

A SENSE OF PERIL.

The country's full of railroad trains; the city's full of tracks; An' every now an' then I hold my breath and say "by zucks!" The water's full o' microbes an' the air is full o' germs, An' quinine is the only thing that brings the brutes to terms. No matter what the season is, some trouble'll waltz in; You're threatened with a sunstroke, or else you're catchin' cold. An' that is why I fold my hands contented-like an' say I'm thankful, if fur nothin' else, that I'm alive to-day.

I ain't no outomobile fur to ride along the pike. I never played no golf at all. A lot of things I'd like. I've had to git along without an' be contented jest To see the other folks enjoyin' life or takin' rest. But when they're buildin' battle-ships an' throwin' dynamite, An' makin' calculations fur a carnage, left an' right, It ain't no time to scold because existence isn't gay—I'm thankful, if fur nothin' else, that I'm alive to-day.

—Washington Star.

THE OLD BELL

"Hullo, Marie! I'm awful glad to see you out again!" was Joe Page's greeting as he caught a glimpse of Marie Menard's small, frail figure on the doorstep.

Without replying, Marie, with the aid of her crutches, slowly arose and walked a short distance from the open door.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Joe, as he saw the troubled look on that childish face. "For such a nice day you ought to be as happy as a bird. You ought to be thankful you can get out of that old house once more."

"Oh, I am thankful—so thankful! I have prayed—you can't dream how much—for the sunshine, but— She stopped suddenly, then added as if talking to herself, "If grandpa could only have stayed with me!"

"Well," said Joe, "if you'll tell me what's the matter, I'll help you if I can."

"No," she said. "Nobody can help me. I just think all the time till it makes me weak. I can't help it."

"Well—" said Joe, impatiently.

"The water—" she said; then in a whisper, "I'm afraid they'll go off and leave me if it gets high like it did the time grandpa used to tell about."

"No, Marie, no!" he cried. "They could not be so mean."

"Whiskey'll make 'em do anything," she answered, in bitter tones.

"I've got to go or Danil'll be after me," and Joe left with this parting advice: "Don't worry any more about it."

Marie lived with her uncle, Peter Morin, in the old town of Kaskaskia. Kaskaskia was once the capital of Illinois, and attained a population of nearly ten thousand people. There once resided men who were famous in state and nation.

In 1880 the Mississippi River cut through the land just above this town to the Kaskaskia River, leaving the town upon an island. The hungry waters are now fast destroying poor Kaskaskia. Its brilliant yesterday serves but as a contrast with its dull to-day. It is peopled now with traditions of what once was. Where the first state house stood there are only a few rocks overgrown with willows. The old convent, where were educated the daughters of the wealthy, is all gone. Not even the dead had promise of peace, and were carried away.

The Catholic church is in good repair, but the few remaining buildings are unpainted and dilapidated.

When three years old, Marie had a severe attack of sickness, and though now thirteen years old, she was unable to walk without the aid of crutches and the greater part of the time was confined to her bed. Her grandfather was her constant companion, waiting upon her and entertaining her with stories of "Kasky in her prosperous youth."

During the fall of 1891 her grandpa died, and Marie had no one to care for her. She lived in fear of the coming waters, and that fear was fast wearing her tender life away.

Father Farnin often went to talk with her, and his good housekeeper sent many nice things to eat, but this only caused the hard-hearted aunt to be jealous, and to inflict new suffering on the already overburdened heart.

A month passed. Little Marie was too weak to leave her bed. The water was slowly creeping toward the group of houses—all that was left of old Kasky.

"Here, Joe," said Mr. Danis, "help me load the skiff. 'Pears to me the water's going to come pooty hard to-night, and I'm going to git out of here. Don't ketch me a-staying here and runnin' a resk with sich sneeking water. I'm set on being in a place that's high and dry before I close my eyes to-night."

It took but a few trips from the house to the skiff to get the most valuable possessions of the old bachelor, with whom Joe lived.

