

## THE FIRST STEPS.

Standing up bravely beside the chair. Stepping out bravely, too. But steady! It's very much further there.

Than it looked, little chap, to you. Three whole steps; it's a weary way; it is perilous, hard, and long. To babies may journey upon it till they have grown to be brave and strong.

And little feet and wobbly knees. And a balance that's hard to keep. Will fare but roughly on roads like these—

So easy, if one may creep. Why should you want to walk at all? For the erring feet but lead. O'er the slippery floor to a cruel fall. And a pain that is hard, indeed.

And we who have learned, go stumbling through Life's dangerous pathways, and meet With many a long, long step, that's too severe for our faltering feet.

So be content, for a little while. To escape the wild alarms Of those three steps, and just coo and smile. Safe up in your mother's arms. —J. J. Montague in Portland Oregonian.

## Innocent . . . or Guilty

BY MAUDE SHAPCOTT.

Society turned out en masse to witness the Western Queen and the Koh-i-Noor, and when the latter won two out of three races, though the wall of sorrow that arose from the land over the loss of the cup was deep, still the owner of the winning yacht was feted to his heart's desire, for Americans can play the role of loser as gracefully as that of winner.

The Rajah of Tipposite, owner of the Koh-i-Noor, was what hysterical literature would term an Eastern potentate. His kingdom, consisting of some thousand souls, was situated within walking distance of the famed Vale of Cashmere. According to the newspapers, Tipposite had been in the possession of his family since time immortal, his remotest ancestor having conquered the country long before the days of Murat Mahomet, who lived and reigned a thousand years ago. The rajah was enormously wealthy, extremely handsome, like most of the men of his caste in India, as gallant a gentleman as ever stepped in shoe leather, and the happy possessor of the most magnificent rubies in the world.

To women with marriageable daughters he was an interesting personage, for Dame Rumor declared him to be a widower, his wife, an English lady of title, having died several years ago. The gossiping dame also said he had sworn by all his gods never to marry again, but to this reckless statement none of the women would believe.

On the eve of the rajah's departure for home, the Yacht Club gave a dinner in his honor, which was held in the banquet hall of the Morningside, and to it one hundred of the elect were bidden. The chef of the Morningside determined to excel himself in honor of the distinguished visitor, and served such a feast as made even the luxury-loving Oriental look surprised. The club was desirous of assuring the rajah of the absence of resentment on their part because of his success, a certain daily paper having sought to convey an adverse impression through its columns, and therefore spared no pains nor expense to make the dinner successful.

Well, they toasted the King of England, as Emperor of India, the President of the United States, the Imperial Yacht Club of Benares and the Yacht Club of the Republic, the rajah and the plucky little Koh-i-Noor, the Western Queen and her owner.

The rajah rose to reply to his toast, and in a low, soft voice begged to extend his hearty thanks to all present for the courtesy and kindness with which they had treated him.

"I came a stranger," he said, with the fascinating smile none but an Oriental can give, "but shall go away one of you, and with the ever refreshing thought that in this great republic I have many brothers."

It was not an eloquent speech, but it sounded sincere, and touched the hearts of all present. One or two who had thought him womanish, or crafty looking, quickly changed their opinion under the influence of his manner and dubbed him a brick.

Mr. Miner, owner of the Western Queen, rose in his turn. He had not the refinement of the rajah nor the dignity of his presence, but his heart was as soft as a child's, even though his exterior was hard and horny.

"We Westerners," he said in a loud, cheery tone, "have no time for the making of pretty speeches, but we have time to shake the hands of an honest man. Perhaps my friend, the rajah, will grant me that pleasure two years hence—in his own country."

The enthusiasm created by Mr. Miner's speech, which was equivalent to a challenge, surprised the honest Westerner, and he resumed his chair, covered with confusion and blushing like a schoolboy. The commodore of the club smiled, well pleased, and a well known financier seated next to Mr. Miner patted him approvingly on the back.

