But of all good sounds ever heard
There is none half so fair
As one uncalculated word
That soothes some dim despair,
And what a dull sky it would be
If all the points of hight
Were gone, and we might only see
The suns of wondrous might.

He who holds up his little flame
Knows 20t what straining eyes
May find it guidleg them from shame
Into a paradise;
All may not climb the lofty steep,
All may not lead the throng,
But each may shelter and may keep
Aglow some word or song.

We know not how our candle gleams,
It may be sconced in gold,
Or it may send its cheering gleams
From some cup worn and old,
And that which fate has held apart
From pathways wide and grand,
May glow with light which finds a hear
Attuned to understand.

The little word, the little smile, The little word, the little smile,
The little song you know—
These make the candle all the while
That we must keep aglow,
And we may think its trembling light
Unnoticed by all eyes—
But there is greater dark of night
When that lone candle dies.
—W. D. Nesbit, in St. Louis Republic.

LANOOK AND THE BEAR By HERBERT COOLIDGE.

************************* To the east of Mount Shasta lies the country that was once Lanook's. respects is "all same white man."

ment. The old man was a daily vis- eyes. itor when I lived in the country that of a grizzly's teeth, and tell me the following story.

Long before the whites came he and Nishka, now many years dead. a big catch of salmon strung on a pole carried on their shoulders. tribesmen, stone-dead. Nishka walked ahead. Before them ran Lanook's little dog, clearing the path of chipmunks and squirrels.

As they descended a slope which overlooks Fall Valley, they heard the little dog yelp as if in great fear, and saw him burst from a manzanita thicket. He was pursued by a giant grizzly bear.

Nishka fled. Lanook scrambled up the nearest tree, a scrubby juniper. The hear followed the dog straight for the master's perch, until, catching sight of Nishka's buckskin garments flitting through the brush, he turned and gave him cha-

Lanook, with breath held and eves bulging, watched his friend's flight. He was racing like the wind, but it was as if a toddling baby should attempt to outrun his father. The great slouching brute gained as if the fleet Indian had been hobbled; in almost no time he was close upon him. The poor fellow, in despair, dodged, barely escaped the beast's claws, and made a dive into a laurel thicket.

The silence awoke Lancok. leaped from his tree, gathered up the bow he had thrown aside before Climbing, and ran to Nishka's rescue. The bear must have heard the rush of moccasins on the trail, for as were it an ivy grown cottage.

Lancok drew within close arrowrange, the grizzly emerged from the baring teeth that were dripping

rows, then fled for his tree. The bear, wounded and furlous, chased ing and a name for himself in the him as he had chased his friend, with the fearful speed no man could Nevertheless, the Indian reached his juniper and ran up it like a chipmunk, this time retaining big enough. Skipper Haft is forced is hold on his bow.

In a pouch hung from his neck black spiders, the fang-sacs of a rattlesnake and juice of wild parsnips; and while the grizzly pursued the howling our round the tree, he tipped three arrows with this death-dealing

The juniper which Lanook hai climbed was the first treet at har.dnot at all the one he would have chosen to escape a grizzly. Stout branches projected from the very ground; besides, the tree tapered abruptly, and was not very tall. Round and round it raced the dog. Finally he made a quick dash, darted into a big patch of deer brush, and there succeeded in eluding his pursuer.

Soon the grizzly came back to the tree, squatted on his haunches, and sat flercely watching the Indian. Then, his breath recovered, he stood up-right on his hind legs, and stretched a terrible, claw-horned paw upward. And how he did stretch! Lanook said it was as if the animal's limbs pulled out a hand's length at each joint. He climbed till he feared the tapering treetop would break.

The bear soon gave up the reaching idea and began to climb. In this he was as awkward as he had been agile in the chase; but with the lower branckes affording support for hind and forgpaws, it seemed likely that

he could work his way upward.

