THE OLD SOUTH ORCHARD. ~

By L. M. MONTGOMERY.

the sun! It was the finest, most fertile field on the farm and the neighbors told young Abraham King that he would raise many a crop of wheat in that meadow. Abraham King smiled, and, being a man of few words, said nothing, but in his mind had a vision of the years to be, and in that vision he saw, not rippling acres of harvest gold, but great leafy avenues of wide-spreading trees, den with fruit to gladden the eyes of children and grandchildren yet unborn. It was a vision to develop slowly into fulfillment. Grandfather King was in no hurry. He did not set his whole orchard out at once, for good and joy that came to the household he had founded. So on the morning after he had brought his young wife home they went together to the south meadow and planted their bridal trees. These two trees were yet living when we of the third generation were born, and every spring bedecked themselves in blossom as delicately tinted as Elizabeth King's face when she walked through the old south meadow in the morn of her life and love.

That was the beginning of the fahim. They had ten children in all, and each child had its birthtree. Every family festival was commemorated in like fashion, and every beloved visitor who spent a night under their roof was expected to plant a tree in the orchard. So it came to pass that every tree in it was a fair green monument to some love or delight of the

We, the grandchildren of Abraham heritage. The orchard was old when we came to know it, and, for us, was isted forever, like the sky and the river and the stars. We could not think of a world without the old south orchard. Each grandchild-and homestead where father lived and and death. We were too young then song and story of which we had ever scattered abroad in far lands—had its tree there, set out by grandfather when the news of its birth was an-

In our day there was a high stone wall around it instead of grandfathor's split rail fence. Our uncles and father had built the wall in their boyhood, so that it was old enough to be beautiful with moss, and green things growing out of its crevices, violets purpling at its base in early spring days, and goldenrod and asters making a September glory in its cor-

Grandmother, as long as she was able, liked to go through the orchard with us, down to the farther gate, where she never omitted to kiss us all good-bye, even if we were to be gone for no more than an hour. She would wait at the gate, her sweet face all aglow, until we were out of sight; then she would visit Uncle Stephen's avenue before going back to the

"Uncle Stephen's avenue," as we always called it, was a double row of apple trees running down the western side of the orchard—a great green bowery arcade it was. To walk om tim thing not to be forgotten. It realized for us our most extravagant dreams to understand its full beauty. The read—especially the well of Urda and of fairyland wherein we wandered romance of it appealed more strongly Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth. ander the gorgeous arches of king's palaces over pavements of pearl and dream of dying young and having our we would fling ourselves down on its emerald. Heaven, we thought, must lovers come to visit our trees thirty fern-fringed brink and drink deep surely be an endless succession of years after. Uncle Stephen's avenues in blossom that never faded.

Uncle Stephen was that first-born it for one thing-long before we were chanced to be broken despite the dozwhose birthtree stood nearest to the two gnarled old patriarchs in the cen- had been a celebrated beauty. She it. To-day weary men and women tre of the orchard. Father, who was was married in the orchard under the all over the world think often of that one of the youngest members of the apple blossoms of June. We never spring and long for a cup of its while. family, had but one remembrance of tired of hearing grandmother tell of matchless water. him-as a handsome youth of eighteen home from a long sea voyage, that we could picture it almost as bowlder as high as a man's head, with all the glamor of faraway lands plainly as grandmother herself—the straight and smooth in front, but holand southern seas about him. In lanes of white, fragrant trees, the gay lowed out into natural steps behind. ing race claimed its own. He had bride in her white silk dress and old our games, being fortified castle, Inmone of grandfather's abiding love of lace veil. It was a favorite game with dian ambush, throne, pulpit or conwoods and meadows and the kindly us to enact it all over, and so coveted cert platform as occasion required. A ways of the warm red earth; to sea was the honor of playing the bride's certain gray-haired minister, famous he must go, despite the fears and part that it had to be settled by lot. in two continents for eloquence and pleadings of the reluctant mother. Aunt Iris' pear tree, planted by the scholarly attainments, preached his and it was from the sea he came to bride herself, after the ceremony, was first sermon at the age of ten from set out his avenue in the south in our time a huge old tree just with- that old gray bowlder, and a woman orchard with trees brought from his in the entrance gate. The most de- whose voice has delighted thousands

Then he sailed away again, and the ship was never heard of more. The gray first came in grandmother's logue name, but the old south orchard and certainly it was true of all the brown hair in those months of waiting. Then, for the first time in its life, the old orchard heard the sound of weeping and was consecrated by a BOITOW.

