

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY.

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;
Think of yourself as "he," instead of "I."
Note, closely as in other men you note,
The big-kneed trousers and the steady coat.
Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you
And strive to make your estimate ring true.
Confront yourself and look you in the eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though
You looked on one whose aims you did not know.
Let undignified contempt surge through you when
You see you shrink, O component of man.
Despise your cowardice; condemn what's true
You note of faleness in you anywhere,
Defend not one defect that shames your eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then, with eyes unveiled to what you loathe—
To sins that with sweet charity you'd clothe—
Back to your self-willed tenement you'll go
With tolerance for all who dwell below.
The faults of others then will dwindle and shrink,
And your own grow stronger by one mighty link—
When you, with "he," as substitute for "I,"
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

—Strickland W. Gillilan, in Success Magazine.

WITH THREE KEGS OF POWDER.

By C. A. STEPHENS.

Just across the west field of the old squire's farm in Maine, at a distance of less than half a mile, lived our nearest neighbors, the Edwardses. Thomas Edwards was a genial, kindly farmer, always ready to assist every one about him. He would put off his own work, even necessary work, at any time to help us.

It was much the same with his wife, "Aunt Anna," as we called her, a rosy, cheery soul, who in one way or another was constantly doing grandmother and our girls a good turn. And as for Kate and Tom, the children, they were well-nigh as near and dear to us as members of our own family. We attended school together, and nearly all our play-days and good times were shared with them.

But although they worked hard, were economical, and appeared to plan pretty well, the Edwardses did not get on well in the world. There was a mortgage on their farm which constantly worried them all. Every year they planned zealously to lift that mortgage, but for more than twenty years never succeeded in paying more than the interest money, and about every second year they missed doing that on time.

One of the plans for raising money during the season of 1868, was for them to do less farming and embark in lumbering on Wild Brook, in what we knew as the "great woods," about forty-five miles to the north of the farm. Throughout the ensuing fall and winter they gave all their energies to this scheme.

As a result, they nearly seven hundred thousand feet of spruce and pine lumber into Wild Brook to be floated down to the Androscoggin River, and so on, to mill and market, with the spring freshet.

But here, as in many other things, ill fortune followed them. There was a snow than usual that winter, and less water in the brook. They got their entire "drive" of lumber hung up in a bad "jam," at a tortuous, ledgy place in the channel of the stream, and failed to get it out. There it remained all the following summer. A vast mass of logs, piled helter-skelter, was jammed among rocks in the bed of the now nearly dry brook.

At Edwards' solicitation, the old squire, who had much experience in such matters, went up to view the situation, and advised his neighbor to blast out the obstructing rocks and logs with gunpowder, and to do it during September, while the water was low.

A keg of powder was secured accordingly, and six river-men were engaged to assist in the operations. With the powder and crew, our hard-working neighbor and his son repaired to the scene of their unsuccessful venture, and set to work. The task, however, proved difficult. They fired four or five blasts, and, in fact, used up all their powder, without accomplishing much. And after they had been up there nearly a week, Tom came home in haste one night to procure more powder—three kegs more, at least. Gunpowder was very dear at that time; and in carrying forward his lumbering operations the season before, Mr. Edwards had strained his credit somewhat. At the village hardware store, where Tom went to get the powder the next day, the storekeeper asked for cash in payment.

In consequence of this demand, Tom came home without the powder. Meanwhile he had somewhere been exposed to the mumps, and that night fell ill of the disease, so very ill, indeed, that Aunt Anna was not a little alarmed. He had taken cold, perhaps.

And there were Mr. Edwards and his crew of men up at Wild Brook, lying idle, waiting for the powder. Nor could he be reached by letter or telegraph, and so apprised of the cause of the delay. Moreover, as we surmised later—the family was too proud to apply to us for a loan, or even to let us know that credit had been refused them.

By noon the next day Tom's condition had become so serious that Aunt Anna was obliged to send Kate to the village, seven miles distant, to summon a doctor. She hitched up and set off alone.

