

SPECIAL MEETING OF TRUSTEES

The trustees of the hospital for the insane held a special meeting yesterday, at which important action was taken relating to the purification of the stream intersecting the hospital farm...

At the last meeting of the board of trustees the engineer, Mr. Mobus, was directed to devise a method by which the drainage from the barnyard and pig sty might be diverted from the stream...

At the meeting yesterday the engineer was on hand with the plan, which had been approved at Harrisburg. The plan provides for the erection of a concrete retaining wall embracing the frontage of both barn yard and pig sty...

It is realized that formerly when the drainage from the farm buildings went into the stream the farm thereby lost a great deal of valuable fertilizing material...

The retaining wall and pit, it is estimated, will cost about \$5,000. The trustees yesterday approved of the entire plan and decided that work should begin on the improvement immediately.

Among the trustees present at the meeting yesterday were: Dr. B. H. Detweiler, of Williamsport; W. F. Shay of Watsonstown; Dr. Harvey of Wilkes-Barre; G. R. Van Alen of Northumberland, and I. X. Grier, Esq., and Hon. James Foster of Danville.

Two brothers were once at Count von Moltke's house at an evening party. Both were captains of the general staff. The general came up to a group of gentlemen, one of whom was one of the brothers...

A smile stealing over the general's face suggested the idea that he had not obtained the information he wished. Some time after the general went to another group of people and there joined the officer whose name he had inquired...

Afterward, when they inquired from the young officer what the general had asked him, he replied: "He asked me who that officer was over there."

"And what did you say?" "I said that he was my brother!" The general gave up inquiring the name of the two brothers for that evening.

Wanted It to Take. Mrs. B. believed in infant baptism, but for some reason that rite was not performed for Tommy till he was some four or five years old. While the ceremony was in progress the mother was very much gratified with Tommy's behavior...

"The angel!" exclaimed the mother. "The little dear!" said a good sister as she went up to give him a "God bless you" and a pat on the head. But just as her hand was descending with that benediction a very wrathful and unangelic countenance was turned upon her...

"Why, don't you know she would rub the oil on the baptizing water off before it would 'a' had time to soak in?" explained Tommy, who from his point of view was fully justified.—Los Angeles Times.

Buffoonery in "Hamlet." The buffoonery once tolerated in provincial theaters is illustrated in an anecdote set forth in the memoirs of Barry Sullivan. Wright, who was the first gravedigger, prepared himself to take the house by storm by having increased his person with a dozen or more waistcoats of all sorts of shapes and patterns...

In North Carolina.—And you will receive 10,000 barrels of finest cotton. Refuse and you go into the cotton gin! Choose!

VIRTUE IN SMOKING.

One Man Who Now Has an Argument Handy For His Wife.

The wife of a Topeka man objects strenuously because her husband is a confirmed smoker. He is never happy without a cigar or a pipe. The other morning she gave him a ten dollar bill and told him to buy several things for her. He pushed the bill into his coat pocket and rushed out of the house to catch a car.

He found that he had to wait a few minutes at the corner, for the cars were off schedule that morning, and then he proceeded to light a cigar. But he found no matches—all of his pockets were bare of them. Suddenly he happened to think that he also missed the ten dollar bill. A hurried search disclosed that it was gone.

He turned right about and retraced his steps. Just as he got in front of his home he happened to look into the street, and there was that "ten" tumbling around in the wind. His wife saw him go and pick it up, and she demanded an explanation. He promptly told her how looking for a match had caused him to discover that he had lost the bill.

"Now tell me there isn't any virtue in smoking!" he snorted as he puffed out his chest.—Kansas City Journal.

Where Women Do All the Work. The smallest dependency of France is the Ile d'Hoedie, situated at the east of Belle Isle. Its population is 200. They do not speak French, except the cure and the schoolmaster, but Celtic, and they are provided with food at an inn managed by the women.

Fishing is the principal industry. The profits are shared out each year among the inhabitants. The men live on soup and fish and smoke pipes with lobster claws for stems. The women do all the hard work—get in the harvest, look out for wreckage and gather seaweed, from which they extract soda.

