SUMMUM BONUM.

How blest is he that can but love and do, And has no skill of speech nor trick of art Wherewith to tell what faith approveth

true, And show for fame the treasures of

his heart! duty

With humble deeds he builds his life

to beauty, Strong to achieve, and patient to endure. But they that in the marketplace we

Each with his trumpet and his noisy faction.

Are leaky vessels, pouring on the street The truth they know ere it has known its action. And which, think, ye, in his benign re-

gard. Or words or deeds, shall merit the re-

ward? -Peter McArthur in The Atlantic.

in in the last as the last per last as the last per last per last per last per last per la last per la last pe The Silver Dollar.

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

"Oh, it's bound to turn out all right," said Ormiston to himself, for perhaps the twentieth time that evening. "I'll strike the story to-night, and write it tomorrow, and get the check for it Wedkeep me until then."

He wound his fingers around the silver piece in his pocket and turned into the glare of Broadway. It was midsummer; the lazy, unhampered look or the street proclaimed that fact without the aid of an almanac or thermometer. An informal air of fellowship pervaded the sidewalk; the loungers seemed to say to one another: "Here we are in New York on an August night, and let's make the best of it." Young Ormiston sauntered along with a vague enjoyment of this elusive friendiness.

He enjoyed it the more because he was actually friendless. From the office of a country newspaper in the South Ormiston had come to New York to make his fortune by writing stories. He had written many stories, and his fortune consisted of one round dollar. But that morning some one had told Ormiston of a promising market for a two thousand word story if the manuscript

was in hand Wednesday. "They are not likely to use this dialect Southern stuff of yours," said the overwise informant. "Try a yarn of real New York life. Something that might happen.'

Ormiston had nodded and walked out, It was a chance—and yet a story of walk on me. ong he had racked his brain for an idea, the cool of the twilight had called him out of doors; and here he was, still miston, "but that would be a pretty poor haunting the streets and saying softly ending for the story. You're from Georto himself, "The story-the story-the gia, aren't you?" story!" Where was it? Perhaps behind the closed doors of the bank at the catch herself. corner, perhaps in the cab which rattled over the crossing, perhaps locked in the lives of the two people who passed him old Georgian tongue sticks to us, isn't to destroy immature trees. as he waited on the curb. The greatest it? It comes out strongest in folks when story in the world might be right under they're homesick, I reckon. And I knew his eyes and he unconscious.

In this mood he found himself staring down a side street which flanked one of the theatres left open at that season. A dozen or so boys had ranged themselves in a row close to the playhouse in the empty street down which Ormiston was gazing. The little gamins stood there expectantly, like soldiers waiting the word of command. Suddenly the orchestra inside burst into the blare of a glorious quickstep, the crash of brass and drum broke through the wall, and to support myself by drawing for the the music rang in the street with lively picture papers. I'm not doing very distinctness. The boys began to march | well." and countermarch over the asphalt, following the swing of the tune and cheer- at a laugh. Then she showed her face ing now and again in an excess of ar- to Ormiston, and he started with con-

"That's queer," thought Ormiston. "I suppose they line up here every night | and wait for this. I wonder-

Could this be the story? The young man laughed rather desperately and turned away; he felt that his mind was too hopelessly wearied to take up an im- in the paving."

The march which he had heard was evidently the finale of an act of the comic opera, for through the broad open door he saw in the lobby knots of sweltering gentlemen in search of the open air. High over his head was the iron grating of a fire escape, and from it aughter and voices floated down to him. When he had crossed the street he looked up. A man and a woman were standing on the gallery; he was fanning her, and the two were leaning over pavement below.

The man took a coin from his pocket, tossed it over, and Ormiston heard it langle in the street. The boys howled simultaneously and plunged into wild must you think of me, sir? The money riot for the money, rolling about in a is not mine." tangled ferment. A policeman near by grinned sympathetically at the bustle for wealth, various loungers drew closer to contemplate the spectacle, and a tall girl, cover the dispenser of charity in the hurrying along the street, walked before she knew it into the very storm centre of the scramble and retreated a step backward to the sidewalk.

heartily, and her escort, apparently and then, with a swing of her arm, she stimulated by her merriment, flung down pitched the silver dollar far across the second coin. This one fairly resound. Seet and among the newsboys. Her ica cup this year. The building of ed on the asphalt.

