

# The Result of a Ruse

By M. C. ENGLAND

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"Yes, it is rather warm."  
Lillian Bently answered her partner mechanically as she sank into a chair after their dance. It had been the fifth waltz, and, so far, Paul Ormstead had not been near her. Heretofore he had always come to her first and claimed as many dances as she would give him, but tonight, for some reason, he had absolutely ignored her presence. She leaned back and her gaze wandered across the room to where he stood with Leah Elliott, his fair head bent above her, Leah's face, with its dark, vivid coloring, and deep, glowing eyes, raised to his. Her heart contracted painfully. Was he angry with her? She had done nothing. True, she had refused to go to the play with him the following Friday, but only because Tom Saunders, her partner in the last dance, was coming that night for dinner. Tom was an old friend, a very old friend, and often came to dine and spend the evening with her; yet for some reason Paul had seemed lily to resent her refusal of his invitation when she told him the cause. How could he be so unkind—so stupid! She stirred restlessly.

Tom Saunders closed the fan he had been waving and rose.  
"Lillian," he said, "won't you come outside for a few minutes? You are pale and the air will do you good."  
She assented listlessly and they passed out into the warm spring night and wandered slowly down the garden path.

"You must put on your scarf, dear," he said. "The night is warm, but it



From Her Window She Watched Him.

won't do to risk anything." Taking it from her, he draped it gently over her head and shoulders, then with a sudden movement took both her hands and crushed them between his own.  
"Lillian—dear," he whispered, with a break in his voice.  
Her eyes grew startled. She drew back.  
"Why, Tom, what is it? What do you—"  
"Don't you know, sweetheart? Surely you know—that I love you—have always loved you? Lillian—"  
"Tom, stop! You mustn't—I did not dream—how could I? I never dreamed—"  
His face grew white. "Wait, Lillian," he pleaded. "I don't want you to answer me now. I have taken you by surprise—I know only too well what you would say. But please wait—wait till Friday night, when I come. I know, perhaps, it is no use, but do just that one little thing for me. Wait, and tell me then. Will you promise?"  
"I will promise, but—"  
"Then that is all I want. Come now; we will go in."  
As they walked back along the path Paul Ormstead strolled toward them, a cigar held casually between his fingers. Lillian thought he looked at her strangely as they passed, almost, she thought, with a flash of resentment, suspiciously.

"I'm tired, Tom," she said. "I believe I'll go home. Will you find my brother for me?"  
The remainder of the week passed feverishly for Lillian, who dreaded the coming of Friday, when she must hunt Tom so dreadfully. She had never dreamed of such a thing, never thought of loving him—how could she when her heart was filled with another? But Tom was so good, so thoughtful. Would it make a difference? Would he cease to be her

friend? Somehow she couldn't bear the thought of that.  
Friday afternoon, as she sat upstairs in her room, looking out over the warm spring landscape, the maid brought her a card.  
"Mr. Paul Ormstead."  
Her heart beat tumultuously. What could he have come for, now? She had not seen him since the night of the dance, and she was very angry with him. She hesitated.  
"Very well, Annette," she said, finally. "I'll be down."  
When she came into the room Paul Ormstead met her with an assured smile. "I just ran in," he told her, "to see if you had changed your mind about tonight."  
"Yes; but I know mother will be disappointed. She said we ought to sell within an hour."  
Mr. Bamford had seen several good-looking girls before. In this case, however, things were different. If they hadn't been he wouldn't have coughed and blushed and stammered out:  
"Why—why, I am a real estate 'changed my mind?' she repeated coldly. "Certainly not! Why should I do that?"  
He seemed nonplussed.  
"Now don't be angry, Lillian," he protested. "I thought maybe you would decide to let Saunders come some other night and go with me."  
"Do you suppose," she asked, with increasing hauteur, "that even if Tom had disappointed me I would consent to go with you after—the other night?"  
"Oh, that!" He laughed complacently. "I knew you would be put out about Leah. But couldn't you see, dear, that I only did it to make you jealous?"  
"Jealous?" An angry light stole into her eyes.  
"Why—er—yes," he stammered, less assuredly now. "You know girls never do know their own minds till something like that opens their eyes. If they think they're losing a chap, why, then—"  
"And so you believed that when I thought I was losing you I would disappoint Mr. Saunders at any cost and accept your invitation?" Lillian's voice was dangerously soft.  
Paul Ormstead fidgeted uncomfortably. "Oh, come now, Lillian, don't be hard on a chap. There's no harm in a little ruse like that. Lots of fellows do it. And, honestly, you've no idea how hard it was to keep away from you. Why, when I saw you go out in the garden with that Saunders chap I just couldn't stand it. I followed along to make sure he wasn't trying to flirt with you. You saw me do that, so you know I was thinking of you, even if I didn't appear to be."  
Lillian rose, and there was no effort now to conceal the scorn and anger in her voice.  
"Mr. Ormstead," she said, "I have never really known you until today, and I must confess that the acquaintanceship is one which I have no desire to prolong." And she turned and left him.

