

"Friends of the Fair Old Days."

I.
Friend of the fair old days,
Have you forgotten me?
Back through the pleasant ways,
Of in my memory,
Gladly I turn again,
Hearing the sounds that blew
Over the meadows then—
Of at the side of you
Dreaming old dreams, I gaze
Worshipping all I see—
Friend of the fair old days,
Have you forgotten me?

II.
Friend of the dear old past,
Do you remember me?
Holding a child's hand fast,
May you in memory
Hear a child ask again—
Deeming you great and wise—
Questions I asked you then?
There where the green hills rise
Often your gaze was cast
Down on me tenderly—
Friend of the dear old past,
May you remember me?
—S. E. Kiser, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

The 7:45 Express.

Two men were sitting in the smoking room of a London club. One, a tall, athletic looking fellow with black hair and clean cut features, was slowly blowing rings of smoke in the air as he lay back in the big armchair. The other man, slight and clean shaven, with a singularly mobile face and twinkling gray eyes, was looking over a daily paper.

"Gerald," said the small man all at once, dropping the paper into his lap "what do you think of train robbers?"

The tall man looked up in lazy surprise.

"Topsy Russel," he drawled, "now, what in the name of all that's wonderful ever put such a question as that into your head?"

"The paper," explained the other; "and seriously I ask you, what do you think of train robbers?"

"And just as seriously I reply," returned the tall man, "that I think the fellows who strip you of your watch and valuables, and depart with your Gladstone or portmanteau, are clumsy rogues at the best. And the people they rob—well, they are a shade less admirable; for in every case I have heard of they appear to have acted like cowards or fools, and a rogue's always preferable to either of these, to my mind. And now that you have my candid and, doubtless, authoritative opinion on train robbers, please try one of these cigars; they are worth trying, if I say it myself."

"Only one more question," said Russel, as he took the proffered weed. "You laugh at the way railway travelers act in these little affairs. Now, how would you act? Suppose a fellow were suddenly to put a pistol to your check and insinuate a desire for your watch! No one is near. You are alone in the carriage. What would you do?"

"I'd knock the pistol out of his hand while pretending to comply with his demand, and throw him out the window after it."

Caruthers said this quietly and determinedly, and Russel knew him too well to suspect braggadocio, so he only laughed lightly at his companion's emphatic reply and proceeded to envelop himself in clouds of smoke.

"Well," said the tall man, looking at his watch, and starting up; "I must be going. The express starts at seven-fifty-five, and I've to stop at a couple of places before making the station." And he rang for his bag and overcoat.

"Now, Gerald Caruthers," said his companion, as Gerald was being helped into his coat, "remember what you have told me. If I hear of any attempt at train robbery on the seven-fifty-five express I shall not write to you, but shall at once have the track examined, and the body of the robber discovered and interred. I suppose you will be willing to do that much for your victim, won't you?"

"Oh, certainly," laughed Caruthers and the next moment he had wrung Russel's hand and had gone.

At the station he secured a first class ticket, and then set about to find an empty compartment, if possible. As luck would have it, the second coach he looked into was unoccupied, and he quickly stowed his portmanteau away and, settling himself luxuriously in the corner, uttered a silent prayer that no one would come in to interrupt, with the usual traveler's commonplace and platitudes, the nap he had in prospect. He looked at his watch; only one minute remaining till train time, and already he heard the doors being banged to as the guard went his rounds.

And then—then, just as he was putting his watch back into his pocket with a breath of relief, the door of the compartment suddenly was jerked open, and, framed in the narrow opening, appeared the figure of a man of slight stature, with gray hair and bent shoulders. He peered curiously into the coach, and his eyes traveled quickly and with apparent indifference over the big frame of Caruthers. Then he stepped in, and, with a slight nod to Caruthers, dropped a small handbag on the cushioned seat, pulled his soft wool hat over his eyes, sunk down in one corner of the compartment, and thrust his hands deep into his trouser pockets.

Caruthers witnessed these movements with some satisfaction, and, after a glance or two at his companion, and an instant's look outside at the yellow lights which were flying by as the express gathered speed, he spread

out his legs, pulled his coat up about his ears, and proceeded to make himself comfortable for the hundred and twenty mile ride before him. Five minutes later he was sound asleep and making that fact unmistakable by the most tremendous snores.

