

## A STUDY OF SUCCESS.

The world seems inclined to be sometimes unkind.

To the man who has "git-up-and-git." He is jostled and jereed while he's trying to find

A place where his talents will fit. They make comic pictures and vow with a grin

That his likeness is truly expressed: And the way that the gossips will talk is a sin,

Of the man who is doing his best.

They'll all bow down and scrape when he gets to the top.

But when he is toiling to rise The people with plenty of leisure will stop

To hinder whatever he tries. But it's all in the game, and 'twill teach him to serve

Where courage and skill meet their test, So let the crowd shout; for it braces the nerve

Of the man who is doing his best.

—Washington Star.

## The Face in the Sand.

Miss Hartwell strolled along the beach at Atlantic City, that early summer morning, drinking in the air and watching the slow, green waves break with the conviction that she was deriving new strength for her Settlement work. If only some of those poor East Side youngsters could have a little of this sea air too! But they would reap the benefit of all she got, and there was comfort.

At which stage of her reflections she paused to look with smiling curiosity at something in the sand. It was the profile of a young girl, fashioned very cleverly out of the damp material. As she continued gazing it grew on her that the features were quite like her own.

It was a mere coincidence, of course. She didn't know anybody in the place, finding all the company she needed in Miss Cunningham. After their breakfast, she would get her friend to walk that way, and see how the sand image affected her.

The waves of the incoming tide were almost lapping it, but her companion caught sight of it, also relieved, modeled from the unstable material. She stooped to look at it more closely.

"Why, Margaret!" she exclaimed after a moment, raising her eyes to the other's face. "It looks like you! Turn your head. There! Now take off your hat. Yes! It is a fair likeness of you. Who in the world could have done it?"

"It is enough of a likeness to merit this," returned the other, stamping the delicate profile into oblivion. "It is a piece of impertinence!"

In the sun parlor of the Casino that afternoon she noticed a man regarding her. There was a contented, well-fed air about him which she did not like, although he was a good-looking man in his heavy way. Earnest, practical interest in the thin pore made her a little intolerant of sated idleness. At dinner that evening she caught his eye upon her again as he passed her table. She averted her face. Miss Hartwell was a very pretty girl, but a fastidious one, with no taste for a seaside flirtation.

"This is Burlington, the sculptor," she heard a woman remark to her neighbor. "That face in the sand! Her face! This was the man!"

Miss Hartwell got a note from her brother Tom that day, saying that he could not come before the end of the week. "You girls want a man to fetch and carry for you. You mention half a dozen women you have met, and then complain that the place is restful, but a little dull. Here's your chance. I hear that Hammond, a Boston man, classmate of mine at Yale, is at Atlantic City. He is a good fellow—rich, family, brains—but is shy of the girls. I shall make him miserable by sending him a note of introduction to you and Miss Cunningham."

A day or two later the young fellow presented the note. He was a charming young man. From an acquaintance he rapidly developed into an acquisition. He was quiet and dignified, not shy. Miss Hartwell got to like him very well. "Tom is a good athlete, but not strong on analysis of character," she laughingly said to Miss Cunningham.

Miss Hartwell had not encountered her face on the sand again, and was reaping nothing but health and pleasure from her vacation, especially since young Hammond had become such an interesting part of it. Then, one morning, she came upon it again. As before, it was early morning. She stamped it out even more emphatically.

Her brother arrived that day, and she immediately confided to him how much annoyance the sculptor was occasioning her. Tom lost no time in getting after the man, who denied all knowledge of the matter.

"I am here for rest and amusement, and the last thing I am likely to do is to make faces in the sand! I work in more durable material."

"But the likeness was unmistakable, and you are the only sculptor here," urged Tom doggedly.

"That may be. I had nothing to do with it. My word should offset a mere suspicion. I do not know your sister, but if she is the young woman I think, you can assure her that I will not model her face in the sand," the man concluded sarcastically.

Miss Hartwell was incredulous when she heard her brother's report. "I don't like the man's face," she said.

"That doesn't prove he did yours in the sand, Maggie," returned her brother reproachfully. "I gather from his remarks that he doesn't like your face."

Miss Hartwell tossed her head. "Tom was so easy going. She might catch this man at work. Then, she knew she could count on Tom. She strolled along the broad walk, occasionally approaching the rail and looking down on the beach, for the next two or three mornings, early. But she saw no one. Perhaps he had been frightened off. If she could only catch him!

