

RIDING THE FROST LAKE DAM.

AN INCIDENT OF EARLY DAYS IN MICHIGAN.

By T. R. LLOYD.

They were blamed idiots, both of 'em. But I'm not holdin' that up against any man when there's a girl in the case. Neil was all right, too, mind yer, as girls go—red hair, full form, fire an' all that sort of thing—but she couldn't play soft. Had to be things done when she handled the bow—with her novel-reading notions of heroes and trusty swords and ridin' into death's way before you could kiss the tip of her finger. Oh, she! I hate her! harsh on the child, but good men are too blamed hard to lay your hands on these days, to want to see them go under before their appointed time, all along of a whim and a little lace. All right, I'm gettin' there. The drive had come down pretty slick that spring, no serious accidents or nothing, and we were just holdin' the logs above the last dam, till we had got enough water to float them out onto the home stretch. The boys tied around in the shade of the cook-house and chewed their pipes and cured a little and waited—thinkin' on the settlement only thirty miles away and pay-day just 'round the bend. The second day we heard the squeakin' of wheels and Nell appeared on the scene, havin' buggled out to wish us luck and with greetings from the home folk—that's what she said. I'm guessin' different, and seed later I guessed right.

We all jumped to our feet, bein' mighty starved for the sight of a pretty face, but Angus Carmichael was Johnny-on-the-spot all right and had the honor of liftin' her out and receivin' a smile that would 'ave softened a pike-pole. We were all right envious of Angus, but big Jim Connors was the only one weak enough to show it. They'd been runnin' neck and neck for a while that winter and weren't too friendly about it either. The other boys had long since dropped out and were just waitin' around to hold the coats and pick up the pieces. Jim butted in between Angus and the smile and grabbed her hand so she winced.

"Right glad ter see yer again, Nell," says he. "Ain't yer goin' ter let me have the pleasure of drivin' yer back ter the settlement this afternoon? Yer said I could sometime and I'm not needed here jest now, you know."

Nell looked up at him out of the points of her eyes: "Maybe, Jim, we'll see."

Angus was lookin' sort of pale in spite of the Jim. "She's already promised me, too, but of course she knows what she wants, and I'll step aside if she says the word."

Connors swung 'round quick, blazin' mad. "Go to blazes, you! and mind yer own business!" His fists were stuck out in Carmichael's face, and we looked for things happenin' right there. Nell did too, I guess, for the look of scorn on her face when Angus jest gave a gasp and stepped back wasn't pretty to see.

"I'm thinkin' yer didn't hear straight, Mister Carmichael," she said softly. "I wouldn't be feelin' safe with a coward at the reins!"

"No, I'm not a coward, Nell, and yer know it. If Jim wasn't a heap sight better man with his fists than I be he wouldn't be so free with his speech. Now ask him if he feels like runnin' the dam with me or no and we'll see whose scared."

We held our breath when we heard that, for though Connors was about the best man on a log in the province, not barrin' Carmichael either, the devil himself couldn't do the trick and live. Nell knowed it as well as we did, but by Jimminy she jest stood there with the hot sun flamin' on her red hair and a little smile on her face that said plain as day: "Will yer let him dare yer, Jim?"

Yer could hear the throbbin' of the dam comin' up under yer very feet, though it was really round the bend below, and it didn't sound pretty ter Jim's ears as we could seed. He pulled the battered felt off his head and mopped his forehead with a red bandanna, but I guess none of us felt much sympathy for him, seein' as he'd got himself into the hole.

"He's gone clean crazy, Nell," he gasped, "but what you say goes—only I guess one of the other boys will be takin' yer home this evenin'!"

ANGUS' YELLS OUT BOSS MURRAY.

"I'll give yer a better grip if she dives, and for God's sake hang on to it till she clears the eddies! We'll git you then."

"I'll keep on the sunny side of her, Jack, don't worry," and Angus runs lightly out on the loose floatin' logs that are heeled back by a boom from goin' through the sluice. He plucks one out, pushes it through a gap where the chain joins a couple of the boom logs and jumps aboard.

"Ain't yer goin' ter use a pole?" hollers Terry.

