

## NATHAN HALE.

One hero dies,—a thousand new ones rise,  
As flowers are sown where perfect blossoms fall,—  
Then quite unknown,—the name of Hale now cries  
Wherever duty sounds her silent call;  
With head erect he moves, and stately pace,  
To meet an awful doom,—no ribald jest  
Brings scorn or hate to that exalted face,  
His thoughts are far away, poised and at rest;  
Now on the scaffold see him turn and bid  
Farewell to home, and all his heart holds dear,  
Majestic presence,—all man's weakness hid,  
And all his strength in that one hour made clear,—  
"I have one last regret,—that is to give  
But one poor life, that my own land may live!"  
—William Ordway Partridge, in Harper's Weekly.

## A BETTER OFFER.

The junior partner in the firm of Clayton & Son looked up. He was a man of perhaps five and thirty, and seemed a little older. But his eyes were bright and his nerves were iron. He had grown old, as it were, in the business, the business that he now carried on alone, for his father had retired from active management the year before. It was a rich house, a conservative house that took few chances and clung tightly to its reputation for strict integrity and square dealing.

He was busy at the moment with an important letter of advice from his buyer in Paris. But his face cleared as he saw the cause of the interruption. He even smiled and thrust the letter aside. Then he waved his hand toward the chair that stood near the desk.

"Sit down, Miss Ronalds."

"Thank you, Mr. Clayton," said the girl, "but I will detain you only a moment."

She was a fine looking young woman. Not too young—close to six and twenty, perhaps, but possessed of a youthful charm of voice and manner that would grow old very slowly.

"What can I do for you, Miss Ronalds?" he asked.

"Mr. Clayton," said the girl, "I have come to tell you that I am going to leave Clayton & Son."

"Going to leave us? Are you dissatisfied?"

"No," the girl quickly replied, "but I have a better offer."

"Oh!" said Richard Clayton. "The new house has thrown out its bait, eh?"

There was a little change in his tone that the girl was quick to recognize.

"Yes," she said, "the pay is better."

"Please understand, Miss Ronalds," he said, "that we are not bidding against the new house. If they want our best people, and our best people desire to go to them, the house has nothing further to say. We shall not in any instance meet their offers of increased salary."

The girl colored slightly.

"I think you quite mistake the meaning of my call," she said. "I certainly had no intention of using the offer from the Stapleton company as a club. In fact, I had decided some time ago to leave your employ at the first opportunity. Pray do not ask me for the reason. It has nothing to do with my business relations here. I am going away with only the kindest feelings for all my associates, and I particularly want to thank you for your many courtesies—and I'm very sorry I have detained you so long."

She turned to retire, but Richard Clayton called her back.

"Miss Ronalds," he said, "One moment, please. I want to apologize for my rude speech of a moment ago. We have lost so many of our best salespeople that I suppose I must have felt a little irritated when I spoke. Kindly forget it. When do you want to leave?"

"Next Monday," she replied. "The first of the month."

"And you are determined to go to them?"

"I told them I would come unless I received a better offer."

"And you will not entertain any offer from Clayton & Son?"

The girl shook her head.

"No," she answered.

"Very well," said Richard Clayton, as he turned back to his letter. "I have no doubt I will see you before you go."

The girl bowed and took her way back to the glove department.

Richard Clayton's eyes were on the Paris letter, but his ears were strained to catch the last sound of the girl's footsteps. Then he sighed as he tried to fix his attention on the business in hand. But somehow the figures seemed to dance aside and a pair of big brown eyes looked up at him from the page.

As far back as he could remember his thoughts had never wandered as they did this particular morning. He was a methodical man and his mind was a well-trained machine. It had been running in one groove so long that he had supposed it never could leap to another. It was quite extraordinary. His face suddenly glowed as another thought assailed him. Was he in love?

And then his mind came back with a sudden sweep to the fact that Helen Ronalds was about to leave Clayton & Son. But why should this disturb him? There had been at various times hun-

dreds of girls in his employ. If one of them was dropped from the payroll the fact had never disturbed him. What was there about this girl that was different from the others? She was handsome, that was undeniable. He knew she came of a good family, because he had heard the story of her brilliant and erratic, and financially unfortunate father. He knew that with her earnings she supported herself and mother, and that she had been educated for something quite different.

