

THE RIVER-DRIVER.

Told by T. J. Davis and Set Down by Ralph Stock.

One hears a great deal of the dangers of sports such as mountain climbing and big game shooting, and of trades such as that of the steeplejack, but very few Wide World readers, I imagine, have any knowledge of what is, perhaps, the hardest and most hazardous occupation on earth—"river-driving."

Mr. T. J. Davis, who now resides in the Northwest Territories of Canada, knows, perhaps, as much as any man living of the dangers and fascinations of this trade, which should more properly be called log-driving.

Born as he was on the shores of one of those vast inland seas that so belie their insignificant title of "lakes," and that, joined by rivers, form a chain across Eastern Canada, he early acquired a love of the water only known to those that have to depend upon it for a living.

Gigantic floating islands of logs, sometimes half a mile in length, lay moored to the shore almost at the door of his home, awaiting the floating village of "river-drivers" to steer them to the mills, where they are sawn into timber. Here is the story of Mr. Davis' evolution as a driver, told to me by himself.

It is a life that seems to get hold of one after a year or two. You are generally wet through for twelve hours out of the twenty-four; ten of you sleep in a twelve by fifteen foot shanty, you live on fried everything, "black strap," treacle, and stewed tea; you go to bed at 10 and get up at 3; you are everlastingly cursed and never praised by the foreman, your life is in danger twice or less all day long, and you never get more than \$35 a month for work that is worth \$100. "Then why stick at it?" you say, and all I can answer is, "Just give it a fair trial for a year and then you'll know."

As children we used to run out across the booms of logs, which is a good deal harder to do than you might suppose. One of us, perhaps, would fall through, but such an accident never aroused any comment from our companions. They would rush on heedlessly, hopping from log to log like a lot of monkeys, and leaving the unfortunate one to sink a couple of feet below the surface of the water, bob up, hit his head against an unyielding log, and generally scratch and bruise himself thoroughly before scrambling like a half-drowned kitten to the surface once more. That is how we learned not to mind a ducking, and also to shift for ourselves when we did get one.

Have you ever tried to stand upright on a log perhaps a foot across the butt, out in an open lake, keeping your balance to every roll and dip of the log? Well, if you had you would realize better the marvellous balance of the man who not only has to do this, but also manoeuvre other logs down the current with a long pole, chain booms together with numbed fingers, and, in fact, do the whole of his day's work while balancing on a twisting, twisting, half-submerged tree trunk.

At the age of thirteen I had to get out and earn my own living. Times were hard, and every one who has a sound pair of arms and legs has to work for the right to occupy the earth down on those Eastern lake shores.

One morning along came an "alligator boat," towing a floating colony of river-drivers to work the boom of logs that lay moored out in the lake. Here was my chance. My brothers and sisters had been packed off to school, and I was left to chop wood. Why should I chop wood for love when I could drive logs for \$35 a month? I was off across that boom of logs like a jack rabbit, and soon found myself surrounded by a good natured ring of grizzled faces.

"What's the matter with the kid?" asked the foreman, a gigantic, bearded man in long leather boots, as he surveyed me from head to foot.

"How's chances of a job?" I asked, with as much dignity as I could assume.

A roar of laughter floated over the lake and echoed through the maples far up the banks, but it didn't abash me in the least.

"You all think you're awful smart," I remarked, scathingly, "but I'll stand on a log with any one of you for the job. If I'm put off I'll go back home and sit down, but if you can't put me off I want work at \$12 a month for a start."

There was a twinkle in the foreman's eye as he said, "Done! Jack, try him a twirl."

The next minute I found myself standing on one end of a small pine log, and my adversary, a hulking "driver" with spikes half an inch in length on the bottom of his boots, on the other.

Slowly at first the log began to turn in the water, in answer to the pressure of my adversary's spikes, then quicker and quicker, till it fairly spun round, with my naked feet pattering away on the hard bark like a woodpecker's bill. Then, suddenly, my wily foe would stop it almost dead, and I had to wave my arms like a windmill to keep my balance, but I kept it.