The great weight of the brute made the little tree bend alarmingly. and when he wriggled and hitched oth of which he did very violently Lanook felt like an ant on a spear of grass whipped by the wind. Hope left the Indian; in its place came desperate resolution. He descended as far as he dared, fitted one of the

The bear ceased his struggles a moment, and threw back his head to look upward. Quick as the anake strikes, Lancok buried one arrow.

The tree lurched so then from the bear's furious climbing that the third arrow flew wide of the mark. and splintered itself on the stony

Lanook dropped his bow, gave a flying leap, and ran, still without hope, for his life.

He surprised himself with his running, and the bear surprised him with his awkwardness in gatting disentangled from the tree. Lanook was a long way down the slope and buoyant with hope before the chase began. Filled with new strength, he

sped onward like a bird. The ravine he had chosen for a runway was smooth-bottomed and clear of brush; the descent was gentle-just right for a long, sweeping stride. And yet the grizzly gained, at first by leaps and bounds, as a rolling rock bears down on one embedded; then he came on with lessened speed, but still gaining. When he was close behind, Lanook's second wind came, and he began to pull away from the bear rapidly. He knew then that the poison from his arrow-tips was working in the blood of his enemy, and hope grew strong

within him. Had his runway remained clear, Lanook could have escaped easily, but fortune favored the bear. the ravine suddenly became blocked with brush, and the Indian narrowly escaped being caught in a corner. As it was, the bear was crowding him close before he could get out of

the gully. Here the brush was thinner, but he had to take a winding course to avoid bushes and thickets, while his pursuer crashed straight through or over everything. The bear was at his heels in no time, and Lanook, to protect his head and chest from the beast's claws, threw himself on his back and kicked out with both feet.

The grizzly seemed stupid and There in the days of his youth he sluggish, but nevertheless made a chased deer and antelope and led his savage dive at the Indian, and buried savage dive at the Indian, and buried people against the marauding Mo- his teeth in his leg just above the docs. The valleys are all fenced and knee. Lanook began throwing dirt farmed now, and Lanook in many into the enemy's face, whereupon the grizzly released his leg and caught But he loves the old wild Indian him by the forearm. Still undaunted, days, loves to roam again in the land the Indian sent a handful of dust and of youth and strength and achieve- fine gravel fairly into the brute's

Half-blinded, the bear backed once was his, and time and time away, pawing his eyes furiously, again he would bare his forearm and Lanook filled his fist with dirt, and knee, show me the deep, livid scars lay motionless, waiting. But the bear never returned to him. continued backing about and rubbing his eyes, and finally retreated into the thick brush, scratched a shallow were returning from Pitt River with hole there, and lay down. There he was found the next day by Lanook's

Lanook managed to grag himself back to the trail, where he was shortly discovered by another party of fishermen, and carried home. Nishka was found and cared for also. He had feigned death throughout the bear's attack, and although crippled, lived to tell his children's children of Lanook, his friend and rescuer, and of his battle with the giant grizzly bear.-From Youth's Companion.

HE'S THE WHOLE CREW.

Skipper Hall the Cook and the Mate and the Bo's'n Bold of the Angler.

Captain Parker J. Hall, of Nantucket, skipper of the two masted schooner Angler, is his own mate, steward and crew. His stated reasons for it are not that he is moody or fond of his own company, or that it is more economical, but simply that, because of an impediment in his speech, he feels that he can think out and execute his own orders more The bear crashed after—then all was rapidly than any crew could under-

Captain Hull is a native of Duxbury, Mass., but his home is his schooner, and on board her his young wife goes about her housekeeping duties just the same as she would

The Angler aerself is no chicken, says the Boston Herald. She was thicket and reared on his haunches, built in 1854 and her owner found her an abandoned hulk, half buried in the sand. He bought her for next to nothing, fitted her with second hand spars and began to make a liv-

coastwise trade. His brother mariners find fault with him for recklessness, on the ground that his holding irons are not to put up with anchors much lighter than those of the average craft of the Angler's build carries, because it would be impossible for any one man

to raise the heavy kind unaided. He recently made a record run across the Sound under full sail and came up into anchorage in fine shape, pefore the admiring gaze of half the To enter the harbor Skipper Hall had to make a run through the heavy ice between the jettles at the bar. The drift of open water was very narrow, and the revenue cutter Gresham ran down to see if she could

be of any possible assistance.

