

Over the Way.  
Over the way of your dreams my boy,  
Are wondrous things for your eyes to see,  
And wonderful paths to a world of joy  
And the marvelous land of the Ought to Be.

There is gold in the dust that your feet  
will tread,  
And diamonds gleam on the wayside  
grass,  
And wreaths of laurel to grace your  
head  
Hang waiting to crown you as you  
pass.

There are marble castles and broad es-  
tates,  
And servants to every wish fulfill,  
And armored hosts at the castle gates  
Stand ready and eager to do your  
will.

There are living springs to renew your  
youth,  
And dreamful shades for your least  
repose,  
And breezes to fan you with love and  
truth,  
And gardens that blossom like the  
rose.

There are wildwoods ringing with  
songs of birds;  
There are sumptuous feasts where  
friends are men,  
To greet you with tender and honest  
words,  
And never a theme that you might  
regret.

Ah! over the way of your dream it  
lies—  
This land of the Ought-to-Be, so fair;  
This paradise of the countless skies,  
Where the Best and Right are every-  
where.

Your childhood lives in this happy  
land,  
And the loved ones lost in the years  
ago  
In the glow of its glorious sunlight  
stand  
And tenderly beckon you there, I  
know.

What care if your present path is  
bleak  
And the shadows clutch at your gar-  
ment's hem?  
It's over the way that your soul must  
seek  
For the light that will ever banish  
them.

Just over the way of your dreams, my  
boy,  
Are wondrous things for your eyes  
to see,  
And wonderful paths to a world of joy  
And the marvelous land of the Ought  
to Be.

### HOW NO. 99 WON THE RECORD

By George Ethelbert Walsh.

"I don't believe in record-breakin' runs with steamships or steam engines. It's dangerous work, and some day there'll be such big explosions on land or sea that'll cure people of this craze."

Dan Martin, the old engineer, rubbed the shining brass connecting rods of No. 99 vigorously, until they looked like a strong reflecting mirror.

"I've a'n' refused to run my engines at a dangerous pace just to make a record for the company," he continued after a pause. "I have the name of bein' the most careful engineer in the West, an' I consider that a bigger honor than if I had the reputation of bein' the one that could drive his engine the fastest. The superintendent has hinted to me more'n once that he'd like to see me break the record with old 99, but I a'n' shrugged my shoulders, and told 'em that I was'n' goin' to risk the lives of the passengers for any foolish advertisin' of the road. No, sir, I wouldn't do it."

Another vigorous rub of the polished brass rod.

"Yes, No. 99 holds the record now," he added in reply to a query, "an' she will for some time, too, I guess. But I was speakin' of things before she made that big run from Ellinwood to Great Bend in Middle Kansas."

"Was it the engineer at that time? Of course I was, an' No. 99 never put in better work. I didn't believe in record smashin' then any more than now, but I had to break the record that time or lose my life and 99 too. It was a forced trip that I took, an' I don't want to make it ag'in. No, sir, once is enough for me."

"I was ordered to take No. 99 from McPherson to Great Bend one mornin' to meet the superintendent of the road, an' he wired me to hurry up a bit. He wanted to make a quick trip down to Dodge City, where there was some trouble with railroad robbers. After he finished the orders he added over the wires: 'You'll be alone, and will have a good chance to make 99 break the record.' I smiled at this, but didn't intend to push her beyond the safety point one bit. My life and reputation was just as important whether I was alone or with a whole train load of people behind me."

"I started out of McPherson on a gentle trot, so to speak, and when I was clear of everything I put on more speed. I love to ride rapidly across the country when there ain't no cars danglin' behind, an' I just let old 99 skip lively. I was goin' as fast as I thought she ought to go without runnin' any risk. It was midsummer then, and the day was pretty warm and sultry. We hardly made a breeze in our rapid flight. Jim Watson, my fireman, said he thought the air was feverish hot, an' that's just what it was. The sun seemed to glare at us like a ball of fire, and the heat appeared to be risin' from the landscape all around. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, an' it just hurt our eyes to look outside of the caboose. The long

stretch of rails ahead glistened like silver.