All the time shouts were going up from the camp raft, "Go it, kid! Stick to him! He can't get you!" First this way, then that, the log twirled; next, by way of variation, the lumberman would take a playful jump and send me and my end of the log clean out of the water. And then—well, I don't know exactly how it happened, but there was a frantic waving of long arms, and six feet of river-driver splashed into the lake, to reappear here in the semblance of a playful hippopotamus.

Roar upon roar of laughter went up from the raft, and half an hour later I found myself installed at a very smelly shack as "cook's devil" at \$12 a month and board.

I stayed with this outfit for three years, log-driving in the spring and summer and bush-working in the winter. At the age of sixteen an opportunity

happened my way that helped me out of the beaten track of river-driving. Every dog has his day, and this particular one was mine.

You must know that, to get the logs over rapids, the big lumbering companies have to build large dams at the edge of the fall to hold back the water, leaving a narrow passage way in the middle, through which the water rushes like a mill race, carrying the logs swirling and tumbling over the rapids to the next lake. The greatest care has to be taken in sending the logs through this channel, and as many as fifteen to twenty men are required to keep them from "jamming." With all our care on this particular day a "jam" occurred.

A log became wedged with one or two others right across the "chute," as the passage is called. The result was the same as invariably is. Hundreds of logs came floating slowly but irresistibly toward the chute with the current and found a resting place behind each other, with the dam as their foundation.

Hundreds more came sweeping on, and, finding the current too strong to allow them to rest behind their forerunners, piled themselves in a muddled heap on the top. The water began to rise, and more and yet more logs piled themselves up, till a solid wall of timber at least twelve feet high stretched across the chute behind the dam.

Meanwhile the river-drivers huddled from log to log, risking their lives every second in the vain attempt to disengage the jammed logs, for if the jam had given way it would have carried every man to almost certain death.

"Somebody'll have to find those jammed logs and cut them," said the foreman, quietly, knowing full well that he was asking some one to tempt death.

"Of course," he continued, "I can't make any of you do it; unless some one offers I'll have to do it myself, but I'm kind of heavy for the job. There's \$10 in it and drinks for the crowd."

Six of us stepped forward simultaneously.

"You're all wool, boys," said the foreman admiringly, "but I'm glad the kid offered, 'cause he's the lightest of the crowd."

A thick rope was promptly tied securely round my body under the arms, by way of a belt, two longer ones fixed to it on either side, and I was ready for work.

Sixteen of the heaviest men were picked from the gang, and eight climbed up on to the dam each side of the jam. An axe was then handed to me, and hand over hand I waded out on one side and drawn in on the other till I hung suspended in mid-air half way across the current.

Then, in answer to a sharp order from the foreman, the two sides simultaneously commenced to pay out rope, and I began to sink lower and lower toward the jammed logs, which creaked and rasped ominously under the strain of the water behind them.

I cannot remember any other sensation than that of suppressed excitement as I reached the level of the water, and finally stood on the trembling, groaning mass of logs—a mass that might sink from beneath my feet at any moment. I was only sixteen, and \$10 was a lot of money to me, apart from the glory of the achievement.

For several seconds I stood on those logs without moving, fascinated with the delicious possibilities of the thing, till at last a gruff shout from the foreman reminded me that there was work to be done.

Carefully I crept to the edge of the mass of logs; then I slowly slid from log to log down to the seething water below. Where were the jammed logs? That was the question.

Above me rose the butts and tops of innumerable logs. What if they gave way now? I should be hurled to my death at once. Hastily putting the thought from me, I felt beneath the surface of the water with the axe handle. Yes, there they were, firmly wedged a foot down.

Then I set to with a will, the water splashing all over me. With each stroke of the axe a tremor went through the pile on which I stood.

