

AN EXPLANATION.

If you'll make a diagnosis when you're feeling sad and dreary, As you would with any everyday disease, If you'll simply question science as to why you're glum and weary And everything seems dull and ill at ease, Perhaps you will discover, after devious calculations, The cause of all these symptoms which appall, And you'll smile as you reflect, in spite of various irritations, That it's nothing but the weather after all.

—Washington Star.

Spoiling An Egyptian.

HE tramp was tattered and torn, and his face was inflamed, and his eyes were bleary, but there was still a heart beneath his soiled and ragged coat. And that heart had been won by kindness. When he came limping up to the farmhouse that morning the farmer looked at him askance, and the farmer's dog had blinked up at his master as if awaiting the word to hustle the stranger down the lane. And then the farmer's wife had come to the door, a gentle-faced woman with a soft voice, and she listened to his story and brought him bread and meat and told him to rest in the shade of the apple tree. And somehow the gentle-faced woman reminded him of the mother whose precepts he had disregarded, and whose heart he had broken, and such a lump had risen in his throat that for a time he found it quite impossible to eat. And when he finally disposed of the food and drank a cup of water from the cool depths of the ancient well he wandered down to a little brook that flowed in the ravine that skirted the orchard, and bathed his face and hands, and straightened his tangled hair. Then he came back to the house and rapping at the door, asked the gentle-faced woman if she had any work he could do. "Art still here?" she asked, in her soft voice. "I thought thee had gone." "I'm still here," said the tramp, as he drew his tattered hat from his head. "I have a chronic way of wearing out my welcome. But if you have any work to do that will enable me to pay for the food you gave me, I'm in the humor to do it." She looked at him a little doubtful, and read the secret of his downfall in his fery visage, and softly sighed. "What I gave thee, I gave willingly," she said, "and without thought of recompense. But if thee is really in earnest about desiring work, thee can take the spade that leans against the well box yonder and spade up my flower bed here." The tramp replaced his hat and found the spade and set to work. And while he was working he heard the sound of wheels, and, looking through the pines at the house corner, saw a horse and light wagon stop in front of the farmhouse. Presently a man came up the pathway, a man of light build, with bright eyes and a heavy black mustache. He was dressed in a rather extreme style, and even the tramp—who was once a gentleman himself—knew that this was not a gentleman. Presently the farmer, busy in the barn, was summoned to the house by his wife's call. Nearly a half-hour later the tramp heard loud voices within. It was the voice of the farmer that was raised. "You got that note by a second trick?" he cried. "Your partner asked me to sign an order for ten bushels of Belgian oats and now you say I signed a note—a note for \$700! God! man, it would ruin me to pay it!" "It's for value received all right enough," said the stranger in a cool, even voice. "I don't know anything about your signing it, but the signature is yours and that's all we care to know. If you refuse payment, we will simply have to sue and sell you out." The tramp listening at the window could hear the farmer pacing heavily up and down the room. And he thought that he heard the farmer's wife sobbing. "I'll see a lawyer," said the farmer, doggedly. "Certainly," said the stranger. "See him, and he'll tell you fast enough that there's no help for you. No, my man, you are in for it. Better sell something and settle." "I'll see a lawyer," groaned the farmer. "Very well," said the stranger. "We are disposed to be as lenient as possible. See your lawyer, and if you are not willing to pay up promptly when I come for satisfaction day after tomorrow, at this hour, why, we will have to commence suit. Good day." The tramp heard the door open, and, peering through the vines saw the stranger walking leisurely down the pathway. Then he turned and rapped at the door. There were tears in her eyes as the farmer's wife opened it.

