HIS ATTACK OF COMMON SENSE.

By

William MacLeod Raine.

Miss Hallie Darrell sauntered up the path while Robinson beached the boat.

"I wish you'd have an attack of common sense," she suggested severely, when he had rejoined her.

"Didn't I beach the boat properly?"

"You know I'm not talking about the boat. It's the other thing."

"In which you are sensible enough for both of us. 'Tis the only one of your virtues I hope isn't catching. Too strict a sense of sense is dreary nonsense," he contributed.

"Thank you, sir."

"Don't mention it."

"I don't want to impose on you. Since you find me dreary—"

"It's Lent," he interrupted hastily.

"I prefer not to be taken as a duty."

"My dear," he protested, "I would take you on any terms and for any reason."

"I'm not your dear. Be sensible, Jack."

"Afraid I'm immune," said Robinson cheerfully.

Hallie glanced curiously at him. It was not like Jack to assert himself when he was with her. By way of changing the subject Miss Darrell viewed scenery. They came to a clump of willows and found seats beneath them. Miss Hallie disposed herself and her skirts gracefully in a shower of silken rustle.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" she murmured presently, apropos of scenic effect.

"Lovely," agreed Jack, his mind and eyes monopolized by living pictures.

"Such harmony, such color effects."

"Such a golden aureole in the sunlight." Envious friends had been known to call the golden aureole red hair.

"The whole so restful and peaceful!"

"Hm! Do you think peaceful quite the word?" Jack didn't, nor restful for that matter.

"Of course it's the word. What would you call it?"

"Everything that's lovely and charming, but with the possibility of gusty storms always present."

"How stupid! The island is perfect to-day," she told him impatiently.

"Oh, the island! Yes, it's a very Garden of Eden," agreed Jack, looking at Eve lazily.

She shot him with a little slant of amused eyes. "I'm glad you're appreciative of your mercies."

He puffed at his cigar silently.

"You ought to remember them when you sigh for the unattainable," she continued.

"I don't recognize any desirable thing as unattainable. When I see what I want I ask for it."

"Apparently so. Four and one makes five."

"Yes; and five and one will make six," he added cheerfully.

"Why not spare yourself the trouble?"

"No trouble at all to show goods, ma'am."

"But when I tell you I'm not purchasing to-day?" she said, with velvety gentleness. "Though I don't doubt that what you have to offer is of the very finest quality," she added, with a little twist of a smile.

"I might induce you to change your mind. That's what you are a woman for. You must be tired of the eternal negative. Variety spices life, I've heard."

"Then you'd better try it. What's the use of being a parrot, Jack?"

The young man smiled. "I suppose it isn't exactly news any longer. Shall I tell it to some other girl for a change?"

"I wish you would."

"Who, for choice?"

"Oh, any nice girl that suits you."

"Minnie De Lacy, say?"

"Not good enough for you."

"Sarah Jessup, then?"

"Too good by half."

"Miss Ellwood?"

"She's thirty if she's a day."

"Tessie Steyn?"

"A child in short dresses."

"That exhausts my list and brings me back to you. Miss Darrell, will you marry me?"

"Again?"

"I didn't know it had happened once."

"Oh, bother! I mean your asking me again. That makes six times."

"Does it? Make it my lucky number, please. Do I hear you say yes?"

"You hear me say no."

"It's a word I'm getting to detest," said Jack, with a smile.

"So we'll just say no more about the subject," pursued Miss Hallie swiftly, with a sweeping catlike glance at her mouse.

"Till next time," amended Robinson.

The girl coaxed him with shy glances and a sweet, appealing voice.

"You're charming as a comrade, Jack, but as a—I mean in any other role—I don't like you so well."

"Oh, yes, you do. You like me very much indeed, my dear."

Miss Darrell's very modern brown eyes searched his face.

"What's that you say? Be careful, Jack," advised the young woman.

