# THE COUREUR-DE-BOIS.

In the glimmering light of the Old Regime A figure appears like the flashing gleam Of sunlight reflected from sparkling stream Or jewel without a flaw. Flashing and fading, but leaving a trace in story and song of a hardy race, Einsly fashioned in form and face-The Old Courour-de-Bois.

No loiterer he 'neath the sheltering Of ladies' bowers where gallants sing. Thro' his woodland realm he roved a king! His untamed will his law. From the will savage he learned his trade Of hunting and woodcraft; of nothing afraid: Bravely battling, bearing his blade As a free Courcur-de-Bots.

A brush with the foe, a carouse with a friend,



A man marries to please himself ting was over and we would have and not his maiden aunts, and if tea as it should be made, and scolded her for her obstinate refusal to wal Aunt Marjorie and Aunt Lettle can until the water was boiling. Then not reconcile themselves to my wife the loss will certainly be theirs. she would pout and sulk so entranc-Fancy not being able to reconcile ingly that I would have given my fortune to be allowed to drive away The very idea is yourself to Marie! preposterous. Aunt Lettle says that the frowns in the only legitimate for an artist to marry his model is way, but I should indeed have been the worst of bad taste. That, of bold to attempt that with Marie, All the same, I believed she liked to be course, depends a good deal upon the acolded. model, and Marie is-well, Marie.

After winning the statuary prize at It was very much like making love, wasn't it? Well, it was making the Ecole des Arts, I suppose I may love upon my part, although for a fairly call myself an artist, but I'm long time it was only an excess of not at all obliged to work for money, camaraderie upon hers. Her presand if I choose I can spend the re ence had become a perfect intoxicamainder of my life in making statution to me, and even when I was attes of Marie and filling every room working alone a thought of her would in the house with them, and not at act like an inspiration down to my all a bad idea.

What a wonderful difference very finger tips. But I never dared woman does make to a room. I to tell her so, never dared to hint mean, of course, Marie. I always at what she was to me, never venthought my ateller in the Latin Quar- | tured to overstep the line which her ter at Paris was the dreariest, diagoodness and defenselessness had giest den under heaven, until Marie drawn around her. Once I asked her came. I noticed a difference in the to accompany me on a half-holiday place before she had been sitting for trip to St. Cloud. It may me that something in my manner was more her first hour, and after she had gone everything got a bit gray, and dingy ardent than my words, for she hesi tated and flushed under my gaze, again, and then I knew what it was. The skull which I had bought for and then she said, "But I have not the time, monsieur, and to take walks anatomical purposes was more irritating in its manner than I had ever is not to work."

known it before, and as for the suit "But, mademoiselle, one half da of Crussder chain armor, which I only, and the Athene is nearly finished. had purchased because it was of no

She suddenly turned from me as earthly use to me, I simply lost pathough half-petulantly, and then in Charles Marvin et Marie Cabot." tience with it altogether and kicked it into a corner of the room. I could a moment I saw that she was crying. not be really friendly with either of them any more. I was doing a head of Athene, and

the moment I saw Marle I knew I had she interruptedfound what I wanted. I didn't come "Ah. monsieur, it is not that Never has your heart been more kind across her in the ordinary way. I mean she didn't come to my studio than now, but when the Athene is asking for work. She didn't pose finished, then I, too ---- " and she covered her face with her hands and knowledgment I could not exhibit." very often, and then only to the best men. She happened to bring up a ran from the studio. I did not see letter from the concierge, and when her again for two days, and then she she saw my Athene through the halfcame back just as though nothing open door she came right in to look had happened, apparently as care free She was always like that, just as a sunbeam, except once, when she as frank and comradely as possible, interpreted the meaning and the meaand with a wonderful little wise way sage of a glance, and raised a warnabout her. I tell you there wasn't a ing finger with a "Not one word, student in the neighborhood who monsieur, not one word," and the would have dared to deny her the half sad laughter on her face was respect due to his own sister. It like a ripple on a lake. Then I knew never seemed to occur to her that she Truly the Athene was nearly fin-