The next morning she did! There, crouched on the sand, working in it, so absorbed that he never glanced around, was a man! He and she were almost the sole persons abroad at that hour.

She recognized the clandestine model-

ler beyond the shadow of a doubt. But instead of getting her brother and have him fall upon the delinquent red-handed, she hurried back to the hotel, and watched from behind the curtains of her room until she saw the sand-artist come down. Then she sallied forth again, went down to the beach, and regarded her features with more interest than ever. He had actually put a sweet smile on the lips! Suddenly, she turned and studied the sea. The tide was coming in!

She stood motionless, thinking very hard. Yes! Every time she had seen the face on the sand it had been early morning, when nobody was about and the tide was coming in!

She turned, a smile on her face, regarded the sand image wistfully; then, suddenly stooped and stuck a pink carnation from a cluster at her corsage in at the neck of the damp portrait. Next she hastily retreated to the hotel, to find her brother and Miss Cunningham well on with their breakfast.

"I declare, Margaret," observed Miss Cunningham, as her friend attacked her morning repast with keen enjoyment, "this place is doing you no end of good. Your color is excellent, and your appetite leaves nothing to be desired."

I hope it leaves a few things that are desired, Elsa, you would pay dearly for my improvement; if it could be called that! But this morning walk does improve the appetite," she added, innocently.

"If it weren't for that horrid man and his faces in the sand," observed her companion.

"Tom said he denied it in a way that left no room to doubt his innocence. Besides, I have discovered that it was always done early, when no one was about, and when the tide was coming in, so that it would be washed out before any one saw it."

"What on earth did he do it for, then?" cried Miss Cunningham. "Only a man in love would do such a thing as that."

"Perhaps as five-finger exercises, just to keep his sculptor hand in training," she replied, laughingly.

Miss Cunningham looked so surprised at her mitigated tone and her face felt so red that she escaped to the open air as soon as possible. She had not gone far before she saw Mr. Hammond sitting on a bench, gazing pensively at the sea. In his fingers he clasped a pink carnation, as if it were a precious relic. She paused near him. His preoccupation was so great that for a moment he did not perceive her. Then he bounded to his feet, his face disconcerted, his hands for color, and stammered: "Oh, Miss Hartwell! I was thinking of you. I wanted to see you. I hope you are not too angry. You will let me explain."

"It must not happen again, not even when the tide is coming in, and no matter how early," she smiled faintly.

"And may I keep this little flower?" she nodded.

"Will you sit down just for a minute, and let me explain?" he asked, his ingenuous eyes fastened on hers imploringly.

She seated herself by his side. Judging from a very pretty wedding in St. George's three months later, Mr. Hammond must have "explained" beautifully.

—New York Evening Sun.

## WOUND MADE HIM A BURGLAR.

**Curious Case of Frank Rickenburg, a Soldier.**

A dispatch to the New York Journal from Fort Leavenworth, Kan., says: The strange case of Frank Rickenburg, a wounded soldier, formerly with the 20th Regular Infantry, is attracting considerable attention in military circles in Fort Leavenworth. It is also the topic of conversation in medical circles.

Rickenburg was a soldier in the 7th Cavalry and was in the battle of Wounded Knee, the last big fight with hostile Indians in the northwest. This battle was fought December 30, 1890, and in a hand-to-hand struggle with several Indians Rickenburg's arm was fractured and it was thought he would surely die. He was picked up after the battle along with others and taken to a hospital, and when he recovered was discharged from the army, with the recommendation that he be given a pension.

Rickenburg had a wound that affected his brain and especially impaired his memory. After his discharge he wandered around the country, and finally enlisted in the 20th Regular Infantry at the breaking out of the Spanish-American war. He was in the Santiago campaign and came back to Fort Leavenworth with the 20th and remained here for several months.

Rickenburg's friends did not hear from him again until a few days ago, when it was learned that he was in a hospital at Oakland, Cal.; that he had undergone the operation of trepanning and appeared to be a different man, having recovered his memory.

After his discharge from the 20th Infantry at Oakland, Cal., Rickenburg remained around Oakland several months and was arrested on the charge of burglary. While in jail awaiting trial he was questioned by the county physician who discovered that Rickenburg's mind was not right. On making an examination it was found that the skull had been fractured and that a bone was pressing on the brain. A successful operation was performed, and on Rickenburg's recovering his memory went back to the period of the fight and struggle with the Indians at the battle of Wounded Knee. He had a vague recollection of being a soldier since the fighting in Cuba, but was not clear on any point.