Robinson's cheerful countenance was a study in audacity. "I said you liked me very much as a lover. The trouble with is that you're afraid you like me too much."

Hallie Darrell gasped. Comprehension came slowly to her, but when it did she understood in a flash. It was the turning of the worm. Patient Jack Robinson with opinions of his own! Her eyes sparkled with the newborn interest of battle, but her voice carried only an edge of indolent scorn.

"Oh, you twentieth century men!" she flung at him.

"No go, Hal. You'd like to imply it is my conceit, but we both know it isn't."

Miss Hallie flung a pebble at an inquisitive squirrel and watched it scamper up a tree to safety. She timed her carelessness to the proper second of speech.

"So I'm head over heels in love with you, am I?" she challenged.

His smile was complacent, and consequently irritating. "Well, I wouldn't put it that way. You're very fond of me, but as you don't want to be engaged you have persuaded yourself—or at least you are trying to—that you don't care for me. I think that's about it."

Miss Darrell looked at him in offended amazement. "Well, upon-my-word! Jack Robinson, you astonish me."

He was astonishing himself a good deal, for that matter.

"I'm the new man emancipated, you know. You're a very independent young woman, and of course I've fetched and carried for a year without daring to call my soul my own, so you're a trifle puzzled now," Jack went on coolly. "But you'll get over that, my dear, and then we'll be married as comfy as can be."

"You take a good deal for granted," scoffed Miss Hallie.

"Well, you're certainly a good deal to me," admitted Jack, and as he looked at the girl her unconscious challenge of sex fired his blood and mastered him. "I'm going to take more for granted," he said suddenly between his teeth.

He put his arm around her, caught both her resisting hands in one of his, tilted her pretty flushed face toward him and deliberately covered her lips, her eyes, the curve of her neck with warm, passionate kisses. Those kisses would have revenged him for a year of snubs if he had cared for revenge—which he didn't.

She struggled to her feet in a flame of resentment. "How dare you! How dare you!" she cried.

"I don't know how I dared, but I did," he cried triumphantly. "You're mine now, my raging little beauty. You can't wipe away those kisses, no matter what you do. You belong to me."

"I hate you," she cried passionately, a storm incarnate. "I'll never speak to you again. You're not a gentleman."

"Perhaps not, Hal, but I'm a good deal more of a man than I was five minutes ago."

"Never speak to me again," she commanded, as she flung away.

"Never is a long time, Hal," said the young man. "Better make it a day before. Else we'll have no time for a honeymoon."

She shot a choking postscript at him over her shoulder. "I never was so insulted in my life."

"I'm glad to know I was the first," he said, very honestly.

"Don't talk to me, sir. I hate you."

"That's surplusage, my dear. You told me that before," he called after her. "Besides, it doesn't happen to be true except for the moment. You're going to love me just as soon as you quit hating me."

"I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth," she cried.

The tilt to Miss Hallie's saucy little chin became a trifle more accented if possible. Apparently she had wiped Jack Robinson off her map.

That young man smiled in a large content. He had been impudent, of course, and overbearing, perhaps, but he had a divination that what Miss Hallie needed was a little of the Petruchio business. At the most it could not eventuate in worse failure than the scrupulous overweighted courtesy of the past year. He had heard that women liked cavalier wooing. Well, there was nothing like judicious experimenting.

At the expiration of an hour and a half Jack went on a search for Miss Darrell. He had seen her down at the beach struggling unavailingly to launch the boat. Proving unequal to it, she had disappeared in the woods.

He found her under a tree in the heart of a little grove. She was staring straight before her, and appeared to be having a heart to heart commune with herself.

When Jack spoke she did not hear. He spoke again and she continued industriously not to hear.

"I merely want to say that we shall have to leave the island pretty soon or be late for dinner," he said suavely.

Miss Darrell regarded the scenery with a fond interest.