From her window, she watched him stride angrily down the path and out of sight. Some minutes later another form swung into view, coming up the road toward the house. It was Tom, dear Tom, for whom she cared very much, but whom she must hurt.  
Must she hurt him? As she thought of Paul—the contrast—Tom's big, warm, generous nature, a strange sweet emotion surged through her heart. Suddenly her head drooped on her arms. She buried her face deep, revealing just the tip of a very pink ear.  
"Oh, what a little fool I've been," she murmured. "What a stupid little fool!"  
Declined.  
"Have some of the Welsh rarebit, Bjonson?" asked Bjonson as he stirred the golden concoction in the chafing dish.  
"No, thanks, Bjonson," returned Bjonson, patting his stomach tenderly. "I am unalterably opposed to all corporation taxes."—Harpers Weekly.  
The Advice Seeker.  
"When a man asks me for advice," said the good-natured person, "I always find myself getting into a discussion."  
"Well," replied Mr. Sirius Barker, "most of us ask for advice because we would rather argue than work."  
Born Aristocrat.  
"Haughty chap, that fellow. He won't loiter anywhere but in a bank."  
"He was that way from youth. As a kid he wouldn't play in any dirt worth less than \$40 a front foot."

## Accommodation the Life of Trade.

It was an overcast, indeterminate sort of a day, but the drug clerk was cheerful as he whistled behind the prescription desk and chatted with a friend in the front shop. Presently a customer came in and made a small purchase.  
"Fine day," he remarked.  
"Great!" replied the clerk, enthusiastically.  
The customer went out and was followed by another. He, too, made a small purchase and commented on the weather.  
"Mean weather," he remarked.  
"Beastly!" said the clerk, dolefully.  
"Getting warmer," remarked a third customer.  
"Hot!" said the clerk.  
Ten minutes passed. Another individual drifted in from the outside world and made a purchase.  
"Chilly, isn't it?" he said to the clerk.  
"Cold as the poles!" agreed the clerk, with a shiver.

## LIFT UP YOUR EYES AND LOOK

By BISHOP WILLIAM A. QUAYLE  
Montreal, Canada

Text: In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Jesus Christ concerning you.—Thess. 5:18.

Have we not set the song of the Christian life to much to the tune of difficulty, danger and sorrow? "In everything give thanks," I am pretty certain, will, in the multitude of instances, be translated as meaning that whatever difficulty or distress enters your life, be glad thereof. Do not murmur. Be glad through whatever roughness the water wear as we voyage across their uncertain billows.

I am certain of two things in this matter. First, that this is how the Scripture is pretty generally viewed, and second, this is not what it does actually mean. It does mean that, but it means indefinitely more. A farm is on a landscape; and he who confounds farm and landscape is not seeing things as they are. Difficulties are to be encountered and sorrows are to be met and they are to be met with the mood of manly and womanly resignation to the wide-working will of God. But that we are to be grateful for the clouds rather than the sunrise and the noon and the blessed open sky is to me absurd and a limitless interpretation of the good God our Heavenly Father. To be glad on a holiday is as devout as to be sad on a funeral day. We shall not need to reset our estimates of God and his will concerning us before we are in harmony with his mood. He is the glad God of out-of-doors and the happy singing things whether they be birds or children or women or strong men. This anemic notion of religion is unwholesome because it is untrue. God gives no assent.