Were equally welcome, and made some For the gloom and silence and hardships that tend "To shorten one's life, ma foi!" A wife in the hamlet, another he'd take-Some dusky maid—to his camp by th lake; A rattling, roving, rollicking rake, This gay Coureur-de-Bois. the

Then peace to his ashes! He bore his part For his country's weal with a brave, stout

heart. A child of nature, untutored in art, A child of nature, intucted in art, In his narrow world he saw But the dawning light of the rising sun O'er an empire vast his toil had won. For doughty deeds and duty done, Salut! Coureur-de-Bois. —Toronto Globe.

sumstances allows herself to be con-Indeed, she avows that tradicted. she only kissed the handkerchief, and did not touch the model at all. Even then the wastfulness would be the same, but this for the moment I forgave in view of future amends. Now, the next quarrel was the very

since that she never under any cir-

iast one up to date. The Athene had en triumphantly finished and sent to the exhibition-room. Marie and I celebrated its departure with a feast in the studio. We had tes, and, of course, as I was not watching her at the moment, she poured on the water before it was boiling, and when I remonstrated she raised her eyebrows petulantly and said something about "such trivialities," and also that the water certainly was boiling because it had been on the stove 'ever so long." In addition to the tea we had cakes and pain d'epices and those long chocolates rolls with the mysterious white paste inside. But, in spite of all these external marks of festivity, there was unquestionably a gloom over the studio, and the vacant place on the worktable where the Athene had stood

looked at us reproachfully, while the skull distinctly sneered in the most unpleasant possible manner. I began to talk vivaciously about the next piece of work I should undertake, and Marie suggested a head of Hercules, with an almost imperceptible toss of her own little head,

### but I knew that there were tears in her voice, although she says now that it was only my concelt that made me think so. And then the conclerge came to the door with a letter upon

which there was ten centimes to pay. Because I had no change, Marie paid it for me, and I said that I would repay her at once, but all the same I vowed to myself that I never would The sight of the contents of the envelope reminded me of a delicious little pleasantry which I had devised, and which yet was no more than justice. It was a printer's proof of the official catalogue of the Ecole exhibits, and I tossed it across to Marie, and then watched delightedly

while she was finding the entry of the Athene. She looked at it blankly, and then with her round eyes open to the fullest extent, she said, "But what

does it mean, monsieur? Who has made an error so stupid?" I took the paper from her and read what I expected to read, having myself supplied the words:

2. Tete d'Athene, par "No. She stood up, and for the first time What had I done and how bad I hurt her? Apologies for every conceiv-sleur," she said, "It is cruel. This able offense rushed to my lips, but I have not deserved, to be thus ridi-

culed." Mademoiselle-Marie,' "But. pleaded, "believe me, I meant no jest. On my honor, the work was your as much as mine, and without such ac-But she was not to be comforted. She covered her face with her hands, and I saw the tears trickling through, and then, as I ineffectually strove make amends, she sobbed, "It is so absurd, so ridiculous. Everybody will know and everybody will laugh. and wherever I go I shall Two different names to ashamed. one little model. It is a betise, a betise.

"But, Marle," I expostulated, "it is was as beautiful as the sunrise, and ished, and it would be none too soon but a proof, and by a stroke of the that art students have a way of their for the exhibition. Marie's interest pen I will change it. See, I will do own in such matters. She stood up- in the work was boundless, her adit even now"-taking up a pencil and on her own level, and it just never miration and praise unstinted. But trying to draw her fingers from her entered into her head that others I myself was far from satisfied. Work "Look, dear child, I will put it face. might not stand quite so high. Any- as I would, the expression which I right, and whoever laughs shall not way, they had to pull up to it when longed to stamp upon the clay eluded laugh a second time. See, now"she was around. And so she came me. I knew that just the pressure and I made her look, but the little right into my room and put her head of a finger tip, rightly done, would tear-stained face was almost more upon one side and her hands behind give me the pleture that was in my than I could bear.

