

"THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND."

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand—
The hand of a friend most dear,
Who has passed from our side to the shadowy land—
But, what of the hand that is near?

To the living's touch is the soul inert
That weeps o'er the silent urn?
For the love that lives in our hand
Alert
To make some sweet return?

Do we answer back in a fretful tone,
When life's duties press us sore?
Is our praise as full as if they were gone,
And could hear our praise no more?

As the days go by, are our hands more swift
For a trifle beyond their share,
Than to grasp—for a kindly helpful lift—
The burden some one must bear?

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And we think ourselves sincere;
But, what of the friends that about us stand,
And the touch of the hand that's here?

—John Troland in Youth's Companion.

THE SANDALWOOD BRACELET

Miss Considine was the rage that season; a tall, haughty looking girl, with magnificent great dark eyes, and a torrent of dead black hair, which she was always contriving to wear as nobody else did, tumbling over her shoulders cloudily or wreathed about her small, elegantly shaped head.

She was a stranger in the town, but she brought letters of introduction from people of the highest respectability in the metropolis, and was accompanied by a staid-looking lady of middle age, who always wore pearl-colored silk and performed chaperon night in an altogether irreproachable manner.

Miss Considine's toilets were artistic perfection. Her laces were priceless, said judges; her jewelry dazzled the eyes of even accustomed upstartdom.

Miss Considine was a mystery, and the greater sensation, perhaps, for that very chill whisper which seemed to thrill in the air about her, and which had its foundation in the mere fading of the beauty's brilliant color, the flicker of her liquid glance at unexpected moments, and for no apparent reason.

She was a coquette of the first water. That was a discovery early made. She had a way of looking sideways through those long, silky lashes of hers that was infinitely more alluring than a level glance would have been, and the smile which visited those rosy lips only now and then was doubly attractive from its infrequency.

A creature of dangerous graces, she was what people mean when they call a woman fatal. Men imagined heaven in her glance, and counted that lost when her smile was withdrawn.

My Lady Dangerous met her match, however, toward the close of the season. A yellow-haired German, whose azure glance had a softer dazzle than her own, and who called himself by the fascinating title of Count Ludwig Vermandorf, presented himself about that time to compete with the beautiful girl for her place as sensation of the day.

He was shy of Miss Considine at first, but gradually he too seemed to be drawn within the circle of her wiles, yielding with such a reluctant, pensive grace as clad his radiant face with a new charm. Even Miss Considine drooped her dangerous eyes with a flickering blush under the tender brilliance of the count's smile, and her fingers trembled in his clasp, instead of resenting the fond, faint pressure of his hand. Count Ludwig Vermandorf was an assiduous wooer. Never devotedly knelt at the shrine of his patron saint with more rapt and untiring devotion than he at the feet of Miss Considine.

It was not new to the coquettish beauty to be sought humbly. But this man was her master, even at her own game.

He knew how to clothe his most impassioned moment with a reserve that continually mocked and tantalized; to say one thing and look another, to touch with a word and soothe with a touch. He never said too much, but always too little. His looks were eloquent of love; his tongue so silent on that fascinating theme, that the heart of the haughty beauty began to fairly writhe within her with mingled pain and anger.

Count Ludwig was an artist of some talent, and he insisted that he must paint Miss Considine's portrait. She was not at all loath, though she feigned reluctance when it was first spoken of.

These sittings, from which she had hoped much, and for which she draped her perfect shape with every artistic combination her rare taste could devise, proved utter failures as far as her object was concerned.

Whether it was the same with Count Ludwig remains to be seen. He would permit no one, not even the beautiful subject, to look upon his picture while it remained incomplete.

Miss Considine, since her acquaintance with the fascinating count, had changed strangely. All that rich tropical bloom, peculiarly hers, had vanished. Instead was a dusky pallor, varied by fitful crimson flushes, like the leap of a smoldering flame. Count Ludwig had changed also. The soft radiance of his handsome face had turned to the chill dazzle of the snow peaks. His smile was like the ice beneath. His blue eyes were like steel magnets.

It was as though from this man em-

inated some deadly creeping influence which Miss Considine covered before, but could not resist. It was scarcely lover and loved one. It seemed rather the executioner and his victim.

One night Miss Considine invited a select few to witness the mysterious unveiling of the picture about which there had been such conjecture. A sensation was expected. The magnificent drawing-room was ablaze with light, a-flutter with expectant guests. The veiled portrait occupied a prominent position at the lower end of the long salon, and thither pressed the throng, the peerless belle conspicuous upon the arm of the artist, Count Ludwig.

