## THE GOODLY COUNTRY.

I've never seen a hill but looked at me with grave content, Good-naturedly and cheerfully, whichever way I went; Though it were bleak and bare and brown, it shouldered to the sky, And looked at me in quiet peace when I went slowly by; But any building, be it house, or templed place or mart, Will face a man with chilling brows that set him far apart,

e never seen a country road that did not have the time loaf beside the forests where the blossomed vines would climb, coar me softly, laxily, to rest with it awhile d see the comfort it could find in creeping mile on mile; t city streets—they blare at you and will not let you stay; ey hustle you uncessingly and drive your dreams away.

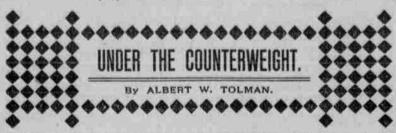
I've never seen the sky that shields the country-side at night-An ebon velvet drayery looped up with gems of light—That did not seem to bend to me all friendlywise and bless And pour a balm of comfort on my heart in its distress; But when the city has its night, the glare beats in your eye And look whatever way you will, you cannot see the sky.

And look whatever way you had, or brook or hill or tree,

I've never seen a country road, or brook or hill or tree,
That did not have a kindly word to speak or sing to me;
They never crowd us to one side, they never aneer nor frown,
Nor view us strangerwise as do the streets and walls of town.
And so sometimes I think that this may be the hidden plan

To show us how much better God could make the world than man.

—Chicago Evening Post



Cold and fright set Harvey's teeth

next whistle, signifying that a tug

hours of day and night the harbor

As the horror of his situation

dawned fully upon him a wild wave

of unreasoning terror swept over the

unhappy merchant. Almost crazed,

he hammered the walls with his fiets,

wear himself out thus vainly! He

He stood in the middle of the pit in

dead silence, broken only by vague

lapping of water against his dungeon

walls. Presently he heard a faint

tapping of feet on the plank walk ap-

proaching the bridge. Now was his

opportunity. At the top of his lungs he screamed hoarsely for help.

had heard his voice and was trying to

locate it. Hope buoyed the prisoner

up. He redoubled his shouts, listen-

ing painfully at short intervals. Then

to his bitter disappointment the steps

Despair smote Harvey. Of what

avail to try again if those cries that

complished nothing! But death was

had almost burst his throat had ac-

the man above had been deaf, and the

next would have better ears. He

All this time the dread of an ap-

Again and again he seemed to hear

it, faint and penetrating, and at every

suspicion his hair bristled. The

Any second might herald his doom.

Waiting there in the centre of the

in which he stood, forgot his smart-

pended over his head, ready at any

instant to descend and crush out his

On a sudden another footfall

sounded above, firm, unhesitating,

on business. A thought of his own

appointment, of his friend waiting in

ment. All this shot through the mer-

chant's brain even as he raised his

This time the passerby, apparently

preoccupied with his own thoughts,

under him. Without hesitating the

Strange that no one else could hear

body, came the thing he had so long

dreaded. A faint whistle penetrated

open air outside it was the loud

Just then rapid foctsteps above

some one was hastening to get across

before the bridge should be raised.

Monroe, grasping at the faint hope of

Overhead came a creaking, a clank-

ly. The man had been too late to

cross, and must wait until the tug

weight was descending. Whatever he

did must be done within the next few

seconds. Could be make the mar

above appreciate his peril, so that he

ers to understand in time to check

Harvey's voice rose in a hoarse

shriek of agony, strange in his own ears, hardly that of a human being: "Help! Help! Stop the bridge!"

The pedestrian above, astounded at

in turn might cause the bridge-ten

the counterweight?

mcreech of an approaching tug.

Then, almost paralyzing brain and

was not arrested by the faint cries

waited, hoped, trembling.

destrian never come!

that to be his fate?

voice to shout again.

passed hurriedly on.