"Naw—by-by!" and we see the blamed god is runnin' it empty-handed.

The log now began to step along lively and entered the upper end of the sluice. As it dipped to the incline, Angus bent forward with his fingers touchin' the rough bark and his eyes on the bollin' caldron below him. He sure looked cool and steady crouchin' there, while the log rocked from side to side and plunged through the sixty foot of sluice. At the foot of this where the water struck the less steep apron, the back surge made a wave that jumped up most eight feet high. As the timber struck this, Angus leapt into the air, cleared most of it and lit on his stud again as fine as you please.

Murray yells, "Pretty work!" and then we holds our breath.

The log as it neared the end of the apron began to drag, but because of the weight on the back end didn't go over perpendicular as we feared. It shot far out, dipped sharp and plunged into the roaring mess of yellow water.

But Angus kept his head, yer bet! At the last moment he threw himself flat on the log and wrapped his arms and legs around it, and crash! it disappeared, and the foam swished over. He told us later that it weren't much fun down there. He seemed to be goin' right on down to hades, while the currents tore and bit and wrenched, and pieces of bark and chips and sawdust cut and bruised him every place at once. And his one little thought all the time was jest to hold on till he bust and trust in God.

After a few years of this sort of thing he begun to see sky-rockets and hear cannon crackers and then a flood of sunlight hit him in the face and he knew he'd come back to the family.

I reckon it was nigh as long a time to us as to him before the log hove in sight and we were allowed to move our lungs again. We certainly let out one Indian ear-splitting yell that made the noise of the dam sound pale. Angus climbed right side up, sprang onto a jutting log and walked ashore and into our arms.

Nell stood up there and waved her kerchief at him, but his eyes were so full of sawdust I reckon he didn't see it, for he never so much as glanced in her direction.

The first words he said were: "Don't let me git yer, boys! God ain't goin' to give two return tickets to hades, and that's certain!"

"You're too late," says Little Bill, "he's a-comin' now."

BARBER SHOP BIRD SHOW.

Bird That Sings on Its Back and Another That Gives Warning of Cats.

If the nature faker would find new material he has only to go over to a barber shop in Clark street, Brooklyn, and there he will learn something more wonderful than that a wolf can bite a stag to the heart. The proprietor and sole artist of that barber shop has a fancy for birds from South America. The birds are from two German naturalists, friends of the barber, who are collecting in the Amazon country. There are about fifteen birds there now.

Take Major, for instance. He is a little bird, white and black with a red head and neck, whose cage hangs in the window where it is sunny. Major likes to play kitten. All that the barber has to do to make Major happy is to open the cage door and put his finger inside. Major will hop off his perch and make for that finger with bill and claws.

Major's way is like the kitten's. He will turn on his back and claw at the finger gleefully, then when his feathers are tickled up under his throat Major does the most surprising thing of all. He carols as he never carols at any other time.

Of course it is no trick to see a bird sing on its feet. But, heed this all nature fakers, Major sings at his best lying on his back, and he will continue to sing just as long as the barber's finger is ruffling the feathers on his breast. Then when the play is over Major will remain mute for the most part the rest of the day.

Over in the other window is a big orange and black bird who knows but one friend, but who knows that friend under any circumstances. This friend is an elderly man who comes to the barber shop every morning with a piece of corn bread for the Brazilian singer.

The appearance of this gentleman in the shop or on the street in front is always heralded by a sharp, ringing note from the bird, entirely different from any other note he utters. The bird ruffles his feathers at the throat, hops about on his perch in a nervous fashion and calls repeatedly with that single penetrating treble as long as his friend is in sight.

No matter what hour of the day it is, as long as there is any light in the sky this man cannot pass the window of the barber shop either on foot or in a conveyance without being spotted by the bird, who heralds his passing with every sign of joy. The man has tried passing the shop with his coat collar muffled his face, but the same cry of welcome came from the bird watcher at the window. In the evening when the lights in the barber shop are lighted and one within cannot well distinguish the faces of passerby this yellow and black Brazilian citizen never fails to spot his friend when he passes.