When Rickenburg's burglary case was called in court he was in the hospital and could not appear. The county physician appeared for him and told of the operation and of Rickenburg's having served in two campaigns and of the mental affliction because of a wound, and stated that the man ought not to be held responsible for anything he might have done before the operation. He was accused of breaking into a store and stealing cables. The judge and county attorney took the same view as the physician, and the case was dismissed. When Rickenburg finally recovers he is expected to return to Fort Leavenworth, and an effort will be made to get him a pension.

## Wires as Weather Prophets.

According to Dr. Eydam, a German physician, there are no more reliable weather prophets than telegraph wires. This novel discovery was made by him in the following manner: As he was waiting for a train at a country station he heard a shrill sound, which was made by the wind as it passed through the network of nearby wires. At once the doctor remembered that he had frequently heard a similar sound either immediately before or after a storm or a heavy fall of rain or snow, and it naturally occurred to him to try and ascertain whether there was any connection between the sound and such changes in the weather.

As a heavy shower of rain fell within forty-eight hours after he had heard the sound at the railroad station, he concluded that there was such a connection, and he then determined to investigate the matter thoroughly. As a result, he now maintains, first, that any unusual disturbance in the telegraph wires is an infallible indicator of bad weather, and, second, that the nature of the changes in the atmosphere may be learned from the sound which the wind makes when passing through the wires.

Thus a deep sound, he says, which is of considerable or medium strength, indicates that there will be slight showers of rain with moderate winds within from thirty to forty-eight hours. On the other hand, a sharp, shrill sound, the token of a heavy storm, which will be accompanied by much rain or snow.—Chicago Tribune.

## Unusual Success For An Airship.

Unusual success has attended the trial trip of a new aerial machine, the result of the Crystal Palace in London. The balloon, which is cigar shaped, soared up in a spiral course like a pigeon preparatory to its straight flight. It was navigated in the large central hall by a series of short tacks, going off at a sharp tangent on an oblique or spiral course whenever required. In short, it was a most obedient model.

The completed machine will be 100 feet long by 30 in diameter, inflated with hydrogen, and having a lifting power of 7,000 pounds. It will take a crew of five men—a captain and four motemen. In still weather a speed of thirty-five miles an hour is guaranteed for the invention, which is that of M. Gaudron, a Frenchman.

Its screws, four in number, are suspended from a bar which is hung on the ceiling of the hall, with the old method of movable weight to keep the body straight or cause it to rise or fall. Four pneumatic motors of ten horse power each will be used. The screws make 1,000 revolutions a minute. They are six feet long and two feet wide.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Uncovering the Head.

Men did not always observe the proprieties by uncovering the head. The custom of lifting the hat as seen now originated during the age of chivalry, when it was customary for knights never to appear in public except in full armor. Upon entering an assembly, however, a knight would remove his helmet, to signify that he felt safe in the presence of his friends. From this custom came the practice of lifting the hat on meeting a friend.

Only four original members of the German Reichstag, which was established thirty years ago, have seats in the present one.



## A SAVING OF LABOR.

It would be a great saving of labor and annoyance if bushel boxes could be used in handling grain or potatoes on farms, instead of the ordinary peck or bushel measure, which may not always be convenient when desired for use. Everything used for holding farm products should be a measure, if possible, from pints to bushels.

## TURNING SHEEP TO GRASS.

Perhaps sheep suffer quite as much when first put to grass, unless fed grain, as at any season. It is well to take the trough to the fields, for a small ration of grain will give them a better start on grass. Many put the sheep to grass too early. In this case, a weakness in the wool is observable. If a small piece is taken between thumb and finger of each hand and pulled, it will often break at the beginning of the growth made at time of first feeding on very young grass.

## CULTIVATION FOR THE PEACH ORCHARD.

The New Jersey station claims that the ideal culture for the peach tree is a shallow ploughing or cultivation early in May, followed by frequent harrowing until the end of July; after this date the growth should not be encouraged, in order that the wood already made may be properly ripened. The use of crimson clover, sown at the last cultivation, as a soil covering for the winter, also to be turned under in early spring as green manure, has been practiced quite largely, and with good success, though the question has been raised whether its continued use is advisable. It is the opinion of those who practice this method that no danger is liable to arise, provided the trees are in bearing, and an abundance of phosphoric acid and potash are added.

