

THE SURGEON'S KNIFE

Mrs. Eckis Stevenson of Salt Lake City Tells How Operations For Ovarian Troubles May Be Avoided.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I suffered with inflammation of the ovaries and womb for over six years, enduring aches and pains which none can dream of but those who have had the same experience.



MRS. ECKIS STEVENSON.

Hundreds of dollars went to the doctor and the druggist. I was simply a walking medicine chest and a physical wreck. My sister residing in Ohio wrote me that she had been cured of womb trouble by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and advised me to try it. I then discontinued all other medicines and gave my Vegetable Compound a thorough trial. Within four weeks nearly all pain had left me; I rarely had headaches, and my nerves were in a much better condition, and I was cured in three months, and this avoided a terrible surgical operation.—Mrs. ECKIS STEVENSON, 250 So. State St., Salt Lake City, Utah.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

Remember every woman is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about her symptoms she does not understand. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.



The Doctor—One layer of paper is had enough, you have three here. Baby may recover, but mother suffers.

ALABASTINE
IT WON'T RUB OFF.
Wall Paper is unnecessary. Alabastine is temporary, rub off and seal. ALABASTINE is a pure, permanent and artistic wall coating, ready for the brush by mixing in cold water. For sale by paint dealers everywhere. Buy in packages and beware of worthless imitations.
ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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CANDY CATHARTIC
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
Genuine stamped C.C.C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS
OF FAMOUS PERSONS
Bought and Sold
118 Broadway, New York
SEND FOR PR. CE. LISTS

Complete Treatment for Every Humour

Price \$1.00

CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, **CUTICURA OINTMENT**, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and **CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS**, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET of these great skin curatives is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, crusted, scaly, and pimply skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

Millions of People
Use CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for preventing, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for nervous weakness, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (Chocolate Coated) are a new, tasteless, odorless, economical substitute for the celebrated Liquid CUTICURA RESOLVENT, as well as for all other blood purifiers and humour cures. In screw-cap vials, containing 50 doses, price 25c.

Sold throughout the world. Sole U.S. Dispensary, 25c. Pills, 25c. British Dispensary, 7-9, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.4. French Dispensary, 10, Rue de Valenciennes, Paris. For 25c. Dose and User's Guide, Sole Proprietor, Boston, U.S.A.

Could Not Be Reformed.

"I don't enjoy visiting with folks that want the other way all the time, and I won't stay, not when I find it out," said Mrs. Tarbell to her sister, Miss Porter. "I suppose that's why you've come home from Amabel's," said Miss Porter, with a faint smile. She had been enjoying a restful week, and it had seemed all too short.

"Yes, that's the very reason!" said Mrs. Tarbell, with considerable heat. "Amabel's got the notion that her sugar-bowl looks better sitting at her left on the table, and the first day I was there I put it at the right, and she moved it back. "Why don't you have it sit at your right?" I asked her one day, and she just smiled and said she'd got used to it at the left. I moved it three times a day all the week I was there, and last off I got me so provoked and nerved up I just packed my bag and came home.

"If her mother'd realized what a headstrong will Amabel had, she never would have let it go, as a child. But I'm too easy-going to cope with her, and being only a cousin and all, I've just left her to her own devices. But it's an awful pity!"

A Seditious Powder?

An elderly German couple presented themselves at one of the local theatres one night this week with two tickets of admission, one white and the other blue. The ticket-taker politely informed the man that the white ticket called for admission to the first floor, but that the holder of the blue ticket must go to the family circle above.

"What is that?" exclaimed the old man. Again the ticket-taker explained, the man in the meantime edging his way in, but being gently restrained. Finally, becoming enraged, the old man said: "You try to do, separate a man from his frau? I give you de tickets. Vat I care if dey is blue and white. Vat you tink we is, a seditious powder?"

After this sally the ticket-taker called an usher and had the old couple shown to the best seats in the house.

The Inverted Comma.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw will have the sympathy of writers—and we should think of composers—in his protest against the use of the apostrophe," says the London Chronicle. "He has himself dropped it out of 'aint,' 'dout' and 'shoudnt'—but not out of 'he'll'—before he wrote his protest in 'The Author.' But why all these inverted commas, 'the silly trick of perverting phrases with these smooth baubles'?" You will find none of these bacilli in the Bible. Take this passage, chosen at random: Now Jesus knew that they were desirous to ask Him, and said unto them, Do ye inquire among yourselves of that I said, A little while, and ye shall not see me; and again a little while and ye shall see me? The modern compositor would set that passage between two brackets of inverted commas, for it is a quote within a quote. But it is beautifully clear as it stands. And among all Biblical misunderstandings no one we think has been misled by the absence of an inverted comma.

