

THE ENGINEER.

'Midst Maxims' click and rattle,
Quick-firers' crack and scream,
Dazed with the lust of battle,
Half blind with smoke and steam.
Men face the flying shrapnel,
And dare the bursting shell.
When every gun's a shambles,
—And all the decks a hell!

But pent and caged, unknowing
"Which way the fight incline
I keep my engines going
Beneath the water-line.
No praise or blame to spur me
In this my hour of trial,
I stand and grip the lever,
I stand and watch the dial.

I know no battle-passion
To set my blood aglow,
I work in sober fashion,
But if we fall, I know
That boiled, or flayed, or stifled,
Or mashed amongst the gear,
I die, a "mere non-combatant."
An unknown engineer.
—J. H. K. Adkin, in the London Spectator.

Moon Face

John Claverhouse was a moon-faced man. You know the kind, high cheekbones wide apart, chin and forehead melting into the cheeks to complete the perfect round, and the nose, broad and pudgy, equidistant from the circumference, flattened against the very centre of the face like a dough-ball upon the ceiling. Perhaps that is why I hated him, for truly he had become an offense to my eyes, and I believed the earth to be cumbered with his presence. Perhaps my mother may have been superstitious of the moon and looked upon it over the wrong shoulder at the wrong time.

But be that as it may, I hated John Claverhouse. Not that he had done me what society would consider a wrong or an ill turn. Far from it, in any such sense. The evil was of a deeper, subtler sort; so elusive, so intangible, as to defy clear, definite analysis in words. We all experience such things at some period in our lives. For the first time we see a certain individual, one whom the very instant before we did not dream existed; and yet, at the first moment of meeting, we say: "I do not like that man." Why do we not like him? Ah, we do not know why; we only know that we do not. We have taken a dislike that is all. And so I with John Claverhouse.

What right had such a man to be happy? Yet he was an optimist. He was always gleeful and laughing. All things were always all right, curse him! Ah! how it grated on my soul that he should be so happy! Other men could laugh, and it did not bother me. I even used to laugh myself—before I met John Claverhouse.

But his laugh! It irritated me, maddened me, as nothing else under the sun could irritate or madden me. It haunted me, gripped hold of me, and would not let me go. It was a huge, gargantuan laugh. Waking or sleeping it was always with me, whirling and parring across my heart-strings and the very fibres of my being like an enormous rasp. At break of day it came whooping across the fields to spoil my pleasant morning reverie. Under the aching noon-day glare, when the green things drooped and the birds withdrew to the depths of the forest, and all nature drowns his great, "Ha! ha!" and "Ho! ho!" rose up to the sky and challenged the sun. And at black midnight, from the lonely cross-roads where he turned from town into his own place, came his plaguy cacklings to rouse me from my sleep and make me toss about and clench my nails into my palms.

I went forth privily in the night-time and turned his cattle into his fields, and in the morning heard his whooping laugh as he drove them out again. "It is nothing," he said; "the poor, dumb beasts are not to be blamed for straying into fatter pastures."
He had a dog he called "Mars," a big splendid brute, part deer-hound and part blood-hound, and resembling both. Mars was a great delight to him, and they were always together. But I bided my time, and one day, when opportunity was ripe, lured the animal away and settled for him with arsenic and beefsteak. It made positively no impression on John Claverhouse. His laugh was as hearty and frequent as ever, and his face as much like the full moon as it always had been.

Then I set fire to his hay-stacks and his barn. But the next morning, being Sunday, he went forth blithe and cheerful.

"Where are you going?" I asked him, as he went by the cross-roads.
"Trout," he said, and his face beamed like a full moon. "I just dote on trout, you know."

Was there ever such an impossible man! His whole harvest had gone up in his hay-stacks and barn. It was uninsured, I knew. And yet, in the face of famine and the rigorous winter, he went out gayly in quest of a mess of trout, forsooth, because he "doted" on them! Had gloom but rested, no matter how lightly, on his brow, or had his bovine countenance grown long and serious and less like the moon, or had he removed that smile but once from off his face, I am sure I could have forgiven him for existing. But, no, he grew only more cheerful under misfortune.

I insulted him. He looked at me in slow and smiling surprise.

"I fight you? Why?" he asked slowly. And then he laughed. "You are so funny! Ho! ho! You'll be the death of me! He! he! he! Oh! Ho! Ho! Ho!"

