MY GARDEN

Into my garden of fancy
I wander when twilight is come,
And sweet is the breath of my dream flowers
As I gather them one by one.

Daisies white beckon me gaily
Cajoling with winsome grace,
I'm back in the spell-land of childhood
In the Sun's and the Wind's embrace.

Roses with passionate story
Caressingly lean to my hands,
Till the sorcery of their rare perfume
Bears me far to Elysian lands.

Violets blue and true hearted
Like friendships that garland our way,
Make fragrant the air all about me
And bring heartsease for waning day.

Lilies in raiment celestial
Exhaling rapt paeans of love,
Transport me in vision ecstatic
To the Garden of God above.

Fair blooming blossoms of fancy
A chaplet of magic you seem,
Encircling my days with a sweetness
That is born in my twilight dream.

—Josephine Robinson, in Home Magazine.

The Salvage of the Madigan Baby.

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

James William was not hungry. He dropped his spoon listlessly and let go of his tilted bowl, watching it sway drunkenly, and settle into equilibrium again without enthusiasm. All around there was the scraping of spoons or iron-stone china, the scratch of small shoes on the rungs of chairs, and the subdued hum of little voices. The windows were wide open, and from beyond the dusty screen came the clatter of passing wagons and the cool splash of water from the asylum hose as John washed down the brick-paved courtyard.

James William leaned back and drew a long breath; then, with superb indifference to his red-and-white-barred bib, he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Next to him, seizing an opportune moment when his neighbor's eyes were fixed on the window, a red-haired boy seized the bowl with its soggy remnants of bread and milk, and greedily devoured them. It was an indication of the depth of James William's gloom, that when he noticed the theft he failed to resent it.

Outside a push cart drew up beyond the iron fence—a push cart containing a dingy tin can, whose lid was fitted down over a sheet of brown paper. "Ice cream!" called the vendor shrilly. "Ice crea-am!"

James William sighed—not that he cared about the ice cream, but that, being sad anyhow, it brought back to him the memory of his mother, of the sizzling days on Wylie street when the car tracks burned one's bare feet, and the paint rose in blisters on the wooden shutters; when the advent of the ice-cream man, with his penny spoonful of sticky deliciousness on a bit of brown paper, was the only cool moment of the day. Faintly, perhaps, he regretted his mother; there were visiting days when other mothers came with offerings of newly-mended stockings and a surreptitious gift of candy. James William sometimes had a heartache at those times, a queer little pain that he hid under a cloak of contempt, with a lump in his throat, that boy like, he combated with a gibe.

"Hello, mother's baby," he would say huskily, when some mother having taken a red-eyed farewell, a little mattress would be left bulging at the side with a bag of molasses taffy under it, taffy that in the heat had melted into a knobby lump and whose flavor was so strongly tainted with portions of the adhering paper bag.

But it was of none of these things that James William thought as he gazed broodingly through the screen; it was not homesickness that made his mouth twitch and his eyes blink furiously at the upper windows of the house across the street, blazing scarlet in the setting sun. Instead, there was passing through his mind a chaotic succession of passion, anger, resentment, humiliation. James William had been taken off the fire corps!

What did it matter that the next week the "Fresh Air" outings began? What salve was it to his injury to have Miss Adams say she knew it was an accident, but that there were no accidents in a fire corps, and that a boy who would fall headlong down the stairs from the dormitory would be apt to fall with a baby in his arms, with goodness knows what terrible results!

And his father was a fireman, too! That was what hurt. The father who had broken up the home after the mother's death, and sent his boy to the asylum because he couldn't stand the familiar surroundings—he was a fireman, with a record unsurpassed for bravery. The boy worshiped his father, and he took his exile and their few meetings docilely. But he watched the papers for the doings of No. 11 Fire Company, and the sound of an engine going put his heart in his throat. Lonely? Well, most children in orphan asylums are lonely—at times.

