

HOUSE HONORED HEROIC MINERS

HARRISBURG, May 1. The heroic rescue of the seven men entombed in the mine at Foustwell, Cambria county, was officially called to the attention of the house of representatives this morning and a resolution by Mr. Moulthrop, of Clearfield, commending the bravery of the rescuers was unanimously adopted.

RESOLUTION ADOPTED.

The resolution was as follows: "Whereas, We are informed this morning through the medium of the public press of the rescue of the seven miners entombed in the mine of the Berwind-White Coal company at Foustwell, Cambria county, in this Commonwealth, by a number of their brave and heroic fellow-workmen under most trying and dangerous circumstances, during which their lives were constantly in danger.

MARK OF PUBLIC RECOGNITION

"Therefore, Be it resolved that this legislature take cognizance of this act and extend its approbation to the rescuers and direct that this resolution be entered on the legislative record as a mark of public recognition of their brave and valorous deed."

No debate occurred on the resolution it being adopted without comment.

INVITATION ACCEPTED.

An invitation from the citizens of West Pittston to the representatives to attend West Pittston's "golden jubilee" celebration in June was presented by Mr. Hall, of Luzerne, and unanimously accepted.

BILLS PASSED FINALLY.

The following bills were passed finally:

Authorizing municipal corporations owning their water systems to re-locate roads destroyed by overflow of reservoirs or otherwise and to acquire land to preserve the water supply from contamination.

Providing for an assistant State veterinarian and clerk.

Making \$1,500 a year the minimum salary for poor directors in counties of more than 150,000 population.

CERTIFICATE NOT REQUIRED.

Providing that certificates of vaccination or of having had small pox shall not be required in any locality when smallpox does not exist there.

Senate bill to punish persons contributing to the delinquency of children.

Providing for regulating foreign corporations engaged in selling their own securities or other securities in this State.

Nanticoke to Benton by Trolley.

Plans are on foot for the extension of the Nanticoke street railway of Nanticoke, from that town to Benton, by the way of Shickshinny and Huntingdon Mills, this tapping a rich section of Columbia county.

R. H. Cover, of Nanticoke, secretary and treasurer of the People's Street Railway company and manager of the Susquehanna Coal company's supply store at that place; H. M. Smith, of Alden Station, president of the People's Traction company, F. H. Kohlbrecker, superintendent of the Susquehanna Coal company, E. B. Shesler, of Wannamie, and Dr. J. R. Hess, of Huntingdon Mills, directors of the same street railway company, were over the proposed route in an automobile yesterday and took dinner at the McHenry house in Benton.

They were more than pleased with the outlook for a successful trolley line, not only for a successful trolley line, but for the fact that the trolley has the right to carry freight, and they were unanimously of the opinion that such a trolley line would be a paying venture.

Surveyors have been at work on the route from Shickshinny to Nanticoke and have that work completed, the gentlemen stated in an interview concerning the proposed trolley line. During the present week they will be put to work on the route between Shickshinny and Huntingdon Mills.

From Huntingdon Mills the route of the old Huntingdon Creek and Muncy railroad survey will be followed to Benton. This route was surveyed for a steam road many years ago but was never built, because of it being considered too expensive for a steam road.

However, as soon as these men were assured that a trolley freight bill would become a law, they set to work to make plans for the building of a trolley line between the points named.

That it will be successful goes with out saying, as rich farming and lumber country is tapped, and should produce a great deal of freight business, in the way of produce and manufactured lumber.

UNIFORM PRIMARIES ARE UNCHANGED

HARRISBURG, May 1.

There will be no change in the system governing primary elections in the State before the law passed at the special legislative session of 1906 gets a test.

This was virtually decided last night, when the senate elections committee killed the Lydick uniform primary bill, sent over from the house.

Early in the evening the committee heard arguments against the bill by Thomas Barnburn White and George Barnham, Jr., of the Philadelphia committee of seventy, and John H. Fow, counsel for the city commissioners. Immediately after the hearing the committee took its action, and the bill was returned to the senate with a negative report.

Lecture.

Rev. C. R. Botsford, pastor of the Lutheran church of Berwick, delivered a lecture on Thursday May 2nd, at 7:45 o'clock in the German Lutheran church, 10 cents.

For Rent.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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"Be sure it has six light rooms, all outside, adjacent Grace."