The town has no streets. The houses are of mud. The islanders have a yearly feast in the early part of October. The island possesses a good water supply. The governing body is composed of the ten ancients of the place under the direction of the cure.

The Villain's Teeth. Two sets of false teeth looked just alike, but one set cost \$10 more than the other. "There is a lot of extra work on those expensive teeth," said the dentist. "They are made for an actor who always plays the part of heavy villain in melodrama, and he has to have teeth that he can hiss with."

I experimented on three different sets of teeth before I got the combination. Somehow the nice, even teeth that I usually turn out wouldn't permit the sibilant 'ss-sses' that he deals in to escape with sufficient venom. You wouldn't believe how much tinkering it takes to tick teeth into shape for the 'deaths' and 'od's bloods' to sound just right.

Of all the people I ever made teeth for the heavy stage villain is hardest to fit.—New York Press.

What is a Gentleman? I'll have to give you the real definition of a real gentleman: "A man that's clean inside and out, who neither looks up to the rich nor down on the poor, who can lose without squealing and who can win without bragging, who is considerate of women, child, and old people; who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat and who takes his share of the world and lets other people have theirs."—New York Sun.

He Was Wise. "It seems queer that she ever took a fancy to him. He isn't at all the kind of man one would expect her to admire."

"I know, but he always had a way of noticing it when she happened to have on a new hat or a gown that had just come from the dressmaker's."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Tommy's Question. Tommy—Papa, when a thing is bought it goes to the buyer, doesn't it? Tommy's Papa—Yes, my son. Tommy—Then how is it that when you buy coal it goes to the cellar?

The Oldest Joke. It will be difficult to discover an older practical joke than that of the coppermith and the maker of brassen images for the temple of Ostris, which is embodied in Egyptian inscriptions dating from the reign of Menes, founder of Memphis, who ruled over 7,000 years ago.

According to ancient records, there dwelt between these two craftsmen a quiet man whose desire was for peace and who was sadly disturbed by the noisy occupations carried on by his busy neighbors. He therefore asked each of them to say for what sum they would change their dwellings.

This they did. Each calculated the amount required, and he, being satisfied, paid it over to them. "Now," he asked of the coppermith, "where is your new dwelling?" "I have taken that of the maker of images," was the reply. "And you," queried the quiet man of the latter, "whither dost thou go?" "To the house of the coppermith!"

This is one of many tales told in all ages which are woven into myth and legend and differ only in local color.

Melodrama to Suit the Locality. In New York.—Marry me and give me those papers and you will receive \$500,000 in cash. Refuse and I'll toss you from the Brooklyn bridge!

In Wilkesbarre, Pa.—And you will receive seventy acres of richest anthracite coal. Refuse and you go into a coal breaker! Choose!

NEWTOWN WOULD RAIN.

And He Had a Substantial Basis For His Conviction.

A mission teacher on the Bowery, by the force of his enthusiasm, succeeded in gaining the interest of a well known tough, who began at once to change his way of living, certainly to the signal betterment of his worldly comfort. He wore new clothes, associated with attractive people and experienced the prosperity of peaceful ideas.

The convert, though much regenerated, could not wholly abandon his former life, and the drift of his mind toward things of the past came into startling evidence. He attended a non-devotional class meeting called by his mentor for the special purpose of considering the practical ways and means of promoting a monster picnic.

An appropriate date for the picnic was one of the matters to be decided. Much to the general astonishment, the convert was greatly opposed to the date favored by all the others. A recess was taken to discuss the issue more informally, and the mission worker drew his protege aside to interrogate him.

"It is going to rain that day," declared the convert earnestly. "It will spoil the picnic." "But how do you know it is so certain to rain?"

Then the convert blurted forth his reasons helplessly, but with conviction: "I have it straight that Tabeo's people will start her in the third on that very day. She is out for a killing, and I never knew her to run that it didn't rain."—New York Telegraph.

Telephone Gesticulation. "It was the constant gesticulating that fell at the other end of the wire that made it so hard to catch what he said," growled a man who had been wrestling with the telephone in a downtown office.