The Old Dorky's Family.

He was a good-natured looking old colored man, rather seedy and in need of a job, so when he came along and asked the woman who lives in the suburbs if he couldn't spade her little garden for a quarter, she let him do it. After the work was finished, she said to him: "You are from the South, aren't you?" She was a Southerner and recognized the type.

He replied that he was, and told her that just before the war he and all the members of his family had been sold to different owners. The woman was interested and asked: "How many were there in your family?" "Five," he replied. "Me, my brother, and three mules."

Apprehensive.

"I'm kind o' worried about Josh," said Mrs. Corntassel. "He seems to me to be doin' purty good," rejoined her husband. "I don't know about that. His last letter says that he has gotten to be a trusted employe. An' jedgin' from the newspapers, those are the kind that are allers gettin' into difficulties."—Washington Star.

B. B. B. SENT FREE.

Cures Blood and Skin Diseases, Cancers, Scrofula, Itching Humours, Carbuncles, Sores, Stings, and Pains, Etc.
Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) cures Pimples, scabby, itching, Eczema, Ulcers, Eating Sores, Scrofula, Blood Poison, Bone Pains, Swellings, Rheumatism, Cancer, and all Blood and Skin Troubles. Especially advised for chronic cases that doctors, patent medicines and Hot Springs fail to cure or help. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle. To prove it cure B. B. B. sent free by writing BLOOD BALM Co., 12 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter. Medicine sent at once, prepaid. All we ask is that you will speak a good word for B. B. B. when cured.

The man who laughs at his own jokes doesn't always find that the world laughs with him.

Laid Up for Sixteen Weeks.
St. Jacobs Oil and Vogeler's Curative Compound Cured Him.

"I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism for many years. I was laid up with Rheumatic Fever for nine weeks in 1894, and again for sixteen (16) weeks in 1896. I tried many medicines I saw advertised and others I was recommended; finally I was induced to take Vogeler's Curative Compound, which did me more good than all other medicines. In fact, I feel quite a different man since I have been taking the Compound. All my neighbors and friends are quite surprised to see me about and looking so well. I can only say that Vogeler's Curative Compound taken internally and by using St. Jacobs Oil outwardly acted like magic in my case. I had been taking medicines for years without obtaining benefit, but Vogeler's has practically cured me. I have recommended Vogeler's Curative Compound to a lot of my acquaintances, and they tell me that it has worked wonders.

"Wishing you every success in the sale of your Vogeler's Curative Compound and St. Jacobs Oil, I remain, gentlemen,

"Your obedient servant,
"GEORGE CLARKE, Gardener,
"23 Beechcroft Road, Surrey."

Send to St. Jacobs Oil, Ltd., Baltimore, for a free sample of Vogeler's Compound.

LIFE'S MIRROR.

Ye are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

UNDER THE PULPIT FLOOR

The pulpit in the old Methodist Chapel at Northway was set back into a "lean-to" and elevated three and a half feet above the main floor. Within the altar-rail two short flights of five steps each, one on either side of the pulpit, led up to the pulpit floor.

There was no basement or cellar under the meeting-house, but between the underpinning stones beneath the sills a gap of three feet had been left open on the outer side, so as to ventilate the low, dark space under the floor and prevent the cross-sills and flooring from rotting away.

By creeping in at this hole and crawling along beneath the floor the boys—that is to say, the "bad boys"—could reach the space under the pulpit floor, where there was room to stand up and move about. To get in to it, however, they had to creep through another narrow gap between two underpinning stones, for the lean-to had been an afterthought on the part of the builders, and the split granite stones extended quite around the far end of the main house. This latter gap was only about two feet wide.

The caddy beneath the pulpit floor was twelve feet long by eight feet wide, and sufficient light came in through the chinks beneath the sill for a boy's eyes to read print. We called it the "Calaboo," without attaching any special meaning to the word; it was probably a corruption of the colloquial word calaboose.