It had all occurred during the fire drill the night before. The B 1 ward was the dormitory of the fire corps; there twenty-eight embryo firemen went to sleep every night. Usually they slept, moist and quiet, until morning. But once every month there came a tremendous moment, when some time in the night the clapper of the big gong over the mantel would give a whirr and then set up a deafening clamor that brought every small boy out of bed in an instant, wide awake, and set his feet in a bee-line for the door. Just underneath B 1 ward was the babies' dormitory, where twenty-eight pink-cheeked, round-faced infants lay placidly indifferent to the clamor around them. Before the fire gong had finished a dozen imperious strokes, the twenty-eight small boys were standing straight as drum-majors, each beside a white iron crib; a signal, and a procession of night-gowned figures made for the door and the stairs, each boy this time with a mildly surprised but generally resigned baby—a life-saving corps that solemnly deposited its salvage on the bricks of the courtyard.

To James William, in bed seventeen, fell the responsibility of Eleanore Louise Madigan, in bed seventeen. It was a long time before James William convinced Miss Adams that a boy with a crutch and one leg gone from just below the knee was an eligible fireman. But after one knew James William one forgot the crutch, or rather, perhaps, one considered it a part of James William, and as such, never noticed it at all. There were few boys in the asylum who could do more with two legs than this ten-year-old boy did with one and a fraction. To Miss Adams, however, the fraction was an impassable barrier to the salvage corps, until one day James William picked up the Madigan baby from a wicker go-cart in the yard and darted impishly up the fire escape with her in his free arm. At the top he paused, looked down in triumph to the breathless crowd below, and disappeared jauntily through a window. That the board of lady managers was holding a meeting just inside rather added to the dramatic effect of his entrance. But the Madigan baby kicked her feet and squealed with joy, and James William received a reprimand and a commission on the fire corps, provided he avoided any more practical demonstrations of his ability.

And then he fell down the stairs! Some one had tripped him, and deliberately—he knew that. He looked down the long table to where the Wiggins boy was catching flies and putting them down his neighbor's back. It was quite likely to have been the Wiggins boy. When things happened to James William it usually was the Wiggins boy. The more James William looked the more he became convinced of the Wiggins boy's guilt—he bore an almost unnatural air of joy, and he seldom looked up the table.

James William drew a breath and looked at Miss Adams. Somehow she, too, seemed to avoid his eye. The boy listened rebelliously to the little prayer after the supper, without joining. He half wished the whole place would burn down that night; maybe they would be sorry when there was nobody to save the Madigan kid. He had heard it whispered that the Wiggins boy had been assigned to the Madigan baby. He knew that the Wiggins boy was a coward. He knew that in case of real fire the Wiggins boy would think only of saving himself.

All these things rankled in his mind as James William went to bed that night. He could not get to sleep; he lay wondering if the Wiggins boy had really taken his place on the life-saving corps; who it was had tripped him the night before; how Miss Adams could be so cruel when she seemed so kind. It was very hot in the dormitory; the light from the street lamps shone on the high ceiling; a few mosquitoes, taking advantage of an unlocked screen, hummed about the little cots. The air seemed thick and stifling; James William decided to get up and get a drink. And then he missed his crutch.

He hopped out on one foot and looked under the bed, but it wasn't there. Then he felt around the bed clothes, but still no crutch. After a time he gave it up and sat on the edge of his bed, impotently raging. Then at last he dropped off into an uneasy sleep.

At the first stroke of the gong he was down on the floor, feeling instinctively for his crutch; all around small boys were jumping from their beds, racing for the door, leaping down the stairs. Then James William remembered. It might be against the rules, but what was the use of following the drill if he could not do it properly—if he had no baby to carry out? He got sheepishly back into bed again and drew the sheet over his face.