"We'll have a storm or somethin' before long," Jim says as he looks at the sky. "This heat won't last."

"I thought so, too, but I didn't give words to my ideas. We were approachin' Lyons at a swingin' gait when a few clouds suddenly rose up in the east. They looked black in the centre, and seemed to increase in size as they approached. In a short time they were joined by others, and their looks were threatenin'. They were wind clouds, and probably the beginnin' of a bad wind storm. When we rushed through Lyons the flagman waved his hands at us and pointed toward the east.

"The clouds had now become more threatenin' than ever, and Jim muttered, 'A tornado, I'll bet.' "Shouldn't wonder," was all the reply I made.

"We swept on a little faster. I thought we might be safer to get in to port before the storm struck us. Then it occurred to me that we would be better off probably runnin' than standin' still. So I slackened speed a little an' watched the sky anxiously.

"Suddenly from the very middle of the black cloud somethin' seemed to extend way down to the earth. It looked as if the cloud had burst, an' was trillin' along the track right behind us. I knew that sight only too well. It was rushin' down upon us like a fiend. The sun was still shinin', but the fleecy clouds around it made it flood the landscape with a sickly glare.

"Say, Jim, that fellow is after us," I said as quietly as possible.

"Yes, an' it's a regular twister!"

"Now when a tornado is rushin' down upon you at the rate of eighty or ninety miles an hour you forget all about the danger there is in record-smashin'." At least I did. There was that big, ugly-lookin' cloud followin' us with a fearful noise. It was so close that I could hear the rush and roar of it. I gave one frightened glance at its terrible centre, an' then I opened the throttle of old 99. Jim bent to pile coal on, and shake up the fire. We were directly in the road of the tornado, and unless it veered to one side or the other, or we could succeed in outrunnin' it, we were doomed.

"But 99 responded to my touch like a horse. She snorted and puffed away as if aware of the danger behind. The wheels revolved so fast that it seemed as if they could not keep on the track. In another moment we were speedin' along at a rate that would have made me sick at any other time. But we weren't goin' fast enough yet. The horrible cloud was still gainin' on us.

"More coal, Jim, more coal!" I shouted. "We must go faster."

"Well, he knew the danger, too, an' he perspired like a porpoise as he tried to get up more steam. Faster an' faster we flew. The strain on the engine was severe, but I never thought of that. I just put on all the steam we could get. We were now holdin' our own with the tornado, but it was still a race for life or death. If anything should give way the storm would be down upon us in an instant. We were really balanced between two great dangers.

"If we can reach Great Bend we'll be all right," I said to Jim, as we both looked anxiously at the pursuin' cloud. "There's a turn in the road, an' we'll get out of the path of the tornado."

"But we must cross the bridge first," Jim said in reply.

"Yes, but we can't slacken our speed."

"I knew what he was thinkin' of. The bridge across the large arm of the Arkansas was only a wooden structure then, and it was not over-strong. To rush across it at our tremendous speed might cause a catastrophe. But the bend in the road did not occur until after the bridge was crossed. Until we reached that point the road was as straight as a bee-line.

"Neither one spoke after that. We alternately watched the pursuin' tornado and the track ahead. We just held our own and had no time to spare. If we lost one minute the horrible fiend would be down upon us.

"The bridge! the bridge is ahead!" suddenly shouted Jim, and I thought his face turned a shade paler.

"I could not believe it at first. I thought that the bridge was miles behind, and it was hard work to realize the distance we had covered since the tornado first alarmed us.

"Now for it," I muttered to Jim. "Here goes!"

"I opened the throttle. Then No. 99 gave a loud, prolonged, shrill screech, that might have been her death knell. The next instant she reached the wooden bridge, and thundered upon it like the rumblin' of thunder. The structure swayed and trembled under the weight. When we reached the middle it creaked and cracked, and seemed ready to give way at any moment. But we passed the middle safely, and the other shore was almost reached.