A good man and great said this: "In everything give thanks." Nobody but a good and great man could have said it. The sentiment is like Mount Lycabettus from whose top all of historic Greece lies under the eyes without straining an eyeball. All life lies at the base of a mount of vision and of praise like this: "In everything give thanks." The fact which is meant to be lifted into light at this moment is that there is a devotional element in all things whatsoever. We say grace before meals, except we be heathen. We offer say grace before labors and battles without or within and reading of books and taking of journeys and husking corn or going to plow or a stroll through sun-bright fields for the sheer love of the crisp grass under foot and the hot sky overhead.

We do narrow beyond the permission of God this thought of devotion or we must be at church or prayer meeting or at family prayer to be devotional. Those places and occasions are greatly good, but they do not monopolize the moods of devotion. The devotional frame is the deep consideration. Are we open to devotion for all things as Paul was? It is meet to give thanks for the bird voices, and a good way to give such thanks is by listening to the voices.

That is worth weighing. To love things enough to give things heed is a mood of gratitude, whereas not to care enough for things to notice them is a first-class specimen of ingratitude toward God and his doings. The cricket's chirp is a species of poetry which may well set the heart singing after its fashion, too. Such a little warmth makes the cricket set his heart to song. Were we as good at the voicing of our gratitude as the cricket of the heath, what a shout of chorusing would the great God hear from men.

The religious nature is wiser and wider than many religious folk are given to supposing. Christianity is generous. "Thank God!" How often have I found my own given in that gust of gratitude—"Thank God!" And I am not slow to believe God hears such prayer and smiles with gladness to hear it. Why should we not give thanks for the finding of a wild flower or the striking gratefulness of a child at play, or the toss of apple branches lit with bloom, or the blue jay's note with its musical unambiguity.

No, secularities are just theme for praise and prayer. We have no call to ask for things for which we have not call to answer to God in return. Tenuous words of thanks. "I thank you" is a phrase which the debaucher uses frequently. Courtesy is a good habit for a body's own sake. To be genteel is a soul-instinct of fineness, and if a man or a woman lives alone and broke bread with himself, (although such a way of living is not necessary or to be desired. If one is alone and has no relatives, then should such a one borrow some child, or better, some homeless body, somebody human, not feline nor canine, to keep alive the humanness in one's own soul), he would do well to say: "Thank you" when he passes food to himself, for so would the method of good manners be kept alive and the social impulse would be heightened to "Father, I thank thee."  
Christ; and "in everything give thanks," says his business. ... And for one I will take this advice and will find provision for devotion in everything, books, folks, church, labor, song, tears and cares. And for the least and largest to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ will make my adoration for the Christ, my Saviour and my King.

Will of Right.  
God has given every man the will to do right, the will to succeed and to persevere. That will is ours as long as we keep it under control and do not allow it to become subservient to our passions and our weaknesses.—Rev. T. H. McDonald, Roman Catholic, Utica.

To be beaten but not broken; to strive and contend for the prize, and to win it honestly, or lose it cheerfully—in all this there is testing and training of character which is worth all that it costs us.—Bishop Potter.

## TEMPERANCE

CHURCHES AND THE SALOON

Decrease in Number of Ohio Drink Shops Followed by Increase in Church Members.

An analysis of the Presbyterian churches of Ohio in local option districts, by Rev. Frederick N. McMillan, chairman of the committee on evangelical work of the synod of Ohio, shows a suggestive increase during the past two years in the number of communicants, says United Presbyterian. From this report it appears that the decrease in the number of saloons is followed by a notable increase in the membership of the churches. The reasons assigned are that when men are drinking they have no money to sufficiently clothe their wives and children that they may attend church with any degree of self-respect. The families of drinking men are discouraged and lack heart to appear in places of religious course. Mr. McMillan says: "Refrigeration and whisky will not mix. Drinking men keep women and children away from church through shame, fear, poverty and want of heart. Many a woman says: 'I haven't the heart to go to church when my husband is drinking; he doesn't want us to go to church, and I will not go because my children and myself cannot dress as well as others.'"

This want of heart is one of the most depressing conditions that can befall any one. The sense of disgrace on account of being the companion of a drunkard, has kept many a wife shut up in her solitary home, nursing the vultures that are eating out her very heart. The consolations of the gospel would give her hope, but oh the humility of it; the human nature of it! The dread of appearing where her very presence would be an advertisement of her own humiliation no doubt accounts for many sorrowful wives failing to identify themselves with any church.

