

SPOTTERS ON RAILROADS.

FOUND IN EVERY DEPARTMENT FROM YARDMEN TO DIVISION OFFICIALS.

Curious Complications When Spotters Unknown to One Another Cross Lines—Keeping Track of the Mental Attitude of Every Employee—Effects on Careers.

"Probably the most perfect spotter system achieved by any private corporation is that of one of the big Eastern railroads, which is to some extent modeled on the secret service system of some of the European governments, though by no means so complex. So far-reaching and so direct, however, are its lines of communication that the president of the organization is himself kept constantly informed of the trend of affairs, and the changes of sentiment among the employees of every division and subdivision of the whole railway system, and that without the knowledge of any other persons but his own special corps of clerks and secretaries. Nobody but himself knows the entire personnel of the wonderful service that he has perfected. His agents are drawn from every branch of the road's operating staff. They are engineers, freight brakemen, passenger trainmen, conductors, signalmen, yardmen, station agents, track walkers, and even division officials. Should that road have a strike—and strikes are far less likely to occur than they were before the present system was put into operation—the president will have detailed warnings of it from all the storm centers long before the first mutterings find cautious utterance in the newspapers. While it also acts as a defense against thefts by employees, this system is intended primarily to prepare, so to speak, a diary of the disposition, character, working efficiency and sentiments toward the road of the men who constitute the vast human machinery of the corporation. The feeling which culminates in a general strike is not the result of one act alone, but a slow growth made up of many grievances, real or fancied. To keep track of the shifting mental attitude of his employees is the aim of this railroad president. If a certain division superintendent has made himself unpopular with his subordinates, information to that effect comes 'by underground wire' to the central office, and the matter is taken under advisement. If the newest fireman on the road attempts to stir up discontent by inflammatory talk his views soon reach the official ear. Every leading spirit in the employees' organization is known to the president, who also knows whether, in case of trouble, the man is to be reckoned upon as a conservative or a radical. Sometimes this works out a man's career in a manner quite incomprehensible to him. For instance, Night Watchman Brown is shifted, without cause that he can fathom, from one division to another. How should he know that rumors of trouble in that division have reached the presidential ear, and that he himself, being down in the president's little book as a speaker of weight and a counselor of conservative methods, has been shifted over to act as unconscious agent in checking a dangerous tendency?"

"Some of the admiring co-workers of the head of this system declare that in two minutes' reference to his collected funds of information he can unroll the family history of the woman who washes the windows of Car No. 41144X, and tell whether, in her estimation, he himself is an oppressor of the down-trodden or a perfect gentleman. "Where so many invisible lines radiate from the same office it is inevitable that some of them should cross. Curious complications result from contact between spotters as unknown to each other as they are to those whom they watch. Several years ago, at a time of general labor troubles, a certain railroad got no less than five reports from its confidential men informing them that an employee (who was several degrees higher in the secret service of the road than any of them, had they, but known it) had been making incendiary speeches. This was true. Matters had so shaped themselves that the man accused had to appear as a radical in order to gain admittance to inner councils where the important questions would be finally decided. To the chagrin of the authorities, they were obliged to transfer him. Had they not done so the suspicions of the men who make the reports would have been aroused. That spotters should know each other as such is held to be highly undesirable. There is always the chance that they might work in conjunction instead of acting as checks on each other."—S. H. Adams, in *Ainslee's*.

Spotted For Hard Work.

Several years ago a poor Hungarian lost both legs in an accident. He appealed to the Hungarian society. They hadn't enough funds to justify them in devoting the price of two legs, \$200, to one case, but they fixed the man up on crutches and set him to selling lead pencils on a busy corner. They told him to make what he could, and if he raised part of the price of new legs, they'd fit him out with the rest. In two weeks he made his \$200. I know that to be a fact. He was a pitiful object and quarters rained into his box. What's more, he has been selling pencils ever since. He got his legs. We furnished them, but he was spoiled for hard work. His friends got him a place as cashier in a saloon at \$10 a week, but he held it down only a week or two. The temptation to make more money by less work was too much for

him. He took off his legs and went back to the lead pencil business. He works at it in pleasant weather and makes from \$25 to \$50 a week, if times are fair. In the evening he puts on his legs and enjoys life. They are a sort of full dress costume for him, you see.—New York Sun.

MENIER'S ANTICOSTI.

Millions Being Spent in Developing a Lonely Island.