"How in the world could you tell he was making gestures?" asked the incredulous listener. "By the jerky way the words came over the wire. Many people get so excited when telephoning that they gesticulate as frantically as if they were talking with a man face to face. Their bouncing around and sawing the air break the voice, and the sentences come over the wire in fragments. I have talked with so many people who, I learned later, were dancing a jig at the other end of the wire that I always can tell when that gesticulating is going on."—New York Globe.

No Lia After All. They were telling fish stories, and at last the tall, lank man on the cracker barrel said: "I went down to the river this morning, and although the water was high almost to a flood, I took a ten foot pike!"

"Stop there!" exclaimed the fat man with the cornucop pipe. "Tell us you took an eight pound trout, and I'll sit idly by, but a ten foot pike—never! Ananias died for less than that."

"I took a ten foot pike pole," continued the unflinching tall, lank man on the cracker barrel, "and in less than five minutes I hooked one a fifteen foot bass!"

"See here! See here!" yelled the man who owned the grocery. "You'll have to go way from here to fish that lie. I ain't got no lightning rod on this store yet!"

"I looked out a fifteen foot bass, wood log," persisted the tall, lank man, "and I want to ask how much you think I can get for it?"

Not Aptly Worded. An absurdly worded statement of a fact which was not in itself remarkable recently tried the gravity of the listeners. It was on the occasion of the funeral of an elderly woman in a New England town.

She had left an old mother, nearly ninety years of age, and an only son who was well on toward fifty.

The services were conducted by a kind young clergyman recently settled over the parish. After praying for many and various things he said: "And two we especially pray that the Lord will comfort and sustain in their loss and sorrow. One is the orphan, who, although no longer young, is an orphan still and must so continue. The other is the mother, far advanced in years, who has survived her daughter, although considerably her senior."—Youth's Companion.

Physicians in Japan. Medical students in Japan must have had eleven or twelve years of preliminary training in the lower schools. No one may practice medicine who has not been convicted of a crime. All physical classes for the first ten years during which they follow their calling must keep full written records of all their cases, and they must not issue boastful advertisements or claim the exclusive right to any healing invention with a secret formula.

The Best Proof. Little Tom, seven years old, was sent to bed with a "good scrub" before dinner, and returned so quickly that his mother declared he couldn't possibly have washed himself. He replied, "Truly I did, mother, and if you don't believe it you can just go to the bathroom and look at the towel."—Delinquent.

Wells in India. The question of wells in India is complicated by the coexistence in each community of two castes—the pure Hindus and Gonds on the one hand, the weavers on the other. No weaver may draw from the well of the Hindus lest it be defiled, nor will the Hindu drink from the hands or the well of a weaver. Thus it becomes necessary either to dig two wells or to depute a certain number of the Hindu element to give water to their less exalted fellow villagers.

Competent. Irate Passenger—I believe you're driving over every stone in the road. Driver—Waal, sir, it takes a purty good driver to hit 'em all.—Boston Herald.

Needed Repairs. "Does your typewriter need repairs?" asked the mendinger tinkler as he entered the office. "It would seem so," replied the employer. "She has just gone across the street to consult a dentist."

Almost Human. "Oh, George," tearfully exclaimed his wife, meeting him at the door, "that parrot you brought home the other day!" "What's the matter with him?" asked Mr. Ferguson. "I don't know. He won't tell me. When I ask him what the trouble is he just swears dreadfully."—Exchange.

IN THE WORLD OF BUSINESS

An authority has the following to say concerning the situation in the business world:

Copper has taken a better position in increased business in manufacturing lines, and the negotiations looking to the formation of a copper combination to control production. There is no retrograde movement in iron and steel. The demands of the railroads for steel rails and equipment, as well as the demands for building purposes, are crowding production almost to the limit. New buying in finished steel products continues to be limited chiefly by the sellers, who are conservative in looking orders off at all, and at higher prices the further off the delivery. The pig iron markets are quiet all over the country, and there is more cutting than for some time, although not much more than often occurs in a normal market.