"A dollar, a dollar!" screamed the urthins in unison. They redoubled their exertions, scurrying about like terriers

"You got it, aint' you, Barney?" "Naw-McPhee's got it."

"He ain't neither-it rolled away off." The youngsters dispersed along the stretch of the block, and this fact, admost of the spectators. Lord and Lady Bountiful withdrew from the gallery, When, wisely weak, upon the path of the loungers lounged away, and the policeman resumed his post inside the Divine accord has made his footing lobby. Only Ormiston and the tall girl

remained He had been watching her with a good to his lodgings, soliloquizing. deal of curiosity. She was dressed in brown linen and her coppery hair was twined severely below the brim of her him. "Can I follow-no, I'll write to straw sailor hat. In the shadow her face seemed white; the lines of her mouth and chin were proud and fine; she had clasped her hands behind her back and this threw her head and shoulders into an alert poise of half defiance. In short, the effect of her was not at all that of a girl whom one might expect to find alone on Broadway, of an evening. She remained stock still as Orboys on the distant corner.

Ormiston maneuvred so that he could unprofessional.-New York Independlook straight into her eyes. He was ent. smiling eagerly, but not at the girl; he was smiling because he was conscious of that delicious mental thrill which is known only to story-tellers and poets, artists and musicians-the thrill which comes from the discovery of a pregnant idea in a tired brain.

"I beg pardon," said Ormiston, "Can I be of any help to you?"

"No, thank you," she replied in an nesday morning. A dollar is enough to admirable and dignified surprise. "I am considered a necessity for submarine in no trouble, I'm merely waiting for a cables. To obtain the gum the tree is landed aristocracies still in operation carriage."

to the young man a view of the back of and the plant yields again after recu- to fade into the nebula of the historic her head. Ormiston laughed delightedly. peration. This is not the case with the past here as elsewhere." that way. The newsboys will suspect 1845. Of late years many trees have

"You are a blackguardly insulter of

women," she said. "Oh, no, I'm not," returned the young Southerner. "That is, I don't think I am. What other reason is there to keep you here like a statue? If I'm wrong, I'll make every amend which you and I can suggest that I ought to make. Believe me, I can explain how I happened to speak to you. I've been trying to think of a story, you see, and-look here," he broke off abruptly, "you are standing on that money, aren't you? If you'll take one step and show me that

New York was as impossible to him as a claimed hotly. "What business is it of realized in these islands and every effort about his toilet. less thing of stone and iron. All day yours? If you don't leave me, I'll call will be made to make the experiment the police."

"You can do so, of course," said Or-

"I'm from Richmond County," he

My name is Ormiston. "I'm a Colquitt." "Kin to the Colquitts of Lexington?" "They're my cousins."

"Do you like visiting North, Miss Colquitt?" Gradually the girl had averted her

could see nothing of it. "I'm at work here," she answered. studying the tips of her fingers, "trying

Miss Colquitt made a brave attempt cern, for her mouth was twitching and her cheeks were flaming red.

"Oh, you caught me at a right despicable thing," she broke out. "I'm nearly starving. Mr. Ormiston. I did see the coin rolling. I did stamp on it with my foot and push it into this crack 50 per cent.-New York Sun.

pression; he would have his bread and the young gentleman. "Finding's keeping. Better that you should have it than that those dirty brats yonder should stand by, and let me rescue the filthy lucre."

She protested with a gesture, struggling pitifully with her shame, but Orwith trembling fingers.

No coin was visible anywhere. The wide crack in the flagging over which the girl had been standing was quite as the balustrade and looking at the news. bare as the stones about it. The man boys who were still loitering on the scowled gravely, glanced at the girl, and took his own dollar from his pocket.

