

NOW.

Oh! wait not till the morrow comes,
But speak the tender word to-day;
The heart that needs the message now
Will then be gone upon its way.
—William Thomas Morris, Jr., in Herald and Presbyter.

What Was It?

By FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

I live on a quiet street in New York. The home has enjoyed for the last two years the reputation of being haunted. It is a large and stately residence, surrounded by what was once a garden. The house is very spacious. A hall of noble size leads to a large spiral staircase, winding through its centre, while the various apartments are of imposing dimensions.

It was built by a well-known New York merchant, who threw the commercial world into convulsions by a stupendous bank fraud. He escaped to Europe, and died of a broken heart. Almost immediately the report spread that the house was haunted. A caretaker and his wife declared that they were troubled with unnatural noises. Doors were opened without visible agency. Remnants of furniture were, during the night, piled one upon the other by unknown hands. Invisible feet passed up and down the stairs in broad daylight, accompanied by the rustle of unseen silk dresses, and the gliding of viewless hands along the massive balusters.

The caretakers declared they would live there no longer. The house agent laughed and put others in their place. The noises and supernatural manifestations continued. The house remained untenanted for three years.

It was then that our landlord, who wishes to remove further uptown, conceived the bold idea of renting this house. Happening to have rather a plucky set of bones, she laid her scheme before us. With the exception of two timid persons, all of Mrs. Moffat's guests declared they would accompany her into the abode of spirits.

Of course we had no sooner established ourselves than we began to expect the ghosts. We absolutely awaited their advent with eagerness.

Things were in this state when an incident took place so awful and inexplicable that my reason fairly reels at the bare memory. It was the 10th of July. After dinner was over I repaired, with my friend, Dr. Hammond, to my rooms, to take our evening pipe. Independent of certain mental sympathies, the doctor and myself were linked together by a vice—we both smoked opium. We enjoyed together that wonderful expansion of thought, that marvelous intensifying of the perceptive faculties which I would not surrender for a throne, and which I hope you, reader, will never, never taste.

These hours of opium happiness which the doctor and I spent together in secret were regulated with a scientific accuracy. While smoking, we carefully steered our conversation through the brightest and calmest channels of thought. If we talked of Shakespeare's "Tempest," we lingered over Ariel and avoided Caliban.

This skillful coloring of our train of thought produced in our subsequent visions a corresponding tone. The splendors of Arabian fairyland dyed our dreams.

On the evening in question, the 10th of July, the doctor and myself drifted into an unusually metaphysical mood. Insensibly we yielded to the occult force that swayed us, and indulged in gloomy speculation. We had talked some time upon mysticism, and the almost universal love of the terrible, when Hammond suddenly said to me: "What do you consider to be the greatest element of terror?"

The question puzzled me. That many things were terrible, I knew. Stumbling over a corpse in the dark; beholding, as I once did, a woman floating down a deep and rapid river, with wildly lifted arms, and awful upturned face, uttering shrieks that rent one's heart, while we, the spectators, stood at a window, unable to save her.

"I confess, Hammond," I replied to my friend, "I never considered the subject before. But there must be one. Something more terrible than any other thing, I feel. I cannot attempt, however, even the most vague definition."

"I am somewhat like you, Harry," he answered, "I feel my capacity to experience a terror greater than anything yet conceived by the human mind."

"Look here, Hammond," I rejoined, "let us drop this kind of talk, for heaven's sake. We shall suffer if I depend upon it."

We parted, and I undressed quickly and got into bed.

The room was in total darkness. The atom of gas that still remained alight did not illuminate a distance of three inches around the burner. I drew my arm across my eyes, as if to shut out even the darkness, and tried to think of nothing. It was in vain. The themes touched on by Hammond kept obtruding themselves on my brain.

While I was lying still as a corpse, hoping I should hasten repose, an awful incident occurred. A Something dropped, as it seemed, from the ceiling, upon my chest, and the next instant I felt two bony hands encircling my throat, endeavoring to choke me.

nakedness of my assailant, bitten with sharp teeth in the shoulder, neck and chest, having every moment to protect my throat against a pair of sinewy, agile hands, which my utmost efforts could not confine—these were circumstances which required all strength, skill and courage.