To us children Uncle Stephen was kind-pears and quinces, but of those of the long, mellow twilights of only a name, but a name to conjure with. We never wearied of speculating on his fate and harrowing our our fayorite, because it bore a delic- hymns, grandfather beating time. small souls in fearful imaginations lous, juicy, yellow apple with a streak How clearly the whole scene comes concerning his last moments. He played an important part in many of our games and make-believes; he was were given over to us entirely, be | mother, father and mother, sitting on always the good fairy who appeared cause nobody except children could Aunt Una's bench, while we children mysteriously in the nick of time and eat their big, green, dead-sweet ap- with all Uncle George's brood from us from all difficulties. He was all the more delightful in that he never grew old like our other sunny corner, the fruit of which we for me above all the others - Lauro's For us he was always the used when our games called for a glorious and slivery, grandmother's aded youngster, with the "trial by ordeal." The apples of it sweet, quavering, tremulous. Dear eurly-headed youngster, with the laughing blue eyes, of the framed daguerrectype hanging up in grand-mother's room. If he had ever come back in reality we would have ex-pected him to look just like that. We all, I think, cherished a secret belief but there was one who never failed that he was yet living—probably on a desert island—and would some day She could munch those dreadful aport at Aunt Una's seat. Their devoreturn home, glittering with the gold and jewels of the pirate heard distovered on the said island. To this day we middle-aged men and women who were the children of that old south orchard do not say "when my ship comes in," but "when Uncle

Stephen comes home."

There was another spot in the been hard to say when we loved it his armchair on one summer after-porting the grans would be green there when the sunshing making a glory of his from Japan.

our quiet moods we sought the old

Una, for she was one of those people personality seems to haunt the scenes he wished it to grow with his life and and hair, foreign to the fair, rosy history and be bound up with all of King style of loveliness; a dreamy, leave it. spiritual girl, one of those souls who have no real abiding place in this while. She had been gifted with the journal she had written was one of mercy. The days were crisp and melgrandmother's treasures. She some- low, with warm sunshine and a tang times read portions of it to us, and of frost in the air, mingled with the so we seemed to make a very real ac- woodsy odors of the withering leaves. quaintance with Aunt Una. The book | The hens and turkeys prowled about contained verses that appeared quite picking at windfalls, and our pet kitwonderful to us-indeed, I think even yet that they were wonderful-and bits descriptive of the orchard, blent mous King orchard. When a son with a girl's dreams and longings. orchard was heaped with drifts. It was born to Abraham and Elizabeth Her phrases lingered in our memories was a wonderful place on moonlit a tree was planted in the orchard for and the whole orchard seemed full of nights, when the snowy arcades shone her. Besides, there was a bit of her like magic avenues of ivory and pearl romance connected with it.

Aunt Una had had a lover. This more than fifty, but we thought him and when a thaw came, followed by a very old because of his snow-white frost, we held high carnival there. hair. He had never married, and bench. At such times we children gentle slope.

trade mark

may hope to command.

few people,-The Bankazine.

born. It was that of Aunt Iris, who

it. We had heard the story so often

grew on it. There are no such pears

we knew them as "Aunt Iris' pears." grandmother.

deal" consisted in eating one of them of song!

in large bites without making a single

thing she attempted. We could

never "stump" her, as our juvenile One

everywhere elso was only sere brown white hair. Grandmother called him add; the trees were in leaf and bud a by name, but for the first time he full week earlier there than in other failed to answer her. orchards. Summer brought ripe luxuriance of growth. Long ago grandthe same and the same and standard spread half over the orchard. The same and standard spread half over the orchard. The same and standard spread half over the orchard. since it had its beginning, when Una's seat," a bench of mossy stone grandfather brought his bride home. Stabs arched over by a couple of Before the wedding he had fenced off the big south meadow that sloped to about with grasses and violets. We never cared to play there—it would eves like seas of silver. One day a more to her bridegroom under the have seemed like desecration, but in three-year-old baby wandered into the glory of their bridal trees. caraway thicket that met over her I visited the orchard not long ago stone bench to dream. Aunt Una hend, lay down in it, and went to on a mellow afternoon. It did not mingled in those dreams, but not sleep. When she was missed, great seem much changed. Most of the old after the fashion of Uncle Stephen, was the consternation in the house of trees were standing; grandfather's for there was no doubt concerning King. Everybody turned out to her fate. She had died thirty years before, on her twentieth birthday.