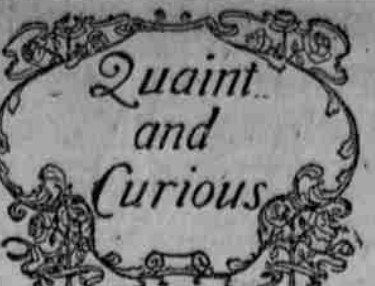
It seemed as if I had been chopping an hour. My back was thumping against my ribs with the exertion, and I gasped for air between the douches of cold water that splashed me from head to foot. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, there was a report like a muffled revolver shot, a stream of water shot into my face, a hoarse cry came from somewhere above, and I felt myself jerked from my feet high into the air, sinking, rising, and again sinking like a bouncing ball. Then, with a roar and a mighty splash, the whole structure of piled up logs on which I had been standing three seconds before collapsed like a house of cards, and log after log went sweeping and eddying through the chute and over the rapids to the lake below. Either the jammed log had broken or I had chopped it through; no one ever knew which.

I don't quite know how they got me back on to the dam, for the first thing I remember after that was seeing a green piece of paper in my left hand that I knew to be the promised \$10 bill, and a ring of perspiring, grizzled faces close to mine, breathing ruff congratulations.—The Wide World Magazine.

A Useful Witness.

A witness was being examined as to the sanity of one of the inmates of the asylum. "You hold that this inmate is insane, do you?" a lawyer asked. "I do," was the firm reply. "Why are you so sure?" "The man," the witness said, "goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus."

William street, in New York City, was known as "Horse and Cart street" back in the eighteenth century.



Every sheep carries its own barometer. It is the wool on its back. The more curly it becomes the finer the weather.

Vodka, a fiery whisky, usually distilled from rye, made in Russia, exceeds in alcoholic strength that of any other spirit.

The music of "Home, Sweet Home," is generally supposed to have been adapted from a Sicilian air by Sir Henry Bishop.

Nineteen women have been elected members of the parliament of Finland. No other legislature has ever had female members.

The tallow tree grows in Malabar, India. It is thus called because its seeds, when boiled, produce a tallow which makes excellent candles.

Memorial Day turns out to be the most ancient of American observances. The Poosepatuck Indians, on Long Island, have held it, in honor of the dead, for 325 years.

The fastest regular long distance run without stop in the world is on the Great Western, from London to Bristol, 118 1/2 miles in 120 minutes, or practically six miles an hour.

A lake of quicksilver, covering an area of more than three acres and having a depth ranging from ten feet to fifty feet, has been discovered in the mountains of the State of Vera Cruz, Mexico. The value of the product is estimated at millions. This lake has been known to the Indians for many generations.

The sacred fires of India have not all been extinguished. The most ancient which still exists was consecrated twelve centuries ago in commemoration of the voyage made by the Parsees when they emigrated from Persia to India. The fire is fed five times every two hours with sandalwood and other fragrant materials, combined with very dry fuel.

On a trip through Iceland the traveler sees thousands of mountains covered with eternal snow, overlooking the Alps in grandeur; great glaciers and innumerable hot wells; waterfalls, one of which—the Gullfoss—is second only to Niagara in size and beauty; crystal streams and leaping rivers; lava beds of fantastic figures, covered with moss that glitters in the sun like hoar frost, and, as a crowning glory, the atmosphere is so brilliant that objects over fifty miles distant appear close at hand.

FLAT FOOT.

A Painful Affliction Remedied Only by Wearing a Support.

Flat foot is a very common affliction. It is also one which is frequently overlooked by physicians, says the Medical Brief.

The patient complains of pain in the heel, the ankle, the inner border of the foot, great toe, the muscles of the calf, the knee or even the hip. The busy practitioner notes these symptoms in a hurried, casual way, attributes them to rheumatism, pre-lyellates and what not, and another flat footed individual plods his weary way.

Increased deformity is added to what may have been merely foot strain in the first place. A curable case has become well nigh incurable, and the medical profession is again justly liable to well deserved censure.

Any factor which tends to diminish the muscular power of the foot may cause flat foot. A great increase in the weight borne by the foot may cause it.

This increase in weight may be actual, such as occurs in people who put on a great deal of fat, athletes, jumpers especially. But by far the most common cause is a cramping of the foot, brought about by improper shoes.