At last, after a silent, deadly, exhausting struggle, I got my assailant under by incredible efforts. Once pinned, with my knee on what I made out to be his chest, I knew I was victor. I rested for a moment to breathe. I heard the creature breathe, and felt the violent throbbing of a heart. It was apparently as exhausted as I was.

At this moment I remembered that I usually placed under my pillow, before going to bed, a large yellow silk pocket handkerchief. I felt for it instantly; it was there. In a few seconds more I had, after a fashion, pinned the creature's arms.

I now felt tolerably secure. Never loosing my hold for an instant, I slipped from the bed to the floor, dragging my captive with me. I had but a few steps to reach the gas burner. Quick as lightning I released my grasp with one hand and let on the full flood of light. Then I turned to look at my captive.

I cannot even attempt to define my sensations the instant after I turned on the gas. I suppose I must have shrieked with terror, for a minute afterward my room was crowded with the inmates of the house. I shudder now as I think of that awful moment.

I saw nothing! Yes! I had one arm firmly clasped round a breathing, panting, corporeal shape; my other hand gripped with all its strength a throat as apparently fleshy as my own; and yet, with this living substance in my grasp, with its body pressed against my own, and in all the bright glare of gas, I absolutely beheld nothing. Not even an outline—a vapor.

It breathed. I felt its breath upon my cheek. It struggled fiercely. It had hands. They clutched me. Its skin was smooth, like my own. There it lay, pressed close up against me, solid as stone, and yet utterly invisible.

Just then Hammond entered my room at the head of the household. As soon as he beheld my face—which I suppose, must have been an awful sight to look at—he hastened forward, crying, "Great heavens, Harry, what has happened?"

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried, "come here. Oh, this is awful. I have been attacked in bed by something or other, which I have hold of; but I can't see it, I can't see it!"

Hammond, doubtless struck by the horror expressed in my countenance, made one or two steps forward with an anxious yet puzzled expression. A very audible titter burst from the remainder of my visitors.

This suppressed laughter made me curious.

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried again despairingly, "come to me. I can hold the Thing but a short while longer. It is overpowering me. Help me! Help me!"

"Harry," whispered Hammond, approaching me, "you have been smoking too much opium."

"I swear to you, Hammond, that this is no vision," I answered, in the same low tone. "Don't you see how it shakes my whole frame with its struggles? If you don't believe me, convince yourself. Feel it, touch it."

Hammond advanced, and laid his hand on the spot I indicated. A wild cry of horror burst from him. He had felt it!

In a moment he had discovered somewhere in my room a long piece of cord, and was the next instant winding it and knotting it about the body of the unseen being that I clasped in my arms.

"Harry," he said in a hoarse voice—for though he preserved his presence of mind, he was deeply agitated—"Harry, it's safe now; you may let go if you are tired. The Thing can't move."

I was utterly exhausted, and I gladly loosed my hold. Hammond stood holding the ends of the cord that bound the invisible, twisted around his hand, while before him, self-supporting, as it were, was a rope laced and interlaced, and stretching tightly around a vacant space.

The confusion among the guests of the house who beheld the pantomime of binding this struggling Something into account the waste in wear and tear and manufacture of type, writers, writing ink, the extra cost of signs, labels, and so forth. Mr. Holt, publisher and author, finds by actual count that five per cent. of the letters used in English composition are superfluous. The value of the printed products of the United States, according to census reports, is about \$353,000,000 a year. The five per cent. waste from superfluous letters would be approximately \$17,650,000 a year.

ing of the creature on the bed, and watching the rustle of the bedclothes as it impotently struggled to free itself from confinement. We watched together smoking many pipes, all night long by the bedside of the unearthly being that tossed and panted until it was apparently wearied out. Then we learned by the low, regular breathing, that it slept.