# The Imaginative Novelist

# By the Editor of Life.

When it is not deliberately fantasic, the imagination of the novelist squipped with a scientific training cometimes takes on the nature of prophecy-the prophecy that, accordng to our modern understanding, is no wise supernatural, but is simply a perception of the truth, raised to the nth power. Such a seer, along material lines, was Jules Verne, who, as everybody knows, foretold in his fictions such marvels as the submarine boat. We seem to recall that Bulwer Lytton, "a kind of splendid charlatan," did something of the same sort in "The Coming Race," And now comes H. G. Wells, who two years ago, in his remarkable work. "A Modern Utopia," anticipated the amazing announcement, recently cabled from London, that Louis Brennan, with the aid of the gyroscope, has perfected a new syrtem of locomotion whereby railway trains of great width may attain an incredible speed. Had the Herald's special cable conveyed this news, the sophisticated readers of that journal's pseudoscientific "beats" might have passed the salt and sought the sobering effect of the "society" column. But it was set forth on the first page of the Sun, and fortified by the "auspices of the Royal Society." Hence, though we rubbed our eyes and read again, we knew it must be so.

# . . .

And now let us compare prophecy with the facts in hand. "It has been decided," says Mr. Brennan, "to make the experimental wagon twelve feet wide, or one and a half times as wide as usual." Again: "Mr. Brennan's confident dream," says the London correspondent, "is of a transcontinental line furnished with a traveling hotel with rooms fifteen or twenty feet wide that will carry passengers in perfect comfort and safety. at a speed of 120 to 150 miles an hour. What did Mr. Wells say?

Utopian train is just a peculiar kind of hotel corridor that flies about the earth while one sleeps." To read his chapter of an imaginary trip to London from some distant point on the Continent is like reading a news account of what we are now assured is really to happen in the near future. The author and his companion, the botanist, reach the railway station, with its books and comforts, and, exchanging their shoes for slippers, sit down at ease like men in a club. A bell tinkles, they see the label "London" on the doorway, and presently they pass into an equally comfortable gallery. And when the train, with Its few windows, and with all the appointments of a club, has started, they do not know it:

"The botanist touches my arm and nods towards a pretty little leadpaned window, through which we see a village sleeping under cloudy moonlight go flashing by. Then a skylit lake, and then a string of swaying lights, gone with the leap of camera-shutter.

"Two hundred miles an hour!" Their observation is but momentary; for when one travels beyond a certain speed there is nothing but fatigue in looking out of a window, says the author, "and this corridor train, twice the width of its poor terrestrial brother, will have no need of that distraction.'

. . As Alfred Russel Wallace has pointed out, mankind through all the centuries preceding the nineteepth knew nothing much better than the ox-cart. Then, presto! the steam locomotive, and civilization moved forward at one enormous stride. And now: One hundred and fifty miles an hour! New York to San Francisco in a day! Only a few weeks ago, Mr. Harriman was pointing out what others had pointed out in years gone by-the need of widening the railway gauge. But Mr. Brennan's wheels go round on a single rail. It only goes to show that our captains of industry need the counsel of the imaginative novelist. Or was Mr Wells, after all, in the confidence of Mr. Brennan?-From Life.

# \* Newsof Pennsylvania \*

the obsequies.

WEDGED IN A TREE.

From Its Grasp.

terrible ordeal of seven hours.

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD A HERO.

Girl From Drowning.

nan

stunned.

interment made

# A DESPERATE BATTLE.

# band Wounded.

Sharon (Special). --- The Black Hand run amuck in this town this morning. One woman is dying and western Lehigh Counties for many her husband is seriously wounded. while one of the attacking Black Hand party is in jail under heavy guard

Mrs. Anna Rotunna, wife of Sylvester Rotunna, the wealthy Italian leader of Sharon, is the injured woman. Her husband made a valiant fight for her with a hatchet, but could not withstand the bullets of the alleged Black Hand gang which memory ended commit murder. From information given the police,

Rotunna and his wife had refused to contribute to the Black Hand.

Three days ago Guisseppe Collotto. said to be leader of the Black Hand in the Sharon District, came to the home of Rotunna in his absence demanded \$100 of his wife. When she refused they beat her badly Rotunna on his return swore venge ance, and this morning he saw Col lotto and a companion passing the house. He ran out with his wife calling to the alleged Black Hand leaders to stop. Collotto and his leaders to stop. Collotto and his companion opened fire, Mrs. Rotunna falling with two bullets in her breast Rotunna had picked up a hatchet and he came out and closed with the shooters, but he fell from a bullet in his thigh and one through his hand.