The feet stopped, as if their owner

must save all his energies for an at-

Among his friends Harvey Monroe, raised again and the weight fell, good hearted commission what chance had he to avoid being merchant in one of the cities on the crushed to a jelly! great lakes, was known as "The Late Mr. Monroe," a title that indicated to chattering; his legs shook so that his only serious falling. Harvey was he could hardly stand. Unless he a thief of time. To be sure, his pecu- could make his cries audible to the lations generally extended to no more than two or three minutes, and often could be measured on the sec- was approaching from up or down ond dial. Still he was never just on time, and his acquaintances formed the habit of appointing their interviews five minutes earlier than they wished to see him. By that means ed signal would be heard. they succeeded in keeping him fairly

On November 7, 1903, Harvey met with an experience that effectually cured him of procrastination. dashing round and round through the

At 10 that evening he had an important business appointment at the icy water, and making the well rerailroad station with a customer who verbrate with his cries. Then he betrains. To reach the station it was necessary for the merchant to cross the river which split the city in twain | tempt to gain the notice of some apand served as its harbor. Leaving proaching pedestrian. home five minutes late, as usual, he arrived at the Horton street bascule bridge just as it was raised to admit a sounds from outside and the gentle tug, towing two barges. A little earlier and he would have avoided this

The river presented a long black vista, lined on each side with gloomy wharf ends and storehouse. At intervals it was spanned by bridges sparkling with misty white electric stars. Now and then a red and green lighted tug, churning asthmatically along with tow of barge or schooner whistled at this bridge or at that. Up tilted the swingingends, while the ponderous counterweights sank into the dismal pits below.

Through went the tug. Down dropped the bridge as the weights rose, and the clogged streets emptied sure if he remained silent. Perhaps themselves of vehicles and pedestrians until the next shrill whistle split the spans once more.

Like most chronic procrastinators Harvey Monroe was always in a hur- proaching whistle hung over him. ry. It seemed to him that the span was kept raised unconscionably long.

Growing impatient he ducked under the street barrier and leaned over | bridge lifted often at that hour. Alclose to the abutment to see where ready it had remained down much the barges were. The bridge tenders, longer than he had supposed possible. busy with their duties, did not observe him, and no other foot passen- There was little prospect of attract-ger was near. Deceived by the black- ing the notice of the bridge-tenders, ness he made a false step. The next snugly ensconced in their house on instant he was falling beside the that cold night. Would another pegranite abutment!

A few feet below he struck on his hands and knees on a cement ledge. pit Harvey forgot the freezing water The shock was violent, but a thick cushion of slush and drippings from ing hands and numbly aching joints the bridge broke the force of his fall. All else was overshadowed by the Down he slid, clawing desperately for nightmare of those tons of iron susa hand-hold, but finding none. Suddealy he shot perpendicularly feet first into a narrow chasm, bringing life. He knew that men had fallen up neck deep in ice cold water. He into these wells before, and that their had dropped into the pit containing bodies had been taken out unrecognizthe iron counterweight that balanced able days and weeks afterward. Was

The suddennes of his catastrophe dumbfounded Monroe, although he had suffered no injury beyond being rapid. Evidently its owner was bent shaken up and bruised. But the cold water in which he was immersed soon recalled him to himself and empha- the comfortable station, consulting sized the need of immediate action. his watch and wondering why he did By feeling about he discovered that not come, flashed through Harvey's he was in a triangular space with mind, and he remembered that it was hard, slimy cement on two sides and his fatal habit of being behind time a mass of steel on the other. He that had involved him in this predicamust get out at once

Just as he thought of shouting for help the machinery began to clank and grind overhead, and the counterweight slowly lifted, brushing past him in its ascent to the position it occupied when the bridge was down. As it rose, the water, which had al- footsteps passed on and died away. most touched his lips, began to fall, Monroe had been almost deafened by and soon was no higher than his the echoes of his own clamoring.