Both were pale, but the count smiled right and left, dazling. The beauty was grave and silent, watching the man upon whose arm she leaned furtively, and with a half-foreboding look in her liquid black eyes. From time to time she pressed one jewelled hand stealthily upon her side, as if to still the throbbing of the stormy heart beneath, while she continually questioned herself:

"Why do I fear? What is this terror that steals my very senses from me? He cannot know."

At last Count Ludwig loosened her jeweled fingers from his arm, and stepping forward, drew the curtain with a sweep of his hand.

There was an instant's breathless silence. An affrighted amazement seemed to stop the beating of every heart. Then broke forth exclamation and outcry, and above all, like the death scream of some dying animal, rose a woman's shriek.

The picture was, first, a room, rich in decorations of green and gold. In the foreground, half reclined in a cushioned chair, an old man, with long, softly curling white hair. His head had fallen a little to one side, his eyes were fixed in a glassy, yet reproachful stare upon the exquisitely beautiful face of a woman, whose jeweled hands he grasped with a dying clutch. Both his hands and hers were blood-stained. Hers held a stiletto-like dagger from whose glittering point also blood dripped. There was a gaping wound in the old man's side, and the woman's face was that of Miss Considine.

When the appalled woman, for whose sole benefit this picture had been painted, would have flung up her frenzied hands to shut out the sight, Count Ludwig caught them in an iron grasp, and almost shouted in her ear in his excitement:

"No, no, madam; you shall look, and look, and look, till the sight blinds you or kills you, I care not which. Do you see him, false siren—the poor old man, who was kind to you—who took you out of poverty to marry you—who never harmed the most helpless creature? What had he done that you should kill him, you murderess?"

Miss Considine had ceased to struggle. The blanched whiteness of her face and the startling eyes were something awful to see, and the screams that broke through her rigid, ashen lips, curdled the blood to the heart.

"Shall I tell you who I am?" Count Ludwig continued, without releasing her, still compelling her to look. "Count Ludwig no longer. I am his son—that Rudolphus of whom you have heard, but whom you never saw. When I came home and found that the poor old man who loved me had been ruthlessly slain, I swore never to rest until I had found and given to justice his murderess. For, madam, I never doubted a single instant who she was. You laid your plans well. You married a dotting old man for his wealth, and with your sorceress designings you induced him to disown his own children and make a will which gave you all. Then you contrived that he should send the servants for a holiday, except that valet, who was hanged for the murder. Poor old George! He would have died sooner than harm his master. You pretended to quit the house yourself. But you came back in disguise and did the deed."

He paused. Miss Considine had not uttered a sound for some moments. The horrible ghastliness had not left her face, but she had in a measure recovered her self-possession. Now she spoke in an utterly changed but composed tone.

"You cannot prove a syllable of this mad story," she began, but he stopped her, with eyes that seemed absolutely to blaze with rage and menace. Drawing swiftly forth a purple velvet case, he lifted the lid and showed upon the white satin cushion an exquisitely wrought sandalwood bracelet. It was stained with something which had dried upon it, and changed its color, all except about a third, to a dark, sickly shade, whose hue it was not difficult to recognize.

Said Count Ludwig in an awed tone: "I found this among the cushions of the chair in which my father was slain. It is his blood upon it. It slipped from your arm in your struggle with him. You wear its mate this moment upon your arm."

He held his ensanguined token an instant beside the one on this woman's bare, exquisitely molded arm. As the guilty woman faintly noddingly caught her falling form. Then he laid her slowly down upon the carpet and drew back. She never stirred.

"I think she is dead," he said quietly.

It was true. Some vessel had burst inwardly in that wild struggle against the shock of knowing that the man she had learned to love was the son of her unhappy victim. She had been dying while he spoke to her.

A Thoughtless Man.

He (reading item in newspaper)—It is estimated that in a few thousand years the human race will have become entirely destitute of teeth.

She—And yet you want Tommy to be a dentist.—Chicago Tribune.

STRANGE ENGLISH INDUSTRY.

Recovery of Missiles That Are Fired in Naval Artillery Practice.

