

Finding His Happy Valley.

PROGRESS OF THE PILGRIM TO SCENES OF HIS YOUTH

How He Found a Shrunk But, None the Less, Real Joy in Old Faces and Places—The Town Beauty Missing, For She Had Married an Army Officer.

The writer has but recently returned from a visit to the home of his youth with a bundle of such pleasant memories that he is tempted to set them down as a stimulus to the remembrance of others who look back upon early days in a small town.

In the first part of the journey thither, repeated efforts failed to conjure up anything like a full and definite picture of the place. But, suddenly, as so often happens, the mists of memory cleared, and it seemed as though I had never been away. This almost theatrical change causing me to look about with surprise, I became quickly aware that the train had swung into the beginning of what we used to call "The Happy Valley." With a sigh of content, I sank back into comfort of old adjustments, with a sense of their completeness that could come only from a knowledge of later maladjustments to compare them with.

This valley, perhaps a hundred miles long and from a dozen to a score of miles wide, is walled in by blue mountain ridges of from twelve to hundred to two thousand feet in height, their bases sweeping nearer or further and their sky lines higher or lower in a series of almost symmetrical curves. The same restrained variety characterizes the surface of the valley, which billows and rolls throughout like a solidified section of midocean. The mountains, foothills and small patches of the valley are still covered with oak and chestnut, pine and cedar timber, which makes spring time delightful and the autumn splendid. Elsewhere all is fertile farm land, square fenced or marked with low walls of ever available limestone, which also provides firm, smooth roads stretching away in every direction over hill and meadow. Many farm houses and barns are built of this stone, softened with the mellowness of years. Later structures of local brick with slate roofs seem scarcely less sturdy.

This same pleasant variety of surface and solidity of building characterizes the town itself. Cheerful two-and-one-half-story houses, of red brick, with green shutters still prevail, although about the central square and along the business blocks the height is usually greater. I will remember the builder of the first three-story house in town. The first four-story structure was reared in my boyhood. Its completion was celebrated with fireworks and the first electric lights seen in the town. Now there are even cut stone bank fronts, and they are building an apartment house and a five-story department store. Near the edges of the town, where the dwellings stand back from the streets with lawns and flowers and trees, the march of improvement is particularly noticeable—as indeed it will be, for the place has doubled in size since I left.

These dwellings I ascribed to me that local prosperity had caused the tide of physical well-being to rise to the second, or shelter, stage. Formerly, ideas of luxury centered chiefly in food, which was consumed in a variety and abundance that would have made a dietician shudder. The land is still one of plenty of good cheer, and a progress through the town would delight the monarch who said, "Let me have men about me who are fat," but other creature comforts have come to be considered also. The stage of personal adornment has yet to be reached; the men seldom have their hair trimmed or their trousers pressed, and the costume of the women is simple. The local attention to such matters seemed interestingly different from the metropolitan order of clothing, shelter, food.

The Old Town Hall.

But it was not progress that I had chiefly come to see. I found myself returning repeatedly to the old town hall, which once sheltered the oldest bank and is still surmounted by a tower of strange local architecture, bearing an equally erratic clock. All this, like everything else in the place, seemed by no means so large or so imposing as I had remembered it, and the bank's disappearance prevented the repetition of our one local author's jest concerning "the bank where the wild thyme grows." But when I once more climbed the tower and picked out, one by one, the old landmarks, I felt all of my early fondness for the place return. No one, I believe, can be without a certain proprietary affection for a place upon which he has often looked down from a tower.

There, above the town, my memory of many of its personages became vivid. First, always, we admired the old Governor—we never called him "ex," although he had been that for many years. A fine, burly figure, even in old age, he was usually seen driving to or from his model farms in a vehicle which must have antedated the one-hoss shay. And he seldom passed without some one relating how, when a misguided rascal, not being in position to be wroth by his countenance, made the conventional attack, he expanded to his full height and, with his favorite expletive, thundered: "Continental dam, sheep! What do you mean?"

The Senator, who logically came next, was by no means so impressive; for, being regarded chiefly as a provider of political chiefs, he was scorned, when he walked abroad, to assume an abstraction profound enough to make him oblivious of the hungry eyes of his constituents. I fear that his was not a happy life, at least when he was at home, which grew more and more seldom.