Kate had also another errand in view. Unknown to any one but her mother, she had accumulated during the last two years a little deposit at the village savings-bank—thirty-six dollars in all. For various reasons, she had kept this a secret. What-over happened, they had not intended to draw out this money. But when Kate went for the doctor that afternoon she took her little bank-book, and after seeing the physician on his way to attending Tom, she drew out her thirty-six dollars, bought and paid for the three kegs of powder, and drove home with them. She had resolved to get the powder through her father, and do it herself.

When she came home it was too late to start for the lumber-camp that night; but four o'clock the next morning saw her on her way there—with the horse and buckboard, and the three twenty-five-pound kegs of powder in the box under the seat.

The road to Wild Brook was a mere trail, with only a few scattered clearings in the forest. It was a long drive for a girl alone, which only necessity justified. Kate knew the way, however; she had been there with her father twice the autumn before, and was in no fear of getting lost. Their horse, old Ben, was afraid of nothing; the only difficulty was to urge him along. But by starting early, Kate hoped to reach the lumber-camp that evening.

Danger impended, however, danger which neither Kate nor her mother had anticipated. There had been little or no rain for five or six weeks. The fields and pastures, and even the woodland, had become very dry. For a number of days the sky had been so smoky that the sun set and rose red as blood; yet so far as we knew, there were no near-by forest fires.

The smoke grew thicker, however, as Kate journeyed northward that day; she could smell burning pine. And at the clearing of a settler, named Day, where she arrived at about noon, the settler's wife told her that the sky had looked very

red the night before up in the direction of Wild Brook.

Kate drove on, however. She was bent on getting the powder to her father. But by the time she reached Clear Pond, six miles farther, the spruce woods on both sides of the trail were full of smoke; and just above the pond she perceived fire off in the woods to the west of the road.

Now for the first time serious misgivings beset her. Gunpowder is dangerous freight to carry through burning woods. All the powder which she could see was off to the left of her route, however, and in hopes that this was the only forest fire in that quarter, she determined to go on, and put old Ben, who was panting a little, at his best pace again.

The wind was northerly, and the smoke drove southward through the woods. It became worse as she approached the ford of Otter Brook, eleven miles below Wild Brook; and from the top of the hill beyond the ford she saw fire again, and this time ahead and far round to eastward. At a distance of a mile vast clouds of dense smoke were rolling upward, with here and there a red gleam of flame. The roar of the fire, too, was distinctly audible now, with the occasional crash of falling trees.

It was an alarming spectacle. For some moments Kate gazed on it in silent apprehension, marking the spread of the fire on each hand. Fear fell on her suddenly.

Convinced now that she had been over-venturesome in coming past the fire at Clear Pond, she turned old Ben on the narrow trail, recrossed the now nearly dry brook, and drove back as fast as possible, her idea being to return to Day's clearing.

She had proceeded but a mile or two, however, when she came where fire had nearly reached the road in several places. The whole forest to westward appeared to be burning. Whipping Ben into a clumsy gallop, she drove close by the blazing brush-wood for some distance, hoping every moment to get past the worst of it. Smoke, heat and sparks drifted across the road, and soon she came to where the dry bushes were afire on both sides.

Terror lest some flying spark might penetrate to the powder under the seat goaded her to desperation. She plied the lash as hard as she could. A spark set the horse's flying mane afire, and another ignited the ribbon and flower-wreath of her hat; but tearing the hat off, she threw it away and drove on.

Fortunately for her, she was now near Clear Pond. The little sheet of water to the west of the road had divided the conflagration, which swept past it on both sides. But where the trail skirted the east shore of the pond there was still a small tract of woods on which the fire had not yet encroached. Here, on the lee side of the water, the panting old horse stopped short. Leaving both horse and buckboard there for the

time being, the distressed girl ran on ahead for several hundred yards, to see if the woods were afire on the road beyond the pond.

To her consternation she soon discovered that the fire had passed the pond to the southward, and was raging fiercely in the thick growth through which the trail led. More slowly, too, the flames seemed to be working back and spreading over the small tract which the pond had for the time protected. Owing to the long drought, in fact, the woods and bushes were like tinder, everywhere. Even the little tract where she stood would soon be burned over.