"It will not be necessary for you to speak unless you so desire. If you care to make me so happy as to join me on the return trip you may meet me at the boat in five minutes. Otherwise, I shall assume you prefer to walk home."

If silence is golden the atmosphere must have been surcharged with wealth.

"Good-by, Hallie," he called gaily. "I'll send Bob back for you when he gets home from school this afternoon. Try not to be lonesome, dear."

Jack swung away whistling to the beach. Hallie could hear the splashing of oars for a few minutes. Then the sound died away. For a long time there was more golden silence.

Hallie stole to the edge of the wood and looked out. Neither the boat nor Robinson was in sight. He must have taken her at her word and left her. A rush of warm anger flooded the girl's veins. How dared he leave her alone. Did he think she could be marooned like any pirate? She would make him eat dirt for treating her so. What had come over him, anyhow? He had never been like this before. She stamped her little foot in rage. She hated him—hated him—hated him!

Her anger was genuine enough, but trickling through it, scarcely recognized as yet, was a new pride in him, an admiration born of defeat. The world-old instinct of her sex was at work in her. She had found her mate and her master, and in much the same way that her savage ancestors had found theirs. He had trampled her pride under his feet, had beaten down her will with kisses, just as his fathers two thousand years before had beaten into submission with clubs their lithe and lissom loves. It was the old primordial battle over again, with the same result. She still fought against surrender, hardly realizing as yet the imminency of it, but her fight was a useless one. Already she was thinking with a kind of fascinated fear of this boy whom she had been used to order about at her will. He would never again be her unreasoning slave, and deep in her heart she was glad of it, glad that the manhood in him had asserted itself to defeat her.

She felt, too, a new strange craving for his presence. The memory of his strong embrace still shivered through her, the hateful delight of his kisses still burned her face. She had but to shut her eyes and let go to feel herself snatched to him again. Shame and anger might surge in her, but deeper than either was the awakened instinct of her strong young womanhood. She had come into her natal inheritance.

And even though she feared to match herself against his new-found strength she wished he had not left her by herself. She felt oddly dependent and alone. Always aggressive and unafraid, fear at last had found her, and in this little island where she had been at home since childhood. For now she was shut off from retreat, and defeat, making clear her weakness, had sapped her strength. Vague alarms filtered through her, fancies of the woodland folk and fettered power lurking in the shadows to seize her. Perhaps some Caliban of the forest—

She glanced round fearfully, ready to scream aloud. But behind her was only the still forest, instinct with alien life. How quiet it was. The very stillness awed her. It seemed to reach out hands toward her. She got up, skirts gathered for flight. Sweeping the hazel bushes aside, she plumped into the arms of Jack Robinson.

"You here!" she gasped. "I thought—you had gone." And she fell to sobbing on his shoulder, burying her head in his coat.

He let her cry it out, petting her to his heart's content.

"You were horrid," she said at last, between her lessening sobs. "You treated me—you know how, and then you went away. I—I hate you."

"That's all right, Hallie. You may hate me if you want to, but you've got to love me whether you want to or not," he told her. There was a new masterful ring to his voice not there of old.

She caught the lapels of his coat and shook him, not wholly in fun. "How dare you talk that way to me, sir?"

"I don't know. I suppose because it's true." He took her face in one of his hands and made her look at him. She tried to turn her eyes from him, but he compelled her gaze. "It is true, isn't it, dear?"

She found the ghost of a smile. "I'm like Baby Joe when his father asked him if he loved him," she said shyly.

"What did little boy Joe say?"

"He squirmed, and tried his best to get out of it. Then at last he said: 'I do, but I ain't going to tell you.'" She buried her blushing face swiftly in his coat again.

But he could not let his triumph rest. "You must say it. Haven't I waited long enough to hear it? Say it, dear heart: 'I love you, Jack Robinson.'"

"I don't want to, Jack. Please, no."

But he made her repeat it after him.

She tortured it out, word by word.