It requires no argument to show that the average drinking man will not go to church. He takes no interest in such things. His companions are not there. There is little in common between him and those who worship God. He is at the extreme antipodes of society. His moral sense is benumbed, and the whole association of the saloon is to deepen and intensify opposition to religion and purity of life. When God plants a church the devil comes to plant a saloon nearby, if he can. He must hold his own converts, if he can. He must win over some of the church members, if he can. He must lay his fiery skewers to burn the feet of the children, if he can.

The way to destroy the influence of the devil over the lives of men and women, is to destroy the works of the devil. The saloon system is the great barrier between the drinker and the church. Its destruction means saner moments for the drinker, when he can think more of the things of the kingdom of God, and the things, too, that will promote the betterment of his home. It gives his family an opportunity to take heart, to regain hope, and to look upon life with some degree of joyfulness. There is no doubt but there would be a greater disposition on the part of the drinker's family, and the drinker himself, to attend the public worship of God if he spent his money at home and for his home. A reformed husband and father means sunshine to the home, and the grateful family will have an especial reason for expression of gratitude to God by a public profession of his name. Every argument that supports the saloon opposes the church.

### Sarah Bernhardt and Women Soldiers.

I remember when I first appeared as the Duc de Reichstadt, I thought to myself how little disadvantage sex is to a woman who wishes to play a distinguished part, not merely on the stage, but in real life. Women are only weak when their characters are weak. Surely Louis XVI. did not think women were weak when battalions of them were surrounding his palace at Versailles. My experience has shown me that Frenchwomen are more resolute, more fearless, more competent than the women of other nations. They would not plead their sex in the face of the enemy. Just as Jeanne d'Arc was a born military leader, so, in case of a crisis today, many women would be found who, if men were pusillanimous, would cry with Lady Macbeth: "Give me the daggers!"—Sarah Bernhardt in the Strand.

### Alcohol and Tuberculosis.

Dr. Jacques Bertillon, the chief of the finger-print department of the French police, has published an article on the connection between alcohol and tuberculosis. Dr. Bertillon says that of the causes which in France favor the development of tuberculosis the most important is the alcohol in beer and spirits. He declares, however, that the best enemy of tuberculosis is wine.

In the 28 departments which form the northern parts of France, where cider, beer, spirits—especially brandy—are much drunk, the deaths caused by consumption were 280 per 100,000 inhabitants in 1908, while the proportion was 140 in the other departments of France, where wine is the favorite drink.

### A Distum.

It is a frame of mind here, as it was a frame of mind there, to zealously cherish the unity of existence. To labor, albeit in what a turmoil of grim stress, with the twinkle of mirth in your heart and the light of compassion in your eye. Never to give over the pursuit of beauty in all things. Never to abandon the linking of dreams, however vague and dim in the dust of daily endeavor. Thus shall you increase the perception of your soul and realize the joy of life.—Robert Rowman Peck.

## THREE QUESTIONS

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 18, 1910  
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Matthew 22:15-22.  
14-15 Memory Verses.—27-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."—Matt. 22:21.

TIME.—Tuesday, April 14, A. D. 30. The same day as our last lesson.

PLACE.—The Court of the Temple in Jerusalem.

### Suggestion and Practical Thought.

The rulers of the Jews had determined on the death of Jesus (Mark 11:18), and were now seeking some way of ensnaring Jesus into expressing opinions which could be used as an accusation for which he could be convicted in the courts. But by Jesus' answers Divine truth was made more clear.

The question was asked by a witty combination of two parties. It was, Is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar, or not? The Pharisees sent their disciples, learners, students, who would come as those who wanted to learn, and not as the teachers who, being supposed to know, would appear to be merely wanting to entrap Jesus. "A cunning device." These would represent one side of the question, opposed to paying tribute to Caesar.

"Fierce opposition was offered to the tribute law," which was regarded as an impiety, inasmuch as no Lord could be recognized but God. Others offered opposition to the legality of the tax, while one teacher, Judah of Gamala, associated with a Pharisee named Zadok, formed a party to work solely on this line of attack. Then vengeance was sworn against whosoever should transgress the Mosaic law, and the Zealots were pious assassins who imposed upon themselves the sacred obligations of killing all transgressors of the law."