The situation was one that might well have appalled stouter hearts than those usually possessed by girls of fifteen. Yet through it all Kate behaved with remarkable coolness, and never lost much of her self-possession.

Mounting a large rock beside the trail, she looked hastily about her, and although half-blinded by smoke, decided that the pond itself was her last chance of safety. The water was now very low, and out a little distance from the shore was a small, muddy islet, on which grew a few bunches of bog-bush. If she could drive Ben across to that little islet, she felt pretty sure the fire would not reach them.

Running back to the buckboard, she found a place where the horse might be driven off the trail into the pond. But a fresh difficulty now presented itself. The water and silt mud between the shore and the islet proved too deep to get the buckboard across without submerging it. For an instant Kate was disheartened. She unhitheed in haste, being minded at first to leave the buckboard there and ride the horse across. Yet the explosion of the powder, when the fire reached it, might prove fatal both to the horse and herself on the islet. This, too, flashed into her mind, and she had wild thoughts of tumbling the kegs into the water.

But that powder stood to Kate for all her savings at the bank. Moreover, her father needed it. Even in those moments of peril she was extremely loath to sacrifice it. On the bare shore where the water had receded she hastily scooped a hole with the watering bucket, and one by one rolled the kegs into it. The fire was

What Will Women Do When They Rule?

"What will women do when they rule?" asked the Berlin Lokal Anzeiger recently. Answers came from all over the world. Here are a few:

"They rule already and always have, so I can't understand your question."—Lady Alma Tadema.

"Nonsensical things."—Mme. Suzanne Despres, Paris tragedienne.

"They will retain their good and bad qualities as men rulers have done, do and always will."—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

"They will not differ much from the best men rulers. I don't believe in the superiority of either sex. The world is for both. They must sway its destinies together."—Lady Henry Somerset.

"They will have undisputed power to aid my life work of supplying goods to needy actresses."—Mme. Yvonne Guilbert.

"I would destroy all but a few schools and create a generation of minds free from traditions of modern wretchedness. Until there is a new humanity reform can be but superficial."—Mme. Ellen Key, Scandinavian writer on marriage and maternity.

"We would rentlessly seek office, but would not spend fortunes sending warships to the Pacific to terrify our neighbors. We would strengthen industry, make the church more popular than the theatre, enforce total abstinence, and open all schools to women."—Bella Lockwood, twice Women's Rights candidate for President of the United States.

coming close, but she dipped the horse-blanket in the pond, wrung it as dry as she could, and spread it over the kegs. Then using the bucket again, she hastily covered blanket and kegs over with damp sand and mud to a depth of six inches or more—all this amid blinding smoke, with the fire working nearer every minute.

Nor did she abandon the buckboard to be burned, but turning it with a great exertion of her strength, backed it as far out in the pond as she could, till the water rose over the seat.

The fire was now crackling and roaring all along the shore. Glancing on Ben's back, Kate urged him into the water, and although he floundered up to his sides, succeeded in getting him across to the islet.

On that little muddy island Kate Edwards remained, superfluous, all that night, alone with the horse, and a deer and a hedgehog that swam over from the other side. Toward midnight the smoke settled so low over the pond that she was much oppressed for breath. The spectacle of the flaming forests at night was a terrible one to the girl, sitting there alone.

At dawn the conflagration had burned itself out to a considerable extent, and Ben having lain down in the bush, Kate herself fell asleep there.

A shout of "Thomas! Tom! Are you over there?" waked her suddenly.

It was her father. At their lumber-camp on Wild Brook Mr. Edwards had seen the smoke of the fire the afternoon before, and being apprehensive lest Tom, on his way up with the powder, had been stopped by it, he had set off very early that morning, and was picking his way down the still smoking trail. As he was passing Clear Pond, Mr. Edwards caught sight of Ben out on the island; for by this time the horse had got up and was hungrily cropping the bog-bushes.