It was a fine place to gather before meeting or at intermission, and certain of the bolder spirits would stay there during the sermon time.

There were blocks of old timber on the ground where they could sit, eat apples and make merry, or, if so disposed, listen to the sermon; for (the narrator was then a boy and knew the place well) the minister was standing overhead. We could hear every word he said with great distinctness, and when he grew more fervent in his discourse and began to move up and down the pulpit, his boots made a considerable squeaking. We could then whisper, and even talk in low tones, without being heard.

This caddy, as will be seen, was a great convenience; for as a boy cannot be in two places at once, his absence from the pews during service was often noticed; and when he reached home his father would ask, "Where were you during sermon time?"

It was most useful then to be able to reply, "Oh, I was there, sir, sitting near the pulpit. The text was from Ecclesiastes 2: 24: 'This also I saw, that it was from the hand of God.'"

As this was sometimes as much as the father of the family himself could remember of the sermon, it passed muster very well for a long time—during the entire three years, in fact, that Elder Hosea Creecy was on that circuit.

As time went on quite a miscellaneous collection of things was carried into the caddy: picture papers, a pumpkin Jack-o'-lantern, an old gun belonging to the Batchelder boys, and a toy cannon made of lead pipe made their appearance there, to say nothing of apples, hazelnuts and other eatables. Boys naturally like to have such a place in which to gather. The chief objection to our Calaboo, from a moral point of view, was its location and the fact that it led to deception and disorderly conduct.

Truth to say, Elder Creecy was not an interesting preacher, although a very prolix one, and he did not possess the faculty of looking after the social and moral welfare of his charge in an efficient and wholesome manner.

During his last year there the Calaboo was full every Sunday, but I am certain that he never had an inkling of the gibes and unwholesome glee going on right under his feet.

Finally Elder Creecy was removed to another circuit, and a much younger minister, the Rev. Adelbert Gibson, appointed in his place.

Mr. Gibson was tall, light-complexioned and athletic, with kindly blue eyes. His manner, however, was self-assertive and resolute. He was a college graduate and had but recently entered the ministry. There was a rumor that he was a fine orsman.

His first sermon in the old chapel lasted only twenty-five minutes. Some, indeed, thought it too short; but in the course of a week he had called at every house in the vicinity. It was hinted that he had also been fishing.

While preaching his second sermon

he paused suddenly and seemed to listen for a moment, but went on without comment.

On the third Sunday, also, he stopped, and with an air of annoyance and a sharp glance around, remarked that it disturbed him greatly to hear low, mumbled conversation while addressing an audience.

"I do not know just where this is or who it is," he added, "but it disturbs me, and I must request that it shall cease."

A great hush fell. The old meeting-house was crowded on that Sabbath. But no one but Mr. Gibson himself had heard anything, and many did not know what he meant.

It was Mahlon Batchelder, Ben Frost and Orin Sylvester, down in the Calaboo, who had been mumbled together in low tones; but Mr. Gibson's ears were keener than Elder Creecy's. He went on with his sermon, but he had perceived the innocent astonishment of the congregation. It set him to thinking, and the next day he investigated. He discovered the Calaboo and all it contained.

Being comparatively a stranger, it is likely that he regarded the matter as a trick on the part of young rascals to make a disturbance and impose on him personally, and he was not the kind of a man to bear imposition meekly. He kept quiet concerning his discovery, but planned and executed a decisive counter-stroke.

I have already mentioned the little gap in the underpinning through which we crept into the caddy. It was directly beneath the pulpit desk, and by boring a hole in the floor Mr. Gibson arranged a bit of plank beneath, attached to which was a rod extending up through the hole, in a corner of the pulpit desk, where he could reach it. By giving a single downward push on this rod he could completely close that little gap. He also drew the nails from two of the broad boards of the pulpit floor, so that they could be taken up quickly.

Quite unsuspecting of this trap, five of us crawled into the Calaboo on the following Sunday, to have a little jollification and plan a Maybasket frolic. Mahlon Batchelder and Ben Frost had mistrusted something the previous Sunday, and did not go in. But Orin Sylvester, Newman Damley, Ned Wilbur and two more of us slipped in just as the service began and the people were going to their pews.

Two of us, at least, had not been to the Calaboo before for six months, and, in fact, had never frequented it, as Alfred and Ben had done, but we paid the penalty just the same. It is usually the young and inexperienced mice that fall into the trap.