The General, however, loved to parade his tall, preening figure. It was currently reported that he wore stays. Certainly he carried his shoulders at ways ready for epaulettes and his head poised for a shapoon. For

years he longed to be elected a Congressman, but always in vain. A tradition that he had once compared the popular distrust of his aristocratic nature; and his pet speech of compliment to each village where he spoke—that the fairness of its renounce his bachelorhood—usually waked sarcasm, rather than applause.

After the General came the Colonel, an attorney so genial that it was said, he habitually bowed to trees and hitching posts, from mere force of habit. Every one suspected him of storing up popularity against the day when he might run for office. Whether he ever compassed of even desired such an end, I do not know.

The Town Beauty, I learned, had long since married an officer in the army. We had, I think, even more than our share of handsome girls, but to gaze upon her was such an unalloyed delight that she came to be prized as one of the chief attractions of the town. It used to be said, jocosely, that after visitors had seen the new court house, they were always made to wait until she passed, before any one would show them the way to the fair grounds. Certainly she never disappointed the fondest anticipations, except during one sad season when the whole town mourned. Most incensurably she had attempted to improve the lily and the rose of her complexion by means of a cosmetic, which must have been devised solely to further the sale of the same manufacturer's healing lotions. The damage wrought was most distressing, and recovery was slow and anxious, but happily complete. There was some desire to express the public anxiety that there be no more such experiments; but the lesson had been learned, and thereafter her loveliness only bloomed the richer.

The persons mentioned were all conspicuous members of the local aristocracy, to which the professions of law, and to a lesser degree, of medicine, were the open sesame. The chief members of these professions, together with all such persons as were distinguished for family, and a selection from those who were distinguished for wealth, made up a somewhat exclusive set, which gave an annual ball, invited friends to dinner, and went on vacations—sometimes even to Europe. As for the

THE PROFIT OF LOSS.

"There is no loss of fortune, no wreck of personal affection, no disaster in the sphere of the visible, but of the turned by the soul's inner energy into some higher phase of living. Pascal, as his sister tells us, made his ill health into a means of spiritual perfection. Wesley accepted the wreck of domestic unhappiness as another call to his public work."—J. Brierley.

great majority, the men were devoted chiefly to business and some few to politics; the women to their homes and their churches, which last regulated all of their social as well as their religious activities.

Recreations of Other Days.

For the recreation of our elders there was always a great deal of driving. It was possible to keep a carriage on an income that would not suffice for that alone in the metropolis. The carriage roads were and still are excellent and the country charming, with here and there a stately old manor house for historic atmosphere. Even then the mountains were frequently resorted to. Now they are easily accessible, and boat not only numerous hotels, but many cottages to which the more fortunate go back and forth daily in summer. To my boyhood the mountains represented not only untamed nature, but their hotels were outposts of the great world beyond. The mountains represented history also, for on the side of one was a battlefield, marked with a huge cairn of stones, and they meant literature, as well, for in one of the gaps was the home of an author whose novels and poems were in the town library.

With us young people bicycles were popular to a degree that once, in the days of old, high wheels, drew even a national meet to the old town. But the simple attractions of the place palled on our traveled guests, and the occasion began to look like a failure until, in the evening, the entertainment committee got together and started a false alarm of fire, which allowed the visitors to pull the hand apparatus of the local fire companies madly about the streets, until their superabundant energies were exhausted and they went to bed content.

These volunteer fire companies were vestiges of the intensest interest, making up in anticipation and preparation for the practical efficiency which, happily, they were seldom called upon to demonstrate. They held innumerable initiations, elections, anniversaries, and organizations; and they were always considering, with infinite attention to detail, the adoption of new uniforms and the purchase of new equipment. All of which we youngsters ardently emulated with an organization which, in a vocabulary more aspiring than accurate, we called "The Junevillians."

Even more, it possible, than by the fire companies, our interest was stirred by the annual county fair, which, for four days in the autumn, crowded the town with visitors and filled the central square, of evenings, with all sorts of traveling mountebanks. This was easily welcomed as practically our only opportunity for familiarity with the histrionic art, for the attractions of the town theatre were of a sort to be generally approved. I remember, however, attending at least one performance, when a young enough to be tremendously puzzled

by the difficulty of a harlequin in attempting to get through a wall the door of which mysteriously changed from place to place, while from time to time the wall became all doors or showed no doors at all.

