

NOTHING IS GAINED WITHOUT GRIT.

ROBERT GRAY.

There's nothing that's gained without grit,— Remember that always, my lad,— Ambition will solemnly sit, And energy, mayhap, go mad. Unless grit will push them along To the goal where success reigns supreme, Your life's but a somnolent song, Your struggle a wearisome dream. Ah, then, if the nail you would hit, Be sure that you do it with grit; For, until you do, You will find it quite true That nothing is gained without grit, My lad,— That nothing is gained without grit.

You struggle until you are old, Then say, with a sigh, "Nothing won, Oh, why didn't some one take hold And drive me till something was done?" Why didn't you know how to grasp The value of each flitting day, And not let old idleness clasp You tight in his meshes, and say: "Ah, lad, you can't win on your wit, It takes lots of courage and grit,— You may conquer a place Near the first in the race,— But nothing is gained without grit, My lad,— No, nothing is gained without grit." —Success.

HIGH UNTO DEATH.

A TRUE STORY OF THE PHILIPPINES.

WRITTEN FOR THE BROOKLYN EAGLE, BY COL. WM. H. POWELL, U. S. A.

Have you ever been a soldier? No? Then you do not realize what comforts are, though you sit by your cozy fire-side, with the partner of your bosom near you; or perhaps it may be an aged mother, with her white hands folded complacently across her lap, occasionally casting a loving glance at you, as you sit reading the evening paper. Conveniences you never had. You have not enjoyed the great exceptional luxuries which, once in a lifetime, perhaps, bless a limited number of men. How sad that you have permitted to pass unimproved your opportunity of partaking of all the delicacies of a soldier's life. If you had ever been a soldier, I would recall the past; once more be hungry and eat; once more tired and rest; once more thirsty and drink; once more cold and wet, then sit by the roaring camp fire and feel comfort creep over you; once more to lie on the field of battle, lashed in blood, and wait for death, or for comrades to gather you in. Is it not pleasant?

Eating is more than a convenience to a soldier; it is a comfort which rises almost to the height of a consolation. The delights of knowing just what your bill of fare will be for each meal—bacon, coffee and hard bread for breakfast; coffee, hard bread and bacon for dinner; and hard bread, bacon and coffee for supper—you can never appreciate. And then to think of how many thousands of miles you have to travel to obtain these luxuries. Is not the life worth living? And so you wish to hear something of my soldier's life? Well, I will give you a true story in every particular. It is officially entered upon Army records. Just wait until I light my pipe. Will you let me smoke it here in the midst of all this luxury? Yes? Well, thank you. That old pipe and I have seen some hard times together. What stories it would tell if it could only speak. Ah! old fellow, this is comfort, indeed, and I know how to appreciate it. But you don't, because you have never been a soldier.

I thought my country had need of me as one of her defenders, and with the golden aureole of a prospective hero urging me on, I enlisted. I was only a private, with the bitter experience of having left a comfortable home, a fond mother, a pretty sweetheart, and a good position, to go far away across the water, to battle for my country. I found delight in the rough sea voyage, and did not fail to do my duty beneath the burning sun of the tropics. I did not succumb to the deadly miasma of the jungles, nor was I ever effected by the steady downpour of the sheet of rain that fell in those far away Philippine Islands.

After two or three successful contacts with the Filipinos, we had settled down into a hum-drum kind of camp life, and were lying near Capas, in northern Luzon. I had tired of the everlasting ration, and so, one day, in November, 1899, I, in company with Privates B, C and L, armed with our rifles and cartridge belts, left camp and proceeded to a barrio, some two and a half miles to the southeast, for the purpose of elaborating our diet by the purchase of some chickens from the natives.

As it was not altogether safe to travel any great distance from our command, we kept our eyes open as to our surroundings. We had not gone very far, however, when we discovered a party of armed men in the edge of the wood near us, and at about the same moment we were fired on by them. Did you ever hear a lot of bullets whistle as they flew by you? No? Well, thank my word for it, the music is not pleasant to the ear. I have often heard music that was more agreeable on the vaudeville stage. We returned the fire of our neighbors and started to retreat. Then we suddenly perceived that our retreat had been cut off by another party, while the enemy, fifty or sixty in number, began closing in on us from all sides, firing as they came.

