

A new trick pen has an explosive on the point to startle would-be users. It will be devoted to writing snappy paragraphs.

More than 20,000,000 acres of land in the United States are owned by the aristocracy of England. The heirs of Viscount Scully own 3,000,000 acres in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska.

Pupils in the public schools of Copenhagen, Denmark, are required to take three baths a week in the public school building, and while they are bathing their clothes are sterilized in a steam oven. The Danes object to the regulation on the ground that it makes the children discontented with their home surroundings.

The advocates of woman's rights have reason to exult today. A woman who started life as a slave has made herself the acknowledged ruler of the countless millions of China. This queen not only rules but governs. In the apotheosis of Tuen, the oldest nation of the world betters the most advanced theories of the newest.

The civilized nations of the globe have just been taught the superb efficiency and great practical value of this government's signal service. Its work in the West Indies by serving the regions threatened by the recent hurricane with twenty-four hours' advance notice of its approach was the means of saving thousands of human lives and protecting incalculable millions of property.

The Greek government has prepared a bill to establish an "Antiquities-Gendarmerie," the special function of which will be the guardianship of the national Greek antiquities, including places where no excavations are at present in progress, in the interest of the Greek people. Every man who shall be admitted to this corps is to possess a certain degree of necessary culture, in order that he may understand what is confided to his observation and protection.

In western Austria they push the equality of the sexes to a conclusion that would satisfy even the most ardent "equal righters." In that land the men act on the principle that if women demand men's privileges they must take with men's responsibilities. Accordingly, a bench of magistrates have charged a woman with deserting her husband, and what is more, they have sent her to prison for a month because she steadfastly refused to contribute to the domestic comfort of her life partner. A philosopher once remarked that human beings should have a care for what they wished, for that thing would surely come to them.

The Utica Press says: As to the financial part of it (the war), the situation is not less gratifying. Nothing more than inconvenience in using stamps is experienced from the special war revenue taxes. The people are not complaining of their burdens. The war loan bond issue was not half big enough to accommodate all the would-be investors. Another and another of the same size would be as quickly subscribed. The resources of the United States have not been tested to a tenth of their capacity. What has been done has not noticeably interfered with the usual run of affairs in any community. The war has been only an interesting and sometimes exciting incident in the United States. The foreigners who wonder at American achievements in this war should visit the country and see for themselves how really limitless its resources are.

The almost marvellous growth of trolley railroads in this country is graphically presented in some current figures, comparing mileage in this country with that in countries beyond the sea. Communities here may be contrasted with countries there. For instance, Allegheny county in Pennsylvania has 314 miles of electric railroads. Other communities may be as well or better supplied, but it is instructive to note that Allegheny's mileage is more than one-fifth of that of all the trolleys on the continent of Europe. It is greater than that of all the electric lines of France, more than three times that of the lines in England, Scotland and Wales, and nearly one-half that of Germany, which latter country has about one-half of the entire mileage of 1422 miles of Europe. France follows Germany with 246 miles; then comes Great Britain with 97, followed by Switzerland, Italy, and Austria-Hungary with 90, 82, and 66 miles respectively. The mileage of other countries is small, running as low as less than two miles in Holland and Portugal.

### THE CULTURED MAID.

Since Betsy came from gay New York  
Most everything is changed,  
They've turned the farmhouse inside out  
And fixed and rearranged.  
I stood the new-style capers  
Till the budding social queen  
Fitted out her father's parlor  
A la Louis the fourteen.

You can not dim electric lights,  
To give your nerves a show;  
The doors are now all port-ay-airs,  
You're bound to whisper low;  
But chairs are stuck on separate mats  
With waxed floors in between;  
Oh! you can't make love in parlors  
A la Louis the fourteen.

The chairs are made so very frail  
You dare not draw a breath,  
And all so stiff you can't forget  
She's now Elizabeth.  
And in place of that old sofa,  
Where at ease I used to lean,  
Stands a spindle-legged divan  
A la Louis the fourteen.

