A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "A THREE-FOLD CORD."

The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman Points Out Why Even Seemingly Unfortunate Mortals Have Better Reasons For Thanksgiving Than For Faultfinding.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman has furnished to the press a most striking and popular sermon which is intended for all those who would rise to better things. It is entitled "A Three-Fold Cord," and was preached from the text, "A three-fold cord is not quickly broken." Ecclesiastes 4: 12.

Did you ever stop to think how many things you have in your life for which you ought to be grateful to God? Doubtless some of my readers may pause and say "I have very little for which I need to be thankful," and then, as a matter of fact, we have had more of joy than of sorrow, more days of sunshine than of storm, and if we were honest we should be obliged to say that there is more reason for thanksgiving than faultfinding.

An old friend of mine, blind from his birth, told me that he had never seen the sun rise and had never looked upon his son's face, and then he said to me, "Have you ever thanked God for your eye sight," and I never had up to that time. In the city of Hartford, going through an insane hospital with the attending physician, I stopped with him at the door of a room where a young girl frantically said, "Doctor, I must have a breath of fresh air, for I am being consumed with an inward fire." The doctor gently closed the door and said, "This has been her mania for a year," and then we entered a room where in close confinement was kept a man who was reckoned one of the most brilliant journalists in the city, who said, "These walls are coming nearer together, and the floor and ceiling are every day approaching each other, and my enemies have kept me here until my life is to be crushed out." I doubt not but that he suffered as much as if it were an honest fact. I turned away from the hospital with a heavy heart, but condemned, too, because up to that time I had never thanked God for my reason. There are so many things for which we ought to be grateful, but most of all to my mind there is cause for gratitude in the way God has sought for the lost world ever since men have begun to wander from Him. Adam no sooner sins than God seeks him in the garden and cries out, "Where art thou?" God will not unlock the fountains of the deep and bring the flood until he sends Noah for 120 years as the preacher of righteousness to warn the people, nor will He let Sodom be destroyed until the angel visitors take hold of Lot and drag him forth from the city, and also strive in every way to bring the inhabitants forth to a place of safety. Every representative of a father in the Old Testament is a picture of God. Jacob's concern for his children; David, who stops and cries, "Oh, Absalom," are but hints as to God's concern for His own lost children, and He is in every way seeking them and calling upon them to return. In the Old Testament He gives the law that they may behold His precepts written upon tables of stone, and when men will not heed His written word He opens the windows of heaven and with an angel choir sends His only Son and locates the place of His birth by the star of Bethlehem, and leads the shepherds to adore Him with sounds of angels' music, and this Son of God, Jesus of Nazareth, went up and down the land teaching and preaching, but most of all living in order that men might one day through Him come back to the Father. When the world became so skilled in wickedness that they would not have Him live in their presence because their lives were a condemnation in themselves He made His way to Calvary and died upon the cross, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, and when He had been crucified, placed in the tomb and had risen He dwelt with them at Jerusalem until they should be endowed with power from on high. They kept His commands, and when the fulness of time had come with a rushing sound as of a mighty wind the Holy Ghost came upon them. They were immediately changed men; they began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance. From that day to this the Holy Ghost has been in the world, and so that half the trinity of God has been all but repelled in the interests of sinful man. The God of law, the God of grace, the God of power. This three-fold vision we have had of the Divine One and in every disposition He is seeking. This is a most solemn subject, because we are living in the dispensation of the Holy Ghost, the last cord as it were of the trinity.

When the Octire went down on the English coast, one boy, Stewart Holland, by name, became a hero because while the passengers were frantic and the other seamen and officers were otherwise engaged he broke into the powder magazine and again and again fired off the ship's cannon that he might arouse the life savers and let them know of the perilous condition of the ship and her crew. It would seem to me that this is the time when those who preach the gospel ought simply to stand and cry aloud, "Flee from the wrath to come, flee from the wrath to come," because we are in the dispensation of the Holy Ghost.