We returned in kind the compliments they extended to us until they came quite close, when Private B fell to the ground with a shot in his breast, ap-

parently mortally wounded. In the meantime the enemy had suffered from our fire. Three of their number had been killed and four wounded. This incensed them and they rushed upon us furiously, evidently with the determination of killing us at once. Seeing that further resistance was hopeless, we surrendered, notwithstanding which one of our captors approached close enough to strike one of our number a crashing blow on the head with the butt of a gun, and would probably have finished him if it had not been for the officer with the party forcing him to desist. We were then hurried away toward the river in the direction of the road leading to Concepcion, but we had to leave our poor wounded comrade lying on the ground, not yet dead, with some of the enemy surrounding him. He was subsequently found bolted.

Arriving at the river, we were rapidly forced across, our captors being fired upon by a detachment of American soldiers that appeared in view. But they were soon lost to view on account of our party seeking obscurity in the jungle. Through bypaths and over faint trails we were pressed onward toward Mount Arayat, where our guards joined a main body. There we found Sergeant P— and Private N— of the 10th United States Infantry, who were being held as prisoners of war. Then came weary marches, in which we were almost scorched by the intense heat of the day and became chilled to the marrow from the cold at night when we halted.

We wondered among ourselves as to what they would do with us, for they heaped upon us all kinds of abuse, and we were often told that we were to be killed for our stubborn defense. One of their favorite amusements was to step up and present cocked revolvers, and snap them in our faces, we never knowing at the time but that they were loaded. To add to the terror which these actions would inspire a Maccabee scout, who had been captured along with Sergeant P—, had his throat cut before our eyes. The Filipino remarking jocosely that this was only to show us what we might expect.

These cruelties were participated in by all our captors, guards, etc., except our commandante, who had been in command of the party which had captured us, and who had prevented our being killed on the spot at the time. He complimented us on the gallant stand we had made against vastly superior numbers. General Aguino, whom we saw often, was generally very harsh, but he sometimes gave us cigarettes, and held conversation with us.

Our marches were terrible. We were fed solely on rice. Only once was the diet varied, and then three spoonfuls of salmon were issued to the five of us. As a consequence, we became very weak, emaciated and sick with the mountain fever, and sometimes some of us could hardly walk or stand.

On the 5th of January, 1900, while we were at Camansi, in the midst of about a thousand insurgents, we heard shots exchanged with the outposts. Never was the whizz of bullets more welcome to a soldier's ear. Shortly afterward they became so frequent that our hopes of relief were raised to the highest pitch, because we were satisfied that our friends were near. But, alas! for the delusion. As the attack increased, we were taken out and lined up by General Aguino himself. Then nine Filipinos were brought out and placed in line facing us at some thirty paces, with loaded rifles. Did you ever look squarely into the muzzle of a rifle, knowing that death was lurking there? Ah, my friend, all the evil you have ever done in your life comes up to you like a horrid moving picture. Home, mother, all that is saintly crowds your mental vision, overshadowed by the grim visage of Death.

Well, as the firing continued to grow heavier, we were ordered to kneel, and all obeyed but the sergeant. He refused to do so, and stood up as straight as a soldier on parade. General Aguino gave the order to the firing party, and as the command "Fire!" was given I simply had time to think "God bless my poor mother!" Swiftly the leaden messengers of death sped to their mark, and the five of us fell wounded or dead. Then the murderers rushed upon us with their bolos, and put a finishing touch to their dastardly work. I saw them cutting up the other fellows, and feigned death, although I had a great hole in my chest. Therefore, they did not bolo me much, for the Americans were getting quite near. Then our murderers made a precipitous flight.