The wool market is quiet and almost featureless, a result of the small selection of wools in the hands of dealers, and the light demand from the mills. In the East there is a car shortage, especially in coal cars. This is the season when coal for domestic purposes is in especial demand, and from the West there have been some cries of alarm because supplies of coal are so short. Rail purchases for next year have amounted to about a million and a half tons thus far. Wire mills are doing an enormous business. The Pennsylvania railroad has ordered 135 locomotives and 5,000 coal cars and as many freight cars, and the Reading has ordered 2,000 coal cars. The former has just placed an order for 370,000 tons of rails. Cotton speculation is less active than it was recently; the price doesn't change much, but keeps near fifteen cents. The Boston wool market remains quiet and almost featureless. There is a marked improvement in the demand for men's wear goods for next year. Clothing prices have advanced. Dress goods for next fall are bringing higher prices. Orders are being received in larger volume by New England shoe manufacturers, and prospects are reported to be better than at any time this fall.

Old Time Quackery. The eighteenth century was the golden harvest time of the quack, against whom some of the fiercest shafts of Hogarth's satire were directed. The quack loved to surround himself with an atmosphere of mystery, which was calculated to impose upon the credulity of his victims. His room was bedecked with skulls and skeletons. A brisk trade in quackery was carried on by women. J. C. Wright in his book, "The Good Old Times," records the fact that in the year 1789 "a Mrs. Joanna Stephens was awarded \$5,000 by the English government for a proper discovery made by her for the cure of the stone. This 'proper discovery' adds Mr. Wright, 'consisted of a powder, a decoction and pills, the last named being formed from calcined snails, with carrot seeds, hips and haws, the compound being burnt to blackness and then mixed with soap and honey.'"

A Ludicrous Experiment. Holmes was one of the many eminent men who have attempted to solve the riddle of the universe. In his case the result was ludicrous. From the sublime thoughts that came to him while under the influence of chloroform he thought he might arrive at some solution. Placing himself in his armchair, with pen, ink and paper at hand he imbued the anaesthetic. As drowsiness stole over him the nature of things seemed revealed. By a vigorous effort he seized his pen and wrote—he knew not what, for before he had finished he fell back unconscious. When he recovered he turned with trembling anxiety to the sheet of paper, on which, written in scrawling characters, but quite legible, he found the awful revelation, "A strong smell of turpentine pervades the whole!"—London News.

An Accommodating Boy. A Newark woman who lives in an apartment house changed her iceman not long ago, and the next day the youth who drove the team for the new man put the piece of ice on the dumb waiter in the basement to be hoisted up. She pulled away.

"Heavens," she exclaimed, "that new iceman certainly gives good weight!" After much effort she got the dumb waiter up to the kitchen level. To her amazement, there was a small boy sitting upon the ice. With what little breath she had left she demanded: "What in the world did you make me pull you up here for?"

"Why," replied the youngster, "I thought maybe the cake would be too heavy for you to lift, so I came up to help you off with it."—Lippincott's.

Out of His Line. Western Relative.—Well, Wendell, what was the score today? Little Boston Boy—Really, I do not know. Is it not your opinion, Uncle William, that the theism of Clement and Athanasius furnishes a much more tenable basis for a rational theory of creation than is afforded by that of Augustine?—Chicago Tribune.

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CORN IS KING IN UNITED STATES

Cotton is only a prince as compared to King Corn. All other American crops are dwarfed when the bulk and value of the corn crop is considered. The 1909 yield of corn in the United States is 2,767,315,000 bushels. As the price is hovering around 60 cents per bushel, the actual value of this single crop is more than \$1,660,000,000, or nearly \$1,000,000,000 more than the value of the wheat crop.

The latest estimate of the department is about 175,000,000 bushels greater than the figures indicated by the October report, but they are far short of the early estimates, which ran as high as 3,000,000,000 bushels. That this enormous crop of corn can be easily taken care of in the markets at home and abroad is shown by the movement of the preceding crops. That of 1908 was 2,668,000,000 bushels, and in the poor crop year of 1907 the yield dropped to 2,592,000,000. The crop of 1906 was 2,927,000,000 bushels, so that the average for the three years preceding 1909 was 2,728,000,000 bushels or but 36,000,000 bushels less than the 1909 crop. This shortage, as compared with the average supply for the preceding three years, is a mere bagatelle, and it is strange that the announcement of the department's figures should have caused weakness in the market.