"Jump in, Joe," said Mr. Danis, as he seated himself in one end of the skiff. "There's no time to lose."

"Can't you wait a minute?" asked Joe in a hesitating manner.

"No! Didn't I tell yer there's no time to lose? Jump in, if yer going to."

Joe stepped toward the skiff—stopped—then turned and went back to the

house they had left, and watched the snow steadily advancing waters.

As darkness gathered over the island the people became alarmed, and as fast as possible moved into the houses, to the second stories of which they expected to go for safety.

To one of these Pete Morin moved his family. To-night, as usual, he was intoxicated.

"Well, Marie, I guess you want to go, too, don't you?" he asked in a simple manner.

"Here, Pete," came in angry tones from his wife as she handed him a bundle of clothes. "Leave that brat alone and take this."

Like a child he obeyed, and little Marie was forgotten.

"You're sich a blessed little angel, it would be a sin fur anybody but Father Farnin to save you," was the last blow from the cruel aunt as she closed the door—and Marie was alone.

Joe waited until the water ran across the room in little streams.

"It does mean business," said he to himself. "Guess I'd better go."

At the door of the Morin house Joe stopped to listen. From within came not the sound of sobbing, but the pleading voice in prayer.

"Well, sir, they did do it, didn't they, Marie?" he said as he entered. "But never you mind; we'll fool 'em fur once in their lives."

Joe was a large, strong boy of seventeen, and to him Marie seemed but the weight of a babe. Wrapping her well in a blanket he carried her to the church.

"My crutches," she whispered, "they're in the corner."

Putting her on one of the seats he left the church, but soon returned with the crutches and more blankets. He could find nothing to eat as he had hoped to do.

The old church is low and broad and situated on the highest ground of the island, yet not out of reach of the hungry waters. Entering there in a small vestibule of which the steeple is a continuation. No plaster covers the brick walls. No woodwork. Looking upward you see the old bell amidst these rough surroundings.

This bell, whose tones were the first ever heard in the Mississippi Valley, was a gift from France in 1741.

"I know the nicest place for you that ever was," said Joe, trying to be lively. "I'll go first and fix you a nice bed with these covers."

Joe then carried Marie to the gallery and placed her on the bed he had made for her on the bellows of the pipe-organ, which, from its curious appearance, one might guess to be even older than the bell. It consisted of two parts—the larger part on one side, the smaller on the other—connected by a platform. The woodwork was rough and unpainted. From one side projected the bellows, which was about the size of a bed and covered with white cloth. The large pipes extending far above the keys were framed with rough boards.

"Now, Marie," said Joe, "you jest go to sleep. I'm going to set on the steps and if anybody comes they'll have to pass the guard."

Marie was soon asleep. Joe, too, was soon asleep at his post.

The next morning he was awakened by a soft voice calling:

"Joe! Oh, Joe! Look at the water! How can we get out?"

The water was above the straight-backed seats. Through the window, sunbeams played upon the organ, as if to cheer Marie, but a shudder shook her small frame as she saw the water separating her from the altar, before which she had so often knelt in prayer. She did not realize how near she was just then to the altar not made with hands.

Joe had not expected this, and hid the surprised and frightened look on his face as he answered, drowsily:

"Guess we'll have to stay."

All day Marie told stories while Joe set on the edge of the bellows in deep thought, catching only the thread of what she said. Silently he watched the water as faster each hour it climbed the gallery steps. Night came on. Marie, too, became quiet, and both fixed their eyes on the sanctuary lamp on the altar.

For hours they watched the small red light.

"There, it's gone!" whispered Marie as the water extinguished the light—and Joe the last gleam of hope.

Marie prayed till her tired eyes closed in disturbed slumber, but Joe walked to and fro through that never-ending night.

Just as the first faint gleams of light were creeping through the window, Joe stopped by the bellows. How pale and thin was that face! The hunger, thirst and pain were plainly written there, yet how bravely she tried to drive the present danger from them with stories of the happy past.