I.

This is a solemn subject because of the peculiar kind of sin which may drive away God's spirit. In the Old Testament the sin of the people was largely idolatry. They would not have God rule over them, and so they bowed down to gods of wood and stone. That is not our particular trouble to-day. In the New Testament envy and jealousy hounded Christ to the cross; men feared Him and because they were jealous of Him they hated Him, but that is not our special sin to-day. The sin of this present day seems to be indifference, and it is a dangerous sin because it will drive from our presence the Holy One of God who pleads and waits for us to turn. Every time one says no to Christ he is in danger of saying it for the last time, and every time he says no he but hardens his heart the more, until at last the very pleadings of God Himself become of no effect.

In the days when the plague swept over London and funeral processions by the score wended their way to the grave, and there was scarcely a home that was not touched with death, ministers, indeed, preached as dying men to dying men, they cried aloud and spared not. Old time seemed to say to them, "Strike now," and the angel death seemed to say "if you do not strike I will." These demands to-day are almost as serious. Men's hearts are becoming hardened, their wills more and more stubborn. It is the time to cry aloud with no uncertain tone.

II.

A three-fold cord is not quickly broken, but there is one way to break it easily; untwist the cord and break the strands separately, and if you are bound as a prisoner you can easily go free. The representative of the Godhead in the world to-day is the Holy Ghost. We may sin against God, the Father, and there is forgiveness.

A father in the South sent his son North to college, and when he graduated he came back not only with his diploma, but with the habit of intemperance so fastened upon him that he disgraced his father's name and broke his mother's heart, and still his father loved him. Matters went from bad to worse until one day they met on the street, and when the son made a request of the father which was not granted he struck him in the face. The old father staggered, then stepped into his carriage and drove home. He made his way out to the family burying ground and fell down upon his knees and shrieked again and again, and when the son came back he said to him, You have disgraced me and broken my heart and I have loved you; now you must go away, and he turned and walked from his father's house an outcast. A human father can do this; God has not yet done it. We may sin against Him, but He will forgive us, and we may sin against the Son of Man and He has promised forgiveness. How men can do it is something I cannot understand.

One of the members of my church told me that he had constructed many of the large manufacturing buildings in Ireland, but one day he saw that one building was out of line and stepping back he called to the workmen who were working on a scaffolding to step aside that he might see where the difficulty was. One man lost his balance and started to fall, and said my friend, a man standing by my side, a workman, ran with outstretched arms and caught him. He broke his fall so that he was scarcely injured at all, but his own arms were driven into their sockets and his back was twisted out of shape. He never recovered, and was ever after that an object of pity as he made his way along the streets. The man who had been saved gave half of all he had to the man who had saved him. His wages were always divided with the one who suffered for him, and we understand this as being right and true, but when Christ suffers for us we do naught but reject Him, yet in the face of all this rejection God says, "I will forgive you," but if we sin against the Holy Ghost there is no hope. We may snap the two cords in the trinity, but when we snap the third by indifference and sin it is a dangerous thing.

In the days of the flood on the Ohio River at that point in the river where three bridges one after another span the river, when frequently men and women are seen drifting upon rafts and striving frantically to be saved, ropes are let down from these bridges in order that they may attempt to catch them. If they miss the two bridges men stand upon the second bridge and shout after them as they go. There is but one more bridge, and as a rule it is their last chance. So it is with us, except that the statement of God's word is that if we sin against the Holy Ghost there is no forgiveness. Our refusal may one day be accepted.

III.