The House and Home

Tomato Toast.

Cook down till thick half a can of tomatoes, with a pinch of cloves, half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, half an onion, minced fine, and a teaspoonful of minced parsley; have ready buttered toast without crust, and pour this over without straining.—Harper's Bazar.

Deep Apple Pie With Cheese.

Bake a nice deep apple pie about three-quarters of an hour before dinner. Have a small cream cheese passed through a ricer and a little salt. Press through a pastry tube or tin funnel on top of the pie in a pattern, and serve warm for dessert. The cheese-and-cream combination may also be used on a two-crust apple pie.

A New Luncheon Dish.

There is a simple little luncheon or supper dish which is also a change from the ordinary: Make some good-sized baking-powder biscuits, and smooth the tops over when they go into the oven; when cool, but fresh, cut out a round piece on top of each one and take out the crumbs, leaving a shell; put a little butter inside, spreading it around the walls, and fill each one with creamed salmon, or other fish, heating it up well in pramid form; put an extra spoonful of cream on top, and a sprig of parsley.—Harper's Bazar.

Filets of Sole in Aspic.

A delicious breakfast dish is filets of sole in aspic. First make a rich sauce of one pound of butter, one ounce of flour, half a gill of cream. This, too, flashed into her mind, and she had wild thoughts of tumbling the kegs into the water.

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Pick over carefully a quart of beans and let them soak all night. In the morning wash and drain in another water. Put on to boil in cold water with half a teaspoonful of soda. When they have cooked forty-five minutes drain and put into an earthen pot in layers, first beans, then pork, with half a cupful of molasses. When the dish is filled place upon the top a piece of pork well scored, pepper and a little salt. Cover with hot water and bake in the oven six hours. Keep closely covered so they will not burn; add more hot water if necessary, but let them bake nearly dry as they get done, and remove the cover to allow them to brown on top. They cannot cook too long.—American Home Monthly.

Pork and Beans.

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Salted Nuts.

For salting almonds the hard-shelled Jordan nuts are best. Buy them in the shell and crack with an ordinary nut cracker. Blanch by pouring boiling water over them. Let stand five minutes, covered, then remove the skins by rubbing between finger and thumb. Dry on coarse towels so as to remove all moisture. Allow to each pint shelled nuts two tablespoonfuls of best olive oil or melted butter. The oil gives the better gloss.

Soak the nuts in the oil until thoroughly coated, then let them stand covered in the warming oven for half an hour until they have absorbed much of the oil. Dredge two tablespoonfuls fine salt over them, stir in order to distribute it evenly, spread in bright tin biscuit pans and set in the oven until crisp and lightly colored. Shake frequently. If you wish the nuts to retain more salt than this method allows, after the nuts are brown turn into an earthen dish and sprinkle them with a teaspoonful gum arabic dissolved in a half cup of water, taking care not to get them too damp. Dredge with fine salt through a small sieve and stir often until cold. The salt will cling and not fall off.

Housewife Suggestions.

Add a half-cup of milk to mush and it will brown much nicer when fried. Whipped cream served on top of a freshly made squash pie adds much to its appearance and flavor.

A mixture of olive oil and black ink will be found useful to paint the tips of black kid gloves which are slightly worn.

To remove a rusty screw, first apply a very hot iron to the head for a short time; then immediately use the screwdriver.

The carving knife and fork should not be put into water. Hold them over the dishpan and rub with the wet dishcloth.

Always save the water in which rice, macaroni or anything of a like nature has been boiled. It is excellent for soups, gravies, etc.

The best polish for engraved silver is whiting and ammonia. It should be applied with a soft brush, then rubbed with cheesecloth or soft cotton cloths.

A mail box fastened to the wall near the kitchen table is a most useful article. Meat bills, grocery bills, etc., that daily come into the house should be dropped into it at once. When pay day comes none will be missing.

A plumbing hint is never to put rock salt in traps. It is true that salt, by absorbing moisture from the atmosphere, will keep the traps full of liquid, but the strong salt solution will attack brass couplings and trap screws and injure the glass of porcelain.

