was come. -Harper's Magazine.

## JUANITO.

A Tiny, Brown Hero, and His Reward.

By Edith Wagner.

there was a cool feeling in the air. It had been market-day in Puebla, and now the little family was going home to one of the Indian villages near Cholula. Hnudreds of such groups were scattered along the road. Maria was running in a little dog-trot, car-Jesus. Jose, the father, was solemnly back of the little burro. Lagging a

the mother's back, beside the baby. He was not an American child, who was a load of corn, and her arms were full of oddly shaped and painted earthen jars and baskets. There was no outward and visible evidence of the inches, forced often to rest from father's load, but to do him justice it sheer anguish, but never a moan was was so great he was unable to walk wrung from his lips by the torture. with it. Maria wore for a skirt a and degree of cleanliness.

shone star-like from out a .mop of | wild thing within him. black hair, was dressed exactly like | Suddenly he heard the rumbling of his father in shirt and long trousers | the carriage, and he fancied he could of unbleached cotton, with a red sash see the shining flanks of Don Hypoto hold his clothes up. A leather band went round his forehead and supported the pack he carried-a large enough burden for so wee a boy. In one little hand he carried his conical hat of he burst out crying, and sank in the coarse straw; with the other, as he dust. Dona Ynes, inside the carriage, trotted along, he tried to shift his load a bit, and so relieve himself. He did it slyly, for he did not want his father to think he was not a big man. Indeed he was-he would be five in a few days-and he was going to have a present on his saint's day, which was also his birthday. He could do as he wished with it. A centayo-a whole cent to spend on himself.

What would he buy with his cent? He had turned it over and over many times in his rudimentary brain. He hesitated between an earthen goose, with a whistle in the neck and a dulce -like our rock-candy. The goose would be an ephemeral thing at best. although the whistle-but that whistle could be heard a kilometer. A turn of the hand, however, and it was gone. There are kites which sing when they get up in the air, but, what riches are necessary. Four centavos for the kite and one for the string! He had thought carefully. He could buy the string at once and get the kite in four more saint's days, for surely he would go on having them, and it was likely Dona Ynes would always remember them. No! No! After all, the dulce was best.

His face grew brooding as he built his castle-founded on a cent. His bing his aches and wondering how it mother should have a suck-two sucks. in fact. The baby could lick it, and Nito, the burro, but his father, no! For only yesterday had he beaten him for getting too much water on the clay to make the ollas. He closed his eyes in ecstasy; properly managed, the candy, which was of the durability of old red sandstone or the quartz it greatly resembled, should last, by licking delicately and sucking with moderation, until another birthday.

The sun was throwing long, golden lances across the plain of Cholula. with its scores of church towers. The family had finished the supper of frijoles and tortillas, risen from the spring, by the wayside, and resumed its journey. As before, the father led, jogging along on the burro; the mother running beside, bending forward from her load. Juanito, as his short legs grew more weary, fell farther behind. The mother looked over her shoulder several times, but she felt no uneasiness, for it had happened before that, being too tired to go on, Tio Pedrito had taken him to his jacal on his burro and brought him home in the morn-

The road made a sudden dip. On one hand was a deep barranca (steep ravine), the sides covered with shrubs and close growth. Juanito, boy-like, was seeing how near he could trot along the verge without losing his balance. He was as sure footed as a mule, but a long serpentine root, the chine in the Chicago postoffice can-

foot in a loop, and in a moment he Love's dearest moment is not when was twisted off his feet and rolling down the barranca. It so happened no one saw him, and little Indian stoic

that he was, he made no sound. When he reached the bottom, bruised and out of breath, a savage hand caught his throat and savage eyes met his. A few muttered words and Between two souls, and welds with the butt-end of a heavy revolver came down on the shaggy little head, and then to one side was brutally tossed the senseless heap. There were three Upon the morrow they and love are of them crouched under an overhanging ledge-three sinister-looking bandits, wearing heavy felt hats, and with red blankets drawn across their mouths. They sat still until about the time all travel had ceased on the highway above. They were planning, in low voices, the division of the spoils when Juanito's hard little Indian head | Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." began to throb consciously. The first thing he heard to undertand was that Miguel was to turn the coach over exactly at that spot, and that Don Hypolite had the money for the year's pulque from his San Martin hacienda. and that Dona Ynes had been to a party in Puebla, and had on her mother's diamonds.