The Herodians were adherents of the Herods, who owed what power they possessed to the Roman government. They sided with the Sadducees in skepticism, and with the Greeks in licentiousness, pandering to the vice and cruelty of the Herods and truckled to the Romans. These represented the other side of the question, favoring tribute to Caesar, and opposed to the Messianic hopes of the Pharisees.

No matter which side Jesus took it seemed impossible for him not to seriously damage his cause. If he decided for either party, the other would be his enemy. He was sailing between Scylla and Charybdis. If he said it was not right to pay taxes, he would be in collision with the whole Roman power, which would regard and treat him as a criminal. His career would be ended. If he said it was lawful for the Jews, the great mass of the people would be against him, and he would lose his Roman government; for they hated the Roman government, and one of the first and greatest things they expected of the Messiah was deliverance from this subjection to a foreign power. "The taxes were a constant cause of revolt."

They say unto him, Caesar's (pronounced Kaiser by Romans and Greeks. It is the German Kaiser and Russian czar). "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's." The image and superscription on the coin implied the sovereignty of Caesar. The Jews, by using the coins, in so far were served by the Roman government. They therefore owed it some service in return. This service was the payment of taxes.

"And unto God the things that are God's." God as your maker, preserver, giver of countless good gifts, one of the choicest of which was the gift of his Son, their Messiah, had a right to claim love and obedience from them. Fulfill those duties as faithfully as you should those to an earthly ruler. Bring your whole life under the sway of conscience and righteousness. This appealed to their conscience. It was no evasion of the question, but was the statement of a great principle which applies to all ages.

Christians have to live in countries where the government is not perfect, and it is their duty to be good citizens in them, the best citizens they have. This was one of the ways by which Christianity conquered the Roman empire. To have fought the empire with their worldly weapons would have been ruin; as Christ himself said: "For all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword" (Matt. 26:52). They conquered by obeying Christ's precept "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," and they did this best by his further command to "render unto God the things that are God's."

God's image is stamped in the soul of man. It is sometimes soiled in the mire of sin, dimmed by the friction of worldly cares, bent and distorted by wrongs done and wrongs received; but every man was created in the image of God. This makes it possible to be restored, to receive the fuller, sweeter, more perfect image of God's holiness. It calls us to "render unto God the things that are God's," our hearts, our love, our devotion, our lives.

When Tamerlane was in his wars, one of his captains dug up a great pot of gold, and brought it to him. Tamerlane asked whether it had his father's stamp upon it; but when he saw it had the Roman stamp, and not his father's, he would not own it.

A lawyer, a scribe, a student and teacher of the law, asked, "Master, which is the great commandment of the law?" Tempting him, testing him to see what kind of an answer the wise teacher would give to one of the stock questions which divided the Jewish teachers into rival schools, for he realized that Jesus had answered wisely the Sadducee's question (Mark). Jesus began his answer by stating the great fact that the Lord our God the Lord is one. This describes and designates the God we are to love supremely. Jehovah, the God of Israel, is the one abohat, self-existent, eternal God, and he alone. He is the Creator, Ruler, Preserver, Guide, Saviour, Father, Source of all good. One of the best services science has done for religion is the completeness of the proof that there is but one God, by proving the unity of material, of force, of government throughout the known universe. The unity of moral law is another unassailable proof.

## HUDSON WAS A MAN OF MYSTERY

Woman Tells Why She Killed Her Husband.

SAYS HE THREATENED HER LIFE.

Says That When She Married Him She Knew Nothing About Him—Eva Workman, Who Aroused the Jealousy of Mrs. Hudson, Declares That She Married Hudson at Ocean City.

Salisbury, Md. (Special).—Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Hudson, who shot and killed her husband, Tobias Hudson, in the office of the State's Attorney here, is not now the cool and self-possessed woman who was shortly after the tragedy. The deep circles about her eyes and the nervous twitch of her mouth as she speaks betray the great nervous strain under which she is laboring.

"Yes, of course, I am sorry I killed my husband," she said when interviewed in the jail. "I loved him. How would you like to see one you loved better than your life, one for whom you would willingly lay down your own life, dead and at your own hands?"