"Here it is, Miss Colquitt," he said. "No, no, no," she replied, recovering somewhat her self-possession. "What

"Why not, if you need it?" insisted Ormiston boldly. "Certainly it is not mine-and I doubt if one could distheatre. Take it, Miss Colquitt." "Very well, I will take it," she agreed.

"I'm grateful, Mr. Ormiston." Thankfully he laid the coin in her The woman on the balcony laughed palm. She looked at it for a moment

en off a burden.

"There, that's all right," said she with

"But your purse-

"It's my pride that has kept it empty, Mr. Ormiston, and now, thanks to you ded to the tuning of fiddlers within the my pride has been taught a lesson. Pertheatre, put an end to the interest of haps I shall see you again. Good night.' She held out her hand shyly. Ormiston grasped it, mumbling commonplaces. but before he could quite collect his wits she had run away and left him woolgatherig. He shrugged his shoulders in grim amusement and walked supperless

"That was a mean trick of mine." mused, as the Broadway cars clanged by Brink Colquitt to-morrow for her address. A mean trick. I should never have caught her at it if I hadn't been story hunting." He stopped short, staring blankly at

"The story!" he gasped. "I wonder if that's enough-but it doesn't end What should become of the heroine?" Then Ormiston thought of the sweet miston drew nearer to her, and she kindliness in Miss Colquitt's eyes and seemed to be watching the huddle of instead of finding a plot, he found in his heart a wonder which was dangerously

his own image in a shop window.

SOURCES OF GUTTA-PERCHA. Efforts Now Making to Extend the Cultivation of This Useful Tree.

Two years ago Mr. Leonard Weiller of France sounded an alarm with regard to the future supply of getta-percha. This gum has been utilized for insulating purposes for over sixty years and is She turned on her heel, vouchsafing ing India rubber need only to be tapped "I thought you might allow me to pick gutta-percha tree. About 6,000,000 trees up that coin for you," he pursued have been killed for gutta-percha since You cannot keep on standing over it in the gum became an article of export in you, and claim it. The dollar really been cut before reaching maturity. Mr. forests or propagate the plants else- humor,

The Malay Archipelago, Borneo and Sumatra have always been the largest sources of supply. Within the past two France, England and Holland to make studies of the conditions under which | best means of increasing the production. Under the direction of these experts France is now engaged in planting the variety known as Isonandra gutta, which is regarded as the best quality of the gum. A large number of the trees are I'm in error, I'll lie down and let you being planted in Reunion and Madagascar. It is believed that the conditions "I won't humiliate myself," she ex- under which the plant thrives are fully successful.

The Dutch Government is now planting the trees in various parts of the ever, by French experts, that the Dutch | deprecatively; The girl nodded before she could are using inferior qualities of the plant. The British authorities in the East Indies have thus far limited their efforts went on. "Mighty strange the way the to regulations making it a misdemeanor

In a pamphlet published in Germany last year the writer asserted that the quick off where you were raised, Miss. Philippines are among the few places in the world in which the gutta percha tree reaches its best development. It is well worth while to ascertain whether the very essence of true genius, and this statement in regard to our new possessions is accurate. If these trees may be successfully cultivated in the Philippines a new source of wealth open countenance, so that now Ormiston to American enterprise will be avail-

The prospect is that within the next half century more ocean cable will be other two?" laid than is now in service if the supply of gutta percha is adequate for the proed. Up to the present time nothing has been found which will supplant gutta percha for this purpose. The demand for gutta percha is, therefore, almost unit a very profitable commodity to handle. At present the supply is so short that the mere laying of an American cable their own fault." some time ago raised the price nearly

Old Silver.