You can't drop in promiscuous like,  
To chat a little while;  
You've got to wear your Sunday duds  
To chime in with the style.  
So I must give up Betsy,  
For she, as Mistress Green,  
Might want my parlor furnished  
A la Louis the fourteen.

—Charles M. Bryan, in Puck.

## A RACE FOR A GOLD MINE.

A Stirring Incident of Life Among the Australian Gold-Pioneers.

BY WILTON RIX AND W. T. KERRIDGE.

Bad luck! Hard work, sand and sun in profusion, water alarmingly scarce and gold scarce! Such is the lot of the Australian gold miner. True, there are exceptions, when gold can be picked up for the trouble of stooping and food and water freely purchased at reasonable prices. But, being exceptions, these cases only go to prove the rule. And so there is nothing surprising in the fact that three diggers, with whom we are now concerned, found themselves on the very edge of the Great Victorian desert in West Australia with pockets none too full and themselves often empty. They toiled patiently on against persistent ill-luck, hoping that each day might bring the turning-point in the tide of their affairs which would lead to fortune.

An Englishman, boyishly hopeful; an Irishman, humorously despondent; and an Australian with a strong antipathy to discuss his ancestors' origin—his grandfather had journeyed from England at the expense of the government—made up the party. Their camp lay in a place called "Brook," in the neighborhood of Mount Weld. To the east the great sandy deserts stretched right away as far as the eye could reach in billowy sandhills dotted with spinifex—lonely, arid, impenetrable. To the north lay low ranges and stony plains, unknown, but seemingly good for gold. Thither they daily journeyed looking for likely spots, with variable luck—mostly indifferent.

On a certain day the Irishman, having wandered farther than his wont, was led by fickle fortune into the midst of a perfect paradise of reefs. Kindly-looking quartz grid-ironed and intersected the country for fully a square mile.

Pat stood and looking round pulled thoughtfully at his scrubby beard and muttered:

"Great Christopher! Here we've been toiling to the tune of three or four weights a day when within two dozen miles there lay a sort of natural Bank of England, stuffed full of gold and ours for the asking!"

Selecting a likely-looking rock of a dark ferruginous color, he gave a convenient corner a crack with the poll-end of his pick. Off flew a fragment, which he examined carefully with the aid of a pocket lens.

"Good gold!"

But where there was quartz as rich as this, Pat knew that better could not be far. This would prove to be a "stringer" or "gash vein," one of several overflowsings of a great parent reef running through them all. He was right. Only a few minutes' walk brought him to a thick reef of quartz running north and south and crossing all the others. This was the "parent." Selecting a conveniently crumbled part, Pat knocked off a corner. Even before picking up the severed rock he could see the gold shining in bright beads.

"Be me sowl," he said, "that's koinid stone!"

With a crack he knocked off another lump and broke it in two. Pat gasped. It was simply permeated with particles of gold. This was enough for Pat O'Lochin. That gold in unwanted abundance was here he now felt sure. The next thing was to secure it for himself and his mates.

Twenty-four acres is the full extent of one man's claim. This must be pegged out with four small stakes, a notice put up and the fact registered at the office of the neighboring warden. In case of two claimants, the one who first succeeds in registering his title is, ipso facto, in possession of the miner's rights over the claim in question.

Having made certain of the value of his find, Pat looked for pegs with which to mark the ground. He soon secured four from a dead malga tree, two of which he rammed into the ground at the proper distance and proceeded, with the remaining couple over his shoulder, to step out the number of yards necessary to cover a full claim. As he walked he whistled and mentally patted himself on the back as the cleverest digger in the colony. In fact, Pat felt at that moment as proud as though he himself had put the gold in the reef and made the rest of West Australia as well. Such is the miner's way. When gold is scarce he curses his ill-luck, the country, the sun, the absence of water—anything! But, when his claim is rich, yielding ounces a week, and he finds himself on the high way to fortune, he never then suggests that plain strength and staidness might account for his luck, or that anyone but the miner himself is accountable for the fact of gold being gold or its presence in the particular spot where he has found it.