A Happy Life.

By ALEXANDER MACLEOD.

I am an old man—as if that could interest you in this great city!—and I live alone in a cottage in the Berkshires—alone except for a pet partridge that I caught some years ago on the side of Greylock. Are some of your readers solitaires like myself? And what do they think of a better than a quiet house, an open fire and two dozen shelves of books?

If you print this, your readers will know that even an old man, "not in his ways," can change his course. Years ago, when I was a school teacher—yes, I taught school for forty-two years—I saw an article in the Atlantic Monthly, called "Through the Night in a Wherry." I don't remember the article distinctly; I dare say that, like many articles, the best thing about it was the title; but it stirred in me a wish to live in a boat—not a big, cumbersome thing, like that in "The Pathfinder"—or was it "The Deer-player"?—but a small affair that could be managed easily. But I have given that up; rheumatism is a thing you can't be too careful about.

But I have hit upon something better. It came to me a good while ago, when reading "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton;" but the idea never worked itself out until a month or so ago. I shall journey about in a "van" like that of the redleman in "The Return of the Native." I had the "van" made in Troy, and I brought it over to my cabin a week ago. It has a stove, like Digory Venn's, and it is big enough to look like a room inside. You wouldn't believe a wagon could be made so comfortable; not even Dickens' Mrs. Jarrow could make you believe it. I have a rug that an old pupil, who became rich, gave me—a prayer rug he says it is—and book shelves and a small table, and drawers for flour and sugar and eggs and coffee and tobacco, etc. The horse trouble me most—I never liked the work of tending horses—but they are necessary, and I have two strong, patient fellows that would take me up the face of Prospect Mountain if I wanted them to.

It is my belief that I am renewing my youth—no, not childishness—and I am looking forward to spending my days enroute. Winters I shall work southward, and summers I shall spend in the Berkshires and in the White Mountains. Think of moving from place to place at will, of cooking my meals out of doors in fine weather, of sitting by the fire of wet evenings and listening to the rain on the roof of the "van," of reading good books—old ones—in new places, of adding to one's collection of mental pictures day after day! Can any one suggest a better life for a useless old man, who loves quiet, with a little change now and then to make him feel that he is in "the yellow leaf"?

—New York Saturday Times Review.

Good Manners Once, But Bad Now.

We hardly appreciate the rapid transformation of human nature, on its highest levels, within a single generation. In this consideration, "the highest levels" are those attained by the great middle class, who constitute the main audience for the best literature—at least this is the case in America. Thackeray in his lectures on English humorists was addressing such a class in England; and his lecture on Steele, contrasting the Victorian with the Queen Anne era, he said, "You could no more suffer in a British drawing-room, under the reign of Queen Victoria, a fine gentleman or fine lady of Queen Anne's time, or hear what they heard and said, than you would receive an ancient Briton." The lecturer had just before referred to Tyburn, and remarked that a great city had grown over the old meadows. "Were a man brought to die there now, the windows would be closed and the inhabitants keep to their houses in awful horror. A hundred years ago people crowded to see this last act of a highwayman's life and make jokes on it."—Harper's Magazine.

Bird Armies.

President Roosevelt in his latest message to Congress says some striking things about the work of the Biological Survey. It has shown, he says, that at least forty-three species of birds prey upon the cotton boll-eweed; that fifty-seven species feed upon scale insects which attack fruit trees; that cuckoos andorioles destroy leaf-eating caterpillars; that hawks and owls, except a few which attack poultry and game birds, are benefactors in destroying grasshoppers and mice, and that "woodpeckers, as a class, by destroying the larvae of wood-boring insects, are so essential to tree life that it is doubtful if our forests could exist without them." The plumage of these birds should be admired and respected as the uniform of a winged army which defends man against some of his worst foes.—Youth's Companion.

Rice and Flowers.

In the neighborhood of Shanghai an English sailor on his way to the foreigners' burial ground to lay a wreath on the grave of a former comrade met an intelligent looking native carrying a pot of rice.