The commission merchant realized it! that he must lose no time in letting his position be known. He threw all his breath into vigorous shouts for help, but as the roadway of the bridge his dungeon. He knew that in the settled into place above, it sealed the pit with a lid of wood and metal which prevented his cries from being Hurried footsteps passed overhead; the rumbling of wheels echoed through his prison, but his again fell on his ears. Evidently frantic shouting, muffled by the inter-

vening roof, attracted no attention. Slipping, stumbling on the slimy bottom, Harvey splashed round his rescue, set the pit ringing with his cell, vainly fingering the chill walls in cries. hope of discovering some way of es-But, high as he could reach, ing. They were starting to raise the the hard cement afforded not a single draw. The footsteps stopped sudden ledge or crevice, and in that pitchy darkness he could not tell how much farther the walls rose above him. He had passed. had no means of ascertaining, for The roof of the merchant's prisor there was nothing to give him a foot-slid harshly back. The counter

Harvey realized with sudden terror that deadly peril threatened him when the counterweight should next In grouping round his dungeon he had lost his sense of po-sition, and could not be sure of the corner into which he had fallen. So far as he knew, it was the only spot that had not been occupied by the tons of metal now suspended above When the bridge was

the cry rising so unexpectedly under his feet, started back, and stood for an instant petrified. Then realizing that a life was at stake, he screamed to the bridge-tenders:

"There's a man in the pit! Stop

the bridge!" Monroe, flattening himself against the cement wall, awaiting with trembling knees the doom that he feared could not be averted, saw in the dim light admitted by the sliding back of his dungeon lid the black threatening mass of the great counterweight overhead, and dropping slowly, remorselessly. He heard the shout of the Would the tenders understand in time?

Down came the weight, lower, low-Three seconds more and it would surely crush him. He groaned in de-Then it stopped, so close to his head that he could have touched its slimy bottom with his finger tips, and he knew that he was saved .-Youth's Companion.

USING UP OUR TIMBER SUPPLY.

Three Times as Much Timber Used Each Year as the Forest Grows.

Every person in the United States is using over six times as much wood as he would use if he were in Europe. The country, as a whole, con-sumes every year between three and four times more wood than all of the forests of the United States grow in the meantime. The average acre of forest lays up a store of only ten cuble feet annually, whereas it ought to be laying up at least thirty cubic feet in order to furnish the products taken out of it. Since 1886 more bridge-tenders or some pedestrian the than 700,000,000,000 feet of timber have been cut for lumber alone, including 80,000,000,000 feet of conifriver, would mark his doom. At all erous timber in excess of the total conferous stumpage estimate of the was a busy place, and no very long census in 1880. period could elapse before the dread-

These are some of the remarkable statements made in Circular No. 97 of the Forest Service, which deals with the timber supply of the United States, and reviews the stumpage estimates made by all the important authorities. A study of the circular must lead directly to the conclusion that the rate at which forest products in the United States have been and are being consumed is far too lavish, and that only one result can follow unless steps are promptly taken to prevent waste in use and to increase the growth rate of every acre of for est in the United States. This result is a timber famine. This country is to-day in the same position with regard to forest resources as was Germany 150 years ago. During this period of 150 years such German States as Saxony and Prussia, particularly the latter, have applied a policy of Government control and regulation which has immensely increased the productivity of their forests. The same policy will achieve even better results in the United States, because we have the advantage of all the lessons which Europe has learned and paid for in the course of a century of

theory and practice. Lest it might be assumed that the rapid and gaining depletion of American forest resources is sufficiently accounted for by the increase of population, it is pointed out in the circular that the increase in population since 1880 is barely more than half the increase in lumber cut in the same period. Two areas supplying timber have already reached and passed their maximum productionthe Northeastern States in 1870 and the Lake States in 1890. To-day the Southern States, which cut yellow pine amounting to one-third the total annual lumber cut of the country, are undoubtedly near their maximum The Pacific States will soon take the ascendancy. The State of Washington, within a few years, has come to the front, and now ranks first of all individual States in volume of cut -New York Evening Post.

Germs as Hired Men.

The farmer emptied a white powder into a pail of water, and added thereto a tiny wad of cotton.

"I'm getting ready to vaccinate my land for the spring," he said. "This is the virus. The Government gives me the virus for nothing, and the vaccination increases my crops from fifty to 300 per cent."