"See! see!" Jim shouted.

"I looked behind and shuddered at the sight. The tornado had reached the other end of the bridge, and as if angered at the prospect of our escape the mighty wind was rippin' and tearin' up the wooden structure as if it was made of straw. We touched the other side none too soon, for the whole bridge began to sway, and then toppled over before the furious onslaught of the wind.

"But in another moment we reached the bend in the road, and rushed out of the path of the tornado. We slowed up a little then, and watched the baffled fiend hurry past us, carryin' death and destruction with it. We both gave a sigh of relief, and then turned to check the terrible speed of our iron horse.

"We brought her to a standstill at Great Bend station with difficulty. It seemed as if she hated to stop, and she puffed and panted like a living

creature. On the platform stood the superintendent.

"Why, burrah, Martin, you've broken the record all to pieces," he said, slappin' me on the shoulder. "Since the agent reported you at Lyons, why, you have averaged eighty-two and a half miles. Great Scott! man, that's a wonderful run!"

"Yes, it was, I said.

"I was too tired and nervous to explain then. I was satisfied to think that we were home safe. It was the most wonderful run I ever made, and that's how old 99 holds the record."

### SILKWORMS IN IOWA.

#### The Experiment of An Italian at Des Moines Successful So Far.

Mark Chiesa, an Italian, is successfully raising silkworms at Des Moines, Iowa. The eggs were brought from Italy by a relative. Two years ago he made the experiment first, but the person who brought the eggs carried them in his pocket and they hatched on ship-board, so the worms had to be thrown into the sea. This time the person to whom the eggs were intrusted suspended them on a string so that they got cool air on the ocean and on the railway trains. Arriving at Des Moines, they were put into cold storage until the mulberry leaves were ready for them. Then, upon being put into a warm room, they hatched in one day.

Of the supposed 8,000 eggs from ten silk moths about 4,000 hatched, which result, Mr. Chiesa says, is better than the average in Italy. The greatest difficulty has been to find mulberry leaves for the worms. They eat about three wagonloads a day, and never stop eating for a minute, but eat all the time, day and night. They must be fed about fifteen times a day and several times during the night. The worms, in devouring the mulberry leaves, make a noise like rain on the roof. By lively hunting the food for the worms has been provided, and they are well developed and healthy, about three inches long, and are just beginning to weave their cocoons. There seems to be no reason why the industry should not succeed. Mr. Chiesa has brought a woman from Italy who has had thirty years' experience with silkworms and she says they are doing as well as any she ever saw.

The experiment is the first that is known to have been made in the West, and is certainly the first that has been successful. It has attracted as much attention as a circus in Des Moines, and the number of visitors is very large. The owner is a good-natured man and he cheerfully and proudly shows the industrious 4,000 to all who care to see them.

If they turn out as well as they promise to, Mr. Chiesa will buy a large farm, plant it to mulberry trees and go into the business of raising silkworms and producing silk on a large scale. From the experience he has had in America and Italy, where his father is a silk producer, he sees no reason why the industry should not be entirely successful in Iowa.

### Pieric Acid Found the Thief.

A rich American residing in the St. George's quarter of Paris, France, had been for some little time past the victim of systematic thefts. Banknotes and money not left under lock and key disappeared regularly. M. Cornette, the Commissary of Police, was informed of the robberies. He found it impossible to keep an effective watch on the bedroom where the thefts occurred, but he adopted a stratagem which turned out successfully. A small vial containing a mixture of pieric acid and fuschine was placed in a metal case for holding gold, and a few Napoleons were placed on top. In order to get out the gold, the metal case had to be held upside down, and then, of course, the chemical preparation would run out and stain the thief's hands a bright and indelible yellow. As soon as some of the gold was missed M. Cornette summoned all the servants to his presence. The valet's fingers betrayed him. Realizing the usefulness of denying when caught yellow-faced, he confessed, and was duly jailed up.