What a Sensitive Man Did.

Sometimes the few bookish people gathered into reading clubs or welcomed visiting lecturers, who also conducted discussions and criticized essays, when anybody wrote them. The only lecture I recall dealt with Rugsby, and impressed partly by Tom Brown's sake, but chiefly because on that occasion the most sensitive man in the town covered himself with confusion by absent-mindedly clapping his hands together in pursuit of a mosquito, with the effect of applauding loudly at a most inappropriate time. The after lecture discussions struck me then as very learned, but I judge now that I must have been easily impressed, since the only specimen I remember was the statement that "Carlyle was a bear, wallowing in a sea of words," made by the principal of the high school.

Even now I should consider him as remarkable as his rhetoric. For he was not only the official head of the dozen schools in his building, but he also taught, alone and unaided, all of the classes in the high school, preparing us for college, and doing subject from algebra to zoology, and doing it well. His only limitation was that he chewed tobacco, secretly, or as secretly as he was able with the eyes of thirty boys constantly upon him.

Not the least interesting feature of my visit was the opportunity it provided for noting the present status of old schoolmates. Most of them had developed in directions that might have been anticipated from their youthful traits. Even the fact that the two most harum-scarum had become responsible bank directors, was explained by the remembrance that youthful lawlessness may often represent merely a superabundance of excellent energy. The school dreamer had become the chief confecturer of the town, expending his imagination on a new art shop and a summer garden lighted by the electric eyes of Cheever's cat, and was perched in the trees. The serious boy had acquired practice as a physician until his stout body and large head seemed bursting with incommunicable knowledge concerning the local human comedy. The clever boy had become a successful attorney, more than satisfied with his profession as an excellent working hypothesis in an intangible world. The boy who had become a musician pleased me, perhaps, most of all. With a talent that would win distinction anywhere, he rejected the distractions of cities for a simple environment, where he might discover and develop his spontaneous self.

A Change in Old Comrades.

If those I had known as boys were

now men, those I had known as nature were old now. The fine old clergyman who for years had led in every movement for things of good report now saw much of his seed bring forth abundantly, and he had the personal satisfaction of knowing that his youngest son had won distinction as the first Rhodes scholar from his State. The one local artist, a landscape painter, still pursued with modest determination his honest, if undistinguished, toil. The old florist was still the finest of idealists in his devotion to nature, irrespective of worldly considerations. I was happy to note that he seemed to have prepared materially, in spite of his fondness for giving, and his distaste for selling his flowers.

One or two old men I had known regaled me with memories of "the Rebellion," and of the installation of the town water works. But most of my familiar faces of that generation had passed away. The two old admirals who had so strangely chosen such an inland berth for their final cruise, the old doctor who urged his words "effervescence" and "fundamental," the little old librarian with his fondness for Josephus, and the sadly wheezy conductor of "The Madrigal Club"—even the decayed old gentleman who wore different colored wigs to suit her gowns—all were now gone.

But, in spite of many such absences, and of some sadder memories, my visit was one of profound and lasting pleasure. I did not mind the omniscient small town scrutiny, which somehow appraised my friends of all I had been doing, even before I called. And I found the whole place full of the most delightful little interests, even for one who had so little of "the restless analyst" about him. From the point of view of contrasting the residential values of capital and province, the advantages of the old town are, perhaps, largely of a negative character. But all the essentials of life are there, although in little, and success being so much less difficult, and failure so much less disastrous, the balance of vitality left over is satisfyingly large. It was not at all a bad place to spend one's youth, and it would be by no means a bad setting for one's old age.

—From the New York Evening Post.

A Dog's Artificial Tail.

Artificial teeth, legs, arms and hair are common, but a dog with an artificial tail is rare. Foll, a terrier belonging to an Olney family, sports an artificial tail. In accordance with custom, Foll lost his tail early in life, only a stump about two inches long remaining. To this stump his present owners have affixed a tail which can be raised or lowered at will. The tail is fastened by a strap and buckle, and when in place is very like the real article. Foll enjoys wearing it, and at night sleeps gratefully to its removal.—Philadelphia Record.

HOME IDEAS AND ECONOMIES

The First Stiff.