The crew of the Gresham are talking yet of the surprise their captain got when he saw one man bringing a two musted schooner through the narrow drift.

Giants and Dwarfs.

In life giants are usually weakminded, as well as frail of body, and as a rule they do not live long. Dwarfs, on the other hand, are often nimble witted and stand a good chance of longevity. An Austrian empress in the seventeenth century took the whim to round up all the giants and dwarfs in her empire and turn their in together. Apprehension was felt that the big ones would terrify the small ones, but it was the other way. The giants were comimpish tricks of the dward, and they had to be separated before peace reigned amons Tiem.—Philadelphia

Hybrid Golf and Fish Story. Hybrid Golf and Fish Story.

Some time ago a northern golfer drove a bail a fine, low, skimming shot across a river. Yest as the ball was nearly over a lal non leaped at the ball and caught if in its mouth. Such was the pace of the ball that it carried the salmon on to the river's bank, where it was immediately secured with the ball tightly wedged in its toeth.—Golf Illustrated.

Fathers in the Home.

By ALTA

The mothers generally receive all credit for the training of a child who makes himself a great name. "I'm what my mother made me." is an oftquoted phrase which has much truth in it-and we like to bear it from the lips of great men. But it is just as true and oh, how sadly true, on the lips of the glutton, the drunkard, the eriminal. Her neglect may have caused the boy to choose evil assoclates who dragged him down to the lower strata of society. Just here is where the father's good work in the home comes in. They understand better to what evils a boy will be exposed, they understand better, also, what kind of a young man should be accepted as his daughter's suitor.

The mother's love is beautiful but there is something peculiarly sacred. sweet and strong in a father's love. I often recall this story by an old soldier. He said: "I think one of the saddest incidents of the war which came under my observation was just after the battle of Gettysburg. Off on the outskirts, seated on the ground with his back against a tree, was a soldier, dead. His eyes were riveted on some object clasped tightly in his hands. As we drew near we saw that it was an ambrotype of two small children. Man though I was, hardened through long years of carnage and bloodshed, the sight of that man who had looked on his children for the last time in this world, who, far away in a secluded spot, had rested himself against a tree, that he might feast his eyes on his little darlings, brought tears to my eyes which I could not restrain. There were six of us in the company, and we all found great lumps rising in our throats, and mists gathering before our eyes, which almost blinded us. We stood looking at him for some time. I was thinking of the wife and baby I had left at home, and wondering, how soon in the mercy of God, she would be left a widow, and my baby boy fatherless. We looked at each other and instinctively

seemed to understand. Not a word was spoken, but we dug a grave and laid the poor fellow to rest with his children's picture clasped over his heart. Over his grave, on the tree against which he had leaned, I inscribed the words:

'Somebody's Father." July 3, 1863.

-From the Indiana Farmer. WORDS OF WISDOM.

majority don't even have greatness thrust upon them. It sometimes happens that when an actor finds things coming his way he

tries to dodge them. There may be plenty of room at the top, but victims of that tired

feeling never reach it. Men who boast of their virtues would probably have more to say if they enumerated their vices.

And the more energy a man expends in talking the less he will have left to assist him in making good. Many a man would be unable to paddle his own canoe if he couldn't

porrow some other man's paddle. Genius is said to be a certain form of madness, but the madness of most people is more or less uncertain.