Stirring the fluid, he went on: "Dr. G. T. Moore, of the Department of Agriculture, is the inventor of soil vaccination. Thanks to him. you can fertilize for four cents as much soil as \$40 worth of nitrate

would cover. "You see, the thing that fertilizes soil is nitrogen. Well, there is a lot of nitrogen in the air-seven-tenths' of the air is nitrogen. And Dr. Moore has bred a germ, a little living germ, that all its life long works like Rockefeller at extracting this nitrogen from the air and storing it in the soil

"This germ is what I vaccinate my land with. This germ, put in my soil, toils day and night-a fine little hired man. To it the air, the free air we breathe, is a perfect guano bed, and from that guano bed I draw all the profit.

around it.

"And the result? Well, a potato field yielded fifty per cent. more potatoes after vaccination; an oat field yielded 300 per cent, more oats; a wheat field yielded fifty-two per cent. would be over ere many seconds had more wheat; a rye field yielded 400 per cent. more rye."-Minneapolis Journal.

With Few Exceptions.

Wilton Lackage says that while on a downtown "L" train one morning recently he chanced to overhear portions of an interesting conversation between two young women occuping adjoining seats.

'I see by the paper," observed one of the young women, "that Mr. Blank, the octogenarian, is dead. What on earth is an octogenarian,

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the reply, "but there's one thing certain they're a sickly lot of people. You never hear of one unless he is dying."

A well known figure in Washingon is Stephen Vail, son of Alfred Vall, who co-operated with Morse and Henry in the invention of the telegraph and built the first steam engine that ever propelled a ship

## Cuba's Custom-Fettered Women and Their Homes.

By Mrs. C. R. MILLER.

man the life of her Cuban sister is students. The girls, however, rarely simply incomprehensible. It is dull, have the same advantages, and are uninteresting-in fact, in many in- sent to Spain, where they are educastances aggravating. From childhood to old age she rarely does as she likes, but is a slave to antiquated customs. As a child, a servant accompanies her to school and calls for her in the evening, and her playmates are few. When the marriageable age is reached, her courting is done in the presence of others, for the young man who calls on the Cuban senorita really visits the entire family, as at least one of them always remains in the room, which is brilliantly lighted. and its occupants are in full view of anybody passing along the street. Even if the girl talks with her lover through the grilled window some member of the family is always near by. If he takes her to a place of we discussed her bargains.

amusement she is always properly chaperoned. After they are engaged the vigflance of the parents is increased, and the young couple are never for a moment left to themselves. A young man may be fond of a girl, yet in no position to marry, but after he has spoken to her father, which he must do early in the courtship, he is expected to visit her home every night and enjoy her society, along with the rest of the family. If they should go to a dance, with the family, of course, the girl dances every set with her escort.

To the American woman this style of courtship seems particularly exasperating, for nowhere are there more romantic spots than around Havana. In fact, everything throughout the island suggests the romance of lovers wandering about free to enjoy each other's company, unconscious of the existence of the rest of the world. Yet there such pleasure is denied them. The Cuban girl of the better class is usually pretty. The beauty of her clear, olive skin is heightened by sparkling black eyes and very white teeth, while her head is crowned by a wealth of coal black hair. Her whole make-up suggests happiness, but from an American point of view she never really attains it. I am told that occasionally one is brave enough to break down customs. Finally this courted in the presence

of the family girl marries, and unless the young husband is wealthy, even the joy of a wedding trip is denied her. She at once settles down to a life of inactivity, and, as the result, grows fat, and inside of five years has lost every vestige of her girlhood beauty. She is usually the mother of a large family, and be it said to her credit she makes a devoted mother. She is the picture of domesticity and rarely leaves her home. Domesticity does not always bring happiness, and unhappy marriages are not uncom-Divorces are unknown, and when separations occur the unfortunate couple simply live apart and neither can remarry. This seems to be the swinging back of the pendulum to the other extreme, as compared with the loose divorce laws of some of the States, both systems resulting in immorality. One has but to visit the blg orphan asylum in Havana to learn something of Cuba's moral depravity. At the entrance there is a large turn-table, on which a child may be placed and "turned" into the Institution. The good sister receives it and no questions are asked.