What would you? It was past endurance. By the blood of Judas, how I hated him. Then there was that name—Claverhouse! What a name! Wasn't it absurd? Claverhouse! Merciful heaven, why Claverhouse? Again and again I asked myself that question. I should not have minded Smith, or Brown, or Jones—but Claverhouse! I leave it to you. Repeat it to yourself—Claverhouse. Just listen to the ridiculous sound of it—Should a man live with such a name? I ask you. "No," you say. And "No" said I.

But I bethought me of his mortgage. What of his crops and barn destroyed, I knew he would be unable to meet it. So I got a shrewd, close-mouthed, tight-fisted money-lender to get the mortgage transferred to him. I did not appear, but through this agent I forced the foreclosure, and but few days (no more, believe me than the law allowed) were given John Claverhouse to remove his goods and chattels from the premises. Then I strolled down to see how he took it, for he had lived there upward of twenty years. But he met me with his saucer-eyes twinkling, and the light glowing and spreading in his face till it was as a full-risen moon.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed. "The funniest tyke that youngster of mine! Did you ever hear the like? Let me tell you. He was down playing by the edge of the river when a piece of the bank caved in and splashed him. 'O papa!' he cried; 'a great big puddle flew up and hit me.'"

He stopped and waited for me to join him in his infernal glee.

"I don't see any laugh in it," I said, shortly, and I know my face went sour.

He regarded me with wonderment, and then came the irritating light, glowing and spreading, as I have described it, till his face shone soft and warm, like the summer moon, and then the laugh—"Ha! ha! That's funny! You don't see it, eh? He! he! he! Ho! ho! ho! He doesn't see it! Why, look here. You know, a puddle—"

But I turned on my heel and left him. That was the last. I could stand it no longer. The thing must end right there, I thought, curse him! The earth should be quit of him. And as I went over the hill, I could hear his monstrous laugh reverberating against the sky.

Now, I pride myself on doing things neatly, and when I resolved to kill John Claverhouse I had it in mind to do so in such a fashion that I should not look back upon it and feel ashamed. I hate bungling, and I hate brutality. To me there is something repugnant in merely striking a man with one's naked fist—though it is sickening. So, to shoot, or stab, or club John Claverhouse (O that name!) did not appeal to me. And not only was I impelled to do it neatly and artistically, but also in such manner that not the slightest possible suspicion could be directed against me.

To this end I bent my intellect, and, after a week of profound and strenuous incubation, I hatched the scheme. Then I set to work. I bought a water-spaniel bitch, five months old, and devoted my whole attention to her training. Had any one spied upon me, they would have remarked that this training consisted entirely of one thing—retrieving. I taught the dog, which I called "Bellona," to fetch sticks I threw into the water, and not only to fetch, but to fetch at once without mouthing or playing with them. The point was that she was to stop for nothing, but to deliver the stick in all haste. I made a practice of running away and leaving her to chase me with the stick in her mouth, till she caught me. She was a bright animal, and took to the game with such eagerness that I was soon content.

After that, at the first casual opportunity, I presented Bellona to John Claverhouse. I knew what I was about, for I was aware of a little weakness of his, and of a little private and civic sinning of which he was regularly and inveterately guilty.

"No," he said, when I placed the end of the rope to which she was tied in his hand. "No, you don't mean it." And his mouth opened wide, and he grinned all over his damnable moon-face.

"I—I kind of thought, somehow, you didn't like me," he explained. "Wasn't it funny for me to make such a mistake?" And at the thought he held his sides with laughter.

"What is her name?" he managed to ask between paroxysms.

"Bellona," I said.
"He! he!" he tittered. "What a funny name!"

I gritted my teeth, for his mirth put them on edge, and snapped out between them: "She was the wife of Mars, you know."

Then the light of the full moon began to suffuse his face, until he exploded with: "Well, I guess she's a widow now; Oh! Ho! ho! he! he! he! Ho!" he whooped after me, and I turned and fled swiftly away over the hill.

The week passed by, and on Saturday evening I said to him: "You go away Monday, don't you?"

He nodded his head and grinned.
"Then you won't have another chance to get a mess of those trout you just 'dote' on."

But he did not notice the sneer. "Oh, I don't know," he chuckled. "I'm going up tomorrow to try pretty hard."