But if Caruthers snored loudly, his brain was fully as active as were his lungs, and, for a time, he passed through a series of adventures in dreamland which were anything but unpleasant. Then, suddenly, he was transported from a delightful fantasy into what seemed to him to be an immense haberdasher's shop, where he found himself unceremoniously set down before a little old man, who insisted upon fitting around his neck a most prodigiously high and stiff collar.

Now, if there was anything against which Caruthers was for all time and most vehemently opposed, it was high collars, therefore he struggled hard to push away his tormentor and remove the objectionable neckpiece. But all to no purpose. To his surprise he found his arms weighted down as if with lead. His persecutor coolly continued to fit on the collar, and finally, having done this to his satisfaction, pushed over his head into his neck and was choking him.

Caruthers used every endeavor to raise his arms, but in vain. Great drops of sweat seemed to drain down his face as he tugged at his invisible bonds, and all the time he felt the little old man passing his hands, which were plump and smooth, over his body, thrusting them now into his pockets, now inside his vest, and again pulling at his fingers.

All at once, however, even the desire for resistance left the dreamer, his sensations became dull, and he fell again into unbroken sleep.

His next sensation was when his eyes began to feel the light and he slowly became aware of a dull, dead feeling in his arms, a fullness of the head, and a dry contraction of the throat. After a while he was sensible of the motion of his resting place, and at last his eyes took in enough of what was about him to show him that this was no haberdasher's shop, but the inside of a railway carriage traveling at high speed, that there was no high collar about his neck, and that no little old man stood opposite him. But it was some time, nevertheless, before his brain became clear enough to appreciate that all he seemed to have gone through with lately was only a dream and that he now was in the seven-fifty-five express from London, and probably—how many hours on his journey?

He slipped his fingers into his waistcoat pocket for his watch. Then, with an exclamation of surprise, he raised himself quickly to his feet and somewhat weakly stood there, feeling for the handsome hunting case which he could find nowhere. It took him but a minute to realize this, and also that the gold cuff-buttons he had worn and his diamond scarf pin were gone, and that a curious stone-studded ring had disappeared from the little finger of his left hand.

They all had gone; but where? A sudden recollection of the old, bent man who had been his traveling companion made him peer closely into the corner in which that figure had been curled when he last saw him. But the corner was empty now.

As Caruthers' glance moved quickly over the opposite seat, however, one object caught his eye. He picked it up. It was a handkerchief, innocent of any markings, but smelling strongly, as he instantly noticed, of chloroform. The pungent odor told Caruthers all he needed. It was a complete confirmation of the theory which had flashed upon him at the first. He had been robbed, and in all likelihood by the little old man who had been his companion.

Caruthers pressed his face against the window. He was familiar with the country through which the train was passing, and he soon saw where he was. The express was fifty miles out of the metropolis, and by schedule must have made a stop at R—, about ten miles back. It was there he decided, that the thief had got out. The next stop would be made some twenty-five miles farther on, and he would have to wait until then to communicate the knowledge of his loss. So he arranged himself as comfortably as possible and began to consider how he could most quickly recover the articles which had been taken by the robber he had not thrown out of the window, and whether he could prevent the news of the robbery from spreading so that he should not receive the taunts of Topsy Russel; by telegraph or otherwise, upon this doubly trying experience.

As soon as the guard had opened the door of his carriage at the next station, half an hour later, Caruthers jumped down and dashing into the telegraph office, quickly despatched a statement of the facts to the chief of police at R—. His message offered a generous reward for the apprehension of the rascal and the recovery of the stolen articles, with the least possible publicity.

Two hours later, arrived at his destination, he left the train, took a hansom to police headquarters, and notified them that a despatch addressed in his name might be received there from R—. If such a despatch did come it was to be sent to the B— hotel, he ordered. Then he was driven to the hotel, and, having engaged a room, turned in and quickly fell asleep.

It was seven o'clock in the morning when he was awakened by a knock on the door of his room, and a telegram was handed him. It was from the police at R— and ran as follows:—
"Have got thief, and received all ar-

ticles. Thief disguised. Young man. Think he is an old hand at business. Communicate at once."

Caruthers sent the servant double quick for a morning paper, and having satisfied himself that the news of the robbery and of the capture of the thief had at least not gained circulation outside of R—, he dressed himself leisurely. Then he ate a comfortable breakfast, lit a cigar with the utmost satisfaction, and strolled down to police headquarters.