There is a steady increase in the consumption of corn, and each year finds an increasing quantity diverted to uses which are of very recent inception. Not many years ago corn was so cheap that it was used for fuel in Kansas, but the ease with which the markets at home and abroad have assimilated an average of 2,729,000,000 bushels per year for the past three years points conclusively to the fact that corn will never again be available at a price that will warrant its use for fuel. Unless there is a weakening in the price of other grains, home consumption will take up all of this mammoth corn crop, and leave us again with bare bins, as was the case when the 1909 crop began moving to market. King Corn is all right in his small kingdom in the South, but as a prodigal distributor of wealth, corn is king by an overwhelming majority.

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AN ARCTIC RESCUE.

The Feeling When the Relief Ship Came Into View.

Very often during the months of daylight we stood on the cliff straining our eyes to see the longed for relief ship. As the summer of 1905 slipped on we almost despaired, but one day in July, when hope had almost abandoned us, we saw one of the boys jumping up and down and supposed that at last his brain had given way under the strain. In fact, many of us were almost crazy with the monotony and anxiety that were upon us day after day. We watched a moment and wondered which of us would be the next to go off his balance.

When we went to him and saw what he saw, the long looked for relief ship, I don't know whether we all jumped for joy or what we did, for we have no memory of our actions in that hour. Quickly each man gathered his little kit, ready to rush to the boats and leave forever that island where death had stared us in the face for sixteen months and where we had almost given up all hope of ever again looking upon the faces of our loved ones.

In our frantic haste to be gone many of us left behind relics and records which we prized and later regretted the loss of. At the end of sixteen months the relief ship Terra Nova had arrived, and we steamed to Norway, where our party divided, some going to London and others to Germany. Captain Edwin Coffin's Account of the Ziegler Polar Expedition in National Magazine.

Has Seven Sons. A mother who had only one child, a son, lost him through an accident by drowning when he was seventeen. His body was washed out to sea and never recovered. She very much wanted a portrait of him, and she called a famous artist who was a friend of the family. He asked for every photograph she had of her son from babyhood onward. When the painting arrived it represented a glade in a wood. Playing about were five little children of various ages, but all the same boy as his mother had known him. Coming down the center, joyous, gay, was the seventeen-year-old lad leading his baby self of one year by the hand. The mother looked at the picture and burst into tears. "I have lost seven sons!" she said.

"You had lost six of them before your son died," the artist replied.

Stealing Sea Water. "They arrested me in Italy for stealing a bucket of water out of the sea," the reporter laughed. He thought that the tourist on the pier was joking, but the tourist resumed: "It's a fact. You can't draw water out of the Italian sea without a permit. The idea is to prevent your dodging the salt tax. Salt, you know, is very heavily taxed in Italy. It's a government monopoly. You buy it only in the government tobacco shops—a nickel a package, vest pocket size. And the government won't let you monkey with sea water lest you extract the salt from it."

Not Vindictive. "There are germs lying in wait for you, no matter where you turn," said the scientist. "I know it," replied the matter of fact person. "I dislike germs as much as anybody can, but I'm not going to quit eating, drinking and breathing just to spite 'em."—Washington Star.

His Examination Concluded. In the evidence before a parliamentary committee concerning the opposition to a railway Hodge scored a point which accentuates a certain legal fiction with reference to skilled witnesses. A Scotch farmer was giving his testimony in favor of the bill.

"Is it true," said the wily K. C. in his most searching style, "that you, sir, said to Mr. Guild that you were willing to give your evidence on the other side if they would pay you better?"

"Aye," said the pawky farmer, "and (after a pause) 'let the jist pit the same question to ye—if ye had been offered a bigger fee, wad ye no have been on the other side yourself?'"

It is needless to say that the K. C. did not cross question the witness further.—Pearson's Weekly.

Pipes Frozen by Warm Spells. It is a curious fact that water pipes under ground will often freeze during the warm spell that follows a cold snap. The explanation made for this interesting phenomenon is that after a cold wave a large quantity of heat is taken from the ground in the work of changing the frozen moisture into water, and thus, on the principle of the ice cream freezer, the pipe is chilled, enough heat being taken from it to freeze it.