The next morning the house was all astir. We went to answer a thousand questions and to our extraordinary prisoner, for not one person except ourselves could be induced to set foot in the apartment.

The creature was awake. This was evidenced by the convulsive manner in which the bedclothes were moving in its efforts to escape. There was something truly terrible in beholding, as it were, these struggles for liberty which yet were invisible.

Hammond and myself had racked our brains during the long night to discover some means by which we might realize the shape and general appearance of the Enigma. As well as we could make out, by passing our hands over the creature's form, its outlines and lineaments were human. There was a mouth, a round, smooth head without hair, or, which, however, was little elevated above the cheeks, and its hands and feet felt like those of a boy.

A happy thought struck me. We would take a cast of it in plaster. This would give us the solid figure, and satisfy all our wishes. But how to do it? The movements of the creature would disturb the setting of the plaster covering, and distort the mold. Another thought: Why not give it chloroform? It had respiratory organs—that was evident by its breathing. Once reduced to a state of insensibility, we could do with it what we would.

A doctor was sent for, and after he had recovered from amazement he administered chloroform. In three minutes afterward we could remove the fetters, and a modeler was engaged in covering the invisible form with the moist clay. In five minutes more he had a mold, and before evening a rough facsimile of the mystery.

It was shaped like a man—distorted, uncouth, and horrible, but still a man. It was small, not over four feet and some inches in height, and its limbs revealed a muscular development that was unparalleled. Its face surpassed in hideousness anything I had ever seen. Gustavus Dore never conceived anything so horrible. It was the physiognomy of what I should fancy a ghoul might be. It looked as if it was capable of feeding on human flesh.

Having satisfied our curiosity, and bound every one in the house to secrecy, it became a question what was to be done with our Enigma. It was impossible that we should keep such a horror in the house; it was equally impossible that such an awful being should be let loose upon the world. I confess that I would have gladly voted for the creature's destruction. But who would shoulder the responsibility? Who would undertake the execution of this horrible semblance of a human being?

The most singular part of the affair was that we were entirely ignorant of what the creature habitually fed on. Everything in the way of nutriment that we could think of was placed before it, but was never touched. It was awful to stand by, day after day, and see the clothes torn and the hair being brought out, and know that it was dying.

Ten, twelve days, a fortnight passed, and it still lived. The pulsations of the heart, however, were daily growing fainter, and had now nearly ceased. It was evident that the creature was dying for want of sustenance. While this terrible life struggle was going on I felt miserable. I could not sleep. Horrible as the creature was, it was pitiable to think of the pangs it was suffering.

At last it died. Hammond and I found it cold and stiff one morning in the bed. The heart had ceased to beat, the lungs to inspire. We hastened to bury it in the garden. It was a strange funeral, the dropping of the senseless corpse into the damp hole. The case of its form Hammond has still, as I am on the eve of a long journey, from which I may not return, I have drawn up this narrative of an event the most singular that has ever come to my knowledge.

Cost of Superfluous Letters.
Henry Holt, publisher and author, finds by actual count that five per cent. of the letters used in English composition are superfluous. The value of the printed products of the United States, according to census reports, is about \$353,000,000 a year. The five per cent. waste from superfluous letters would be approximately \$17,650,000 a year.

Before this matter was printed it had to be written, and basing his estimate on statistics the five per cent. waste in writing superfluous letters costs annually enough to raise the total waste to \$26,000,000. Taking into account the waste in wear and tear and manufacture of type, writers, writing ink, the extra cost of signs, labels, and so forth. Mr. Holt raises the annual waste to \$32,000,000.

Figuring in the writing of letters with its five per cent. waste of paper, ink, and stenographer's time, like-wise the waste of time in handwriting letters, he increases the waste to \$50,000,000. Then adding the loss of a year and a half in the life of each child required in mastering a system of lawless spelling, adding the extra cost of teaching, books, and school houses, omitting waste of eyesight and brains, he brings the loss to \$60,000,000.