Thus was assurance made doubly sure, and I went back to my house literally hugging myself with rapture.
Early next morning I saw him go by with a dip-net and gunnysack, and Bellona trotting at his heels. I knew where he was bound, and cut out by the back pasture and climbed through the underbrush to the top of the mountain. Keeping carefully out of sight,

I followed the crest along for a couple of miles to a natural amphitheatre in the hills, where the little river ramped down out of a gorge and stopped for breath in a large and placid rock-bound pool. That was the spot! I sat down on the crump of the mountain, where I could see all that occurred, and lighted my pipe.

Ere many minutes had passed, John Claverhouse came plodding up the bed of the stream. Bellona was ambling about him, and they were in high feather, her short snappy barks mingling with his deeper chest-notes. Arrived at the pool he threw down the dip net and sack and drew from his hip pocket what looked like a large fat candle. But I knew it to be a stick of "giant," for such was his method of catching trout. He dynamited them. He attached the fuse by wrapping the "giant" tightly in a piece of cotton. Then he ignited the fuse and tossed the explosive into the pool.

Like a flash Bellona was into the pool after it. I could have shrieked aloud for very joy. Claverhouse yelled at her, but without avail. He pelted her with clods and rocks, but she swam steadily on till she got the stick of "giant" in her mouth, when she whirled about and headed for shore. Then, for the first time, he realized his danger, and started to run. As foreseen and planned by me, she made the bank and took out after him. Oh, I tell you, it was great! As I have said, the pool lay in a sort of amphitheatre. Above and below, the stream could be crossed on stepping-stones. And around and around, up and down and across the stones, raced Claverhouse and Bellona. I could never have believed that such an ungainly man could run so fast. But run he did, Bellona hot-footed after him, and gaining. And then, just as she caught up, he in full stride, and she leaping with nose at his knee, there was a sudden flash, a burst of smoke, and terrific detonation, and where man and dog had been the instant before there was naught to be seen but a big hole in the ground.

"Death from accident while engaged in illegal fishing." That was the verdict of the coroner's jury; and that is why I pride myself on the neat and artistic way in which I finished off John Claverhouse. There was no bungling, no brutality; nothing to be ashamed of in the whole transaction, as I am sure you will agree. No more does his infernal laugh go echoing among the hills, and no more does his fat moon-face rise up to vex me. My days are peaceful now, and my night's sleep deep.—San Francisco Argonaut.

WHOLESALE RESTAURANTS.

Where the Cheap Eating Houses and Stands Obtain Cooked Food.

If it were asserted without any explanation that there were restaurants in New York which cooked large quantities of food day and night and yet which never sold a mouthful to a person within their doors, it would certainly arouse doubt or ridicule. Yet such is the fact. There are more than forty establishments of this class in New York. Their customers are not hungry men, but restaurants, eating-booths, oyster stands, and free-lunch counters. There was a time when every place of this sort owned and used its own kitchen, but the increase of rents, the decrease in the size of store property, and the greater economy necessitated by keen competition have brought the wholesale restaurant into existence and made it a financial success.

Most of these affairs are on the East Side, and are managed by Germans, Hebrews, Swiss, and English, their numbers being in the order named. They supply roast beef, lamb, veal, mutton, corned beef, and pork, pot roasts, baked and boiled fish, fried oysters, clams, scallops, eels, fish-balls, and soft-shell crabs, boiled potatoes, cabbage, turnips, and beets.

A few supply a larger bill of fare, but the demand for their goods is comparatively limited. They purchase good, wholesome material, employ excellent cooks, own efficient delivery wagons, and run affairs upon a good business basis.

When you pass an oyster-stand, and see nicely fried oysters and soft-shell crabs neatly piled upon a platter, and decorated with little sprigs of parsley, twice out of three times you look at the wares of these establishments. The tiny restaurants in the business districts, and especially those which cater to clerks and workmen, depend almost entirely upon the wholesale restaurants for their food. Oily enough, they can sell their cooked food to the retail restaurants for less than what the latter would pay for the raw materials. This comes from buying wholesale in very large quantities, in cooking on a large scale, and in utilizing all the waste products.—New York Post.

Enthusiasm of a Dying Scientist.

The first penguin we met, says Professor C. E. Borchgrevink, the Antarctic explorer, in an article of Penguins, in Leslie's Monthly, arrived on the 14th of October, 1899, at Cape Adair, in South Victoria Land, thus long before the ice had broken up. I killed him at the request of my zoologist, who was dying at the time. The man knew that his death was only a question of hours, but he had looked forward to the arrival of the birds, and the news of this first arrival excited him. He begged us to kill and dissect the bird before him, although he himself was to follow the bird into the mystery of death half an hour afterwards, and he knew it! He showed the utmost interest in the operation and dictated scientific notes as he watched it till within fifteen minutes of his dissolution.