"Marie, are you hungry?" asked Joe.

"Oh, no, not very—but hot my! I'm about to burn up, and so much water—if I only had a sup—there"—she said, "I didn't want to say that, but I forgot."

As the morning advanced bright roses came on Marie's cheeks, and in her sleep she would talk of grandpa and the water.

But hark! what was that?

In his joy Joe screamed:

"The rescue boat!"

Nearer and nearer came the sound. "Will they come to the church?" was the question which darted through Joe's mind.

The boat whistled at intervals, and to those in danger its shrill notes, "help is coming," were the sweetest notes never to be forgotten.

To his screams of "Help!" Joe expected each moment an answer.

He threw back the lid of the organ and beat with wild force upon the keys. All was useless. The organ, whose tones had so often reverberated through the church and far out over the island, made no sound. There was no one at the bellows. He ran to the open back of the organ and stretched forth his hands towards the old bell, the rope of

which was tied just beyond his reach—out of the way of curious or mischievous hands. Many years ago on a frosty morning it had been cracked and was now used only on special occasions.

The boat was leaving. The sound of the whistle grew more distant.

"Oh, God!" cried Joe. "Why did I bring her here? Why didn't I let the water take her away quick? She will starve."

The sound of the receding boat grew fainter and fainter. Back to the organ Joe rushed. As the last sound of the boat died away he dropped on the stool, his head on the keys.

For hours Joe never moved. Again that faint sound caught his ear. The boat was returning.

"That whistle makes me mad," said Joe. "Yes, they'll find her when the water goes down! Will they blame me?"

As he raised his head from the keys his eyes rested on the large pipes, standing there like giants to mock him in his helplessness. But a moment did he stop. Climbing to the top of the organ he forced from position the longest of the pipes. A moment more, one end was placed on the organ the other on the window opposite. With pocket-knife ready he threw himself forward on the pipe—cut the rope, and sent forth such peals from the old bell as soon brought aid.

Once out on the unsteady pipe Joe could not return. Below him was the water. Still holding the rope he closed his eyes and offered a prayer of thanks to his heavenly Father.

Marie was taken from her bed on the bellows unconscious.

The boat carried its load of rescued sufferers to a neighboring town, where Marie was placed in a good home. She is happy, and, although much stronger, still uses the crutches found on the bellows after the water receded.

Joe went back to the farm on the island with Mr. Danis.—Waverley Magazine.

FEATS OF A GREAT TRAILER.

What an Ordinary Trail on the Plains Revealed to Frank Gourard.

The passing of the Indian scout will be another page of the romance torn from the world's history which is ever becoming more prosaic. Buffalo Bill is an able man and true as steel. But for a detective ability that Sherlock Holmes himself might envy Frank Gourard, a Hawaiian, brought up among the Indians, stands probably without a peer. Gourard is tall and very muscular, with huge shoulders and chest. He gives evidence of his nativity in his thick sensuous lips, flattened nose and dusky complexion unlike that of an Indian. He says himself that he merely remembers the fact, that, as a baby, he was brought from across the water. By long living with the Indians, he acquired a perfect knowledge of their habits, traditions and even methods of thought. Hence he was invaluable to the army when it was called upon to march against the hostile red men.

Lieut. Jordan of the metropolitan police force was with Gen. Crook's command in its memorable campaign against the Sioux. Gourard rendered yeoman's service during this trying period when the horror of the Custer massacre was very fresh, especially in the minds of the devoted band which hurried after his slayers. Lieut. Jordan is, it is believed, the only man in this city who can recall from personal experience the terrors of that memorable chase. Speaking of Gourard, he said:

"I never met a man with the faculty of Gourard. He could tell a footprint in the grass, where the ordinary observer would notice nothing. Moreover, he would tell whether the footprint was left by a white man or an Indian, and, if the latter, to what tribe he belonged. To be sure, he explained the matter by saying that each tribe wore a certain style of moccasin, but the distinction was sometimes so trivial as to render Gourard's feat a very remarkable one. The Indians, as you doubtless know, when on the warpath march in single file, those behind treading in the footprints of the leader, so as to leave a single pair of marks. The carriages used for carrying the squaws and children and supplies were formed of two poles lashed together, one at each side of the horse with the ends trailing along the ground.