Adding the rest of the English-speaking world makes a total annual loss of \$95,000,000. Given a chance to make this saving by reforming our spelling, the saving to be diverted mainly to the pockets of promoters and high financiers as has been done in the case of certain other great economies of commerce, would then our great conservatives be so solicitous as they now seem to preserve the integrity of the English language?—*Lincoln Journal.*

POPULAR SCIENCE

Turbine steamers will in future be employed for both the Channel services between Folkestone and Boulogne and vice versa.

Suppose that one could find an alloy that would bear the same relation to aluminum that steel does to carbon or bronze to tin, says the Engineering Record. The result would be a new structural material of immense importance in mechanical work. The builders of light machinery are looking for just this thing.

To keep iron and steel goods from rust, states the Mechanical World, dissolve half an ounce of capbor in one pound of hog's lard; take off the scum, mix as much black lead as will give the mixture an iron color. Iron and steel goods rubbed with this mixture and left with it on twenty-four hours, and then dried with a linen cloth, will keep clean for months.

A new electric furnace for determining the fusion points of refractory substances has been constructed at Hanau by W. C. Hermann. Its essential part is a tube of iridium four-fifths of an inch thick and an inch and three-fifths in diameter, and in this temperatures between 1500 degrees and 2000 degrees centimeter can be maintained for any desired length of time.

A Swiss engineer announces a new fire escape. It consists of a series of folding iron ladders, contained in frames, attached to the window cases, each reaching to the window below. By merely turning a small winch on any floor all these frames are pushed outward from the building, the ladders extended and securely connected with each other, thus forming a continuous communication from the top floor to the ground. The manipulation is simple and takes less than a minute.

In place of fourteen strong arms pulling seven oars, with another pair at the steering oar, now a four cylinder, four cycle gasoline engine pushes the craft along at ten miles an hour. A solid eighteen inch propeller with a reversing clutch propels the thirty-four foot boat. Two gasoline tanks, one with a capacity of twenty-five and the other with seventy-five gallons of the colorless fluid in which is locked up so much effort, admit, according to Popular Mechanics, a radius of 200 miles.

SCRAPS.

Ancient Lead Cisterns and Sussex Ironwork.

The collector on the lookout for windfalls is with us everywhere now, and even the vast quantities of scrap iron that are melted down and converted to various uses by the dealers are carefully sorted and ransacked, mainly for two classes of articles, old Sussex firebricks and other ironware and ancient lead cisterns, the latter being mostly regarded as works of art as well as curiosity.

Time was—and not so very long ago—when all those vast, bare but beautiful tracts of Sussex we now know as the "Downs" were covered by rich forests, but most of the wood growing in these was cut down in order to feed the iron furnaces which then existed in various parts of the country, and which supplied the whole nation with its most artistic ironware, especially of the domestic kind. Then came Sheffield with its resources of coal instead of wood for the manipulation of the iron. Thus the Sussex were became rarer and more rare, and certain of the ironwork of this kind now brought from ancient mansions fetches fancy prices. Many a fine piece has been discovered in old scrap iron.

The lead cisterns in old mansions were not only melted into a mould all in one piece, but they were, as to their front portion at least, cast in the most artistic and quaint designs, some of the greatest craftsmen and designers in the country being engaged in the making of the patterns. These old cisterns are sometimes discovered in heaps of material classed as waste, and not long ago a splendid specimen of the time of Charles I. that had come to a White-chapel dealer from an old Warwickshire mansion sold for 200 guineas, the design being particularly beautiful and unimpaired by time.—*Tit Bits.*

A Tipping Story.

Mrs. Potter Palmer told an amusing story about country house tipping, according to the Buffalo Enquirer.

"You know," she said, "how huge these tips are, how many servants must be remembered, how, indeed, some people are obliged to refuse to visit large country houses because they can't afford the expense."

"Well, there is a story in this line about the famous Jonas Hanway."

"As Hanway was leaving the country house of a duke a string of servants waited to say 'good night.'"