Mr. Seppings Wright has come across many curious trades and peculiar methods of earning a living in his wanderings through all corners of the globe, but the business of shooting he discovered at home, in England, for it is daily pursued under the eyes of thousands of holiday folks and lunatics generally, who neither know nor care what the longshoremen are about in their fishing boats a few miles from land. But these busy workers are engaged upon the business of "shooting," and the nature of that peculiar occupation we will now describe.

A royal navy men training for the rank of seaman-gunner have to undertake a more or less lengthy term of regular practice in firing, and for these men during their period of training some two or three of the old-pattern gunboats are set aside. These vessels are connected with every dockyard, and, while obsolete for battle purposes, make excellent training-ships. They are, of course, fitted with approved modern weapons, and daily during the season they carry squads of embryo gunners to the seaward ranges that lie outside the Spithead forts. The bearings of these practice grounds depend on the particular conjunction of certain objects ashore, and the targets are generally placed in shoals where a fair range can be commanded free of traffic.

After a busy and noisy period so much solid metal has been blazed away into the sea, and it is this metal that the shooters set forth to recover when the gunboats have done their task and return to the dockyard. The canoes and the area in which the cannon balls most probably lie submerged are, of course, well known to the searchers. Armed with experience and a long, iron-shot pole, they sail over the ranges and probe the shallow bottom carefully. Familiarity with their task renders them skillful, and an expert knows in an instant when his pole touches the hidden projectile beneath.

The shell found, a pair of huge tongs is lowered into the sea, and it is gripped and carefully lifted aboard. The price of the metal shells is slight, and rarely exceeds one penny half-penny a pound, but the brass studs on the shot possess considerably more value, and these are usually cut out intact. Both studs and the main iron of the recovered shells are sold to the royal navy, and the prices offered appear sufficient to set many men at steady work on the task of recovering them.

Way of Measuring Height of a Tree.

There is a story that during the war there was a river to be bridged and the engineers spent the night making plans. When they went out in the morning they found the river bridged. Some practical farmers among the soldiers had laid the plans and turned an army into workmen.

Carpenters and woodsmen do not know a single principle of trigonometry, but they solve by simple means some of the problems which come up in their daily life. They may not be accurate to a hair's breadth, but they answer the purpose.

Supposing a woodchopper in the Maine forest is told to get out a mast for a yacht. He knows that he must find a tree which is straight for sixty feet below the branches. It would be very troublesome to climb trees and measure them with a tape measure, so he, without knowing it, uses practical trigonometry.

He measures off sixty feet in a straight line from the tree, and then he cuts a pole which when upright in the ground is exactly as tall as himself. This he plants in the earth his own length from the end of his sixty feet.

For example, if he is six feet tall he plants his six-foot pole fifty-four feet from the tree. Then he lies down on his back, with his head at the end of the line, and his feet touching the pole, and sights over the top of it. He knows that where his eyes touch the tree is almost exactly sixty feet from the ground.—Atlanta Constitution.

Looking for Love Birds.

"We tried to keep the railway carriage to ourselves from Liverpool to London," writes a young bride. "The steamer was so crowded we really had no moment to ourselves. At Busby, I think it was, the guard opened the door, and in spite of Fred's scowls, lifted a small girl into our compartment, making a lot of apologies about having no place else to put her. She was a real little tow-headed English girl about seven, and she sat down on the edge of the seat and stared about her."

"What is the matter, Miss Victoria?" asked Fred, who is the most good-natured man in the world.

"I don't see the birds," said the small girl plaintively.

"Birds? What birds?" asked Fred.

"When I came from my other train your guard said to my guard, 'Shove her in a long wile the love-birds.' Where are they?"—Troy Times.

Proved His Theory By Death.

The acme of realism was reached, though by accident, in a criminal trial a few years ago at Lebanon, Ohio. Two men had a personal encounter. One of them, after vainly trying to draw his pistol from his hip pocket, turned to flee. A moment later he fell, shot in the small of the back. One chamber of his pistol was found to have been fired. His assailant was tried for murder. The defense contended that the man had shot himself while trying to draw his pistol, which had become entangled in the lining of the pocket, and that the prisoner's shots had not taken effect. The prose-

cution contended that such a wound could not have been self-inflicted.

The defendant's counsel, Clement S. Valandigham, undertook to demonstrate to the jury just how the dead man's pistol had hung in the pocket and just how possible it was to inflict such a wound. Suddenly there was a loud report, and the lawyer sank to the floor. The ball had entered the back almost in the identical spot where the dead man had been shot. The defendant was acquitted. Mr. Valandigham died.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Writes With His Mouth.