We are not so familiar with the Holy Ghost as with the Son of God and with God Himself. We have learned concerning His personality, we have had visions of His power, we read stories of His work, but it ought to be remembered that every impression we have toward good in these days comes from Him, for He talks of the things of Christ and shows them unto us. Sometimes His seekings have been in trouble, always in a revival. He calls sometimes by the ministry. There is a special call given to us frequently in God's providences; generally through our friends who are Christians He speaks to us the things of God. One of my friends took a seat in a railway train next to a man, and in his conversation learned that he had just become a Christian. He said that it was through a letter written him by his mother. My friend asked to see the letter which would mean the conversion of a man, and he answered, it is not so much in what she says, but it is the way she signs her name; you can see that her hand has trembled, and when I read it I said, if she dies no one else will ever ask me to be a Christian again. This is true of the Holy Ghost. If we sin against Him there is no hope for us. A three-fold cord is not quickly broken, but we have, as it were, snapped two of the strands and the third is day by day swinging just to our hands. To say no once again may be to reject Him forever.

Self-Surrender.

There will come to every manly man times in his life when he will see that there is something which is legitimately his, something which he has a right to, something which nobody can blame him if he takes and enjoys to the fullest, and yet something by whose voluntary and uncompelled surrender he can help his fellow man and aid the work of Christ and make the world better. Then will come that man's trial. If he fails and cannot make the sacrifice, nobody will blame him; he will simply sink into the great multitude of honorable, respectable, self-indulgent people who take the comfortable things which everybody says they are entitled to, and live their easy life without a question. But if he is of better stuff, and makes the renunciation of comfort for a higher work, then he goes up and stands humbly, but really, with Jesus Christ. He enters into the other range, that other sort of life where Jesus Christ lived. He is perfectly satisfied with that higher life. He does not envy, he does not grudge, the self-indulgent lives which he has left behind. He does not count up what he has lost; he does not ask whether he is happier or less happy than he would have been if he had kept what everybody said he had a right to keep. It is not a question of happiness with him at all, but gradually, without his seeking it, he finds that the soul of the happiness which he has left behind him is in him still. Like fountains of sweet water in the sea it rises up and keeps him a living soul. He has left the world's pleasures and its privileges only to draw nearer to its necessities, which are its real life. So what he gave he keeps a thousand fold in this present time, and eternity is still before him, in the end everlasting life.—Phillips Brooks.

Sermons the Preacher's Deepest Thoughts

"Almost no preacher to-day dwells exclusively upon sin, salvation and the relation of Christ to the sinner," says the Congregationalist, of Boston and Chicago. "Important as these themes are, other aspects of the mission of Christ in the world and of the purpose of Christianity are being brought to the front. We regard this as extremely desirable. Preaching is something more than the reiteration of traditional truths in conventional ecclesiastical language. A sermon is the embodiment of a man's deepest and most real thought, phrased in words which everybody can understand and addressed to the real needs of real people. Jesus Christ was a popular preacher. He employed parables and talked about the lilies and the clouds, the barrel of meal and the play of little children, and weighed carefully all His words with a view to making the truth which filled and flooded His own soul plain, winsome and powerful in the eyes of others."

God's Mercy.

The more we fear crosses the more reason we have to think that we need them. Let us not be discouraged when the hand of God layeth heavy woes upon us. We ought to judge of the violence of our disease by the violence of the remedies which our spiritual physician prescribes for us. It is a great argument for our own wretchedness and of God's mercy that, notwithstanding the difficulty of our recovery He vouchsafes to undertake our cure. Let us, then, draw from our afflictions a source of love, of comfort and trust in God, saying with His apostle: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "Blessed are they that mourn, and sow in tears, because they shall reap with joy the harvest of eternal glory."—Fenelon.

Mother.

God give us but one mother. Remember, she has borne for you that which no other human being has or can. Remember that in the natural course of events the grave will in a few years, at most, close over her, leaving you behind. Remember that, when she is gone, you will think of her faults and her failings with pitiful tenderness, and want to cover them from all human eyes. And remember, also, that the deepest sting which sorrow has for us is hidden in those soul-harrowing words, "if I only had!" or "had not!" It would be blessed to live, no matter what the provocation, so that, standing beside an open grave those words could have no sting for us.—Mrs. G. R. Alden.