## TREATMENT OF LAME POULTRY.

When fowls lose the use of their legs and appear as though they were unjointed, we always look for one of three causes, and sometimes find all of them. First, improper feeding. They have too much fattening food and not enough of the muscle building. Too much whole wheat and corn, not enough of wheat bran, green stuff and lean meat and bone, pressed and dried beef scraps or dehydrated fish. They do not take exercise enough, and their house or yards are too damp. We have seen cases where the last cause seemed to be responsible for the whole trouble, causing apparent rheumatism or cramps, which passed away soon if the fowl were let out in the warm sunshine, in a dry place, where others would not molest them. Ascertain the cause first, if possible, from the above statement, and remedy that. Give clean, dry straw in a dry place at night, with a supply of vegetable food, and meat in some form. Rubbing the legs with some good liniment every day may hasten the cure, and so might a daily pill of quinine and iron, or even so simple a form of iron as a handful of rusty nails in the water dish.

## THE WHEAT TO PLANT.

"What kind of seed shall I sow?" is a question the importance of which is underrated by many farmers. Seed wheat should be pure, that is, of one variety. It should be well matured, full grown, and free from smut or other parasitic or fungoid growths. It should also be free from weed seeds, especially chaff, which, being exceedingly hardy and prolific, will take the field if it has half a chance, and is exceedingly difficult to eradicate when once it has infested a neighborhood. Poor, shriveled wheat, if sufficiently matured to sprout, will, under favorable conditions, produce a good crop, but will surely cause the variety to "run out" in a very few years if continued sowing of inferior stuff is indulged in.

A farmer should have a seed patch on which to grow wheat for seed. This should be given the best of care, should be ploughed deep and early, kept free from weeds, use the best varieties and the purest seed, and from the products of this sow the larger fields. Plant different varieties and sow the general fields only with such as have proved themselves suited to the locality. Buy new seed from time to time and in that manner grow the very best quality and largest quantity. Changing seed from one locality to another is desirable; even from one neighborhood to another; still better from distant parts; usually from north or southern to southern is better than from southern to more northern.—C. B. Hoffman in Farm and Home.

## POULTRY POINTERS.

Progressive poultrymen have progressive poultry.

Chickens that have to wade in mud will be of little value as layers.

It is the kind-hearted poultryman that is sometimes guilty of feeding too much.

A fat hen may lay, but if she were not quite so fat she would be a much better layer.

If you never tried raising goslings, get a few eggs and set them under the hens this spring. They should not be hatched out too soon. They are quite tender when first hatched, but soon become just as hardy as they were tender.

You should be getting a few eggs from your ducks. If they have no pond to get their food from, you should supply them with green bone and meat, as well as cut clover.

Do not be discouraged because your first incubator hatch had so small a turnout. It takes some time to get everything learned about hatching, but it will pay you in the end.

If you and your family would consume more poultry and eggs, and less pork, your better health would more than make up the difference in cost. If you have not enough to spare them enlarge your poultry yards, houses and flocks.

Why not examine the cellar to see if you do not have a few small potatoes or other vegetables that will soon go to waste. They will make excellent food for your hens and should be used before the grass comes, when they will care but little for it.

Begin with renewed energy your battle against those lice that are eating at your profits up. Oil the roosts and

dust the hens thoroughly with insect powder.

## TRANSPLANTING NURSERY STOCK.

One of the best of the nursery firms says: "Our agents report that very few of the people pay any attention to transplanting directions." Yet this firm sends out a sheet of excellent suggestions to every purchaser. I find that the prime fault with my neighbors is, that they insist on planting trees just as they are obtained from the nursery. The least consideration would show that trees so planted are likely to die. The trees are not headed in, nor trimmed of their superfluous shoots, and as soon as set they undertake to start ten times as many buds as the roots can feed. Every shoot should be removed, and all but a few buds which are needed to make new limbs. Cut back all weak wood, and down very close to the last bud of the last year's growth. Leave the last bud on each shoot pointing outward, in the direction that you wish the new growth to take. By doing this you have given the broken roots all that they can do, and no more; and at the same time you have shaped your tree, so that there will be no waste growth in the future.

