

Hinkle Jailed; His Lady Friend in Serious Trouble

I. J. Kinkle, of 4455 North Second street, Sunbury, who deserted his wife and family several weeks ago and left for the West in company with Florence Pfaff, a Milton woman, was arrested at Elkhart, Indiana, Tuesday morning of last week. He waived his right of extradition and accompanied the officers to this State, arriving in Sunbury Thursday evening of last week.

Last Friday morning he was arraigned before Justice I. A. DeWitt and committed to jail in default of bail on a charge of desertion and non-support, the hearing to be held when his wife is able to appear against him.

Miss Pfaff is held at Williamsport, charged by the Interstate Commerce Commission with riding on a pass made out in the name of another. It appears that Hinkle got a pass for himself and wife, and the other woman rode on it.

Baggage Master Penned in Car With Dog that Had Rabies

Edwin S. Bard, of Renovo, had charge of a baggage end of a combination smoking car on his down trip last Friday, a run from Renovo to Sunbury, when a passenger got aboard at Williamsport with a blooded bulldog. The dog was chained to the one end of the baggage compartment, the only exit from the car except the side doors.

Barely had the train got well under way when the dog, which had been perfectly quiet up to that time, developed rabies. He made strenuous efforts to reach Bard, who was without any weapon. The dog's chain was sufficiently long to give him plenty of room to run and jump in his frenzy, and Bard was in constant fear of the collar and chain breaking.

When the train stopped at Northumberland he got quickly out of a side door, obtained help and the maddened brute was subdued. Bard, while somewhat excited, continued his run. The dog was killed.

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THE NEWS ITEM

FLOATED TO THE NEW SITE

Village of Provincetown Was Put on Rafts and Moved Across the Bay.

Commercial street in Provincetown had an origin in keeping with its present nautical air and appeal to the imagination. The town originally stood on the spit of sand far out across the harbor, where the light-house now is. Many years ago the government bought Provincetown, houses and all, in order to protect the harbor from the threatening sea. The Provincetownians went to the government and asked what they were going to do with the houses.

"Pull 'em down, of course," said the government.

"Can't we have 'em?" inquired the late owners.

"Sure," replied the government, "if you'll take 'em away."

"Sure!" echoed the Provincetownians.

Old wreckers that they were, they applied their technique to the problems of housemoving. They bulkheaded their dwellings up, necklaced empty casks about them in the way of life-preservers, and one sunny morning the village of Provincetown, true to its maritime traditions, set sail, schoolhouse and all, and came floating gayly across the harbor to where it now stands. Near the railway track today they point out a certain store as the original seafaring schoolhouse.—Robert Haven Schauflier in the Metropolitan Magazine.

HOW NATURE LEADS US ON

After the Courtship Dreams With Their Bright Hues Come the Babies' Future Dreams.

Love is an illusion. Some seem to take it as a bitter thing that after the honeymoon the married pair settle down to the humdrum of everydayness. But, in the first place, they never quite become entirely disillusioned. The stain of the rainbow lingers in the average marriage, and in the second place, even if this illusion passes, another comes, for there are the children, and lover and lass who once dreamed of each other now are father and mother and must dream of the babies' future.

Illusions are Nature's device for getting things done. That is why she fills young men so full of illusions as to their own power. Heaven help us if young people knew precisely what they could do! They would do nothing at all.

And if girls knew just what marriage was going to be, and all their future down to the grave, they would never marry. Illusions are Nature's bait.

Life itself is progressive illusion: "Mala" the Hindus call it. And we are not poor dupes. Nature is not cheating us, and sneering at us while she is leading us on in love, as we lead our little children.—Dr. Frank Crane in Woman's World.

The Smoking Mountain.