"I—love—you—"

He shut her lips with a kiss before she could say Jack Robinson.—From Ainslee's Magazine.

HOW A SOUL EXPANDS.

There is a rift in our heart, a window that opens to the outer light when we have assumed the weight of another's burden. We get a new strength, a new sort of strength, and a new sort of joy.

The pressure that bears us down seems to open a new valve of power. We may grow weak in every physical and worldly sense, yet are strong with a fresh vigor. There is a rift in our skies. We see beyond, travel another world.

Our interests have annexed the other's interests, and the two together form a new life, a new substance like in the chemical equation. And this the solitary individual interests cannot do. They must have the addition.

The chemistry may be mysterious, but the reaction always is certain to mean this greater power. All may wonder how, or where, but we have it, a power to bear the burdens, no matter how grave.—Washington Star.

Their Age is in Sight.

Women of the Ivory Coast in Africa lengthen their necks by wearing iron rings. Every year they put a new ring around the neck, which they can stretch so far that it is nothing unusual to find it as long as the face.—New York World.

An effort is being made to organize the workmen of Mexico on the same lines as they are in other countries.

LONG LIST OF ROYAL MURDERS

MANY EUROPEAN RULERS VICTIMS OF ASSASSINS.....

Britain Had Her Share of Tragedies in Olden Days---One Empress and One Queen in the List---Some Attempts to Kill That Failed---Russia's Reign of Terror.

The assassination of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal recalls the long list of monarchs who have been killed by rebellious subjects with real or fancied grievances against the State of by conspirators against the throne or by maniacs. Since the very earliest days of history the heads that wore the crowns have had good cause to rest uneasy. Often the next heirs or close relatives of the monarchs have been the instigators of their murder. In the case of Edward II., King of England in 1377, it was his wife, Queen Isabella, daughter of Philip IV. of France, who suggested that he should be done to death and she looked on calmly while the murderers killed the King by thrusting a red hot poker into his abdomen.

The assassination of James I. of Scotland in 1437 was like that of Dom Carlos in that his wife, Queen Joan, tried to shield him with her body as did Queen Amalia, but in the case of James also the heroic effort of his wife was unavailing, as he fell pierced by the swords of the murderers.

In this age of reason there are many doubts cast upon the reputed murder of Edward V., who, with his brother, the Duke of York, is supposed to have been smothered in the Tower. Bayley in his history of the Tower of London quite discredits the story, and it may be that Richard III., the wicked uncle of tale and picture, did not really have this deed upon his already overloaded conscience after all.

James III. of Scotland, who was stabbed at Kylesithe in 1488, appears to have rather deserved the fate some of his long enduring people meted out to him, for he caused great suffering among them and was absolutely regardless of right or justice. But the assassination of William of Orange at Delft in 1584 was quite without adequate reason. The murderer was not Dutch but Burgundian, and was in the bodyguard of the Prince. His only excuse for the deed was that he was convinced that "so long as the Prince lived he seemed likely to remain a rebel against the Catholic King and to make every effort to disturb the rights of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion," so he fired three shots at his royal master, who fell exclaiming "Oh, God, have mercy on my soul! Oh, God, have mercy on my people!" The murderer was submitted to horrible tortures and finally put to death.

Henry III. of France, the last of the Valois line, was killed by a Dominican monk in 1589. As he was undoubtedly a cruel King and the instigator of three murders among his unfortunate relatives, the nobles, who were certainly relieved by his sudden exit, ought to have rewarded the monk for his service, but instead they most ungratefully put him to death at once.

Henry IV. of France was killed by Ravaillac in 1610. This King seems to have been as kindly as he was wise, and Ravaillac's only reason for the crime was that he killed the King because he feared that he was going to war against the Pope.