"Madam," said the tramp, "I have reconsidered my willingness to spade up your flower bed. There's your spade." And before she could reply he had turned and was walking quickly along the lane that led to the woods. As soon as he was out of sight of the house he broke into a run. Just before he entered the woods he looked over his shoulder and saw the stranger leisurely driving along the road below. The tramp knew that the road over which the stranger was driving dipped to the left to cross the little ravine, and then wound around the woods to the right in a long curve. He knew he had plenty of time to cut across and reach the road before the stranger and his deliberate horse arrived. The tramp familiar with human deception in many forms, knew all about the particular system of swindling of which the farmer was the victim. It was an easy game when played by a clever sharper on an unsuspecting and unsophisticated countryman. All it required was a glib tongue, a little flattery, a pretended business mission and a substituted sheet of paper. Then in due time came the confederate with his bold front and the fatal note. The tramp was lurking by the roadside as the man in the light wagon came up. He lounged out in the highway. "Hullo, Bill," he said. "The driver drew up suddenly and stared at the figure at his horse's head. "What's that?" he cried. "It's your name," laughed the tramp. "Bill—Bill Sutherland, sometimes called the Gopher. How are you, Bill?" "What do you mean?" he snarled. "I don't know you." "Glad that, Bill," said the vagabond. "Three years of tramping does change a man. But I know you and that's enough." "What do you want?" "Bill," said the tramp, "I want a little assistance. You might not think it, but I'm hard up." He had come to the side of the wagon as he spoke and stood with one hand on the dashboard. "Is this a holdup?" said the stranger, and shifting his whip to his left hand slipped the right behind him. "Steady, Bill," cried the tramp, as he reached forward and caught the stranger's arm. "None of that. Your pocketbook isn't there, it is in your breast pocket. I'll trouble you for it." "Curse you!" screamed the stranger. "Let go of me!" And he struck the tramp with all his force across the head with the whip. The vagabond shrieked with pain and the next instant had grappled the stranger and with a remarkable show of strength drew him from the wagon and hurled him heavily to the ground. The startled horse ran a little ways, then, turning sharply, started into a fence corner and stood there trembling. The tramp knelt by the prostrate and unconscious man and drew from his pockets, first the loaded revolver and then the long pocketbook. He hastily opened the latter and assured himself that what he wanted was there. Then he thrust the book into his own ragged breast pocket and drew himself up. The stranger was rousing from his swoon. Presently he sat up and looked around with a confused air. The tramp a few feet away, was quietly regarding him, revolver in hand. The stranger put his hand to his breast pocket. "Curse you," he growled, "this is highway robbery!" "You ought to know," said the tramp quietly. "It's one of your leading accomplishments. Get up." The stranger arose. "Pick up your hat," said the tramp. Now go and get your horse into the road." He followed close behind as the stranger backed the light wagon into the highway. "I'll kill you for this," the despoiled one snarled. "Don't trouble yourself," said the tramp. "Just climb into the wagon and start your horse. I'll see you off. Step lively, please." And he flourished the revolver. The stranger obeyed. He gave the tramp a look that was meant to be malevolent, and the tramp returned with a smile. Then he touched the horse with the whip and drove away. The vagabond watched until a curve in the road hid him from sight, and then he darted into the woods again and swiftly retraced his steps. Presently he recrossed the ravine and then he paused. He slipped the revolver into an inner pocket and then took a slip of paper from the stranger's book. A moment or two later he knocked at the farmer's door. It was opened by the farmer's wife. Her eyes were still red with weeping. "Thee hear again?" she said. "Yes," replied the tramp. "I've come back to pay you for that dinner." He pressed a little forward, and she gave way before him and he passed into the house. At the window sat the farmer, with his head bowed over a huge volume that lay open across his knees. He looked up, wondering, as the tramp entered. The vagabond raised his hand to his hat, and then remembered, and let the hand fall again. "I'm glad to see a little fire in your fireplace," he said, "because I want to add to it." He moved a little nearer the window. "See, dear lady," he softly said, "here is your pay. Look, but don't touch it." Impelled by his earnest manner, the woman came closer and glanced at the slip of paper he opened before her eyes. "Father!" she gasped. The old man started and arose with the book in his arms.

"What is it?" he cried. The vagabond pushed the note nearer him. "My note!" he cried. Wh—where did you get it?" "I spoiled an Egyptian," laughed the tramp. "It tells about the process there," and he pointed to the big book. "Now watch me." He stepped quickly to the fireplace and held up the note in the flame until it was entirely consumed. "Thank God!" murmured the old man, with a sigh of relief. "There has been hurt," cried the woman; "there is blood on thy forehead!" "It is nothing," said the vagabond. "There you see the debt is paid. I won't ask for a receipt. You'll be troubled no more. Good-by." "Stay," cried the aged couple in one breath. "No," said the tramp. "I cannot stay. The Gopher may be looking for me, and I wouldn't have him see me here." "And why hast thou done this great service for us?" the old lady asked. "You were kind to me," said the tramp very softly; "and you made me think of my mother. Good-by." And he was gone. He hurried down to the brook in the ravine and bathed his wounded head. Then he started again for the woods. "I fancy the prayers of that dear old lady will do me good," he said as he gave a hasty backward glance at the farmhouse.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ABOUT DILATORY WOMEN.