The rajah threw back his head and laughed in a silent manner. "Is there not a saying in your coun-

try, 'Never say die?' he asked of the commodore in an amused tone.

Quiet had not been restored when the door at the end of the hall opened and the captain of the Western Queen entered noisily. He had evidently been drinking heavily, for his gait was uncertain and his face flushed. He staggered up the room until he reached the table at which sat the guests of honor. There he paused, and folding his arms, gazed in an insolent manner at the rajah.

The financier perceived him first and touched Mr. Miner's arm to draw his attention to the strange conduct of his captain. The owner of the Western Queen frowned heavily.

"What are you doing here, Jenks?" he asked loudly.

"Business," replied the man, sulkily. "This is no time for business. It must wait."

"Begging your pardon, sir," growled Jenks, "my business won't wait. And it ain't with you; it's with this yere gent." And he pointed at the rajah.

"You're drunk," responded Mr. Miner, indignantly. "Get out of this immediately, or to-morrow off you go." "I want to speak to this gent," repeated Jenks, in a sullen, angry tone, and his bloodshot eyes commenced to emit little sparks of fire.

Mr. Miner ground his teeth with rage.

"Waiter!" he called loudly. "Pardon me," said the rajah, courteously, seeing how matters stood. "Does he wish to speak to me, Mr. Miner?"

"I do," replied Jenks, insolently.

The rajah rose from his chair and crossed the room to where Jenks stood, his arms still folded across his chest, swaying from side to side.

"Well, my man, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"Shall I speak here?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied the rajah, with dignity. "You have nothing to say I suppose that friends cannot hear." Jenks laughed abruptly.

"That is for you to say," he replied, "not me."

"Come," broke in Mr. Miner, impatiently, "go on."

"Well, if you're in such a hurry"—and Jenks tried vainly to steady himself on his legs—"I will go on. Two weeks ago I was in a saloon, drinking for my health, when a queer, foreign looking cove comes up to me and begins to ask lots of questions. After a bit he said he was the captain of the Koh-i-Noor. 'We shall be enemies next week,' says he, 'but can be friends now.' I told him Jim Jenks was no man's foe and gave him my hand on it. Then we had a couple of drinks, and being an open-minded sort of chap and thinking him to be the same, I told him of a little accident that happened a spell ago and for which the police wanted me. 'If they catches me,' sez I, 'it's the end of me.' He laughed in a creepy sort of way, and walking to the door shut and locked it. 'You are in my power,' he sez. I axed him what he meant. With that he commenced to write quickly on some paper he took from the table. After he had done, he handed it to me and said, 'Sign.' I read it over, and it said that as the price of his not splitting to the police about the accident, I was to let the Koh-i-Noor win the races."

He stopped to draw a long breath, and a sound of horror swept through the room.

"I swore at him and said that never would Jim Jenks betray the hand that fed him. But a man has only one life, and the hangman's rope was pretty near shortening mine, so I signed my name and occupation."

The rajah took one step forward. His face was a sickly yellow, and all life had gone from his eyes.

"You let the Koh-i-Noor win?" he asked dully.

"I did," replied the captain, morosely.

Mr. Miner sprang to his feet with a roar like a bull. He caught the self-confessed traitor by the throat and shook him until he was black in the face.

"You treacherous dog," he shouted. "You scoundrel, liar! You shall hang for this!"

The financier pulled Mr. Miner back, while two of the waiters dragged Jenks away from his grip and flung him against the wall. Mr. Miner sank into a chair, trembling in every limb.

The rajah brushed off the beads of perspiration which stood on his forehead with a handkerchief faintly scented with attar of roses. Not a man among those present could ever bear the exquisite odor again. He looked around him slowly and with earnestness.

"I believe this man's story," he said at last, very quietly.

"Pardon me, but we do not," answered the commodore, sharply.

The rajah sighed wearily. "It is very good of you. But I know my man—you do not."