Gustave III. of Sweden, who was stabbed to death in 1792, was the victim of a conspiracy. The nobles were discontented with their monarch and resolved to put him out of the way. According to time honored anarchistic methods the murderer was selected from their number by drawing lots. The man who chose the fatal paper which made him a regicide decided to kill the King at a fancy dress ball which he was to attend at Stockholm, so as Gustave entered the ballroom he received his death blow. The assassin was executed, but all the instigators escaped punishment.

Emperor Paul of Russia spent his entire life trying to escape assassination and at last was choked to death by a band of conspirators. His excesses were so horrible and he was so insane in his cruelties that it is small wonder his life was always threatened. His murderer was not put to death, but merely sentenced to expulsion from St. Petersburg.

On June 4, 1876, four days after his abdication, Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, was found dead. He was probably assassinated.

In 1881 Alexander II. of Russia was killed by a bomb thrown at him as he was driving to the palace after he had taken the oath.

There was no great surprise at the murder of Nasr ed Din, Shah of Persia, for the lives of Eastern rulers are notoriously insecure, but his Majesty had been twice to England and by his personal charm and tact had made himself very popular. The special feature of this crime was the cruelty with which the assassins were punished. They were placed in pits as deep as they were tall and these were filled in with plaster of paris. Then water was poured on, with the result that as the substance set the poor wretches were slowly crushed out of existence.

The murder of the gentle and sorely stricken Empress of Austria is still fresh in people's minds. Luccheni, her assassin, said when captured: "If all anarchists do their duty as I have done mine bourgeois society will soon disappear." The Empress was killed at Geneva.

King Humbert of Italy was assassinated in 1900 by an anarchist, Angelo Bresci, hailing from Paterson, N. J.

In 1903 King Alexander and Queen Draga of Servia were killed in their palace by some of their own people. Their history was not a pleasant one and they seemed to have rushed from one mad act to another without considering what the end would be as their unpopularity increased among their subjects.

Besides all the royal victims who have suffered death there have been numerous others who have escaped assassination, but who have spent all their lives in fear of it and often on the very verge of it. Frequent attempts were made on the lives of Napoleon III. and the Emperor of Austria. Queen Victoria, popular as she was, was not free from danger and only just escaped the attacks of Oxford and a half witted youth name O'Connor. King Edward, when he was Prince of Wales, was fired at in Brussels. William I. of Germany was seriously wounded in an attempt on his life. The narrow escape of the King and Queen of Spain on their wedding day is worldwide knowledge, and of course the life of the Czar of Russia is one constant precaution against the machinations of his enemies.—New York Sun.

Elkins on Rich Senators.

Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, the other day had one of the current lists of millionaires in the upper branch of Congress. It carried him as the third richest man in Congress, one whose credit would be $25,000,000. There were thirty other supposed millionaires on this Senate list.

"Discount those figures by ninety per cent.," said Senator Elkins, in all seriousness, as he surveyed the names of his very rich colleagues, "and they will be more nearly correct. It is the honest truth that many of the men listed in the Senate by these writers as worth all the way from $1,000,000 to $60,000,000 each would be willing to take ten per cent. of these estimates in cash to-day.

"Run over the names of the wealthy men of the Senate," continued Mr. Elkins. "There are admittedly some wealthy men among its members. They are nothing like as rich as they are represented to be, but with only one or two exceptions you will find they are self-made men, who started in very modest circumstances.

"In some ways this kind of exaggerated talk about millionaires predominating in the Senate is not just. I have personal knowledge from my long business associations that the figures are greatly exaggerated. Observers, familiar with affairs here, know that very rich men do not control in matters of legislation. They bear their part of the work, according to their ability and service, just as do all other Senators."—Washington Post.

Man's Endless Quest.

As a great preacher once said: "Man is continually looking for his lost inheritance of happiness, which the allegory of the Garden of Eden prefigures. He knows it exists for him somewhere, and he is ever knocking, knocking — generally at the wrong door, of selfishness, greed, ambition, lust, all sorts of foolish doors, and we call his mistaken seeking by a name, 'Sin.'"

How Ancients Did.