The Shade He Wanted. Delacroix, a painter, was walking out one day in Paris with a friend of his when he fell into a brown study. "What is up with you now?" said the friend.

"I can't get a certain shade of yellow," replied the artist. "What sort of yellow?" "Just then a cab drove past. "The very thing!" the cabby replied without stopping.

Delacroix started in pursuit and at a steep place in the Rue des Martyrs overtook the cab. Opening the door, he said in tones of entreaty to the passenger inside: "Do please tell your driver to stop. I want your complexion for a painting on which I am at work. There is a color merchant close at hand. I shall not detain you above five minutes, and in acknowledgment of the service you render me I will present you with a sketch of my picture."

The bargain was struck. Delacroix got his yellow, and a few months later the "fare" received a sketch of his "Assassination of the Archbishop of Liege."

"Alas!" sighed the tramp dramatically. "No matter where I turn, there's a hand raised against me." "Which shows you ought to be thankful for one thing," said the farmer. "What's that?" "That it ain't a foot that's raised."

MURDER AT NORTHUMBERLAND

Pay day on the big classification yards job of the Pennsylvania railroad at Northumberland on Tuesday resulted disastrously, chief among the depredations performed by the vicious foreign element employed there being the killing of a man during a quarrel over a woman. The wounded man died yesterday afternoon at the Mary Packard hospital. Three of the houses that are used by the contractors, Eyre & Shoemaker, to house their employes were burned, and numerous smaller affairs were recorded.

The man who died was George Ravonski. He arrived at the Packer hospital in Sunbury yesterday morning with a gash in his abdomen inflicted by a fellow workman with a knife in a quarrel over a woman. The injured man had been taunting the perpetrator of the crime about his misfortune in losing the affections of the woman when without the slightest warning he drew a murderous looking knife and attacked Ravonski which resulted in his death.

In spite of the serious nature of the crime the authorities were not notified by the officials at the works until yesterday morning, although the affray happened before 10 o'clock Tuesday night. As a result the criminal escaped. He is described as a man 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighing 160 pounds with a long sandy moustache.

An Awkward Selection. The first Baron Kenyon was rather fond of telling the story of how while on circuit with Justice Rook they entered a village just in time to accompany the population to the little village church. The parish clerk, anxious to have the congregation show due appreciation of the honor conferred by the presence of the distinguished jurists, gave out two verses of one of the metrical psalms: "Speak, O ye judges of the earth, if just your sentence be, or must not innocence appeal to heaven from your decree? Your wicked hearts and judgments are alike by malice swayed, your gripping hands by mighty bribes to violence betrayed."

By this time most of the adults had woken up to the application of the psalm and remained silent, allowing the children to continue the second verse.—London Tattler.

A Soft Answer. Jewel—Arrah, Jimmy, why did I marry ye? Just tell me that, for it's meself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that I became your wife. "Swate Jewel," replied Jimmy, not relishing the charge, "and it's meself that hopes I may live to see the day when you're a widow weeping over the cold sod that covers me. Then I'll see how you'll get along without me, honey."—London Tit-Bits.

"Never Too Late to Mend." Most of us associate the phrase "It's never too late to mend" with Charles Reade's famous novel, and very likely some of us think he invented it. But it is really one of the most ancient gems of popular philosophy. A correspondent of London Notes and Queries has discovered it in a petition from the commonalty to the mayor and aldermen of the city in 1432. It must have been of a respectable age even then, seeing that it is quoted as one of the "proverbs" of the period.

A Reliable Remedy FOR CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and cures the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts. 25 cts. 10 cts. by mail. Ely Brothers, 55 Warren Street, New York.

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R-I-P-A-N-S Tablets Doctors find A good prescription For Mankind. The 5-cent packet is enough for usual occasions. The family bottle (60 cents) contains a supply for a year. All drug lists.

WINDSOR HOTEL W. T. BRUBAKER, Manager. Midway between Broad St. Station and Reading Terminal on Filbert St. European, \$1.00 per day and up American, \$2.50 per day and up. The only moderate priced hotel of reputation and consequence in PHILADELPHIA