Dark, shadowy wings seemed to overpower me, and I struggled with myself as with a foe. Indeed, I felt as if fighting with Death, for it seemed ages after the murderers left us, and yet it was only a few minutes from that time until the arrival on the ground of Lieutenant S. and Dr. G. of the American troops. Their voices were like those of angels to our ears. They found Private L. shot quite dead. Private C. was mortally wounded, being shot and then bolted in the back of the neck, by which his head was nearly severed from his spinal column. He was rational and lived for about an hour, giving directions as to what should be written to his people. He had asked the doctor if he was going to die, and upon being told that it was impossible for a man, wounded as he was, to live but a short time, he said, "Tell father about it, and tell him I died like a soldier."

Poor fellow, he and L. were buried with military honors and as the bugle sounded "taps" over their graves, those beautiful words of Bret Harte came to my mind: Fades the light, and afar goeth day, And a star leatheth all, speedeth all to their rest. Love, good night; must thou go, when the day and the night Leave me so? Fare thee well! Day is done, Night is on! The remaining three of us were carried to the hospital and tenderly cared

for, and from the whisperings that took place about our cots, I know they thought we could not live. But, thanks to good constitutions and excellent nursing, we lived and were inviolated home and thus I am able to describe to you the delights of a soldier's life, and of how it feels to be high unto death!

BRITISH POSTAL SYSTEM A MODEL.

They Have Hourly Collections and Deliveries in London.

In one feature of the public service the British are far ahead of us, and that is their mail deliveries. From any point in London a man can write a letter in the morning and get an answer the same day, and if not too far off he can do the same in the country, depending, of course, upon the promptness of the person to whom the letter is addressed. This rule will apply anywhere within 100 miles of the Bank of England. There are hourly collections and hourly deliveries in all parts of the city, the business as well as the residence quarters. The average number of deliveries in cities of over 10,000 inhabitants is fourteen a day. Within the city limits a letter is carried by the ordinary mail service about as promptly and as rapidly as a telegram with us.

There is a letter box at every corner. A person mailing a note at 9 o'clock is sure to have it collected before 10 in the morning and delivered at its destination anywhere within the limits of London before 12, and if the reply is posted before 7 he will receive it within three or four hours at the farthest. This quick postal service has been a great obstacle in the way of telephones. There are probably fewer telephones in London when compared to the population than in any city of the United States. Many people do their marketing by post. My lady makes out her list between 8 and 9 o'clock, writes it on a postal card to her butcher, baker or grocer, and the goods are delivered before noon.

The parcel post deliveries are quite as prompt, the rate of postage is low, and the service is extensively used by merchants for small packages. London is so large that the ordinary delivery wagons would be slow and expensive. Hence a merchant finds it cheaper and more convenient to pay the postage, and there is a basket in every shop to receive parcels intended for the mail. Boys weigh them and put on the stamps, take them to the nearest box or postal station at frequent intervals, and they are always delivered the same day, and often before the purchaser reaches home. If you go into a book store and buy a magazine or an illustrated paper it is customary to request its delivery. The clerk writes your address upon a wrapper and passes it over to a lad, who wraps it, puts on the stamp, takes it to the mail box at the next corner, and within an hour it is on its way to your house.—W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record Herald.

ALPHABET ON A PIN'S HEAD.

Done in Less Than Two Hours by a Baltimore Engraver.

Mr. H. A. Houseal, an engraver, has accomplished a task in the engraver's art which eclipses the engraving of the Lord's Prayer upon a silver dollar, which was supposed for a long time to be the triumph of fine work in engraving. He has managed to engrave the alphabet complete on the head of a common pin. Mr. Houseal, who rarely uses a glass in his work, can read the letters with the naked eye, and although these are few persons whose eyesight is so strong, a common magnifying glass serves to make them easily distinguishable. The letters range from left to right, and are all capitals.

In the first circle around the edge of the head of the pin are the letters A to M, inclusive. Within this is a second circle beginning at N and ending at Z, and directly in the center is the & mark. The diameter of the pinhead is barely a sixteenth of an inch, and it can be understood how small the letters must be. They are about one-fourth the size of the letters in the Lord's Prayer engraved on a dollar. The work occupied about an hour and a half, and was done during an afternoon, Mr. Houseal occasionally leaving it to attend to customers in the store. It was done with an ordinary engraver's tool.