How They Are Sometimes Rendered Prompt by Masculine Visitors.

There's a stern and haughty young man of this town who has made a Meade-and-Persian-like law for his own observance. It is, never to wait, no matter what the occasion, more than fifteen minutes for a young woman. Thus when he calls at a house he takes out his watch and looks at the time when he enters the drawing room. He looks at it again and again, and when the quarter of an hour has elapsed if the young woman upon whom he is calling has not yet made her appearance, he calmly walks out, and goes somewhere else. And this young man's principles on the subject are so well known that he rarely has to study the patterns of the furniture for an interminable time while his hostess assumes her newest frock. He is greeted promptly, but some of his brothers tell pitiful tales of woe on this subject. One calling on a feminine friend at 1 o'clock the other evening waited exactly an hour for her appearance. When she finally came in the room she found Monsieur deeply interested in a book. He arose then and said "how-d'ye do" and "good-by" in a breath. "You are not going?" asked mademoiselle, aghast. "Yes, I am," asserted the young man amiably. "I had an hour that I wished to spend pleasantly and I have passed it here in your library. Now, I must catch a train North." "Of course, if you will come at un-holy hours—" began the woman, but the man had gone. To be just, the woman of to-day is fairly prompt. She considers it bad form not to be ready to see visitors when they call, but she doesn't consider ten minutes much to take to add some finishing touches to her toilette, and that, it might be whispered, is the reason that one-half of the theatre audience comes in when the first act is well under way, that the first numbers of the concert are ruined, the first part of the lecture rendered unintelligible and that the German commences half an hour later than it should. At catching trains and boats the dilatory sex is nevertheless unusually adept. It is said by those who are fond of gathering such statistics that one woman misses a train to about ten men. Madame, however oblivious she may be of time in other matters, if she is going away is sure to be at the station bright and early and with twenty minutes to spare. Whether this proves that the sex is selfish or merely that it is, in the language of the times, "long-headed," is a question for consideration.—Kansas City Journal.

How Horses Rest.

"Have you ever noticed," asked a Germantown veterinarian the other day, "that every horse left standing by a curbstone for any length of time invariably turns around so as to place his forefeet on the sidewalk? He always does it if the road on which he is standing slopes the least bit in either direction. This shows that the horse has a great deal of plain, common sense. He will not allow himself to be worn out where it is not necessary. If people only had his wisdom, there would be a great deal less sickness in the world than there is at present. When a thoughtless driver leaves his horse standing on a slope or at an angle of the street, all the animal's weight is thrown upon one side, causing strain, and if left long enough of such an ordeal will fatigue a horse more than a whole day's travel. But when he is able to plant his forefeet on the curbstone it gives him a better plant and adjusts his weight more equally. Many of the muscular ailments from which horses suffer are brought upon them by being continually obliged to stand by the gutter side on streets which slope decidedly. A good driver will always seek to rest his horse on a level when possible."—Philadelphia Record.

An industrious man and a cabbage manage to get a head.

The best way to kill time is by hard work.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The air is so clear in Zululand that objects seven miles away can be distinctly seen by starlight.

Germany has the advantage of the United States in the export of hair and wigs. In fact she almost entirely supplies this country with the commodities named.

Kansas statisticians figure that every baby is worth \$1000 to the State. This estimate seems absurdly inadequate to the baby's parents.

The editor of Burke's Peerage, London, says that he receives more inquiries about questions of precedence from the United States than he does from England.

Two thousand tons of American rails recently arrived in England. They show the lines on which the industry of this country is beginning to make tracks there.

A notable falling off in the attendance at several Brooklyn schools for girls has, on investigation, been attributed to the attractions of cheap theatres and regular matinee performances.

The British Government has gone into the show business by giving in the town halls of England, by means of moving photographs and patriotic music, illustrations of army life calculated to make young men desire to become soldiers.

In this day of extraordinary faith in the efficacy of combinations marriages ought to be more popular. If two corporations which could not earn dividends when separate can be made a very valuable and productive property when united, almost any sort of men and women ought to be of more use to the world married than single, suggests the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Under a rule recently adopted by the Board of Education of New York City school children will no longer be allowed to give presents to their teachers unless the gifts shall be sent anonymously to the teachers' homes. The object of the new regulation is to put an end to favoritism in the public schools, charges having been made that certain teachers were partial to the children of well-to-do parents because of the presents which such youngsters brought them.