"These were the same width and one was driven in the path of the other. But in spite of these precautions Gourard could tell, with practical exactness, the number of warriors, squaws and papooses that had passed along a trail, in addition to the tribe they belonged to and other particulars which were hidden from the ordinary observer, and the determining of which, to those who did not know the extraordinary capabilities of the scout, seemed wholly impossible. He would notice two sticks laid upon the ground and they would tell him of a sign of warning left by the Indians for their people. There are very many of this latter kind of marks by which the Indians counsel each other.

"In short, Gourard had reduced the faculty of observation, which most civilized people use so carelessly, to an exact science. The Indians, also as you probably know, are keen observers. You will never be able to catch their eye, perhaps, or to know just where they are looking, but they will see much more than the average white man. The only occasion when an Indian's gaze is fixed is when he desires some object at a great distance. They have a way on the plains of sweeping the horizon, shading their eyes with one hand the while."—Washington Times.

Culture and Conscience.

One effect of culture is to make the voice of conscience too polite to interrupt.—New York Sun.

The United States produces as much borax as the rest of the world combined.

FEW MEN NOW WEAR BOOTS.

MANY FARMERS OF THIS GENERATION NEVER OWNED A PAIR.

Now Worn by Older and Middle-Aged Men—The Passing of the Little Red Tops—The Rubber Boot Still Extensively Used.

"Boots, once commonly worn by men and boys, are now," said a man acquainted with the shoe trade, "worn only by old and middle-aged men, and by only a comparatively limited number of them, though it is a fact that the sale of fine boots in this city has slightly increased within the past two or three years. The men who wear boots are men who have worn them all their lives and they cling to them from habit, or they prefer them, in any way."

"Sometimes men have changed from boots to shoes, and then changed back; the shoes didn't seem natural or comfortable to them. Oftener, however, when the older man changes to shoes he sticks to them, and by far the greater number, indeed, of middle-aged and old, as well as young men, wear nowadays what, so to speak, everybody wears, namely, shoes."

"Still, in so great a city as this, among so many people, the number in the aggregate of those who wear boots is quite considerable, and in some of the very largest of the shoe stores you would find, quite unknown as boots are now to the great majority, men's boots in some variety; perhaps as many as a dozen styles of boots, in stock. They range in price from \$5 to \$12 a pair. You see they cost more than shoes and as a matter of fact they are worn for the most part by men of means or in comfortable or easy circumstances.

"And contrary to what might be expected of those still wearing boots, the greater number, proportionately, would be found in the city and not in the country, where, if anything, the boot has been even more generally superseded by the shoe, in some form. I am speaking now, you understand, of boots and shoes as worn by the great majority of men everywhere for the ordinary purposes of a shoe. There are, of course, regularly made and constantly sold and worn, for older men and young, riding boots and hunting and fishing boots.

"There are still made and sold to some extent kip boots, a coarse, cheaper boot, selling at about \$250 a pair, worn by some people in out-of-door occupations, as by street sweepers in cities and by farmers in the country. It used to be thought that following the plow and all that, the farmer must have boots, but mighty few farmers anywhere in the country wear boots to-day. Some do, to be sure, and there are older and middle-aged farmers who wear fine boots on Sundays and other occasions from old-time habit, or because, like the city man, they like them. But the great majority of them wear, like almost everybody else in these days, shoes of some sort, very probably a high-cut blucher, which serves its purpose well.