We kept pretty quiet down there during the prayer and hymns, but shortly after Mr. Gibson began his sermon, Ned and Orin got to playing, and the former smothered aloud.

Immediately we noted that Mr. Gibson stopped speaking. Then we heard him say:

"I must ask the audience to excuse me a moment and to sit quietly in their places. A part of the congregation appears to be under the meeting-house instead of properly in it."

At that we made a dive for the hole, but before the first one of us reached it we "heard something drop" so to speak. Mr. Gibson's plank gap had closed! The next moment the two floor boards were raised and we heard the minister's voice saying, "Come up every one of you!"

Trembling and terribly frightened, we slunk into the darkest corners of the caddy.

"Come up, or I shall come after you!" exclaimed Mr. Gibson, in tones that made us think it might be better to comply.

Then—but oh, with what woful reluctance!—first Orin, then Newman, and then the rest of us put our heads and arms up through the aperture, and were helped out by the young minister's vigorous hand. Ned had made a wild effort to pull the plank from the gap that led to liberty, but it was useless.

When satisfied that the last boy was out, Mr. Gibson looked up over with a grim smile.

"You shall be honored with a seat in the pulpit," he said. "Sit down!" and he pointed to the settee, or long bench, having a cushion covered with red baize, that extended along the wall behind the pulpit desk.

"But wait; you have forgotten something!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Go back, you," pointing to Orin, "and hand up your implements of war and music—that old violin, that gun and that pumpkin face."

Half-numb from consternation, Orin clumsily obeyed, and was once more hauled up and seated with no great gentleness, beside us on the long baize cushion where visiting clergymen were accustomed to sit.

Oh, but the eyes of that whole congregation fixed upon us! It seemed to me that the audience was all eyes! Eyes of reproof! Eyes of reprobation! Eyes of contempt and grinning malice! We were half-stupefied from the shame of it. I hardly heard what Mr. Gibson said next, but he forced the fiddle into Orin's inert hands, the gun into Newman's, set the grinning pumpkin Jack-o'-lantern on Ned's knees and gave me the little lead cannon.

What a spectacle we made! The older people were too indignant to laugh much, but all the youngsters were soon on the broad grin.

After looking us over again with crushing irony in his glance, Mr. Gibson turned his back on us and took up the slip of paper on which were the notes of his sermon.

"Now that I have my congregation in the house," he said, in a tone of great seriousness, "I will resume my subject."

But I can hardly believe he was aware of the tortures endured by that row of boys behind him. I suppose

the sermon lasted ten or fifteen minutes longer, but it seemed a lifetime, a century of shame and dishonor!

And when at last the benediction was pronounced and the people began going out, with amused glances, we still sat there, stiff with mortification. What was coming next we had little idea, but we looked for severe measures.

When the house was clear Mr. Gibson turned to us. He seemed about to say something sarcastic, but he perceived our utterly depressed, woe-gone appearance, and burst out laughing instead. He probably realized now that we were not the hardened sinners he had at first thought us.

"Perhaps I have been a little harsh with you, boys," he said. "You may take your property and go. I do not think you will be caught there again. Try to be more manly and straightforward hereafter, and we will let bygones be bygones. I will be your good friend after this quite as if nothing had happened, and you may tell your folks at home that I am satisfied you have been punished sufficiently."

He pushed us good-humoredly down the steps and packed us off home, where, however, some of us met with anything but a pleasant reception. In truth, we were not allowed to forget the disgrace of it for many a year.

And that was the end of the Calaboo.—Youth's Companion.

RACE THEORY EXPLODED.

Prof. Mason Explains the Presence of Chinese Coins in Alaska.

The notion that the Japanese and Chinese were in communication with the Pacific coast of America, and that Buddhist priests visited Alaska, California and Mexico centuries before the landing of Columbus, seems to be curiously persistent, notwithstanding the fact that Prof. Otis T. Mason, of the National Museum, swept the props from under every theory of this sort several years ago. Speaking of the matter the other day, he said:

"I suppose I may say that I was one of the few men who began studying the Philippines and the Orient years before the war with Spain, and by so doing I discovered by accident how Chinese and Japanese coins and little brass images of Japanese manufacture came into the hands of the Indians of the Northwest coast, British Columbia and Oregon. Soon after the Spaniards had established themselves throughout the greater part of South America and Mexico, the English and French buccanniers began preying on their commerce to such an extent as to almost ruin it. Whenever a silver ship sailed from Mexico or Peru for Spain, loaded with specie and gold ingots, she was almost certain to become the prey of pirates before reaching her destination.