This same bird has a cat warning call which it has taught the barber's dog to understand. In summer when the window before the bird's cage is open and a prowling cat on the sidewalk outside, nearly flush with the window of the sunken shop, might take a chance jump at the cage this bird is on the alert. Whenever a cat comes in sight he lets out a peculiar string of sharp staccato notes and a terrier which has learned the signal, makes a dash for the door. Affidavits to the truth of this fact can be found at any time at the desk of the St. George.

Until very recently the barber had a very rare bird in his collection. It was the avil bird, which came from the far interior Amazon region. Its call gave it the name. When the bird really got into action the sound was identical with that of a hammer on steel. The bird would start with a few short raps in quick succession and then end its call with deep, full throated booms that seemed to be the ringing of a wagon tire struck with a sledge. Unfortunately Brooklyn climate did not agree with the avil bird and he died.

Aside from these freaks of the bird family there are many other little strangers from the far South who keep up a constant cooling and warbling that makes conversation on the part of the barber not only unnecessary but a positive desecration.—New York Sun.

An Exploded Myth.
The following question and answer are from the New York Sun:
"Where A subscribes to a periodical for a year and pays for one year and after the expiration of the year the periodical continues to be received and A does not communicate with the publishers with reference to the continued receipt of the periodical, which has not been ordered, is A compelled to pay for the deliveries subsequent to the year originally paid for?"—Samuel Hopkins.

Such a statement was very frequently printed among the business announcements of many periodicals some years ago, and in default of any law establishing such a prescription it was commonly credited to some postal regulation. Eventually the postal authorities denied the responsibility and the claim was left without a leg to stand on. A person who subscribes and pays for one year of any publication is no more chargeable with any issues of the next year than he would be required to pay for a thirtieth egg simply because he had bought a dozen.

KAISER'S HEIR TURNS BOSS WOOD-TURNER.

Has Lathes Set Up in Bedroom and Piles Up a Stack of Fine Chair Legs.

Crown Prince Frederick William, following the requirements of the House of Hohenzollern that each Prince shall be skilled in some trade, is becoming an adept in wood turning. He surprised his suite by ordering that a lathe be set up in one of his bedrooms and he spent the morning turning out chair legs.

He worked at the machine in his shirt sleeves, and when the electricity failed he summoned an adjutant to help him turn the lathe. The adjutant also was in his shirt sleeves and the two men alternated in driving the machine.

Emperor William is a cabinet maker, his father was a bookbinder, and his grandfather was a turner.

In mastering a trade the Crown Prince, however, has not overlooked his artistic pursuits, and he has taken a new violin master, a talented young Pole, Bronislaw Huberman, whose acquaintance he made at a musicale, given by the Minister of the Interior.

Bronislaw caused a sensation "by his soulful playing" of Schubert's "Ave Maria." When he finished the Crown Prince, himself a violin player of ability, led the applause and begged the artist to repeat the piece. At the same time he asked permission to stand near him and observe the position of his hands.

At the conclusion of the repetition William called the young master aside and said to him:
"I think I know now why almost everybody plays better on the violin than I. I was not taught to use my hands correctly, either with the bow or on the strings. Come to my home to-morrow and give me a lesson and continue coming until I know how to hold my hands as you do. Charge whatever you please. I want to learn."

The virtuosos talked of previous engagements, but Wilhelm insisted that he give him at least one lesson before he left Berlin. This one lesson grew into many, since the Crown Prince is determined to learn to play "Ave Maria" as well as Huberman.

The Passing of the French.
The population of France, whose thirty millions formed the most numerous national monolingual group in Europe at the opening of the last century, has increased only twenty-six per cent. during the past 100 years, as against England's 350 per cent., and America's 1600 per cent.

The total population of France is now 38,850,788. The female sex exceeds the male in number, the figures being, respectively, 19,533,899 and 18,316,889. On the other hand, an excess in the number of unmarried is shown on the masculine side, the respective figures being 9,917,178 and 9,114,356. There are 2,384,897 widows and divorced women, as against 1,005,884 widowers and divorced men.