"Besides the riding boots worn by men riding for pleasure or recreation, there are some boots worn by horsemen in general, but still practically the only men who as a body wear boots as they go about their daily work are miners, and one reason why they wear boots is because more or less of their work, in some mining, they do on their knees.

"They will tell you at a big wholesale shoe concern with a trade reaching in all directions and extending through the country from ocean to ocean that they don't sell now one pair where twenty-five years ago they sold a hundred cases.

"Now, all that I have said to you applies to leather boots, to boots worn as a boot or shoe. But there is a boot now made that is extensively worn by men in various special callings and more or less by all sorts of men in wet weather, namely, the rubber boot. Since its introduction the sale of the rubber boot has increased, and more rubber boots are sold now than ever.

"The farmer of the present generation who never owned a pair of leather boots and never thought of buying any, does own, very likely, a pair of rubber boots, and when it comes a wet day and he needs such protection, he gets out his rubber boots and puts them on and stalks abroad in the wet, dry shod.

"In some mines the miners wear rubber boots. Fishermen wear rubber boots, and so on; and then there are many people in out-of-door occupations who wear them when they need them, and rubber boots are worn by children. And speaking of children reminds me of the boots once universally worn by the small boy, written about in innumerable stories, pictured in many pictures, the little red-tops commonly described as "Johnny's first boots."

"Why, fifty years ago, every father gave his son at that Christmas time or birthday, when he had become old enough to wear them, a pair of red-top boots, which little Johnny put on and wore about with joyous, youthful pride. No small boy's happiness would have been considered complete unless he owned a pair of red-top boots; and the red-tops were as staple goods in the shoe stores as drums and sleds were where they sold tops.

"But you would have to look to find them, to get a pair of red-tops now, for what once no boy thought he could do without has now long been practically out of use; the vast majority of the small boys of the present day never even heard of red-top boots. They are still made, a few, or they might be found in wholesale stocks, carried over, but held to meet occasional demands which, if they did come, could be likened to be from some dealer who wanted a pair for some foreign-born customer. For the red-top boot was an institution in foreign lands, perhaps before it was here, certainly it flourished there later, and foreign-born fathers, most likely, are those who make the far-apart demands that

still straggle in for them. There is no more demand for them in remote parts of the country than there is here at the metropolitan centre, no regions where they still cling to them; for everywhere throughout the country, just as they are in clothes and hats, so are they up-to-date in shoes."—New York Sun.

EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

Great Progress Has Been Made in the Last Fifty Years.

But what of the masses of the people? What is education, or what passes for such, doing for them? It is more than fifty years since in England the first faint-hearted steps were taken by the state toward the instruction of its citizens—a duty up to that time abandoned to private enterprise and the strife of religious parties. It is nearly thirty years since the nation, in the education act of 1870, for the first time set its hand to manage its own schools and inaugurated a partially national system of education. The schoolmaster has since been abroad throughout the land, with the result that almost every one can read and write, and the entry "his" or "her mark" in a marriage register, once almost the rule, is now a rare exception. By slow degrees, through many failures and mistakes, in spite of political and theological obstruction, our education authorities have evolved a system of elementary instruction which on paper leaves little to be desired. We have, in fact, the raw material for a first-rate system of national education, and all that is wanted, in the words of a recent writer on the subject, is to make it national and to make it educational. How this is to be done we do not now inquire. But it is worth while to ask what has been or is being done—what is the effect of all this educational activity upon the intellectual tastes and recreations of the people?

Our laborer or artisan is not yet a literary or even a cultivated person, nor is it either likely that he will be, or necessary that he should be. But education is slowly widening his intellectual horizon and giving him a few sips of the Pierian spring. The machinery for giving him such mental cultivation as he is capable of is all there, and only needs to be more intelligently applied, and for a longer period. When a more enlightened public opinion, and the influence and example of his employers and social superiors point the way, he may begin to see that it is worth his while to continue learning after he is twelve or thirteen years old. He is now the dominant factor in politics. His vote can make and unmake ministries. Statesmen of whatever political party must give or profess to give him what he wants.—Literature.