"If the fall does not kill," growled one, "a tap of the good friend here"and Juanito heard him slap his pistol. Juanito heard and, though sick and dazed, comprehended. He could not see how he could prevent it. He knew that when the coachman tipped the The sun would soon set. Already carriage down the barranca Dona Ynes would be hurt, and if she were not hurt enough they would kill her. Ah! he would not get his centavo if Dona Ynes was killed. The thought moved him-poor. little, dving baby!

He tried to raise himself, but the effort increased the deadly nausea. A rying in her rebozo, on her back, night wind was blowing and rustled the leaves; under cover of that noise seated on a pile of garden-stuff on the he could move freely; if he could keep from crying. And keep from crying little behind the mother came Juanito. he would, for even his short life had They all had heavy burdens. On given him self-control and courage. screams when it is explained, kindly, that he cannot have the moon. He began to move, pulling himself up by

Several hours must have passed belength of dark-blue cloth that came fore he reached the highway. When to her ankles, wrapped tightly about there, he could not tell which way to her back and hips, with a few folds in | go. He had lost his sense of direction, front. Twisted around her waist was always extraordinary in Indians. He the usual red cotton sash. On her head | thought he heard a shout from below, she had the tall straw hat that the as though the men had missed him; Indian women wear; about her throat so, without further cogitation, he was a coral necklace. All the Indian dragged himself along the road. He women are clothed the same, the dif- was cold with an awful chill that ference being in quality of material struck out from the bones. The blood steadily ran down his face from the The country people in Mexico have crack in his skull. He was afraid he no children's modes. The little people was going in the wrong direction; belook like grown-up people seen through | fore this he should have heard the clip. the wrong end of an opera-glass. Juan- clip of the high-stepping black mares. ito, with round, fat, brown face, white His tongue was getting too big for his teeth, big mouth, and eyes which mouth, and his heart roared like a

lite's beautiful thorough-breds. He gave a cry, another, and another. They were driving rapidly-and driving by! As they swept past, for the first time

was jerking violently at the cord. "Why does he not stop? Oh. papa, call Miguel to stop. Some one called

me: some one is burt by the road." Don Hypolite put his head out and ordered Miguel to drive slowly back. The guilty scamp did so reluctantly. The carriage halted by the side of the little sobbing Juan, and Dona Ynes jumped out. She had dropped her fur coat, for the night was warm, and her bare arms shone milky-white through the meshes of a lace mantilla. The mantilla was fastened by a gold-andturquoise comb to the high knot of dusky hair, and the curved edges flapped coquettishly about her rogulsh face.

Regardless of her satin ball-gown, she knelt in the dust by Juanito. After he had told her and Don Hypolite of the plan to rob and murder them, she carried him herself in her round arms to the carriage, while Don Hypolite, portly and courtly, in evening-dress, with a half-dozen decorations glittering on his breast, went back calmly, and pulled Miguel by the coat-collar off his seat. Relieving the rascal of his pistol and kicking him soundly, Don Hypolite took the reins and drove back to Puebla, leaving Miguel rub-

happened. The motion of the carriage so jarred the little pain-racked frame that Dona Ynes, thinking that it must be a matter of but a few moments, asked her father to stop. Juanito whispered to her that he could not breathe, that he wished to be outdoors, where he could see the stars; so Dona Ynes, tenderly holding the child, sat in the grass by the road.

Alas; he could breathe no better under the quiet stars. There was the croaking of frogs and the song of men were real, both equally genuine? night-birds, and the soft wind rustling through the low shrubs. He lifted a physiologist, says thathanch of the at the Grand Circus Park he did not wistful face, and with long, laboring breaths he managed to say:

"I want my centavo." Dona Ynes, keeping back her sobs with difficulty, for she did not wish to distress the patient child, slipped a think with one brain lobe. This was cent into his little hand. A smile of the first theory advanced, and for a passer by who wanted to scare the great sweetness and content stole over his wide mouth, and the tiny, brown fingers closed upon the cherished cent. never to open again.-San Francisco Argonaut.

During the last twenty years 1,500,-000 Italians emigrated via Genoa to South America-an average of 75,000 least 500,000 of these returned to Italy.

A new labor-saving stamping masame ash-color as the soil, caught his cels 600 stamps per minute.

## OUR DUAL PERSONALITY.

DIFFERENT TEMPERAMENTS POSSESSED BY ONE INDIVIDUAL.

The Theory of Double Brains-Dr. Grover Declares One May Be Saint on One Side and Sinner On the

Other. The Hundred Year Club, composed of members who study to approach as nearly as possible the century mark of life and to make the years replete with the blessings of health, held a meeting recently in New York city, at which was discussed the secret of double personality, or the physiology of "Dr.