Here Pat had come, all by himself, much farther than anyone else had ever dreamed of penetrating. No one, not a man in the country, had ever suspected what Pat, of course, so

he told himself, had well known for long—that this was the spot of spots, the only claim worth calling a claim, an Eldorado, a miner's ideal, a paradise, in short, Pat's claim. Who but Pat, clever Pat, would ever have thought for a moment of looking for gold in this wild wilderness, where man had surely never trod before? Surely no one!

No one. So far as Pat knew, no one. Half the distance had been paced, and Pat grew more elated as he walked. He saw himself and his chums each twice a millionaire. It was so easy.

They would be all alone. Among them they might take up the greater part of the reef, and then they had only to work for it—for they had none to disturb them.

Suddenly Pat's auriferous speculations came to a full stop with his feet. His keen bushman's ear had detected a sound. A rattling pebble, a crack of a dead, dry twig. Pat knew he was not alone. Then, peeping out from the scrub, he saw a face. He was being watched. A few strides brought him to the intruder, who sprang to his feet at Pat's approach. For fully a minute they stood and stared, each just as much astonished as the other. Simultaneously they found speech, and each inquired of the other what he was doing on his claim.

The dialogue then became involved. The stranger threw down the two pegs which he also was carrying and offered pugilistically to "fire" Pat out if he didn't shift. Pat, without shifting, summed up in a few well-chosen words his opinion of the stranger. The stranger responded by comparing Pat to several unpleasant animals. This was merely preliminary and to show independence. Having done so, Pat felt able to propose without prejudice that, as each seemed to have found the claim simultaneously, a partnership and division of profits would be the fairest and most amicable way out of the difficulty.

"Your claim, indeed! Geordie Maxwell, ye are. Ye think I don't know ye! Well, we've got to know all sorts in this uncivilized land! Sure, what do yer mean?" he said. "Wasn't I here at the same instant as yourself and before? Haven't I two pegs down and two with me, like yourself? Half it I've got, and half it I'll have, friendly or otherwise. So think of that, Maxwell!"

Maxwell pushed Pat roughly aside, consigning him and his half to undesirable localities. Said he:

"It's the whole hog with me, or nothing!"

"Let it be nothing, then!" said Pat, and, striding on with his pegs, he placed them at the corners of his claim. Maxwell did the same. Both then placed the necessary notice, and Pat made the best of his way back to camp, as he came, on foot. He had five miles to go and could get there as soon as the interloper, of that he felt sure.

But Pat had not gone far before he heard a muffled, scrambling noise behind and turning saw his rival, mounted on a native pony—a brumby—close on him. It was a matter of time. The brumby could go. Pat knew that. And he was on foot, with his rival on horseback and the first at the warden's office to get the claim. Pat bemoaned his luck. Then dropping on his knee and pulling his revolver from his belt, he thought him evilly of the advantages to be gained, of the bad luck he had met hitherto. Was he to starve because men, with brumbies hidden in the bush, spied on him and wrested from him, by a quibble of law, what was rightly his own? Was he to lose his hard-found fortune or—?

No! He slipped the revolver back. Pat would none of it—not in that way. The first at the warden's office should win. A pony could gallop; but there was a camel-pad right down to the township, and—well, Pat had an idea. Scarcely more than three-quarters of an hour had elapsed when Pat dashed into camp, covered with sweat and dust.

"Pat! What's up?"

"A dirink, boys! A dirink! Then perhaps I'll speak."

They gave him a pannikin of water, at which he took great gulps, while they gazed astonished at a lump of quartz he banded them in exchange.

"Pat! Where did yer get it?"

"Never yer mind! Tell me"—Pat was still gasping—"have yer set eyes on Geordie Maxwell this hour?"

first? Look at the specimen. There's tons and tons of it. Getting there first? Well, so he may, but we've got to be there before him!"