When a man takes a bit of land that has remained idle and unproductive since the world has known it—a bit of land, say, of two million acres or about three times the size of the average European principality—and through the efforts of his brain, or of brawn controlled by him, converts it into a garden spot and a source of good to the world in general, he is regarded either as a man of commercial instincts finely developed, or as a philanthropist. He may be both.

Henri Menier, of Paris, is both. From France to the island of Anticosti, in the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, is a far cry. Geographically, the distance between them is about 2,500 miles, but in climate and in appearance and in all the various attributes of a country they are antipodal. The one is bright, gay, cheerful, sunny and civilized, in fact, La Belle France; the other drear, cold, ice-bound in winter and almost unsettled. There is no affinity, no purpose, no taste in common between the two; yet in the past few years the money, the talent and the science of a son of one have been poured out for the benefit of the other.

In 1895 the name Anticosti was barely known to Henri Menier, of Paris. Today Anticosti is the subject of his waking thoughts and of his dreams.

In 1895 the shores of this island, which stands like a monstrous tooth in the mouth of the mighty St. Lawrence, knew only the footprints of occasional fishermen, or of the few settlers who had ventured fortune along the sands, to-day Anticosti boasts a thriving town, built and conducted on modern principles. Besides, quays and costly breakwaters and important canning factories are to be found there.

Until five years ago no human being had forced the woody barriers of the interior; to-day the small army of workers employed by Menier, the modern pioneer, is pushing steadily onward, building roads, making clearings and laying the foundation of agricultural prosperity.

Within five years more than two millions of dollars have been expended by Henri Menier for the benefit of this island of the new world. In the same period he has worked many hours each day upon the problem of its future. He has brought science and intelligence and physical labor to bear upon the question of its development, and where he has sown dollars he intends to sow hundreds, and where he has devoted the brains and the strength of a battalion he intends to devote the strength and the brains of a corps.—H. H. Lewis in *Ainslee's*.

WALES AND OUR LIBERTY BELL.

Was Rescued From a Dirt Heap at His Suggestion.

The Prince of Wales, during his visit to Philadelphia in 1860, rescued the Liberty Bell from a dirt heap and raised it to that position which it now occupies in the American people's hearts.

Some ironical citizen conceived the idea of taking the Prince to Independence Hall to view the treasures which are the most forcible reminder of America's "debt" to her mother country.

The Prince saw the portraits of the men who stirred up the rebellion, and he did not gaze listlessly at them, but made complimentary comments upon them. He looked with interest on the manuscript of the Declaration of Independence, and he did not flinch when he had placed in his hands the swords of men who heaved down the flower of his royal progenitor's army.

Finally he came to a garret. This was where the bell was rung when the Declaration was read, he was told. Then he wanted to know what had become of the bell. They found it for him with the aid of their canes. It was hidden away beneath a mass of peanut shells, orange peels, waste paper and other debris.

No one seemed to mind what had been discovered except the Prince of Wales. He was apparently appalled. For the moment he forgot he was a Briton; he gazed upon the poor cracked bell that had rung at a nation's birth, and then he spoke the words that made the American people see that they were neglected.

"This old bell," he said, "is the greatest relic this republic has to-day. Instead of being here, covered with this accumulated dirt, it should occupy the chief place in this Hall of Independence. It is to you what the Magna Charta is to England. It is cracked, but it is an inspiration. Believe me, my friends, it affects me more than anything I have been shown."

That was the renaissance of the Liberty Bell. No more dirt was thrown upon it. During the Civil War its name was used to stir the Union soldier, and then when the Chicago World's Fair began it was taken there so that men and women from all parts of the world might see it. To-day the Liberty Bell is America's greatest relic, and the Prince of Wales made it so.—Philadelphia Press.

The London Athenaeum recently quoted a passage "from the Indianapolis News, Chicago."

Russell Sage's Maxims.

Opt of every dollar earned save 22 cents. Save 75 cents if you can, but never less than 25.

Get up at a regular hour every morning and work until the things that are before you are finished. Don't drop what you have in hand because it is 10 o'clock.

Be honest; always have the courage to tell the truth.

Don't depend on others. Even if you have a rich father, strike out for yourself.

Cultivate independence at the very outset. Learn the value of money. Realize that it stands, when honestly made, as the monument to your value as a citizen.