The number of French families is 9,781,117, of which 1,314,773 are without children; 2,249,337 have but one child; 2,018,665 have two; 1,246,264 have three; 748,841 have four; 428,798 have five; 248,159 have six; 138,769 have seven; 71,844 have eight; and 33,917 have nine children. These figures continue to represent in a rapidly decreasing proportion the number of families having a larger number of children. Upon comparing the groups of figures it will be perceived that for about two-thirds of the families of France the average number of children does not exceed three; while for about one and one-half per cent. of them the average number is seven; and for less than one per cent. of the same, eight children. Twenty-four families are recorded, however, as possessing seventeen, and thirty-four as possessing eighteen children.—Harper's Weekly.

How the Eye Sees the Eye.
At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, the apparatus of Dr. Fortin for rendering visible the inner structure of the human eye was described. A very brilliant mirror is illuminated with a Cooper Hewitt tube, and the light is reflected into the eye, after traversing two thicknesses of blue glass and being concentrated by a large lens fixed in a screen. The observer places his eye behind the lens at such a distance that the whole field appears uniformly illuminated. What he sees is a reflection of the interior of his own eye. The circulation of the blood in the minute vessels is visible. When a screen placed with a pinhole is placed rapidly to and fro between the eye and the lens, the structure of the fovea, the minute spot on the retina which is the most sensitive part of the eye, is revealed. The apparatus is designed to aid investigations by oculists.—The Youth's Companion.

Facts About the National Capitol.
It contains 430 rooms which are used for office, committee and storage purposes; 679 windows, 650 doorways, 140 fireplaces, 261 wash basins and sinks, fourteen bathtubs, fifteen ventilating fans, eighteen motors, eight elevators, two 1000-horsepower boilers, eight steam pumps, a lighting service equivalent to 25,000 incandescent lamps of sixteen candlepower each, and over 14,000 square feet of skylight. This is all on the inside, and when we look over the outside and the forty acres of land to be kept up, we begin to realize that it is no small job to keep the cobwebs out of the Capitol and the weeds out of the yard.

Big Lumber Cut in 1907.
According to a report from the United States Forest Service the largest yearly lumber cut in this country was that of 1907, the amount being 37,550,736,000 feet, valued at \$623,151,338. The average increase in the price of lumber since 1899 has been forty-nine per cent.

Sixty car loads of Canadian made harvesting machinery have been ordered for Siberia.

Household Matters.

Hints From Old Virginia.

One or two tablespoonfuls of ammonia added to a pail of water will clean windows better than soap.

Always keep your celery roots and dry them. They are good for seasoning soups and sauces.

A large calico bag to cover the ironing board when it is not in use will keep the ironing sheet clean and be a handy receptacle for holders and waxing cloth.

If a double layer of brown paper is put under the oilcloth on shelves or tables it will wear three times as long if laid directly on the wood.—Elyria B. A., Roanoke, Va., in Boston Cooking School Magazine.

To Roast a Chicken.
If roasting in the oven stand the fowl on a trivet in the roasting tin, so that the fat may run down from it. Never let a roast lie in fat, as it makes it sodden and greasy. A chicken will take from half an hour to three-quarters of an hour. When the fowl is ready, lift it onto a hot dish, remove any string or paper, and pour away any grease there may be.

If gravy is wished to serve with it, pour away all the fat from the roasting tin, and pour into it a little good stock or beef tea. Stir over the fire until it boils, rubbing down into it any brownings from the tin, season nicely and pour round the fowl. If liked thick the gravy may be thickened by brownings a little flour in the tin before pouring in the stock, but for an invalid it is more wholesome left clear.—What-To-Eat, the Pure Food Magazine.

Laundry Notes.
Javelle Water For Removal of Stains.—One of the best chemical reagents to be used in the laundry and for cleaning purposes generally is javelle water. It can be very easily made at home if the following directions are carefully followed, and is not in the least expensive:
How Made.—Dissolve one pound of washing soda in an agate kettle or stone jar, in a quart of boiling water. Dissolve one-half pound of chloride of lime in two quarts of cold water. When the dissolved portion has settled, carefully pour the clear liquid into the dissolved soda. Bottle and keep in a cool, dark place.