Aron Smith, editor of the Mount Pleasant (Texas) Times-Review, is probably the only armless editor in the United States.

He places a pen in his mouth and dashes off editorials as rapidly and as accurately as any other editor blessed with two arms. Mr. Smith does some of his writing with his toes, but the bulk of it is done with his mouth. He uses a pen because it does not require such pressure upon the paper as when a common lead pencil is used, therefore it does not tire his mouth.

He says he can sit down for hours at a time and write with but little inconvenience, and the only thing that bothers him is dressing himself, in doing which he is obliged to have some assistance.

Mr. Smith ten years ago was admitted to the bar and practiced law successfully for awhile, but found he was unable to handle books with any degree of satisfaction.

He then embarked in a journalistic venture and has successfully published the Times-Review since 1893. His paper is an eight-page journal and enjoys a large circulation. Mr. Smith is not a large man, weighing not over ninety-nine pounds.

Policeman Secured the Evidence.

Magistrate Pool, of the West Side Police Court, in New York City, has become known as a "stickler" on evidence. An old offender was brought before him a few days ago to answer to a shooting charge. "What is the evidence to show that this revolver will go off when the trigger is pulled or that its bullet will kill?" asked the magistrate, solemnly; "these facts must be shown or the prisoner will be discharged. The policeman who made the arrest was not to be disconcerted. I'll get the evidence if Your Honor will hold the case," he said. A few minutes later the court was startled by two loud reports that appeared to come from the innermost depths of the building. Magistrate Pool ordered a court attendant to investigate the cause of the unusual disturbance. The officer penetrated the dark recesses of the cellar and brought forth a blinking policeman, with a smoking revolver in his hand. "It's the evidence Your Honor wanted," explained the lusty blue-coat; "the gun shoots all right, as these bullets will prove after going through three heavy planks." Magistrate Pool took the two flattened lumps of lead, looked at them critically, and then sentenced the prisoner at the bar to a long term on the "Island." The blue-coat has since been promoted for meritorious conduct.—The Argonaut.

A 300-Foot Column of Water.

Recently some well-drillers at Santa Fe Springs, Cal., were thrown into confusion by their drill shooting out of the ground with a terrific explosion. A blaze was applied to the shaft made by the drill, and instantly a column of flame leaped up. The gas well burned brightly for some days; then the supply seemed to be exhausted. The diggers were drilling for water, and not gas; so the drill was put into the shaft again and began to work below the 300-foot depth already reached. In a few hours a rumbling was heard in the earth, and soon out shot the drill again, and following it a column of water that reached a height of 300 feet. The well-diggers decided that they had found what they had been hunting for, and the surrounding landscape soon took on the appearance of a small lake. If the water supply holds out it will be directed to irrigating the farm lands in the vicinity. It is estimated that the water supply under the present pressure would be sufficient to irrigate over 5,000 acres of land.—Chicago Record.

A New Method of Illumination.

A new method of illumination on the ocean consists of using a hollow cylinder of steel tubing, charged with calcium carbide. This shell is to be shot from a gun to a distance of two miles. When it strikes the water it generates acetylene gas and gives 1,000 candle power, which burns from the end which floats. This light cannot be extinguished by water.—Chicago Chronicle.

On a Lower Social Level.

The petted house cat looked askance at the caller.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Tom," answered the tawny cat that had strayed upon the premises.

"Tom what?"

"Nothing. Just Tom."

"Then you haven't any surname? Well, I have. My name's Ann Gora, and I don't want to have anything to do with you."—Chicago Tribune.

His Frank Confession.

There had been a few words, and she declined his proffered arm.

"I do not need your support," she said haughtily.

"But I need yours," he replied.

He could not forget, even in the excitement of a lovers' quarrel, that she had considerable money in her own right.—Chicago Post.

About 8,000,000 tons of coal are annually consumed in London.

CAUGHT BY A HAIR.

One of the Slightest Claws That Ever Put a Man in Prison.

"The least thing I ever heard of that put a man in prison was the claw that took me over the road between here and New York about a dozen times in 1873, when I was an inspector in the postal service," said an old sleuth the other day to another who had just told a good story.

"It was an old case. It had been on the books a long while. Four or five good men had taken a try at it, but the fellow was too sly, and he kept taking letters and we could never take him. The complaints pointed very closely to the spot where the trouble was, but when we got there we were completely baffled.