The English lad—he was scarcely more than a boy—pricked up his ears. "Is it gold yer've found, Pat?"

"Good gold," the colonial answered, curtly. "Good gold as ever I see. But Geordie's gone. There's no catching him. Did yer come across the claim together like?"

"We did," said Pat.

"Then," mused the colonial, "it's ours as much as it is his by right and, who's to say, not more? But the brumby is his as well, and there's no catching that, for we've not got a one in the camp. There's no catching him."

"I think—" the Englishman began.

"No use! Thinking won't stop Geordie. Some years ago he might have been stopped by my father. I've heard him say— Well, he knew me! Still, Geordie's gone."

"I'll catch him, I will! I rode a quad in England—I was a 'pro,' you know. But I rode big machines for shillings a week and made the pace for worse men than myself who earned their pounds. I've got my old machine in camp. It's a veteran, but I can push it, I can!"

Pat stood up and smiled, for this was his idea: The bicycle against the horse.

"Here, bring it out!" The lad was stripped to his waist already—it didn't take him long. He had little to shift. He took his bicycle from willing hands. With a leap and scramble he was into the saddle.

"Mount Margaret, you say?"

"Mount Margaret. And luck to yer!"

The English boy knew well the importance of saving himself. He had done his share of pacing for many a record bout of 50 or 100 miles. He was out of breath to start with, but that was from pride and excitement. It was like of 1 times again. He would race and win gold for his partners and himself. He had not done much for the partnership as yet, but now he'd show them that Englishmen.

Steady! Steady! He must get his wind. The path was smooth—worn smooth by camels' feet—but dangerously narrow and winding. But what did that matter to a "steerer" who could guide a "quad" at 30 miles an hour without swerving from a chalk-line? This was not half so bad as taking a triplet round the Olympia course in London, and that he could do right easily.

Steady! Steady! You're not at the Crystal Palace now, with half a dozen motorcycles ready to take you on and shield you from the wind. Steady! But keep on riding. No time to lose. Phoo! the sun! Awful! He wished he had kept his shirt on. Plug, plug! And so close on an hour passed. Now comparatively fresh, now seemingly slow; slow now, then fast again, and still there was nothing on the horizon but sand and sky.

Stay! There! Right straight ahead. No, it was gone. Yes, there it was again—a cloud of dust. A tiny cloud, but full of hope for the boy, for, as he went, it traveled still before.

Ha, ha! The dust grew near. Took shape. It was the horse and on it, no doubt, Geordie Maxwell, the man he must pass. Was his horse beat? Why was he going so slow? Ride, ride! But still steady, steady, for there was distance to be traveled still.

Just then the pad ran round the great Salt Lake that lies to the north of Mount Margaret. The bicycle came close and closer, but the horseman seemed at a loss. At length they came together, and then the cyclist saw his advantage. The edge of the lake, for some way round, was crusted with salt, a coating thicker than ice, but not so strong. Could one get over this, miles might be saved and the race won. Maxwell had tried and failed. His horse was too heavy for the salt and sunk in, almost helpless.

The English boy took stock. The brumby did not sink over much, but just enough to check his speed. Geordie had wasted much valuable time in taking this short cut. Still, the salt which would not bear the horse would carry the bicycle and its rider. So, while Maxwell wallowed as best he could to firmer ground, the cyclist sailed ahead, taking a cut across a corner of the lake. When all seemed safe, until, looking, the lad espied another cloud of dust. Yes, there were two. The one was Maxwell's, who was following as best he could, and the other came along the track from the west. They met and stopped.

A change of horses. Maxwell had swapped with one of those belonging to the newcomers. Now ride, if ever you did. No matter the sun. No matter the dust and sweat which cling round your eyes, halt blinding you. Ride, Englishman, ride! The fresh horse drew on and on, but Maxwell was urging it beyond its strength, and the knowledge that he was doing so seemed to make him more than ever frantic. He could not save himself—he could not save the horse. He must have the claim—no matter who had to suffer.