King. Everybody turned out to and grandmother's were gone, but search, distracted by direful possibilities of well and river. Search as flourishing young trees planted when We children heard much of Aunt they might they could not find her, the homestead boy had brought his who are not soon forgotten, whose terics, before an answering gurgle there and Uncle Stephen's avenue; of their lives long after they have franctic calls. Father plunged over sparkling as of yore—truly, it was gone hence. She had been very beautiful, with a strange moonlight beau- where he came upon a rosy sleep- old. And at the big granite bowlder ty of white skin and night-black eyes warm baby curled up in a nest of her children were playing "Ivanhoe" and and hair, foreign to the fair, ross own fasihoning and very loath to besieging it valiantly with arrows and

world and only tarry for a brief picking. What fun it was! The boys power of expression, and a sort of apples down until we girls cried for azine. tens made mad rushes at each other among the leaves.

Then came winter, when the and the bare trees cast fairy-like traceries over them. man was still living; he was little avenue was a fine place for coasting,

Any history of the old south lived some distance away. Every orchard would be incomplete if it June, on Aunt Una's birthday, he failed to mention the "King Bubble." made a pilgrimage to the old orchard This was a spring of neculiarly sweet. to see her tree, all ablow with never- pure water which gurgled up in the and Elizabeth, were born into this fatling blossoms, and sie on her southwest corner at the foot of a Grandfather were not allowed to go into the rimmed it round with a circle of hewn one of the things that must have ex- orchard, but we sometimes peeped stones, and in this basin the water over the wall and saw him sitting brimmed up like a great amber bubthere, a melancholy, lonely figure. It ble until it found its way through gave us, I think, a deep and lasting ferns and mosses to the brook below. sense of the beauty and strength of In our games the King Bubble played there were many of us, both on the love which could thus outlive time the part of every famous fount in

draughts from an old blue china cup

ens of careless little hands that seized

Near the spring was a huge granite

"If you're a King, you sing," was a

with so fair an example before us.

summer grandmother grew very

THE RESIDENCE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY O

A Few Suggestive Don'ts.

Don't be afraid to think before you act.

Don't be afraid to use your time to advantage. It is given for that purpose.

Don't be afraid of imitators. Originality always bears a

Don't be afraid to risk. The great successes are born of

Don't be afraid to admit it when you are in the wrong. Don't be afraid to obey. A man must learn to obey before

Don't be afraid of experience. He is the best teacher.
Don't be afraid of pleasure. It is necessary for good work.
Don't be afraid of censure. We all need toning down as well

oning up.

Don't be afraid of rivals. Things may be crowded below but

there is always room on top.

Don't be afraid to fight against odds. Most things worth

having are hard to get.

Don't be afraid to be polite at all times and under all circum-

stances. It is no disgrace to be called a gentleman.

Don't be afraid of rebuffs. This may be your employer's

method of trying your grit.

Don't be afraid to trust your boss. Confidence is a necessary

SANDARD BOOK OF THE PROPERTY O

to us; we girls had our favorite On summer days, tired and warm,

But the orchard had happier mem- which always sat on a little stone

ories. There had been a wedding in shelf below the brim and never

dresses of the guests, the beautiful It also played an important part in ail

licious pears that I have ever eaten sang her earliest madrigals there.

orchard, as well as cherries-great Laure, and among the dearest mem-

duscious ox-hearts and a sweet white ories of the old south orchard are

course more of apple trees than of summer Sundays, when old and young

any other kind. Uncle Bob's tree was assembled in the orchard and sang

of red on one side. There were two out on the wall of memory's picture

big trees-the twins' trees-which gallery - grandfather and grand-

ples. And there was a seedling tree the next farm, sat on the grass

which had come up unbidden in a around them. Two voices sound out

were the sourcest that ever grew; old Grandmother King! How much

hard, bitter, unpalatable. The "or- she enjoyed those summer evenings

grimace! Few of us ever passed it, to walk much in the orchard on fine

face. But then, Laure could do any- sad or unlovely thing to grow old

Don't be afraid of overtaxing your strength. Work kills but

Don't be afraid to make your goods known.