CORSETS CUT HIGHER.

From a corset expert comes the alarming information that the fickle, capricious Parisienne has already tired of the low bust, straight front effect in corsets, and is going serenely upon her way in the higher sort of stays. Our women don't care a fig, however, and when they do decide on one of these new high corsets they have them cut down low, quite like the ones so much liked for the past year or more.

HER NERVOUS DISPOSITION.

Eleanora Duse, the famous Italian actress, is peculiarly nervous. When she is not at rehearsal or acting she spends her time in perfect rest. She sees no one but old friends, and only a few of these. She has a companion, who arranges her journeys and engages her rooms in various hotels. This woman sees that Duse's rooms are at the back of the hotel and that, if possible, they look out on a garden. She cannot bear street sounds and sights. The furnishing of her room is important. There must be no pictures or ornaments, nothing to disturb her highly wrought aesthetic sensibilities. Everything must be scrupulously clean, severe and quiet.

DAINTY BLOUSES.

Blouses of white net to wear with linen, wool, pongee and India silk gowns are classed among the novelties. The net employed is plain dotted or patterned with a tiny spray, as the Chicago Record-Herald. Chiffon is the only lining in many instances, but if a thicker blouse is desired taffeta with silk muslin over it is used for a lining. For canvas and the thinner wool gowns there is usually a jacket of some sort, and the ever popular Eton and bolero are the favorites. They vary in trimming, and the sleeves add to them the only novel touch. All sorts of embroideries are employed for the turn down collars and facings.

GARTER SUPERSTITIONS.

There follow a few of the many superstitions regarding the garter. If a bride wears on her wedding day garters of any other color than white her marriage will have an unhappy termination. She who fastens her garter below the knee will lose her beauty early. To don, on getting up, the left garter before the right one is to have bad luck all day. She who wears yellow garters will lose a friend within the year. Gold garter buckles bring good luck, but those of silver are omens of misfortune.

If a garter breaks at a dance it is a sign the wearer's sweetheart is untrue. If it breaks in church it is a sign the wearer's marriage will be happy.

The luckiest colors for garters are, first, white; second, blue; third, black.

A SCHOOL FOR SERVANTS.

Not so very long ago a school for servants was started in Paris, and from all accounts it is a most flourishing concern, the report for the first year indicating that several hundred girls and young women were graduated fully competent for the efficient discharge of various branches of household work. An enthusiastic advocate of the institution writes: "The new school is essentially practical, and nothing is taught simply by theory; but, under the keen eyes of a manager and an old and accomplished servant, her assistant, the pupils learn how to sweep and dust rooms thoroughly without breaking the china, how to wash clothes and not ruin them, and in general, how to serve well and not afford a topic of endless conversation to aggrieved mistresses. In the kitchen each girl in turn is taught simple and necessary cookery, and in the nursery a life-sized doll baby, with a complete outfit of clothes, is dressed, undressed, washed and generally experimented with." The additional information is imparted that the course is "from a fortnight to six weeks, according to the aptitude of the pupil," and on leaving each girl must secure credentials certifying to her ability before she can be considered as having "passed." Such an institution as this, where servants are practically trained "while you wait," is destined to incite a feeling of envy in the mind of any American mistress who has ever tried to train a servant in the way she should go and spent months instead of weeks at a hopeless task. Evidently French girls who incline to domestic service are better fitted for the work than some of their sisters from other lands.—Brooklyn Eagle.

FASHION NOTES.

New coats are lined with figured silk of the softer sort. Very soft fine straw in the natural color, black and white, is extensively used as a garniture on some gowns.

Black and white is always fashionable and usually takes the form of white trimmed with black. The separate skirt is now to be had in smart effects in pongee, both in natural color and pastel tints. Silks in black and white and blue and white checked effects are expected to be very fashionable in the fall for gowns and separate waists.

Involved hopsacks with little bunches of flowers patterned on them make very effective gowns. New walking skirts are made short enough for easy walking, but the flare about the bottom is more exaggerated than ever.

The latest shoes are quite plain. Aggressive buckles, much stitching and patent leather trimmings are conspicuously absent from the best models.

Among the hats there are a great many plateaux which are left nearly flat, resting in front on flowers or velvet. Others again have a drooping bend both in the front and the back and are trimmed at the underneat sides.