Be jealous of your civic rights. Take a wholesome interest in public affairs but do not let politics or anything else interfere with the rigid administration of your private duties. The state is made up of individuals.

Be clean and decent. Don't do anything that you would be ashamed to discuss with your mother.

Don't gamble.

Be circumspect in your amusements.—Saturday Evening Post.

Humor of Tommy Atkins.

What I like as much as anything else about Tommy Atkins is his quaint humor. I had a letter last week from a man who had a grievance about a khaki jacket issued to him. He calls it "kirkie," but I guess that khaki is what he means. The "kirkie," he says is too dear, so bad in quality that it easily rips up, and "so thin that you could blow peas through it." Another man is aggrieved about some blankets that have been issued, and he represents them as "so much worn that you can read a newspaper through them." Covered by day in khaki which you can shoot peas through and by night with a blanket through which you can read a newspaper, poor Tommy's lot can hardly be an enviable one in winter time—even in India.—London Truth.

A Pest in the Flour Mills.

The Mediterranean moth is giving a good deal of trouble in the flour mills of Wisconsin and Minnesota. It thrives in flouring mills, evidently feeding on flour dust, and multiplies at an enormous rate. Thus far no effective way has been found to get rid of it. The immature worms play havoc with the machinery, in the dust collectors, and various chutes of the mill, and blocking operations. In one of the mills of Superior the moths got into some of the wooden chutes, and finally it was necessary to take out the chutes and burn them. The moths are transferred from mill to mill, it is believed, through interchange of sacks and bags. Duluth millers are greatly exercised for fear that the moth may in some way get entrance into their plants. Indeed, all the millers in the Northwestern States will guard vigilantly against such a calamity.

Photography in the Stomach.

Doctors have succeeded in taking photographs of the mucous membrane of the stomach in the living subject. A stomach tube, sixty-six centimeters long, with a diameter of eleven millimeters, is introduced, having at the lower end an electric lamp and at the upper end a camera. The stomach is first emptied and washed, and then distended with air. Then fifty pictures can be taken in rapid succession in from ten to fifteen minutes. By turning the apparatus on its own axis all parts of the mucous membrane can be pictured. The photographs are about the size of a cherry stone, but, of course, they can be enlarged to any extent.—Practical Druggist.

To Preach in Dutch or in English.

The members of the Central Reformed Church of Sioux Centre, Iowa, have been engaged in a bitter legal and social controversy as to whether their pastor should preach his sermons in Dutch or in English. One faction in the church applied recently for an injunction to restrain him from preaching in Dutch. The application was denied, the Judge being of opinion that he lacked jurisdiction. The same faction then tried to gain the desired result by bringing a suit based on the theory that the pastor was required by his contract to preach all his sermons in English. The result of this latter action is not known.

One in Sight.

"Could you tell me the meaning of the word 'cataclysm'?" he asked of the street car passenger who was folding up his newspaper.

"Are you going to ride two or three blocks further?" was queried in reply.

"Yes, sir."

"Then you'll see one. The conductor has carried that sharp-nosed woman two streets past where she wanted to get off already, and she'll wake up soon and start a cataclysm that'll probably jump the car right off the track!"—Washington Post.

May Be the Tallest Human Being.

The tallest living man is said to be Lewis Wilkins, who is now arousing great interest in the scientific circles of Europe. Wilkins was born on a farm near St. Paul, Minn., in 1874. When he was but ten years old he measured six feet in height, and now has grown to the tremendous height of 107 1/4 inches—just three-quarters of an inch less than nine feet—and weighs 364 pounds.

A Chicagoan suggests that it is a rather interesting coincidence that Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hanna should have anything in common, but each of them has a daughter named Ruth.

THE KING AND HIS KIN.

EDWARD VIII.'S BRITISH ANCESTRY OLDER THAN ENGLAND.

Dates Back to the Time When the Saxon Part of the Island Was Still Known as Saxony—Thirty-fifth Generation From Egbert.

The new sovereign of the United Kingdom has selected to be known as Edward, a name borne, as he says by six of his ancestors, and he was accordingly proclaimed as King Edward VII. In speaking of the six Edwards as his "ancestors" he, of course, used that word in its original sense of predecessors, and not as synonymous with forefathers, for, as a matter of fact, he is descended from only four of the numbered Edwards, the fifth and sixth Kings of that name having left no issue. Of the two Edwards before the Conquest, who are not numbered, he is descended from one. It was said of Victoria that she was the first really English sovereign they had for many years. We shall, indeed, find few sovereigns more truly identified with their countries by long descent than she was and her son is. The King's English ancestry is actually older than the name of England itself, dating back to the time when the Saxon part of the island was still known as Saxony, a fact which gives a peculiar fitness to his choice of the fine old Saxon name of Edward.