After a minute or so James William pushed the sheet down and coughed. It was close under there. Then he sat up and looked around. The night looked queer. It seemed [illegible] for one thing, and around it were little luminous circles that seemed to waver and shift. Then he noticed that everything in the room wavered curiously; the big gong was dim, the gong which John polished so religiously every Friday. And then even as he looked at it the gong began to ring again—not slowly this time, but madly, in strokes which seemed to fall over each other and merged in one demoniac clamor.

Then James William knew what it was. There was no practice alarm. It was fire, real fire this time—and oh, the pain of it. He was no longer on the life-saving corps. He was fumbling again for his crutch, with the same result. From away downstairs came the faint tramp, tramp, of barefooted children marching out to safety. James William began to cough again; there was a queer full feeling in his head, that it was very warm. Then, holding to the bed, he hopped on his one foot toward the door.

As he opened it a choking blast of black smoke drove him back. There was a flickering light from some place that gleamed for a minute and was smothered, only to burst up again. James William closed the door upon the dormitory behind him, and crawled to the window. Then—perhaps it was heredity, perhaps it was a breath from the long-ago past—he dropped down and crawled to the stairs, his mouth close to the floor. His progress was slow and painful; the woodwork felt hot under his hands, as though the fire might burst through any moment. The air was worse, too, as he crept down the stairs. At the landing below he stopped. There was a weight on his chest, and his heart was thumping in his ears. And then at that moment he remembered Baby Madigan. James William was only a boy, but he had fire-fighting blood in him. He was breathing hard now, and he remembered suddenly that he had no crutch—that if the Madigan baby was still in the dormitory he could not carry her out. But even as he remembered he was crawling on his blistered knees toward the infant night nursery.

The air was a little better in there, and from the far end James William could hear a choking, gasping cry. He could hop now, holding to the beds. Through the smoke he saw the Madigan baby sitting up and blinking. If the Wiggins boy had been told off to take her he had met James William's expectations! James William hopped over and picked her up.

"Hello, kid," he said, steadying himself against the bed; "fergot you, didn't they?"

Through the open door into the corridor came a rush of smoke that burst into red tips of fire. James William set the baby down, and picking up a water pitcher, smashed the glass in the window near by. A little air came in, but it seemed only to feed the fire, licking around the door now. The baby was gasping and the boy put her on the floor. Then he stuck his head out through the broken pane. Everything below was dark; the fire seemed all upstairs. And then just inside the window he saw the gaping mouth of the clothes chute. Behind, the baby was whimpering dismally. The room was ablaze now at the far end; some of the beds were burning, and fanned by the air from the window, sparks began to drop scorching on the boy's half-clad figure.

James William looked around desperately. He called out the window, but his thin little voice was lost in the roar. The clothes chute yawned beside him; gradually he felt its possibilities.

"I could drop some bed clothes down," he thought, "and it wouldn't be much of a fall." The baby crawled over and pulled at his little white nightshirt. "But there's the kid; if I go first there'll be no one to drop it, and if I drop it, and then go down, I'll be like to kill it, fallin' on it."

And then heredity began to tell. James William hopped over and gathered a great armful of bed clothes, stuffing them down the chute. Then he gathered another armful, and wrapped the baby loosely in them, her head out. The baby yelled vociferously as he gave the bundle a push, and it sank slowly from view down the chute. James William drew a long breath, then pulling himself by his hands, he got out on the window sill, and sat there.

Outside on the street the engine was pumping now, and below him in the side yard the boy thought he could make out the Wiggins boy dancing around and shrieking that there was somebody upon that window sill. The fire behind him was very close now. He was terribly frightened. His heart didn't seem to beat at all, and his hands were numb. Things began to look queer, too. Then everything seemed to come to an end.

When James William came to himself he was lying on the brick pavement just inside the iron fence with somebody's arm under his head.

"Did you get the Madigan baby?" he asked weakly.

From somewhere—it seemed far off—he heard Miss Adams' answer. "No, James William," she said chokily, "I'm afraid we'll never get the Madigan baby."

Then James William sat up. "You didn't?" he asked. "Why I dropped her down the clothes chute."