For treatment of this condition mechanical support to the deformed foot is practically all that is necessary. This mechanical support is best afforded by means of the footplate made from highly tempered steel and moulded upon a plaster cast of the foot.

The footplate should be worn as long as it is required, but no longer. Additional wearing of the plate beyond the time necessary, as indicated by the symptoms, is simply an additional cause of harm. With the footplate a shoe should be worn fitting the normal contour of the foot.

The Beauty of the Sky.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of her organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, as far as we know, be answered, if once in three days or thereabouts a great, black, ugly rain-cloud were broken up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again until next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew. But instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing scenes after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure.—Ruskin.

Trees Are Money.

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE, in Christian Register.

It is better for the Nation to have a million dollars in gold laid by in kegs in the basement of the Treasury or to have a million dollars of woodland which in thirty years will be worth five times what it is worth now? You meet very few people who understand or remember that every European nation now relies largely for its annual revenue on its forests.

Our people do not choose to remember—perhaps they do not like to remember—that a forest, from the nature of the case, can be taken care of by a Nation or a State as it cannot be taken care of by an individual. In the first place, the individual wants to see his profit within five or ten years at the outside. The Nation, because it never dies, can put forward the question of profit as no thrifty man dares to do.

Nations do not, always choose to take this view. But the eternal law remains, "You cannot have your cake and eat your cake." See what happens to such nations. Remember the days when Solomon built his temple from the cedars of Lebanon. Go to Lebanon to-day and find that the "forests of Lebanon" have dwindled down to a few hundred trees. And then look north and south and east and west from Lebanon to see that the very regions which produced such men as Solomon and David are now, as one of them said, peeled and stripped, that they are regions to which beggars cannot be paid to emigrate. Take Asia Minor as an example. Here is a region which in its time supported such cities as Ephesus and Tarsus and Antioch—a region whose tributes made up such wealth, indeed, of Croesus. And this Asia Minor is now a barbarous province through which adventurous travelers work their way with difficulty, and where they speculate with doubt as to what was the site of one and another of those treasures of the world. For the people did not preserve their forests nor pretend to do so. They killed the bird which laid the golden egg. The mountains were shorn of their beauty and it was more than beauty which was destroyed. The rivers which had made the valleys fertile became the mountain torrents, dry in summer and overflow in winter, which carried devastation in their freshets, and yet which failed the valleys when they needed most the treasures of rain. The history of the decline of civilization in any region which has a written history is the history of the destruction of its forests.

In New England to-day you send to a carpenter, and bid him make you a cabinet or a table made from that white pine which was the glory of our forests in the days when Paul Jones fought the Serapis, the carpenter will tell you that it will cost you about as much to use white pine as to use mahogany. Smaller and smaller have become the pine trees which you cut down for your annual service. There were days when your foresters did not touch a tree with the ax unless the tree were 200 years old. To-day they can use the little trees for this and that service, though they should not be three inches in diameter.

Here is our own deforested State of Massachusetts. For her railroads and hospitals and other necessities she has incurred large debts, but these debts are provided for by the sinking funds which grow and grow as the years pass by. And when the debts mature, money will be ready. Yes, such has been the foresight of our Government. But think of the gain to Massachusetts, if from year to year she were investing such funds where she is sure of the great utility of nature; in planting her bare, worn-out wilderness with the forests which will be almost invaluable in a hundred years. Men die and they cannot make provisions for what comes after them. But States live. Nature is always kind, and a State can invest with perfect security in its forest lands.

Such a policy as this has commended itself almost of course to the great States of the West and Pennsylvania. They have learned to rely upon the forests of the future, as Prussia does and Bavaria and Wurtemberg. The United States as a Nation need not be afraid of the same policy.

It is not impossible that the five States, watered by the Merrimac and the Connecticut, the Saco and the Androscoggin, may be called upon to unite in the annual expense of preserving the White Mountain district. To preserve the water power of three great rivers is a duty of this generation, and this water power can be preserved only by preserving the forests at their headwaters.

And the Sun Stood Still.