A curious distinction belongs to Miss Elizabeth M. Kilbourne, of Winsted, Conn. She claims to be the first woman who ever took a stitch on the sewing machine. She was formerly a teacher in Hartford, where she visited Elias Howe's shop, and was given a chance to try his new invention. He told her that she was the first of her sex to use the machine which has done so much to relieve the household toil of woman.—Leslie's Weekly.

Japanese Woman's Clothes.

A Kobe newspaper gives the cost of the wearing apparel of a Japanese woman of fashion. She wears \$13.80 worth of clothing under her kimono, which costs \$25. The obi costs another \$25. Numerous tying paraphernalia sum up to \$17.50, and a set of footgear amounts to \$9. Combs and hairpins, ornamented with gems, cost \$24; a shawl, \$7.50; a diamond neck clasp, \$150; handkerchiefs, twenty-five cents each; a gold watch, \$150—about \$918 in all for a season. A middle class woman wears about \$150 worth of clothing each year.—Montreal Star.

Picture Styles.

The picture styles are prominent in the fashionable wardrobe and the picture wraps and coats are particularly attractive. There is a velvet shoulder cape which has caught the passing fancy because of its beauty and convenience. It is made with long ends hanging down the front of the gown, while the back comes only to the waist line. There are no sleeves, but the arms are thrust through shawl-like pieces which fall from the neck something in dolman fashion. Large, handsome ornaments fasten the front. This picture garment can be worn day or evening.

The Height of Queens.

Nearly all the sovereigns of Europe are shorter than their consorts. Our own King, for example, is not quite as tall as Queen Alexandra, the Kaiser is decidedly shorter than the German Empress, Queen Amelia of Portugal is a head taller than Don Carlos, the King of Spain is quite half a head shorter than Queen Vic-

toried existence with that of the great John Ruskin, who had but four toys during his entire childhood, but who spent many enraptured hours with these, and he attributed his taste for architecture to the fact of his blocks, one of the toys, having interested him in building not so early an age.—Milwaukee Free Press.

Jet Passementerie Made at Home.

Jet trimming of all sorts is extremely fashionable this winter, and is not only used on black gowns of all sorts, but also on colors. It is an expensive garniture to buy ready-made, but very effective bands and motifs of the sort can be made by sewing jet beads and spangles on strong black lace or net. Lace is easier to work with, because, in this case, the outlines or the design are followed. If plain net is used, a pattern traced on paper is usually placed on the net and the beads put on by this guide. These bands, when complete, can be used for insertion, passementerie or can be even made into waists or entire dresses for evening if there is enough of them. Jetted belts are also very pretty made in this way. A jetted lace dress, if the jet be of good quality, is one of the safest investments for a lady of limited means who goes out socially a good deal. It will last and look handsome for several years at the very least, and it can be worn over a black, white or colored lining.—McCall's Magazine.

Fashionable Bridesmaids.

Then there is the question of bridesmaids. Rita had begun by saying that that, at least, is simple—she will have no one but her two dearest friends, Dorothy and Nellie; but when her mother pointed out the propriety of adding Bob's two sisters to the list, she had yielded. Dorothy and Nellie are both blondes and favor light green dresses, but Bob's two sisters are of a sallow complexion, and refuse, with that passionate acerbity which even the most amiable women will show when their personal appearance is at stake, to be seen alive or dead in green. A compromise is finally effected in pink; and Dorothy, who has already been a bridesmaid fifteen times, and can hardly drag herself through the cere-

To Serve at Afternoon Tea or Reception			
Caviar Sandwiches	Olive Sandwiches	Sardine Sandwiches	Nut Sandwiches
Tea	Fancy Cakes.	Gherkins	Almonds
Chocolate		Pineapple Ice	Squid Cakes
Creamed Oysters	Olives	Anchovy Toss	Lettuce Sandwiches
Brown Bread and Butter	Coffee Punch	Cheese Straws	Tea, Coffee or Chocolate
Luncheon Menus			
Oyster Cocktails	Cream of Potato Soup	Fish Turbot	Spinach
Salmon Cutlets	Chuchesse Potatoes	Candied Sweet Potato	Angel Cake
Broiled Chicken	Rice	Fruite Whip	Coffee
Broiled Mushrooms	Apple Salad	Sponge Cake	
Pineapple Ice	Coffee	Fruit Frape	
Raw Oysters	Baked Trout	Fried Oysters	Cold Slaw
Sweetbreads in Timbals	Green Peas	Escalloped Tomatoes	Curried Rice
Fruit Salad		Banana Salad	Crackers
		Ginger Ice	Coffee
Dinner Menus			
Cream of Asparagus Soup	Green Peas	Cream of Corn Soup	Roast Spare Ribs of Pork Spiced Apples
Roast Lamb	Pickled Peaches	Mashed Turnips	Baked Sweet Potatoes
Stuffed Onions	Lettuce Salad	Celery Salad	Cheese
Crackers	Pistachio Ice Cream	Squash Pie	Coffee
Pan Oysters	Rice Croquettes	Breaded Veal	Cranberry Sauce
Roast Beef	Stuffed Tomatoes	Baked Potato Cakes	Creamed Asparagus
Baked Squash	Orange Salad	Fruit Salad	
Crackers	Camembert Cream	Apricot Parfait	Wafers
	Jelly with Whipped Cream	Coffee	