To his surprise he found another despatch from R— awaiting him there. He read:—

"Come and get me out of this. I was the old man who travelled with you and stole your things. I wanted to see you throw me out of the window. I acknowledge the corn. Come quickly. This confounded place is damp, and they won't believe my story."
TOPPY.

In amazement, which rapidly gave way to laughter he could not restrain, Caruthers read the message a second time, and then he telegraphed to the chief of police at R—:

"Hold thief. Dangerous man. Pay no attention to his story. Be with you to-morrow. G. CARUTHERS."

It was a woe begone and irate specimen which Caruthers saw when the "dangerous man" was led forth from a cell at the police station at R— next day. But Caruthers smothered his laughter at the sight, smoothed Russel's wrath as far as possible by apologies, and having paid the costs and fines which the police demanded that some one should pay, after his explanations, walked out of the station with his friend.

To this day, however, Topsy Russel has serious doubts as to Caruthers' statement that he "believed Russel's telegram a forgery;" and he awaits a chance to turn the tables on the man he "robbed."—Waverly Magazine.

"CRIME" AMONG ANIMALS.

Evil Deeds Among Brutes Corresponding to Those Among Humans.

Facts show beyond question that in the animal kingdom there are many curious equivalents of crime among men. Cannibalism is not unknown in the animal world. Wolf eats wolf, and in certain circumstances, and despite proverbs to the contrary, dog will eat dog. Well-nourished dogs are not often guilty of this savage custom, though it has been observed where necessity did not impel; but Arctic travelers have frequently fed their famished Esquimaux team on the carcasses of brethren that died from effects of cold or hunger, and under such conditions mothers have devoured their puppies with no hesitation or lack of appetite. Domestic cats have killed and eaten their young, and rabbits have been known to feed on one another even when plentifully supplied with food to their liking. The rat is nearly always a cannibal under stress of circumstances. The cannibalistic propensities of the pike need very little stimulus. Young crocodiles are occasionally gobbled by their parents, or at least by their mothers. Warrior ants devour in a fury the ants they have killed in battle.

A certain famous case in the reptile house at the Zoological Gardens was evidently not one of genuine cannibalism, but serpents have been guilty of the act. Infanticide, parricide, matricide, and fratricide are aggravating circumstances of cannibalism in the animal world. There are crimes known to our calendar of which the only or the chief motive appears to be the inveterate dislike of one individual (the assailant) for another (the assaulted), and these strange antipathies exist in the animal world, and are the cause of assault and battery, and often of the death of both parties. Horses, dogs and monkeys furnish many examples of violence proceeding from antipathy. The sudden gusts of uncontrollable rage which impel the Malay to run amuck through his native High street, seize at times upon the gentlest of animals, and the results are much the same as in the Malay Peninsula, unless the subject of his brief, terrible, madness, can be caught or slain. Different are the cases of animals proverbial for their patience, which may be goaded into a fury.

The dromedary, ordinarily a model of good behavior, is sometimes teased by his drivers until they are compelled to fly before his rage or to strip off and throw him their garments that he may tear and trample them to pieces. Every one knows to what a pass the docile elephant will carry his desire for revenge, when his dignity has been badly insulted or his good nature abused. More curious it is to note that, among animals as among men, some of the worst offenses that can be committed have their origin in the passion of love. Jealousy burns fiercely in many a brute's bosom, and when affected with the "universal distemper of love" the whole animal creation, from the tiger to the dove, is capable of any excesses against its disturbers, whether of its own or the human kind. Association for deliberate purposes of wrong-doing is not rare among animals, both of the higher and the lesser order of intelligence. Other animals steal in bands. Baboons go out in troops to rob orchards difficult of access. Conditions of climate and change of atmosphere have their influence upon the temperaments of animals. Speaking generally, wild creatures inhabiting very hot countries are more savage than those inhabiting cold or temperate climes.—London Leisure Hour.

Mosquitoes are fond of anything blue. That is a scientific discovery that is furnishing an argument for changing the color of the United States army shirt.

HANDLING REVOLVERS.

AN EXPERT TELLS ABOUT OLD-TIME AND MODERN WEAPONS.

"I Make It a Rule Never to Fool With a Pistol," Says a United States Secret Service Man—Rather Face Revolver Than Knife.

"The longer a man carries a revolver the more careful he will be with it," remarked Secret Service Officer Thomas E. Halls recently. "I have carried a revolver about thirty-two years. For one thing, I make it a rule never to fool with a pistol at all. I never point it toward myself or anybody else, even though I know it to be unloaded.