A postmaster, not many miles from Billville, posted the following notice on his shutter recently: "All parties expectin' mail are hereby notified to git all that's comin' to 'em in advance—any time before next Thursday, that bein' the day we have appointed to go huntin'—not havin' had a holiday from the Government since July 4, and the said Government seemin' to forget that bein' only human, we need rest and recreation occasional. There's some little mail here for the Joneses and the Tompkins, but it don't amount to much. It's all one-cent stamps on it. There ain't nuttin' much in the bust, and no how!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Some Youthful Definitions.

Among the answers to questions at a recent school examination were the following interesting examples of youthful misinformation: "Gross ignorance is 144 times as bad as just ordinary ignorance." "Anchorite, an old-fashioned hermit sort of fellow who has anchored himself to one place." "The liver is an infernal organ." "Vacuum is nothing with the air sucked out of it put up in a pickle bottle—it is very hard to get."—Harper's Bazar.

News of Pennsylvania

BABY WAS FORGOTTEN.

Mother, Bargain Hunting, Left Infant in Street Car.

Scranton (Special).—An absent-minded mother, Mrs. F. O. Ellison, inadvertently left her baby on a street car and for sometime the traction company officials were puzzled as to what to do with the infant for whom no owner put in appearance.

Just when they had decided that it was a case of abandonment and were about to take it to the police station, a frantic voice at the "phone demanded to know how a baby was to be found that had been mislaid. Later she explained that she had forgotten the baby had accompanied her on a bargain expedition.

DOG A LIFESAVER.

Barking Brought Help And Kept Girl From Drowning.

Lancaster (Special).—To the sagacity of her pet dog Miss Mary Fry, a popular school teacher of East Coaticook Township, owes her life. Miss Fry started across a deep creek near her home in a boat, accompanied by a pet terrier. While attempting to land the young woman fell into the water.

Her dog began barking violently and her father, hearing the commotion, investigated. He managed to drag the girl from the water, while unconscious.

Inspecting State Nurseries.

Harrisburg (Special).—Alleged "burserymen," who really have no claim to that title, are not going to benefit at the expense of the State this year. Chief Nursery Inspector Engle will start his annual inspection this week. He is now preparing the certificates which are needed by the nurseries in order to satisfy sanitary conditions. So far Economic Zoologist Surface has detailed D. K. McMillan and P. H. Herzog to assist him. Others may be detailed later. In all, about 130 nurseries will be inspected.

Coal Investor's Heavy Loss.

Pottsville (Special).—The Reading and Iron Company purchased the coal tracts and breaker of the Black Diamond Coal Company, at Branchdale. The latter corporation proved disastrous for its stockholders, Philadelphia and New Jersey investors, who will lose the biggest part of the million dollars invested as the entire property brought but \$46,000. T. V. Powderly was president of the defunct company and it is alleged that he was given \$100,000 in stock for the use of his name.

Girl's Suicide Plan Fails.

Scranton (Special).—Mary Dehous, aged 17, tried to chloroform herself to death because she could not live without her mother, who died during the typhoid epidemic. She is not yet out of danger. She had written a letter selecting her pallbearers and saying good-bye to a street car conductor for whom she cared.

Shot To Death By Brother.

Pittsburg (Special).—Floyd Culp, a machinist of Turtle Creek, a suburb, was killed at his home, during an altercation with William Culp, his younger brother. Floyd was abusing his wife and the younger brother interfered to protect her. In the melee following Floyd was shot through the heart. The brother, William, is in jail.

Hydrophobia Among Cattle.

Foster (Special).—An outbreak of hydrophobia among horses, cows and dogs here is causing much alarm, resulting in a visit from one of the State inspectors, who is ordering the killing of all infected animals. About a month ago a dog belonging to John Wood went mad and bit several cows, horses and dogs before he was killed. The outbreak of the disease occurred twenty-one days after the animals were bitten.

Football Injury Fatal.