There were many people on the street, and a mob chased Collotto and captured him, but his companton escaped. Collotto was bachandled before he was landed Collotto was badly the unfortunate young man so that jail. It was said at the hospital that Mrs. Rotunna cannot live.

BURIED BY MINE CAVE IN.

Workmen Are Caught By Fall Of Rock.

Pittston (Special) .--- No. 14 collier, one of the most ill-fated of the

Erie Coal Company's system, in this district, was the scene of another disaster, by which five men were entombed and probably killed. A squeeze has been in progress for several days and the company placed men at work erecting timbers in an effort to check it. The trouble is in the tunnel, a split of the fourteenfoot vein.

At 5 o'clock P. M., the roof suddenly dropped, catching the workmen beneath it. The victims are John Bustice, of Hillsdale; Peter Fynn, of Port Griffith; James Boyle, of Inkerman; John and Joseph Koe-

nig, of Duryea, The tunnel is choked with a mass of rock for a distance of one hun-dred feet. Rescuers are at work have been able to talk with Bustice who, apparently, is the only one of the entombed men alive. He is beneath the rock and it is feared he may die before the rescuers can reach him.

# COXEY RAISING NEW ARMY.

### Will Preach The Gospel Of Municipal Ownership.

Pittsburg (Special) .---- General Jacob S. Coxey, whose name became in the known in the world during the march of his famous army in 1892, will soon begin raising another army to visit every State and territory in the Union, and preach the gospel of State and municipal ownership of public

blic service corporations. "All reports that I have abandon-

Mrs. Anna Rotunna Dying and Hus- Hundreds Attend Services Over Re- Practical Joke Played On Prisoner mains Of Rev. Bachman.

22 MINISTERS AT FUNERAL. MURDERER'S GHOST RETURNS

Towanda (Special) .--- Michael Hamburg (Special) .- The largest Combourt, prisoner in the Bradford funeral held in eastern Berks and County jail, is seriously ill as a result of a practical joke played on him by fellow-prisoners Saturday night. It required the services of years was that of the late Rev. him James N. Bachman, of Lynnport, night. Deceased was the pastor for twenty-Dr. T. Ben Johnson to save the eight years of the Jacksonville Charge of the Reformed congrega-Dr. T. Ben Johnson to save the man from death, and careful nursing will be necessary to restore him to h tion, and the members poured out in large numbers to do honor to his He was assigned to the cell formerly occupied by Charles Johnson, Twenty-two clergymen atthe murderes, who was recently exe-cuted in the Towanda jall yard. the Revs. Moses George, James Oswald, George Smith, William Wenner, Combourt was afraid to occupy the cell, and the other prisoners teased George Greenawalt and Peter Bachhim continually, telling him that he would see Johnson's ghost some officiated as pall-bearers. Not half of the assemblage could gain admission to the church at Jacksonnight. The Italian took the matter very seriously, and Saturday morning ville, where services were held and declared that the previous night declared that the previous night he had been visited by the spirit of the

man who died on the gallows. About 10 o'clock Saturday night Limb Sawed Off To Release Man

Came Near Ending Fatally.

two of the prisoners with a sheet rigged on a broom in a way to make resemble a human form, visited Milton (Special), - Harry Reed Combourt's cell and found him sleeping. They held the broom and would appear most hideously and then threw a stick in on the sleeping then threw a stick in on the sleeping and lke Goodman were trying to ing.

walk the guard rail on the River Bridge at 10 o'clock P. M., when Reed lost his balance and fell into cot. Seeing the "ghost" bowing to him he gave a shrick and then fell a buttonwood tree and was caught by the leg and securely wedged in the crotch of the tree. Goodman in to the floor unconscious.

an effort to save him fell to the ground and was badly injured and den turn of affairs and called Sheriff Griffin and Turnkey Ward. Com-He came to town and tried to get bourt was found on the floor of his assistance without success until 4 cell, and to all outward appearances o'clock, when he awakened a man who lived near by. They made a rope of a pair of reins and secured the end seemed near.