"Sir," said one, "your overcoat."

"And Hanway put on the overcoat and gave the man a sovereign."

"Your umbrella," said another.

"And taking the umbrella, Hanway surrendered another sovereign."

"Your hat, sir."

"Another sovereign."

"Sir, your gloves."

"Why, friend," said Hanway, "you may keep the gloves. They are not worth a sovereign."

News of Pennsylvania

BOYS STEAL \$295.

Abstracted Wallet From Farmer's Wagon.

Scranton (Special).—Eleven small boys who stole Milton Petty's wallet from beneath the cushion of the farm wagon while the owner was selling truck were given a hearing in court here. The one who abstracted the money, which amounted to \$295, had reached the mature age of six. The others ranged from that age to eleven years.

The police have secured only \$40 of the money, the rest having been spent in dissipation with ice cream, soda water, peanuts and pop-corn as the basis of the orgies. A portion went for an assortment of base ball bats.

The small thieves had followed the farmer systematically and watched his bestowal of the money beneath the seat cushion as he received it for his produce. They waited until an opportune moment and then ran off with it unsuspecting that their parents will have to make good the farmer's loss and also that storekeepers with whom the children spent their gains in a surprisingly brief time may have to account for their lack of curiosity with regard to the source of so much wealth.

STATE ASSESSMENT.

Increase in Personal Property Subject To Four Mill Tax.

Harrisburg (Special).—At the meeting of the Board of Revenue Commissioners it was shown that the valuation of the personal property for tax assessment this year will be about a billion dollars. Returns from all but fifteen counties show an increase of \$60,000,000. Last year the total valuation was \$750,000,000, but the increases in all of the counties will bring it up this year to a billion.

The tax is 4 mills on the dollar, and there will be collected this year \$40,000,000. Of this sum three-fourths, or \$30,000,000, goes back to the counties, and the other one-fourth, or \$10,000,000, goes to the State, about \$200,000 more than it got last year.

Fifteen counties are yet to be heard from. Of the counties reporting five showed a decrease, and their reports were sent back for correction, the Board declining to believe that property had decreased in value in any county in the State.

FREE DELIVERY FOR DABBY.

Service Will Begin November First And Include Colwyn.

Darby (Special).—After an agitation for over three years free delivery of mails for Darby has been granted by the Post Office Department at Washington. More than that the free delivery will also include the borough of Colwyn, adjoining Darby, which will be under the jurisdiction of Postmaster Magnin.

The delivery will be inaugurated November 1, and will be welcomed by the residents of both boroughs as a much-needed improvement.

Four carriers will be appointed for the territory following a civil service examination. Encouraged by the success of Darby and Colwyn, the residents of Collingdale, adjoining Darby, have circulated petitions to agitate the free delivery question in their borough.

CHARTER FOR BIG MILLS.

Chester Industrial Establishment In One Corporation.

Chester (Special).—The Aberfoyle Mills Corporation, which operate several mills in this city, have been incorporated in Hartford, Conn., with a capital of \$1,000,000. The corporation acquires either a whole or controlling interest in the following mills: the Aberfoyle Manufacturing Company, Galey & Lord, Hope Mills Manufacturing Company, Arasapha Manufacturing Company.

The goods manufactured are a high-class mercerized silk and all of the plants are located in this city with the exception of the Hope Mills, N. J. plant.

The officers are: President, William T. Galey; vice-president, Charles E. Lord; treasurer, Kenneth Lord; secretary, John P. Wood; directors, W. C. Houston, Robert Wetherill, W. S. Blakely, H. John McGill, Thomas S. Brown.

Boy Longs For Prison.

Pittsburg (Special).—William Walker, 15 years old, from Oakland, is a prisoner at the police station and confessed that he entered and robbed the home of Senator Magee. Walker made this confession without being accused and wants to go to the penitentiary. The police section. A servant at the Magee home who saw the burglar says that the boy is not guilty. He has recently recovered from typhoid fever and they blame this for his desire to be convicted of a crime and be sent to the penitentiary.