### A Mustached Horse.

A coal yard at Thirteenth and Chestnut streets is the proud possessor of a big bay horse, whose chief claim to distinction lies in his possession of a remarkably well-trimmed blond mustache. After a hard day's work this hirsute appendage assumes the needle-like points of the French facial decoration, but in the morning it stands out dry and fluffy, a good four inches on each side of his nose. "Fritter," as he is called, seems to feel that he is attracting attention, for he holds up his head with all the pride a virility of sixteen years can summon up. Fitter has easily won for himself the friendship of all his coworkers, and he is treated with many distinctions. It is said that the animal whinnies in terror at the sight of a pig, for fear it may prove a razor-back, but while Fitter remains with the coal yard people he never fears the ignominy of a shave.—Philadelphia Times.

### Carrying His Coffin Plate.

Captain D. F. Penington, quartermaster of the Fourth Regiment, Maryland National Guard, will have a simple, scarcely visible, plate on the casket in which he is to be buried. The plate will be a Russian coin, size of the old-fashioned "cartwheel" copper pennies so numerous years ago.

Captain Penington has had the face of the coin made smooth and inscribed as follows: "D. F. Penington. Born September 8, 1847. Died —"

This plate forms the captain's keepsake, and ever serves as a reminder of death. This popular Guardsman gives his friends a genuine case of "cold shivers" every time he exhibits the coin.—Baltimore Sun.

### AN OLD FAMILIAR FRIEND.

#### New Endings Suggested for a Well-Known Tale.

The character of the old joke has become a decidedly stormy one. A few evenings ago at a little downtown gathering one of the girls said she had heard such a good story.

"It happened out in the East End only last week," she said. "A young woman whose home is on one of the prominent cross streets was receiving a call from a young man, and it came on to rain dreadfully. You must remember the night. Several times the young man offered to go, but each time it rained harder than ever. He lived about half a mile away, but, of course, it meant a thorough drenching to venture out. Finally the girl said, 'Well, it would be simply uncivilized to turn you out such a night as this. Brother Robert is away from home, and you can have his room just as well as not.' The young man demurred a little, but finally appeared to appreciate the force of the argument. 'Now, excuse me a moment or two,' said the young woman, and I will see that the apartment is made ready for you.' So she went upstairs and told her mother, and then stepped into the brother's room to see that it was in order. She wasn't gone more than five minutes, but when she went downstairs the young man had completely disappeared."

Everybody breathed hard when she reached this dramatic climax.

"The young woman looked around the room in a bewildered manner. Then she looked on the hat table in the hall. His hat wasn't there. She was quite dazed. She waited about in an aimless manner, vainly striving to solve the mystery. Suddenly she heard rapidly approaching footsteps. A second later there came a soft rap on the door. The young woman threw it open and there stood the youth! He was evidently soaked through and through. 'Why, where on earth have you been?' she cried."

At this point the narrator was abruptly interrupted.

"Pardon me," said one of the listeners, "but if I remember it aright, the young man said that he went home to secure his nightshirt."

"Excuse me," said another listener, "but the way I heard it he went home to ask his father if he wouldn't split the morning's supply of kindling wood for the kitchen stove."

"I hate to be contradictory," said the third interrupter, "but I'm sure I was told that he went home for his mamma's good night kiss!"

And the story wasn't finished.

### The Deadly Upas Tree.

In thrilling stories of adventure many poor characters have met an untimely end beneath the leaves of the "deadly upas tree." Any one in fiction who ever came within the radius of its poisonous shade was then and there stricken to sudden death.

Up in the gardens of Peridintia, in the interior of Ceylon, there is a wonderful collection of tropical trees. There are nutmeg, cinnamon, cacao, rubber, clove, mango, bamboo, ebony, ironwood, guava, pepper, palm, cocaine, and nearly every other kind of a tree that grows in warm climates. Among them is a deadly upas tree.