Dr. Johnson administered powerful stimulants, and after an hour's hard he could not fall, then cut off the limb of the tree. Reed was removed work pronounced Combourt out of in an exhausted condition after his immediate danger.

#### ROB PAYMASTER OF \$6,000.

Capture Money At Point Of Revolver.

Jumped Into River And Saved Little Philadelphia (Special) .--- William H. Hicks, paymaster for the Schaum

Pittsburg (Special)-Leslie Herdt, & Uhlinger Company, textile machinof 1323 Carson Street, Allegheny, is ists, in the northwestern section of the city, was held up and robbed of \$6,000 within a short distance of the machine shops by two highwaymen, one of whom shot him in the right nue, from drowning when she fell into the Allegheny River at the P McDonald, purchasing agent for the company, was on his way to the shop with a satchel containing the \$6,000, which was to be used in making up the pay envelopes of the employes, when he was waylaid, it

# is charged, by John Posicki, a form-er employe of the Schaum & Uhling-

er Company, and a companion. The highwaymen held pistols at York (Special).-Edwin T. Moul, the heads of Hicks and McDonald and demanded the satchel containing the money. Hicks carried a re-volver, which he drew, when one of the thieves grabbed the satchel and fired at Hicks. The bullet struck Hicks in the right arm compelling him to drop the revolver. The rob-bers fled and McDonald picked up bers fled and McDonald picked up Hick's pistol and began shooting at them. The shooting attracted crowd, and hands from several mills in the neighborhood chased Posicki. After a chase across open lots Posicki jumped on a trolley car and, holding his revolver at the motor-man's head, commanded him to run the car as fast as he could, but the pursuers pulled the trolley pole from

the wire and stopped the car and fugitive was caught. Later Anton Mojeski was arrested at Posickl's home on suspicion of being one of Later Anton the highwaymen. After the chase the stolen satchel was found lying "All reports that I have abandon-ed any of my ideas or the proposed campaign are erroneous," said the

only 11 years old, and very small age, but he proved a brave little hero, when he rescued six-yearfoot of Fayette Street. The little girl fell from a log while trying to get her pet dog out of the Leslie jumped into the wawater. ter and caught the little girl as she

sank for the third time. He got her to shore without assistance.

# Death Of Edwin T. Moul.

one of York's pioneer business men, died suddenly at Clifton Springs, N. Y., where he had been sojourning the past two weeks. Mrs. Moul, who hurried to his bedside when she heard of his critical condition, was present at the time of his death. The deceased was prominent in in-dustrial and financial affairs of this city for many years. He was pro-prietor of the National Hotel and onnected with several large industrial establishments. He represented the Eighth ward for many years city school board and was the organizers of the City Mr. Moul is survived by a one of Bank. widow and three sons.

# Millionaire Tanner Dead.

Allentown (Special) .- A telegram has been received in this city an-

wo miles north of this place.

Dream Came Too Late.

STATE OBITUARY

York (Special). - Emanuel Fry,

her, with hor little white arms bare mind, but try as I would, it evaded to the elbow, and looked at my me. Marle was all concern, all sym-Athene. Then she gave a little ec- pathy. To her eyes the work was static jump, and made the most de- already perfect and she would stand licious tiny moue you can imagine. before it, with her head bent, first to Monsieur et Madame Charles Mar-'Ah, Monsicur Marvin," she said, one side and then to the other, smil- vin.' "but that will be charming. Tell ing deliciously into the impassive and me, mousieur, is it not wonderful to ungrateful face of the goddess, until think that in the so rough clay one I wondered how even moist clay could can hide away one's own beautiful be so irresponsive. I tried to explain fancy and then work and work until to her the imperfection which baf- til I knew that I had won her. What it comes to the surface? It is to cre- fled me, but it was of no avail, and I myself said I do not know, and Maate with just one thought, is it not, she resented my criticism as though monsieur