In 1897 I climbed two volcanoes in Mexico—Popocatepetl or "the Smoking Mountain," about 17,800 feet, and Orizaba, the former the most famous because within view from Mexico City and thus a source of especial pride and admiration to the inhabitants, who have been loath to believe that any other of their mountains could be higher. Popo has a really splendid crater, about half a mile across and one thousand feet deep. The walls are generally vertical, but in one or two places it is possible to descend. When workers are engaged in collecting sulphur, machinery is used to hoist them up and down. From Popo's summit there is a glorious prospect, not alone of the immense crater, but of the beautiful "White Lady," Ixtaccihuatl, reclining a thousand feet below; of Orizaba on the far horizon, and of the charming valley of Mexico.—Annie S. Peck in "The Christian Herald."

Opaque Windows.

The building contractor let loose some of his most emphatic phrases when he found that the man who had been hired to daub whitening all over the windows had not half done the job.

"That man doesn't seem to understand what the windows in a half-finished building are whitened for," he said. "We don't plaster them over with chalk to prevent the public from seeing the unfinished condition of the interior, but to keep the workmen from battering out the glass. Transparent glass looks just about as transparent as air to the man who is moving a wooden or iron beam, in a hurry, and he is likely to ram the end of it through an expensive window, but when the glass is coated with white it becomes visible, and the workmen hand their material in through the door."

One Benefit.

To top off an expensive education a young married woman of no particular ability in any one line took a course at a dramatic school. She never attempted to secure an engagement, so one day a close and candid friend of her husband asked what good all that training had done, anyhow.

"So far as I can see," he said, "that \$300 you spent on Ethel's dramatic education has been practically thrown away."

"Oh, no, it hasn't," returned the husband mildly. "Her stage experience has taught her to dress in a hurry. Nowadays when I ask her to go any place with me she can change her clothes in ten minutes. It used to take over an hour."

Jack Johnson's casual remarks about finding training more difficult than it used to be sounds a little like an effort to tempt some ambitious fighter to dare Jack to knock a good-sized purse off his.

The half-baked philosophers who are calling Baby Astor's \$3,000,000 a handicap would have to be put in straight jackets for a couple of weeks if somebody should die and leave 'em \$450.

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Game Season Opened Sept. 1

This week opened the game season for 1913 in Pennsylvania, September 1 being the first day for shooting water fowl, shore birds and snipe along the rivers and for blackbirds of all kinds and doves. Reports received from the state game commission indicate the game of every kind will be abundant this year, the season having been favorable for propagation of feathered game in all parts of the State.

Bill of Fare

"Yes, we've just had to chloroform our last dog," sighed Mrs. Mack resignedly. "He had such a bad temper. No, we didn't bury him—we couldn't unless we dug up the alley, and we might have been arrested for that. And it's so disagreeable to keep a dog around waiting for the authorities to take him away that the boys just took him down the street a few blocks late at night and put him in one of the vestibules.

"No, of course, I didn't inquire. So I don't know what they did with him. Now we're looking around for another dog."

Mrs. Mack brightened perceptibly as she viewed the prospect of having a new pet. "You know, it's awfully lonesome without a dog," she said. "But let me tell you one thing—the next dog is going to have a very different bringing up.

"Our first dog was a tiny black and tan, and he was such a baby that we fed him with cream through a piece of cotton. It was all very well for a few days while the feeding was a novelty, but after that no one wanted to feed him—and I simply had to. And when he got big enough to eat common fare he simply refused to touch it. So there I had to pay for an extra bottle of cream every blessed day for that dog!

"It was months before he'd think of taking a drop of the cream without the cotton, too! Well, the dog catches up to him at last, and I was so tired of feeding him that I didn't try to bail him out.

"Then we had Fanny. Fanny was a tiny furred puppy, and we simply adored her. But I thought I was wise after my experience with the black and tan, and I wouldn't feed her a particle of cream. I made up my mind that everything she ate and got used to while she was young should be just the common fare from the table. And I insisted that she should get to liking vegetables while she was too young to know any better.