As a rule, the tree that you receive from the nursery will be from 4 to 6 feet high; and if allowed to form its head at that height will be too low for plantation, in such a way as gradually to raise the head of the tree. At the same time it will not do to cut off all the lower limbs, and run the tree up, to send out its twigs from terminal buds. The trimming that is done now must point the way to trimming that will follow for three or four years to come. The roots also should be carefully examined and mutilated parts cut off. The new fibrous roots will always start around the ends of the old roots. If these are left haggled and broken, much of the new root growth will be wasted, and mutilated parts that will ultimately decay. Smooth the ends of the roots and make them perfectly sound.—E. P. Powell, in New England Homestead.

## YEAR-ROUND PROFIT IN EGGS.

This is the problem which every poultry raiser must solve. A profit during this or that month will not do. We must make the profit in April when eggs are cheap, as well as in December when eggs are high priced. It is possible to do this under the right sort of management, and with some little show of economy and preparation. I especially emphasize the two latter—I mean economy in handling the food for the chickens, and preparation in foreseeing any contingency that may save the expense of buying food when high prices rule. Most people fail to raise all the food they need in advance. Then they have to sell off their chickens just when they most need them, or pay out their profits for more food.

It is necessary to keep an accurate account of the cost of food and the returns for eggs and poultry in order to find out how to make a profit for each month in the year. It is the lack of such a system which prevents most people from discovering the leaks in their business. Every grain of corn, every pound of shells or that costs, unless one can obtain either at no expense other than the time and the labor of the owner. In April and May, when eggs are cheap, and all the hens are laying, it is important that cost of feeding should be lowered from the winter record in order to show a profit. How can this be done? Manifestly by gathering food in the fields, or other places, which will not cost anything except labor. The range for the poultry should be increased. If possible they should have a range in the woods, fields or elsewhere for a few hours each day. They will then make up for the smaller amount of feed in the yard by picking up worms, seeds, insects and grass. Fresh grass cut and fed to the poultry in the yards in the spring is not only appreciated by the birds, but it will help them greatly in their health. Plenty of good outdoor activity in the spring is the best tonic for laying hens. They will take this too if given the opportunity. There is often much poultry food that can be obtained free from mills, factories and other places in the spring, and one must be on the lookout for this. Nearly every swamp is reeking with moss, seeds, berries, insects and worms which the poultry would greedily eat if they could get it, nearly as good. Let the birds, if possible, range through them.—Annie C. Webster in American Cultivator.

## Dogs and the Nations.

Newly completed returns show that France holds the European record with 2,864,000 registered dogs, which is equal to twenty-five per thousand inhabitants. Ireland comes next with seventy-three per thousand, then England with thirty-eight, Germany with thirty-one and Sweden with eleven.

France has gained but two million in its human population in more than half a century. Ireland struggles and dwindles under discontent, denationalization, oppression and emigration. Yet these two countries so lead the rest in the possession of Tray, Fido, Bruno and their kind that practically there is no second. Germany had two million less population than France in 1845. Now she has 56,000,000 people to France's 38,000,000, but her proportion of dogs to persons is much less than half that in the republic across the Rhine.

## Duplicity Exposed.

A cook who had burned up a piece of velvet weighing four pounds threw it away and afterwards explained to her mistress that the cat had eaten the meat.

"Very well," said the lady, "we will see that directly."

So saying, she took the cat, put it on the scales, and found that it weighed exactly four pounds.

"There, Fredericks," she said, "are the four pounds of meat—but where is the cat?"—Kölner Tageblatt.

King Edward VII. dislikes police protection. While he realizes that it is of necessity necessary that he should be constantly "shadowed" while in public by Scotland Yard, yet he insists that the shadowing be done as unobtrusively as possible, and, above all, that the detectives in his suite shall not be noticed by the newspapers.

## PENNSYLVANIA NEWS.

The Latest Happenings Gleaned From All Over the State.

### EXPLOSION KILLS FOUR TRAINMEN.

**Locomotive Boiler Bursts at Mt. Dallas, on the Huntingdon and Broad Top Mountain Railroad—Doctor Attacked by Highwaymen—Live Stock Killed in Westmoreland to Check Rabies—Dickinson May Lose Reed.**

Bishop Richard Phelan, of the Pittsburgh diocese of the Roman Catholic Church, went into court and asked for an order to sell St. Paul's Cathedral, at Grant street and Fifth avenue, to H. C. Frick for \$1,000,000. The proposition to sell the property recently met with some opposition. The object in going into court is to give all who may oppose the sale an opportunity to be heard and to avoid any possible illegality by reason of the fact that many former members of St. Paul's congregation have removed from the diocese. The Cathedral is opposite the site where Mr. Frick's mammoth skyscraper is being erected. A large batch of contracts were let to-day, including one for a quarter of a million dollars' worth of Italian statuary marble for decorative purposes. The building will be the finest structure of its kind in the world. The decoration will be the most magnificent in any modern structure, and no money will be spared to make them complete.