"I had heard of some man who had done this," said Mr. Houseal, in explaining his design yesterday, "but I did not believe it could be done, and determined to try myself. I first rubbed the head of the pin on an oil stone to obtain a flat surface. Then I heated the cement on the disk which we use for holding such small articles. When the cement cooled I screwed the disk tightly to the stand. The most difficult part of the matter to me was in keeping track of the pin. I used a four-inch lens on the job, but I am not accustomed to using a glass of any sort, and frequently I'd lose the pin and do digging around like a man in the dark. But I managed to keep pretty well on its track."

The State of Florida is an odd corner of our domain. It has many peculiar and interesting geological as well as geographical features. It is well known to geologists that beneath the orange and sweet potato fields, indeed, under the entire sandy surface stratum of this peninsula, at a depth varying from a few to a hundred or more feet, is an immense bed of erocene limestone, the solid foundation upon which Florida surface material rests. This is known to be very impervious to water, and in many places to be honeycombed by cisterns, caverns, and various other characteristics of the eroding action.

In evidence of this Florida well diggers inform us that in sinking wells into this rock their drills frequently make sudden drops, falling at a single drop from a few inches to several feet. These eroded places must contain lakes, wells, and streams innumerable—streams that vary in magnitude from tiny rills of wandering water to small rivers following courses many miles long through the dark passages. It is obvious therefore that conditions very favorable to the formation of sink depressions exist in Florida, and they are found all over the State.—New York Times

It is not all "champagne and cheese tartlets" being Viceroys of Ireland, and one of Lord Cadogan's minor but constant worries has been the obligation to precede his wife. At first he constantly forgot, and Lady Cadogan was obliged to remind him in a hurried whisper that he must enter the carriage first or lead the way, and it is said His Lordship obeyed with a peculiarly miserable expression of countenance. It is refreshing in these days, when there is tendency to regard lightly the sacred tie of husband and wife, to see a couple so devoted to each other as Lord and Lady Cadogan. Her portrait hangs above her husband's writing table, and His Excellency has been heard to say that it inspires him to persevere in the most tiresome task.—The King.

THE COMMON HOUSE FLY.

A STUDY OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE LITTLE PEST.

He is an Agent of Infection—He Has Many Piratical Traits and is Quickly Drawn by Scents—Cousins—German That Are Virulent and Bloody-Minded.

The common house fly is an agent of infection. But that is not his claim to consideration here. Albeit not blood-sucker, he has every other piratical characteristic. Like Macbeth, he murders sleep with his darning, buzzing or crawling. He is as inquisitive as a whole regiment of gossips. He is as determined to possess the earth and the fulness thereof. In excuse or explanation of such acquisitiveness he can plead his eyes. They are like rubies, faceted several thousand times, and forming a perfect image through every one of the facets. Thus he sees before, behind, around himself at the same time. Naturally, it is confusing to the sense of property and proportion, moral and material, to be thus many visioned. These eyes, out of all proportion to the insect's size, are, further, so mounted that they can be pushed a little out of socket, when occasion arises. They are so big, indeed, and take up so much of the head, one may well wonder where a fly packs away his very keen and decided sense of smell.

Flys are quickly drawn by scents imperceptible to human nostrils. Still they do not feed wholly by scent. Their feeding is throughout a curious process, often involving something which looks like reasoning power. If a fly lights upon something moist and high flavored he at once begins to suck it. But if in crawling or flying he finds something dry, which he yet fancys, he stops stockstill, sets his bill down upon it, and forces through the bill a drop of liquid, something like saliva. After a little, when the liquid has moistened what it fell on, he begins feeding. It is the marks left by this part of the fly-speck's good housekeepers so loathe.

A fly has an air pump in each foot, with a hollow running down the leg to it, through which air goes in or out. Thus he walks as he listeth, overhead or down. He has no voice proper—his buzzing and droning are wholly matters of motion and forcing out air underneath, he makes the familiar sounds. His mouth is a retractile telescopic tube, drawn in or out as required.

