

EASTON STUDENT'S RECORD. Easton (Special)—Ellsworth E. Krantz, who has just graduated from the high school after a twelve years' course in the public schools of this city, has a remarkable record.

WOMAN A VICTIM. Sold House To Pay Tribute Demanded By Fellow-Countrymen. Pittsburgh (Special).—Trembling before the gaze of two countrymen in Magistrate Brady's Court Mrs. Stella Pagnana, an Italian woman, told a story of how her savings of years had been extorted from her by two of her fellow countrymen.

FEED POISONS POLTRY. Cockle Ground With Wheat To Make Middlings Deleterious. Hamburg (Special).—A number of persons engaged in poultry raising have recently complained of cases of poisoning of poultry by feeding "middlings."

MONSTER STRAWBERRIES REPORTED. Collegeville (Special).—The strawberry crop in the Perkiomen Valley this season has been one of the most abundant in several years. The berries are of unusual size and very luscious.

NEW BANK OPENS DOORS. Union National Begins Business Under Favorable Auspices. Scranton (Special).—With an enormous amount of money back of it the new Union National Bank opened Monday.

ALIVE WITH BROKEN NECK. Bridge Builder Struck By Handle Of Hand Car. Scranton (Special).—With his neck broken as the result of an accident three days ago, David Acker, a bridge builder, is alive at the Moses Taylor Hospital.

CURED OF TETANUS. Boy Recovers From Lockjaw By Antitoxin Treatment. Williamsport (Special).—Local physicians made the announcement of the complete cure of tetanus. Three weeks ago William Collins, a lad of Morrisdale Mines, Pa., stepped on a nail that penetrated his foot.

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

Oil And Fire Cost A Life. West Chester (Special).—Viola Stewart, aged 20 years, living in Birmingham Township, was so badly burned that she died in the hospital here after suffering terrible agony.

Climber Comes To Grief. Scranton (Special).—John O'Malley, an 11-year-old son of J. J. O'Malley, climbed a trolley pole on Fourth Avenue to entertain companions.

Capital Punishment. Mother—"Johnnie, why didn't you come home as soon as school was out?" Johnnie—"I whispered in school, so I had to stay with the teacher given me capital punishment."

Capital Punishment. Mother—"Capital punishment?" Johnnie—"Yes. She made me write out the alphabet sixteen times in capitals."



His Gold Mine. When a Marlborough or a Castellane, As a scion proud of an ancient line, Doth ask a lady to wed, he says, As a matter of course, "Will you be mine?"

At the Seaside. Sal—"Say, Si, what's them ropes for?" Si—"I reckon to keep the ocean tide on, Sal."

In Anthropology. Fresh—"What did the Indian children play with?" Soph—"With their war whoops, of course."

Anecdotes of Celebrities—Hector. The fierce Greek struck the Trojan hero on the head. "I am no match for you," he exclaimed, and promptly lit out.—The Harvard Lampoon.

Positively Insulting. "My girl sent me this necktie for Christmas." "Humph! That's no way to talk about your girl."

Shipwrecked. Tramp—"Please, mum, me an' my mate are shipwrecked sailors!"

Progressive Hiram. Mr. Fodder—"I guess Hiram must 'a joined the band in college."

A Reviver. Johnnie—"Papa, papa, come quick! Mamma has fainted." Pops—"Here, put this ten-dollar bill in her hand."

The Proposal. He (nervously)—"Er-er, Margaret—er-er, there's something has been trembling on my lips for the last two months."

The Habit of Nervousness. "What an extremely nervous woman Mrs. Tompkins is, isn't she?" "I hadn't noticed it, my dear."

Cultivating the Voice. Pedestrian—"What a horrible whine you have in asking for assistance. You ought to have your voice cultivated."

Tail Hair. Little Girl (who has just kissed her father good-night)—"Oh, father, your beard is scratchy!"

Fishy. Girl Friend (to chauffeur)—"Well, had a good time? How many have you run over?"

Inconsequential. The Utter Idiot had forgotten his program and his gloves. "Goodness me," he cried, fussed, "in all the excitement, I am fairly losing my mind."

The Ruling Passion. The prison reformer met the convicted laborer in his striped garb. "And what brought you here, unhappy man?" she asked him.

A Quick-Delivery Letter. It is a curious fact that a century and a half ago a letter traveled much faster than ever it has done since.

Alaska Farming. 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.

A Quick-Delivery Letter. It is a curious fact that a century and a half ago a letter traveled much faster than ever it has done since.

On the American Disease of Worry. The book on worry as "the disease of Americans," written by Dr. C. W. Saleeby, comes at just the right time.

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 oft-quoted phrase which has much truth in it—and we like to hear it from the lips of great men.

Had his runaway remained clear, Lanook could have escaped easily, but fortune favored the bear. For the ravine suddenly became blocked with brush, and the Indian narrowly escaped being caught in a corner.

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."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Some men are born great, but the 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 borrow 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 dollars ahead of the other fellow's game.

Don't sit down and think about what you would do if you could live your life over. Get busy and improve 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.

Looking in one day at Warren's chambers, Hill noticed that he seemed a little troubled. "It is," said the lawyer-novelist, "most unfortunate."

Alaska Farming. 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.

A Quick-Delivery Letter. It is a curious fact that a century and a half ago a letter traveled much faster than ever it has done since.

Colonies For the Unemployed. In Germany colonies for unemployed workmen make pauperism unnecessary. In each city are great buildings occupied by union officers.

Colombus. The Academie des Belles Lettres, of Paris, has awarded 2000 of the 3000 francs of the Prix Loubet to Henry Vignaud, secretary of the American Embassy.

THE CANDLE. "Nor do men light a candle and put it under a bushel"—Matt. 5:15.

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 ground.

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 bear's claws, threw himself on his back and kicked out with both feet.

Half-blinded, the bear backed away, pawing his eyes furiously. Lanook filled his fist with dirt, and lay motionless, waiting. But the bear never returned to him. He continued backing about and rubbing his eyes, and finally retreated into the thick brush, scratched a shallow hole there, and lay down. There he was found the next day by Lanook's tribesmen, stone-dead.

Lanook managed to drag 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.

LANOOK AND THE BEAR. By HERBERT COOLIDGE.

To the east of Mount Shasta lies the country that was once Lanook's. There in the days of his youth he chased deer and antelope and led his people against the marauding Modocs. The valleys are all fenced and farmed now, and Lanook in many respects is "all same white man."

Nishka fled. Lanook scrambled up the nearest tree, a scrubby juniper. The bear 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 chase.

Lanook, with breath held and eyes 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 bear's claws, and made a dive into a laurel thicket.

Lanook, with breath held and eyes 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 bear's claws, and made a dive into a laurel thicket.

Hybrid Girl and Fish Story. Some time ago a northern golfer drove a ball a few rods, skimming shot across a river. Just as the ball was nearly over a salmon leaped at the ball and caught it in its mouth.

THE CANDLE. "Nor do men light a candle and put it under a bushel"—Matt. 5:15. Your candle is so small, so small, It makes scarcely any light. The feeble word you may let fall, Has neither strength nor might, And there be many greater ones Who outshine you by far, As do the sky-blazing stars Outgrow the faintest star.

LANOOK AND THE BEAR. By HERBERT COOLIDGE. To the east of Mount Shasta lies the country that was once Lanook's. There in the days of his youth he chased deer and antelope and led his people against the marauding Modocs. The valleys are all fenced and farmed now, and Lanook in many respects is "all same white man."