He would admit that he had been interested in Miss Ronalds from the first day he saw her at the glove counter. Probably it was her father's story that awakened this interest. He remembered the very day of her appearance. He remembered how he had gone back and asked the head of the department who the new girl was, and the man told him her story. A little later he had spoken to her on some trivial matter of business, and on that same day he had advanced her wages. Helen was an excellent saleswoman and well earned her \$9 a week. And yet \$9 seemed very little for a family of two, and for a girl with the early advantages and home life that Helen had known. No doubt Clayton & Son had failed to appreciate her, because here was the new house outbidding them. And yet there was no use of trying to remedy this injustice now. She had said that the increased salary was not the only reason she had for leaving. What could the other reason be?

And then Richard Clayton felt that perhaps he himself had unwittingly furnished the cause. He remembered that he had on numerous occasions paid her some little attentions that might have drawn the notice of the other girls. And yet all their talk had been business coloring. Nevertheless, he remembered he had noticed that several of the girls were shyly smiling when he had paused for a word or two with Helen.

Presently the office boy heard him humming a tune and observed at the same time that Richard Clayton was writing a letter. And while it was a monumental task he seemed to extract much enjoyment from its concoction. At last he coaxed it into a shape that suited his inexperienced taste.

Dear Miss Ronalds, it began, your verbal notification of even date conveying intelligence of intended withdrawal from the clerical force of our house has been duly considered. While the firm regrets to lose your valuable services it has no wish to stand in the way of your securing any situation that seems an improvement upon your present one. At the same time the house of Clayton & Son is not willing to let you enter the service of a rival without making an effort to restrain you. Understanding that no more money consideration will cause you to change your mind regarding this contemplated withdrawal, our Mr. Richard Clayton begs leave to offer to you himself, his name, his hand and fortune—his fervent admiration and his true love. While this may seem abrupt to you, dear lady, Mr. Clayton finds now that it was a climax toward which he has been hastening for some time. He understands that it was the shock of learning that you were about to leave his service that brought a full realization of his deep regard for you. And while he realizes, too, that he is but a clumsy novice at this form of correspondence—commencing late in life, as it were—he feels convinced that if he could plead his cause in person and give you the opportunity to become better acquainted with him, it would be greatly to his advantage. Realizing as you must our Mr. Richard Clayton's anxiety will you not favor him with a reply at your earliest possible convenience. Very truly yours,

CLAYTON & SON.

Per Richard,  
P. S.—My regards to your esteemed mother.

At 5 o'clock Richard Clayton passed at the glove counter. He knew that the other girls were watching him.

"Miss Ronalds," he said in his most businesslike tone, "here is the recommendation for which you asked," and he handed her the letter and with a stiff little nod passed along.

The next day was Sunday, and it was close to noon when a ring at the bell drew him to the door. A small boy stood there, a small boy who thrust a little envelope into his hand and vanished.

And this was the message that came to Richard Clayton:

No. 237 Cremona street, Saturday night.

Messrs. Clayton & Son, for Mr. Richard Clayton:

Dear Sir—Your kind letter of recommendation and inquiry has been duly considered. In reply, I would say that I have mailed to Messrs. Stapleton & Co. this evening a message which may be briefly condensed to these words: "I have received a better offer."

My mother and I would be pleased to have you take tea with us on Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. Sincerely yours,  
Helen Ronalds.

You dear, foolish man, do you think this quite formal enough? Helen.  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Wants the Thames Straightened.

This fatuous letter appears in a contemporary:

"I became highly indignant to-day when, on looking at a map, I discovered how devious the Thames is. Cannot our English engineers, who are so well versed in canal making, straighten out this noble river, thus shortening the distance between points, decreasing the friction and increasing the flow? Inventor."—London Globe.

The sun is traveling at 40 miles a second, about 40,000 times as fast as an express train.

## MENDING POCKET KNIVES

### Sentimental Reasons That Lead People to the Cutler's Shop.

A man of an inquiring turn who had read on the front of a cutler's shop the sign, "Pocket Knives Rebladed and Rehandled," and who recalled the fact that when he was a boy he used to get a new blade put in sometimes when he broke one out of his knife, found, upon inquiry, that boys still get new blades put in knives just as they used to, but that as a matter of fact, the people who have pocket knives repaired are mostly older persons, and that the knives are likely to be valued for their associations.

"I've carried that knife for fifty years, or more," says one gentleman, and he hands over a knife that he's carried since he was a boy, and that he'd have to lose.

