

**A SONG OF THE ROAD.**  
O I will walk with you, my lad, which ever way you fare,  
You'll have me, too, the side of you, with heart as light as air;  
No care for where the road you take's a-leading—anywhere—  
It can but be a joyful jaunt the whilst you journey there.  
The road you take's the path of love, an' that's the brith of two—  
And I will walk with you, my lad,—O, I will walk with you.  
  
Ho! I will walk with you, my lad, Be weather black or blue,  
Or road-side frost or dew, my lad— O I will walk with you.  
  
Aye, glad, my lad, I walk with you, whatever winds may blow,  
Or summer blossoms stay our steps, or blinding drifts of snow,  
The way that you set face and foot's the way that I will go,  
And brave I'll be, abreast of you, the Saints and Angels know.  
With loyal hand in loyal hand, and one heart made of two,  
Through summer's gold, or winter's cold, it's I will walk with you.  
  
Sure, I will walk with you, my lad, As love ordains me to,—  
To Heaven's door, and through, my lad.  
O I will walk with you.  
—James Whitcomb Riley, in Lippincott's.

**THE MANIAC GUIDE OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.**

I have in my possession an old copper coin, all fused and twisted out of shape, and every time I look at it it causes a shiver to run through me, as if suddenly plunging into a sea of ice. Now it is not the manner in which I came by the coin that occasions this unpleasant feeling, but the way in which it became fused and—  
But here is the tale, and after perusing it you can see if I am justified in the disagreeable feelings caused by the remembrance of the scene I am about to describe.  
It was a beautiful, calm morning in August, 1890.  
We—that is to say, myself, three other gentlemen and two guides, six in all, were slowly clambering up the rough, uneven sides of Mount Vesuvius on our way to explore its crater.  
No one but those who have been in a volcanic ravaged region can form the slightest idea of its desolate, dreary appearance.  
Not a shrub or blade of grass relieves the monotonous extent of black, broken scoria, which lies in all positions, resembling somewhat the broken surface of a storm-lashed sea.  
Half way up the view was sublime, and again and again we would stop and allow our eyes to wander out over one of the most beautiful prospects that I have ever had the pleasure to behold.  
The bay of Naples gently rippled and kissed the shores at our feet, the islands of Capri and Ischia dotting its placid bosom, like twin emeralds in a casket of silver, while further westward stretched the blue waters of the Mediterranean until the mild horizon and its glassy surface were softly shaded into one by the master hand of nature; nearer reposes the city, with its matchless palaces, its turreted towers. While farther inland the eye could roam for miles and miles over the fairy-like panorama of vineyards, villages, fields and villas, until even it would be dazed by the brilliant hues and relieved when again turned upon the arid waste through which we were toiling.  
At last we reached the verge of the crater and looked over.  
The sights we saw, and the sounds we heard will never be erased from my memory.  
Looking down into the immense basin, we could see the smoking, fiery cone situated in the center, sending up momentarily discharges of seething red hot matter.  
Our guides informed us that there was no danger, but it seemed almost like courting death to venture into the yawning abyss, which appeared like the entrance to Dante's Inferno itself.  
But at last, after some hesitation, we determined to "do the mountain" properly or die in the attempt.  
So we commenced the descent. And it was a descent with a vengeance; hands and feet were at a premium, and I'm not positive to this day whether I did not use my teeth.  
Crawling here, hanging there, where a misstep would send you a thousand feet down a shapeless mass, holding by projecting rocks so hot as to cause pain, sulphurous smoke and jets of flame burst out here and there into your very face, making breathing almost an impossibility.  
Well, at last we reached the bottom.  
The scene was terrifying.  
The ground we stood on trembled above the awe-like motion of the boiling, hissing mass beneath.  
Upon getting more accustomed to the fearful surroundings, we could distinguish that everything in this great laboratory of nature worked with clock-like precision.  
The deep, heavy, piston-like thud of the immense internal engine could be heard at regular intervals, and then from the valve, or more properly speaking, from the mouth of the cone, would dart chunks of fiery scoria, and rise fifty or sixty feet and then descend, requiring in some cases the greatest agility in avoiding being crushed to death beneath them.