It may not be your fault if you have never been in jail; more than likely it's due to your good fortune. A man's idea of good luck is any old kind that leaves him a few dol-

lars ahead of the other fellow's game. Don't sit down and think about what you would do it you could live your life over. Get busy and im-

prove the rest of it. It's a waste of time to attempt to dodge a hypocrite. He knows more dodges in a minute than you will

learn in a lifetime. And when you hear a man boast of his ancestors it's a safe bet that his descendants will have no occasion to boast of theirs .- Bakers' Helper

Making Him Feel Easy.

Sam Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," has been the subject of many anecdotes, none of them better than one which Pfirst heard related about him by his friend Matthew Davenport Hill.

Looking in one day at Warren's chambers, Hill noticed that he eemed a little troubled. "It is." said the lawyer-novelist, "most unfortunate. I ought to have dined tonight with the Lord Chancellor, but Mrs. Warren is about to present me with another olive branch; how can I leave her? I hope his lordship won't be annoyed at my putting him "Oh," returned Hill, "don't make yourself uneasy; I am one of the guests; I know him so well, I can put it all right for you." With these words the visitor prepared to leave

At first profusely grateful, Warren presently seemed a little perplexed. "By the bye, after all, I and said: won't trouble you to say anything about me to the Chancellor. Between

ourselves, I have not been invited."
"Well," rejoined Hill, "make yourself comfortable on that point; for that matter, neither have I."-Pall Mall Gazette

Colonies For the Unemployed.

In Germany colonies for unem ployed workingmen make pauperism unnecessary. In each city are great buildings occupied by union offices, where seekers after work go and register. They bathe, have their clothing disinfected, and if the unions have no work for them to do in the cities they are sent to the farm col-onies in the country, where they work at land reclamation, agriculture and other productive occupations. The inions are open to all and provide, other productive oc esides opportunities for workers, old age pensions, accident insurance other benefits. - Everybody's

The Academie des Belles Lettres, of Paris, has awarded 2000 of the 3000 francs of the Prix Loubet to Was found Heary Vignaud, secretary of the American Embassy, for his book on Magazine.

On the American Disease of Worry

of Americans," written by Dr. C. W.

By the Editor of "Judge." The book on worry as "the disease

Saleeby, comes at just the right time. There is no doubt that we Americans are worrying too much. The worry disease is more ingeniously complicated than any of the rest of our American maladies. A little analysis will show this. First of all, there is worry-just plain worry. What proportion of the people are afflicted with this simplest form of the disease we do not know; but since the success preachers are as the sands of the sea for number, and since "don'tworry clubs" have sprung up every-where, we take it that the disease must be widespread. Now come the annoying complications. folks are worrying because they wor-The fundamental affliction is trivial, but the apprehension, the nervous discomfort, and the imaginary afflictions which grow out of the consciousness of the initial grievance, fill them with unhappicess. Then, again, some folks are worrying cause they don't worry. They think that everybody who amounts to anything worries, and that because they don't worry it must be because they don't amount to anything. This aspect of the malady is further aggravated by so simple a thing as fash-It is the fad to be full of wor-Hence, to be placid, contented and comfortable is to be out of style Here, then, are the people who worry, the people who worry because they worry, and the people who worry because they don't worry, and between the three most all of us are caught. Behold, now, how the strain of trouble ramifies! There is the man who worries because he's poor His want of possessions fills him with despair, not to say with envy and bitterness. But, on the other hand, the rich man is equally worried because he's rich. Plutocratic misery is a new thing among us. Then there are misguided folks who know they are poor, but want to appear otherwise, and they worry for fear their poverty will be discovered. Of course there is an opposite class who know they are rich; but the fact has not yet become public, and they are worrying for fear it may become so. Look at the unhappy muck-rakerr. They are full of fret and worry. Using the word in its largest meaning comprising all those whose eyes are fixed upon the millennium, the muck-rakers are not only worrying about the state of the world and about their several projects for re-Some men are born great, but the forming it, but they are worried among themselves for fear one reform will outrun another, and each

A Maine Methuselah.

worrying for fear he will be left

in the final millennial rush. And

are worrying for fear they will be

nominated for President, and another

group are worrying for fear they will

then look at politics. A lot of men

In a logging camp near Hulton, Me., a few years ago a man by the name of Peter Grimes was accidentally killed and his widow was left in rather poor circumstances.