Many knives brought in for repair are prized because they are gifts; or they were bought in some foreign country, or they just suit the hand of the man that uses them. There are various more or less sentimental reasons why a man may prefer to keep the old knife rather than discard it for a new one. Then it may be that in some other cases the knife is too valuable to be thrown away. So that first and last and for one reason and another out of the vast number of pocket knives carried a good many come in to be mended.

The repairs made to pocket knives are of a varied character. They may consist, for example, in the putting on of one new pearl side on a pearl-handled knife to replace a side cracked or flawed. With long use the blade at the hinged end or the spring in the handle or the rivet by which the blade is held may get worn so that the knife blade won't close properly, or may be the spring is no longer as it should be, flush with the back of the knife. In fact, a great many things can happen to a pocket knife, and, of course, the more blades the more things can happen, but the cutler repairs them all.

The phrase "rebladed and rehandled" suggested of course, the idea of a complete renewal, and the inquirer wondered if it might not be possible that with the repair of a knife in one part and another, such a renewal might occur. And the cutler said that not only was it possible, but that sometimes it actually did happen that with successive renewals of its various parts the whole knife came sometimes to be entirely renewed, and there was left of the original knife nothing.—New York Sun.

### Photographing Funeral Flowers.

The visitor surveyed the walls of the studio curiously.

"You don't seem to be taking the pictures of anything but flowers," was the critical remark.

"I told you," said the artist, "that I am devoting my attention to still life."

"But there are different kinds of still life," was the reply. "Why confine yourself to flowers exclusively?"

"I don't," said he, "once in a while I snap a corpse."

"A corpse!" This was a cry of dismay.

The artist nodded. "Don't you see," he said, "that these are all funeral flowers? If you will look more closely you will see that in many cases they are piled up around and over the coffin, although out of consideration for the feelings of the family in later years I always aim to avoid this greswome object. It is queer what a hold the mania for photographing funeral flowers has taken upon people. I wouldn't like to say that it has its root in pride in the number and beauty of floral decorations contributed by friends, but if that is not the explanation, what is? I'll warrant that I have photographed one hundred funerals in the past two months, and in each case the more flowers there were the larger number of pictures the family wished 'struck off' for distribution among relatives and friends. To me it seems rather a weird fad, but so long as the public likes it and is willing to pay for catering to it, I suppose I ought to have no kick coming."

### Hall Caine as a "Key."

Mr. Hall Caine, I observe, by 458 votes to 191, has become a "Key." It is not quite so easy to determine why the twenty-four who form the executive branch of the Legislature of the Isle of Man are called "Keys."

The term is old. It appears in the Latin form of clavis, in 1418. Four years later there are English "Keys." But the Manx statutes did not recognize "Keys" till long afterward, in 1585. From that year to 1724 there were the "twenty-four Keys." But Gov. Horne, who must be taken to have known how to address that assembly, did act, in 1715, address it as "Keys" but as "Gentlemen of the Twenty-four Keys."

I turn to our friend Phillips of the "New World of Words," 1716. Mr. Phillips opines that these twenty-four chief commoners, "being, as it were, keepers of the liberties of the people, are called 'Keys' of the island." Your "as it were" definition is necessarily somewhat fanciful.

However, Mr. Hall Caine is a "Key" of sorts. Once upon a time his fellow "Keys" would have been his electors. But in 1866 "Keys" consented to submit to the popular vote. Then the act of 1880 abolished a property qualification for "Keys," granted household suffrage in town and a £4 owner and £6 tenant franchise in the country. Further, it seems, it admitted women to vote. I should not wonder if this latter circumstance had a good deal to do with Mr. Hall Caine's election.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Japan has two imperial universities—one at Toyo, the other at Kioto. The latter is only three years old.

## HEALTH IN SCHOOL.

### A Subject That is Yearly Receiving More Attention.

Many people who are scrupulously careful of the health of their children in the home are strangely indifferent to the conditions prevailing in the school. Hygiene in the public schools is a subject that is yearly receiving more and more attention, with the result that new school buildings in the larger towns and the cities conform generally to the sanitary standards, but this is not true of many of the old buildings and of many schoolrooms in small places. It is the duty of all parents to know how far they fall short, and why, and what is needed to make them healthy.

The rules as to contagious diseases should be more strict, or rather strictly enforced, and parents should remember that danger may lurk in complaints often considered of slight importance. Whooping-cough, for instance, is thought by many people to be an unimportant and necessary trouble of childhood when it is better to get over and have out of the way. They do not know, or they forget, that while whooping-cough is not a dangerous disease for older children, it is dangerous and often fatal to very young children, and is easily carried by the children attending school to the babies in the nursery.