Some of the people vanished into the darkness; James William closed his eyes.

Perhaps he went to sleep—it seemed like a dream, anyhow, for big strong arms were holding him close, and near by Miss Adams was calling some one to bring a blanket for the Madigan baby. James William opened his eyes and looked up. Above him was a smoke-streaked face surmounted by a helmet. The face was familiar; the voice was odd, though thick, and—of course it was ridiculous—almost tearful.

"Bully for you, little Jim." It was his father, sure enough! "Good boy! I'm proud of you, sure!" Then to Miss Adams, "Can you find some clothes for the youngster? I reckon I'll keep him with me after this."—Woman's Home Companion.

The Busy Bee.

When you eat a spoonful of honey you have very little notion as to the amount of work and travel necessary to produce it. To make one pound of clover honey bees must deprive 62,000 clover blossoms of their nectar, and to do this requires 2,750,000 visits to the blossoms by the bees.

In other words, one bee to collect enough nectar to make one pounds of honey must go from hive to flower and back 2,750,000 times. Then when you think how far these bees sometimes fly in search of these clover fields, oftener than not one or two miles from the hive, you will begin to get a small idea of the number of miles one of the industrious little creatures must travel in order that you may have the pound of honey that gives them so much trouble.

It may also help you to understand why the bee is unamiable enough to sting you if you get in its way. When one has to work so hard to accomplish so little, it is quite irritating to be interfered with.—Philadelphia Record.

Too Much at Once.

Caller—"Do you think the doctor is going to help you, Mr. Jones?"

Jones—"He may, if I can only follow orders. He told me to drink hot water thirty minutes before every meal, but I'll be blamed if it ain't hard work to drink hot water for thirty minutes."—Harper's Weekly.

From Force of Habit.

By M. WORTH COLWELL.

The young lady assistant-editor had received a proposal of marriage by letter, from her most ardent admirer. She promptly sat down by her typewriter and wrote the following:

My Dear Mr. Dubb:

I regret to say that after carefully reading your letter of the 3d inst., I cannot accept your proposal, which you so kindly submitted, and same is returned herewith. The rejection of a suitor does not necessarily imply that he is lacking in merit. Any one of a number of reasons may render him unavailable. He may have been forestalled by similar material, or he may be too long or too short, or he may lack style. His financial resources may not be up to the required standard, or he may not move in high enough society, etc.

The undersigned is always very glad to examine proposals of this kind, but begs, however, to be excused from detailed criticism. All such proposals must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope and are submitted at owner's risk.

Thanking you for your courtesy in offering the enclosed, I am

Yours very truly,
MAY MADGE MONTMORENCY.
—From Puck.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

No man ever really worked until he started in to avoid work.

Freedom of speech has blasted many a reputation for wisdom.

Practical religion is the kind that helps you to live, and not only to die.

Judging by the epitaphs on tombstones, sinners are rare articles in this world.

One advantage of being on the water-wagon is the fun you have falling off again.

The more a man knows about any subject the more cautious he is about discussing it.

If death came to call on a man more than once, the man might lose his respect for it.

The world seldom recognizes the worth of a man until too late for it to help the man.

Success in politics is the ability to keep the dear people from asking for explanations.

Conscience is that part of one's mental make-up that tells him some one is wise to him.

It seems to be mighty hard for the average mortal to act sensible when out in a crowd.

Some people cannot understand that there is a difference between genius and eccentricity.

Happiness comes when a man realizes that he himself could not have improved on this world.

Opportunity has a bad habit of coming to call just when you happen to be away from home.

If there had been no scissors invented, there would probably have been more geniuses in the world.—From the Jacksonville Times-Union Philosopher.

Loneliness of a Great City.