"Now, the Spanish monarch was shrewd, and seeing that nothing was to be gained by adhering to the Atlantic route, he opened a new route from Spain to the American colonies around the Cape of Good Hope, via the Philippines and the Straits Settlements, and from there (following the coasts of China and Japan, the Aleutian Islands, Alaska, British Columbia, and California), to Acapulco, Mexico, which straightway became the greatest seaport and trading mart on the Pacific coast of America. By this means they escaped the ravages of the buccanniers for more than a century until Drake found his way into the Pacific.

"The new route proved a very profitable one. The Spaniards were able to dispose of the silks and other commodities of more value to the Spaniards than specie and plate. On the other hand, the ships returning from Spain to Acapulco took on a great deal of Chinese copper coin, which they exchanged for furs among the Indians of the Northwest coast. This, then, is the origin of the Chinese coin among the tribes of British Columbia and Alaska.

"It is also easy to see that during this traffic Chinese and Malay sailors would be employed to man the Spanish ships, and they no doubt left the few bronze images of Buddha that are now found among the Indians of the Northwest coast. There is no foundation whatever for the theory that the Chinese coast of America before Columbus, or that Buddhist priests founded the religions of Mexico and Peru. Everything Chinese or Japanese found among the Pacific coast tribes was, you may rest assured, brought over and left among them by the Spaniards during the days of the old trans-Pacific trade.—Washington Post.

Animal Biographers.

The craze for animal biography has not reached even its secondary stage, but is advancing along easy lines. We have been blessed (or cursed) with several dog autobiographies, and not a few cat tales have appeared in recent periodicals. Some men have the peculiar faculty of presenting the thought of a dog in a perfectly dog-like manner. So expert are they in assuming the dog character that we almost believe in the rejected doctrine of the ancients, the transmigration of souls. No one can read "Bob, Son of Dog," "The Bar Sialster," "Rab and His Friends," etc., without harboring a suspicion that the several authors have been more than mere observers of dog nature. Voluntary metempsychosis is a miraculous gift. The autobiographer usually gives himself a splendid character. What splendid characters dogs have when they are speaking like heroes in books!—Victor Smith, in the New York Press.

PENNSYLVANIA BRIEFLY TOLD.

Special Dispatches Boiled Down for Quick Reading.

PATENTS AND PENSIONS GRANTED.

Trust to Build at Least Twenty Plants Near Pittsburgh—Guard's Camp Site Selected—Octogenarian Buried in a Tomb Which He Made—Man Sought Refuge in an Icehouse and Perished—Miners Resume Work.

New Pensioners.—Edgar E. White, Erie, \$12; James C. Bundy, DuBois, \$12; Elder Crawford, Trail, \$6; John F. Leonard, Bradford, \$12; George M. Eddy, Bradford, \$17; Emanuel Erminger, Richardsville, \$12; Emanuel B. Newman, Fayetteville, \$12; William Smith, Allegheny, \$8; Adam Zigler, Lock Haven, \$10; James Dimsey, Wall, \$12; Jacob A. Fisher, Aaronsburg, \$12; Joseph H. Dickson, Meadville, \$10; William A. Ishler, Bellefonte, \$8; John Nicholas, Kendall Creek, \$12; Judson Knight, Sharpsville, \$50; Leopold M. Loh, Fryburg, \$24; Martha C. Kuhn, Johnstown, \$8; Angeline Williams, Moravia, \$8; Josephine B. Lewis, Philipsburg, \$8; minor of Corydon E. Patterson, Allegheny, \$19; William Shannon, New Galilee, \$39; Cribbs, Sandy Valley, \$8; Anson B. Campbell, McKeesport, \$3; Leonard A. Hollister, Kittanning, \$8; William Penicill, Lincolnville, \$12; James Holt, Huntington, \$10; Joseph Beers, Rock Hill Furnace, \$12; George Means, Valer, \$10; Daniel Wonseller, Washington, \$12; Samuel Pitard, Saxton, \$14; Joseph R. White, New Castle, \$16; James P. Burchfield, Clearfield, \$30; Robert M. McCullough, Canonsburg, \$30; Margaret Simons, Tyrone, \$8; Isabella Phillips, Carmichaels, \$8; Nancy, Dillon Smiths Ferry, \$8.