By rubbing metals with salt, before applying mercury, the ancients obtained a reaction similar to that for which copper sulphate is used. The chlorine released from the salt formed a silver chloride easily attacked by the mercury, so as to form an amalgam.

A Religious Despot and His Rise.

The amazing story of "Elijah" Sandford and his sect of "Holy Ghosters" is told at length in Harper's Weekly. It is an almost incredible story—the story of a religious fanatic who has built a fleet of ships and acquired a fortune for the propagation of his faith, and who numbers his followers by the thousand. What is the secret of his remarkable rise? It is, answers the author, F. I. Anderson, immense personal force.

"He is," says Mr. Anderson, "insistent, persistent, despotic. He will brook no opposition to his will, which is absolute law at Shiloh—which has been absolute law since the day, fifteen years ago, when he turned the first spadeful of sand on the hill-top. His whole life has been one of intense individualism. In his baseball days he was the absolute boss of the team; in his college days his companions had to stand with him or fall with him. When an idea obtained ascendancy in his mind, he worked it out to its conclusion as he saw the conclusion. He did not seek, nor did he accept, advice. Coupled with this intense egoism was the development of the belief that he, like Moses, Mohammed and Jean d'Arc, was divinely inspired and had direct communication from the Deity. The psychology of the contagion of faith that met him is not difficult of analysis. It is a state of mind common in country communities, similar though more advanced, to the hysteria of a Georgia negro camp meeting. The Frenca describe it as 'Folie a Dieux,' a term for which we have no equivalent."

A Rare Find.

In a collection of Egyptian papyri Professor Jules Nicole is reported to have found among some Greek texts an ancient Latin guide through Rome. As it contains an inventory of sculpture and indicates the locality where each piece was located, as well as describing each, it may prove of importance in supplying us with data for the attribution of as yet nameless statues.

Devil's Darning Needle.

The "devil's darning needle" is the popular name of several species of the dragon fly. They are so called from their cylindrical bodies, resembling needles. They are not poisonous.

NEWS OF PENNSYLVANIA

BANKERS HELD IN CELLAR?

Pittsburg (Special). — Imprisoned for three days and nights in a tomb-like chamber of the sub-cellar under the safe deposit vaults, Teller Henry Reiber and Auditor John Young, alleged defaulters and embezzlers, were subjected to a most drastic "sweating" process by the officials of the Farmers' Deposit National Bank, before they divulged any information concerning their irregularities which resulted in their arrest.

John O'Leary, of Kirkwood, O'Leary & Company, brokers, against whom a civil suit has been filed by the bank, is authority for the statement that Reiber and Young were kept prisoners in the underground chamber in the bank for three days. It is also developed at the bank and at police headquarters that a new process, by which information was wrested from the two suspects, was used by the directors and other officers of the big banking institution to obtain information concerning Reiber and Young's method of procedure.

It is said, however, that on Saturday, when it became known there was a shortness, Reiber and Young were taken to a room down stairs and locked up. A strong guard was placed over them while auditors worked upon the books, and officials of the bank were to put Reiber and Young through a severe course of sprouts.

Officers of the bank worked in relays with Reiber and Young, and, it is said, that when the two suspects were turned over to the Federal officers Monday they were haggard and their eyes swollen as a result of the loss of sleep. Their meals were carried to them from a nearby restaurant, but the prisoners were denied the use of the telephone and other luxuries.

The whereabouts of Reiber and Young was unknown to their families until after their arrest Monday.

Reiber and Young as yet have been unable to secure bail.

FIRE IN THREATER.

Towanda (Special).—A panic was prevented when a fire occurred on the stage of Hale's Opera House by the ready tongue of a man in the gallery and the coolness of others.

There was a shower of sparks on the stage, a burst of smoke and a mass of burning scenery fell from the loft, having been thrown on the stage to prevent it setting fire to other pieces.