Faithful To His Master.

York (Special).—John H. DeHoff, 76 years old, of Paradise, while going from his home to Dallastown, riding on horse back, was seized with an attack of apoplexy, fell from the back of the animal and when found was in an unconscious condition. The faithful horse never left him, but stood by his side until he was discovered by someone driving along the road. He will probably die.

Fright Fatal To Mother.

Scranton (Special).—Mrs. David Downen, of Taylor, while at work in her home, heard screams of her four-year-old daughter, and rushing to the kitchen, found the child scalded from a kettle of boiling water which she had tipped from the stove. At the sight of the flesh dropping from the little body, which was horribly burned, the distracted mother plunged forward in a swoon, and when neighbors came in they discovered the woman was dead. The little girl will also die from her burns.

BOY TAKES HIS LIFE.

Twelve-Year-Old Lad Resented Mother's Reproof.

Meadville (Special).—Raymond, the 12-year-old son of Herman Whiteman, a farmer just outside of Meadville, hanged himself because his mother scolded him.

While Raymond, his little sister, two younger brothers and his mother were returning from the hay field the children got to throwing dust at each other. They were scolded and told: "Behave yourselves and go on home."

Raymond, pouting, went into the barn, climbed upon a beam, wrapped a hay fork trip rope three times around his neck and jumped off. His mother found him an hour later. His neck was broken by the fall.

KILLED HIS FRIEND.

Boy In Handling Weapon With Soapy Fingers Let Trigger Slip.

Williamsport (Special).—Harry M. Ulrich, a young boy, residing near here, was shot to death by a companion with a shotgun.

The two boys were examining the weapon and Clark McWilliams, another young boy, had the gun in his hands. His hands were covered with soap, as he was washing his hands when he picked the gun up, and as he pulled the hammer back his finger slipped and the weapon discharged. He claims that he did not know that the gun was loaded. The discharge tore a hole in young Ulrich's back, killing him in a few hours.

MONEY FOR SCHOOLS.

State Treasurer Berry Keeping His Promise To Pay Promptly.

Harrisburg (Special).—State Treasurer Berry is fulfilling his promise to pay the schools the money due them as soon as they asked for it and presented a report. Up to date he has paid out \$3,000,000 and will send out in a short time \$120,000 more, making over half the \$5,500,000 of the appropriation for this year paid in less than three months.

"If there is any complaint of a district not receiving its money," said Mr. Berry, "it is because the report from that district has not been received, or else it was sent in faulty and has been sent back for correction. When it is sent in correctly the money is paid."

Ice Cream True To Name.

Harrisburg (Special).—A general order issued by Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust, relative to ice cream, permits only unskimmed or unwatered milk to be used. The order says: "Ice cream must be true to name and must contain not less than twelve per cent. butter fat, together with sugar and pure fruit flavor. Eggs and a small amount of gelatin may be used."

Old Boatman Killed.

Pottsville (Special).—Stumbling, Valentine Frey, aged 65 years, had a heavy fall near his home, at Schuylkill Haven, his back being badly injured and death following. Frey was the oldest canal boatman in this section of the State. He was among the first to carry coal on canal boats from the anthracite region between Schuylkill Haven and Philadelphia. A large family survives.

Mistook Poison For Tonic.

Carbondale (Special).—By mistaking poison for a tonic she had been taking, Mrs. Mary Cook, of Mayfield, is dead. She went to a cupboard and removing the wrong bottle drank the liquid without looking at the label. She died in agony in a few minutes.

Offers To Hospital Debt.

Chester (Special).—Robert E. Ross, a former resident of this city, now a Philadelphia business man, offered the Chester Hospital board of managers \$500, providing twenty-four other residents of Chester could be secured who would give \$50 each towards clearing the debt of \$12,500 against the institution.

Brakeman Run Over And Killed.