If you live in a large city you are lost. You are swallowed up by the ocean of people around you. You go down into the deep and that's the last of you, except perhaps an occasional bubble that may come to the surface near where you were last seen. There are so many people you can't escape drowning. You can't make friendships as you do in a smaller place, where the individual isn't entirely effaced by the mass. Society is not what it is in the smaller place, where the human element enters in altogether. In the larger place your comings and goings are not noted by your friends even, and never by the newspapers unless you are one of the high financiers or packing-house bunch. The births and weddings in your family are of no more interest outside your own flat than are the wreaths of smoke curling up into the empyrean; no merry crowd of interested neighbors with their warm congratulations. The deaths bring little sympathy from the rumbling, rattling world outside; no sorrowing acquaintances who have stood by you through the long sickness; there is little or none of that evidence of loving kindness that comes from neighbors and real friends in a small city or town, where the dollar-mark is not written so large and so indelibly on everything. It is a paradoxical law that where there are so many people there are fewer friends, and when you diminish the number to a frontier community where neighbors are miles apart your friends are ready to take their lives in their hands for you.—Fremont (O.) Post.

"He Used to Be My Papa."

An instance of the complications that follow the numerous divorces obtained by rich residents of Newport, was related by the Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, rector of Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, in his sermon to the First Regiment, National Guard of Pennsylvania, on Sunday afternoon. Dr. Tomkins vouched for the truth of the story and said the incident occurred at Newport last summer. Two boys were at play, when one pointed to a man passing in an automobile. "That's my new papa," exclaimed one of the boys; "I think I'm going to like him." "He isn't so much," remarked the other child. "How do you know?" indignantly demanded the first boy. "I guess I ought to," was the reply. "He used to be my papa."—Philadelphia Record.

Density of Population in Germany.

According to the latest statistics the population of the German Empire is 60,605,183. The average density of population is 290.3 to the square mile, as against 28 in the United States. Saxony is greatly crowded. Its 5789 square miles contain 4,502,350 people, or an average of 778.9. Chemnitz contains 1064 persons to the square mile, making it one of the most densely populated districts of the world.

IN A MARBLE SCRAMBLE.

Why It is a Jolly Thing to Be Born in Florence, Mass.

To be born in Florence, Mass., is one of the jolliest things that can possibly happen to a young American. This will be so, at least, so long as Julius P. Main lives, for every year Mr. Main stocks up with 18,000 marbles and 1000 pennies, and then scatters the same before the village postoffice for the children of the community to scramble for. Mr. Main says he does it "just for fun" and because he likes children, and he certainly does get enough fun out of it to last him a year. As for the children, they look forward to it as they do to the Fourth of July or Thanksgiving.

The twelfth penny scramble has just taken place, and one thousand children assembled to gather up Mr. Main's gifts. The hour set for the scramble was 1.30 o'clock, and long before that time children began to congregate, until the roadway was choked with them and the town constable had to make an opening to permit the trolley cars to pass through. There were as many girls as boys in the crowd, and they entered into the rough and tumble play with just as much vim as their brothers.

Both boys and girls were dressed for the occasion, the boys in overalls, sweaters and caps, which they promptly lost when the struggle began, and the girls in their oldest calicoes and ginghams, with no hats at all, for the penny scramblers are no respectors of persons, and feminine millinery would fare hardly in the fray. Most of the girls brought bags to stow away their treasures in, while the boys put their faith and their booty in their trusty and capacious pockets.

There are no printed rules for the contest, but it is generally understood that no children over twelve or under five are to take part in it, and rarely do the boys and girls disregard this unwritten law. They also understand that they are not to strike or kick one another in their efforts to get the marbles and pennies, but they may fight with all their strength. That is, Mr. Main says, they may fight fair, but there must be no fouls. In general, he requires the football code to be followed. When the marbles are thrown out, the boys and girls enter into the contest together, and no consideration is shown to the weaker sex. In the struggle for the pennies, however, the greed for gold renders the boys more brutal, so they are required to remain on one side of the street, while the girls have the other. There is a desperate scramble over the pennies, but when a boy or girl actually gets hold of a coin no one has a right to take it away. In the case of the marbles, the wise children know that quality is better than quantity. So before they do any fighting they watch carefully to see if there are any alleys in the handful which Mr. Main has thrown out, for what boy or girl does not know that an alley is worth fifteen common marbles?