Too much attention cannot be paid to the question of light in the school-room. Many children are made premature wrecks from unrecognized eye-strain, and school visitors may often see small, helpless children sitting blinking in the sunlight which streams through a large window in front of them, making frowning efforts through the glare to read from a blackboard, and using up in a few hours the nerve force of a week. Light should be abundant and should come from the left side, so that no shadow is thrown on slate or books, as is the case when the light comes from behind or from the right.

Another most important matter is the properly constructed desk, which will prevent undue stooping, contortions, or impediment to correct breathing.

In considering the subject of ventilation, there should, of course, be some system in every school house by which air can be introduced from outside and then allowed to escape without using the windows, which cannot always be depended upon on account of drafts and storms. These and many other points should be insisted upon by parents.—Youth's Companion.

## LOADING STEEL CARS.

### Ten Hours' Labor is Done in a Minute.

For a number of years long wooden flat cars were loaded arduously by shovel with ore, coke, coal, gravel, broken stone or whatever loose materials were to be shipped from point to point, and unloaded arduously in the same way. Large capacity steel cars were introduced with reduced repairs and wear and tear greatly, and made large shipments easier to handle, machinery came in with derricks and lifts and traveling cars to make loading more rapid and economical, and now a car has been invented which does away with the toilsome unloading. In three-quarters of an hour seven men used to be able to unload twenty-five tons. Now a man without manual labor can in a few seconds unload twice that amount. Mere force of gravity does the work. Adjustable steel valves or floors make it possible to discharge on either side, on both sides at once, on either or both sides of the centre, or on both sides and centre at the same time. In motion they will spread the load from five to thirty feet from the track, the width of spread depending upon the speed of the train. This is all done without careening or moving the body of the car. This car is naturally adapted for ballasting. The load can be spread in any or all of its various ways by one ordinary laborer, and the spreading is regulated by the speed of the train. The average car has a capacity of eighty thousand pounds. The car has also a convertible use. Being made of steel, it can be changed in a minute into a well-armed car for military operations with narrow loopholes and well-covered defence. It has therefore a double advantage for armies in the field.—Arthur Goodrich, in The World's Work.

## Inequality of the Sexes.

Taking the country right through, there is an average of 512 men and boys to every 488 women and girls. Hence the normal state of things in America is a slight excess of males over females. In the majority of the States this standard is pretty closely adhered to. In some cases, though, the men are in such a small majority that the scales are about even. Thus, in Connecticut, out of a population of nearly a million, there were only 172 more males than females last year.

The women are distinctly more numerous in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, the District of Columbia, the Carolinas and Georgia. New Hampshire's excess is 820 out of over 400,000 inhabitants, New York's 39,334 out of over 7,000,000, New Jersey's only 149 in a population of 1,883,669, Maryland's 9,494 out of 1,188,044 and Rhode Island's about 7,500 with a total population of 428,556. This last mentioned State gives a ratio of 509 women to 491 men. Massachusetts beats them all, though, with an excess of 70,400 in a population of 2,304,346, or 513 women to every 1,000 inhabitants.

The excess of males is found chiefly in Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, California and Nevada, where from 550 to 600 residents out of every 1,000 belong to the sterner sex.

## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MURDER.

### Light Thrown on it by a Strange Assassination.

Light may be thrown on the psychology of murder by a remarkable assassination reported from Riva, at the head of the Lago di Garda, Riva is a peaceful, lovely, little Italian town, though still in Austrian possession, and a favorite summer and winter rest for Germans. One of its attractions is the Ponale waterfall, a mile or so out of the town. Herr Ladenburger, a South Germany city judge on a vacation tour, was returning from a walk to the Ponale, when he met on the road a Prussian named Muller, a perfect stranger to him, who drew a revolver and shot him dead. Muller was arrested at once, and after pretending for a while to be mad, gave an account of himself.

He came from Insterburg in Prussia, where he had been sent to jail for theft. After his discharge he found that he had fallen in the esteem of his townsmen, and that Insterburg was no place for him. He was unable to make his way in other places and drifted to Riva, where, as his money was giving out, he decided to kill himself and bought a revolver. He started on the Ponale road, in doubt whether to shoot himself or jump into the lake, when he met the unlucky judge. The judge looked so happy, so well pleased with himself and with life, that Muller fired at him immediately "out of hatred of the world and mankind."