Walking up to the bars of her narrow cell, Mrs. Hudson confessed them in her nervousness as she talked. "When I married Tobias Hudson I had already been married twice before, and for the first time in my life real happiness came to me. I was 32 years of age and Mr. Hudson was 10 years older than I was. We were married in Ocean City, Cambridge from Baltimore. I don't know whether he has any relatives I don't know, and he would never talk to me along that line. When we were first married we lived happily for a time, but soon stories came to my ears of his attacks on the other women. And then he began to drink. He would give me a time, and, returning, would give me no satisfaction as to where he had been.

"About a year ago he left and did not return. He brought suit for divorce in the Circuit Court of Dorchester county, but lost his case.

Says He Threatened Her Life.

"Last Wednesday, when I came to Salisbury, I purposely disguised myself in deep mourning. I did this because Mr. Hudson had threatened to kill me, and I feared he would do so if he met me on the street. After he was arrested and held under bond he promised me to return to me again, and this was what I most ardently desired. I was longing for him and ready to receive him back with open arms. But much as I loved him I could not trust him, and when I saw him Thursday night riding with that woman I knew his promise would not be kept.

"I wanted to see him again and try to persuade him back to me and I asked Mr. Bailey to get him for me. When he came and we were talking I realized that I had lost him. He told me the Workman woman had left town, and I told him of seeing them riding together the night before. I asked him to let me have some money and he said he had none. He reminded him of the \$250 bond which had been returned to him and he got up and said:

"Well, if that's all you wanted with me, I will go. There are not enough police in Salisbury to arrest me again."

Overcome by Grief; Shoots.

"He arose and reached for his hat and gun, which were lying on top of the iron safe. I saw him getting ready to go and leave me and I knew it was for good. My grief and my loneliness overcame me. I drew the revolver and fired. Sorrow and sadness are the lot of mankind and I have had my share. My husband told me once that he had killed a man up in Western Maryland."

Eva Workman Has Disappeared.

The whereabouts of Eva Workman are still unknown. It was reported here that Hudson's life was insured in her favor for \$100,000, but no verification of this could be obtained.

The case against Mrs. Hudson will be tried at the September term of court, beginning on September 29. It is expected that the court will assign counsel to conduct the prosecution, Mr. Bailey being an important witness.

BOSTON HAS 670,585.

Runs St. Louis a Close Race for Fourth Place.

Washington, D. C. (Special).—The population of Boston, Mass., is 670,585, an increase of 109,093, or 19.6 per cent. as compared with 560,892 in 1900. This was announced by Director of the Census Durand.

This puts Boston out of the reach of Baltimore, the population of which has just been announced. Boston will stand fifth, next to St. Louis, which has 687,029, and Baltimore will come next on the list. Pittsburg is the seventh city, ranking next to Baltimore.

## STATE HAPPENINGS

Chester.—Joseph Skypczek, a two-year-old boy, was accidentally drowned in a tubful of water while his widowed mother, Mrs. Josephine Skypczek, was sitting on the front door-steps of her home. The child had wandered into the home of his aunt, Mrs. Mary Gzernick, next door. The tub, which was on the kitchen floor, aroused the curiosity of the little fellow, who climbed over the side of the tub and plunged into the water. He was evidently stunned by striking his head against the bottom of the tub. The mother became distracted when she learned of her son's death.

Shamokin.—During a terrific rain and electrical storm in this region, St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, at Kupuk, was blown down, the structure being partially built of wood and in course of construction. Eight workmen, who were in the church at the time, had narrow escapes from being killed by falling timbers.

Pottsville.—Frank Royer, of Lancaster, was instantly killed, and Samuel Boltz, of Strasburg, Berks county, was fatally injured, at Orwigsburg, when they were precipitated from the roof of a dwelling, which they were painting, to the ground a distance of about 20 feet. The accident was due to the breaking of a rope. They struck on their heads, Royer's skull being crushed in and Boltz suffering with a severe compound fracture, which gives little hope of his recovery. Royer, who was 35 years of age, removed to Orwigsburg from Lancaster recently, and was married just a few months ago. Boltz also recently came to Orwigsburg. He is single.