Gradually the horse caught up and turned aside among the rocks, and then another short struggle and it was past and on the track again, this time ahead. But still the cyclist kept close at his heels, looking now to the right, now to the left, anxiously watching for a chance to pass.

Did Maxwell know the chance must come? Did he feel his horse giving way and see that the cyclist had settled down to ride "for ever," as he himself would say? Perhaps he did, for, galloping ahead for a few yards, he pulled up and, leaping from the saddle, rolled a great rock right in the path. The cyclist saw it just in time, but had to dismount. To verge from the narrow path meant rocks and broken

limbs and buckled wheels. So the horse still kept ahead.

Again another rock rolled in the path. Dismount once more. Then on again. And so again and again. How long could this go on, and which would tire first? But, stay, the pace had been hot, and the brumby, not over fresh at the start, was tiring. So was the Englishman. A few more scrambles on and off, a few more liftings of the machine over obstructions placed in his way, and he would be done.

Maxwell slackened pace again. He was going to dismount. Once more he was going to block the way, or, if that failed, tackle the cyclist as he passed by. The lad was desperate. He could stand a fair race, but if it came to a fight he meant having the first blow. So he whipped out his revolver and spurring till he was close to the horse, let fly a heavy bullet right behind its shoulder, and the animal dropped with a crash, stone dead.

An hour later he had put in his application and obtained the necessary papers for a reef claim; and should you travel that pad from Mount Margaret to Mount Weld you will hear as you pass along the thunder of the five head of heavy stamps pounding the quartz and yielding three nice fat cakes of gold fortnightly for the plucky men who found the claim and made it their own with the help of a bicycle. The largest shareholders are an Englishman, boyishly hopeful; an Irishman, humorously despondent; and an Australian, who still has an antipathy to discuss atavism.—The Wide World Magazine.

### FITTING UP TROOPSHIPS.

Important Preparations Now Under Way in the Navy.

The fitting up of troopships is one of the most important preparations under way in the navy department. The unexpected call to send soldiers to Santiago found the government with no suitable transports for troops, and to this fact was largely due the horrors of the returning ships loaded with sick and wounded. The maintenance of garrisons in distant islands makes it necessary for the government in the future to have regularly equipped troopships instead of hastily picked-up merchantmen and cattle freight boats, as early in the war. The plans already made indicate that the troopships will have every reasonable provision for the health and comfort of soldiers at sea. The Mobile, for example, will be lighted with electricity. It will have a large distilling apparatus to furnish pure water. There will be ample refrigerator room to keep meat and vegetables fresh. The messroom of the men will be so arranged that the tables can be folded against the walls and the room used as a gymnasium, for which purpose there will be proper apparatus.

The bunks will be supplied with mattresses as well as blankets and may be folded against the sides of the ship, affording a roomy promenade. These quarters will be provided with bathrooms. The ship will be fitted with a hospital having seventy-six cots. The hospital will have a complete dispensary, an operating room and at least two bathrooms. There will be an open-air promenade for the men and awnings to protect invalids while taking an airing. There will be accommodations for eighty-four officers and a bathroom for about every twenty of them. Among the vessels to undergo this transformation are the Michigan, Mississippi, Manitoba, Massachusetts and Minnewaska. The Obdam, Panama and Roumania may also be used. It is the aim of the government to have some of the finest troopships afloat, and it has excellent boats among its transports for that purpose. The troops who sail in these re-fitted ships will have little cause for complaint.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Chinese coinage in the shape of a knife has been traced back as far as 2240 B. C.

The leaning tower of Pisa was built in the twelfth century, and is thirteen feet out of perpendicular.

A canal connecting the Mediterranean with the Red sea existed as early as 600 years before the Christian era. Its length is ninety-two miles.