"We got Fanny in the spring, when we had fresh vegetables. Later on I used to save skins and ends of the tomatoes and cook them up with other things as I had to feed Fanny.

"That dog was splendid about it, too; ate every scrap I gave her, and I was delighted. That is, until the fall came and tomatoes were too high to buy every day.

"I cooked up Fanny's dinner as usual—and the little scamp refused to eat! After a day or two I got scared. I thought she was going to be ill, so I tried all sorts of delicacies to tempt her appetite, but it was of no use. She simply wouldn't eat, and she grew thin as a lath!

"Finally one day we had guests, and I had salad again—and unthinkingly I fixed up Fanny's food as usual. And you should have seen that dog eat! She ate and ate and ate—and when she had finished all I had to give her she lay by her plate and kept her nose over it, just daring any one to take it away! It was the tomatoes! She had had them every day since she was a puppy, and she couldn't eat without them!

"After Fanny died—we used to buy canned tomatoes after that and it really wasn't very expensive, though it was a nuisance—we got a collie.

"Collie was a fine blue ribbon dog, and my husband was a lot prouder of him than he was of his whole family combined. He'd strut up and down in front of the house by the hour airing the dog, just as if of the dog hadn't been out the whole blessed day airing himself! Collie used to get the best of dog biscuit and choice cooked bits of meat. He wouldn't even look at the things that ordinary dogs eat, and we didn't expect him to. His beauty and lineage entitled him to the best and we gave it to him willingly.

"However, when summer came we planned to go away as usual. We thought we'd go west, and the first thing was to plan for was that Collie should be well taken care of. We asked all our friends who knew Collie well to take care of him in our absence, but they all refused, gently but firmly—I couldn't think why. Finally my husband asked a friend of ours out in the country to take Collie, and he consented. We sent Collie out there the day we left on our little trip.

"At our first stopping place we found a telegram saying that Collie refused to eat, being evidently lonesome without us. We laughed and said he'd get over it. So we went on. At the second city there was another telegram saying that Collie hadn't eaten for days and that we'd better return. We did.

"We found that Collie just wanted dog biscuit and tenderloin! He wasn't at all particular about our presence, provided he got the kind of fare he demanded.

"The dog we have next time is going to begin his meals with soup and he's going to have every course until the coffee—I'm hoping that'll be a final solution of our troubles. Still, it's so hard to know just what to do about a dog!"—Chicago Daily News.

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This season for blackbirds and for shore birds will run to January 1, and on web-footed water fowl until April 10. The shooting of birds before sunrise is prohibited. The snipe season runs until May 1. There is no limit on the number of birds that may be shot. Raccoons are legal game since September 1, and may be taken in unlimited numbers until January 1. The plover season is now on, and good kills are reported from many counties.

Quarantining Against the Hookworm.

A new and rather interesting phase of the hookworm problem has come to the front in San Francisco. After the South, California, too, was found badly afflicted with the pernicious parasite. It was known to exist in the mines of that state, but recently has been found prevalent among Porto Rican and oriental laborers who are mostly engaged in agricultural pursuit. Probably one-third to, perhaps, one-half of the immigrants coming from the Orient are infected with hookworm; an investigation during which 2,255 were examined revealed that 1,077 harbored the intestinal parasite. In San Francisco it has recently been discovered that a number of laborers, chiefly from the West Indies, engaged in market-gardening on a tract of land within the city limits, are afflicted with hookworm and, on account of the danger of transmitting the parasite by unhooked vegetables, the laborers have been quarantined and placed under treatment, and the vegetables from these gardens will not be allowed to be sold in the market until all evidence and danger of hookworm infection are eliminated. The usual route of the infection is through the skin of the feet, but it is believed that uncooked vegetables carrying the hookworm eggs or larvae might also be a source of infection. This phase of the question and the method of solving it are rather novel, says The Journal of the American Medical Association. Doubtless similar conditions obtain elsewhere, and the San Francisco plan will afford a precedent in meeting them.

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