Joseph Breed, a particular friend of the unfortunate man, being somewhat of a carpenter, decided to make Grimes' coffin, and so cut down the funeral expenses. He told the widow of his intention and also of carving the name and age of her late husband on the lid, but he was rather worried when he found that the age was twenty-eight years.

"I am awful sorry, Mrs. Grimes," said Joe, "but I never could cut a

"That's too bad," replied Mrs. Grimes; then, as a kappy thought came to her, she asked him if he could cut a figure 7.

"Yes, I can cut a first-rate figure "Well, then, why not cut four 7's?

Everybody knows four 7's are twen-So the following day Joe com-pleted the coffin as she suggested.

The day of the funeral came and the late Rev. T. S. Black, of Hulton, was reading the service over the body and had arrived at that part where he was saying: 'Our dearly beloved brother, who

departed this life at the age of-Here he glanced at the coffin lid for reference, and, his eyes lighting on Joe's row of four 7's, he gave a gasp and, with a startled look in his eyes, exclaimed:

"Good Lord, how did he ever miss the flood!"-Boston Herald,

One of Alaska's pioneer farmers is J. D. Johnston, of Bear Lake, near Seward, who has taken up a homestead and is putting it under cultivation. After two years' work he can show a comfortable, well-built home, dozen acres plowed, thirty acres seeded down for pasture and a con-siderable part of his claim cleared. He is successfully growing clover, and has planted many varieties of truit trees, berry bushes and flowers, most of which are thriving. He reports that he finds much profit in Plymouth Rock chickens. Last year he hatched and raised 168 chickens, pesides selling eggs to the value of \$20 a month. He estimates that each hen has cleared \$4 above the cost of hen feed. He also keeps cows, and sails their milk at a profit. Mr. Johnston has proved that farm ing in Alaska is both practical and profitable.-Boston Alaskan.

A Quick-Delivery Letter.

It is a curious fact that a century and a haif ago a letter traviled much faster than ever it has done since. It was in 1753 that Lord March made a heavy wager that he would cause a letter to be conveyed 100 miles within an hour. His Lordship en-gaged a score of cricketers, all ex-pert throwers and catchers, had the missive inclosed in a ball, and armissive inclosed in a ball, and arranging his men at intervals in a circle, got them to throw the ball as awiftly as possible from one to another. At the end of the hour it was found that the letter had traveled almost exactly 120 miles.—Era

NEWS Pennsylvania

His Gold Mine.

But after a month or two of bliss
Full readily doth the bride divine
That what the linesped suitor meant
Was, "Girl, will you kindly be my
mine?"

At the Seaside.

Sal-"Say, Si, what's them ropes

Si-"I reckon to keep the ocean

tide on, Sal."-The Columbia Jester.

In Anthropology.

dren play with?"

hero on the head.

Harvard Lampoon.

Stanford University.

Christmas.

car?

sylvania.

Fresh-"What did the Indian chil-

Soph-"With their war whoops,

of course."-The Punch Bowl, Penn-

Anecdotes of Celebrities-Hector.

Positively Insulting.

"Humph! That's no way to talk

about your girl."-The Chaparral,

Shipwrecked.

mate are shipwrecked sailors

was on an airship."-Punch.

you were ever near the sea.

Tramp-"Please, mum, me an' my

Lady-"Fiddlesticks! Neither of

Tramp-"Quite right, lady. We

Feminine Observation.

you tell me the number of the motor

"It was an outrage, madam! Can

"No, but I can tell you what the

woman's hat was like and the color

Progressive Hiram.

Mr. Fodder-"I guess Hiram must

"He writes ter say he's playing

second base right along now."-The

A Reviver.

Papa-"Here, put this ten-dollar

A moment later-"She says she

wants ten more."-Fliegende Blaet-

The Proposal.