torla Eugenie, the Czar appears quite small beside the Caarina, and so also does the King of Italy, who scarcely reaches to the shoulder of his beautiful Queen. The King of Norway and the Prince of Montenegro are the only two who are very much taller than their wives.—London Women.

Worth on Jewels.

"It is just the same with jewelry. When my daughter was about to be married I took from the bank a sum of money that her grandfather, the founder of our house, had left by will to be expended upon a wedding present for her," says Worth, the great Paris dressmaker, writing in Harper's Bazar. "The amount was sufficient to purchase a necklace of diamonds. But I did not wish such a possession for my daughter.

"Instead of presenting to her in her grandfather's name an ornament composed of stones of which not one would be really uncommon, I bought just a single stone—a solitary blue diamond, flawless, superbly cut; in point of fact, perfection. Few people may notice that diamond when my daughter wears it, but she owns a gem that is immaculate, and that is enough for me and for her."

Ruskin and Master Dollars.

Miss L. E. Stearns, in her lecture on the "The Money Child," pleaded for children to have time to be children. "I know of a Milwaukee mother who was surprised lately to find that at a birthday party which her daughter (a child of eight) had attended two liveried pages stood at the door to receive the gifts the children brought.

"The same little girl who was hostess at the party, when in a formal mood, is apt to go to call upon some child of her own age in her mother's carriage, accompanied by footman and driver, and when she arrives, presents her visiting card before seeing her friend."

Miss Stearns compared this compli-

mentary existence with that of the great John Ruskin, who had but four toys during his entire childhood, but who spent many enraptured hours with these, and he attributed his taste for architecture to the fact of his blocks, one of the toys, having interested him in building not so early an age.—Milwaukee Free Press.

"A century ago the anxious parent of the new-born babe had good reason to be uneasy," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in writing on "The Irrespressible Tendency of Babies to Grow Up," in the Woman's Home Companion. "That was still the age of dirt and a huge infant mortality.

"Less than half the children born lived to be five years old—in London, in 1760, 74.5 per cent. died—and more than one-third perished in the first year. Now such a condition is rapidly disappearing, and remains only in our slum and most ignorant peasant communities.

"To-day the average mortality in the first five years of child life in the entire United States is less than twenty per cent. The mortality for the first year, about ten per cent, and eliminating the slums and our foreign population, the rate is nearly three per cent. lower yet. So that your baby, gentle reader, has ten chances to one of reaching his first birthday, five to one of reaching his fifth, and three to one of attaining adult life. Surely this is not an outlook to justify serious worry or constant anxiety for fear that something dreadful will happen."

Sixty Million Comics Sold. The publishers say that nearly 60,000,000 comic valentines are sold yearly, the bulk of them being disposed of in this country.

It is a tradition of the Austrian royal house that no Emperor must die lying down. He must stand up to receive the last dread messenger.

NEWS OF PENNSYLVANIA

PARDONS FAVORED.

Harrisburg (Special).—The Board of Pardons recommended pardons for Barney Paul, of Elk, second degree murder; E. J. Hamm, of Beaver, selling liquor without license; W. B. Drumm, of Lancaster, larceny and receiving stolen goods; Peter Varavada, of Lawrence, second degree murder, and Mrs. Dora Newman Pike, second degree murder.

The board commuted the sentence of Alfred F. Jones, of Fayette, to life imprisonment, and held under advisement the application for commutation of the death sentence of Dominic Ramunno, of Jefferson.