Teapots and coffee-pots do not go back very far, since tea and coffee were not introduced into Europe until the seventeenth century; and no silver tea pot or kettle is known of earlier than 1709. Festoons and medallions are charactermiston knelt down on the pavement, and istic ornaments of teapots of the time she stepped back and covered her eyes of the early Georges. Not until the middle of the eighteenth century, however, do we find silver urns, tea-strainers, and tea-caddies. Cream-jugs fol-

lowed the fashions of the larger pieces. The first English sauce-boat in silver belongs to the year 1727. Silver candlesticks are older, being found first, with square bases and fluted columns, in the reign of Charles the Second. Medallions, festoons and drapery characterize later candlesticks, and the Corinthiancolumn pattern, so great a favorite, was first introduced about 1765. Cake-baskets of the beautiful cut silver in which Paul Lamerie so excelled as a maker belong also to the middle of the eighteenth century. Many trays and salvers were made in this cut silver, which now, by-the-way, is again in fashion, and deservedly so .- Harper's Bagar.

It is said to have cost Sir Thomas Lipton \$462,985 to attempt to lift the Amerwas luckily accurate; the urchins Shamrock II cost \$325,000. The rest a yell of exultation; and Miss was spent in bringing her across the took a deep breath as one who ocean and in defraying the expenses of

SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN PERU.

The Final Distinction Between Men There

is Founded Upon Riches. The most interesting feature of an article on "Social Conditions in Peru," by Charles E. George, in Quinton's Magazine, is the paragraph relating to what constitutes aristocracy in Peru. Mr. George says that "the don, living in Peru in his casa de hacienda like a lord in his castle, having a numerous vassalry at his beck-planting, rearing, distilling his aguardiente, tending his flocks of cattle-far though he be above them. frequently betrays in his swart skin the same blood as that which flows in the veins of those he rules. Sometimes he may be a white, again a mestizo, or even an Indian, with the Indian's black, waveless hair and heavy features. He would have become a chief had he been a savage; he is now a don, because of his estate, which lends him dignity. He has had the genius not to continue in poverty and helpless dependence, therefore he becomes the peer of the proudest in his native land. It is one of the anomalies of eastern Peru that a people so long kept in servitude have acquired no taint of social degradation in consequence; that neither aborigine nor cholo is anywhere spurned because of his blood: that, in fact, no one thinks of his racial origin, but is content with knowing his claims upon respect as a citizen of the commonwealth. The final distinction between men is founded, then, upon their riches-a not uncommon distinction in other lands; but riches here become too often translatable into the mere ability a man possesses to get himself served by others, to avoid manual labor of any sort. It is a remnant of those cut down, while trees and vines yield- here, not only in Peru, but in nearly the whole Spanish America, destined soon

Sculptor's Odd Experience.

Proctor, the sculptor, tells of an encounter with a truly Dickensian female during a sojourn in London. She was belongs to them, you know-not to you." Weiller said the supply of the quality the true "Mrs. Raddle" of Lant street; She slowly unclasped her hands and of gutta-percha needed for submarine but since Mr. Proctor was in the habit Ormiston could see her shoulders stif- cables would not last fifteen years longer of more or less paying his rent she was fen; then she wheeled again and faced unless means were taken to protect the Bob Sawyer's "Mrs. Raddle" in good

Mr. Proctor is a late sleeper. It had been his habit to secure the services of some "trusty" to keep up a racket in the morning till he was compelled to get out years naturalists have been sent out from of bed in order to secure peace. The sculptor got himself into "Chambers" and it fell to "Mrs. Raddle" to see that the plant grows best and report upon the he arose in the morning. She found. addition to her usual fusillade upon the

> "Show a leg, sir, show a leg." He was compelled to get up and meet the peremptory demand. He planted his foot just without the door; there was a feminine, staccato shriek and a hurrying of footsteps down the hall. The door was closed and Mr. Proctor went

After a time this female appeared at e door with the breakfast s stood with the tray in her hands and made a peculiar squat courtesy before Dutch East Indies. It is asserted, how- him, and, dropping her eyes, remarked,

"Ho! Mr. Proctor. If honly yer'd a ad' on a stockin', ye knauw!" This formula never varied while the sculptor occupied the "Chambers."