The Cuban matron has little to say in the management of her own household, as the family literally board with their cook, who has sole control of the cuisine. When a cook is engaged she is paid so much per month -ten, fifteen or twenty dollars, as the case may be-for her work. She at once inquires how much is allowed for the marketing, which she is to do each morning. On being told, she figures out how much she can save from the amount, and if the graft amounts to say fifteen or twenty cents per day, she is likely to accept the position. She rarely sleeps at the house, and usually has a family of her own who are fed from the larder of her employer. Early breakfast is light-fruits, rolls and coffee-and at noon there is a meal known as late breakfast, which resembles the American luncheon. When this is finished the cook spends a few hours at her home and returns at five o'clock in time to prepare dinner. A halfgrown girl is employed to wait on the table, answer the doorbell, etc. some familles male cooks are employed. If the meals do not suit the master of the house he adds more

money to the marketing allowance. Meanwhile, the wife enjoys life in a rocking chair, reads a little, and does needlework occasionally. She powders her face with a coarse powder until she becomes positively ghastly. Even the children are sent out with a coating of this ugly stuff to mar their otherwise pretty faces. She never goes shopping and knows nothing of the joys of bargain days. The Cuban matron contents herself by sending for the shopkeoper and having him bring goods to her house, and from these she makes her selec tions. Social calls are made and entertainments are given, but these are rigidly confined to each grade in the social world.

I met a man in Havana who had been educated in the States, and who was so thoroughly American in his manner that I expected him to say that his wife did just as an American would do, but I was destined to be disappointed. Indeed, he seemed shocked when I announced one evening that I had been wandering about Havana alone during the day. would not do that if you were a native," he said. "Oh, you might want but you wouldn't," and then he added in a half-apologetic manner, My sister goes out frequently." The dea of a woman wanting to do anyhing and not doing it was so utterly osterous that I questioned ain for the reason, only to be told

that it was "not the custom." Many of the boys are sent to the he welcomed both the Cuban and the Leslie's Weekly.

To the independent American wo- | Porto Rican, as they made excellent ted in convents and retain their old Spanish customs. If by chance one marries an American of the right sort these ideas of seclusion vanish and the real woman comes to the surface. I saw an evidence of this in the interfor of the island where I met a charming Cuban girl, the bride of a few months. Her husband was the typical American business man-devoted to her and his business. was rapidly learning English and becoming Americanized. One day she came to my room, her arms full of bundles, her eyes dancing with delight, and her pretty face wreathed with smiles. I soon understood that she wanted me to examine her purchases, and so in true American style

> Before the Spanish-American was the women of the higher and middle classes were never employed outside their own homes, but since that time a few, forced to it by poverty, have broken the customs and accepted positions. Many, however, even though they may be pitifully poor, refuse, and marry in poverty and rear a family under the same conditions. The native woman makes a splendid dressmaker and does some wonderful work in copying from fashion books without the aid of patterns. If by chance you should give her an old dress to copy, be sure it is not darned or patched, for if such be the case your new gown will be sent patched or darned in the same identical spot, even though new goods must be cut away. She is a born imitator and copies to the letter.

> The cigarette factories employ a large number of women, and a visit there will destroy the romantic idea of Carmen. These girls are for the most part slovenly, rouged beyond all reason, and many of them smoke as they work. None of them presents the trig appearance of the American working girl. It must be taken into consideration that their hours are longer and pay less. In the busy season, I am told, they sleep sometimes on chairs at the factory in order to be at work early. There is no child-labor law in Cuba, and many little girls who should be at school are employed in these factories pasting stamps, packing cigarettes, etc. The fore-man explained that the children worked from necessity, as they were orphans, their fathers having been killed in the late war.