Washington (Special).—William W. Davis, aged 21 years, a student of Grove City College, died here from an affection of the heart superinduced by a football injury. Davis was a star athlete and center rush on the Grove City team last fall. In a game on Thanksgiving Day against a Newcastle professional team he was injured. His condition at first was not thought to be serious, but he later became ill and never recovered.

Pussy Was The "Burglar."

Pottsville (Special).—A "burglar," who was discovered making his way over the roofs of Market Street residences, caused great excitement. Several shots were fired at the "man," who suddenly disappeared. The mystery was explained later when Health Officer Williams was notified to remove a dead cat from the locality. Pussy made a noise like a man in walking the tin roofs and received the shot intended for the burglar.

Saved Big Roll Of Money.

Scranton (Special).—F. P. Hamilton, general manager of the Scranton and Moosic Lake Railway, often comes home carrying large sums of money. He was held up late Thursday night in the central residence section of the city. He told the foot-pads he had fifty cents and presented it to them with such earnest protestations that they took it and his word. As a consequence he got away with a wad of \$200.

Fisherman Nearly Drowned.

Chester (Special).—Thomas Johnson, a butcher residing on West Broad Street, had a narrow escape from drowning in the Delaware River. Johnson was alighting from a boat at the Consumers Ice Company Wharf when he fell in the water. He was going down for the third time when John Boushelle and Edward Mason jumped in the water and brought him to the surface. He was resuscitated with the aid of several physicians. The men had been fishing and were returning home when the accident occurred.

MILLIONS NEEDED FOR ROADS.

Applications For State Aid From Various Counties.

Harrisburg (Special).—Since the recent publication of figures stating the amount of State road funds recently apportioned among the various counties by the State Highway Department, the Department has been deluged with letters urging early reconstruction of many roads throughout the State, the writers of such letters evidently failing to understand that the published figures show simply the total amount of State funds apportioned for road building purposes from the passage of the first State aid act in 1903 to, and including, the apportionment for the fiscal years 1907-1908.

The fact is that in many counties of the State the total apportionment before referred to has been already entirely consumed by the cost of roads already built or now under construction, so that in many counties there are no funds whatever available for present use.

The department has at its disposal for the present fiscal year \$1,850,000 for road building purposes. An additional \$150,000 is by law to be paid direct to townships already possessing stone roads, for maintenance purposes.

The interest in the improvement of the public roads of the State can be realized when it is known that against this \$1,850,000 now available, there have been applications filed with the State Highway Department which would require the expenditure by the State of \$20,000,000. If applications continue to be received at the same rate that they are now coming in, the next Legislature will find the people of the Commonwealth asking for road improvements which will cost the State not less than \$50,000,000. It is probable that at the next session of the Legislature the road question will be the paramount issue, and it is also probable that the members of that session will not be satisfied to continue this important work with a paltry \$2,000,000 a year.

HAD HEART LIKE A SHOE.

Man Whose Anatomy Was A Medical Marvel Dies Suddenly.

Reading (Special).—Samuel Culp, the man with the freak heart, which was frequently discussed in medical journals and was an object of interest to the medical world generally, died suddenly of heart disease, aged 24 years. The heart was shaped like a shoe and was unusually large. The least exercise made him ill.

While a student at the University of Pennsylvania, from which institution he was graduated with honors in chemistry two years ago, he was subject to X-Ray examinations by eminent physicians, but all their treatments were in vain.

PARKS FOR HARRISBURG.

Last Obstacle Removed To Acquiring Desired Tract Of Land.

Harrisburg (Special).—The last obstacle in the way of completing the principal feature of the Harrisburg park system was removed by the opinion of Judge Kunkel, in which he overruled all objections to a bond offered for the condemnation of the Flickinger tract in Susquehanna Township.

All other land needed for the great artificial lake, which is to be one and a half miles long, has been acquired by the Board of Public Works by gift or purchase.

The owners of the Flickinger tract refused to part with it and condemnation proceedings were resorted to. The objection to the bond held up the matter until now.

STATE OBITUARY.

Lancaster.—Nathaniel N. Hensel, one of the best-known men in the county, died at Fairfield, aged 80 years. He was prominent in Republican affairs for many years. He came of German stock, his great-grandfather, Frederick Hensel, being one of the earliest settlers of Northampton County.