Dr. G. W. Glover, acting for the club's president, Dr. Wiley, who was in Washington, read the opening paper. He cited numerous instances of different temperaments in the same person and of cases where in lapse of memory a person's identity had been completely lost to him.

"There are two theories to explain a dual personality," said Dr. Grover, on, "One is that the two hemispheres of and a man may be a saint on the right side and a devil on the left. This is the theory of Brown-Sequard. The other theory, and the one to which I incline, is that a large structure under the conscious brain gives the dual self by its assertion at times over the conscious brain. This theory is generally accepted by students to-day in explaining the dual personality.'

Drawings of the two hemispheres of the brain and the structure under the brain were passed around to illustrate the two theories. Dr. Grover mentioned the life of John B. Gough as a striking example of dual personality, and cited the case of a New Englander who lost his identity, and under a different name opened a haberdashery near Newark, N. J. He awoke one morning to his old self, disclaimed any knowl dge of his later being, and denied he had any store.

Dr. Carleton Simon, who has located the sleep centre in the medulla oblongata, advanced a third theory for the double personality. This was that when the mind and body are tired there is a shrinkage of the nerve cells of the brain, and the effect is different from that when body and minu are refreshed and the nerve cells are in contact with one another. He cited the case of a mother whose identity lost to herself was restored at the sight of a daughter. He also cited the case of a mason, a married man, who went to Trenton, N. J., where he assumed the name of Charles Dickens, that of his returned just in time to prevent him | war." from becoming a bigamist.

By the theory advanced by Dr. ology, in locating certain functions in different parts of the brain, to be true.

Dr. G. W. Grover, who caused a sensation by his paper on the dual personality of mankind, conceives that the human brain has a third lobe, in which are stored the innumerable memories and traits which belong to self. In this lobe "Mr. Hyde" finds a sway, to appear and assume control at uncertain and uncontrollable inter-

vals. "Presumably," said Dr. Grover, "this dual personality is common to all, but only to some does the fact make itself known. If all the poss'bilities of this sub-conscious self were as well known to all as it is to some this life would never be dull. It would make human life a perpetual melodrama, Theatres would not prosper, because every man would be playing a drama that might at any instant deepen into tragedy.

"This dual personality must not be confounded with that change of self that is a part of the ripening process of the man. That is the development,

not the duplication, of self. "Strictly defined, double personality is the manifestation of qualities utterly contradictory, opposite, discordant, in the same individual. The manifestation of this quality varies from those changes of disposition and nature that render the man of yesterday, who was warm, genial and sympathetic, to-day cold, repellent, unlovely; to that complete alteration that makes the one personality utterly dead to and unconscious of the existence of the other.

"I knew a man who was an elo quent speaker on religious topics. He would talk like an angel on Sunday and cheat his most intimate friends on Monday. I used to wonder which was the real self, the speaker at the prayer meeting or the unscrupulous financier. Both seemed to be real. The world says such a man was a hypocrite. I

doubt it. Is it not rather that both "Brown-Sequard, the famous French two hemispheres of the brain is capa-ble of solitary individual action; that as we can walk with one foot, write with one hand, breathe with one lung. see with one eye, welfcan likewise sies. many years it held the field, rather be- little fellow. cause no one had any other to advance against it than because it was deemed and he picked several more blossoms. satisfactory.

"My theory is that beneath the conscious intelligence and every day per- you if you don't look out." sonality is the sub-conscious, sub-limilars is the favorite theory to-day.

self. Alexander the Great died Hyde, Charles II. died Hyde, John Knox, Cromwell and Gough died Jeky:1."

A GOOD START.

Impressive Opening For the Club Woman's Essay.

The young woman had donned a loose flowing gown and let her hair down when her father came in and trains every night of the year. found her seated at the desk in his study pensively nibbling the end of that they can travel in every state of her mother-of-pearl penholder.

"Writing a letter?" he asked. "Do you think I would bring out my gold pen and silver inkstand to write a a lead pencil."

"Something important, eh?" "Yes, indeed. I've got to be very opinion the wrong way."

"Essay?" large audience, and I don't want anyme if they go away with a wrong impression.