Mr. Carbon (Special).—Losing his way in the Pennsylvania Railroad yards before dawn, L. E. Knecht, aged eighteen years, of Nesquehanna, a brakeman, lost his life. He had brought his train in and left it at the round house. Starting up the railroad toward Pottsville he was run down by a shifter.

Site For York Post Office.

York (Special).—The site for the Government building in this city has been definitely determined at the corner of South George and Princess Streets. It is central and the ground will cost about \$74,900 and the building to be erected will approximate \$250,000.

Drowned Learning To Swim.

Reading (Special).—While learning to swim in the Schuylkill River, Edgar S. Horr, who graduated from the Boys' High School in June, was attacked with cramps and sank. His body was recovered too late to revive him.

To Build New Town.

Pittsburg (Special).—Jones & Laughlins are to build a town to accommodate the workmen for their new steel mill which they are erecting at Alliquippa, on the Ohio River, twenty miles below Pittsburg. The firm has just purchased a tract of 103 acres of land near the steel plant, paying \$75,282.60 for it, and will at once lay it out in streets and erect stores and dwellings for the accommodations of 1000 families.

Tired Dodging Detectives.

Chester (Special).—After having played a game of hide and seek with detectives all over the country since last June, Harold Smith, a young man charged with stealing from the James Express Company, and who jumped his bail bond, walked into the City Hall and surrendered himself. Smith was not known by Sergeant and he said: "I am Harold Smith and I am tired of going around the country and being watched. I desire to give myself up. I jump my bail bond."

VETERANS IN REUNION.

Cavalry Survivors Turn Out In Large Numbers.

Norristown (Special).—Twenty of the twenty-seven survivors of Company B, First Pennsylvania Reserve Cavalry, attended the twelfth annual reunion of the veteran organization, at the home of W. H. Rhodes, at Abrams Station, accompanied by their families, to the number of sixty-five.

Conrad Pyrott, of Rochester, N. Y., and Comrade Michael Staub, of Cumberland County, were present for the first time since the muster out in September, 1864. The next reunion will be held at the home of William Daxine, Ambler, next August.

Monument Must Wait.

West Chester (Special).—The Board of County Commissioners decided to defer action on the erection of a soldier's and sailor's monument. They thought that owing to the heavy expenses in other lines and the crowded condition of the County Home, the money cannot be shared at this time. Plans for a monument were drawn by Joseph M. Huston, the Capitol architect, and met with much criticism in certain quarters, the board finally deciding not to undertake the work now. The Grand Army are anxious to have a monument erected.

Bull Defies Trolley.

Reading (Special).—Maddened by the red light of a trolley car on the Oley Valley Railway, a big red bull, belonging to George Schlegel, stood on the tracks with head lowered awaiting its approach as it rounded a curve near Pleasantville. There was a dull thud when car and bull met, the passengers were tumbled from their seats and the car was knocked off the track. The wheels crushed the beast's hind legs and the men passengers cut his throat.

Poured Gasoline On Fire.

York (Special).—Mistaking gasoline for coal oil, Mrs. Susan Haffner was seriously burned. The woman was making fire in the kitchen stove and being anxious to witness a parade she thought she could hurry the fire by pouring oil on it. Picking up a can she poured part of the contents in the stove. There was an explosion and the flames flashed into her face, igniting her hair and clothing. Her condition is serious.

Short Time At The Mines.

Reading (Special).—There is a report that the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Company will order collieries on half-time next week. Another report is to the effect that the collieries will operate but three days a week for some time to come. The matter will be decided in a few days. The company has as unusual quantity of coal in its storage yards for this season of the year.

Pastor Selected By Lot.

Lancaster (Special).—By their peculiar custom of selecting by lot, the Mennonites of Sporting Hill chose Isaac Brubaker to be the pastor of Brismans Meeting House. Brubaker was chosen from a dozen candidates, and he will give up farming to follow the duties of his new vocation.

Physician Takes His Life.

Reading (Special).—Despondent over continued illness, Dr. Paul E. Weimer shot himself in the head while in bed at his home here and died instantly. He was thirty years old and a native of Litz, Lancaster County.