"I believe there has been as much change in revolvers in the last thirty years as in everything else I know of. Shortly after the war, when I was in the government service, the weapon that I carried, which was supposed to be the best in use at that time, was a Colt's revolver. It was a six-shooter and loaded with powder and ball from the front of the cylinder. The bullets were round pieces of lead and they had to be pressed down close on to the powder by means of a hinged ramrod that was set in the under side of the barrel. The other end of the cylinder was furnished with nipples on which percussion caps were placed. Those revolvers had long rifle barrels, and except for the fact that they were very susceptible to dampness, they were admirable weapons.

"One reason for the fine shooting that could be done with a Colt's revolver was the length of the barrel and the size of the handle, which gave the hand a firm grip on the weapon. The tendency since then has been to shorten the barrel and decrease the size of the grip so as to make the revolver easy to carry and these changes have detracted greatly from the weapon's usefulness. The demand seemed to be for a gun which should have large calibre and short barrel, to be heavily charged. The consequence was that the heaviness of the charge and the weight of the bullet produced a big recoil, which could not be prevented on account of the short hand-

hold. "Say," ejaculated the secret service officer suddenly, "did you ever reflect on the reason why so many shots that are fired with deadly intent fail of result? I'll tell you why it is. You see, the average man, when he flies into a passion and wants to shoot somebody, whips out his pistol, flourishes it around in the air and then brings it down to a level with his opponent's head and fires it, thinking doubtless that the head is the best place at which to aim. Then the defects which I have mentioned get in their work and the recoil elevates the revolver above the would-be victim's head, and the bullet sails merrily into the sky or ceiling, as the case may be.

"Now that is all wrong. The head is the smallest part of the body, and, of course, presents the poorest target. The best place to shoot a man to put him out of action and the place where you are sure to strike him—where, in fact, you can scarcely miss—is the lower part of the body in the region of the stomach. Instead of flourishing a revolver around in the air and bringing it down, the way to do is to quietly draw the weapon from the pocket, drop it toward the ground, then make an upward motion with the weapon, catching a line upon the ground or floor up your opponent's leg, stopping at the stomach, where there is little or no protection against a pistol ball and the chances of recovery from a wound are small. Here you have a whole vital region of the body in range. If you happen to shoot a little higher than you intend you are pretty certain to strike a vital spot and disable your opponent, and if you shoot lower—say in the groin—you have him in about as bad a shape. In handling a revolver in this manner you get rid of the unnecessary downward motion. Another advantage is that the movement can be executed so quickly and easily that it catches a man off his guard. He does not have time to prepare himself for the attack.

"A good revolver handled with care, will, of course, last for years, but where a man carries it constantly, especially if he rides on the railroad and horseback very much, there is a tendency for the barrel of the weapon to become loose in the hinge just in front of the cylinder, and this detracts somewhat from the accuracy of the shooting. As soon as I find my pistol in this shape I lay it aside and get a new one.

"My favorite weapon has always been the kind that has a blue barrel, and this for several reasons, the first being that with a nickel or silver-plated revolver the sunlight reflected from the shiny barrel gets in one's eyes and interferes with the correctness of his aim. Then, at night, a man often desires to protect himself without advertising the fact that he is carrying a revolver and he could not do this very well with a weapon that gave off a glitter whenever the light fell upon it.

"Among the improvements that have been made in revolvers," continued Capt. Halls, "are the loading of shells with smokeless powder and the discarding of the hammer. The latest patterns of revolvers are not only self-cocking, but hammerless as well, and, in addition, they have a safety device which prevents the weapon being discharged by any accident, such as dropping on the floor or ground.

"A revolver is a very dangerous weapon," said the officer in a musing tone, "but I would rather face a revolver any time than a knife in the hands of an enraged man. A knife in such a situation is the most dangerous of all weapons and the hardest to guard against."—Indianapolis Journal.

FIGHT BETWEEN MOOSE.

On the Snow They Battle With Extreme Fierceness to the Death.

A fierce struggle to the death between two bull moose in deep snow, near Mount Katahdin, was witnessed by George E. Stewart, of Boston, who spent several weeks last winter, in the woods, and brought with him a souvenir of the conflict, of which he tells a thrilling story.

Mr. Stewart left camp early in the morning on snowshoes, and when about three miles away found evidence of moose. Although he had not taken a rifle along, he followed the tracks over the snow, and after an hour's tramp heard the noise of a conflict. Reaching an elevated place behind a big pine tree he was able to get a good view of the infuriated animals.