"I've gotten over the hardest part. the brain are independent of action, I have selected a subject: I thought of several. I was going to write on 'The Human Race; It's Origin and Destiny.' "

"That sounds like a pretty good one.'

taken up that topic. Everybody knows all about it by this time. thought of getting up a paper on are generally on the move. How Far Precedent Ought to Sway Modern Jurisprudence,' but that's too | nity may be said to be "in transit." simple. Then I thought about 'Governments-Their Powers and Pitfalls,' but it didn't seem the right kind of an essay for a girl to read. I think anything about governments fits a boy's essay better than it does a girl's. Then there was another that I jotted a box-car as in a passenger coach, but down a few notes about. 'Is Fame a the ordinary tramp is about as com-Test of True Greatness? But that fortable in one as in the other, and, isn't timely enough.

"Did you find anything to suit you?" asked her father, humbly.

"Yes. I'm writing about The Dawn of Peace.' I'm discussing the probable results of the conference over in Europe, you know."

"Have you written anything yet?" he queried in awe-struck tones. "Only the first sentence. You see I must go slowly and be very careful

indeed." "What have you said?" She held the paper before her at a distance, and in clear, distinct tones

read: "There is only one thing which might interfere with the prospect of universal peace, and that is that some favorite author, and became engaged of the powers concerned might do to be married. His normal condition something calculated to provoke both to minimize their guilt and clude

by the assertion of the subconscious | Captain Paget, of the British Navy, mind. In a sense he believed phren- has gone back to his own country, but stories about him are still heard from officers who chanced to be in his company during the Cuban campaign. Brigadier General Clous, of the Judge Advocate General's Department, to. calls with enthusiasm an experience of Captain Paget at Guantanamo.

The Yale had just arrived with General Miles on board. As it was passing safe retreat while "Dr. Jekysi" holds into the harbor, between a coral reef on one hand and a sand pit on the other, the quartermaster on another ship began throwing mules overboard to let them strike out for the shore on their own account. One of these animals became stranded on a sand pit and the other got astride thereof, and both seemed likely to stay where they were. Captain Paget's interest was at once aroused.

"By Jove," said he, "but that's a bad go. Ah-er-by Jove, you know, they want mules ashore. Never do to let those beggars stay there, y'know. I say, won't you get me a boat; that's a good fellow?"

General Clous went to General Miles, "Let him have the boat," General Miles ordered. Captain Paget was lowered, with two seamen, not very able seamen at that, along with a bucket of water he had also asked for. He had his men pull him out to the mule on the sand pit, and keeping out of range of the mule's business end, he managed to coax him, with the bucket of water, to move, and then rushed him overboard, to be towed toward shore. With less trouble he lifted the other mule off the coral reef upon which it had grounded, and let it follow its mate toward the beach.-Philadelphia Press.

He looked as if he had not seen a cake of soap for several days and the soft blue of his eyes looked like a bit of sky gleaming from sullen clouds. He was a little fellow of perhaps eleven years, but he was walking down Woodward avenue as if he had the world at his feet, whistling "My Girl's a Highborn Lady" with all his might. When he came to the bed of pansies

He Wouldn't Be Scared.

"Here, what are you doing?" shouted

"Picking pansles," was the reply, "Don't you know that that is against

"Ah, go on. You can't scare me. nal one, the reservoir of the half-for- This ain't no April fool day and they gotten, the store house of memories | ain't no copper around. These is for | soundeth unto deep. This with scho- sarcastic grin. Then he gathered up his handful of pansies and started "This, while seemingly undefined, on down the avenue whistling "My still in a measure comes within the Girl's a Highborn Lady."-Detroit sway of the earnest, true conscious | Free Press.

TEN CENTS A HUNDRED MILES.

What It Costs a Tramp to Travel by Railrond-An Interstate Nuisance.

Mr. Josiah Flynt's article on "The Tramy and the Railroads" in the Century embodies his experience in investigating the tramp nuisance on a single road. He estimates that ten thousand tramps ride free on American railroad To-day it is the boast of the hoboes

the Union for a mill per mile, while in a number of states they pay nothing at "A letter?" she repeated scornfully, all. On lines where brakemen demand money of them, ten cents is usually sufficient to settle for a journey letter? I'd just scribble that off with of a hungred miles, and twenty cents often secures a night's ride. They have different methods of riding, among which the favorite is to steal careful what I say. A single word into an empty box car on a freight may make a difference and influence train. At night this is comparatively easy to do; on many roads it is possible to travel this way, undisturbed, "Yes. I've got to read it before a till morning. If the train has no "empties," they must ride on top of body to have any excuse for blaming the cars, between the "bumpers," on one of the car ladders, or on the rods. On passenger trains they ride on top, "Oh, I see. How are you getting on the "blind baggage," and on the trucks.