It seemed as if this was the breathing spot of all the dragons and monsters chronicled in fabulous history.  
I noticed that from the moment we started one of the guides took more than ordinary trouble in pointing out and explaining different things to me, and I mentally determined to double his fee for his attention, but if I had known his object I would in all probability have shot him on the spot.  
Well, at last we had seen all we wished and prepared to ascend.  
The rest of the party were already some distance up, and I was preparing to follow, when my guide said:  
"Sir, you have taken nothing as a memento of your visit to our mountain."  
He was right.  
So I walked back toward the center of the basin to procure something to carry away which would in after years remind me of my visit.  
"Have you any copper coins with you?" he asked.  
I felt in my pockets.  
Yes, I had one. Just one, an old, well-worn United States coin. This I handed to him. He waited another discharge of scoria, and when it fell he ran up and dropped the cent into a small piece of the hot compound.  
We had now to wait until it cooled, and when it did, I picked it up and placed it in my pocket.  
The same instant the guide gave a wild yell and came rushing toward me, his face distorted, his mouth open and his eyes flaming, and of that disagreeable greenish color.  
I stood looking at him, not knowing the cause of his strange actions.  
Was the volcano about to commence another eruption and crisp us to a cinder, or had some freak of nature changed the volcanic surroundings so as to render our exit impassable and entomb us alive.  
These were the thoughts which rushed through my brain.  
By this time he had reached my side and before I knew it he had grasped me by the throat and bore me down.  
"Another sacrifice to offer to my charming Queen," he cried, as he commenced dragging me toward the steep, smoking cone.  
It was some time before I recovered from the surprise which this unexpected maneuver occasioned.  
But at last I did and struggled to my feet.  
"Come," I said, "you have carried this joke far enough."  
"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed, fighting desperately to force me up to the cone.  
"My pet thinks it is a capital joke; don't you hear them growling for food; come, it is your flesh, and it alone, that will appease their hunger."  
His fiendish eyes glared into mine, flakes of foam dropping from his livid lips.  
I saw it in an instant.  
I was in the hands of a raving maniac.  
To plead or argue would amount to naught; nothing but strength and agility could save me from a most horrible death; for it was his intention to throw me into the mouth of the cone, there falling into the seething, boiling ocean of fire and flame beneath, I should be burnt to a crisp in a second of time.  
I struggled desperately, shouting the while in hope of calling back my friends to my aid.  
But all my shouting was useless—lost in the mighty surroundings and the ever-shifting clouds of smoke and mist, rendered their seeing me an impossibility.  
My only hope was to overpower my assailant.  
We were now within a few yards of the base of the cone, and the heat was almost insufferable.  
Clouds of smoke and flame, followed by huge pieces of blood-red scoria, were vomited from the black funnel-like peak.  
I was gradually forced nearer and nearer.  
The perspiration started from every pore, and I became conscious that I was growing weaker, and would soon have succumbed; my physical strength being no match for his—urged on by a fiendish purpose, the product of a diseased intellect.  
The earth was quaking beneath our feet, the air was stifling and impregnated with the fumes of gas.  
My face and hands had already commenced to blister under the intense heat.  
And while I was slowly losing my strength he appeared to have his augmented at every step.  
I could not fight much longer.  
Death, in one of its most horrible forms, would in a few minutes be my fate.  
My sight grew dim; my brain seemed to be pierced by hot irons; my limbs refused to move.  
"God help me!" I murmured.  
The prayer had hardly left my lips when I felt a sudden flash of intense heat, and the same instant the hold of the maniac guide was loosened.  
I opened my eyes; a mass of red hot scoria had in its descent crushed him to a charred, shapeless heap to the earth.  
By a great effort of will I regained sufficient strength to stagger off and reach the precipitous side of the basin, when all became a black, impenetrable void.  
When again I opened my eyes I found myself lying in bed, with my friends bending anxiously over me.  
They informed me that they did not miss me until they had reached the top of the crater and there my non-appearance was attributed to my exploring propensities, and, as I had as they supposed an excellent guide, they felt no fear as to my arrival in

due season to accompany them back to the city.  
But as hour after hour rolled by and me still absent, an undefined, vague feeling for my safety ran through them and they determined to once more descend the ugly pit in quest of me.  
Which they did, at the risk of their lives, for it was late in the afternoon, when they started.  
Upon reaching the bottom they, after a long search, found me lying in a deathlike swoon near one side and my guide crushed to a jelly beneath the mass of scoria at the base of the cone.  
They let him lie where he was, and after the greatest difficulty and danger conveyed me up and brought me to the city.  
It was some weeks before I was able to leave my room, but, thanks to a good constitution and the indefatigable attention of my kind friends, I did at last.  
And now, kind reader, can you wonder that even here, thousands of miles distant from the scene of my trying ordeal, that a blood-chilling thrill runs through me when I look at the old coin imbedded in its covering of scoria.  
  