Back combs of ivory are ornamented with scroll work in gold. A pretty shell comb is set with the coral and scrolls of gold.

The police stations of London have no telephone connections either with "Central" or with each other, although a telephone system is owned by the Government.

GENTLEWOMEN'S OCCUPATIONS.

"There are many quiet breadwinners who, in the seclusion of their homes, do work that commands its price by its excellence on the market," said a woman yesterday. "Preserves, jellies and jams of domestic confection have long been recognized by the trade, and the names of certain gentlewomen are considered by them as a guarantee of excellence. Many a boy

has been helped through college and many a girl provided with a trousseau by the untiring fingers of the house mother, who finds time amid her other duties for the delicate needlework that there is such a demand for nowadays, and that so few have had the early training to do satisfactorily, while a number of society women help to pay their dressmakers' bill by the profits from their embroidery. It seems a healthy sign of the times that women who need money for one thing or another no longer feel that working for remuneration is a thing to be sensitive about. One person trims hats cleverly, and is delighted to make over her friends' millinery for a consideration; another excels in the manufacture of dainty stocks, and adds considerably thereby to her resources, and so on. 'But,' says a rich woman too well supplied with this world's goods ever to feel the want of anything, 'I do not like to hear of ladies earning money that the poor people ought to have.' In the first place, the answer to such a criticism would be that few poor women are capable of doing the character of work that is under discussion; then, again, there is no more reason why the needle should not be used to supply oil to the domestic machinery than the pen, which is always considered so creditable, and, finally, the money honestly worked for is nearly always greatly needed, and is generally well spent by helping to lighten the burden of an overworked man to educate children, or, as is often the case, to give direct help to the poor who cannot help themselves. One of the remunerative house employments that seem peculiarly fitted to women of refined taste and clever fingers is the mending and care of lace. And many Southern gentlewomen who have learned from their mothers how to care for invaluable family heirlooms have found it practically like understanding a trade. How properly to wash lace in a bottle and iron it with a spoon, and to restore its color, together with the knowledge of the delicate stitches required to fill in and mend wherever it is required, are really aristocratic trade secrets that can only be learned through inheritance."—New York Tribune.

MAY BE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

There is a good deal of ground for the rumor that when the young King of Spain gets married, as his Ministers are anxious that he should, he will follow the example of his neighbor, the King of Portugal, and choose a bride from the ancient royal house of France—in the person of Princess Louise of Orleans. The Princess is older than her reputed future lord, but to Spanish ophthalmists she seems the most suitable of available European princesses as a bride for young Alfonso. To begin with, she has the necessary qualification of being a Roman Catholic, she has lived in Spain a long time and she is more popular with the Spanish people, whose views have to be considered rather carefully now, than any of the French and Austrian princesses whose names have been mentioned in this connection from time to time.

The Princess is the youngest daughter of the Count and Countess of Paris and was born at Cannes. In this she is unlike her famous brother, the Duke of Orleans, who considers himself the heir to the throne of France, and her better known sisters, the Queen of Portugal, the Duchess d'Aosta and the Duchess of Guise, all of whom saw the light on the banks of the Thames in the years when the Count of Paris was an exile from his beloved France.

Of late years the Countess of Paris has made her home in Villamanrique, near Seville, and Princess Louise, now her only unmarried daughter, and the Duke de Montpensier, her eighteen-year-old son, live with her.

Should the report regarding the betrothal of the Princess to King Alfonso prove true the old Countess will have the satisfaction of having married all four of her daughters to representatives of European royal houses.—New York Press.

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

News Happenings of Interest Gathered From All Sources.

Patents granted.—Alfred M. Acklin, Pittsburg, apparatus for removing material from boats, etc.; Sidney W. Bollinger, Pittsburg, steam trap; Charles J. Jackson, Erie, screw cutting die; Lowell H. Kenyon, Allegheny, locomotive driving wheel; Joseph A. Shinn, Pittsburg, artificial sand and producing same; Jackson Simonton, Altoona, operating device for car doors; Oliver S. Weddell, McKeesport, rail-joint; Henry H. Westinghouse, Edgewood Park, fluid pressure brake.