"And remember it must be in a nice neighborhood," added Molly. Rowena sighed. "I'll try," she said resignedly and, tucking her umbrella under her arm, started down the stairs. It was a cool day, with a gray sky and a promise of rain in the air. The streets and boulevards had the faded, dusty look that late summer always wears before the first frost arrives to sharpen and brighten things.

"Bright, attractive apartment, six rooms and bath. I think I'll try that one, though they all advertise them as attractive, and the reality is a lot of it."

"I must remember that all places look less cheerful on a dull day," said Rowena to herself, taking a list out of her pocketbook and running over it with a running eye.

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By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN.

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Autumn was dying in a blaze of crimson and gold. Everywhere color fairly riotous, from the vivid blue of the clouded arching sky, against which the green of scattered firs stood sharply defined, down to the wind blown leaves through which the old white horse shuffled his slow way.

From the woods on his left rang out the merry voices of children, and involuntarily the squire smiled. In those very woods forty years ago he and Hetty had gone a-nutting—Hetty, with her dancing rosy cheeks, her plaited hair, and the deep sunbeam always hanging by one side.

Then the shaggy gray eyebrows met in a heavy frown over the keen blue eyes. What was Hetty to him but the girl who had flouted and mocked him, driving him away from the little drawing room, "But, oh, what a darling!" It's the loveliest one we've seen anywhere!

With a little money and a little taste it could be made a perfect jewel box. How the sun streams in, and how dead and cozy this drawing room would be!

"With a window seat there," said Dwight, "and a bookcase against the wall."

"And some pictures and bits of bric-a-brac on the mantel!" Rowena glowed with enthusiasm.

"And a low round table and a reading lamp," added Dwight delightedly.

The voice of the ever present janitor broke in on them. "It's just the place for young married couples," Rowena gasped and retreated. Dwight followed.

"Dear," he besought, "you know it's exactly as she says—it's meant for us and no one else. Ah, Rowena, won't you say that to the windows will be our home light? Won't you say that every night at dinner time the woman I love will be waiting here to welcome me? Won't you say—and there was mirth in his voice as well as tenderness—"won't you say that our fat hunting is over?"

Rowena hesitated. "I haven't meant to leave my heart so soon, but since—since so desirable a tenant has applied it seems only right to oblige him with a permanent occupancy, provided he keeps it in good repair!"

Pullman's Giant Passenger.

There was one story of his career that Mr. Pullman used to tell with manifest delight. One night, going out of Chicago, a long, lean, ugly man, with a wart on his cheek, came into the depot.

He paid George M. Pullman 50 cents, and half a berth was assigned him. Then he kicked off his boots, which were of surprising length, turned into the berth and, having an uneasy conscience, was sleeping like a healthy baby before the car left the depot.

Along came another passenger and paid his 50 cents. In two minutes he was back at George's berth. "There's a man in that berth of mine," said he, "and he's about ten feet high. How am I going to sleep there, I'd like to know? Go and look at him."

In went Pullman—man and trunk. The man's knees were under his chin, his arms were stretched across the bed, and his feet were stored comfortably—his trunk. Pullman shook him until he awoke and then told him if he wanted the whole berth he would have to pay \$1.

"My dear sir," said the tall man, "a contract is a contract. I have paid you 50 cents for half this berth, and, as you see, I am occupying it. There's the other half," pointing to a strip about six inches wide. "Sell that and don't disturb me again." And, so saying, the man with the wart on his face went to sleep again. He was Abraham Lincoln.

Yellowstone Park.

The Yellowstone National park covers an area of 3,348 square miles of territory and embraces within its boundaries specimens of almost every kind of natural scenery—waterfalls, hot springs, mountains, boiling springs, and volcanoes, geysers, canyons, caves, basaltic terraces and giant boulders worn by erosion into every manner and kind of queer and fantastic shape that the imagination can conceive of.

The Yellowstone is at present by far and away the largest park in the world.

Short Stay Neighborhoods.

A man who contemplated going into business for himself looked around for a good location. He rejected the advice of two friends who had suggested neighborhoods which they thought desirable.

"I don't like either of the places," he said. "Business can't be good around there. I have passed through those streets many times, and always I have been struck with the frequency with which the names on the shops are changed. That doesn't look promising. Wherever a man finds trade profitable he stays; contrarily, he moves. None of the short stay neighborhoods for me."—New York Post.