"There was some four feet of snow on the ground," said Mr. Stewart, when telling of his adventure, "and the ponderous weight of the animals brought them down through it to solid ground as though it had simply been water. When I first saw them the moose were struggling with locked horns, totally oblivious to all about them.

"For the next two or three minutes they swayed backward and forward without either of them apparently gaining the slightest advantage. Suddenly the one nearest me disengaged himself and broke away. My first thought was that the animal had had enough of the fight and that he had decided discretion to be the better part of valor, but no sooner had the moose gained a sufficient distance than he lowered his mighty head and, with a bellow of rage, charged his bulky antagonist. Instead of retreating or making a counter charge the second moose remained perfectly still. He seemed to me to be calmly awaiting the attack.

"Suddenly I saw him rear on his hind legs and, coming down, plant his knife-like front hoofs directly on the head of his enemy. The force was terrific, and the moose nearest me went down under the blow like a log of wood. He was at his antagonist's mercy.

"Time and time again the bull brought those terrible front hoofs down on the prostrate body before him. The other moose made desperate efforts to gain his feet, but his shoulder had been broken when he first fell and the effort came to naught. For a time he struggled and then, at last, he lay perfectly still. His murderer gave the body a last contemptuous blow and then disappeared through the undergrowth."

Signals For Farmers.

A new order from Washington calls for a trial of weather signals on rural delivery carts for the benefit of farmers. As soon as practicable, three delivery carts going into the farming district will be equipped with the flags denoting "local rain or snow" and "temperature." These will flutter from the rear of the cart and will warn farmers.

"While my own impression is that our card system will be found the best," declared Weather Forecaster Brandenburg, "I will try out this new idea. If it proves beneficial, all carts in the future will probably fly our flags. It depends upon the results of these experiments all over the country."

Three postal delivery wagons will be equipped at once. If the idea proves feasible, it is expected that the postal and weather departments will join in having special wagons built with room for a flagstaff behind, to display weather flags.—Denver Post.

Long Island Peculiarities.

The class in geography in one of the Brooklyn schools was being examined the other day when the teacher asked:

"What are some of the natural peculiarities of Long Island?" The pupils indulged in some heavy thinking, but none responded. Suddenly a fat boy with a red face, who had been shifting uneasily about in his seat, received an inspiration.

"I know," he exclaimed, raising his hand.

"Well, what are they?" encouraged the teacher.

"Why," said the fat boy, with a triumphant look around, "on the south side you see the sea, and on the north side you hear the Sound."

He was moved up to the head of the class on general principles.—New York Times.

A Great Secret.

Feeble natures live in their sorrows instead of converting them into apothegms of experience. They are saturated with them, and they consume themselves by sinking back each day into the misfortunes of the past. To forget is the great secret of strong and creative existence, to forget after the manner of Nature, which knows no past, and begins again every hour the mysteries of her indefatigable productiveness.—Balzac.

There is one thing to be said in favor of music. It never comes out at the little end of the horn.

PENNSYLVANIA BRIEFLY TOLD.

Special Dispatches Beiled Down for Quick Reading.

PATENTS AND PENSIONS GRANTED.

Rope-Jumping Feat Kills a Girl—Fat Constable's Dilemma—Suicide Fired a Band—Missing Man Found Drowned—Injured in an Automobile Accident—Woman and Child Burned—Escaped Lunatic Drowned.

Pennsylvania patents: Samuel A. Bonaffon, Erie, envelope; Herman H. Bringer, Pittsburg, spike machine; Ed B. Clark, Pittsburg, lifting jack for cars; John B. D. Nommurge, Pittsburg, frame for doors and windows; Leonard D. Davis, Erie, piercing and shaping metallic ingots; William Ferguson, Pittsburg, whistle, tree clip; Wilder D. Forsythe and E. T. Bell, Pittsburg, boiler tube cleaner; David Heggle, McKeessport, coupling welding rolls; Wm. C. Henderson, Pittsburg, shears; Ralph V. Sage, Johnstown, sill and bolster connection for steel cars; Persifer F. Smith, Pittsburg, bottom for sheet heating furnaces; Charles Steele, Duquesne, apparatus for rolling car axles; Hardy Washburn, Osceola Mills, combined poker and lifter.