Kinds of Stains.—Stains which blotter in the laundry are of three kinds, i. e., those caused by vegetable growth, those from actual chemical compounds, and those caused by a deposit of small, solid particles.

Mildew is perhaps the stain which puzzles the housekeeper the most. It is the most common type caused by vegetable growth. When this stain is examined under the microscope one can see a network of tiny tendrils which cannot be seen without the aid of the microscope. On the ends of some of these tendrils can be seen small cup-shaped organs which hold small seeds or spores, which scatter over the cloth and start new plants. This is the way the mildew stains spread all through a garment. These little tendrils will, if given time, find their way through many layers of the material.

Oxygen will destroy the mildew plant, but it will thrive in a damp, warm place. To remove mildew from a garment first give it a thorough airing and then place in boiling water. After it has been placed in boiling water, the character of the stain is changed and it is now a chemical compound, for the mold has produced a dye. A bleaching process has to be resorted to now to remove the stain. Soak the garment in equal quantities of hot water and javelle water until the stain disappears; thoroughly rinse in three waters; then rinse in water to which a little ammonia has been added.

In most all processes of bleaching an acid is formed which will weaken the fibers of the cloth and, if very strong, will destroy them, unless quickly neutralized by an alkali. Ammonia or washing soda solution are the best to use for this purpose.—Lotta I. Crawford, in Home and Farm.

Good Things To Eat
Poached Eggs With Creamed Celery.—Carefully arrange poached eggs on rounds of buttered toast. Fill in the centre of the dish with a pint of celery cut into inch lengths and cooked in boiling water until tender, then stirred into a cupful of cream sauce. Serve very hot. This is a light and nourishing breakfast dish.

Bean Porridge.—Boil one quart of beans without soaking with half a teaspoonful of soda until the skin cracks. Have fried in slices half a pound of salt pork, add to beans with little salt and pepper, cook with sufficient water to keep from burning, and when real soft add fine bread crumbs or flour to thicken. Bread crumbs are best.

Rice Pudding.—Rice pudding is to many people a not very palatable article of diet, but as it is frequently ordered in cases of convalescence from various illnesses, a formula is given for its preparation: One ounce of whole rice, three-quarters of a pint of milk, half an ounce of butter, one egg, sugar to taste. Let the rice swell in the milk over a slow fire, stir in the butter and then let the mixture cool. Beat the egg well and mix with the rice, butter a breakfast cup or small mold, fill it three parts full and bake. Turn it out and serve.

Good Corn Bread.—Scald one pint of white meal, add a teaspoonful of sugar, also one of salt and a tablespoonful of butter or meat fryings; then stir in as much buttermilk as is required to make a thin batter—previously placing a teaspoonful of soda in the sour milk. Lastly add a pint of dry meal. Thoroughly beat with spoon or paddle and bake in buttered pan in a quick oven. Try this with vegetables often for dinner. You will feel better than when you dine, week in and out, on adulterated flour.

NEWS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

ADMITS HE TIED SELF IN HIS BED.

Coatsville (Special).—The mystery surrounding the gurgling and trying in bed of J. Barton Harry at his home on East Main Street, was cleared up on the arrival here of United States Postal Inspector S. U. Newhard, to whom Harry made a full confession that he was the author of the threatening letters addressed to himself and to his sweetheart, Miss Mary Ellis.

From the start Postmaster A. H. Swing suspected that young Harry was the author of the letters and the author of the supposed attempt on his life, and he at once communicated with the Postal Department at Washington. When Inspector Newhard arrived here he went to the Harry home and accused young Harry of being the author of the letters and trying himself in bed. At first the young man denied the charge, but on being put through a sweating process he broke down and made a full confession. In the following sworn statement:

"I hereby state under oath that I wrote and mailed the letters addressed to J. Barton Harry and Miss Mary Ellis, which were intended as blackmail letters; same letters postmarked at Coatsville, May 4 and 5, 1908. (Signed) J. Barton Harry."

The confession of Harry has greatly relieved the nervousness of the people created by the affair. The only solution of Harry's strange pranks is that he was extremely jealous of Miss Ellis, and he aimed to win her sympathy.