We may perhaps best begin the King's genealogy with the early Saxon family of Cordic, a member of which, Ealhmund, bore rule in Kent in the eighth century. His son, Egbert, in the last year of that century became King of the West Saxons, and in the year 828 became the first "King of England." Egbert's son was Ethelwolf, and his son in turn was that great Alfred the megalomaniac anniversary of whose death is to be commemorated next October. From Alfred the line of descent runs through Edward the Elder, Edmund I, Edgar, Ethelred the Unready and Edmund Ironside. Then it passes away from the reigning line into the collateral line of Edward Atheling, who did not reign, St. Margaret, the patron saint of Scotland, and wife of King Malcolm III of Scotland, whose father, Duncan, was murdered by Macbeth, and who himself avenged that crime in the overthrow of the usurper at Dunsmuir; Matilda, wife of Henry I of England, and Geoffrey Plantagenet. It becomes the reigning line again in Henry II, and thence proceeds through King John, Henry III, and the three Edwards, I, II and III. Then it becomes a dual line. One branch runs through John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancaster;" John, Marquis of Dorset; John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset; and Margaret, Countess of Richmond, to Henry VII. The other runs through Prince Edmund, son of Edward III; Richard, Duke of York, and King Edward IV to Elizabeth, wife of Henry VII. Thus in the first Tudor reign the two are united into a single line. Thence it proceeds through Margaret, wife of James IV of Scotland; James V of Scotland, Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots; James I of England, Elizabeth, wife of King Frederick of Bohemia; Sophia, wife of Ernest Augustus, Elector of Hanover; George I and George II of England, Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales; George III of England, Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent, and Victoria, Queen and Empress.

Edward VII is thus in the thirty-fifth generation from Egbert, the first King of England, though he is the fifty-eighth sovereign in the line. It will be observed that many famous sovereigns are not among his progenitors, among these being Edward the Confessor, all the Normans, Richard the Lion Heart, Henry VIII, the two Charleses, and William and Mary. The line includes members of the Houses of Plantagenet, York, Tudor, Stuart and Hanover, and non-reigning Lancastrians. In the Wars of the Roses it was divided between the two sides. It has been said that the name of Edward will not be pleasing to Scotland. But it is exceedingly doubtful that the Scots of to-day cherish any animosity on account of what occurred six centuries ago, especially toward a King who is descended from their patron saint, Queen Margaret; from Mary Queen of Scots, and from other purely Scottish sovereigns. The King's genealogy includes descent from the then reigning houses of Scotland, France, Bohemia, Aquitaine, Angoulême, Provence, Hainault, Castile, Denmark, Hanover, Brandenburg, Anspach, Saxo-Coburg-Gotha and Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The non-royal English families of Neville and Woodville are also included. To such descent the King adds matrimonial alliances of the most important and distinguished character, through which he is son-in-law of the King of Denmark, brother-in-law of the King of Greece and uncle of the Emperor of Russia. If to this we add that he is an uncle of the German Emperor it is apparent that in his kin, past and present, Edward VII enjoys a status second-to that of no other sovereign in the world.—New York Tribune.

The Tuberculous Londoner.

Every day the Londoner becomes more like those animals which hide in holes in the day and only come out at night, or those submarine creatures which come up to breathe at intervals. The business man runs after breakfast to a "tube" which takes him to his subterranean office in the city; he lunches in a restaurant below the surface, travels by the Underground to Charing Cross and back, and "tubes"

home again. The tuberculous Cockney of a lifetime's standing will soon know as little of Piccadilly and the Strand as he does to-day of the Tower or Westminster Abbey.—St. James' Gazette.

ERASTUS HALL'S VOW.

Since His Sweetheart's Death, 35 Years Ago, He Has Not Been Out of the House.