Gettysburg.—The inauguration of Dr. William Anthony Granville, late of Yale University, as president of Gettysburg College, will take place on October 20 with ceremonies which, as now planned, will be unusually elaborate. Among the guests expected are Governor Stuart, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, Dr. Ira Remsen, Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh and other prominent educators, in addition to representatives from all the principal educational institutions in this section of the country.

Harrisburg.—The first wedding to take place in Pennsylvania's Capitol occurred at noon, when Peter J. Santz and Miss Bertia Hersey, of Cross Roads, were married in the Department of Factory Inspection. The couple are parishioners of Rev. C. V. Hartzell, chief clerk of the department, who is the Methodist minister at Cross Roads, and came here to have him conduct the ceremony, not desiring the stir of a home wedding.

Lancaster.—While shooting at birds on the Ephrata, Manheim, Westley Groff, of Reading, accidentally shot and fatally wounded Norman Heck, who lives near Ephrata. While in the underbrush Groff got a line on a bird. Not knowing of the close proximity of his companion, he fired and the bullet struck Heck in the chest grazing the lungs. He was carried by comrades to the residence of a physician where the ball was removed. His condition is grave.

Selins Grove.—By the explosion of the boiler of a steam threshing engine, in Monroe Township, Snyder county, Nathaniel Bailey, a laborer, and two-year-old Emanuel Jarrett were fatally injured. Albert Smith, an engineer, was seriously scalded. Bailey was buried through an open door in the barnyard. Clouds of steam in the barn extinguished several small fires in the structure and saved the building from total destruction.

Shamokin.—When officers appeared at the home of Mrs. Anthony Margle to arrest her on the charge of trespassing and stealing coal on the Mineral & Mining Company's land, she refused to accompany the police at the same time beginning to disrobe in order to scare them away. They threw a horse blanket about her, and took her to jail at Strasburg. Recently she disclosed to the police several warrants on her for an alleged misdemeanor, causing the officers to depart in haste.

Pottsville.—Court-mustered School Directors M. J. Kemp, J. A. Hollman, John Stutz, Martin Bruman, Hugh Melowan and Benjamin Lloyd, of Rhyolite Township, these directors were unable to agree on the election of teachers and the public schools are therefore closed although they are usually opened at that district in the last week of August. The Court will appoint a new board. One of the directors of the old board is under arrest on a charge of bribery.

Shoemansville.—John Mosevise, fifteen years old, while swimming in the Kobovon Colliery reservoir, was attacked and bitten by a good-sized snapping turtle, which tore deep into his leg and drew a silver dollar out of his left arm. The boy collapsed, thinking he was bitten by a water snake. He was revived with difficulty and his wound cauterized.

Reading.—With the destruction, by fire, of his home, in Glenside, a suburb, where he lived alone for the past five years, Joseph Madner, aged 39 years, an Austrian, was burned to death. Madner is believed to have had a large sum of money in the house and this was also destroyed.

Pottsville.—Geo. W. Smith, of Frackville, several days ago passed a troublesome case, using a rusty razor for the purpose. As the result, blood poisoning set in and gangrene followed. Physicians were powerless to aid him and death resulted. Smith was 76 years of age and a veteran of the Civil War.

Chester.—Rosa Zaza, a 2-year-old girl, fell from a second-story window at her home to the pavement, a distance of 15 feet, sustaining a broken leg and other injuries. She was standing on a chair looking out of the window and was pressing on the screen which gave way. The child's condition is serious.

Altoona.—Joseph Samski, aged 35, was crushed to death by a locomotive in the Pennsylvania's round house when he ignored a warning not to go behind the stalls.

Street Car Dynamited.

Columbus, O. (Special).—A successful attempt was made to dynamite a street car in Bexley, a suburb. The conductor was considerably injured and the car damaged. The strikes are being held for alleged complicity in recent dynamiting.

Kills Wife in Quarrrel.

Hattiesburg, Miss. (Special).—Arthur Watson, a traveling photographer, recently of Sumner, Miss., shot and killed his wife Nora, and dangerously wounded his mother-in-law, Mrs. John McCall, in a family dispute here. Watson attempted to escape, but was pursued by officers with bloodhounds and captured near the scene of the crime. Considerable feeling exists against Watson, but there is no fear of mob violence.