Egotism of Cenius. A writer in the London Standard, declares the idea that genius is usually modest to be a popular delusion. On the contrary, he alleges egotism to be

quotes many amusing examples. When Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge were walking together and Coleridge remarked that the day was so fine "it might have been ordered for three poets," the gentle Wordsworth promptly exclaimed "Three poets! Who are the

Disraeli, then a mere youth, wrote to his sister that he had heard Macaulay, tection of all the submarine wires need- | Sheil and Grant speak, "but between ourselves I could floor them all." And again he said, "When I want to read a

good book I write one." Our own Joaquin Miller wrote Walt limited and the price it commands makes | Whitman: "You and I are over the head of the rabble. We know we are great, and if other people don't know it it is

> It was President Grant who, being told that a certain Senator, an admitted genius who was very hostile to him, did not believe the Bible, expressed his estimate of the Senator's egotism by rejoining, "Why should he? He didn't write it, you know."-New York World.

Canine Taste For Cheese.
"Do dogs like cheese? Well, I should say so," exclaimed a waiter in a lunch cafe. "I imagine that dogs prefer cheese to any other food that is going. I didn't know this myself till two or three months ago. Then, one afternoon, a man happened in here with a very nice fox terrier, and I tossed the animal a lump of cheese from a plate which a pie-eater had just abandoned. "Oh, he won't eat that," said the owner of the dog. 'Very likely not,' said I. But by the time the terrier had hopped with a grunt of joy on the morsel, and he swallowed it with such a blissful ook as I never saw on a dog's face before. And-would you believe it the next morning, bright and early, that fox terrier came in here alone, and ran to me, and looked up in my lace, wagging his tail. I thought I knew what he wanted, but, to make sure, I threw him a bit of meat. He turned away from it in disgust. Then I threw him a bit of cheese, and he was happy. He hung around two days. His owner located him at last and took him home. I'll keep a stock of cheese on hand for him hereafter," said the owner, ' or otherwise I knew he'll return to you again."-Philadelphia Rec-

Not six per cent of all the women in America spend as much money as \$50 a year on their clothes.

WEST POINT FREE FROM HAZING. Improved Conditions at the Military Academy Reported by Colonel Mills.

The most important feature of the annual report of Col. A. L. Mills, Superintendent of the Military Academy, West Point, relates to the measures tak en for the suppression of hazing. Treat-

ing of discipline, he says: "The discipline of the corps of cadets has greatly improved during the year, and is now in an excellent state. It is believed no military body of its size exists which excels it in soldierly appearance and in the perfection of drill and military exercises, as well as in the higher requirements of devotion to duty. The satisfactory condition has been attained by firm adherence to the measures adopted during the past three years to create among the cadets a higher soldierly regard for their obligations, in particular those pertaining to hazing."

Col. Mills then reviews what has been done, mentions the criticisms passed upon the Academy and the measures taken

to stop hazing, and adds: "Throughout the past summer's encampment, which is the time when new cadets are being initiated into their new life and when hazing is ordinarily practised, it is a fact that the great majority of cadets have obeyed the new order of affairs and the regulations loyally and willingly. Not one case of maltreatment of a new cadet is believed to have occurred; none have been required to perform services of a menial nature for old cadets; there has been a prearranged fighting, and new-cadet training has made exceptional progress. One cadet was severely punished for giving an unauthorized and absurd order to a new cadet, and another for exceeding his authority as a drill-master over them. The action of the latter arose, I believe, through excessive zeal rather than a hazing spirit.

"Another reform has also been accomplished-the abolition of what is known as official hazing, or the harsh and nagging tones of the cadet instructors over new cadets and cadet officers exercising authority, and the substitution therefor of methods more appropriate for the training and education of young men to command in an American army.

"The reforms that have been indicated mark an important era in the history of discipline and military instruction at the Academy. Diligence and discretion on the part of the responsible officers will make these reforms permanent without in the slightest degree marring the perfection of drill, appearance, and discipline. The custom among cadets of settling disputes or difficulties among themselves by pre-arranged and often brutal fist-fights is over, and there need be no apprehension that the stoppage of such affairs will in any way impair a proper habit of manly self-defense against personal assaults or insults."