> Havana is a theatre-going town, and here one finds the Spanish and Cuban actress. She differs little, as a rule, from the American player and loves publicity. At the Abisbu Theatre one evening I saw two little oneact Spanish plays. They were somewhat like the delightful comedies which made Rosina Vokes famous. Three of these are given each evening at this theatre by a stock company, who have been playing there each night for three consecutive years. Tickets are sold by the act rather than for the entire evening, and one may come to any or all the plays. An orchestra chair may be obtained for the sum of fifty cents for each play. Standing on the lower floor is sold for thirty cents per act. For the first play our tickets were blue, and for the second, when we sat on the opposide of the theatre, they were pink. These slips were taken up at the close instead of the beginning of the performance. The crowd usually comes in for the second play, which begins about 9 o'clock, and in which Senorita Esperanra Pastor, the star, usually appears. This lady is vivaclous and graceful. She dresses a part well and is a comedian of ability.

> The Cuban home is built for coolness, and the patio, which is filled with beautiful plants and often adorned with a fountain, is the central feature, and all the rooms open on it. If the house is two stories (the majority are one) the livingroom is on the lower floor while the sleeping rooms are above. If the family should own an automobile or carriage it is kept in the front hall, The horse is often stabled in the rear and adjoining the kitchen. are no chimneys on dwellings in Cuba, and no provision is made for heating the houses. Hot water is a luxury, as the only fire is in the small charcoal stoves on which the cooking is done. All garbage is removed at night, and one is spared the nauseating garbage cart so common in our cities. Few private houses have bath rooms. A house on the Prada will bring from \$100 to \$200 per month, while a most ordinary dwelling in a good neighborhood will rent for \$50. The ceilings are very high-at least fifteen feet. Carpets are not used, as the floors are of fancy tiling, which is kept scrupulously lean by mopping each day. furniture is made of mahogany, with cane seats, or is of the wicker variety and rocking chairs predominate. Upholstered furniture is never used. The windows have grilled iron bars, many of which are fashioned in fancy designs. Glass panes are rarely found, but inside shutters are used to shut out the sunlight during the

The typical bed in Cuba is of iron, and decorated at the head and foot with medallions of painted scenery inlaid with mother-of-pearl. tress is not often used, and sleeping on woven wire springs with only a thin quilt between the sleeper and the springs is not the most pleasant sensation. However, after a few nights one realizes the comfort of cool beds in the tropics. At Santiago they never use feathers in pillows, but fill them with a species of gravs which bears a small seed. The mice are fond of these, and one night I was awakened by something moving under my head. I soon discovered that it was a mouse enjoying the seed. As the majority of rooms in Cuban hotels have two beds. I simply trans-United States to be educated, and only the other day the president of the room and did not disturb the the Lehigh University told me that little animal at his midnight lunch,—

## NEWS Pennsylvania

Millionaire Agriculturists Dine With Reading's President.

Reading (Special) .- The members of the Farmers' Club, of Philadelphia, were entertained by President Baer, of the Reading Rallway, at his country place, Bruin's Choice, along the Schuylkill River, above Reading.

The party came in a special train composed of Mr. Baer's private car, Philadelphia; the private car, Atlas, of the Jersey Central Railroad, and two Pullmans. The party returned this evening.

In the party were George F. Baer Donald Cameron, T. DeWitt Cuyer, Clement A. Griscom, Wayne Mac-Veagh, James McCrea, E. T. Stotesbury, W. N. Appel, Judges J. Hay Brown, Frank L. Connard, William G. Coxe, Judge Vernon W. Davis, Robert W. de Forest, Samuel Dick-son, Charles W. Gould, Judge George Gray, W. U. Hensel, Isaac Hiester, Judge George C. Holt, Richmond L. Jones, Chief Justice James T. Mitch-ell, Heber L. Smith, Francis Lynde Stetson and Judge Henry G. Ward.

DOG SAVES HIS MISTRESS.

Attacks Cow That Was Trampling Young Woman To Death.

Rupp was attacked by a maddened cow on her father's farm in Swatara Township. After the enraged ani-mal had knocked her to the ground and was flercely horning and trampling her, a large collie dog succeed ing in getting the cow to turn its attacks from his bleeding mistress.