Literally Speaking.

Hi Harix—How he yore son gittin' along since he went tew'ty city? Hi Meadowgrass—Oh, he's flourishin'. Hi Harix—I'm powerful glad tew hear it. What he doin'? Hi Meadowgrass—He's a teachin' penmanship in one ov them business colleges.—Pittsburg Press.

His Name.

Lawyer—What is your full name? Witness—K. K. Karl Benson. Lawyer—What do all the K's stand for? Witness—Nothing; the minister who christened me stuttered.—Boston Transcript.

On Tipping the Hat.

New Yorkers still cling to the ancient custom of tipping their hats when greeting a male friend or acquaintance. It is a common sight to see a staid, prosperous looking business man as he passes an acquaintance tipping his hat, although the other is alone and unaccompanied by a woman.

It is the same after a party has been together somewhere, at dinner, probably, or at the theater. You will notice that as one separates himself from the others he will say good night or au revoir and then tip his hat. Also when one man is introduced to another it is dollars to a subway ticket that he will lift his chapeau. Wonder why it is. They don't do it in Pittsburg.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Bore.

"I think Jones is one of the worst bores that ever lived." "Why so?" "He broke right in and began talking about himself while I was talking about a thrilling experience I once had out west."—Indianapolis Star.

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WORKING A SWINDLE.

Clever Scheme Carried Through by a Plausible Woman.

An elegantly dressed Spanish lady one day visited a specialist in mental diseases in Madrid on behalf of her husband, who she said, was a sufferer from religious mania. Having explained the case, it was arranged that she should return in about an hour with the afflicted husband.

The lady's next scene of action was a jeweler's shop in another part of the city, where she selected diamonds to the value of \$5,000 on the understanding that she would buy them if her husband approved. Would some one accompany her home in a cab and the money would be paid immediately? A trusted clerk was sent, and with him the lady drove back to the doctor's house.

In an anteroom she took the stones "just to show them to her husband." Then, entering with sublime assurance the doctor's study, she informed the specialist that her husband was in the anteroom and ready to be examined.

Leaving a visiting card, the lady took her departure, and the doctor, bidding the supposed patient enter, proceeded at his leisure to ask professional questions. The jeweler's man was puzzled at first, but soon he realized that he had been made the victim of a clever fraud.

The doctor, however, interpreted his indignation as caused by his complaint, and when after two hours matters were finally explained the lady impostor had vanished with her spoils without leaving any trace.—London Tit-Bits.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A good many loafers imagine they are philosophers. You are very fond of your opinions. Let other men enjoy theirs.

Parents will say their children are dull, but won't stand it from others. Nathanson is all right provided you don't meet a man who is full of it when you are bustled.

The average man has more respect for a thief than a deadbeat. And thieves are not held in high esteem. When a man tells his "story," always remember that he exaggerates it and that he isn't fair with the other fellow.

Among the white races more than seven-tenths of religion is confined to women. Yet the men run things. Very few men are really religious, while you find few women who are not.—Athlon Globe.

A Fatal Error.

Borrower—Nellie, hand me my umbrella, will you? It has commenced to rain. Mrs. B.—I lent your umbrella to Mr. Sweetest last night. Borrower—What in thunder did you do that for? Didn't you know it was his?—Spore Moments.

Did Her Word.

Hicks—She threatened all sorts of things, and finally he got desperate and exclaimed, "Do your worst!" Wicks—And what did she do? Hicks—Very coolly she began to play the piano. Wicks—I see. She took him at his word.

Marital Tendencies.

We always tend to run to extremes in our social fashions, and it is therefore not without some interest, one may even say anxiety, that we shall watch the very decided tendency of society women to marry men very much younger than themselves. There may come a day when an age limit may have to be instituted.—London World.

Humors of Sculpture.

"When architects insist on decorating the facades of public buildings with symbolical groups," remarked a New York philosopher, "they often add unconsciously to the humor of everyday life. Just look at those two cherubs, one on the central window on top of the hall of records, for example. How can any one with a memory ever forget the scandals of the construction of that building in looking at these two figures? One of them is plainly going down stairs, and the other is going up. It is that such stories last. Who ever went to Washington for the first time that he did not have to listen to that yarn about the statue of Columbus or Washington or some other, and also that glimpse of that intimation marble work that has been put up on the walls of the upper stories. And the best of it is that such stories last. 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