"We will investigate, we will investigate," said the commodore in a helpless manner. "The secretary will—"

"There is no need of investigation," said the rajah. "It is true—too terribly true. I am dishonored for life."

He drew a long breath and threw back his head with a haughty gesture. All the pride of his ancient family rushed into his face.

"And yet I knew nothing of it," he said in sharp, clear tones. "I trust you believe me."

No one uttered a sound. "On my word of honor, and by the gods of my father, I swear—"

Mr. Miner stepped forward. "Your highness," he said, earnestly, "there was no need to say this."

"No, certainly not," shouted all.

"And," continued Mr. Miner, "as I am the party most interested, I have a proposition to make which will, I think, solve the difficulty. It is this: The yachts shall race again with the same captains. Does this meet the favor of all present? If so, say ay."

"Ay!" rose from every throat, loud and clear.

"We know you to be a man of honor and a gentleman," continued Mr. Miner. "We have the utmost respect for you, and resent the thought that any one of us would cast a shadow on your unimpeachable honor."

The rajah bowed in acknowledgment of Mr. Miner's words.

"I thank you for your faith in me," he said. "Believe me, though I cannot accept your offer, I appreciate it none the less. But there is only one course for me to pursue, one road down which I must stumble, and it lies this way."

He pulled a tiny jeweled pistol from his pocket, and before any one near him could interfere, placed it close to his temple and fired.

They picked him up gently and laid him on a lounge.

"A thousand if you save him," said Mr. Miner, to the surgeon who rushed forward when the rajah fell.

"My dear friend," replied the surgeon, gently, "not even a million could do it."

The rajah lay for several minutes, his eyes closed, and breathing with great difficulty. The commodore sank into a chair, completely overcome by the terrible affair. The financier stood at the foot of the couch watching the face of the wounded man thoughtfully, and wondering whether it was courage or guilt which enabled him to face death in so cool a manner. He had never trusted the rajah.

The rajah opened his eyes and glanced about. The scene and faces of those about him had vanished from his memory. He had forgotten all, even the drunken man lying in the farthest corner of the room. He smiled, and a bright light came into his rapidly darkening eyes. He lifted himself on his elbow and stretched out his hand yearningly.

"You, beloved!" The joy in his voice thrilled the silent listeners. "You! We meet again—after many years—full of weariness—to wander on once more through the shade of the trees to the river bank there to rest—"

"Forever," said the surgeon, as he laid him gently down.—Waverley Magazine.

## THE GUERRILLA IN HISTORY.

A Spanish Word Which Became Common After Peninsular War.

The word guerrilla is Spanish, and first came into common use in this country during the time of the peninsular war. But Spain throughout her long history has always been recognized as the country most ideally suited for guerrilla tactics. There is no region in Europe in which it is more difficult to wage successful war. "If the army of invasion is small it is defeated; if it is large, it starves." Even in Livy's time the truth of this was appreciated by the Romans. The remnant of the Carthaginians who had taken refuge there after the fall of Carthage, had defied the Roman power with great persistency, while the Spanish insurrection of Quintus Sertorius had seriously shaken the stability of the republic itself.

For eight years that able general held the forces of Rome at bay. His inviolable policy was to avoid a pitched battle when confronted with superior forces, and to confine himself to harassing his opponent and cutting his lines of communications. Sertorius' lieutenants were frequently defeated, but their chief managed to inflict severe checks even upon Metellus and Cnaeus Pompeius, and then, when the tables appeared to be turned the Lusitanian army would silently melt away and gather again in some distant part of the province. Rome grew impatient and depressed as the seemingly endless contest continued, and as army after army was sent to Spain with apparently no definite result. Yet as the event proved, the power of Sertorius rested upon sand.