Mr. Main always distributes his own gifts, and as he strides through the crowd of eager children, sowing the pennies and marbles broadcast, he makes a striking figure, for he is over six feet tall, and on these occasions he always wears a long butcher's frock, reaching to the tops of his cowhide boots, with a fur cap pulled close over his eyes, the rest of his face being almost covered by a bushy beard.

When the contest is all over, the children make for the candy department of the village store, and the coins for which they have fought so earnestly are turned into lollypops, "jaw breakers," taffy on a stick and black licorice.—New York Tribune.

Distinguished Artists as Sign Painters.

Col. Healey, C. M. G., who we understand has painted the sign of the Swan Inn at Rayne, Essex, has had some very distinguished predecessors in this humble field of art. Mr. Firth, the veteran R. A., has a very clear memory of painting the signboard for a Lancashire Inn called the Pilgrim. "My friend, Augustus Egg," he says, "painted one side of the sign and I the other. Egg's pilgrim was knocking at one side of the sign, on which a door was limned; on the reverse my pilgrim was leaving the hostelry refreshed, thankfully casting his eyes heavenward."

Many years ago two other famous academicians, Messrs. Leslie and Hodgson, while on a fishing expedition at Wargrave-on-Thames, devoted their leisure to repainting the signboard of the George and Dragon, the hostelry at which they were staying, Hodgson picturing the saint refreshing himself from a tankard of the landlady's best "October."

"Old Crome" once exercised his skill on the sign of the Sawyer's Inn at Norwich; George Morland was the artist of a cricketers' sign at Chertsey, and, we believe, a small Surrey inn boasts a clever painting of the Fox and Pelican by Walter Crane.—Westminster Gazette.

Mirage on Lake Ontario.

Persons who happened to be in tall buildings this morning or on any elevation where the lake was visible saw one of the most wonderful mirages that have been noted in this section in a long time. From the office of the Chamber of Commerce the mirage was plainly visible to the naked eye, the Canadian shore looming up as if it was no further off than the northern limits of the city. By the use of field glasses the outlines of buildings along the coast could be seen, and those who witnessed the phenomena all agreed that it was the clearest mirage they have ever seen.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Umbrella Flirtation.

An umbrella carried over the woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings it indicates marriage.—Human Life.

NEWS of Pennsylvania

SAYS PROBERS DRUGGED HER.

Austrian Woman Accused Of Murder Makes Sensational Charges.

Scranton (Special).—Sensational charges which threaten to involve the country in a controversy with the representatives of the Austrian Government are made by Morris Muscovitz, attorney for Mrs. Kindra Howrsto, the child wife accused of the diabolical murder of her husband by pouring oil on him and setting him on fire.

The charges are directed against the county officials and Edward Jerkovitz. They are accused of subjecting the Howrsto woman, who is ignorant of the English language and customs, to cruel and unjust treatment in the examinations subsequent to her arrest on a charge of murder. Moscovitz declares the woman made no confession, but that words were put in her mouth by Jerkovitz, who acted as interpreter. It is also charged that she was taken from the county jail and examined after being given a large quantity of whisky.

Girl Outwits Burglar.

Washington (Special).—As Henry Loutitt, mine inspector of the fifth district, approached his home at Monongahela he found it surrounded by officers and citizens. On inquiry he learned his daughter had frustrated an attempted burglary.

Miss Lutitt, glancing out of a window, had seen a man trying to enter a lower window. She notified the police by telephone and on the arrival of officers the man fled. Mayor Elwood, who lives near, was also notified and sighting a man running down the street, gave chase and captured him. He gave his name as Chris Lang, of Pittsburg, and was placed in the lock-up for a hearing.

Blow May Cause His Death.