**MOVING PICTURES OF A TREE.**  
**Agricultural Bureau Has Machine to Photograph Growth of Plants.**  
The Agricultural Department, Washington, has pressed the moving picture machine into the service of science. The division of vegetable pathology now has a device of this sort in operation in one of its greenhouses, photographing the growth of a small oak tree. The machine works automatically, taking a picture each hour. At night an electric light is thrown into circuit as the exposure is made. The machine has been running about two weeks and will be kept going about two weeks longer on its present subject. When the series of pictures is completed it will be possible to reproduce with the stereopticon the growth of the plant from the time the first shoot appeared above ground till the tree is in full leaf and a foot or more high.  
While the oak tree pictures are purely experimental to develop the capacity of the machine it is intended to use the serial photographs in watching the progress of plant diseases, blights, insect parasites and the like. The department hopes in the near future to be able to lend to the agricultural colleges and experiment stations rolls of lantern slide films to illustrate certain of the department's bulletins on these subjects.  
It is pointed out that a lecture before a class of students could show in five minutes the growth and seed distribution of any noxious plant, such as the Canadian thistle, or the life history of an insect pest so that it could be readily recognized and combated on its first appearance in a region, even though the workers there had never seen it in actual life.  
In addition to the straight photographic work expected of the new machine, its designer intends to adapt it to use with the X-ray so as to take pictures of certain objects that otherwise would be invisible. It is thought by the department that a series of pictures of this sort taken in the period of gestation would be of value to stock raisers, and might be adapted to the use of the medical profession in certain lines of research.  
  
**Jumping on Snowshoes.**  
Ski running is to Norway what cricket is to England, and what baseball is to America. Not only is it a national sport, but aside from the features of amusement it has a practical value which is of no mean importance.  
The ski is a long piece of strong wood, firmly strapped to the foot and slightly turned up at the front end. By means of these skates or snowshoes the peasants of Norway have for generations traveled in winter over the snow-covered hills from farm to farm and fiord to fiord.  
Just as figure and race skating were the results of the primitive method the Dutch used in binding bones to the bottom of their feet and sliding down the frozen canals and rivers, so running upon the ski has developed, and perhaps the most remarkable branch of the art is the jumping of immense distances.  
Having gained a tremendous impetus by running down hill on the ski, the runner takes a leap and flies through the air for fifty, sixty or seventy feet, or even greater lengths.—Chicago News.  
  
**Why Americans Live in England.**  
The first reason why rich Americans leave home to live in England is because social conditions there are fixed and reliable, and because rich and poor alike do as they please there with a degree of liberty that is unknown anywhere else on the globe. It is true that certain rich men and noblemen take advantage of this liberty and shut themselves in their parks to spend Sundays in feasting, riding, dancing, and out-of-door sports of lively and noisy kinds, and that no one knows it at the time except their servants. It is simply a fact that must be thrown into the balance with the rest of the conditions—this amazing freedom, this absence of a prying press with its defilement of the privacy of men's homes and lives, this making the home a castle, and enclosing every garden with a high stone wall. It can be said of all the transplanted Americans that they stay there, as one of them says he does, "because in America any man who has the means rides in a Pullman car, but in England third-class folks are content to travel with their own kind in third-class cars."—Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine.