They carried Grandfather King through the old orchard on his last mother had sown a little plot with Journey. It had been his wish. Chil-

It was sunset, with a mother in hys- bride home. Aunt Una's seat was came from the caraway in response to the King Bubble was as clear and populars. My best wish for them was Autumn was, I think, the time we that in the years to come the old loved best, for then came the apple- | orchard might hold for them as many sweet and enduring memories as it would climb the trees and shake the held for me .- From the Outing Mag-

***************** IN DAYS OF HESITATION

It is now several months since Wall Street undertook to cure a case of financial grip with remedies that all but produced heart failure. Since then the country has been promising itself a speedy recovery of normal conditions. Convalescence has indeed begun, but it is not as rapid as some of the optimists expected.

We can hardly expect that the business world will return to normal conditions until there is a readjustment throughout its entire extent. For the man who was forced to expand against his will, this period of readjustment is not likely to bring serious results. His very objection to exploiting prosperity will have proved a blessing.

There will be more or less distress on the part of those who have been living as if the feverish prosperity of the last few years was excessive health. The penalties of extravagance must be met by the world at large, whether that extravagance took the form of rebuilding factories that did not need rebuilding, mortgaging one's house to buy an automobile, or buying unneeded furniture on installments.

Fifteen years ago a situation such as we see to-day would have given rise to a new populist movement. So far as can be seen, there is no evidence of radicalism. We face a Presidential year with no great issue before us except that of whether we shall maintain the policy of President Roosevelt-a policy that meets with the approval of practically every man in the country except those who have overexploited their borrowing power.

It is a moment of hesitation, but not a moment of despondency. It is a moment that suggests reaction, but only to those who are the manipulators rather than the actual purchasers of wealth, whether they be farmers or

In a word, let us "sit tight and trust the horse."-Editorial in The World To-Day.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Cross bearing by proxy will not win crowns. In order to be humble one need

not be servile. Infant hands can take a firm hold

on heartstrings. Time is money, but the landlord will not accept it.

To-morrow's industry will not balance to-day's indolence.

Even if you can not toot a horn you can follow the reform band.

The pulpit would profit by looking at it from the pewpoint once in a The more men you lift up the

fewer there are left to drag you Heaven is a gift that must be accented with clean hands and clean

heart. False teeth do not ache, but that is about the only good thing to be

sald of them. Widow's weeds too carefully cultivated are the soonest to go to seed and disappear.

Have you ever noticed that when

a man takes himself too seriously he is generally a joke? There was something wrong about

nowadays. I suppose they had a cata- countryside proverb in those days, the good time of yesterday that produced to-day's headache. had a nomenclature all its own, and descendants of grandfather and We don't think much of a man We all sang more or who has a large social correspon-There were many plum trees in the less, aithough none could equal

dence and keeps up with it. It will take something more than the fear of microbes and germs to put a stop to the kissing habit.

We never worry about the spiritual welfare of the man who always sprinkles ashes on his toy sidewalk. -From "Brain Leaks," in the Commoner.

Jefferson's Ten Rules.

Never put off until to-morrow what Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have made it. Never buy what you don't want bacause it is cheap. Pride costs more than hunger,

Grandmother and grandfather used thirst and cold. We seldom regret of having enten too little. Nothing is troublesome that we do

willingly. ples without so much as a change of tion to each other was beautiful to expression on her little dark, eifin see. We children never thought it a How much pain the evils that have never happened have got us. Take things always by the smooth

handle. When angry, count ten before you speak; when very angry, count one

slang expressed it.

Every season brought new beauties orchard. Yet grandfather was the to the old orchard. It would have first to go; they found him sitting in During the last year mushrooms to the value of \$575,000 were experted

THE COST OF NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.

Expense of Sea Battles So Great That Only Richest Nations Can Afford to Fig. t Now,

Roughly speaking, a naval gun will do effective shooting at a range in miles equal to its calibre in inches. For example, a twelve-inch gun would be effective at twelve miles; a six-inch gun at six miles, and so on. This does not mean the extreme range of the gun, for at the extreme elevation of about forty-five degrees, the gun will really carry farther, but this extreme elevation, besides making good marksmanship out of the question, would create too much strain on carriage and deck, owing to the recoil at discharge, to be practicable on board ship.