Four men were instantly killed at Mt. Dallas by the explosion of a boiler of a locomotive on the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad. The cause of the explosion could not be learned. The explosion came with terrific force, throwing the bodies of the men a great distance. Edwards, who was sitting in the cab of the engine, eating his breakfast, was found more than four hundred yards from the scene of the accident, while the bodies of the other men, who were standing beside the engine, ranged from 100 to 300 yards away. All were horribly mangled and scalded and parts of the bodies could not be found. Edwards' watch was found in the township road, 500 yards away. John Jones, the flagman of the first section of the freight train, whose caboose was standing directly in front of the wrecked engine, escaped injury. The engine was standing still at the time and only jumped from the rails when boiler exploded.

While Dr. S. B. Snively, of Pottstown, was returning from visiting a patient at 2 o'clock in the morning, he was attacked by two strangers who demanded his pocketbook. The physician, who is a powerful man, knocked one of the men down. The other highwayman fired three shots at the doctor and one bullet grazed his cheek. Both men then closed in on him and a hard struggle followed. The pistol shots had awakened some of the nearby citizens, who ran from their houses to Dr. Snively's assistance, when the assailants broke loose and fled.

Annie Green, a small colored girl, told a strange tale at the mayor's office in Harrisburg, where she applied for relief. She said she joined a band of gypsies in Washington, D. C., some time ago with her mother's consent. The band camped near the State Arsenal. The gypsies sent the girl for water and while she was gone they deserted her and she wandered about all night. She will be sent home.

Edward Bloss, the 11-year-old son of John K. Bloss of Bald Mountain, was kidnapped, and his father solicited the aid of the police to recover him. Bloss is a wealthy farmer. He says the boy was taken away on Wednesday on his way from school and that he was last seen walking along the road with a strange man. A search for the boy has been continually kept up.

It was given out from the headquarters of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company at Pottsville that \$200,000 would be paid out by the corporation this month for miners' and laborers' wages than was paid out in May for a period of 15 years. This increase is due to the fact that the miners are now getting a permanent increase of 16 per cent on the old wages, whereas under the sliding scale formerly in vogue the rate at this time of the year was very low.

Dr. Waldron, deputized by the State Board of Health to investigate the reports of rabies in the southwestern part of Westmoreland county, finds the condition alarming. Dozens of heads of cattle, horses, sheep and hogs have been slaughtered by order of Dr. Waldron. Cats stricken with rabies are the terror of the people, as they are running about the country biting and clawing every living thing in their way.

The vested choir of the Lutheran churches of Phoenixville, Norristown, Spring City and Pottstown will give four choral services in those towns during the year, in the Church of the Transfiguration, Pottstown, June 6, and in St. John's Lutheran Church, Phoenixville, June 12. The services in Spring City and Norristown will be given in the fall.

At an early hour the other morning Mr. Jacob Mast, awakened by the sound of broken glass, saw two men running from the jewelry store of E. P. Zane. He gave the alarm and an investigation was made, showing that no plunder had been secured. Upon returning to his own establishment Mast found one of the windows of his own store smashed and clothing valued at about \$50 missing.

There may soon be a vacancy for Governor Stone to fill in the State Library. It was said in Harrisburg that Dr. George E. Reed, State Librarian and president of Dickinson College, being considered for the presidency of the Northwestern University at Chicago, and that his selection is regarded very favorably.

Two more small cases were discovered at Larksville, making fourteen in all. A scare was caused by a man running through the streets pursued by a couple of men. The report spread that he had escaped from the house for the detention of mailboxes cases, and for a time there was much excitement. It proved, however, that he was a pugilist in training for a fight.

John Mannick, a grocer, of Hazleton, committed suicide by shooting himself. Mannick told a friend that he would kill himself. When the friend went to sleep Mannick stole out into the back yard and shot himself through the heart.

Miss Hartwell continued her study of success, finding more and more faces in the sand that resembled her own. Her brother Tom was a success in his own way, and she was proud of him. She recognized the clandestine model-