The Lusitanian troops, which at one moment gathered in their thousands and dwindled away just as speedily, could accomplish nothing permanent, and with the assassination of Sertorius the end came quickly. For eight years Spain had threatened to be to Rome what many centuries afterward Cuba actually became to Spain; yet Roman persistency triumphed in the end. It was in Spain, too, that the two sons of Pompeius the Great, Cnaeus and Sextus, maintained a stubborn opposition to the generals whom Julius sent into the field against them, and even after Cnaeus had been slain Sextus returned to the scene of his former exploits and inflicted far more damage than he received until he transferred himself to Sicily and pitted himself against Octavian and Agrippa.—Fortnightly Review.

## Battle With a Cow.

Terrified by an electric car at Limoges the other day, a cow broke away from its driver, and, according to the London Daily Mail's correspondent, made desperate efforts to reach a boy who climbed a lamp-post to escape its fury. A party of soldiers were called out and charged the cow with fixed bayonets, but in the conflict two of the soldiers were disarmed, thrown to the ground and trampled on. Two shots were fired at the desperate beast, but it still showed fight, and it was only after a policeman had plunged a bayonet into its body several times that the exciting conflict, which lasted an hour, came to an end.

## UNCROWNED ENGLISH QUEENS.

No Less Than Seven Have Missed the Honor of a Coronation.

As a rule, most English queens have been solemnly crowned, whether they reigned in their own right or as wives of royal husbands. To this rule, however, there are seven exceptions.

The first was Margaret of France, the young, plain, amiable second wife of Edward I. He had spent so much money in conquering Wales and in trying to conquer Scotland that he could not afford the expenses of a coronation for his girl bride, and she had to do without the splendors of the pageant.

King Henry VIII took care that Anne Boleyn should be crowned with extreme magnificence. He desired to show the world how much he loved her and how very much he defied the bishop of Rome.

The four wives who succeeded her were never crowned at all. For one thing, money ran short, and, for another, there may have lurked, even in his masterful mind, a sense of the "fitness of things," which may have caused him to shrink from publicly crowning so many ladies in such very rapid succession.

At any rate the beloved Jane Seymour, the despised Anne of Cleves, the girlish Catherine Howard and the wary Catherine Parr were never consecrated in public as queen-consorts of England.

Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I, refused to be crowned. She was young, she was pretty, she was a French princess, and she declined to take part in a state function, which would compel her to partake of the sacrament according to church of England rites.

Sophia Dorothea of Zell cannot be reckoned among the seven, because she was never called queen of England at all. While George I was being crowned, and anointed, and—bored, the lady of Ahlden was pining in her long, monotonous captivity.

Caroline of Brunswick is the last, and most remarkable instance of the uncrowned English queens. Though George IV had been forced from popular indignation to give up the bill of pains and penalties against her, nothing would induce him to let her share his coronation. She was not permitted to be present in Westminster Abbey at all.

Repulsed from all the entrances, she returned to her house, to die within three weeks of a violent fever, brought on by months of fearful excitement.—Lady's Pictorial.

## INDEX OF A MAN'S MIND.

Wait Till He Crosses His Legs Before You Disturb Him.

There are many indexes to the mind, but I learned a new one the other day when I called to see a busy man at his office down on Broad street.

When I entered the outer office it was quite evident that he was in, for I could see him through an open door, leaning over his desk, quite intent on papers that lay in front of him. I spoke to the clerk in attendance, whom I know well, and asked that he announce me. He glanced into the other room before speaking.

"Wait a minute or two," he said, "it will be better, for he will have you come in the moment I say you are here."

I didn't quite understand what he meant, but I took a seat to wait a minute or two. I waited five of them and then spoke again.

"Wait until he crosses his legs," answered the clerk.

"What has that to do with it?" I asked.

"Everything," he replied. "He doesn't like to be disturbed when he is busy, and I know he is very busy because he has his legs out straight. A man never thinks hard with his legs crossed. As soon as his mind lets up a little, then he straightens, crosses his legs and is ready for visitors and a chat. When his legs go down again it is time for the visitor to take his leave. Just bear that in mind and see if I am not right."