Instantly the audience was on its feet, there were cries of fire, the curtain was lowered. A panic was imminent, when a loud voice in the gallery was heard saying:

"Keep up that curtain, we want to see you put out the fire."

Others took up the cry, there was laughter and applause and the curtain was raised. Actors and stage hands were seen beating out the blaze, and the audience, with its confidence restored, sat down and watched them doing it.

The stage was cleared and the play resumed.

DICKINSON NOT CHANGED.

Carlisle (Special). — President George Edward Reed, of Dickinson College, upon his return here from making an address in Philadelphia and at the York Methodist Episcopal Conferences, where a Board of Inquiry was appointed to inquire why Dickinson's trustees had announced Dickinson as a non-sectarian institution in availing itself of Carnegie foundation help for superannuated professors, said that the relation of Dickinson College to the Methodist Episcopal Church is today precisely what it has been since the year 1833, when the college came under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, not a line or even a word of its ancient charter having been changed, in order to secure place upon the Foundation.

NEARLY ENDS IN TRAGEDY.

Pottstown (Special).—A burglary, which came near ending in a tragedy, was committed at the restaurant of Clayton Isett, and as a result of the robbery John Davis and Lafayette Levengood are now in the Pottstown Hospital in a precarious condition from inhaling gas. The thieves after rifling the cash register, broke the connection of the gas meter and removed $8.00 in quarters.

The gas leaked out rapidly and soon found its way to an upstairs room where the victims were sleeping and they were unconscious when found.

TO CUT MINERS' WAGES.

Altoona (Special).—Central Pennsylvania coal operators do not propose to continue the present pick mining wage scale of sixty-six cents a ton in effect in this field at the present time without a struggle.

At a secret meeting here of fifteen of the biggest operators their interests were discussed. They decided on not less than a ten per cent. cut all around, so it is said.

FLEE FROM FLAMES.

Pottsville (Special).—The family of Elias Reigel at an early hour awoke to find their sleeping apartments in the homestead, at Spring Garden Junction, all ablaze and themselves hemmed in by a circle of fire. Not stopping to change their night clothes, they plunged down the stairs, which were also afire.

NAMES STEEL RECEIVER.

Media (Special).—Judge Johnson appointed ex-Mayor Howard H. Houston, of Chester, as receiver for the Tidewater Steel Company, which until a short time ago, operated an extensive plant in that city.

Woman Commits Suicide.

Toughkenamon (Special).—Suffering with nervous troubles, Sarah, wife of Herbert Owen, of this place, committed suicide by cutting her throat with a razor at her home.

Murders Woman, Kills Self.

Williamsport (Special).—The finding of two bodies in the woods near Munson disclosed a double tragedy, murder and suicide, the outcome of an old love. The corpses were those of Frank Roberts and Mrs. Gustine Brizette. Both had bullet holes in their heads and close by the hands of Roberts lay a revolver with two chambers empty. Roberts had a wife in France. Mrs. Brizette is survived by a husband and two children.

A rich widow never has to give any references as to what a good wife she was.

REWARDS OLD PRECEPTOR.

Oxford (Special).—Rev. Richard B. Dilworth received his reward for a life devoted to charity and the uplifting of his fellows when he received word that a man whom he had helped in his studies many years ago, had died at Haynesville, N. J., leaving him $7,000. The studying had been done in the West when Mr. Dilworth was a missionary to the Indians there and the friends had lost all track of each other.

The New Jersey man, however, did not forget, and in his will was the legacy to R. B. Dilworth. Detectives at once began a search for such a man, but found no one for several months until they finally struck Oxford. They soon discovered that they were on the right track and went at once to New Jersey, where Mr. Dilworth has been staying for several months. The legacy will stand him in good stead as his charitable acts have left him but little of this world's goods.

DYNAMITERS AT WORK.