so there were many little quarrels, Now this was more than I deserved, because I had only done the and when I was more insistent than usual Marie would pout and relapse first rough modeling, but I veritably believe the little witch could see an into silence, or else she would interartist's ideal behind the faulty ex- rupt the expression of my gravest opinions by breaking out into sorse pression. I know she put new heart into young Roland upstairs, whose entirely frivolous and irrelevant lit conceptions were sublime, and that the song, with "au clair de la lune" was all there was to it until she as a refrain at the end of every secmade him believe in himself. She ond line. And then, in the secret was standing right in front of me place of my heart, I knelt and worwhen she made this pretty little shiped her, or took her in my arms speech, and there was something in and kissed her into slience, but only friends with a Parisian girl of about the turn of her head that showed me in imagination, and that seemed flat. just like an inspiration what Athene stale, and unprofitable until I told She knew not a word of English, but ought to look like, although, of myself that it was prophetic.

course, in reality Athene wasn't half so brautiful-couldn't possibly have rel. Marie stamped her little foot in terie, at first mostly composed of "Mademoiselle," I said, "If a manner altogether terrifying, and. French people, who made merry been. you would sit for me we would have with a droop of her eyelids which every evening. First, for the benefit an Athene hors de concurrence, was intended to be dignified, but of the elders, there would be music; Othewise I fear the ideal will remain which was only entrancing, she said: then, for the younger people, danchidden away in the clay like a diamond in the mine, and it will never nee the light at all." tirely. Your disputations prove to

She looked at me a little doubtfulme that you are wrong." And, with innumerable curious customs! ly, gave me a most bewitching little that display of feminine logic, she of these dances I must speak of, for courtesy, shook her black hair back suddenly held her little handkerchief it was highly entertaining. It began from her forehend, where it had a in front of the Athene and kissed it more or less like a quadrille. After habit of failing in the most adorable full on the mouth through the dainty confusion, and jumped like a bird on cambric. Fancy such a wanton waste on a

"Monsieur does me too much honor." she sa.d.

And that is how Marie came to sit ful extravagance, but it was an imfor me. How she did brighten up the prudence, because the clay was moist. After completing this prodigality she old studio, to be sure. Even when stepped back and stamped her foot she was not there I could remember again with an added deflance, and that she had been there, and I could count the hours until she would come in my adoration of her wilful beauty. 1 looked at her for long seconds be Only to fancy that she was sitting there filled the room with a fore glancing at the Athene which radiance, and I even took pity on the had been thus sanctified. When I suggestion, my dear?"-Travel Magnoor old skull and restored him to did look a sudden bewilderment so that he might partlei. seized me, and I pirouetted wildly in his shelf. front of it, shouting, "Eureka, Eupate in the sunshine and amend his

reka, found at last!" ways As for Athene, it was wellhigh impossible to impress that indy's And found it certainly was.

martial features upon clay with Ma-rie's dimpling face before me, and I would tell her so, and then the little woman would be very stern, threaten-had given the one touch meeded, the ing to discontinue the ulttings unless I would bay exclusive attention to the shape and polse of her head and forget everything etss. Of course,

times she would stay after the eit-

han I could bear. None the less, I took my fate in both hands, and as she watched me I carefully erased both names and inserted above them the words, "par Marie gave a little hurt cry, but,

knowing that it was a case of now or never, I caught her in my arms and would not let her say a word unrie says that she does not know either she herself had been the artist. And and if I had not stopped her she

would have said that neither did she care. But the amended proof was sent back, and before the judges assembled the catalogue was justified. -The Argonaut.

## That American Quadrille.

At St. Servan, where we stayed in Brittany, we met many charming people, both French and English-and two or three Americans. I made my own age who lived in the house.

we got along very well. Through her But one day, after the usual quar- I was introduced into the little coevery evening. First, for the benefit I will say no more, monsieur. Your ing. Perhaps I did not learn all tho Athene is perfect, absolutely and en- French I might have in that month, but I learned twelve new dances and One

a great deal of bowing and scraping the evolutions became gradually less and less dignified, and at last all clay model! It was not only a sin- hands were joined and the entire

party tore through the house like a pack of wild Indians. When I sank breathless into a chair after my first experience with this peculiar form of exercise, a charming English lady asked me in slightly disapproving ac

cents "Was that American quadrille your uzine.