Applications for a commutation of the death sentences of Jung Jow and Mock Kung, Philadelphia; William Hendy, Northampton; William Smith, Allegheny; Michael Holko, Yonango; Morla B. Holmes, Allegheny; Max Seffer, Philadelphia, and Luigi Ferrioli, Philadelphia, were refused.

Pardons were refused Robert Simpson, Westmoreland, larceny; Joseph Belsorawitz, Luzerne, assault and battery; Claude Baker, Warren, robbery; Robert Curtis, Luzerne, forgery; Earnest Santaro, Allegheny, larceny; Andrew Morrow, Beaver, burglary and larceny, and Morris Baum, Allegheny, felonious rape. Hearings were refused in the cases of John H. Dally, Philadelphia, second degree murder, and James Montgomery, Chester, assault and battery.

NEGRO MURDERER HUNG.

Easton (Special).—William Handy, a South Carolina negro, was hanged here for a murder of Police-man Shuman, of South Bethlehem, last summer. Handy declared to the last that he did not remember having shot the officer.

After the shooting, the negro, who was drunk, went to sleep in a lumber yard near the scene of the crime and was found there a few hours later. Handy is known to have shot a detective in New York some years ago. There were no unusual incidents at the execution. Handy being indifferent to his fate to the last. He would not accept the consolation of a spiritual adviser, preferring to spend his time playing solitaire in his cell.

STOOD ELECTRIC SHOCK.

Lancaster (Special).—Clayton Henry, an employee of the Hershey Foundry, Manheim, still lives, and will recover, after being subjected to a shock of 1100 volts of electricity. He accidentally grasped a live wire while trimming a light, and as he couldn't let go, soon became unconscious.

Clinton Ulrich, who went to his assistance, was also badly shocked. Henry was only released after the current was shut off. The flesh of his hand was burned to the bone, and he is in a serious condition from shock.

HORSE CALLED HELP.

Williamsport (Special).—While he was alone in the woods skidding logs near Rutland, William Avery was thrown by a rolling log, which broke his leg and pinned him fast. After he had laid for hours in the snow and cold he was found by John Benson, who was directed to Avery by the latter's horse, which had started for home.

The physician who set Avery's leg found he had contracted pneumonia by his long contact with the snow and his life is despaired of.

SAVED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

Pittsburg, Pa. (Special).—Thomas Heathcote, aged 69, was acquitted of the murder of his 65-year-old wife on December 18. The acquittal was due largely to the testimony of the prisoner's pretty 15-year-old daughter, Annie.

The girl testified her mother had first struck her father and that the latter, who had a bottle of beer in his hand, tried to ward off the blow, and in doing this he struck his wife the blow which caused her death.

Freight Shipments Increased.

West Chester (Special).—As an indication of the general reumption of business freight shipments to and from this place have been gradually increasing during the past month, with every promise that the normal volume will soon be reached. While February is always a slack month here, the business has been steadily climbing and is now past the mark made during some of the Fall months, which are usually busy ones.

Girl Missing From Home.

Ambler (Special).—Fourteen-year-old Hester Signs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Signs, has been missing from home since Sunday. Her parents have been worried to death about the whereabouts of their daughter, and they fear foul play. She was last seen at Sunday School. She was dressed in a white dress and a light gray coat with collar and cuffs of green, and a white hat.

Miners Quit The Union.

Pottsville (Special).—The anthracite coal operators having announced that they will refuse to recognize the United Mine Workers in the negotiations for another wage scale because not 10 per cent. of the miners are members of the union at the present time. District President John Faby, Miles Dougherty and Terrence Ginsley arranged for a series of meetings in the Schuylkill region to get the miners to return to the union.

Death Of Corporal Timm.

Morton (Special).—Walter C. Timm, Sr., aged 83 years, a veteran of the Civil War and prominent in Grand Army circles, being known over the State as "Corporal Timm," succumbed to heart failure at his home here. Deceased was a former postmaster of the borough and member of the school board. He was a member of Post Commandry No. 143 G. A. R., of Media, Bertram Lodge of Free Masons and the Knights of Pythias. He is survived by his wife and four children.

MINER TOO INDUSTRIOUS.