He (nervously)-"Er-er, Margaret

er-er, there's something has been

trembling on my lips for the last two

She-"Yes, so I see-why don't

you shave it off?"-The Princeton

The Habit of Nervousness.

woman Mrs. Tompkins is, isn't she?"

"I hadn't noticed it, my dear."

stop rustling a moment."-Mil-

Cultivating the Voice.

Pedestrian - "What a horrible

Tramp-"Dat's wot I wants money

Little Girl (who has just kissed

her father good-night)-"Oh, father, your beard is scratchy!"

Father-"Dear me, miss, you are

Little Girl-"Well, then, father,

it's - it's very tall for its age."-

Fishy.

had a good time? How many have you run over?"

Chauffeur-Three pike and two

Chauffeur-"Yes; I felt into the river with my motor."-Journal

The Utter Idiot had forgotten his

program and his gloves. "Goodness me," he cried, fussed, "in all the ex-

citement, I am fairly losing my

the Caustic Gyurl, soothingly.-The

The Ruling Passion

victed lawyer in his striped garb.

happy man?" she asked him.

The prison reformer met the con-

"And what brought you here, un-

His old-time cleverness asserted

"An automobile," he blithely re-plied.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Capital Punishment.

Mother—"Johnnie, why didn't you come home as soon as school was out?"

Johnnie—"I whispored in school, so I had to stay while the teacher gived me capital punishment."

Mother—"Capital punishment?"

Johnnie—"Yes. She made me write out the alphabet sixtees times

"Don't let that worry you," replied

Girl Friend (tochauffeur) - "Well,

particular. It can't be very bad-I

shaved it this morning."

Girl Friend-"? ?

Amusant.

Sphinx, Wisconsin.

fer, boss. I'm t'inkin' uv havin' me

voice irrigated."-Chicago News.

"What an extremely

of the coat she wore."-Auswers.

a joined the band in college."

Chaparral, Stanford University.

Johnnie — "Papa, papa, quick! Mamma has fainted."

bill in her hand."

months.

Tiger.

Mrs. Fodder-"How's that?"

-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

When a Mariborough or a Castellane,
As scion proud of an ancient line,
Doth ask a lady to wed, he says,
As a matter of course, "Will you
mine?"

WOMAN A VICTIM.

Sold House To Pay Tribute Demanded Krantz Had A Remarkable Attend-By Fellow-Countrymen.

Pittsburg (Special). - Trembling story of how her savings of years had been extorted from her by two

of her fellow countrymen.

Gluseppe Furcio and Prisco Bartirmo had been arrested upon complaint of Mrs. Pagana, who alleged that the two men had from time to time de-manded money by threatening let ters. The demands were for \$20 and \$30 at a time. So frequent were their demands that the bank account was soon gone and finally she had to sell their property.

Her husband knew nothing of this, she said, as she feared that if she told him she would be killed. She was now reduced to penury, she de-

The men were held for court. Mrs. Pagana asked that heavy ball be fixed as she feared if the men were released she would be assassinated.

FEED POISONS POULTRY. Cockle Ground With Wheat To Make

Middlings Deleterious. poisoning of poultry by feeding "mid-dlings." This is wheat ground for The flerce Greek struck the Trojan chicken feed because it was unfit for flour owing to the large percentage "I am no match for you," he exof cockle which it contains. When claimed, and promptly lit out .- The unground screenings are fed to poultry the fowls instinctively refuse to eat cockle, nature evidently giv-ing them warning of its poisonous "My girl sent me this necktie for

character. The Department of Agriculture, in consequence of numerous complaints received, has issued a special bulle tin calling attention to the danger in feeding poultry with feed containing ground cockle, pointing out that presence can be detected by the black hulls.