Cocos, Cacso, Au Cocs,

"Speaking of confusion in the use of words," said a visitor to the city from Nicaragua, "I read a story some time ago which was credited to a physician, and I was impressed with the belief that he was either misquoted or that he had gotten slightly mixed in his botany. He was talking about coca, cocaine, cococolas and things of that sort, and he attempted to straighten out some of the popular errors, but instead of doing so he made matters worse.

"Now, I am engaged in the business of a cocao planter, near San Carlos, and I believe I ought to know something about the business. Cacao is one thing, cocoa is another, and coca is still another. Cocoa is made from the seed of the chocolate tree, but chocolate is made from the seed of the cacao, the broma cacao. It is a rather curious fact that this word cacao is invariably spelled incorrectly in nearly all advertisements. Any good botanical dictionary will show you the difference between cocoa, the cocoanut palm; cacao, the broma cacao and coca, the cocaine shrub. Yet these words are commonly confused and misspelled in newspapers and other advertising mediums, and the members of the medical profession, it seems, are not exempt from the same mistakes. They are separate things, with separate properties, and are put to separate use, and any good botanist will indorse this statement."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Unlucky Names For Ships.

Nothing is ever likely to shake the after things that sting are doomed to loss. Besides the Viper and Cobra, the Serpent was lost with nearly all her crew, the Wasp was wrecked with heavy loss off Tory Island, and a second Wasp, a gunboat, disappeared in a In consequence of this double disaster to ships named Wasp that name has been struck out of the admiralty we have lost a Rattlesnake, Gadfly and Hornet. Probably a new Viper and a new cobra will be built, but should when they arrived on the scene bruin had list of available names. In the past anything happen to either of them the name of the other is almost certain to in the woods. be changed by the authorities in deference to the sentiment that prevails afloat concerning unlucky names. The only exception that obtains is the Resolution. The present ship is the tenth. No less than eight of them have had tragic fates, and the present one some years since very nearly met disaster at sea. Most of the old Resolutions, however, earned glory first in battle, hence the perpetuation of the name .-London Chronicle.

Last Acts of Operas.

A laughable suggestion has been made for next opera season. A musical correspondent proposes to have a night set apart occasionally for representing the last acts of famous operas as, owing to their frequently commencing at or near midnight, there are housands who have never heard the final acts of many famous operas.

The flowers on many a man's grave are choked by the widow's weed.

LATEST HAPPENINGS ALL OVER THE STATE.

The Latest News Gleaned From All Over the State.

\$150,000 FIRE IN BRADFORD.

City Hall Among the Dozen Buildings Burned-Carnegle Men Receive Stock-Pittston Woman Entertained Friends on Her 107th Birthday-\$700 Found With a Corpse-Coraopolis Oil Plant Damaged by Fire.

These pensions were granted: Pennsylvanias-Henry J. Westerman, Allecheny, \$6; Frederick M. Atkinson, Pittsburg, \$6; Charles Matz, Pittsburg, \$6; John Stauffer, Pittsburg, \$6; John Ashman, Greenwood Furnace, \$12; Harnon Moser, Waynesboro, \$8; Jones Shell, Mifflinburg, \$8; John F. House-solder, McConnellstown, \$8; David H. Harsbarger, Mattawana, \$24; Andrew Donaldson, Mercer, \$6; Isabella Moon, Connellsville, \$8; Aggie A. Groscope, Pitcairn, \$8; Sarah A. McKeown, Pitts-purg, \$12, Margaret Moodie, Fisher, \$12; Eliza J. Irwin, Barnards, \$12; William B. Weston, East McKeesport, \$6; Curis D. Cross, Parthenia, \$6; Ringer, State Line, \$6; Loth Mader. Erie, \$6; Henry Peoples, Allegheny, \$8; Samuel Humer, Newburg, \$8; Henry C. Carmon, Huntingdon, \$10; Martin Wortse, Tyrone, \$8; George Wigner, Lewiston, \$10: Justus Routh, Altoona, \$8; Henry C. Huhn, Smithfield, \$8; Danel Haas, Mt. Pleasant Mills, \$10; William B. Krape, Johnstown, \$8; Rebecca Risheberger, Johnstown, \$8; Caroline Kellogg, Sayre, \$8.