"I had myself worked on the job a little and gone at something else. In all these detective cases it is in nine times out of ten a mere chance that leads to success. One day I happened to take out of a pigeon-hole in my desk a bunch of deedy letters that had been sent over the line to catch this sharp rascal, who was robbing Washington people of their remittances to New York. Somehow I slid my knife through the sealed joints of an envelope, and there, caught in a corner, was a short black hair. The flap of the envelope looked as if it had not been meddled with. Yet it had been opened and a dollar bill duly marked had been taken out and the envelope sealed up and put back in the mail.

"I took that hair up as carefully as if it had been a diamond I had found. I knew that just across Seventh street was a friend of mine, now dead, who had a powerful microscope. I rushed up to his office and asked him to let me use his instrument a moment. Under the glass the hair seemed to be one from a man's mustache. I looked at it a long while and so did my friend.

We agreed that it was a whisker, sure enough, and I was confident it was a piece of the thief we wanted to catch. If we had stopped there and gone after him we should have failed again as completely as ever before. To make assurance doubly sure I went to an optician and he put the hair under the most powerful microscope he had. Almost without hesitation he said: 'This is not a black hair, but a red one dyed black. It is red at the end.'

"I looked for myself, and sure enough it was so. I went back to the office, put my desk in order, got all the data in this case, and that night started over the line to New York once more. We were satisfied the thief worked between Philadelphia and New York, so I took it easy until I got to the Delaware river. Then I got down to business. I saw every man that handled through pouches from there on to New York, and I took a mental photograph of every mustache in the service between Philadelphia and New York. I looked for black mustaches and for red ones, and I was especially interested in any that had the least sign of being dyed. At Trenton I found a red mustache, but I went on to the end of the route still looking for another of that shade. I found none. That chap was my man. I came back home, and for a week played toss and catch with him, sending through his hands perhaps fifty decoy letters, some with stamps in them, some with dollar bills and some with money orders. In less than two weeks we had him, and he went over the road for two years and eight months, and the trouble stopped.

"It all began with my finding that one little stubby hair in the corner of that envelope."—Washington Star.

Magnificence of the Emperor.

"There is no sovereign in Europe," writes a correspondent, "who travels in so magnificent a style as the German Emperor, and his journeys must cost him an immense sum of money. Even when only spending a week at Wiesbaden, it was necessary to send from Berlin forty-two horses and twenty carriages, and the Emperor, though accompanied by the Empress and his two youngest children, was not a very large suite with him. It is said that his majesty makes a point of being magnificent, as his early teaching taught him that it was better to err in this way than to be too economical.

It is well known that the Empress Frederick was always too economical in her way of conducting her household, and that often great offense was taken when she and her daughters appeared at great festivals in shabby clothing, as it was said that she would not take the trouble to put on a smart dress for the future subjects of her husband. The Kaiser saw this fault of his mother very clearly, and though he shows a great magnificence outwardly, and in so doing gives his people great pleasure, his household affairs are conducted on a quite economical basis, and there is no waste, as was formerly the case, in the imperial menage."—London Times.

Helped Them to Discover Themselves.

Thomas A. Scott, a good judge of men, "discovered" both Andrew Carnegie and Frank Thomson. The former was a telegraph operator in Scott's office, showed himself frugal and industrious and on one or two occasions demonstrated his ability to meet an emergency. Colonel Scott took an interest in him, gave him opportunities, and he was shrewd enough to use them to the best advantage.

He picked out Frank Thomson from among the young engineers in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad and put him on a difficult path, which he was able to walk successfully. Both these men owe much to Colonel Scott, but much more to themselves.—Philadelphia Ledger.

In 1880 it was estimated that there were 650,000 princes and other hereditary nobles in Russia, and since then the number has increased.

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Gleaned from Various Parts.

BOY KILLED A MAN.

Lad at Duryea, Married a Stone at His Sister's Husband, Crushing His Head and Causing Speedy Death—Young Man Strangely Wounded at the Williamsport Golf Clubhouse—Other Live News.