As he finished speaking up went the legs, and I was announced and received at once.—New York Herald.

## Her Intentions Were Good.

She really intended paying her fare when she boarded the street car, for she had ten cents saved from the bargain day scrimmage, but the conductor happened to be a gentleman, and, by paying the fare himself, saved her a weary walk to the family residence. She had the ten cents with her when she boarded the car, and she still had the money when the conductor came through on his trip for fares, but she did not pay the conductor. It was all the motorman's fault. With her arms full of bundles she was compelled to hold the ten-cent piece between her teeth. The motorman turned on the current, the car gave a jerk and she gave a start. "Fare, please," said the conductor and she turned pale. "I can't pay you," she stammered, going from white to red and from red back to white. "But I can't carry you for nothing," remonstrated the conductor. "I know it, but I can't help it. I had the money when I got on the car, but—but I swallowed it." A groan on the other side of the car snorted a rude laugh, and without another word he pulled the register rope for another fare and passed on.—St. Paul Globe.

## Imports Into Old Greece.

Greece now imports about 8,000 tons of sulphate of copper each year for use in killing the phylloxera.

## Chestnuts on Poor Land.

A profitable experiment has been made in growing chestnuts on land which is too thin for agricultural use.

## COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

General Trade Conditions.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s "Weekly Review of Trade" says: Interruption to railway traffic and outdoor work by severe storms was the only unfavorable factor in the business situation during the past week, while manufacturing activity increased, and distribution through retail channels was undiminished. Favorable conditions exist in the market for pig iron. It is doubtful whether there was ever a time in the history of the nation when this metal was so scarce, despite the fact that the production for 1901 beat all previous records.

Compared with the erratic course of the cereals during the preceding month or two, produce markets have been quiet this week. Dullness and lack of special influences were not productive of weakness, however, former quotations being stubbornly maintained. In the case of corn there are many expressions of faith in lower prices without aggressive speculation on the short side.

There was no support in Atlantic exports of 122,063 bushels, compared with 3,973,462 a year ago. Heavy storms curtailed the interior movement to 1,392,699 bushels, against 5,016,886 last year.

Final returns of commercial failures during January exhibit an exceptionally large number of insolvencies and also an unusual amount of defaulted liabilities. In manufacturing lines there were 264 failures, involving \$6,308,948, an increase of \$1,607,964, over the liabilities last year. Defaulting traders numbered 1,120, with liabilities of \$7,116,672, an increase of 172 in number and \$1,805,168 in amount.

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## LATEST QUOTATIONS.

Flour—Best Patent, \$4.90; High Grade Extra, \$4.40; Minnesota Bakers, \$3.25 3/4.

Wheat—New York No. 2, 88 1/2c; Philadelphia No. 2, 86 1/2c; Baltimore No. 2, 84.

Corn—New York No. 2, 69c; Philadelphia No. 2, 66 1/2c; Baltimore No. 2, 65c.

Oats—New York No. 2, 49c; Philadelphia No. 2, 51c; Baltimore No. 2, 49c.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, large bales, \$15.00; No. 2 timothy, \$14.00; No. 3 timothy, \$12.00.

Green Fruits and Vegetables—Apples—Western Maryland and Pennsylvania, packed, per brl., \$3.00; do, New York, assorted, per brl., \$3.75; do, domestic, \$3.00; do, Danish, per ton, \$15.00; Carrots—Native, per bushel box, 40¢; do, per bunch, 1/2 1/2.

Celery—New York State, per dozen stalks, 25¢; do, native, per bunch, 3 1/2 1/2.

Cranberries—Cape Cod, per brl., \$5.00; do, Jersey, per brl., \$5.00; do, Eggplants—Florida, per crate, \$3.00; do, Kale—Native, per bushel box, 15¢; do, North Carolina, per half-barrel basket, \$1.00; do, Maryland and Pennsylvania, yellow, per bu., \$1.20; do, Western, yellow, per bu., \$1.20.