From China \$450,000 worth of human hair is exported annually. It comes mostly from the heads of malefactors, paupers and dead people.

An Elizabethan seal-top silver spoon weighing one ounce and a half was sold in London recently for \$150; that is, \$100 an ounce. This is a record price for old silver.

The Victoria lily of Guiana has a circular leaf from 6 feet to 12 in diameter. It is turned up at the edge like a tray, and can support, according to its size, from 100 to 300 pounds.

The sea-cucumber, one of the curious jelly bodies that inhabit the ocean, can practically efface itself when in danger, by squeezing the water out of its body and forcing itself into a narrow crack, so narrow as not to be visible to the naked eye.

The Horrible Part.

"Oh," she said, "I had a horrible dream last night. And—and you were a part of it."

"Yes," he exclaimed.

"Yes; I dreamed you and I were alone together upon a deserted island."

"Well," he replied, as he arose to go, "if that's your idea of a horrible dream I guess I may as well be saying good-bye."

"But wait," she cried, "until you have heard all. You were standing on the beach waving your coat as a signal for help."

When he left three hours later a great change had come into his life.—Chicago News.

## KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

### A COACH TO HIMSELF.

A Cowboy Flourishes a Revolver and Passengers On a Moving Train Disperse to Another Car Placed in the Lock-up.

When through express No. 6, east-bound, reached Greensburg a few nights ago, a man who had been terrorizing the passengers was taken off and the police escorted him to the lock-up. Soon after the train had left Pittsburgh he pointed a revolver at the passengers and threatened to shoot. He speedily emptied the coach, the passengers as well as the brakemen and conductor being compelled to fly for their lives into the next car. He then returned to the coach, with some trouble he was taken from the train, disarmed and taken to the lock-up. His name or home is unknown, but he carried a ticket for New York City. He is a typical cowboy. The passengers were panic-stricken. The train was delayed 15 minutes.

The following pensions were issued last week: George G. Andrews, Bradford, \$8; Lucius Adams, Bellefonte, \$8; Robert Agier, Pittsburg, \$6; Joseph B. Stretch, Mechanicville, \$6; Hugh McGreevy, Port Perry, \$6; William McAndrew, Bellefonte, \$8 to \$12; Almerion D. Biddle, Canton, \$30 to \$50; Henry Frailey, Elderton, \$12 to \$17; Walter L. Owens, Granville, \$10 to \$15; John Deeter, Erie, \$12; David J. Armstrong, Altoona, \$6 to \$8; John L. Lewis, Allegheny, \$6 to \$8; minor of Henry Getz, Reno, \$10; Mary Rumble, Greensburg, \$8; Mary M. Gates, Knox, Clarion, \$12; William McWhorter, Bellefonte, \$6; Torrence Casey, Erie, \$6; Irvin T. Andrews, Lewistown, \$6; William J. Carry, dead, Bennett, \$12; Joseph Phillips, Allegheny, \$5; Harrison Collins, Conneville, Erie county, \$8; David McHardy, Sunbeam, Franklin, \$6 to \$8; Obed E. Fox, Callensburg, Clarion, \$6 to \$8; Marion Clark, Masson, \$8 to \$10; Jacob L. Shank, Penn Run, Indiantown, \$12; George A. Carry, Bennett, \$8; Sarah Leister, Oakdale, \$8; Catherine Davis, Altoona, \$8; John W. P. Blair, Mariaville, \$6; Miles P. Newberry, Beaumont, \$12; William H. Huffer, Clarion, \$12; Sarah J. McAleer, Bradford, \$8; Hannah Kaney, Tarentum, \$8; Martha Jane Keuff, Pittsburg, \$8; Charlotte H. Wald, McKean, \$12; Fernando C. Harner, Conneville, Erie county, \$12; Mack, Whites Corners, Potter, \$8; Scott Taper, Pittsburg, \$8; Samuel Henderson, Bolivar, \$6 to \$8; Theodore D. Quick, Grantland, Warren, \$8 to \$12; Benjamin Timmins, Banksville, Allegheny, \$10 to \$14.