While the dog and cow were in the midst of their battle, Miss Rupp attracted the attention of her father by her cries, who ran to her assistance. She is badly bruised and cut.

SANDWICH NOT A MEAT.

Consequently Ice Cream Cannot Be Sold As A Desert On Sunday.

Altoona (Special). - Magistrate David Kinch has officially decided that a sandwich and a plate of ice cream does not constitute a meal, in the legal sense, for the purpose of avoiding the Sunday blue laws. Constable Markey arrested Frederick Wise for selling tee cream Sunday at his cafe, at South Altoona. Wise alleged that he served the ice cream with meals. It turned out that Wise, remembering the law, refused to sell the cream unless a sandwich was also purchased, hoping thus to come withthe scope of the law.
"Its violation of the letter and

the spirit of the law," declared the magistrate and he imposed a fine of \$4. Markey also arrested Robert Ritter and H. B. Heffey, Lakemont Park caterers, for selling cream on

Enlarging Insane Hospital.

commenced on the new \$90,000 female infirmary for the Hospital for the Insane, which is provided for in the new \$429,000 appropriation bill. The building will be 210 feet long, and 80 feet wide, and will accommo date 200 patients. It will be two stories high and will be constructed of brick

In addition, there is provided inin addition, there is provided in the new appropriation bill a building for the acute insane male patients to cost \$90,000, a building for the acute insane female patients, to cost \$90,000. There is also to be erected a \$15,000 building for the employees

Whistle Fatal To Girl.

Easton (Special). - Annie Linge, the twelve-year-old daughter of Mr. Mrs. William Linge, of Easton, was romping with a number of other children, blowing a toy tin whistle, when in inhaling breath the whistle slipped down her throat and

She cried out in agony, and medial assistance was soon obtained, semorrhages set in and she died in

Lightning Strikes Train.

Birdsboro (Special) .- During a to cal thunder storm, David S. Schmock, a brakeman on an extra freight train on the main line of the Reading Railway, was struck by lightning and

Schmock was on top of a moving box car and was struck on the head. The hair was burned off his head and face, but the car was not damaged. The deceased is a resident of Phil-

adelphia, starting out from the Rich-

Rescued By Her Pet.

Allentown (Special). - Attacked by a bull while walking along a road near Siesholtzville, Miss Emma Sich or was rescued by the interference of a pet buildog. A battle between the two animals resulted in severe injuries to the bull and the death of

Drowned In Jar Of Water.

Lititz (Special) .- Ruth, the 2ear-old daughter of Graybill Minnich, fell into a huge stone jar partwith water and was drown-The jar was on the kitchen floor.

Legacy Will Not Stop Work. Meadville (Special) .-- Aleck Walton, a hostler at the Major A. C. Huldekoper Stock Farm, Conneaut lake, deposited in a Meadville bank a draft for \$10,000, his share, with six other children, of the estate of his father, a London butcher. Walton's bride, Maggie Barr, arrived here from England on June 10 and they were married that afternoon, of terms as member of Council, died Walton will continue to work on the at his home, following an illness of

Saved By Fellow-Workman.

Pottstown (Special) .- It was due to the prompt action of David Swavely that Clarence Smith, a bricklayer, did not fail fifty feet to the bottom of a flue when he was overcome by gas at the No. 2 furnace of the Warwick Iron & Steel Company, Smith being senseless across a scaffold high up in the interior of the flue while a dense volume of coal gas from the furnace surrounded the two men. Swavely secured a rope and lowered his unconacious fellow-workman to the bottom.

## BAER ENTERTAINS FARMERS. TEXPLOSION KILLS 7 MINERS

The Bodies Torn and Clothing Burne

Scranton, Pa. (Special). - Seven men were killed outright and two others seriously injured in two exlosions of mine gas in the Johnson No. 1 Mine, at Priceburg. The first explosion, which occurred about 3 o'clock, was caused by the careless-ness of a door tender who, by leaving a door open, allowed gas to accumu-late in the workings. One man was injured as a result of this explosion. The second explosion, which resulted in the death of seven men and the injury of another, occurred about 5 o'clock and resulted from the ignition of the deadly firedamp which accumulated after the first explosion. Of the eight men who were work ing in the main gangway at the time of the second explosion, seven were killed instantly.