English Coroners.

A novel point of international interest has arisen at Southampton.

The American warship Chicago had been lying off Netley for some days, and at 5 o'clock one morning a member of her crew was found unconscious in a boat lying alongside. He was lifted on deck, and died soon afterward. The ship's doctor made a post-mortem examination, and an inquiry was held on board, with the result that, so far as those on the vessel were concerned, the cause of death was satisfactorily made out.

An officer went ashore, and arranged for a funeral, with full naval honors, in Southampton Cemetery. A handsome coffin was ordered, and florists were commissioned to prepare some lovely wreaths. When the registrar of deaths was called upon a difficulty arose. He felt that he could not accept the certificate of death, which was signed by the ship's doctor, not only because, said the registrar, it was not made out by a registered medical practitioner, but also because death was not the result of natural causes. He therefore, referred the American officer to the coroner.

The coroner was then seen, and he said that as soon as the body was landed it came within his jurisdiction, and it would be his duty to hold an inquest. To this the representative of the ship demurred, pointing out that the deceased was not a British subject, and that it was not an English vessel, nor even a merchantman.

The coroner cited English law, and was answered with quotations from the American naval regulations. The argument was pursued in perfect good temper, but neither side would give way, and the position was the more complicated because the ship was due to sail in a few hours.

Eventually the grand funeral was abandoned, and the vessel left at the appointed time with the man's body on board.

When the vessel had steamed beyond the three-mile limit the body was committed to the deep.—London Mail.

President a Good Story-Teller.

The Cabinet has a new rule of procedure. It used to be the law that when that illustrious body assembled at 11 o'clock on Tuesday and Friday mornings business should be taken up at once. But that is not the practice now. Instead of getting to work at once on the supposedly great questions of state the President takes, from fifteen to twenty-five minutes to tell his advisers the experiences he has had with the gentlemen who have been giving him "hot air" about offices and schemes they want him to recommend to Congress. The President is a good narrator, and therefore the first half hour is unusually interesting. He doesn't tell stories to illustrate a point he is making, as Lincoln did, but tells everything that has been happening that has impressed itself upon his mind. His sense of humor is good and the humorous side of the pictures that pass before him is not overlooked.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

One in every fifty persons over eighty years of age is blind.

PENNSYLVANIA BRIEFLY TOLD.

The Latest Condensed Dispatches From Many Points.

COUPLE PLANNED TO DIE TOGETHER

Fire Destroys Three Business Buildings on the "Square" in Wilkes-Barre, Causing Damage to the Extent of \$200,000—Got Certificates But Prevented Successful Vaccination—Mother and Daughter Perish in Fire.

Pensions granted Pennsylvanians: Urban L. Durst, Connellysville, \$6; Robt. E. Lytle, Franklin, \$6; Wm. H. Stucky, Everett, \$24; Benjamin Stoy, East Hickory, \$12; Augustus Hawn, Huntingdon, \$12; William Conkling, Soldiers' Home, Erie, \$12; George W. Morrison, Fleming, \$10; Archibald Spratt, Leechburg, \$10; William Remley, Beaver Falls, \$8; Joseph P. Kirkpatrick, New Castle, \$8; Joseph Noland, Mount Union, \$24; Sarah J. Reeves, Athens, \$8; Dorothea E. Purben, Nantux, \$8; Rachel Skinner, Washington, \$8; Sarah Stewart, Three Springs, \$8; Kate R. Buckley, Antrim, \$8; Mary A. Kerr, Kittanning, \$8; Elizabeth I. Small, McKeesport, \$8; Clarissa A. Wald, Sturtevant, \$8; Jerome Bassett, Corry, \$17; William Smith, Latrobe, \$17; Elizabeth J. Caraher, Altoona, \$8; Louie M. Kifer, Corry, \$8; Emma Vanscoyoe, Tyrone, \$8; Lavina Wheeling, Deckard, \$12.