The question regarding the cost of firing the great guns of a battleship can only be answered in generalities and averages. The cost is great, and varies with the kind of ammunition used. Armor-piercing shell, made of highly tempered steel of finest quality, is more expensive than the common shell, made of lower-grade steel. The prices of various kinds of powder also vary. However, as in the case of the range of a gun, a fairly good rough rule for estimating the average cost of a shot from a naval gun is to place it at one dollar for every pound in the shell's weight, A thirteen-inch shell weighs 1100 pounds, and its average cost, including powder charge, is a little over \$1100. A twelve-inch shell weighs 850 pounds, and usually costs about \$900. Following this rough rule, a shot from a ten-inch gun costs about \$500; from an eight-inch, \$250; from a seven-inch, \$200; from a six-inch. \$100; from a five-inch, \$55; from a four-inch, \$25; from a three-inch, \$14, and from a six-pounder, somewhere between \$5 and \$7, according

With these data, which are accurate enough for practical purposes, it may readily be seen that a naval engagement, from the standpoint of ammunition used alone, is a decidedly expensive affair. Modern guns are fired with great rapidity, even with careful aim. The rapidity varies with the character of the shooting, the finding of the range, and the proximity of the enemy. It is safe to assume that in a naval engagement under ordinary circumstances. a twelve-inch gun would be fired about twice a minute; an eight-inch gun, four times a minute; a seveninch, six times a minute, a three-inch (not frequently used between large ships), an average of six a minute. These calibres are selected as representing the guns of which the batteries of such battleships as the Connecticut and the Louisiana are composed.

Assuming the costs and the rapidity of fire stated, and remembering that the Connecticut carries four twelve-inch, eight eight-inch, twelve seven-inch and twenty three-inch. not to mention her secondary battery of smaller guns, it requires but a simple arithmetical computation to discover that to keep all of these guns on the Connecticut going at the rapidity of fire named, for one min-, ute will cost \$30,880. To be conservative, let it be assumed that only sixty per cent. of this battery is maintaining the fire. The cost then be-comes reduced to \$18,528 for one minute, or \$185,280 for ten minutes.

Sorrows of a Secretary.

With the publication of any story that increases Loeb's mail, Loeb despairs. Once when the President went off on a trip he left Loeb a lot of slips containing his autograph, stating that the slips were for those who asked. Loeb mentioned the incident to a reporter. The reporter rushed into print. Loeb's mail a few days later was too big for the regular White House mailbag. Loeb later was seen whispering in the ear of that print-rushing reporter, and it was noticed that the reporter's face became slowly sicklied o'er with the pale cast of contrition.

The publication of this story will increase Loeb's mail within a week by hundreds of letters. It's always so, when some one does Loeb the unkindness to tell the people what it means to be secretary to the President. There was a Loeb article published by a syndicate, some months age, in 800 different newspapers. Poor Loeb! His friends and wellwishers, from the Rio Grande to Alaska and from the Penobscot to the Pacific, wrote him, either inclosing a copy of the article, or saving "Did you see it?" Courtesy required an answer to every one of those zealous admirers. So don't think Loeb is hankering for one line of publicity more than is thrust upon him by his official duties-for he has no such hanker.-Leslie's Weekly.

His Steamer Chairs.

"I have the woodwork of seventcen steamer chairs in my garret," grumbled the man who had crossed the ocean seventeen times. "Just as good as new. Each chair cost me \$4.50 The canvas, duck, or webbing that formed the seat wore out and I never was able to replace it. I tried forty stores for similar material, and gave up the job. Now, whenever I want a chair I buy a new one complete; no use looking for colored, or striped, or checked duck to form a seat." a like experience. Plenty of white duck can be found, but no subdued stripes or colors. All you want is a strip seventeen or eighteen inches wide and two and a half yards long. cught to cost about twenty-one cents a yard .- New York Press.

Checks to Hirtation.

"When I went abroad to Baden Baden last summer," said the little invalld, "my husband gave me an Elk pin to wear and my father a Musonle one. They said if there were any Masons or Elks on board ship they would

Every blessed man on board was elther a Mason or an Elk, and not c one of them would filrt with me on account of those plus.

"You can bet when I sailed for home I out those blooming pins in the trunk and kept them there." New York Press.

NEWS OF PENNSYLVANIA

KILLED TRYING TO ESCAPE.

York (Special) .- Samuel Knaub, wheels of the southbound Washington express and was ground to pieces the window of a toilet room on a car. He had been arrested at Harrisburg and was on the way to jail here, in charge of Constable C. K. Weaver.