**SAYS WE NEED NEW NAME.**  
**Prof. Waterhouse Favors Calling This Country "Usona" Hereafter.**  
The St. Louis Republic publishes with favorable editorial comment, an article furnished by Professor Waterhouse of Washington University, on the subject of a proper name for this country, the chief points of which are herewith given:  
"At present there is no proper name that distinctively describes this country. Columbia and America apply to the whole western hemisphere. The people of Canada and Mexico, of Central and South America are all Americans and might justly resent the pretension which claims that title exclusively for the inhabitants of the United States of North America.  
"The United States is an awkward expression. It is plural in form and singular in sense. It does not afford personal or adjective derivatives. United Statesmen and United Statesian are inadmissibly harsh. 'United States of North America' is an exact designation of this country. The first letters of these words form the word 'Usona.' This term is agreeable to the ear, singular in number and precise in definition. Its introduction would substitute for the incomplete United States an address so full and exact that no foreigner could misunderstand it.  
"Formerly the press indicated that its general information was gathered from the four quarters of the globe by placing at the heads of its columns 'North, East, West, South.' From the initials of these words some assert that the term 'news' was derived.  
"It is facetiously said that United States stands for 'Uncle Sam,' and this burlesque personification has found a permanent place in our language. The baptismal names of Generals Grant and Jackson have been supplanted by the universally used names which accident or valor gave. Physicians have invested the utterly inexpressive watt, volt, ohm and ampere with technical meanings and have introduced them into the terminology of electrical science.  
"In fine, use can create and popularize new terms. Do not the words 'Usona' and 'Usonian' so fully subserve the needs of exact address and grammatical convenience as to deserve a place in our language? The press ran. If it will, effect the adoption of these new words."  
  
**Cedar Used in Pencil Making.**  
"Nine-tenths of the lead pencils used in the world are manufactured of American cedar, a very large part of which is grown in Florida," said a well known manufacturer. "Some so-called American manufactured lead pencils are made in Europe, but the cedar from which they are made all comes from this country. It is shipped to Europe in convenient sized logs and manufactured in proper shape after it arrives there. There are a number of cedars throughout the world, but the Florida cedar is particularly valuable in the manufacture of lead pencils. It is of a very fine structure, the grain being hardly distinguishable, and can be worked up to the last inch. In the various grades of the cheaper pencils other cedars can be used, but for the finer goods the American cedar is exclusively used. For all practical purposes all the pencils used in Europe are manufactured of Florida cedar. Much of the lead, plumbago and graphite which is used in them also comes from this country. There are a number of woods in Europe that are used in the manufacture of matches, but the American pines are gradually weeding them all out, for the reason that the American pines can be handled and worked at less expense than any other woods. The amount of wood consumed in matches amounts to two or three forests of trees a day, but even with this consumption hardly any inroad has been made, for the growth more than keeps up the supply. The American match, as well as the wood, now goes to all parts of the world. The business is simply enormous, and it is constantly on the increase."—Washington Star.  
  
**Champion Snake Snapper.**  
The soil of Bridgeport is very prolific of snakes. They grow there, along the river banks and under old, weedy walls, in an amazing way. Children carry little ones about in their pockets, putting them in one another's lunch boxes at school by way of a joke, and the older folks are dextrous in dispatching snakes with hoes, clubs and the bare hand. Jess Trump, a young dyer, is the champion Bridgeport snake slayer, and whenever he comes across one of the reptiles the inhabitants gather about to see him kill it. He first puts his foot on it, then he takes it up by the tail and cracks it as a carter cracks a whip. There is a loud report, and the head flies thirty or forty feet away, leaving in Jesse's skilled hand a lifeless body. No matter how large the snake may be this young man will not hesitate to crack it, and he has never yet failed to snap the head off of any snake that he has tackled.—Philadelphia Record.  
  
**A Remarkable Discovery.**  
Professor D. G. Brinton, the famous authority upon archeology and linguistics, has given his valuable library upon these subjects to the University of Pennsylvania, together with many writings embodying his personal researches. It is doubtful, however, whether his papers include the following incident, the truth of which is vouched for:  
While in Mexico, on one occasion, the Professor was the guest of the National Historical Society of that republic. One day while discussing with a member on the street the blends of Aztec and Maya blood which enter

into the average peon, the Professor called attention to cranial peculiarities transmitted from these ancient races.  
"There," he said, pointing to a laborer who was working on the street, "is a type in which apparently the maternal influences were Toltec and the paternal Maya or Carib."  
"I see," said the member.  
"Notice the man's forehead," said the Professor; "it has all the characteristics of—"  
"That's that?" interrupted the supposed peon, dropping his pick. "That's that ye're saying, ye long-legged pervaikatur? I'll have ye know me fater was a O'Shannessey and me mayther a Pinnegan."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.  
  