Thomas Lambert, aged 34, was killed at his home in Duryea by his brother-in-law, Joseph Tomlinson, a 17-year-old boy, while the latter was protecting his sister from Lambert's assault. Lambert was in his cups and early in the evening had been abusing his wife. Lambert went away and she sent word to her brother, young Tomlinson. He arrived about the time Lambert returned and his presence infuriated the husband, who ordered him out of the house. Tomlinson said he was there to protect his sister and would stay. "She is my wife and I can do anything I want with her," said Lambert, and he struck her and knocked her down. Tomlinson saw once spring at him and the man and boy had a terrible struggle. Lambert's great strength prevailed, however, and he threw Tomlinson out of the house. As he followed and kicked at Tomlinson the boy picked up a stone the size of his fist and buried it with all his force at Lambert, who was but a few feet away. The stone struck the man under the right ear, crushing in his skull, and he fell unconscious and was dead in a few minutes. The neighbors attracted by the quarrel, arrived just as Lambert died. Tomlinson at once gave himself up to Justice of the Peace Motzka and was lodged in jail. He was cool and collected and said: "I had a right to protect my sister and I defended myself in the only way I could. I did not mean to kill him."

The Shot of an Assassin.

Henry Waltz, of Williamsport, is lying at the hospital with a wound in his head caused by a bullet fired by an unknown assailant. The shooting occurred at Valleymont. According to the story told by Waltz, he was sitting on the veranda of the golf clubhouse, near the Valleymont gate, with a young woman, when two men passed, one of whom asked Waltz what he was doing there. Waltz replied that it was none of his business, and at this he says the fellow drew a revolver and fired. The first shot did not take effect, and Waltz sprang to one side and picked up a club, with which to defend himself. It is known an assassin then fired a second shot, the bullet striking Waltz in the nose and plunging through the lid of his right eye. The wound was serious and his companion then fled. After lying unconscious for some time, Waltz recovered sufficiently to make his way to the hospital, where his wounds were attended to. He will probably recover, but will lose the sight of his right eye. Waltz declares he does not know who fired the shot, and the police have thus far been unable to obtain any clue.

Damages for Altered Grade.

The first damage suit at Norristown growing out of the improvements under the recent municipal law, ended, when a jury in court awarded Samuel H. Mensch \$900 for a change of grade in front of the Windsor Hotel. Arbitrators last Spring fixed the damages at \$1,200. Both Mensch and the borough appealed to court. Mensch alleging that he was damaged to the extent of \$4,000, while the borough contended that the improvements offset the drawbacks.

Fire Threatens a Town.

The town of Girard, famous as Dan Rice's show town, was the scene of a fire which for a time threatened to destroy the town. The fire started in E. L. Roessler's laundry, and soon Fred Belker's residence and bakery, and the residences of Robert Strahl and William Meyers were destroyed. Theodore Ely's residence also caught fire. The town has no facilities for fighting fire. The total loss is about \$60,000. The town recently voted in favor of bonding it for sufficient money to erect a water and electric light plant.

Young Man Killed by a Train.

William O. Sharon, aged 19 years, a resident of Glen Rock, was killed on the Northern Central Railroad at Snyders Station. It is supposed that his intention was to board a southbound freight train, and before he accomplished this he was struck by a northbound passenger train.

Leg Cut Off by a Train.

Howard Biescher, aged 18, of South Bethlehem, went to Easton to attend a picnic at Island Park. While on his way to the island Biescher jumped on a moving coal train. A few minutes later he fell from the train and his left leg cut off at the knee. The unfortunate lad was taken to the Easton Hospital.

Collieries Increase Working Time.

Thousands of miners in Shenandoah were made happy when notices were posted at the different collieries giving the working time as five three-quarter days a week instead of two and three three-quarter days. This is better time than the collieries worked the past four years.

Wages Will Go Up.

The E. & G. Brooks Iron Company have again advanced wages, this time affecting the blast furnace employees. The advance is 10 per cent., and will take effect next week. The laborers will receive \$1.25 a day. This is a 40 per cent. raise since January 1.

Moulders' Wages Increased.

The moulders employed by the Royal Manufacturing Company of Royersford have been notified that they will receive an increase of 8 per cent. in wages, to take effect immediately.

Death of Joseph Berkowitz.

Joseph Berkowitz, a pioneer business man of Altoona, died suddenly of heart failure, aged 77 years. He started in business here in 1859.

Wages Again Increased at Lebanon.

An increase of wages of 10 per cent. was granted by the Lebanon Chain Works Company to their employees, to take effect next week. The new wage scale will be higher than for some years and is the second increase within the past year.

Tannery Employee Fatally Scalded.

At the Clearfield tannery Nelson Walters, one of the employees fell into a vat of boiling liquor and was fearfully burned. He died at noon after suffering tortuously.