TO HAVE DISPOSAL PLANT.

Norristown (Special).—Some of the Norristown borough authorities declared that they claim the right to feel aggrieved at the attitude maintained by State Health Commissioner Dr. Samuel G. Dixon and his employees toward this borough with reference to the pollution of the Schuylkill River, as affecting Philadelphia's water supply. It is explained that the borough's continued use of the river as the receptacle for its sewage that Norristown has been for years preparing to otherwise make disposal, a matter that cannot be arranged in a few days or months.

In behalf of the town it is shown that its recently constructed trunk line sewer carries all its sewage to the lowest point of the town, where ground for a filtration plant has already been acquired. This purchase was made known for the first time Thursday as it had to be made secretly so that the sewerage plant would not become aware of its intended purpose.

In explaining the delay in establishing a disposal plant, a Norristown Councilman uses some very significant words. He says on this line that not until a few months ago was a practical and reasonable disposal plant as to cost found by the local authorities, numbers that were inspected being costly beyond limit in original outlay as well as in operating expenses. The city of Reading's new plant proves so reasonable in these respects that the same system is already planned here.

It is no longer a secret that the money appropriated by Town Council by recent ordinance to furnish park purposes was intended to furnish part of what was needed for a sewage disposal plant, and the subject is likely to be decided on this summer.

TO MAKE THEIR OWN CEMENT.

Pittsburg (Special).—Angered by what it claims was exorbitant prices charged for cement by independent concerns in the past few years, the United States Steel Corporation has entered the cement making field itself, and now threatens to drive the small makers of cement out of business. A new cement-making plant, costing \$1,000,000 and with a capacity of 3,000,000 barrels per year, was opened between the Homestead and the Duquesne mills of the corporation, on the Monongahela River, above Pittsburg. Through a recently discovered process the corporation will be enabled to convert its immense slag piles into marketable cement.

The plan of establishing cement-making plants in both Pittsburg and Chicago was evolved, and it is now hoped to make 5,000,000 barrels per year, which will be more than enough to flood the market after such a big buyer as the corporation itself has withdrawn.

ACQUIRES BIG COAL FIELDS.

Pittsburg (Special).—The extensive property of the Federal Coal and Coke Company, near Fairmount, W. Va., has been purchased by the New England Gas and Coke Company of Boston for a spot cash consideration of \$1,250,000. The purchaser, which is one of the largest concerns of its kind in the country and which controls the coke and gas business of Boston and surrounding towns, will immediately expend \$750,000 in the further development of the property. The purchase includes 5,500 acres of exceptionally good gas and coal fields, situated 12 miles south of Fairmount, on a branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The land has 300 acres of surface, containing a nine-foot vein of coal. The selling company was controlled by Pittsburg capitalists.

Once Prominent, Dies A Suicide.

Lancaster (Special).—Joseph Herzog, who was formerly a prominent business man in this city, was found hanging in a stable dead. He was 57 years of age. About 1885 Herzog, who was then in the grocery business, was convicted of note forgery aggregating in the neighborhood of \$40,000. He was sentenced to ten years imprisonment, and since his release made a precarious living. Dependency over the late loss of a position is supposed to have induced the suicide.

Woman Breaks Cell Lock.

Altoona (Special).—Paul Reilly and Sallie West were arrested in Juniata for disorderly conduct. The woman was given the freedom of the corridor of the borough lock-up. She broke the lock on Reilly's cell and both escaped.

Draw Lots To Pay Penny Shortage.

STATE HOLDS AN AUCTION.

Harrisburg (Special).—Over \$1500 was realized by the State from a sale of old furniture, rich in political history, but no longer serviceable. The auction took place in the rotunda and corridors which were turned into a market place and the sale, lasting all day, was attended by hundreds of bargain hunters.

Some of the articles sold were bid entirely too high, especially carpets. On the other hand, two pianos from the executive mansion, made of mahogany, but painted white, sold at \$200 and \$155. They cost \$300 and \$1500 when new some years ago. Desks bought for the Legislature when it met in Grace Church, at \$18, were sold at \$5 and \$8. The furniture from the former governor's room was sold singly and widely scattered.