# Englishmen in France.

The Englishman who has a fancy Tt could have been nothing else but the for France will try to be French; the Englishman who admires France will ing lips upon the dead clay which had given the one touch needed, the emain obstinately English. This is to be particularly noticed in the case touch for which I had searched and of our relations with the French, be longed. After all, it was not sur-prising. She could have kissed a ause it is one of the outstanding pe cultarities of the French that th vices are all on the surface and their smile into the face of a stone tiger. and torget every impossible. Now Of course, I could and that was abaurdly impossible. Now and then she would come early and see for burself the miragle that ahe been had wrought. That would have been to admit defeat, and she has told mins a so Lor-ton News.

# WORDS OF WISDOM.

Patience is a virtue, but there are others.

An all-round man should be on the Equare. The primary cause of divorce is

marriage Fortunate is he who is taken at his own valuation.

If all the world's a stage, where do the critics come in?

You couldn't raise the hopes of some people with a derrick. People who are suspicious always

find what they are looking for. The girl who makes hay while the sun phines lan't afraid of freckles. Few of us get stoop-shouldered from carrying the burdens of others

Some people are an narrow-minded that they can't even take a broad hint.

It is safer to"say that all men are liars than to try to prove an individual case.

Some fellows seem to hustle much that they haven't time to do anything.

The stock market is where the speculator hopes to clean up the filthy lucre.

A man may have a fondness for widows and still feel that a Miss is as good as a Mrs.

The best years of a man's life are those that come after his best years have been wasted.

isf spite of the fact that there is no such thing as the biggest half, most people want it.

A woman may be as young as feels, but she is generally older than she thinks she looks.

There is a certain brand of Christian who feels that paying pew rent entitles him to a reserved seat in

The man who boasts of his wickedness is seldom to be believed any more than the man who prates of his pisty.—From the "Gentle Cynic," in the New York Times.

"I propose to cover the ty. Pennsylvania, and head of the General. sole leather firm of W. F. Mosser & Co., of Boston. He was interested whole country in a systematic way and this undertaking will be a giant in various tanneries throughout the compared to that of 1892. I will United States, and was a stockholder in numerous industrial enterprises. make the start as soon as an enter prise in which I am interested will permit. I expect to spend \$200,000 in this campaign of education." Mr. Mosser was 48 years old. Fishing Trip Costs \$1000.

Coxey is expecting a fortune from the Nevada mining proposition. If his hopes are fulfilled he will take his army in a special train. If not then it will have to walk as it did in 1892.

CRASHED INTO SAFETY GATES. Brake On G. L. Ballard's Machine

Gave Out.

Norristown (Special) .--- While deto settle. scending the steep West Main Street hill, G. L. Ballard found that the brake of his automobile refused to work. A terrible death stared him from his sleep by a dream that robin the face for the safety gates of bers had entered his bakery, B. F. Bastain hurried to the shop and found his dream had been agted in grade crossing of the Reading Railway were down because of the approach of a passenger train from reality.

The machine sped down the hill, crashing through the gates and land-ed upon the tracks in the path of the train.

Fortunately, James Malone, the crossing watchman, saw Ballard's peril and with his flag ran down the om the wrecked automobile. Ballard escaped serious injury.

Something got wrong with the brakes of my machine and they re fused to work."

#### Oleomargarin License Returns.

Harrisburg (Special). - Commissioner Foust, of the Dairy and Food Bureau, has issued a statement showing that from January 1 to August 15, inclusive, the following license certificates for the sale and use of uncelored oleamargarin were issue in Pennsylvania: Retail dealers, 193 193: wholesale dealers, 8; boarding houses, 3; restaurants, 2, Renovated butter, 15. The license fees amount-ed to \$25,671.74, which was paid into the State Treasury.