**When Egyptian Girls Marry.**  
Many Egyptian girls marry at the age of twelve or thirteen and some even earlier. Few remain unmarried after sixteen years of age and many are mothers at thirteen. It is quite a common occurrence among the Arabs for a man to marry his first cousin. This sort of a union is generally lasting on account of this tie of blood. The man is seldom allowed to see the face of his cousin for some years before marriage. The parents betroth and marry their daughter to whom they please, if she is very young, but after the age of fourteen she may have a voice in the matter. The giving of a dowry by the bridegroom is absolutely indispensable. The usual amount if the parties are in moderate circumstances, is about \$125, that of the wealthier classes is twice that amount. The bridegroom is not allowed to obtain a glimpse of the features of his bride, unless she belongs to the lower classes, when it is an easy enough matter. In general the bridegroom waits about eight or ten days after the conclusion of the contract. Meantime he sends her fruit, sweetmeats and many articles of value. The bride's family are at the same time occupied in preparing for her a stock of household furniture and dress.—Detroit Free Press.  
  
**A California Farm Telephone.**  
The Salinas Valley Land Company has a telephone system the line of which consists of the ordinary barbed wire that was already on the fences. It is about ten miles long. We use a good telephone instrument. All the connections are made very close, and no wire is connected with the ground in any way, either by hanging down or by touching any other wire that does reach the ground.  
"In crossing roads and gates the preferable way is to have posts high enough to carry an overhead wire, but we took three-eighth-inch iron water pipes and laid them under the gates and most of the roads and then ran a rubber-covered wire through them to connect with the barbed wire on each side, bending the ends of the pipe up at the sides of the gates or roads and then filling the ends up with putty to keep water out.  
"This character of telephone line will work just as well as any insulated line in dry weather, but not at all when it is raining, because then the current runs in the ground. As soon as it rains have time to dry off after a rain it is all right again. Such lines will work for any reasonable distance, say from one to 100 miles, but in States where it often rains they will not do well."—American Agriculturist.  
  
**Sure to Follow.**  
Mr. X., a descendant of a distinguished member of President Lincoln's cabinet, is a butterfly of fashion, of whom sunshine and gaiety are characteristics rather than rain and gloom. One would never think of connecting him with anything tragic and solemn. Not long ago, Mr. X. rode down town in a street car with the fashionable undertaker. When his fare was asked for he offered the conductor a ten-dollar bill, the only money to be found in his pocket, which was promptly refused.  
"Allow me," said the undertaker, paying the fare.  
"I have enjoyed my ride with you immensely," said Mr. X. when he rose to go. "Many thanks for it."  
"You are very welcome," replied the undertaker, and then, grimly: "It is not the last ride you will take with me."—Washington Post.  
  
**Americans and Shakespeare's Will.**  
General J. G. Wilson, writing about Shakespeare's will, says: "The attendant, not recognizing the visitor's nationality, in reply to my inquiry as to the number of persons who came to see Shakespeare's will, said: 'Ew of our people ever ask for it. Now and then a Frenchman or German comes to see it, and multitudes of Americans. Then Americans are mad about Shakespeare. A hundred of 'em come here for one Englishman. So many of 'em handled the will that their fingers wore off the signatures on the bottom of the first and second sheets, and so we find 'em framed.'"—New York Tribune.  
  
**When the Man Refused.**  
A certain Irish Member of Parliament, popular and a bachelor, had been very polite to the daughter of the house where he was visiting. When the time came for him to go, the too-anxious mamma called him in for a serious talk. "I'm sure I don't know what to say," she went on; "is reported all around that you are to marry Letitia." "Just say that she refused me," quietly advised the parliamentarian.  
The money received from penalties for non-payment of gas bills in thrifty Philadelphia amounts to about \$1,000 a month. The penalty is three per cent of the bill.

**THE KEYSTONE STATE.**  
Latest News Gleaned from Various Parts.  
  
**FUNERAL ON HIGHWAY:**  
**A Church Quarrel Necessitates the Conducting of Services by the Roadside—The Members Halted—New Iron and Steel Plant for Chester, in Which 600 Men Will be Employed.**  
  