On the afternoon of a certain day in 1898—to begin this story in the manner of the story books—two travel-stained wayfarers, weary and tired, repaired to the shady depths of the garden and sought shelter and repose from the blazing sun beneath a beautiful tree. Little did they suspect that the malignant influence of poisonous vapors were upon them, and so they rested on, smoking and talking peacefully. After an hour or so one of them discovered a little card pinned to the tree, and on close inspection discovered that it bore the name of the tree. It was the "Deadly Upas Tree!"

Whereupon the travellers posed and had a snap-shot made of themselves by a friendly native, who pressed the button. And then they went on their way rejoicing.

### Why She Blushed.

Of course she was indignant when it dawned upon her that some one was trying to flirt with her. Yet there was no denying the fact that the man behind her had kept steadily after her ever since she had left the street car.

"And he's old enough to be in better business," she said to herself, indignantly. "I'll cross the street just to make sure whether he is really following."

She crossed the street and so did he. Then she turned on him.

"Sir," she said, "why do you persist in following me?"

He started, as if disturbed in the midst of some abstruse mental calculation, and for a minute seemed bewildered. Then he bowed courteously and said—

"Madam, why do you persist in preceding me?"

Two doors further on he turned in, producing a latchkey as he did so, and showing in other ways that he had reached his destination. She turned back and went round the block rather than pass that house and her face was still red when she reached home.—Chicago Post.

### The Terrors of the Red Ant.

The red ant is a bore fighter, and is one of the most annoying pests of the Indian jungle. Not only is its bite extremely painful, but its tenacity is such that, having once driven its mandibles into your flesh, it will allow itself to be pulled to pieces sooner than quit its hold. I was on one occasion (a traveller relates) witness of an encounter with these ants that, although serious enough for those directly concerned, had its amusing side. While out with a forest shooting party I observed the elephant in front of the one I was riding bear down a long overhanging creeper that depended from

the boughs overhead. Almost immediately a colony of red ants descended in a shower on the heads of the unfortunate occupants of the gubdee, or cushioned seat, on the elephant's pad. The scene that followed was a lively and exciting one. The victims, who were all natives, made frantic efforts to escape, for the insects, angry at having been thus rudely disturbed, attacked them furiously. One native man, yelling with pain, made a most undignified retreat by way of a back somersault over the elephant's tail, while the mahout driver leaped from his perch into a mass of undergrowth, where he made frantic attempts to free himself of his venomous attackers. The two or three remaining natives, after dancing wildly on the pad, pawing the air, thrashing themselves, and making other efforts to dislodge the intruders, finally slid down the side and howled for assistance. As for the elephant, which, by virtue of its tough hide, was untroubled, it stood complacently looking on, and doubtless wondering what could have occasioned the strange antics of its riders. It took us a long time to clear the pad of the red invaders, which literally covered it; while as for the bitten natives, they had lost all further appetite for hunting that day.

### THE FIRST SUSPENSION BRIDGE

#### Dire Necessity Was Its Mother in Korea in 1592.

The first suspension-bridge that can be dignified by that name was thrown across the Im-jin River in Korea in 1592. Here again dire necessity dictated the terms. The Japanese in P'yongyang, learning of the defeat of the army of reinforcement, determined to withdraw. China had begun to bestir herself in favor of Korea, and the Japanese, driven from P'yongyang by the combined Chinese and Korean armies, hastened southward toward Seoul. When the pursuers arrived at the Im-jin River, the Chinese general refused to cross and continue the pursuit unless the Koreans would build a bridge sufficiently large and strong to insure the passage of his 120,000 men in safety. The Koreans were famishing for revenge upon the Japanese, and would be stopped by no obstacle that human ingenuity could surmount. Sending parties of men in all directions, they collected enormous quantities of chick, a tough, fibrous vine that often attains a length of 100 yards. From this eight huge hawsers were woven. Attaching them to trees or heavy timbers let into the ground, the bridge-builders carried the other ends across the stream by boats, and anchored them there in the same way. Of course the hawsers dragged in the water in mid stream, but the Koreans were equal to the occasion. Stout oak bars were inserted between the strands in mid-stream, and then the hawsers were twisted until the torsion brought them a good ten feet above the surface. Brushwood was then piled on the eight parallel hawsers, and upon the brushwood clay and gravel were laid. When the road-bed had been packed down firmly and the bridge had been tested, the Chinese could no longer refuse to advance; and so upon this first suspension bridge, 150 yards long, that army of 120,000 Chiamen, with all their Korean allies, camp equipage, and impedimenta crossed in safety. This bridge, like the tortoise-boat, having served its purpose, was left to fall of its own weight.—Harper's Magazine.