When Dr. Garvia-Meron was Argentine Minister at Washington he became much impressed with the superiority of American agricultural methods. He has now been made Secretary of Agriculture in Argentina, and one of his chief plans is to study American methods exhaustively. For this purpose his Government is sending twenty-five men to this country to investigate everything of interest in connection with agriculture here, and ten American agricultural experts are to go Argentina to take charge of local work in the various Argentine States.

Travelers crossing the Campagna and other low-lying parts of Italy need not be surprised to encounter formidable-looking masked men, who make free of the railway trains. The order has gone forth that all trainmen while crossing certain designated parts of the country shall wear masks and gloves, which will make useless all attacks of the mosquitoes. This order is the result of the very fruitful experiments made on the Campagna last summer, when it was proved beyond all peradventure that the malaria which has made then practically uninhabited is caused solely by the bites of the mosquitoes. The Government, therefore, has taken upon itself to protect its employes. Why would it not be a fair and equitable plan to supply the travelers with masks, too?

It is no trivial achievement to run the street cars of Oakland, Cal., by electric power generated on the Juba River, 140 miles distant. Since this can be done, there is every reason to expect that electricity may be transmitted almost any distance. Scientists who have deplored the utter waste of the force of ocean waves may look forward to the time when that force will turn mill machinery, run street cars, light the streets and otherwise serve the needs of remote communities. Indeed, an invention has been patented for collecting the power of the waves. On the Juba turbine wheels are used to generate the power, which is transmitted by means of a copper cable six-tenths of an inch thick.

Who thinks of the United States as a large importer of agricultural products? Will not the statement that its importations of foreign-grown products exceed in value all its vast exports of grain of every kind, including wheat flour, by \$170,000,000 excite surprise? Such is nevertheless the fact. The United States Department of Agriculture's report states the total value of the principal agricultural imports for the year that ended June 30, 1900, at \$420,130,288. Our combined exports of cotton and cereals for the same period were valued at \$403,000,000, using round figures. The total value of all our agricultural exports for that year was \$844,616,530, so that the American people are buying very nearly half as much farm and plantation produce from foreigners as they are selling to them.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

General Trade Conditions.

New York (Special).—R. G. Dun's "Weekly Review of Trade" says: "Crops continue in the main favorable, and ease in the money market returned to encourage business enterprises, which looked aghast at the collapse of stock speculation. The calmer tone in securities is welcomed in all directions. As against the favorable developments referred to there is but one adverse factor, and the labor disturbances in several quarters are not considered likely to be a long-continued drawback and promise not to very generally affect the trades involved.

"Less urgency for early delivery of iron and steel products was reported at manufacturing centres. With mills assured of activity beyond the middle of the year and some uncertainty regarding the labor organizations' attitude on the wage schedule, there is a disposition to let new engagements wait as long as possible.

"Both wheat and corn continue to sell at more than to cents a bushel above the price at this date last year, and the fluctuations in speculative options are much wider. Contracts in May corn have been closed at phenomenal prices, owing to clever manipulation at Chicago, and next crop options are sustained beyond the prices warranted by encouraging crop reports.

"Failures for the week numbered 177 in the United States against 177 last year and 19 in Canada against 30 last year.

Bradstreet's financial review says: "All through this week the stock market has been experiencing various stages which usually follow a condition of panic like that which existed ten days ago. The volume of transactions has fallen off sharply and only became comparatively active when heavy liquidation was in progress, as was the case on Tuesday. The public has become sold out and has little appetite for speculation, and Wall street has been adjusting losses and the other complications which resulted from the severe and swift decline. There is buying of good stocks by investors on what have seemed to be favorable terms, but these are outright purchases, and even the news which met the street on Wednesday—that a substantial settlement of differences had been made between the parties to the Northern Pacific contest—failed to stimulate speculation. The street is again bullish in sentiment."

LATEST QUOTATIONS.