"Hello, John!" he hailed, "where are you going with that 'ere'?"

"I take you on grave—grave of my friend," said the Chinaman.

"Ho! Ho!" laughed the sailor, "and when do you expect your friend to come up and eat it?"

John was silent a moment, and then replied, "All time samee your friend come up and smellee your flowers."—Cleveland Leader.

The Shop Assistant.

Any man or woman who accomplishes a saving of one hour from the long tedious day of the shop assistant is well worthy of a statue being erected to their memory. Only those who have spent the best part of their lives behind the counter, and spent whole days at a time of weary, bone-aching standing, can realize the moment of Sir Charles Dike's bill.—Outfitter.

The salt of the earth has a sweet disposition.

NEWS OF PENNSYLVANIA

WOULD MAKE SCHOOL TERM EIGHT MONTHS.

Altoona (Special).—"It is a crime to keep a child under 14 years in school more than eight months out of each year," declared Dr. W. F. Beck, in an address before the State Educational Commission, which met here for a three days' session.

"The school term proper should cease on May 1," he added, and the month of May be spent on farms owned by the school districts, where the children should be given a practical education along agricultural lines and where they could study nature at first hand."

Many in the meeting agreed with the doctor.

The commission was appointed by Governor Stuart for the purpose of obtaining suggestions from educators and others and to recommend to the next Legislature beneficial changes in the school laws.

The board is composed of N. C. Schaeffer, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, president; G. M. Phillips, West Chester, secretary; M. G. Brumbaugh, Superintendent of the Philadelphia Schools; James Coughlin, Wilkes-Barre; William Lauder, Riddellburg; John S. Rilling, Erie; David B. Oliver, Pittsburg.

Colonel A. S. Stayer, surgeon general in the National Guard, advised a radical change in the vaccination laws. He said that the vaccination ought to be made compulsory on everybody, or there should be no vaccination at all, save in cases of epidemic.

Superintendent H. J. Whitehead opposed a uniform course of study, claiming it kills the spirit of education, but he recommended uniform permanent certificates to be issued by the State. He asked that cities be permitted to fix their own qualifications and issue their own certificates.

PROBING CHILD'S DEATH.

Freeland (Special).—Burgess George Hartman and Officer Welsh, of Freeland, went to Pond Creek, a suburban town, to investigate the death of 6-year-old Mary Wydock. Complaints from neighbors of the Wydock family gave the impression that the child had been foully dealt with.

It was learned here that the child was buried on Tuesday last without a physician's certificate or a burial permit from the local authorities. The child was adopted from the fresh air collection of little ones sent from New York two years ago by the Wydocks. The foster father said the child had been attended by physicians of White Haven, but it was learned the doctor had never prescribed for her. The stories are so conflicting that the Coroner has ordered that the body be exhumed.

RESUME WORK ON DAM.

Lancaster (Special).—Building operations were resumed on the mammoth dam and electric power plant, the largest in the world, of the McCall's Ferry Power Company, at Minnequa on the Susquehanna River.

Three hundred men went to work and the number will be increased to one thousand in order to complete the plant by Christmas. When the financial agent of the power company, suspended last October work on the dam ceased. The resumption of the trust company makes it possible to finish the plant.

The dam is greater than the Assuan Dam on the Nile, and the plant will generate one hundred thousand horse power and furnish electric power to Baltimore and Philadelphia.

EXPLOSION IN MINE KILLS FOUR.

Pittsburg (Special).—Four men were killed, three seriously injured and 100 others had a narrow escape from death when an explosion occurred in mine No. 1, of the Ellsworth Collieries Company at Ellsworth, Washington County, last night. The dead are foreigners. Their bodies were mangled and badly burned.

It is supposed the accident resulted from an accumulation of gas in a new entry becoming ignited in some manner, at present unknown. Unusual presence of mind is said to be responsible for about 100 miners escaping from the mine. Although the concussion threw them to the ground, all retained their composure and after great difficulty reached the surface.