He was asked what had become of his resolve to commit suicide, and explained that the sight of blood had stilled his rage against the world. In the days of the romantic movement a well-to-do bourgeois was like a red rag to the heroes of Murger and Theophile Gautier and Heine, but the violence was shown in literature rather than in actual life. There are no signs of literary or even anarchist incentives in Muller's case. It seems to be a pure rage at any one who dared to be happy.—New York Sun.

## A Cable Road Up Vesuvius.

The modernization of Europe is strikingly illustrated by the announcement that a trolley road is now building up the slope of the volcano of Vesuvius for the accommodation of tourists who find mountain climbing distastefully arduous. The trolley line starts at the foot of the mountain and connects with a cable road, which carries the passenger all the way to the edge of the crater, beginning at an elevation of 2,200 feet. Already there is a trolley line from Gizeh to Sphinx, one for part of the way up Mont Blanc, and a number of them, with transfers and all the modern accessories, through the streets of Rome.

The most incongruous combination of ancient and modern will be found in the electric passenger railroad to be built through the Catacombs. Well, why not? The modern tourist appreciates such conveniences very much, and finds them a substantial economy over the traditional donkey and his picturesquely blasphemous driver. No one who has ascended our own Mount Washington in recent years has had cause to regret that his or her bones do not repose somewhere among the boulders, marked by a cavern, like those of the unfortunate young woman who was among the last to attempt the almost impossible ascent on foot. Whatever conserves tissue makes for good, and the advantage of mountain railroads is that by means of them thousands reach mountain tops who would otherwise be content to contemplate them from the valleys. So much of the "romance" of travel as is lost thereby can very well be spared.

## The Peculiar Russian Cross.

A stranger in Russia is always puzzled by a short bar near the foot of every cross, set at an angle of about forty-five degrees. This is not seen elsewhere, and is due to the fact that the Russians believe the Saviour to have been deformed, to have had one leg shorter than another. This, their priests teach them, was by his own wish in order that He might suffer to the utmost the degradation of humanity.

"He hath no form nor comeliness," saith the Russian priest. "We did esteem Him stricken, afflicted and smitten of God. It pleased God to bruise Him and put Him to grief."

Strangers are also struck by the way in which the crosses on the old churches are usually represented as rising from crescents. The Tartars, who were masters of Russia for two hundred years, converted the churches into mosques, and placed crescents upon their spires. When the Grand Duke Ivan Vassilievitch drove out the Tartars and restored the churches, he left the crescents where the Mahometans had placed them, but planted the cross upon them as the sign of victory, and the Russians still continue this practice.—Russian Correspondence to Chicago Record-Herald.

## The Conductor Was an Extra.

Passengers on a Brooklyn bridge trolley car were greatly amused the other day at the antics of their conductor, who had been an old sailor and was going through some strange performances on the rear platform to show that he wasn't all landlubber yet, although he had been ringing up fares for several years.

The rejuvenated sailor said, "I had a fine old time, 'culling ropes when I had a berth on the three-skysail-yarder Stanhope. I takes on a 'alryd like this," he continued, grabbing the trolley rope and pulling until the motor-man rang for power. Before he was through with his exhibition of prowess the brake had been used as a capstan, the rear seat as a forward deck, and the fender as a long boat swung from its davits. Just then the Brooklyn end of the bridge was reached, and the man resumed his role of ordinary conductor.

## PENNSYLVANIA BRIEFLY TOLD.

### The Latest Condensed Dispatches From Many Points.

#### LIST OF NEW PENSIONS GRANTED.

Two Men Dead From Anthrax—Teamsters Employed at a Sullivan County Tannery Contract the Disease—Seven Masked Men Invade a Hotel in Avoca—Alarming Result of a Lebanon Girl's Encounter With a Pet Cat.

Pensions granted Pennsylvanians: David C. Shoop, Job, \$6; John P. Norman, Monongahela City, \$6; George Farmerie, Etna, \$6; Joseph D. Gray, Pittsville, \$6; David Martin, Davis, \$12; Albert G. Painter, \$8; Apollo, \$8; Jonathan Walls, Ruble, \$8; Conrad Schlegel, Pittsburgh, \$24; George W. King, Allensville, \$10; Henry Snively, Haffey, \$10; Reuben R. Weibert, Boiling Springs, \$8; Steele Argyle, Braddock, \$12; Elin Shover, Kerrsville, \$8; Margaret McCormick, Pittsburgh, \$8; Elizabeth Miller, Pittsburgh, \$8; minors of Edward Shall, Altoona, \$12; Jane A. Drake, Pittsburgh, \$8.