Flour—Best Patent, \$4.50; High Grade Extra, \$4.25; Minnesota, \$4.25; Wheat—New York, No. 2 red, 80a 8 1/4c; Philadelphia, No. 2 red, 77 1/2c; Baltimore, 77 1/2c; Corn—New York, No. 2, 51 1/2c; Philadelphia, No. 2, 48 1/2c; Baltimore, No. 2, 48 1/2c; Oats—New York, No. 2, 33 1/2c; Philadelphia, No. 2, white, 34c; Baltimore, No. 2, white, 33 1/2c; Potatoes—We quote: White, Maryland and Pennsylvania primes, per bushel, 50c; do, new York prime, per bushel, 50c; do, Michigan and Ohio, per bushel, 55c; do, new Bermuda, per barrel, No. 1, \$4.00; do, do, No. 2, \$2.50; do, new Florida, per barrel, No. 1, \$3.50; do, do, No. 2, \$2.00; do, Sweets—Maryland and Virginia, kiln dried, per barrel, \$2.00; Jersey, per barrel, \$2.25; Yams, choice, per barrel, \$1.25; Butter—Creamery, 15a; factory, 11a; imitation creamery, 13a; Dairy, 15a; Eggs—State and Pennsylvania, 13a 1/2c; Southern, 12a; Western storage, 13c; Provisions.—The market is steady. Jobbing prices: Bulk shoulders, 8a 1/2c; do short ribs, 9 1/2c; do clear sides, 9 1/2c; bacon rib sides, 10c; do clear sides, 10 1/2c; sugar-cured hams, 11 1/2c; sugar-cured shoulders, 9c; Hams—Small, 11 1/2c; large, 11c; smoked skinned hams, 12 1/2c; picnic hams, 8 1/2c. Lard—Best refined, pure, in tierces, 9 1/2c; in tubs, 9 1/2c per lb. Mess pork, per bbl. \$16.00. Hides.—Quote: Green salted, 6 1/2c; dry flint, 13c; dry salted, 11c; dry calf, 10c; dry goat, 6 1/2c; Bull hides, per lb. green, 3 1/2c; Goat skins, 12a; Sheepskins, green salted, 6a; Sheepskins, 6a 1/2c; Spring lambskins, 3a; Live Poultry.—Market is steady. Quote: Hens, 10c; old roosters, each, 25a; spring chickens, 18a; winter, do, 2 to 2 1/2 lbs, 16a; Ducks, 8a; Geese, apiece, 30a.

Live Stock.

Chicago, Ill.—Good to prime steers, \$5.10; medium, \$4.00; cows, \$2.80; heifers, \$2.80; Hogs, top, \$5.05; mixed and butchers' \$5.05; 4-50. Sheep, choice mixed, \$4.14; 4-40; native lambs, \$4.00; Western, \$4.55.

East Liberty, Pa.—Cattle steady; extra \$5.60; prime \$5.40; good \$5.25; 3-5. Hogs steady; prime heavy \$5.05; best mediums \$5.00; heavy Yorkers, \$5.85; 500; light Yorkers, \$5.80; pigs \$5.70; skips \$4.25; 2-5; roughs \$4.00; Sheep steady; best wethers \$4.30; choice lambs \$5.00; common to good \$3.50; veal calves \$5.70.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY

Louisville has the South's largest soap factory.

The postoffice clerks of Chicago have built up a flourishing union within the past year.

The International Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' Union has a membership of more than 20,000, and is well off financially.

A colony of 100 negroes left Knoxville, Tenn., recently for Hawaii, under a contract to work three years on a sugar plantation.

PENNSYLVANIA NEWS.

The Latest Happenings Gleaned From All Over the State.

HARTRANFT'S MEN HOLD REUNION.

Superintendent Resigns—Investigation of the Chester Hospital Will End—Hailstones as Big as Eggs—Jersey Shore Visited by the Severest Storm in Many Years—Seven New Cases of Smallpox Discovered at Chester.

The annual reunion of the third division of the Ninth Army Corps, of the Army of the Potomac, commanded by the late Gen. John F. Hartranft, of Philadelphia, son of the commander, his mother and sisters were present and were given a warm greeting by the veterans. At the regimental reunion the following officers were elected: 200th Regiment, president, George Graybill, of York; secretary, George W. Aughtinbaugh, York; treasurer, Alexander Kidd, York; 205th Regiment, president, W. H. Weston, Altoona; secretary, T. Whittaker, Cumberland county; treasurer, Henry Hawk, Altoona; 207th Regiment, president, M. G. Hale, Shippenburg; secretary, W. R. Neron, Steelton; 209th Regiment, president, W. H. Moore, Harrisburg; secretary, A. Jones, Ebensburg; treasurer, John Morrison, York; 208th Regiment, president, Capt. Harvey Wikart, Well's Tannery; vice-president, S. K. Morrow, Beaver; secretary, Dr. E. Van Camp, Carlisle; assistant secretary, W. S. Seabold, Annapolis; treasurer, John M. Smith, Newport; 211th Regiment, president, Gen. Levi A. Dodd, Baltimore; secretary, C. A. Wares, Warren, secretary, Capt. J. D. Patty, Delmont. At the division meeting Major Isaac B. Brown was elected president and D. B. Meredith secretary. A campfire was held in the House of Representatives, at which addresses were made by Major Hodgkins, Governor Stone and Major Brown.