### You Walk Very Fast.

Have you ever thought of the distance you travel while you are out for an hour's stroll?

Possibly you walk three miles in an hour, but that does not represent the distance you travel. The earth turns on its axis every twenty-four hours. In round figures call the earth's circumference 24,000 miles, and you must have travelled during your hour's stroll a thousand miles in the axial turn of the earth.

But this is not all. The earth makes a journey round the sun every year. Put the distance of our planet from the sun at 92,000,000 miles. The diameter is therefore 184,000,000 miles, and circumference described by the earth 578,000,000 miles. In other words, the earth travels around the sun each day 1,584,000 miles, and every hour—for instance, the hour during which you took your walk—the earth moved through 66,000 miles.

So, adding your three miles of leg travel to the hour's axial movement of the earth, this to the earth's orbital journal and that again to the earth's excursion with the sun, and you will find you have travelled within the hour 85,950 miles.

### A Remarkable Elephant.

Elephant intelligence is about "up to the limit" in animals, and an Englishman tells of one that was accustomed to receiving pennies that it would drop into a slot for a biscuit. If given a half-penny the elephant would throw it back contemptuously, but one day a boy gave it two half-pennies at the same time. For several minutes the animal held them in his trunk as though pondering over their value. At last he dropped the two together into the slot, with the result that he got the biscuit. He appeared to know that he had made an unusual discovery and frisked around in the greatest delight.—Detroit Free Press.

### The Force of Habit.

"Isn't there something the matter with the feet in this poem?" asked the critical friend. "I don't believe some of the lines have enough."

"Very likely you're right," answered Miss Cayenne. "It was written by a young man in a store where they don't treat people right. He can't get over giving short measure to save his life."—Washington Star.

## THE KEYSTONE STATE.

### Latest News Gleaned from Various Parts.

#### DEATH UNDER ENGINE.

##### Railroad Wreck Near Shamokin Due to Not Pinned on Track—Fireman Morgan Killed—The Engineer Injured and Passengers Bruised—Locomotive Topped Over an Embankment—Other Live News.

A disastrous railroad wreck occurred at a point of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway opposite the sliding ramping into the Back Ridge Colliery, near Shamokin. Fireman Rollin Morgan, formerly of Shamokin, but now of Newberry, was killed. He was 25 years old and married. Engineer John Gardner, of Williamsport, was badly bruised and lacerated, while a large number of passengers were bruised by being flung about the cars. The express train, known as No. 7, leaving Philadelphia at 8:35 A. M., in charge of Conductor William Ollison, was running forty miles an hour around the curve at the switch entering the Back Ridge Colliery, when suddenly the pony wheels of the engine jumped the track. Engineer Gardner applied the air and climbed back to the tank ready to jump. The fireman was also on the tank, and as the engine bounded over the slits it alarmed the passengers and trainmen in the coaches. The engine ran a distance of at least 150 yards, when the pony wheels climbed the rails and rode upon their flanges for a short distance. They then jumped off again and within the length of four cars the locomotive toppled over the embankment. Engineer Gardner jumped safely, but his fireman was hurled beneath the tank and instantly killed, his remains being terribly crushed. The forward baggage coach No. 442, was partly demolished in front, but Clifford Potts, the baggage man, escaped with a shaking up. The train was made up of a baggage and smoker day coach, Pullman parlor car "Philadelphia" and a special car full of students. All of the cars excepting the one containing the students in the rear of the train, were derailed.