Oranges—Florida, per box, as to size, \$2.00; do, Oysterberries—Native, per bushel box, \$1.00; do, Virginia, per bushel box, \$1.00.

Strawberries—Florida, per quart 30¢; do, Tomatoes—Florida, per six-bushel carrier, fancy, \$2.75; do, native, per bushel box, 20¢.

Potatoes—White—Maryland and Pennsylvania, per bu., No. 1, 75¢; do, seconds, 65¢; do, New York, per bu., best stock, 75¢; do, seconds, 65¢; do, Western, per bu., prime, 75¢; do, Eastern Shore, Virginia, King of the Hill, per doz., \$2.75; do, per flour barrel, \$2.50; do, Maryland, per brl., fancy, \$2.50.

Provisions and Hog Products—Bulk clear rib sides, 9 1/2c; bulk clear sides, 9 1/2c; bulk shoulders, 9c; bulk ham butts, 9 1/2c; bacon, shoulders, 9 1/2c; sugar-cured breasts, 10 1/2c; sugar-cured California hams, 8 1/2c; hams, canvased or uncansvased, 12 lbs. and over, 12c; refined lard, tierces, barrels and 50-lb. cans, gross, 10 1/2c; refined lard, second-hand tubs, 10 1/2c.

Butter—Separator, 25¢; gathered cream, 23¢; imitation, 19¢; prints, 1 lb., 27¢; rolls, 2 lb., 26¢; dairy prints, Md., Pa. and Va., 25¢.

Eggs—Western Maryland and Pennsylvania, per dozen, 27c; Eastern Shore, Maryland and Virginia, per dozen, 27c; Virginia, per dozen, 27c; West Virginia, per dozen, 25¢; Western, 27c; Southern, 25¢.

Live Poultry—Turkeys—Hens, choice, 15c; young toms, choice, 13 1/2c; old toms, 11 1/2c. Chickens—Hens, 11 1/2c; old roosters, each, 25¢; young 12 1/2c. Ducks—Fancy, large, 12 1/2c; fancy, small, 10 1/2c; muscovy and mongrels, 11 1/2c. Geese, Western, each, 55¢.

Pigeons, young, per pair, 20¢; do, old, 15¢. Cheese—New Cheese, large, 60 lbs., 11 1/2c; do, flats, 37 lbs., 11 1/2c; picnics, 23 lbs., 11 1/2c to 11 3/4c.

Hides—Heavy steers, association and salters, late kill, 60 lbs. and up, close selection, 10 1/2c; cows and light steer, 8 1/2c.

## Live Stock.

Chicago—Cattle—Good to prime steers, \$6.00; poor to medium, \$4.00; stockers and feeders, \$2.00; do, cows, \$1.25; heifers, \$2.00; do, canners, \$1.25; do, butts, 2.50; do, calves, \$3.00; Texas fed steers, \$4.00; do, Hogs—mixed and butchers, \$6.00; do, good to choice heavy, \$6.00; do, rough heavy, \$5.00; do, light, 5.00; do, bulk of sales, \$6.00; do, sheep—good to choice wethers, \$4.00; do, Western sheep and yearlings, \$4.25; do, native lambs, \$3.50; Western lambs, \$3.25.

East Liberty—Cattle steady; choice, \$6.00; prime, \$5.00; do, butchers, \$4.00; do, Hogs active; tidy heavies, \$6.00; do, mediums, \$5.00; do, heavy Yorkers, \$6.00; do, light, do, \$5.25; do, pigs, \$5.00; do, roughs, \$5.00; do, Sheep steady; best wethers, \$4.00; do, culls and common, \$2.00; do, yearlings, \$4.00; do, veal calves, \$7.00.

## LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

Los Angeles berry growers have organized.