Fire in the livery stable of F. Kochenour, in the upper end of Harrisburg, destroyed the stable, with ten horses and many carriages, and also three dwelling-houses, were burned, and two dwellings were badly damaged. The loss is estimated at \$10,000.

The members of the Farmers' Union of North Coventry attended services in the Parkerford Baptist Church, Pottstown, and listened to a sermon by Rev. William T. Johnston, the pastor. His text was "Behold a sower went forth to

Mrs. Mary Neiman, of North Coventry, who spent Sunday visiting her son, Milton Neiman, of Pottstown, fell dead on her return home as she was about to enter her gate.

William Stebbins, a two-year-old boy, fell into a sewer sump at Berwick and was unconscious from the effects of gas when rescued by Mrs. Robert Good.

Milton N. Bernhart, member of the

State House of Representatives from

Lehigh county from 1891 to 1894, died at his home in Allentown, aged 55 years. The barn of Anderw Porter, of Pine Grove Township, was burned together with the season's crops, three horses,

four cows and farming implements. Melvin F. Weisensale, son of Amos Weisensale, of Midway, a suburb of Hanover, who was shot by the accidental discharge of a revolver in the hands of his cousin, Harry Miller, died of his injuries, after suffering for about ten hours. An inquest was held. After hearing the testimony, a verdict was rendered that young W death by a gunshot wound, caused by the handling of a shotgun by Harry Miller, without any inention or forethought of discharging the gun, and without any intention of voluntarily taking life. Miller was afterwards arrested, to appear before the Adams County

Court. Twenty-one department heads at the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, of the Carnegie Company, at Braddock, have received blocks of company stock ranging from \$30,000 to \$60,000 each. In each case the 5 per cent. interest guaran-keed on the bonds will produce an amount equal to the recipient's salary. At other plants it is said similar awards this purpose as rapidly as the department heads are thought to deserve it. beneficiaries at Braddock have their pay doubled by this arrangement, and in addition will have the principal of the bonds when they are due. Camille Mercader, chief draughtsman of the company, who is said to be a Hungarian

count, was given \$75,000 worth of bonds. One of the worst fires in the history of Bradford occurred Friday morning. It originated in the livery stable of Frank P. Beamer and consumed a dozen buildings, including the \$35,000 city hall. Thirty-seven horses in one livery stable perished in the flames, and the \$10,000 library of Brown & Schoonmaker, city attorneys, was totally destroyed, together with valuable maps. The fire was discovered at 3.30 A. M., and it burned fiercely until 5.30, when the firemen gain-ed control of the flames. The fire burned buildings on three streets, Kennedy and Boyleston streets and Patent avenue. naval superstition that ships named The loss is estimated at \$150,000. The tity records were in fireproof vaults and were not damaged.

"While driving from Factoryville to Scranton, John McAnulty had an exciting experience with a bear which rushed from the woods adjoining the road. typhoon, never to be heard of again. McAnulty had a quantity of meat in the wagon and this first attracted the attention of bruin. While the bear was munching the meat, McAnulty left his horse and wagon and fled to a house when they arrived on the scene bruin had finished his meal and disappeared again

Miss Elizabeth Huey, of Reading, fell dead in the drug store of John B. Raser & Son. After the body had been removed to the morgue three purses were found on her person. Two of them were sewed into the lining of her skirt. In addition, gold and greenbacks were concealed in various parts of her clothing. The money aggregated \$700. Of this \$450 was in gold. Death was said to have been caused by heart disease.

Mrs. Sarah Kelly, of Pittsburg, Friday evening gave a party to celebrate her 107th birthday. She was born in Ireland in 1794. Mrs. Kelly is able to read the daily papers regularly without the use of glasses, and her memory is good as to events which occurred in the early part of the last century.

A fire in the plant of the Pittsburg Oil Refining Company, at Coraopolis, destroyed the main refining building, the waxhouse, compound houses, filtering houses and boiler house and spread to the tanks, 100 in number. The buildings destroyed covered four acres and the loss may be \$70,000.