Chester (Special).—Chester courts will probably have another murder case at its next term. Amos Archer, a negro on the Dredger Cataract, hit Horace Johns, a German deckhand, in the head with a bowl and iron bar, inflicting injuries that may cause his death. Johns is in a precarious condition in the Crozer Hospital, and the physicians fear that his skull is fractured. The fight started in a dispute at the dinner table. Archer has been held without bail to await the extent of Johns' injuries.

Woman Finds Unidentified Body.

Carlisle (Special).—Mrs. Annie Ehrhart, of this place, discovered the body of a well dressed and prosperous looking gray-haired man of about 60 years of age lying near an old limekiln in Western part of Carlisle, partly hidden by a thicket, a short distance from the main road to Shippensburg.

There were two bullet wounds in the man's head and a revolver lying at his side pointed to suicide. A deposit book on the Chambersburg Valley National Bank, bearing the name of D. F. Ryder, was found on the body.

Heirs Claim A Graveyard.

Altoona (Special).—Ownership of the graveyard where for years Utahville, Clearfield County, has buried its dead, is in dispute. It was presented to the town by a wealthy resident, who failed to deliver a deed for the plot, and recently it was purchased from the heirs. The new owner has notified all lot holders to pay for their lots or remove their dead. Fearing that he may compel them to do the latter, the relatives of those interred have instituted suit to prevent him from carrying out his plan.

Crippled Saving A Tree.

Lock Haven (Special).—Miss Lydia Shadle, one of two sisters who conduct the Jacob Shadle farm, in Nipenose Valley, near Rauchtown, met with a peculiar accident which may cripple her for life. While a young man was mowing the grass near the house Miss Shadle approached the mower and bent over a young fruit tree to save it and allow the horse to go by. The driver, however, drove too near the woman and the knives of the mower caught one of her ankles and cut the flesh to the bone.

Milk Saves Life In Express Wreck.

York (Special).—An express car on the Maryland & Pennsylvania Railroad containing William H. Ray, of Delta, brakeman, and about 1200 gallons of milk and cream, rolled down an embankment near Long Green. The brakeman received no other injuries than bruises and a bad shaking up. The embankment is 25 feet high and when the car reached the bottom it was reduced to splinters.

Pennsy Conductor Crushed To Death.

Chester (Special).—James Anderson, conductor at the Thurlow freight yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was crushed between a shifting engine and freight car and received injuries which resulted in his death while being removed to the Chester Hospital. A record run was made by the ambulance, but he died as he was being taken in the receiving ward.

Old Banks Not Included.

Harrisburg (Special). — Attorney General Todd in an opinion to Banking Commissioner Berkey holds that the act of June 7, 1907, which requires every person, firm or unincorporated association "who shall hereafter engage in the banking business in this State to report to, and be under the supervision of the Commissioner of Banking" does not apply to such institutions as were in existence when the act passed, but only to those beginning business after the act passed.

Fire Destroys Embroidery Plant.

Columbia (Special).—The plant of the Triumph Embroidery Company in which fine embroidery and shirts were manufactured was destroyed by fire. Six firemen were injured and a number overcome by smoke and were carried from the burning building. The loss will reach $75,000, partially covered by insurance. Three hundred employees will be out of employment.

The best way to imagine how hard it is to go to heaven is how easy it is to get out of debt.

NO PASS; NO TRIP.

Doing Without Their Usual Trip To Atlantic City.

Pittsburg (Special). — Atlantic City is not the Mecca of Pittsburgers this year. Instead of their being 30,000 at the resort at this time of the year, as has always been the case before, the number of Pittsburgers there at the present time will not reach 1,000. And all because the Pennsylvania, along with other railroads, has shut off free passes.

In years past the Pennsylvania required from three to four sections of the special trains that they ran for their Atlantic City excursions. This year one excursion was arranged, and the usual special was provided. But it was not needed. Just two persons showed up with tickets. Then the special train order was canceled, and a "special" coach was attached to a regular train, but still only two passengers were aboard when the train pulled out.