Exploding dynamite killed John Ambromitis and injured Michael Plusko and Sylvester Marshall at Mahanoy City Colliery. The accident occurred on the second lift of the seven-foot vein where the men on the "night shift" were driving a rock tunnel. Ambromitis was tamping a heavy charge of dynamite into a hole, while Plusko and Marshall stood over him. Suddenly there was an explosion which hurled all three against the sides of the chamber. Ambromitis was picked up with his head entirely blown off.

William N. Newman was arrested at Chester, charged with shooting Sarah Matthews. Newman is a colored laborer, and after a quarrel with the woman, it is alleged, he drew a revolver and fired three shots. One shot took effect in Sarah's left arm.

William Clark, aged 80 years, cut his throat with a razor at his home at Slate Run. A surgeon sewed up the wound, but later Clark took it open. He is now in a critical condition.

After a fight which lasted several months, the Berwick Borough Council granted the right of way over the streets of that town to the Columbia and Montour Electric Railway Company.

Oscar Del Sasso, of Allentown, while stepping out of the way of one train on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, went directly in front of another, and was struck sustaining injuries which caused his death.

James Lynch, aged 75 years, was killed by a freight train on the Philadelphia and Reading Railway near Lebanon.

The Pottstown Opera House was sold at public sale for \$18,200 to M. D. Evans, representing the Begley estate.

The Johnstown Passenger Railway Company paid the Borough Council of Windber \$7,500 for the privilege of traversing the streets of the town.

Mrs. Sarah Klee and her nine-year-old daughter, Mary, perished in a fire which destroyed their home in Carnegie, and all the other members of the family were injured. The Klee home was a two-story frame house on Broadway, the ground floor front being devoted to a grocery store kept by Klee. The fire was discovered about 4:40 o'clock, and the flames spread so rapidly that the occupants of the upper story were shut off from the stairway. When the firemen arrived the father refused to leave the building without his wife and the child, and the firemen were compelled to carry him out.

The health authorities of Plymouth have discovered that some mothers, after the School Board required a certificate of vaccination, took their children to physicians, had the vaccination performed, got the certificate and then, hurrying home, washed off the virus. The result was that the child was not vaccinated and was no swollen arm. The mother of a child that was stricken with smallpox confessed this, and an investigation revealed the fact that it has been done in other cases.

A fire at one of the business corners of the "Square," Wilkes-Barre, caused a loss of about \$200,000. The Corn Exchange Building, containing Weitzenkorn's shoe and general furnishing stores and many offices; the Langfield Building, containing the Globe dry goods store, and the Simon Long clothing store, were destroyed. The fire started in the Globe store, an electric wire in the Christmas display window having ignited some cotton.

General orders were issued from the headquarters of the National Guard, announcing that upon the recommendation of the First Brigade Examining Board, Captain Charles J. Erskine, Company K, Second Regiment, is discharged from the service. Second Lieutenant Edward Jones, Company L, Ninth Regiment, is also discharged.

Knauer Amole, of Coatsville, aged about 50, and Mary E. Irwin, aged 45, of Malvern, Chester county, attempted to commit suicide together in a hotel at Reading. The woman died, but the man may recover.

Several veins of coal have been unearthed on the farm of Urias Barry near Hopeland, Clay Township. The veins are being worked to ascertain their value.

William O'Garra, of Shamokin, aged 21 years, whose back was broken in a football game at that place died at the State Hospital, Ashland.

John Solick, of Ashley, while stealing a ride on the planes, was thrown off a truck, run over and killed.

The following fourth-class postmasters were appointed for Pennsylvania: Seitzland, Charles C. Bollinger; Vetera, Frank V. Snyder.

August Missal, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, fell under his train at Haines Station, on the Frederick Division, and was killed.

Fire destroyed a barn and three tobacco sheds on the North farm, east of Columbia, tenanted by J. J. Eisenberger. The loss is over \$8,000.