The house fly has cousins (German) scarcely to be told from himself, who are among the most virulent and bloody-minded of all winged pests. They haunt pastures from June to October, tormenting especially, horses, mules and cattle. Indeed, in stock raising regions it is sometimes unsafe to drive spirited horses after ten o'clock in the morning, unless they are protected with nets. The name of these stock flies is literally legion; more, they are winged appetites, pitiless and sharp of beak as hawks or vultures. They settle in clouds over an animal, clustering thickly and biting hardest either side of the back bone just behind the shoulders, where it is well nigh impossible for the poor beast to reach and dislodge them with either head or tail. Cattle thus bitten break wildly for thick scrub and tear through it until their tormentors are brushed off. Afterward they come half way up their sides and stand in it all day, or else bury themselves in the thickest, shadiest undergrowth, the thicker and shadier the better. They stand all day with drooping heads, waiting until sundown before they go out to graze. But for the fact that flies grow sluggish, almost torpid as soon as the sun is down, and do not get fully alive again until it shines warm next day, grazing beasts would be in danger of starving before fly-time ended. Horses loose at grass lie down and roll every few minutes thus killing many of their persecutors. But in harness they may be driven to run away by the unbearable pain of the stinging and sucking.

Big, lubberly horse-flies, two inches across the sprouts of the wings, though they suck voraciously and bite hard, are not to be named in the same breath with the swarming stock flies. It is rare to see a dozen true horseflies at once. With opportunity, they bite anything that has blood, but are shy of attacking human beings. They have beaks as big as darning needles, and make wounds that sometimes bleed after they have been driven away or killed. They have further the stock fly's malicious knack of settling and sucking in the most inaccessible spots. But since they offer fair targets for an expert with the whip it is the part of wisdom, very well followed, to kill them with a swish of the lash, as they hover buzzing about.—New York Sun.

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It was Beyond Her Ken. "All that I am," he said, looking proudly at her, "I owe to my wife." She loved him more at that moment than she ever had before. It was so noble of him to give her this high praise. She wanted to go right over to him and throw her arms around his neck. Then he raised his hat and rubbed the palm of one of his hands over his bald head.

An hour later she was still wondering what "those silly fools" had suddenly commenced to laugh at, and why they looked at her as if she were the cause of the joke.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Butterflies are said to be very sleepy-headed. Twilight sends them to bed, and they are still drowsy at sunrise.

Even a train of thought may be behind time.

CANINE ENDURANCE.

Remarkable Speed at Which Many Dogs Can Run.

Comparatively few people realize of what remarkable speed dogs are capable, says the London Mail. Some remarkable statistics in regard to this have been gathered by M. Dusolier, a French scientist.

After pointing out the marvelous endurance shown by little fox terriers who follow their masters patiently for hours while the latter are riding on bicycles or in carriages, he says that even greater endurance is shown by certain wild animals that are akin to dogs.

Thus a wolf can run between 50 and 60 miles in one night, and an Arctic fox can do quite as well, if not better.

Nansen met one of these foxes on the ice at a point more than 70 miles northwest of the Sannibow Territory, which is 480 miles from the Asiatic coast. Eskimo and Siberian dogs can travel 45 miles on the ice in five hours, and there is one case on record in which a team of Eskimo dogs traveled six and a half miles in 28 minutes.

According to M. Dusolier the speed of the shepherd dogs and those used for hunting ranges from 10 to 5 yards a second. English setters and pointers hunt at the rate of 18 to 19 miles an hour and they can maintain this speed for at least two hours.

Foxhounds are extraordinarily swift, as is proved by the fact that a dog of this breed once beat a thoroughbred horse, covering four miles in six minutes and a half, which was at the rate of nearly 18 yards a second.

Greyhounds are the swiftest of all four-footed creatures, and their speed may be regarded as equal to that of carrier pigeons. English greyhounds, which are carefully selected, and which are used for the coursing, are able to cover, at full gallop, a space between 18 and 23 yards every second.