LEG SEVEN FFET AROUND. McKeesport Woman Has Remarkable

Case Of Elephantiasis. McKeesport (Special).-The most pronounced case of elephantiasis

brought to the attention of the medical fraternity of McKeesport, and probably the most remarkable in the country, is that of Mrs. David Lynch, who is at the home of her son, Harry Lynch, near Fifth Avenue. Suffering from the disease, Mrs. Lynch weighs 500 pounds. Just be-

low the knee her left leg is seven feet in circumference, or over two and one-half feet in thickness. It is still larger above the knee and serving his second term as County weighs over 100 pounds. The right Commissioner at the time of his leg measures four feet eight inches death. above the knee.

The disease is one of the rarest known in this country. As Mrs. Lynch lies in her bed the lower limbs fill its width and she is helpless. She suffers little pain.

, NEW BANK OPENS DOORS. Union National Begins Business Un-

der Favorable Auspices. Scranton (Special). - With an enormous amount of money back of it the new Union National Bank opened Monday. Ex-Mayor W. L.

Connell is president, The Union is capitalized at \$500,-000, and has a surplus to begin with of \$125,000. It has nearly 500 stock-

pondence Schools, the owner of one of the largest silk mills in the region, and as vice president, a member of the Jermyn family, which represents many millions. "Then you haven't been paying attention. Her new silk skirt doesn't

ALIVE WITH BROKEN NECK.

Bridge Builder Struck By Handle Of Hand Car.

whine you have in asking for as-sistance. You ought to have your voice cultivated." Scranton (Special). - With his glass in the front smashed. neck broken as the result of an accident three days ago. David Acker, a bridge builder, is alive at the Moses Taylor Hospital, and his case is attracting the attention of the best surgeons of the region.

Acker, with a gang of men, was returning to the city on a hand car after making ropairs along the Lack-awanna Railroad. The hand car jumped the track and the hand lever hit Acker in the neck. An operation was performed, and there is some hope that the man may live.

Boy Recovers From Lockjaw By Antitoxin Treatment

CURED OF TETANUS.

physicians made the announcement of the complete cure of tetanus. Three weeks ago William Collins, a iad of Morrisdale Mines, Pa., stepped on a nail that penetrated his foot. Later his jaw locked tight and every joint became immovable.

After a consultation the case was given to Dr. B. H. Detwiler, of this city, who gave three injections of antitoxin a day until the joints re-

Oil And Fire Cost A Life.

West Chester (Special). — Viola Stewart, aged 20 years, living in Birmingham Township, was so badly here after suffering terrible agony. She was preparing dinner and the she was preparing dinner and the fire was not burning fast enough. She poured coal oil on it, and when the can exploded and set her aftre she was alone. When found she was nearly burned to a crisp. Her house and the house of Mr. Johnson, adjoining, were totally destroyed by the flames, with their contents.

Climber Comes To Grief. Scranton (Special).—John O'Malley, an 11-year-old son of J. J. O'Malley, rlimbed a trolley pole on Fourth Avenue to entertain companious. avenue to entertain companious. "Climb higher," his chums urged, and up the boy went. While off guard O'Mailey accidentally grabbed the wire that supports the street car trolley line. There was a scream, and the next instant the boy fell twenty feet to the ground. He was nicked up unconscious and badly

EASTON STUDENT'S RECORD.

ance Average.

Easton (Special) .-- Elisworth before the gaze to two countrymen in Krantz, who has just graduated Magistrate Brady's Court Mrs. Stella from the high school after a twelve Pagana, an Italian woman, told a years' course in the public schools of this city, has a remarkable record. He attained a grade of 91.34, considerable above the average in either his class or in the average of all pupils graduating. In the entire twelve years he missed but one and a half days, and in the last nine a half days, and in the last nine years was not absent at any time. He has a perfect record as regards punctuality, never having been tardy, He was prominent in athletics and during his senior year in the high school was captain of the track team. He is also interested in Y. M. C. A.

BLIGHT KILLING SYCAMORES.

Trees On Hundreds Of Farms Attacked By Insect.