Not only is the man who rode on a pass remaining at home, but many of those who formerly paid their fares are doing likewise. This is accounted for by the fact that the man who paid his fare usually accompanied a man who rode on a pass. Because he had a pass, this man would be willing to help pay the traveling expenses of the man who didn't have a pass. In that way the expenses of both would be decreased.

COAL TRADE BOOM IS ON.

Reading Officials Expect To Break Mid-Summer Record.

Reading (Special).—The Reading Company's collieries having resumed after an idleness since the Fourth, the company resumed its daily movement of coal. The shipments to market from now on will aggregate 1,700 carloads a day.

The demand for anthracite continues good and it is expected that July, barring the three idle days of last week, will be very active. The orders from the West are coming in lively and some difficulty is being experienced in securing cars in which to load the fuel. Much of the coal shipped West is carried in box cars.

Rot Threatens State Fruit.

Harrisburg (Special).—State Economic Zoologist Surface said that the hot moist weather which has prevailed for a number of days has had the effect of causing insect pests and plant diseases to multiply with their customary rapidity. Fruit is rotting rapidly.

"Immense loss of grapes and peaches by rotting threatens the fruit growers," Prof. Surface's note of warning continued. "Unless preventative measures are taken, the potato crop is also likely to suffer great loss by rot and blight." Prof. Surface continued with the recommendation that a good standard fungicide be used and applied frequently.

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS.

The site for York's new post office has been fixed at the corner of Duke and Philadelphia Streets. The appropriation is $75,000 and the building is to cost $250,000. The location is not favored by the majority of the business men, who say it is not centrally located.

Rupert Gun Club marksmen recklessly using firearms narrowly escaped inflicting serious injury on passengers on the Columbia and Montour Electric Railway. Several of the passengers, as well as the crew, were struck by shot and the services of a physician were required for several, although their injuries were not serious.

Columbia County Commissioners finding the county badly in need of cash have notified all tax collectors in the county that all duplicates prior to 1906 must be settled within ten days or their bondsmen will be proceeded against. Some of the collectors still owe money on the duplicate of 1902.

The 10-year-old daughter of Mr. A. R. Buzzard, or Hawthorn, near Clinton, died after being hit on the head with a skyrocket which was accidently and prematurely discharged on the Fourth. The rocket struck the little child in the eye.

Prof. Herbert R. Brunner, a member of the faculty of the Boys' High School and principal of the Evening High School, Reading, resigned in a letter in which he criticizes the administration of Prof. Robert S. Birch, principal of the former school, who had charged him with insubordination.

Lightning played a strange caper on the farm of Jerome Trexler, in Berks County, during the storm, when a colt was killed and another crippled. The animals had sought shelter under a tree when a bolt struck the top of the tree and descended but part way and glanced off, killing one of the animals. The other was so severely stunned that it is feared it may become useless.

Schuylkill County's number of school children is steadily decreasing and the assessors' returns show that Pottsville will lose a big slice of the State appropriation. The decrease since last year is 153.

The Dillsburg branch of the Cumberland Valley Railroad will be completely electrified in pursuance of the plan of the Cumberland Valley Railroad to make a test of the complete electrification of a steam road.

Robert Rodgers, of Allentown, fell backward while stepping from a car, striking the back of a seat with such force that he sustained a fracture at the base of the skull.

Nathan Buch, of Lititz, ran into a swarm of bees while cutting hay and the insects stung the horses, which ran away, throwing Buch from the reaper and badly injuring him.

Adams County is excited over the reported discovery of petroleum in sufficient quantities to make the operation of wells profitable. A syndicate of New England capitalists will develop the find and are now erecting derricks to make tests.

Adams County Commissioners have paid out $174 in bounty during the last ten days. Nineteen foxes, two minks and 134 weasels were killed in the county during that time.

It's up to a man to foot his bills after receiving a handsome legacy.