The sermon at the funeral of the late Richard Morrison, a well-known citizen of Chester Township, Clearfield county, was, as the outcome of a bitter church quarrel, preached on the public road, and was largely devoted to a scathing rebuke of the living members of the church of which the dead man was a member. Rev. Mr. Branton was sent in 1895 by the conference of the Methodist Protestant Church to the church at Mahaffey. Because of dissension in the congregation the conference soon sent Rev. Mr. Sadler, who entered into possession of the church. Another committee then invited Rev. Mr. Branton to return, and he accepted their invitation. The result of the conflicting claims was a suit in equity in which the court entered a decree enjoining Rev. Mr. Branton from preaching in the Methodist Protestant Church. When Mr. Morrison died his son and two daughters were adherents of the defeated minister, and insisted that he preach the funeral sermon. The body was brought to the church, but the trustees refused to let Mr. Branton enter the sacred edifice, and the mourners refused to permit Mr. Sadler to preach the funeral sermon. As a compromise the mourners stopped the hearse in the middle of the public road, and Mr. Branton spoke an hour and a half "under the canopy." While he said little about the merits of Mr. Morrison he delivered a scorching philippic against the successful faction in his church. The church members were greatly scandalized, and the organization is split into two angry factions, one following Mr. Branton and the other being adherents of Mr. Sadler.  
  
**Big Industry for Chester.**  
Over 600 men will be given employment in a new iron and steel plant which will soon be erected along the Delaware river front at Chester. A company has been organized that will be backed by capital to the extent of about half a million dollars. Application has been made for a charter at Harrisburg, through John G. Johnson and Francis P. Pritchard, of Philadelphia, who are the attorneys. The works will be located on the river front at the foot of Harwick street, where the necessary buildings and machinery will be erected as soon as the necessary arrangements can be completed. Engineers are now at work preparing plans and details. The good news has brought joy to the hearts of the people in the southwestern section of the city.  
  
**Woman's Strange Death.**  
Charles Goff, aged 60 years, a bricklayer, is under arrest pending an official investigation of his wife's death, which occurred at an early hour Saturday morning under peculiar circumstances. Goff went home about midnight and, it is said, began quarreling with his wife. Neighbors were aroused by her cries for help, and when they arrived at the house Mrs. Goff was found in a dying condition. A physician was called, but she died shortly after his arrival. A superficial examination failed to show any marks or bruises on the body. A pair of false teeth was extracted from the dead woman's throat, but the physicians would not say this was the cause of her death.  
  
**To Build New Steel Plant.**  
The Logan Manufacturing Company, a newly-chartered concern that has just located at Phoenixville, awarded the contracts for the building of their large steel plant. Ground will be broken at once. The Pennsylvania Boiler Manufacturing Company, who recently bought the bridgeworks of John Denborth, Sons & Co., will proceed at once to erect new buildings and remodel the old ones. As soon as the improvements are completed the company will move their large plant from Germantown to Phoenixville. The company will give employment to 200 skilled mechanics at once.  
  
**Transfer of Waynesboro Water Works.**  
The Waynesboro water and gas companies were turned over to local capitalists. The controlling interest in these two concerns, who combined capital represented more than \$150,000, has been held by the George S. Moyer estate, in Philadelphia. These companies were organized in 1882, and did not cost the promoters more than \$50,000 at that time.  
  
**Fire in a Hotel.**  
The Passmore House, one of the oldest hotels in Philadelphia, caught fire, and before the flames were put out, was damaged to the extent of \$10,000, on which there is a partial insurance. The guests all escaped, although some of the servants lost more or less of their clothing. James Passmore is proprietor of the hotel.  
  
**Lockjaw Cured.**  
Six cases of lockjaw have been cured in Conellsville by sub-cutaneous injection of about four drams of anti-tetanic serum. These cases resulted from toy pistol wounds incurred on the Fourth, most of the victims being boys.  
  
**Escaped Prisoner Captured.**  
John Lawless, of Shamokin, was arrested and taken to jail. Last May, while in the prisoner's dock at Sunbury Court House awaiting trial for the burglary of a Shamokin business house, Lawless walked from the dock and escaped, since which time nothing was heard of him.  
  
**Killed by Fall Down Mine Breast.**  
Reuben Kramer, aged 26 years, died a shot in the Mahanoy Colliery, Shamokin, and later when he entered the breast he was overcome by powder smoke and foul air. Falling on the floor, he rolled 175 feet down the breast and was instantly killed. He is survived by a wife and nine children.  
  
**He Filled the Vacancy.**  
Judge: Mother—"Dear me, Bobby, your teacher tells me you stood at the foot of your class this month." Bobby (blubbling)—"Well, that ain't my fault. They've taken Tommy Tuffnut out and sent him to the reform school."