Pensions granted: William White, Elkland, \$10; Eliver P. Barns, New Castle, \$14; James Anderson, Indiana, \$7; John Hichman, Phoenixville, \$10; George W. Lane, Pleasantville, \$12; Joseph Fosnagh, Wampum, \$17; Amos Garbrick, Bellefonte, \$8; Minerva Backus, Wattsburg, \$8; Rebecca H. Morgan, Bridgeville, \$8; Mary J. Sechrist, Liberty, \$12; Elizabeth J. Ward, Butler, \$8.

Barbara G. Hodges, 10-year-old daughter of S. H. Hodges, of Greensburg, engaged in a rope-jumping contest with a number of her companions to decide who could register the greatest number of jumps. The Hodges girl beat all the others, making 79. Immediately she complained of feeling dizzy. She was taken home and lapsed into unconsciousness. A physician was summoned and he found that a blood vessel in her head had been ruptured. The child never regained consciousness and died next morning.

The National Farm School, Doylestown, celebrated Arbor Day by planting two trees, one to the memory of Wm. McKinley and the other for Baroness Clara de Hirsch. About one hundred friends of the school attended from Philadelphia. Rev. William McIlwain, of Philadelphia; Mrs. William W. Miller, president of the Council of Jewish Women; Rev. Dr. Krauskopf, president of the school, and George D. Ochs, of Philadelphia, made addresses.

Constable Rhoads arrested Michael Grossup at his home at Stowe on a charge of assault. Grossup went up stairs ostensibly to change his clothing, but instead sprang through a two-foot window and ran away. The officer, who weighs 200 pounds, attempted to follow his prisoner through the window and became wedged fast. It was necessary for a carpenter to cut the frame away to release Rhoads.

Samuel E. Light, president and manager of the Lebanon Rolling Mill Company, executed a deed transferring the plant to the Lebanon Iron and Steel Company. The incorporators of the new company are Paul H. Dennison, Harry M. Kurtz, William S. Stokes, William H. Triol, J. Walter White, all of Philadelphia. Samuel E. Light will continue as superintendent. It is rumored that the sale is a method of increasing capital and that additional mills will be erected.

George W. Missemmer, of Steelton, left there for San Francisco, preparatory to going to Manila, where he has accepted a position under the United States government to instruct natives in the printing trade.

After arranging for his funeral with an undertaker and hiring a band to play a dirge at the obsequies, Martin Moski, aged 72 years, of Hazleton, went home and killed himself by firing a shot through his brain. He was despondent through ill-health. Moski brought the first lot of foreign miners to this country thirty-two years ago.

Charters were issued at the State Department as follows: Sharon Supply Co., Sharon, capital \$10,000; Dintenfuss Manufacturing Co., Philadelphia, capital \$10,000; Northeastern Warehouse Co., Philadelphia, capital \$250,000; Commonwealth Real Estate and Trust Co., Pittsburg, capital \$1,000.

The body of Denis A. Clark, who escaped from the State Hospital for the Insane at Norristown, was found in the river. Clark was a promoter of amateur sports and boxing bouts. He was popularly known in the Schuylkill Valley as "Tossie." Six months ago he was committed to the hospital.

While burning waste paper near her home, in Bridgeport, the clothing of Mrs. Sallie Hayes became ignited and she was badly burned. While Dr. A. V. Ellershow was relieving her distress he received a call to another part of the town, where he found that Mary, a three-year-old daughter of John Calik, had been burned at a bonfire.

Frank Ashton, of Easton, and his son-in-law, Dr. E. W. Hubbs, of Philadelphia, were in an automobile which collided with a farmer's wagon near Riegelsville. The machine was upset and both men were thrown out. Mr. Ashton's right wrist was fractured and his head injured, and Dr. Hubbs' right thumb was broken.

Michael Cherko was murdered about 100 feet from the Greek Catholic Church at Freeland during the progress of the Greek Easter services. George Smith is charged with the crime. Smith, upon entering the church, failed to remove his hat and this started the dispute.

The monastery of the Benedictine Brothers, at Carrollton, burned to the ground Sunday with all its contents, causing heavy loss. When first noticed a small flame was coming from the roof of a main building, and owing to the high wind practically nothing could be done to check its progress.

During a hearing in court at Wilkes-barre Bridget Flanagan exclaimed that she "would give her husband to any woman who wants him, free of charge. He was born lazy and does not want to work. She had him arrested for non-support. Judge Halsey dismissed the case.