Hamburg (Special) .- A blight, fungous or insect, as yet undetermined, is working serious havoc among the grand old sycamore or buttouwood trees which form such con-Hamburg (Special).—A number of persons engaged in poultry raising southeastern Pennsylvania, threatenhave recently complained of cases of ing their complete annihilation. The polespins of poultry by feeding "mid. foliage dries up rapidly and in a comparatively brief time the tree

The attention of the authorities at Harrisburg has been called to the matter in order that remedial measures may be applied to prevent its

Monster Strawberries Reported. Collegeville (Special). — The strawberry crop in the Perklomen Valley this season has been one of the most abundant in several years The berries are of unusual size and

very luscious. The largest were grown by S. Umpstead, of Schwenksville. He has seven huge strawberries that all a quart jar. Mrs. Henry A. Mark-ley, of Worcester, grew twenty-five berries that filled a common strawberry box. The three largest measured 7, 71/2 and 8 inches, respect tively.

Jesse J. Hickman.

West Chester (Special).—Jesse J. Hickman, aged 77 years, one of the oldest foxhunters and commissioner of this county, died at his home in Westtown after a few weeks' illness. He was one of the most widely known citizens in this section of the State and held many public offices. His name became widely known as a breeded of hogs. He was Regis-ter of Wills for three years and was

Elks On Parade.

Tamaqua (Special) .- The feature of the Fourth here was the parade of the Schuylkill County Association of Elks, embracing the lodges of Mahanoy City, Ashland, Shenandoah, Pottsville and Tamaqua led by the Third Brigade Band, of Pottsville. Unique badges with coal ornaments were worn and twenty automobiles carried the older members.

James Morgan. Altoona (Special).—James Morgan, aged 49, a prominent insurance and real estate broker here, died at the home of his sister, in Bucks County, of cancer of the stomach He went to his sister's to rest and the disease suddenly developed there, Its directors are the postmaster an operation failed to save him. He had accumulated a fortune and was identified with numerous busin concerns here. A widow and daugh-

Hotel Wrecked By Dynamite.

Wilkes-Barre (Special).—An ef-fort to wreck the Frantz Hotel, at Plymouth, was made Thursday morn ing, several sticks of dynamite being exploded against one corner of it. The side wall was badly damaged, the foundations shaken and all the

Flagman Dies From Injuries

Norristown (Special). — John Haines, of Bridgeport, 25 years old, a flagman on the Reading Railway, died at the Norristown Hospital, the result of being crushed between the bumpers while coupling two freight

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS.

John Johnson, aged 22 years, of Lancaster, was drowned in the Conestoga River while in swimming. His body was recovered.

Adjutant General Stewart sent word to General C. B. Dougherty, of the Third Brigade, that Health Com-missioner Dixon had completed an investigation of the streams and wella at the Mt. Gretna camp ground and placarded every well and water course containing impure water with blg linen signs.

A chicken with four legs is a freak of nature on C. A. Wismer's farm near Gratersford,

William Keel, of Providence Square, was severely bitten on both hands by a strange dog which he tried to drive from his poultry yard.

Dr. Cornelius Bartholomew, who was recently found guilty at Allentown of illegal practice, was sentenced to four years in the Eastern Penitentiary and to pay a fine of \$500 and the costs in the case.

Reading merchants have selected Wednesday, August 7, as "Reading Day" at Bernville's "Old Home Week." Several bands will be engaged to head the division. Fifteen to twenty car loads of leare shipped to Philadelphia daily, from the icehouses of the Perkiomen Valley.

Miss Annie Roerich dropped over dead while engaged in hanging up the wash in the yard to the rear of her home in Lancaster. Deceased was 42 years of age.

An incubator in the residence of Edwin H. Nott, of Vogansville, exploded, setting fire to the house. The building and its contents were catterly destroyed. The loss will reach \$3000

Carmen Alexzo, on Italian, imped off an electric car at chem a fortnight ago and frac-its skull, died without having