THREE BURNED TO DEATH.

Williamsport (Special).—Two persons were burned and another died in a hospital later and a fourth is missing as the result of a fire which occurred in the home of Joseph Lorenzo, at Castanea, near here. The fire followed an explosion of a lamp. The dead are:

Pasquale Bonady, a boarder, and two of Lorenzo's children, one six years old and the other aged three years. A boy of eight years is missing and is believed to have been incinerated. Mrs. Lorenzo was terribly burned in an attempt to rescue her children. The father of the family was badly burned while attempting to save one of the children.

BOY KILLS MOTHER.

Mahanoy City (Special).—Mrs. Albert Major, of Lansburg, near this city was shot dead with a rifle bullet intended for a cat, at her home. The shooting was an accident, according to the two sons, George and William, who had been handling the rifle from which the fatal bullet was fired.

The boys were stationed at an open window watching for cats after the young chickens. The rifle lay on a table close by. When Mrs. Major entered the room, William, who is only 5 years old, had the weapon in his hands, and it was discharged. Mrs. Major died in a few moments, the bullet entering her heart.

Veteran Railroad Conductor Dead.

Easton (Special).—Thomas Callahan, a retired passenger conductor on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, died aged 64 years. He was a Civil War veteran, serving as a private and later corporal in Company E, Forty-seventh Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, of which J. P. S. Gobin was colonel. He was employed by the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company nearly forty years.

Money Expended To Bank Lost.

Williamsport (Special).—A package containing \$107, consigned to a local bank via the United States Express is strangely missing, having been lost here, and the local agent, I. J. Kantner, is conducting an investigation to determine where it has disappeared to.

STATE ITEMS

James Parker, of Danville, who for the last year has been working at Linwood, near Philadelphia, was robbed of \$140, a year's savings, on a Pennsylvania train, as he was returning home for a vacation.

Mrs. Michael Rinko, aged 26 years, deliberately threw herself beneath the wheels of a Delaware & Hudson train because she was dissatisfied over the treatment she is said to have received from her husband. She was killed instantly.

Jeremiah F. Werner, at Reading, brought suit against Rev. M. H. Stettler for \$10,000 damages for slander, said to have been uttered by the minister during a funeral sermon over the body of the plaintiff's wife. The defendant was arrested several weeks ago on a similar charge.

Because he gave a check for a large sum of money when he had not sufficient to cover it, the manager of McCarthy's, a theatrical manager of New York, was arrested at Pottsville. McCarthy claims that he gave the check in good faith.

Miss Virginia White, who for seventeen years was superintendent of St. Luke's Hospital, South Bethlehem, and principal of its training school, resigned. Her temporary successor is Miss Marie S. Brown.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The mole will starve to death in a day.

Fishhooks have been made on precisely the same design for 2,000 years.

The one hundredth anniversary of the opening of the port of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to international commerce is to be celebrated next year by a national exhibition of industrial, pastoral and art products from June 15 to September 1.

The most remarkable clock weight in Maine is that of the Baptist Church at Cherryfield—an old smooth-bore cannon. The old cannon was one of the old smooth-bore type, and was brought by Gleason R. Campbell from Boston on one of the return trips of lumber vessels.

A German not long ago invented a horseshoe of paper, prepared by saturating with oil, turpentine and other ingredients. Thin layers of such paper was glued to the hoof till the requisite thickness is attained. The shoes, thus made, was said to be durable and impenetrable by moisture.—London Globe.

The oldest Roman Catholic College in the United States is Georgetown College, Georgetown, D. C.

Haasheesh, which in its effects is much the same as opium, is prepared from the gum taken from hemp.

Paper bags are absolutely necessary in certain lines of business, and, considering that there are no easy returns, constitute probably one of the large items of expense to stores and market stalls.—The expenditure for ordinary paper bags, such as are used in grocery stores, during 1906 reached nearly \$9,000,000. The outlay for all bags or various kinds amounted to \$25,000,000.

Australia's largest cattle herd is that running on the Victor River Station, northern territory, 350 miles south of Port Darwin. It numbers 80,000 head.