Several days ago a horse and bug-Harry Strayer, near Dillsburg. Knaub was suspected and was captured at the home of his mother, Mrs. David Hartman, in Harrisburg. On the way down abroad the train Knaub, who was handcuffed, asked permis-sion to go to the toilet room. Shortly sion to go to the tollet room. Shortly afterward a passenger heard a crash of glass and, looking from the dow, saw the prisoner fall headfore-

The train was stopped and the prisoner was found dead with his head crushed and one of his legs

BY TROLLEY TO GETTYSBURG.

Hanover (Special). - Announce ment was made that work will soon start on the extension of the Hanover Street Rallway to Littletown, a distance of seven miles, by way of McSherrystown. The contract for

Oxford, a distance of five miles. The projected line will then be run to Berlin Junction where the East Berlin branch rallway, which is probably the shortest steam railroad in Pennsylvania, will be electrified, and the line continued through Abbotstown East Berlin. After the line to Littlestown is completed it is prosed to extend the road to Gettys burg, ten miles distant. Then it will be possible to go from Lancaster, York and Hanover, to the historical battlefield by trolley.

PANIC IN SCHOOL.

Butler (Special) .- A panic among school children and their parents occured at the Institute Hall School building, when a report was circulated that President Mechling, of the school board, had received a Black Hand threat demanding \$500 or the building would be blown up with dynamite. Many women, frantic with fear, rushed to the school and demanded that their children be instantly dismissed. When the teachers persisted in keeping the children in their rooms a number of women fainted. The children deserted the building when they learned of the report. All efforts to hold them in check were futile.

WIDOW CHARGES FRAUD.

l'ittsburg (Special) .-- Standing her last ground in the battle to save her home from litigation that has gradually dissipated the huge fortune of her dead husband, Mrs. W. C. Jutte, widow of the suicide coal millionaire. entered suit, alleging fraud on the part of James W. Friend and F. N. Hoffstott, administrators of the dead financier's estate.

Hoffstott now has pending in court an ejectment suit to oust the widow house. Mrs. Jutte claims the deed to this house was given by her late husband to Hoffstott and Friend as collateral and that their claim against Jutte was afterward satisfied in full. utte was afterward satisfied in full. but that the property was never reconveyed.

Youth Electrocated.

Altoona (Special) .- Dick Marks. aged 16, of Versailles, Pa., who is Trout, of Ashland, who has been levisiting here, was sent into the cellar gally seperated from his wife, must of Mrs. Ella Brandt's home to place pay the later \$396 he borrowed from an electric bulb in the socket. "You her while they lived together. A jury turn on the current when I make the heard Mrs. Trout testify that the connection," he said. She turned the money she gave her husband be-switch and instantly there was a longed to her before her marriage scream. Marks was dead when Mrs. Brandt reached the cellar.

Landslide Wrecks Town.

Pittsburg (Special) .- Two Chinamen are believed to have perished. scores of persons are suffering from inhaling gas, eight places were either set on fire or were the scenes of explosions and many persons narrow-ly escaped death as a result of a landslide which demolished the gas regulator house of the Manufactur-per' Light 6. Manufactur-pritesburg June 10 to 13. explosions and many persons narrowers' Light & Heat Co., at Ben Avon.

Mother Dies As Daughter Arrives. South Bethlehem (Special) .-- Mrs Mary Kierman, after reading a tele gram from her daughter in which the latter informed her mother that she was on her way home for a visit

just as the train, on which was her daughter, pulled into the depot. | ceptance. Woodsman Killed By Tree. Bloomsburg (Special),-Jacob Yeager, a woodsman, employed on

years of age.

Youngest Attorney Dies. Honesdale (Special) .-- Lawrence M. Atkinson, a prominent Honesdale citizen, died of apoplexy during the while drilling for oil in Hebron townnight at his boarding house. He was Wayne County's youngest practicing attorney and was admitted to the bar in 1897. He was also a member of 1897. He was also a member of Philadelphia Bar, having been admitted shortly after his graduation from the University of Pennsylvania

Lightning Fires Post Office.

Franklin (Special) .- The building occupied by Rockland Post Office was struck by lightning and burned to the ground The loss is \$15,000, with \$10,000 insurance. All of the mail matter was burned.

Druggist Held For Court.

Carlisle (Special) .- Dr. Irvie Pelffor, a Shippensburg druggist, held under \$1,000 ball here by Mag-istrate Hughes, charged with violat-ing liquor laws.