Carroll D. Wright urges the incorporation of trade unions.

Springfield, Mass., now has a full-fledged woman's labor union.

The city of Duluth has appropriated \$100,000 to start a free labor bureau.

Nearly 3,000 men are at work on the site of the World's Fair Ground at St. Louis.

On Brooklyn's new labor lyceum building a corner-stone will be laid in March. It will cost \$160,000.

## PENNSYLVANIA

BRIEFLY TOLD.

Condensed Special Dispatches From Many Disps.

## PATENTS AND PENSIONS GRANTED.

Six New Companies Incorporated at Harrisburg—Father of Shackles—Lancaster County Man Has Dwell Outdoors Many Years—Farmers' Institute at Pineville.

Patents granted: John W. Hanna, Vanburen, \$12; Maurice Kavanagh, Kane, \$17; Matthew H. Holman, Allegheny, \$8; William Stone, Mercersburg, \$12; Alonzo Wheeler, Washington, \$3; George Keefe, Tyndberg, \$17; William Blair, Kantner, \$30; Stephen Shaff, Keeneyville, \$17; Lemuel Davis, Bradford, \$8; William K. Kuhns, Leechburg, \$8; John S. Mufford, Monroe, \$14; Nathaniel Butler, Johnstown, \$8; Calvin H. Crowl, Tioga, \$14; Sarah J. Shrah, Tyrone, \$8; minors of Cornelius Bouse, Marshallville, \$14; Mary A. Funk, Homestead, \$8; Frances V. Hellyer, Allegheny, \$12; Mary E. Cramer, Mosshannon, \$12; Electa Green, Mashview, \$12; Peter L. Ammon, Rural Valley, \$8; William Patterson, West Middletown, \$12; William Lint, Connessville, \$30; Joseph Behager, Massesburg, \$8; Enoch Diehl, Middlespring, \$12; Lorenzo Hill, Eldred, \$8; David Lattin, Mt. roeton, \$12; Catherine M. Pealer, Lansford, \$8; Annie E. Dougan, Washington, \$8; Catherine Ewing, Waynesburg, \$12.

Patents granted: Alfred M. Acklin, Pittsburg, car haul; Elmer P. Alexander, Yeagertown, press for forging axes, etc.; Ernest L. Appleby, Bradford, revolving phonograph record case; Ralph Baggaley, Pittsburg, railway track adjuster; Lester H. Bayne, Washington, tramway switch; Philip J. Bloom, Tidouche, suspender attachment; Alonzo W. Upright, Altoona, bolt cutting machine; Gideon Crazier, Tyrone, variable speed driving mechanism; George W. Henry, Oil City, cultivator; William J. Knox, Edgewood Park, testing copper ores; Carl W. A. Koelbeck, Pittsburg, hot blast stove; Samuel Leonard, Hollidaysburg, trolley wire bracket; Ernest B. Lydick, Pittsburg, vibrating sign; Dominick J. Meyer, Allegheny, metallic railway tie and rail fastening; Gustave Palmbald, McKeesport, curtain and shade holder; Robert F. Phillips, Pittsburg, kiln for drying green sand cores; William H. F. Reissnyder, Sackett, rail joint; Joseph K. Ritchey, Roaring Springs, blackboard; William H. Robbins, J. B. Bye and A. E. Jones, Ellwood City, mill for rolling seamless tubes.

A business building at Carnegie, owned by Mrs. Elizabeth Hill and Michael O'Keefe, was destroyed by fire, the loss being \$50,000. The family of John Ryan had a narrow escape. The mother was at church, having left several children alone in their apartments in the block. The children were rescued by Solomon Seuen a tenant.

James Rusk, 20 years old, of Girardville, employed at the Preston colliery, was working at the head of the slope, when he slipped and fell to the bottom, a distance of 1,200 feet. The mines still contain nearly 200 feet of water from the recent freshet, and until this is pumped out it will be impossible to recover Rusk's body.