Mathew P. Anderson, a student at Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, and a member of the seminary football team, died the other night from injuries received while playing football. Anderson played with the seminary team against Dickinson at Carlisle last Saturday and was injured. He complained of pains in the head and his eyes appeared to be affected. When he returned to the seminary he was much better, and went out to practice. While at play he became unconscious and had to be carried to his room. Doctors could afford no relief, and the patient slowly sank until death came.

For twenty-five years the record of big pumpkin weights in this county was held by Jacob Eoos, a grocer of Butler, who has a 135-pounder. Last week Mrs. Maggie Dorsey, of Middlesex township, brought a pumpkin to town that sends all former records to everlasting oblivion. Her pumpkin weighs 138 pounds and measures 7 feet 7 inches at its greatest circumference. It was all two stout men could do to unload the monster from the wagon.

A verdict for \$20,548.99 was recorded in the Blair county court the other day against the Aetna Mining Company on a suit brought by the banking house of Gardner, Moore & Co. to recover on an overdrawn bank account in 1905. The suit was on trial five days. The defendant firm, which is composed of J. K. McLaughlin, T. H. Lewis, John Manning and A. S. Morrow, pleaded the statute of limitation to the bank's claim.

A second attempt was recently made by some unknown enemy to murder J. S. Zearfos, a prominent Blair resident, about a mile north of Shippensburg. As he was unlocking his office door a shot was fired at him, and the bullet, striking close to his head, dropped to the floor. Mr. Zearfos, who was struck on the head with a bullet, and at the time was thought to be fatally injured.

Mrs. James Carrier, of Greensville, was out of her home for a short time the other morning, when a four-foot blacksnake crawled in. When she returned the snake lay curled up in the cradle in which her four-months' old baby lay asleep. Although the baby frightened, she dislodged the snake and killed it with a poker.

Hon. Harry W. Williams, of Wellsboro, Tioga county, a judge of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, has entered Buhl hospital for treatment for nervous paralysis brought on by over-exertion. Judge Williams is 68 years of age. He is improving and will be able to return home in about two weeks.

The dead body of Irwin Wilson, aged 49, a carpenter, of Cherrytree township, near Pottsville, was found in his workshop a few days ago, and he which he had been handling had become accidentally discharged and the bullet passed through his heart. He is survived by a wife and one child.

An explosion of natural gas wrecked the saloon building of Jacob Dudenheffer this evening, and his wife will likely die of her burns. She went upstairs with a lighted lamp and the gas which was collected in two bedrooms exploded. Windows were blown half a square.

The drug firm of M. S. Kuhn at Mount Pleasant, Pa., was robbed yesterday morning of \$70 in cash and bonds aggregating \$2,500 in value. The explosion which shattered the safe was terrific, shaking the adjoining buildings.

The United Presbyterian church at Fairview was destroyed by fire Wednesday night. The building was erected in 1884 at a cost of \$13,000, and was the finest country church in the county. The insurance is very small.

Thomas G. Speece of Altoona, a Pennsylvania railroad freight brakeman, was missed on the arrival of his train here. It was found he had fallen from the train near Kittanning Point and been ground to pieces.

Lancaster county teachers will hold their annual Institute at Lancaster from November 14 to 15 inclusive.

Mrs. Phoebe N. Keesey, aged 56, of Columbia, was carrying a lighted coal oil lamp the other night when it exploded and set fire to her clothing. She died in a few hours.

A 16-year-old Porto Rican boy, brought to New Castle by Company B, of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania regiment, is sick in the hospital there with typhoid fever.

Center county burglars are unusually active. At Potters Mills the robbers secured \$200 worth of money and store goods, and other localities have suffered.

A freight wreck on the Lebanon Valley Railroad, at Myerstown, the other evening blocked all traffic temporarily.