It is no exaggeration to say that every night in the year ten thousand free passengers of the tramp genus travel on the different railroads in the ways mentioned, and that ten thousand more are waiting at watering tanks and in railroad yards for opportunities "Yes. But so many people have to get on the trains. I estimate the professional tramp population at about sixty thousand, a third of whom

> In summer the entire tramp frater-The average number of miles travelled daily by each man at this season of the year is about fifty, which, if paid for at regular rates would cost, say, a dollar. Of course one should not ordinarily pay so much to ride in on the dollar-a-trip basis, he and his 59,999 companions succeed in getting out of the railroad companies sixty thousand dollars' worth of free transportation every day that they all travel. Multiply this figure by a hundred, which is about the number of days in a year when all trampdom 'fits," and you have an approximate idea of how much they gain.

Another serious loss to the railroads is that involved in the disappearance of goods undergoing transportation, and in claims for personal injuries. Some tramps steal, and some do not, but every year considerable thefts are made from freight cars, and tramps, or men posing as such, are generally the guilty parties. Professional thieves frequently become tramps for a time, capture, and the probability is that the majority of the greater thefts are How Paget Saved Two Army Mules. committed by them. Tramps proper are discouraged thieves, and I have more valuable than fruit from freight cars and metal from idle engines. In a year's time, however, including all the thefts committed by both tramps and professional thieves, a very appreciable loss results to the railroads, and I can recall, out of my personal observation, robberies which have amounted to several thousand dollars.

Britain's Oldest American Settle-

St. John's should possess a special interest for the Britfsh people on several grounds; it is the oldest settlement in North America; it is the chief town of their most ancient colonial possession; it is the spot where their adventurous ancestors first set foot when their daring spirit prompted them to seek new lands beyond the sea; it is the center of the region which saw the beginning of England's navy; it sheltered the men who scoured the Spanish Main, sank the Armada, and carried "the meteor flag" into every clime. Gilbert, Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, Cook, Rodney and other noted figures in marine annals were associated with its early days.

St. John's now has a population of 30,000, all of British stock, the sons of English, Scotch and Irish emigrants who flocked here in the past, when it was the half way house to the Western Hemisphere. They form a race of brave, hardy, generous people, who, in their isolation, have preserved the noblest virtues of the race from which they sprang, unsullied by contact with the great world outside. The isolation-almost unique in English-speaking peoples-forms one of the great charms of the place for the visitor. The inhabitants are simple in their habits, frugal in their lives, daring and healthy from the very nature of the arduous avocations they pursue. They and their kindred have been fishermen for generations, the Viking blood is in them, and whether in their frail beats seeking for codfish off the coast, or treading with undaunted spirit the yielding ice floes in quest for seals, they are equally at home.-Pall Mall Gazette.

Just A Bit So. "Are you superstitious?" said one

young lady to another, in a confidential chat.

"No; that is, I never was until yesterday. A very strange thing occurred then, and now I do not know whether I am superstitious or not. It happened in this way. She and I were sitting in her room and she was telling me the the law? The policeman will arrest details of her marriage engagement, which had been broken off that very day. While she was talking she raised her left arm and threw it over the back of the chair, where she was a year. Within the same period at that have come and gone, deep that my girl." This last was said with a sitting, and as she did so, a heavy link bracelet fell to the floor. It was her engagement bracelet, and had been locked on her arm for more than a year. How or why it came unfastened do not know."-Detroit Free Press.

## THE KEYSTONE STATE,

Latest News Gleaned from Various Parts.

BOY KILLED BY KICK.

Frightened Horse's Wild Plunges Result Fataily for an Easton Lad-Store and Postoffice Included in Building Destroyed Near Mechanicsburg-Quick Job of Bridge Building at Phoenixville.

A sad accident, which resulted in the death of James Sheeran, a 12-year-old boy, occurred on South Third Street, Easton. The little fellow and his brother, Thomas, were driving from the south side in a team belonging to James Smith. The animal attached to the carriage was rather wild, this being the first time it had been used off a farm this spring. The horse took fright at a Central Railroad train and began to rear and plunge excitedly. The breeching strap broke, and falling down about the horse's legs, caused the animal to give a terrific kick backward. James was sitting near the dashboard, when one of the horse's hoofs struck him an awful blow over the right eye, cutting a big hole in head, from which the brains cozed out. The skull was fractured. A. F. Laubach and the injured boy's brother iffted the lad out of the carriage and carried him into Dr. O. E. E. Arndt's office, nearby. The physician worked with the child for several hours, and realizing the danger he was in, sent for the boy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Sheeran, of No. 172 Nesqueboning Street. Later young Sheeran was removed to his home in the ambulance. He was then in a dying condition, and passed away late that afternoon.