A runner, who was near the fool of the shaft when the second explosion occurred, quickly gave the alarm and a rescue party hurried to the scene of the explosion. All the victims were frightfully burned, the lothing being burned off most of

News of the explosion spread rap-Young Woman To Death.

Harrisburg (Special).—Miss Ciara burg, a mining hamlet just north of purp was attacked by a maddened Scranton, and hundreds of wives children and other relatives of those who are empolyed in the mine hur-ried to the breaker. So badly disfigured were the remains of those who were killed that identification at the time was impossible, and the wildest excitement prevailed. Harsh measures had to be pursued by the mine officials to keep the crowds back, and hundreds followed the ambulances to undertaking establishments. ments. It was with the greatest dif-ficulty that any authentic news of the affair could be learned, because of the excitement that prevailed.
About 1,500 men work in the

mine, but as no account was kept of those who had come out before the explosion occurred, it is impossible to determine until the rescuing party returns if the present death list is complete.

Historians Fraternize.

Lancaster (Special),-The Lancaser County Historical Society held its annual outing at Accomac, on the Susquehanna, and entertained the Berks County Historical Society. Addresses were made at the dinner. presided over by S. M. Sener, of Lan-caster; by Dr. John W. Jordan, Phila-delphia, president of the State Federation of Historical Societies, and R. F. Kelker, Harrisburg, head of the division of State archives

Killed By Lightning In Field.

Selinsgrove (Special) .- So anxious was Michael C. Moyer to replant a cornfield that he continued his labors while a storm was gathering. A bolt of lightning struck and instant-Danville (Special). — Work was almost bommenced on the new \$90,000 fefrom shoulder to shoulder and shoes loosened from his feet.

Young Bather Drowner.

Danville (Special) .- Fred Miller, he 10-year-old son of Charles Miller, of Riverside, was drowned while swimming with several companions in the river front about a mile be-

Argument Was Convincing. Pottsville (Special) .-- Jay Sunday, ged 14 years, was shot by a companion, here. The boys had a Flo-bert rifle. They had an argument as o whether the gun was loaded. To show Sunday it wasn't, his companion pointed it at him and pulled the

rigger. The bullet entered Sunday's

Pittsburg Needs More Workmen. Pittsburg (Special), - Owing to the dearth of unskilled cheap labor in the Pittsburg district the United States Steel Corporation has sent gents at Ellis Island in an endeavor to secure 5000 and has been fairly

Church Struck By Lightning.

Reading (Special). - A terrific electric storm swept over the south-western part of the county. The western part of the county. The only building damaged was the Wyomissing Church, of Gouglersille, which was struck by lightning. The roof was torn up. The rafters were split.

To Kill Every Dog In Town.

Hazleton (Special) .- A mad dog layed havor at Gowen and Rock Hen and before he was shot every dog in the two towns, as well as man and girl were bitten. State Constabular will be despatched

Buried In Bridal Robes.

Chester (Special) .- Mrs. Kathryn Sprague Dehner, a well-known mem-ber of Trinity Mathodist Episcopal Church, died at her home on Parker Street after a few minutes' ill-ness. The deceased was married only three menths ago. buried in her bridal robes.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Judge Johnson has approved the ontract for the erection of a new oridge over Darby Creek, connecting the township of Tinicum to Prospect Park, at a cost of \$68,000.

James F. Dougherty, aged 54 six weeks.

Berwick Berough Council has de-cided to again approve the curfew law, which has been a dead letter for several menths past.

County Commissioners of North-ampton and Lehigh Counties, the Bethlehem Berough authorities and the officials of the Lobigh Vall Fransit Company have decided to build a new \$100,000 bridge to the Monacacy Creek, in Bethle