Jail For Illegal Fishing.

Ambler (Special).—Five foreigners were arrested by Chief of Police Richard Ford, charged with illegal fishing. They were dredging the Wisableton with a closely woven wire bed-spring for a net and had caught about forty fish, including two perch. They were fined \$34 each in default they were sent to jail.

Dedicate College Hall.

Meadville (Special).—Cochran Hall, the handsomest building of Allegheny College, was dedicated with the oration by Senator Dolliver, of Iowa. It is a dormitory for men, was the gift of Mrs. Sarah Cochran, of Dawson, and cost about \$65,000. The building is 80 by 120 feet, of red brick, terra cotta trimmed, two stories, and twelve foot basement. Following the dedication a public reception was held in Cochran Hall.

Must File Expense Bills.

Harrisburg (Special).—Attorney General Todd gave an opinion that every candidate for a nomination at the Spring primaries must file an expense account and that treasurers of committees have nothing whatever to do with expenses at primaries.

The opinion was given in answer to Secretary of the Commonwealth McAfee, whose department has ruled that all candidates must file expense accounts within fifteen days. As there was some doubt in the minds of inquirers the matter was submitted to Mr. Todd.

RUNAWAY CAR KILLS NINE LUMBERMEN.

Ralston (Special).—A work train on the Susquehanna & New York Railroad, near Laquin, Bradford County, was wrecked by a runaway car which dashed into the train after descending steep grade.

Eight lumbermen, mostly Italians, were killed outright, one died later after being taken to a hospital and fifteen were seriously injured.

The wreck occurred on the Laquin Lumber Company's log road leading up into the mountains about twenty-six miles from Ralston. The men were riding on the log train, which was being pushed up the steep ascent by the engine. A log car ran away and came down the grade at terrific speed toward the train.

An attempt was made to reverse the engine on the log train to avoid the shock of the collision, but the runaway car crashed into the cars before anything could be done. The engineer and fireman and those on the train who were near the engine escaped injury. The injured were taken to Williamsport.

CAPITOL ARGUMENT FIXED.

Harrisburg (Special).—After a conference between Attorney General Todd and his associates and Messrs. Gilbert and Bergner, representing the defendants in the first Capitol trial, Wednesday, May 6, was set as the time for the argument on the reasons for the retrial.

It is expected that the argument will take two or three days, as there are 275 reasons filed on behalf of the defendants. Mr. 112 being for Sanderson alone. Mr. Scarlett will probably make the chief argument for the State, answering Messrs. Rothermel, Gilbert, Bergner and Schaffer.

Preparation for the next trial is going forward slowly and the detectives will start out with the subpoenas for the case, including former Governors Stone and Pennypacker, the later part of this week.

James Scarlett and Deputy Attorney General Cunningham, who have been at work on the details of the case, examining the reports of the probers and experts summoned here to outline the case, were joined by Attorney General Todd with whom they went over the details of the case.

Jail Breaker Captured.

Carlisle (Special).—James McMin Sheaffer, a well known Carlisle man, who escaped from the Cumberland County jail in January, was captured by County Detective Bentley, in Harrisburg and returned here. Sheaffer pleaded guilty to jail breaking and other charges and was sentenced to a penitentiary term of three years. When captured Sheaffer was posing as a regular army soldier in uniform.

Steel Company Owns Mine.

Cleveland (Special).—Members of the firm of James W. Ellsworth & Co., when notified of the explosion in mine No. 1, of the Ellsworth Collieries Company, at Ellsworth, Pa., said the company did not own the mine, it having recently been sold to the Lackawanna Steel Company.

Find Suicide's Body.

Oil City (Special).—The body of Mrs. Lavina Samms, who jumped into the Allegheny River from a bridge here on March 28, was found floating in the water thirty miles from Oil City. The woman committed suicide the day following the burial of her husband.

Lawyer Dies in His Office.

Lancaster (Special).—John H. Fry, a well-known member of the Lancaster bar, was found dead sitting on a chair in his office this morning. Death was due to heart disease.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Harry Pax