Erastus Hall is 65 years of age and lives in an old-fashioned dwelling fifteen miles west of Danville, on the Danville and Springfield turnpike, in Washington County, and, as remarkable as the statement may seem, he has not crossed the threshold of his own residence for thirty-five years, notwithstanding he has always enjoyed the best of health. He was born of wealthy parentage and received a substantial academic education. His father was the owner of a great many slaves before the war, the most notable of whom was "Uncle Henry," who still lives at the old homestead with the secluded son of his former master. Erastus Hall was a sober, industrious young man, and taught two or three terms in the public schools of Washington County.

During his career as school teacher, among other of his students was a rosy-faced maiden of 16, the daughter of a wealthy farmer. Her beauty, innocence and pleasant manners attracted his attention, and he became desperately infatuated with her charms. But many changes occurred before this fact was made known to her.

During the closing days of the Civil War his father and mother both died and considerable property was left as his share of the estate. Among other property inherited by him was the old homestead of his mother, where he has lived in almost total seclusion from the busy world the greater part of his life. The building is a characteristic two-story log dwelling of ante-bellum days. At either end of the structure is a huge stone chimney, and a porch extends the entire length of the frontage. Towering evergreens of seventy-five years' growth adorn the broad avenue that leads to the old-time home.

After the death of his parents, his brothers and sisters having married and moved to distant States, he and "Uncle Henry" were left in charge of the fine blue-grass farm—share of the property that fell to his lot.

Though several years had elapsed his intense love for Josephine Johnson, the schoolgirl, had not ceased. He could no longer keep his love from her knowledge. She reciprocated. Her parents consented to their marriage, and the date for the event had been set, when suddenly she fell ill of fever and soon afterward died, leaving her lover heart-broken. The day following her death he declared to his friends that he would live the remainder of his days in seclusion, and for thirty-five years he has not broken his word. No one is permitted in his room except "Uncle Henry," and even he is not admitted except at meal hours. The business of the large farm is conducted through the old colored man, who is now in the neighborhood of 74 years old.

Playmates of long ago live within a mile of the hermit, but have not cast eyes upon him for nearly half a century.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Where Artificial Limbs Are Made.

An artificial limb factory is rather a grewsome place. Appliances for every variety of crippled leg or arm are there; legs for hip, knee and ankle amputations, for deformities, arms, hands, fingers, toes. In one room webbing and leather are being made into supports and straps to fasten around the shoulder or waist, or, as is often done in a woman's case, to the corset. Socks to be worn on the artificial feet are also made in this room. Next door is the wood shop, where willow and basswood, carefully seasoned, are carved into the contours of natural limbs, every leg and arm being different in form, size and character from all others, because each is moulded after a special model, to suit the person who is to wear it. Further on, these wooden moulds are covered with tightly stretched rawhide, which gives lateral strength, and this rawhide receives an enamel coating. In another room rubber is being vulcanized and moulded into feet and hands which are covered with calfskin. The sponge rubber used is lighter than wood, and absolutely odorless. It is covered with waterproof enamel and no change of temperature less than 280 degrees can affect it. In the last stage of the process the leg or arm is set up, the parts put together and the springs and straps adjusted.—New York Sun.

A Humane Conductor.

A workman whose ragged clothes hung about his frame in a manner that suggested continuous hunger got on the rear platform of a Third avenue car early the other morning. He shuffled nervously when the conductor came back for his fare.

"Will you give me a lift, conductor," he begged, in a tone that was full of supplication. "I haven't got a cent and I'm looking for work. I've heard of a job up in Harlem."

The conductor looked him over carefully. He noticed that the man's clothes were clean, even though ragged, and that his hands were still hardened from his last job.

"I don't believe you're a bum," he said, as he rung up the fare, "and I hope you get the job."

"Heaven bless you, friend!" said the man, and he went in and sat down, for his knees were weak from want of food.—New York Tribune.

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

News Happenings of Interest Gathered From All Sources.

SLEIGHING MISHAP COSTS LIFE.

Party of Women Met With an Accident Near Clarion and Mrs. J. B. Phillips Was Killed—Officer Shot by a Tramp—Farmers Institute at Pineville—Historic Land Mark Sold—State Printing Contract.

A successful farmers' institute was held in Pineville Hall. The following subjects were discussed: "Care of Farm Implements and Machinery," C. M. Brodhead; "Education and the Farmer," R. S. Seeds; "Reclaiming Worn-out Soils," Prof. G. C. Butz. The programme at the afternoon session included a discussion of these topics: "The Horse," C. M. Brodhead; "Insect Life," Prof. Butz; "Value of Fertility," R. S. Seeds. This evening Mr. Seeds gave a humorous lecture entitled "Mistakes of Life Exposed."