Norristown (Special) — The seven-teenth child, a son, was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. Scott Marsden, of this borough. Of the seventeen, there ere thirteen children living, six boys and seven girls. All of the thirteen make their home with their parents, and at meal times the happy group of fifteen are seated at the family ta-ble. The father is a tipstaff of the Quarter Session Court and was for a number of years constable. Boch he and Mrs. Marsden are receiving congratulations upon the birth of their son.

seriously hurt.

# OBJECT TO WARLIKE TOYS.

#### Creates Fighting Thoughts In The Breasts Of Children.

Pittsburg. (Special). - Rabbi J. Leonard Levy, of Pittsburg, presi-Selinsgrove (Special). - It was dent of the Pittsburg Society and a earned here why William E. Meerecent delegate to the New York han. Commissioner of Fisheries paid Peace Conference, also a visitor at a recent mysterious visit to this vi-cinity. It is said that information The Hague Conference, has returnhad been given the State authorities ed from a 10-week visit to Europe, where he spent much time tryin that several men prominent in Jackson Township, Snyder County, had get the makers of toys to desist from seined 92 hass from Penn's Creek, warlike models, taking the ground warlike models, taking the ground that playing with such toys as sol-diers, guns, etc., creates warlike It will cost the offenders at least \$1000 thoughts in the breasts of the children.

His mission was a failure, and Selinsgrove (Special). - Aroused the famous rabbi said:

"The manufacture of toys in Ger-many, particularly in Hamburg, is purely a commercial proposition, and they will make toys for which they find the best market, irrespective of other conditions. No help in the peace problem can be expected from that source now, as commercial benefits are considered by far the more

Allentown (Special) .- Rev. Cyrus Becker, of Catasauqua, 80 years important. "Peace through the abolishment of warlike toys is an admirable old, the oldest member of the East Pennsylvania classis of the Reformtheory and one which can be work-ed out, eventually, but only with the ed Church, is dead. He served the Howertown Church forty-four years, succeeding his father, Rev. Charles C. Becker, who was pastor fortyassitance of the Americans. What is now needed is that some American rom 1811 to 1902. Rev. Mr. Beck-er was ordained in 1851 and resigninvent a peace toy, have it made in Germany and allow them to exploit ed June 22, 1902, when his health. failed. He left two sons.

## Senator Vandegrift's Will.

one of York's wealthy citizens, a re-tired coal merchant and brick manu-Doylestown (Special). - By the facturer, died suddenly at his home here. He was 71 years old and is will of former State Senator Charles S. Vandegrift, late of Eddington, prosurvived by a widow and five chil-dren. Deceased was a veteran of the bated at Doylestown, the bulk of the estate, which is estimated at \$100.4

-Jama the 000, goes to his widow. One thou-sand dollars is left to the Vandegrift Hanword, 51 years old, the idest known man in Carbon Counwidest known man in Carbon Coun-ty, is dead. He was Recorder of Deeds of Carbon County for twelve years. Death was due to a complication of Death was due to a complication of burial grounds at Cornwell; \$1,000 to the Eddington Presbyterian Church, and \$1,000 to Annie H.

#### New Home For Gover

Harrisburg (Special) --- Governor Stuart will have appartments at the Senate Hotal during the remodeling of the Executive Mansion. Removal

of the Executive plansion. Remova of furniture from the mansion was begun under direction of Superin-tendent Rambo, and the furniture will be stored in the attick until I is decided what to do with it. The probabilities are that much of it will be replaced by the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings, so that it will be appropriate to the relited mathion. Milton (Special). -- Thomas Milton (Special). — Thomas S. Kutz, native of Milton, but for years a resident of Williamsport, died while visiting at the home of his sister, Mrs. A. Ellenberger, of West Milton. He was in his 17th year and is survived by a wife and son.

Civil War. Mauch Chunk (Special) .-

# Race Suicide Forgotten.

Gettysburg (Special). — John C. Group, president of the board of county commissioners, fell dead at his home in I wille. Mr. Group was one of the tost prominent poli-ticians in Adams County. He served one term as a director of the poor and for a number of years has been one of the county commissioners. Norristown (Special) .- The seven

Philadelphia.

track and signalled the on-coming train, which was stopped a few feet from His explanation of the accident is,