Shortly after 2 in the morning, five persons—a mother and her four children—were burned to death at Gwin Station, on the Wopsonnock Railroad, three miles north of Altoona. The husband escaped with severe injuries. The house, which was a two-story frame structure, was soon consumed and the search of the ruins commenced. As there was nothing left but the foundation stone, the bodies, charred and blackened, were speedily recovered. One corpse could not be distinguished from the other.

While rabbit hunting at Brown Hollow, Frank Hunt, of that place, was accidentally shot and killed by Casper Winterberger, of Pricburg. Winterberger was climbing onto a stone wall to get a shot at a fleeing rabbit, when he tumbled and fell. His gun was discharged and a load of buckshot entered Hunt's neck, killing him almost instantly.

Thomas Johnson was sleeping in his paint shop at West Chester, when he was tumbled by flames around him. He was forced to jump out of the window in his night attire. The building was consumed with its contents.

William Slater and Miss Nellie Boyle, a sister of Slater's stepmother, were married at McKeesport. By the ceremony young Slater becomes his father's brother-in-law.

Fire broke out in the tailoring establishment of Adam Buesky at Shenandoah. The building and stock were damaged to the extent of \$3,000.

The Phoenix Hose Hook and Ladder Company of Phoenixville, took possession of its new building which has been erected at a cost of \$12,000.

Mrs. Christina Creider died in Bethlehem, aged 95 years. She was the oldest female member of the Moravian Church in Bethlehem.

Dr. Herman Strecker, a sculptor and entomologist of world-wide fame, died in Reading, aged 65 years. He was 50 years in gathering his superb collection of butterflies, which contains 200,000 specimens, the largest collection in America, and upon which he expended \$25,000.

Miss Bridget Lavelle was arrested at Scranton charged with setting fire to her house in that place to secure insurance money. She was committed to jail. She occupied the house until a few weeks ago, when she moved all of her goods but a few articles of small value. Late Thursday night, it is alleged, she was seen entering the house and wandering about in it. A short time later flames broke out and the house had a narrow escape from complete destruction.

As a result of the death of Miles Jenkins, a teamster in the employ of the Union Tanning Company, at Hills Grove, all the other teamsters employed by the company have quit work. Jenkins' death was due to anthrax, the disease first appearing on his neck in the form of a small pimple. It spread rapidly, and he died in great agony. This is the second death from the disease among the teamsters, and the others have concluded to find work elsewhere rather than run the risk of contracting the disease.

Seven masked men broke into the hotel of John Nealis, at Avoca, and after beating the proprietor into insensibility in his bed compelled his wife, at the point of a revolver, to show them where Nealis kept his money. They made their escape with \$245, two gold watches and other jewelry. The methods of the marauders are identical with those used in the Corcoran murder case two years ago, and the officials believe that the perpetrators of the two crimes are the same.

Miss Rebecca H. Boyle, for many years a leader in Women's Christian Temperance Union work, was killed by a fall at Phoenixville. Miss Boyle was moving to a new home, she had just built, and in moving a table she fell from her porch to the pavement. Her skull was fractured and death ensued. Miss Boyle has been active in opposing the granting of liquor licenses. She was also prominent as a temperance lecturer.

Walter Harris, of Pittsburgh, went to Shenandoah in search of his brother John, whom he had not seen for thirty-two years. He learned that his brother was living at Ringtown, two miles from Shenandoah, and while crossing the mountain he overtook a farmer driving to that place, who invited him to a seat in his wagon. Harris related his story to the stranger, who suddenly threw his arms around Harris' neck, saying: "Why, I'm your brother."

A serious fire broke out in Samuel Block's clothing establishment, Shenandoah. Mr. Block places his loss at \$12,800, partly insured.

Mrs. Carrie Cox, of Williamsport, who is charged by William McFadden with having attempted to poison his two children by giving them biscuits spread with Paris green, was indicted by the Grand Jury.

Fenton M. Travers, conductor on the Pennsylvania switcher, while attempting to jump from a passenger train at Milton fell under the cars. Both legs were cut off and he died from loss of blood.

C. C. Kaufman, president of the New Haven Iron and Steel Company, denies that his company's works are to be sold to the Susquehanna Iron and Steel Company.