Policeman Owen Hughes was shot while trying to arrest two tramps at Wilkes-Barre. He had them both in custody and was ringing in an alarm for the patrol, when one of them drew a revolver and pressed it against Hughes' side. The officer turned just in time and the bullet went through his arm. Both tramps escaped and the entire police force is now looking for them. Hughes' arm was helpless and he could not get his revolver out to fire at the fleeing men.

For six years James Gannon has been an inmate of the county jail at Scranton, because he refuses to obey an order of the Court directing him to sign a deed conveying a certain piece of property. He was sent up for contempt and under the existing laws the judges cannot release him until he signs the deed. This, he says, he will never do, and unless there is some legislation he bids fair to die in jail.

A bag containing a number of old coins believed to have been hidden by Nelson E. Wade, the murderer of Mr. and Mrs. John McBride, has been found along the river bank near Newberry. The McBride murder occurred near Linden in 1873 and Wade, who committed the crime, previous to his execution, told of having concealed a bag of money stolen from his victims in the vicinity where the coins were found.

The German Alsen Portland Cement Company, of Hamburg, Germany, has closed another deal with J. J. Heintzelman and John J. Masu, of Nazareth, for the Charles Mann farm, near Stockertown. Friedensthal mill, which over 100 years ago was a Moravian station for refugees, is included in the sale. The company will erect a large cement plant on the property.

The contract for doing the printing and binding for the State for the next four years has been let. The lowest bidder was Milton H. Plank, of Harrisburg, his figures being 89.2 per cent. off the prices fixed by law. The next lowest bidder was W. Stanley Ray, the present State printer, his bid being 88.1 off, and to him the contract was awarded.

John B. Breneman, a driver of a livery wagon, lies at St. Joseph's Hospital, Lancaster, at the point of death, as the result of a peculiar accident. The man was driving his heavy wagon down a steep grade when the horses struck some ice and slid. The wagon turned completely over and Breneman was thrown out. The full weight of the wagon fell on his body.

The epidemic of rabies which broke out among the cattle and sheep of West Finley Township several weeks ago has not been checked. Three weeks ago a dog bit William Miller and then attacked several cows. In addition to Miller, William McDaniel and Lynn Sprows were bitten and both are in a serious condition.

While Fred Koontz, aged 10 years, and Grant Luther, aged 8 years, were coasting at Johnstown, they slid ran in front of a rapidly moving trolley car. Young Luther succeeded in throwing himself off the sled, but Koontz was caught under the car, dragged fifty yards and horribly mangled. Death was instantaneous.

Mrs. J. B. Phillips lost her life by a sleighing accident at Clarion. She and seven other women comprised a party that started for Callensburg in a large sleigh. The sleigh was upset and Mrs. Phillips was injured internally. She bled to death before she reached home. Just one year and one day previous to her death Mrs. Phillips suffered a broken arm in a sleighing accident.

Swift justice was meted out to a wife-beater at Greensburg. Albert Bishop blackened his wife's eyes and she made information against him. The grand jury found a true bill, he was tried an hour later and in half an hour afterwards was fined and sentenced to a long term in jail.

George Herko was instantly killed by falling from the roof of the new St. Mary's Academy, Scranton, a distance of seventy feet. Herko was a slater and while working on the roof it is supposed he slipped and fell. No one saw the accident.

Samuel Vandergrift, aged 20 years, was arrested at his home in Chester and held in \$500 bail in connection with the robbery of Charles G. Weber. Vandergrift accused a man named Maxwell and admitted receiving from Maxwell \$6 of the \$53 taken from Weber.

George and Milton Vanocker, two youngsters, are the first victims of a coasting accident in Pittston the present Winter. While enjoying the sport on Union Street hill they lost control of their sled and it dashed into an approaching car. Milton went under the car and was caught by the truck. An arm and one leg were broken.

The Commissioners elected last Spring in Marcy, Plains, Newport, Wilkes-Barre and Hanover townships, five of the first class townships in that county, have filed objections to the nomination papers of all the candidates nominated in those districts.

Colonel Anderson, on behalf of Mr. R. G. Southall, of Amelia, has presented to the General Assembly a portrait of Chief Justice Marshall as the gift of the Rev. W. T. Roberts, of Williamsburg.