Pittsburg (Special).—That a man can be too industrious and even be arrested for being over-zealous in his employment is demonstrated in the arrest of Steven Spair, an Italian miner, employed in the Pittsburg Coal Company's mines at Reading. Spair thought to skip out the money he had been earning digging coal by being an early bird and by going into the mines soon after daybreak, mine a large quantity of coal before the rest of the day shift were on the job.

Spair was evidently unaware that he was violating the mining laws and endangering the lives of his fellow miners by going into the mines before the fire boss had made his inspection and he was arrested when he was found making dust fly in an inner chamber when the fire boss arrived. Inspector Morris charged the man with misdemeanor and he was held for court.

LIVELY CONTEST FOR OFFICE.

West Chester (Special).—Indications point to a lively canvass for the office of District Attorney in Chester County, for Robert S. Gawthrop and Harris L. Sproat have each announced their candidacy for the position.

Mr. Sproat is the present Assistant District Attorney, while Mr. Gawthrop has been working under the wing of District Attorney MacElroe for some time. He came prominently into the public eye here in conducting the Lewis murder case, a fight which he won single-handedly against two members of the bar of long standing.

Both are young men of ability, so that there is every promise of a sharp contest for public endorsement at the primaries.

MAD SCRAMBLE FOR LIFE.

Mahanoy City (Special).—Crowded with passengers, mostly miners on their way to work, a Schuylkill traction car stuck in the snow on the Reading crossing here just as the early Philadelphia express swept into view.

There was a mad scramble among the passengers, doors and windows being torn loose, from which the men jumped or were pushed with irresistible force. With but few moments to spare and the car only half empty, the motorman heroically stuck in his post, succeeding in starting the car out of danger as the train rushed by. Several of the men were so scared that they refused to go to work.

SIXTY YEARS MAN AND WIFE.

Stroudsburg (Special).—Isaac Q. Strunk, aged 85, and his wife, aged 87, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding. Both are enjoying the best of health and still attend personally to their farm work.

A large number of old people past 70 years paid their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Strunk, whose entire life has been a happy one.

Chandler For National Delegate.

Media (Special).—The announcement that Fred T. Chandler, president of the Philadelphia Stock Exchange, and a resident of Lansdowne, had been selected as one of the delegates to the Republican National Convention, has aroused great interest in political circles and will likely start a warm contest in Delaware County, as the friends of J. Herbert Ogden, a manufacturer, who also resides at Lansdowne, are anxious to see his services to the party rewarded by having him elected as a national delegate.

Fatally Gored By A Bull.

Hazleton (Special).—Andrew Neuman, farm hand, of Black Creek Township, was terribly gored by a bull, and is laid up with injuries that it is feared will prove fatal. Neuman works on the farm of his uncle, John Neuman, and went to the stable to feed the cattle, when the bull attacked him. He had his right arm and leg broken and the bull's horns also lacerated his thigh and abdomen.

Died Rather Than Testify.

Pittston (Special).—Despondent because of a domestic scandal and because she had been summoned to appear as chief witness in a case against her husband and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Van Luven, aged 40, of West Pittston, committed suicide today, by drinking carbolic acid.

Found His House Had Disappeared.

Mullica Hill (Special).—When Bernard Haughey looked over his farm he discovered that his tenant house, occupied by Aaron Cooper and family, had disappeared during the night. Going to the spot, he found nothing but a cellar filled with ashes, the house having burned down in the night while the family were away.

STATE ITEMS.

John B. Sensenig, a farmer, of Earl Township, Lancaster County, who has just died, aged 83 years, was married three times, had sixteen children and leaves ninety grandchildren and a number of great and great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Harry J. Shoemaker, wife of ex-Congressman Shoemaker, died at Doylestown after a lengthy illness.

Peter Barlett, aged 61 years, a veteran in the Civil War, died suddenly in Pottsville from apoplexy.

Dr. Richard Simmons, medical inspector of Northumberland County, was placed in charge of a free State tuberculosis dispensary establishment in Shamokin.

The Industrial Commission, of Bethlehem, will hold its first banquet on March 12, and has asked Charles M. Schwab to be its guest.

Two peddlers were killed on the Pennsylvania main line at Williamsport by the main line express. They did not bear the train approaching.

Steve Risk and Apul Lankar while on their way to work at Slaght's were struck by a passenger train and instantly killed.