Pensions.—John G. Raymond, Uniondale, \$6; William Quinn, Erie, \$6; Jacob McCloud, Spencerville, \$12; Henry Robaugh, Conemaugh, \$12; William H. H. Smith, Bruin, \$10; Henry E. Emory, New Castle, \$8; Josiah D. Hicks, Altoona, \$8; John Taylor, Pittsburg, \$12; Mary C. Calhoun, Altoona, \$12; Mary E. Johnson, New Castle, \$8; Frederick Smith, Pittsburg, \$12; Tilgesman Creagle, Beaver Meadows, \$12; Herman Decker, Pittsburg, \$12; William A. Comers, Johnstown, \$8; Ephraim Isenberg, Blandburg, \$8.

The Susquehanna County Teachers' Association will hold a convention at Hop Bottom, September 29.

John Laukitis, who was arrested for arson at Mahanoy City, has been committed to jail without bail by Justice Morgan.

Susquehanna County Veteran organization will hold its annual encampment at Montrose, September 23.

The marriage of Thomas Hasson, of South Sharon, and Miss Ellen Dale, of Jamestown, N. Y., took place at the latter place.

The Glen Rock School Board has filled its vacant principalship by electing Prof. Charles Derr, of Paxtang, Dauphin county.

The unknown man killed on the Bessemer Railroad between Greenville and Butler has been identified as Fred Earl, of Chester.

The Centre County Fair will be held on September 30, October 1, 2 and 3, and from present appearance it will be on a larger scale than in any previous year.

C. B. Wagoner, of East Vincent, last spring planted one bushel of seed potatoes, and last week he took out twenty-eight bushels from the one bushel planted.

Rev. James Barr, pastor of the Presbyterian church at New Wilmington, has received a call to Bloomington, Indiana, and will leave for that place this week.

The Pittsburg and Lake Erie will shortly award contracts to the amount of \$75,000 for construction work on the main line between Groveton and New Castle Junction.

The annual reunion of Company F, One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, was held and largely attended at Hop Bottom, Susquehanna county.

The members of the Central Presbyterian Church of New Castle, have received word from Andrew Carnegie that he will donate the congregation a pipe organ, valued at \$500.

A boat loaded with 150 tons of coal, which was stalled at Port Clinton during the freshet last February, has at last reached Reading on its way to the Phoenix Water Company.

Miss Emma Garrett, a prominent young lady of Rexmont, while on her way home from Cornwall was stricken with apoplexy. Before assistance was rendered she died.

While playing at see-saw with some other children, Norman Kroh, an 8-year-old son of Charles Kroh, of Centreville, fell from the plank and broke both bones of the right forearm.

Big coal companies are after the territory in the new Indiana County coal field. One hundred thousand acres have been sold in the field during the past thirty days and of this the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Railroad has secured 50,000 acres through subsidiary companies. James Kerr, allied with the Vanderbilt interests, is said to have secured the next largest holding.

Other coal operators shipping over the Pennsylvania Railroad have also purchased thousands of acres. Much coal remains under option in unknown hands.

John Markle, of Jeddo, the millionaire superintendent of G. B. Markle & Company, participated in a game of baseball with strikers on the common at Jeddo. He also joined the men in a game of quoits and the assembled strikers cheered every good play made by their employer, with whom they live on the pleasant relations. Mr. Markle tendered an open air concert to the strikers in front of the company's store at Jeddo.

Paul Beggie, aged 18 years, a mail messenger employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad, was arrested in Altoona, charged with stealing satchels and dress suit cases at the passenger depot, the goods being the property of passengers. He had men's and women's clothing of all descriptions in his room at his home. Passengers who have lost satchels and dress suit cases have collected hundreds of dollars damages from the Pennsylvania Company.

Jacob Delp, formerly a prominent business man of Pittsburg, attempted to cut his throat. While the ambulance was coming up, he ran out and jumped into the river. The police pulled him out, and Delp died at the hospital room heart disease, occasioned by the shock he had sustained.

When Policeman Kirschman arrested George H. Young at Reading, he was picked up by his prisoner and hurled bodily through a show window of the Eagle Marble Works. Kirschman, although severely cut, recaptured Young.

Martin Wheaton was killed and William Kelly probably fatally injured in a cave-in at the Herriott sand bank, Sharon.

Pure Food Commissioner Cope, as a result of the work of the agents of the department, has ordered prosecutions in fifty cases of food adulterations in a dozen counties. Ten of the cases, in Allegheny, Westmoreland and Philadelphia, are against men who, it is alleged, have been selling oleomargarine and orty are against those who sold meat tainted with boracic and salicylic acid disposed of impure preserved fruits and groceries.