#### Sentenced for Train Wrecking.

Oliver Ohl, of Tamaqua, aged 17 years, who on May 12 caused the wreck on the Little Sebucykli Railroad, which resulted in the loss of two lives, was sentenced by Judge Marr, at Pottsville, to pay the costs, fine aggregating \$700 and to undergo an imprisonment of three years and three months. There were three indictments against Ohl; first, placing an obstruction on the tracks; second, murder; third, involuntary manslaughter. Ohl, by the advice of his counsel, pleaded guilty to involuntary manslaughter, this plea being satisfactory to the Commonwealth and agreed to by the court. In the first case the court sentenced the defendant to pay the costs, a fine of \$500 and serve two years' imprisonment at separate and solitary confinement. In the second case he was directed to pay the costs, a fine of \$250 and to serve fifteen months' imprisonment, to date from the expiration of his first sentence. The trainmen killed by Ohl's thoughtless act were Samuel Grier, of Shamokin, engineer of the passenger train, and John Short, of Philadelphia, fireman of the coal train, with which the former train collided when it was derailed.

#### Death's Bride.

Miss Martha Hoover, daughter of John Hoover, of Claysburg, was found lying dead in the parlor of the Kellerman Hotel, where she was a guest. The supposition is that she became ill while in bed, and when downstairs to the parlor, where she died before relief came. She was 27 years old. The theory that Miss Hoover committed suicide was disproved by the Coroner's jury, who, after an investigation, returned a verdict that death had been caused by apoplexy. The girl was to have been married this month. It is said, but arrangements for the wedding were delayed. When found she was attired in what was to have been her wedding dress and her betrothal ring was on her finger.

#### Killed in a Runaway.

Mrs. Ann Hoover, wife of James Daniel Britton, of Shenks, Chester County, met death in a runaway accident. She drove to Pottsville in company with her little granddaughter, Grace, and was selling raspberries to housekeepers. While driving on King Street a bolt fell out, which frightened the horse and it ran away. In turning a corner both woman and child were thrown out. The woman's head struck the curb, and the force of the blow fractured her skull. She was taken to the hospital, but an hour later she died. She is the mother of a large family. The grandchild escaped with a few bruises.

#### Engineer Killed in Wreck.

The last train east, known as No. 18, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, jumped the track at Stewart's. The train, one of the fastest on the road, was running at a high rate of speed and at a crossing at that point the automatic switch failed to work after a freight had cleared the crossing. The locomotive turned over and Engineer W. W. Garland, of Altoona, was crushed to death. H. A. McAtee, the fireman, escaped with a few bruises. The train was made up of seven mail cars and a passenger coach. The mail men were badly shaken up, but none were seriously hurt.

#### Pursued From Poland.

Anthony Wirbiba and Mrs. Lizzie Wirbiba were arrested at Shenandoah on complaint of the former's wife, who traced them from Poland. The charges are desertion and non-support. The wife, Annetta Wirbiba, alleges that while in Poland she caught the man and woman secreted under a haystack, which she set on fire. While she was serving a sentence in prison for this the couple came to this country.

#### Burns Caused Miner's Death.

Stiney Kalish, a Hungarian miner, died at the Pottsville Hospital from frightful burns sustained by an explosion of gas at Williams Colliery. Kalish's flesh was almost literally roasted from the bones. He also inhaled the fumes. Kalish was a married man, and was about 40 years of age.

#### Child Scalded to Death.

Alexander J. Dugan, 2 years of age, son of Patrick Dugan, of Allentown, died from the effects of a scalding accident. A 13-year-old brother, while carrying a tea kettle, slipped and spilled the scalding water over the little boy.

#### No man ever traveled over the road to fame on a pass.