A son of this emigrant, William, served in the Revolutionary War, and was one of Washington's army at Valley Forge. The father of Nathaniel was also a William Hensel, and a soldier of the War of 1812. Ex-Archbishop General W. U. Hensel is a nephew of the deceased.

Norristown.—George W. Rogers, the oldest member of the Montgomery County bar, died at his home here, aged 70 years. He had been ill five weeks with heart trouble. For more than fifty years he had been one of the best-known legal advisers of the local bar. Of late he devoted his time to foreign travel. He was a native of Bucks County.

Reading.—Alfred C. Kemp, who was Sheriff of Berks County thirty years ago, died at his home in this city, aged 68 years.

Meadville.—Fred Ott, a Pittsburg hotelman, and a guest at Hotel Bartlett, Cambridge Springs, was stricken with death while sitting in the village park. He had just come in from rowing a party of friends and sat down to rest.

Chased By Wild Man.

Pittston (Special).—A party of berry pickers from Yatesville borough went into the woods for huckleberries and returned home shortly afterward badly frightened. They avowed they had been chased by a wild man, dirty in appearance, scantily clad and with disheveled hair. He screamed at them in a wild manner. The men of the village organized a party and searched the woods, but have not yet made his capture.

Drank Acid For Paragoric.

Scranton (Special).—Mary Strupp, a young girl of 16, daughter of Louis Strupp, while alone in her home, drank carbolic acid and is dead. Her parents had gone to church and when they returned she was unconscious on the bed in her room, and before the doctors arrived she died. The examination proved that carbolic acid had killed her. Her parents thought she mistaken for a bottle of one containing paragoric. They assert that she had no love affairs and was happy in her home.

HEROISM SAVED MAN.

Rescued From Schnykiff By Brave Spectators.

Norristown (Special).—The bravery of Rawley Brown and Daniel Finn prevented Harry Rossin from drowning here. Rossin and Charles Harrison were out on the river in a canoe, when the craft was overturned. Rossin was unable to swim, while Harrison was just about able to keep his head above water and was unable to render Rossin any assistance.

Brown and Finn were along the shore when the craft overturned. Brown kicked off his shoes and jumped into the water. When he reached Rossin the latter grasped him and the two went under the water. Then ensued a desperate struggle between the two men. Brown finally broke loose from Rossin and waded into a sweeper which he wore.

Finn then went to Brown's assistance and the two men succeeded in getting Rossin to shore. He was unconscious, but regain his senses after being rolled on a barrel.

Child Scalded To Death.

York (Special).—Nettie J. Wolf, 2 years old, daughter of Charles A. Wolf, was scalded to death. The child pulled the plug from the washing machine which was hot and was scalding water, and the contents poured over the little girl's face and body. She was so severely burned that she died shortly afterwards.

Boastful Swimmer Drowned.

Oil City (Special).—Peter Bender, aged 66 years, was drowned in the Allegheny River here. Bender was an expert swimmer and boasted that he could swim the stream at one of the most treacherous spots between Olean and Pittsburg. He was overcome by the current and sank before watchers could reach him.

Threatened By Black Hand.

Mahanoy City (Special).—Unless they deposit \$200 in their coal bins within twenty-four hours, the lives of George Wesner and Jacob Wentz, of this place are threatened with death by the chief of the "Black Hand." Neither of the two men treat the matter seriously.

Woman Killed Snake.

Hazleton (Special).—Mrs. David Davis, of this city, had an exciting experience with a copperhead snake. She was walking along a stream in Butler Valley, picking wild flowers, when she came across the snake, which showed fight and at once made a desperate attack on her. Grasping a large rock she took a good aim and crushed the snake's head. It measured three and a half feet.

Bear Frightens Berry Pickers.

Tamaqua (Special).—About a score of huckleberry pickers hurried into town from the Owl Creek Mountain, 3 miles from town, shortly before noon, all claiming that they had seen a big black bear. No