Patents granted: Alfred M. Acklin, Pittsburgh, apparatus for feeding and tempering foundry sand; Senate Backus, Pittsburgh, match machine; Allan K. Bowman, Pittsburgh, tobacco pipe; Robert S. Breckenridge, Butler, overalls; James E. and C. B. Brown, Bradford, vehicle body; Mary A. Deforce, Corry, flower stand; Oliver G. Earl, Allegheny, bolt; Frank A. Eyer, Harrisburg, apparatus for dispelling electricity in delivering sheets into or from printing presses; Jas. M. G. Fullman, Pittsburgh, outlet box for electric wires and conduits; Azor R. Hunt and W. Ahlen, Hughes, heating furnace for colliery buildings; Albert Kalske, Erie, collapsible baby carriage; John S. Matson, Greenville, railway block system; Alexander J. McCullough, Meadville, electric switch operating device; Horace F. Neumeier, Macumie, hose nozzle; Henry N. Potter, Pittsburgh, treating ballast for electric lamps; Geo. W. Rhine, of Altoona, air compressor; Henry C. Rush, Oil City, gas burner for firing barrels; Geo. B. Tennant, Johnstown, power press; George Westinghouse, Pittsburgh, automatic fluid pressure brake apparatus; Samuel B. Whinery, Pittsburg, blue printing apparatus.

Announcement was made at Pittsburgh by a member of the party of United States Steel Corporation officers who, with President Schwab, are visiting the plants of the Pittsburgh district, that it had been decided to build at least twenty and perhaps twenty-five new plants. About \$60,000,000 is to be expended and the Pittsburgh district will get from 50 to 75 per cent. of the amount. The National Tube Plant at McKeesport will not be abandoned nor removed, but will be enlarged and improved. Three new tube plants will be built and while their exact locations have not been decided upon, they will be in the Pittsburgh district.

Generals Gobin, Schall, Wiley, Adjutant General Stewart and Quartermaster Richardson visited the Gettysburg battlefield and selected a location for the division encampment July 12-19. General and division headquarters will be located on the Emmitsburg Road in front of the historic Bloody Angle. The First Brigade will encamp on the Spangler farm, over which Pickett's charge was made. The Second Brigade will be located directly across the road, and the Third Brigade will be stationed on the outskirts of Gettysburg. The artillery and cavalry will encamp on the Chambersburg Pike and Reynolds Avenue, on the site of the first day's fighting. General orders will be issued next week by Adjutant General Stewart formally announcing the selection of Gettysburg for holding the encampment and giving the details for the movement of the troops.

Charters were issued at the State Department as follows: The Gettysburg Manufacturing Company, Gettysburg, capital \$10,000; Keystone Constructing and Engineering Company, Easton, capital \$10,000; the Roscoe Electric Light Company, Roscoe, Washington county, capital \$10,000; the Lancaster Castings Company, Lancaster, capital \$60,000; Railway Steel Casting Company, Pittsburgh, capital \$200,000.

The strike of the miners of the Webster Coal and Coke Company, in Cambria county, was terminated when the company agreed to sign the Altoona scale. The company's principal objection was to the check-off, but that has been adjusted in a manner satisfactory to all concerned. There are about 5,000 miners in the employ of the Webster Company in Cambria county, and they are all at work again.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has shipped 15,000 young locust trees to Newton Hamilton, to be set out on the Ingram farm in Wayne township. These trees will be planted eight feet apart and cultivated until large enough for cross ties. This is to be an experiment, and if successful will be followed by other larger ventures in this line.

The cottage of Louis Duffield, in Lower Merion, near Cynwyd, was partly destroyed by fire from a supposed defective flue.

A movement was started in Pittston to erect a monument to Rev. Father Phillips, formerly of Hazelton.

The funeral of George Knapp, a private in the United States Army, who was killed while on guard duty in the Philippines two years ago, took place at Williamsport, interment being made with military honors.

The forty-seventh anniversary of the organization of the Harrisburg Young Men's Christian Association was observed Sunday. This was the last meeting in the present building, which will be torn down to make room for a five-story structure to cost \$76,000.