Hamburg (Special).—James Francis, of this borough, has become greatly alarmed because three unsuccessful attempts have already been made to injure or destroy his property by the use of high explosives. Two of these explosions took place on Sunday evenings, during the hours of church services. The loud reports were heard throughout the borough, causing considerable excitement.

Small fragments of iron pipe were discovered scattered all over the back yard, while at the point where the explosion occured a hole was torn in the ground. Mr. Francis has enlisted the help of local and State authorities to ferret out the guilty. It is believed that the pipes are loaded with dynamite and powder. In one instance the fuse failed to ignite the charge and the pipe and dangerous contents were found intact.

RAILROAD COMMISSION CASE.

Harrisburg (Special).—The Pennsylvania State Railroad Commission has fixed Thursday, April 9, as the time for a hearing in the complaint filed by the Manufacturers' Association of York, against the Northern Central Railway Company and the Western Maryland Railroad Company. The complaint in this case is concerning switching of empty and loaded cars between the railroads having terminal facilities within the city of York.

This case is the first hearing fixed by the Pennsylvania State Railroad Commission.

Pioneer Oil Operator Dies.

Titusville (Special).—T. V. S. Morain, 90 years old, a well-known oil operator in this vicinity for sixty years, is dead.

STATE ITEMS.

Henry Bender went to his room at the Danielsville Hotel after spending several pleasant hours with friends and committed suicide by swallowing poison. He was 45 years old.

The Lehigh Valley Symphony Orchestra organized at Bethlehem by electing these officers: President, A. G. Rau, of Bethlehem; treasurer, M. J. Shimer, of Bethlehem; secretary, E. Donnecher, of Allentown.

G. Call, a prominent young business man, of Waynesburg, ended his own life by firing a bullet from a revolver through his heart.

The State Treasury bought for the State sinking fund $35,000 of the State bonds due in 1912, at 102, the lowest price ever paid for them.

With ordinary earthworm bait, which they first saturated with brandy as an experiment, Policeman Thomas Clark, of Darby, and Policeman John Carr, of Yeadon, caught 150 pounds of fish.

Suspended employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad on the Shamokin division sought legal advice relative to the relief fund of the company. They fear that if they are not re-engaged they will lose a lot money paid into the fund.

It is announced by delegates who have returned from the Indianapolis convention that John Mitchell and Samuel Gompers will soon speak in Shenandoah.

Rocci Couldaniti, 5 years old, was burned to a crisp in a stable at Mount Carmel.

At a meeting of the class of 1908, Pottstown High School, the following were chosen to write and read papers on Class Day exercises: Class history, Charles Hellman; Charles Brown and Miss Blanche Bach will read the class prophecy, and Mabel Rhoads and Edna Wisler will read the class statistics.

After three years of legal battling in the county and Supreme Courts, the Pottsville Gas Company won a victory in court against the Pottsville Borough, a jury deciding that $3 is an excessive charge for a permit to open the streets in order to repair gas mains.

The Schuylkill Canal is being prepared for an early resumption of navigation. The usual damages incurred by Spring freshets did not materialize, consequently, the channel is open and ready for the anticipated brisk coal traffic between Port Clinton and Philadelphia.

Ralph Morettas, mounted State policeman, was badly injured at Shamokin when his horse, which was running away, fell upon him.

The farmers of Berk County are paying the highest prices for cloverseed, seed corn and seed potatoes this Spring that have been known since the inflated values that prevailed during the Civil War.

Fire of incendiary origin destroyed the new bank barn on the farm of C. C. Nells, at Rossville, while the family was absent at a sale. The loss is about $4,000.

One of the startling facts developed by the Public Service Commission of New York City is that over 200 persons are killed or seriously injured every month by the urban railways under the commission's jurisdiction. The annual toll of deaths in accidents is between 500 and 600.

Bolivia ranks second among the tin-producing countries. The Bureau of American Republics announces that the Bolivian exportation of tin to Europe and America in 1907 amounted to 15,300 tons, against 16,380 tons in 1906.