RAILROAD CENTER DOOMED.

Altoona (Special). - Because an alleged horse thief, fell under the freight can be handled cheaper from Altoona to Sunbury, via Tyrone, Lock Haven and Williamsport, than via shortly before 6 o'clock, when he Lewistown Junction, the Pennsylva-tried to escape by Jumping through his Railroad is to virtualy abandon the latter place, which for years has been an important railroad center,

on account of being the Main Line Terminus of the Sunbury Division. discharged, together with seven telegraph and telephone operators, wenty more of the latter are to be

WAS DETERMINED TO DIE.

Lancaster (Special) .- As he had frequently threatened to do, John Druckenbrod, aged 70 years, of Clay Township, walked three miles from his home to Middle Creek and committed suicide by drowning himself in a narrow stream. When his body was discovered it was found that the man had waded into a shallow hole and deliberately buried his face in

CRAZED BY LACK OF WORK.

Carlisle (Special). - County officlais here dealt with a sad case, when they removed to the county asylum the work was given to John Dob-bling, of York, and requires comple-tion within ninety days.

Another extension in contempla-tion is from McSherrystown to New Oxford, a distance of five miles. The haby arrived in the Fink home on Saturday, after which time the young father completely lost his

LODGER SAVES WOMAN.

Altoona (Special) .- Nick Correino aved the life of Dan Bretino's wife and the house from destruction by fire in return for a night's lodging. Correino was given the the privilege of sleeping on the kitchen floor when he applied for shelter.

During the night Mrs. Bretino left her bed and fell with a lighted lamp. It exploded, igniting her night dress and the house. Correlno extinguished the fire.

RATS GNAWED FIRE HOSE.

Altoona (Special), - When fire broke out in George B. McClellan's store at South Altoona firemen rushed to get out the apparatus and found that rats had gnawed holes in the hose. The town was threatened. Finally two good sections of hose were found and the blaze kept in the store. in the store.

State To Help Build Highway.

Harrisburg (Special) .- The State Highway Department will co-operate with the county officials of Lackawanna in the construction of the proposed improved highway across the county. The project has received the indorsement of the Court and Grand and meetings are now being held along the line of the proposed road at which engineers of the State are present. The State surveyors will assist the county authorities.

Finds \$15,000 In Old Desk

Siesholtzville (Special)-The heirs of the late Samuel Bittenbender, one from her palatial Pittsburg town house. Mrs. Jutte claims the deed of the oldest and wealthlest farmers to \$15,525, of which \$5,529 was in

Must Pay Wife Borrowed Money.

Pottsville (Special). - William and promptly rendered a verdict in the wife's favor.

State Medical Board Examinations. Harrisburg (Special) .- The State

Board of Medical Examiners has announced these dates for examinations: State Board, Philadelphia and Pitta-burg; Homeopathic, Philadelphia,

President Invited To Chester,

Chester (Special) .- President The odore Roosevelt may be present dur-Chester to this city in June, when Councils will present the vessel with a \$2000 silver service set. A com-mittee will wait upon the Chief Executive and if possible secure his

Melting Snow Reveals Suicide Snow Shoe (Special), - Melting

snows disclosed in the wood near his the North Mountain lumber tracts, home the body of Postmaster Theowas struck and instantly killed by dore Musser, of Clarence, missing a tree he was felling. He was 36 since December 7. He had committed suicide by shooting.

> Hard Coal Strike In Potter County. Williamsport (Special). - Word reached here that John Scholard, ship, Potter County, discovered a vein of hard coal twelve feet thick

Section Men Killed At Avoca. Scranton (Special) .- Frank Castine and Joseph Massi, section men

in 1897. He served a term as Dis-trict Attorney of this county and was a director of the Dime Bank. in the yards of the Eric Raliroad at Avoca, were struck by a switch en-gine and killed. in the yards of the Eric Railroad at

Rev. Abraham C. Ruebush, a Methodist minister of Port Lavaca. Tex., aged 65 years, has 12 boys and 16 girls. In the Confederate army he was in 41 battles and was wound-ed five times. The price of eggs in England has advanced greatly in late years. The value of last year's home product was

£2,500,000 greater than that of 12 years ago.

Everyone wears silk in Madagas car, as it is cheaper there thus lines. Switzerland is the center of the mail-cultivating industry.