How great an achievement this is may be judged from the fact that a thoroughbred horse rarely, if ever, exceeds nineteen yards. Moreover, it is said, that a hare at its greatest speed never goes faster than at the rate of 18 yards.

These interesting statistics are exciting much comment among sportsmen and other lovers of dogs, and the opinion is unanimous that M. Dusolier has fully proved the right of the greyhounds to rank as the swiftest of quadrupeds. Express engines only surpass them.

Sing Sing's Death Chamber.

Within a few feet of the main prison at Sing Sing is a small brick building as primitively plain in appearance as possible. This structure contains the death chamber, an apartment which no prisoner ever enters more than once. He goes into it with life thrilling every pulse. He leaves it a corpse. Twenty-six persons—all men except one—have been put to death in this room.

The apartment is as plain as the exterior. The walls are bare. At one end are a dozen stools, which officials occupy when the capital penalty of the law is being executed. At the other end is the death chair. A few wires are visible. Every other accessory of homicidal justice is concealed. The prisoner sits in the chair. The electrical head-piece is adjusted. A sponge is fastened to one of the legs. Silently a signal is given, and in less time than the thought can be conceived a life has been ended.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Modest of Childhood

Little Philip wanted to go visiting the other day. He longed to go to see Mazie, who lived nearly two blocks away. After a good deal of teasing his mother said he might go.

"And may I stay to lunch?" the boy asked.

"You may if Mazie's mother asks you to," was the reply. "If she doesn't be sure to come home before noon."

Philip reached Mazie's house a few minutes later and galloped up on the porch where the little girl's mother was sitting.

"Mrs. Parker," he said, half out of breath, "I've come to play with Mazie all day, and my mother says I must not stay here to lunch unless you ask me to, but I ain't hungry yet."

He was invited to stay.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Lotion For Tan.

A generous supply of witch-hazel should go into the outing outfit, particularly if one's destination is the seashore. Its use for the sunburn that comes from sea bathing is especially valuable. Bathe the face and arms freely with it, its properties being not only to relieve the first burn, but to harden the skin, making it less sensitive to future similar inflictions. A lotion recommended for ordinary use is made from a pint of rose-water, half an ounce of pulverized borax and an ounce of strained lemon juice. With this mixture the skin may be freely bathed after exposure to the sun.

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PENNSYLVANIA NEWS.

The Latest Happenings Gleaned From All Over the State.

BURGLARS CUT A MAN'S THROAT.

Two Men Attacked Alexandria Kermichael and His Wife in Their Bedroom at Springfield—Robber Band Alarms Lebanon—Churches, Stores and Railroad Stations Broken Into and Looted—Place of Workshop Burned Down.

These pensions were granted to Pennsylvanians: Jacob Shoemaker, Greensburg, \$8; John Therez, Erie, \$42.50; Craner Clendennan, Tarentum, \$12; Julia A. Lowe, New Castle, \$8; Catherine Copley, Warriors Mark, \$12; Susan A. Winter, Somers Lane, \$8; Mary E. Dunlap, Pittsburg, \$8; Sarah A. Carron, California, \$8; Helen Condon, Johnstown, \$8; Geo. M. Vensel, Allegheny, \$6; Isaac Vincent, New Era, \$10; Joseph W. Russell, Grove City, \$10; Samuel Franklin, Lloyd, \$6; Margaret J. Tomer, New Kensington, \$8; Sarah A. Hixenbaugh, Roscoe, \$8; Denison B. Moses, Springboro, \$6; Abasalom W. Boyd, Bradford, \$6; Lawrence Watson, Nelson, \$7; Wm. A. Scranton, Landor, \$17; Mary Ann Up-ton, Sheffield, \$8; Sarah J. James, Kittanning, \$8; Emma L. Lefhard, Mattawana, \$8.