At the concluding day's session of the Grand Court of Pennsylvania Foresters of America at Lancaster it was decided to reduce the per capita tax from 16 to 10 cents. The salary of the grand chief ranger was raised from \$300 to \$600 per annum, and that of the grand financial secretary from \$1000 to \$1200 per annum. The representatives to the Supreme Court were instructed to use their efforts to secure a reduction of the Supreme Court tax to 5 cents per capita, and to have the Supreme Court laws amended to provide the representation to the body from each State shall be on a basis of one delegate from every 3000 members, instead of one from each 1000, as at present. The newly elected officers were installed by Deputy Supreme Chief Ranger Charles M. Bacon, of Philadelphia, and Wilmington, Del., was selected as the next place of meeting.

Mrs. Magee, superintendent of the Chester Hospital, against whom charges were made by Dr. R. S. Mason, whose little daughter Effie was refused admission to the hospital, has placed her resignation in the hands of Mrs. J. Frank Black, president of the Board of Managers. When a committee of the board, which was in session investigating the charges, learned of the resignation its acceptance was recommended. The investigation will go no further. Superintendent Magee, in her letter of resignation, said that an error had been made in the case of Dr. Mason's child, and would not be denied, but it was not her purpose to say who was responsible.

There was an all-day reciprocity meeting of women's clubs at Phoenixville and over 100 women from different parts of the State were present. Mrs. L. D. Pennypacker delivered the address of welcome and Mrs. Ellis Lewis Campbell, of Wayne, president of the State Federation, responded. Mrs. Wilbur E. Litch, of Philadelphia, president of the Bureau of Reciprocity, gave an address on the work of her department, and Miss Anna Watmough, president of the Consumers' League, reported on her work. Mrs. J. P. Mulford, of the Twentieth Century Club, Philadelphia, spoke on "Twentieth Century Mothers." Mrs. George D. Cross talked on club work and a number of others followed with short addresses.

The honors for commencement at Franklin and Marshall College, which takes place next month, were announced by the president, Rev. Dr. J. S. Stahr, and are as follows: Salutatory, R. C. Rengier, Lancaster; orations, O. S. Schaeffer, Fleetwood, Pa.; H. G. Hartman, Lancaster; F. A. Suter, Lancaster; H. A. Hartz, Lebanon; J. N. Blatt, Wilkesbarre; H. J. Leimbach, Olney, Pa.; valedictory, T. Richards Appel, Lancaster.

Joseph Sinwell, aged 17 years, eldest son of Robert Sinwell, of Bethlehem, drank a large quantity of carbolic acid and was found dead by his mother in the attic of the house. It was a case of per-meditated suicide, as shown by letters found on his person. The young man had acted strangely since he was stabbed in the chest and head by a highwayman here one night a year ago.

The worst hailstorm in years passed over Jersey Shore, and for a half hour hailstones half as big as eggs fell to a depth of several inches, making it necessary to shovel walks. Trees were fairly stripped of leaves, birds killed outright and plate glass windows were broken. The fruit in this locality is ruined.

Nellie Bellas, 12 years of age, of Allentown, saved a boy from drowning in the Lehigh river at Scriber's Mills. The boy was rapidly sinking when she ran out on a log and held him above water until assistance arrived. The boy was pulled out of the water by James Youss.

Mrs. Michael Kovaleski was held up in a crowd on one of the main thoroughfares of Pottsville and relieved of her pocket-book, which contained some large bills. A large quantity of merchandise was stolen last night from the Pennsylvania Railroad freight station at White Haven.

Samuel Ecker, a farmer of North Coventry, Chester county, made an attempt to commit suicide. With a razor he cut his throat several times, inflicting wounds that may cause his death. He had been brooding over the recent death of a son-in-law.

Charters were issued as follows by the State Department: Logan Valley Water Company, Glen Campbell; capital \$1000; Barnard Oil Company, Warren, capital \$8000.

Seven new cases of smallpox, six of them in one family, were discovered in Chester.