"Promised Land" Water.

William Kelly has purchased 12,000 acres of land in Pike County, between Hawley and Cresco, known as the "Promised Land." The land was purchased from the Shakers. Of the 12,000 acres, 2,500 are covered by water. Mr. Kelly said be does not know definitely what will be done with the land. He intimates that eventually it will be a summer resort, or a place for summer cottages. It is known, however, that the land has been purchased in expectation that it will be wanted before long by the city of Philadelphia, as a source of water supply for that city. A commissioner from Philadelphia examined the territory not long ago and was much impressed by the feasibility of a scheme to pipe water down along the Delaware River, into which the 12,000 acres of land drain. On the land are twenty-six lakes, most of them fed by springs. The tract of land is entirely uninhabited.

Teachers' Saisries Raised. Notwithstanding the severe cut in the school appropriations, the Board of School Directors met at West Chester and resolved to keep up the high standard of West Chester's public schools, in a number of instances

making marked increases in salaries. The salary of City Superintendent Addison Jones is increased from \$1,800 to \$2,100 per annum. Professor S. I. Kreemer returns from New York at an increase in salary from \$95 to \$105 per month. Professor J. Louis Palmer, the former principal of the Pottstown High School, is given a special place in the High School, and Miss Ruth McMichael sucseldom known them to steal anything beeds Miss Louisa Stradling as teacher of month. For the betterment of the schools a number of transfers of teachers were made in the different departments and several new appointments made for the new Model School, now in the course of erection. In uo instance was a teacher given a salary

lower than \$40. Spicide of Dr. Jeppings.

Dr. Robert Jennings, aged 50 years, a rominent veterinary surgeon, was found lead at his home in Pittsburg. He had committed suicide by taking a dose of prussic acid, whose fatal effects are instantaneous. Dr. Jennings was to have been tried during the current term of court on the charge of trying to kill bis wife. Mental depression, esulting from this, and dissipation wrought on his nerves, until he killed himself. Dr. Jennings, it is claimed, attempted to shoot his wife some weeks ago, when she upbraidad him. Mrs. Jennings was not injured, but left her husband and has been living with her brother since. Dr. Jennings succeeded to the practice of his father, who was one of Pitusburg's old-time veterinary surgeons.

Big Warehouse Burned. The frame warehouse of J. M. Hutton, at

William's Mill, five miles south of Mechanicsburg, was destroyed by an incendiary fire. The building was also occupied as a country store and post office. When discovered the fire had gained such headway as to make it impossible to save any of the contents. The ose is estimated at about \$2,000, which is partially covered by insurance. This is the cond warehouse that has been burned for Mr. Hutton within two years.

Bridge for China Completed. The first of the eighteen steel bridges to be built for the Eastern Chinese railroad by the Phoenix Bridge Company was completed Saturday and is ready to ship to Viadivostok. The bridge was finished and ready to ship two weeks after the plans were comple making it one of the quickest jobs of bridge building on record. The bridge will be shipped from Philadelphia this week, at which time thirty of the locomotives now being built by the Baldwins will also be shipped on the same vessel.

Decapitated by Elevator. David X. Tidball, aged 26, a clerk at Fountain Inn, New Castle, was standing in the door of the elevator shaft on the third floor when the elevator anddenly dropped, catching his neck between the floor and the elevator and almost decapitating him. Death was almost instantaneous.

Fatal Result of Runaway. Florence Smith, the 8-year-old child who was knocked down by runaway horses beonging to a Wild West show during the parade at Lebanon and received injuries to her spine and concussion of the bra'n, died with-

Women Injured in a Runaway.
While returning from Orangeville Mrs.
Jethro Henrie and daughter, met with a cercus accident. Their borre ran away, throwdg both out of the carriage. Mrs. Henrie ustained a broken leg and was badly bruised, and the daughter, Carrie, was injured inernally and received severe cuts about the

Kitled by Coat Oil Explosion, Pearl Varner, aged 8 years, is dead, and Miss Ella Shartz perhaps fatally burned by the explosion of an oil can, while they were ttemping to light a fire at their home in Johnstown. Miss Shartz is in a serious con-