The following postoffices will be raised to the Presidential class on October 1: Creson, salary \$1000. The name of the postoffice at Cooksville, Westmoreland county, has been changed to Pricedale, with Laura A. Wilson as postmaster. Postoffices discontinued: Ferdinand, Erie county, mail to Union City; Itley, Juva, Sibleyville and West Greene, Erie county, mail to Waterford. The following Pennsylvania postmasters were appointed: Brownfield, Fayette county, W. H. Walker; Clarksville, Greene county, J. W. Virgin; Delphen, Greene county, C. R. Hughes; Rockton, Clearfield county, S. H. Beer.

It is believed that an organized band of robbers and incendiaries is operating in Lebanon county. Eight crimes in four days have caused widespread alarm. Zion Church, in East Hanover Township, was robbed and burned down. The same night \$500 worth of trousers were stolen from a factory at Tonestown. At the same place John C. Hetrick's farm was robbed of a wagon load of provisions and Priscilla Wertz's shoe store was ransacked, but nothing stolen. The robbers raided the Philadelphia and Reading station at Richland, Trunks, satchels and boxes were pried open and the contents scattered over the floor. The safe was drilled, but not wrecked. The station slot machines were also shattered and rifled.

Two burglars entered the bedroom of Alexander Kermichael at Springfield, and in their endeavor to rob his home, cut his throat so badly that he is not expected to recover. Mrs. Kermichael managed to get out of the bedroom to call for assistance, and in her absence the burglars beat her husband into unconsciousness and then fled without securing any valuables. Joseph Gieske and Albert Kochinsky were imprisoned on suspicion of being the would-be assassins. They were captured in the Corbin coal mine by Constables Swift and Daubert, who had a lively struggle with the men.

When pretty Anna Tenerelli, one of the Italian girls of Pittston, refused to name an early date for her marriage to Vincent Satelli, her sweetheart, he drew a revolver, it is alleged, and attempted to put an end to their courtship by shooting her. They had been engaged for some time, and Satelli wanted an early marriage, while his sweetheart did not care to give up her liberty for a time. Satelli called on her and asked her once again to name an early day. Angered at her refusal, she says, he drew a revolver and attempted to force her consent at the muzzle of the gun. She still refused, and he fired, but missed her.

There is trouble brewing in the ranks of the Coatesville Fire Department. The Fire Committee of Council, all of whom are members of the Washington Fire Company, have refused the Brandywine Fire Company permission to take its chemical engine to the parade of the State Firemen's Association, in Philadelphia, on October 3. Samuel Tuston, president of the latter company, says that unless permission is granted to take the chemical engine the company will not march in the line of parade with the Coatesville department.

Four trainmen were injured by the collision of two Reading Railway engines at the south mouth of the Mahanoy tunnel. The injured are: Baggage-master Harry Kleinbart, brakeman Howard Ettinger, Engineer Harry E. Smith and brakeman Fred Shugart. The men live at Tamaqua. Both engines were derailed, but only slightly damaged.

Mrs. David C. Zink, of Harrisburg, wife of the State organist, tried to kill herself. She secured her revolver and shot herself in the right temple. She was unconscious when found. Should Mrs. Zink survive she will be totally blind. Nervous trouble is the cause assigned for her deed.

William H. Good had his arm mangled and narrowly escaped death at the American Iron and Steel Works, Lebanon. His coat caught in the cog wheels of a machine and in order to save his life Good kept his body from the cogs with his arm. The flesh was ripped off the arm to the shoulder.

William Carney died at Norristown of a fractured skull sustained by being struck by a train and hurled from a high bridge over Stony Creek.

A dividend of about 16 per cent, it is announced, will be paid to depositors of the defunct Chester County Guarantee Trust & Safe Deposit Company.

The regular quarterly meeting of Pennsylvania Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, of Chester and Delaware counties, was held at Lincoln University. The corrupt politics of the State was condemned and farm crops discussed.

John Kitchrue, of Avoca, was run down and killed by a passenger train on the Delaware and Hudson Railroad. He had just drawn his pay at the Butler mines and it was through the cash envelope that he was identified.

The 2-year-old child of Lewis Perry, living near Bredensburg, fell into a paill of boiling water and was scalded to death.