Watch Fobs the Fashion.

Pretty fobs are much affected by young women for carrying their watches.

Most of these useful bits of jewelry are ornamented with stones, and the metal is a beautiful antique rose gold, shaded into perfect harmonies.

Opal, matrix, very rich and striking, figures in one.

Another is set with Oriental topaz; this is the dark topaz, which ranks with precious stones.

The third is of lapis lazuli, the rich blue stones contrasting strikingly with the gold.

These fobs give one a chance for extra adornment, the long chain being used for any number of other purposes.

Fashions for Boys.

Fashions in boys' clothes do not change from year to year as much as do those for girls, the only variety being in the cut of the sleeve or the length of the coat. Very small boys wear the Russian suit or the sailor one, then next in age come the full knickerbockers and the Norfolk jacket of cheviot. Tan covert coats are the smartest overcoats, made precisely on the same lines as a man's coat, and this season without a shoulder yoke. When the sailor suit is worn a reefer is often substituted for the covert coat, but the latter is fashionable under any circumstances.

Small boys will still wear the white cloth and black or dark blue velvet suits for dress occasions, such as parties and dancingschool.—Harper's Bazar.

A Remedy for Thin Hair.

Many a good woman has lain awake o' nights lamenting on the thinness of her hair, when, if she had spent the same amount of time in hygienic treatment she might have rejoiced in a luxuriant crop. To stop brushing the hair because it "comes out so" is the worst mistake possible. On the other hand, mere stroking the hair is well-nigh useless, while tugging a short bristled brush through the hair often does a lot of harm. To make brushing effectual the hair should be divided into small strands, each strand treated individually. The brush should begin on the scalp and then descend with slow, steady strokes to the tips of the hair. This process should be repeated half a dozen times before proceeding to the next. The best brushes are those with long, firm bristles.—New York Tribune.

What to Wear.

Cloth and hopsacking are excellent substitutes for tweeds, and these are things which really must be made up by a good tailor or they will be hopeless failures. It is quite possible to make simple cotton frocks and blouses at home, but do not try to economize in your tailor-built frock. The best plan is to have one good model rather than two or three indifferent ones, and therefore to chose a color which will not show the ravages of time and of which you will not quickly tire.

Women have rather tired of various shades of brown, although there are some very smart fabrics made in real biscuit color. Biscuit and navy blue are useful shades for tailor-built frocks.

It is useless to try to guide a woman's taste too much in the matter of color, for, after all, the sensible woman will wear what suits her; she may be quite sure that she will look her best in it, and the frock will be successful.

The New Heroine.

The heroine of the novel used to be described somewhat after this style:

Her head was beautifully poised. Her brow was low and broad and white. Her delicately chiseled nose was of the color of alabaster and a faint pinkish glow showed under the velvety surface of her cheeks. Her splendidly rounded throat was like a marble column set above her white, swelling breast and her dimpled, snowy arms showed alluringly through the dainty lace of which the sleves of her gown were fashioned.

Since the heroine plays golf, however, it would hardly be proper to speak of her alabaster brow and pink cheeks. To give her all she deserves the novelist of today must picture her thus:

Her rich, faded out hair was done up in a little knot on the top of her head, where she lightly wore a rusty brown Tam-o'-Shanter. Her broad, beautiful brow was about the color of an old boot and her delicate refined nose was covered with freckles, all save the end, which had become a large, irregular blister that was splendidly becoming to her. Her soft, downy cheeks were cracked and brown as a result of exposure to the weather and her magnificent neck showed big sunburned cords on the sides that testified to her fine development and unusual strength. The muscles in her, almost black arms, stood out like those of a machinist, and she had a long, almost manly stride that at once filled the beholder with a sense of her grace and made him long instinctively to be her protector.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Mother of Kings.

On Aug. 10 in 1596 was born a little princess, Elizabeth, whom Fate destined to be the foundress of our reigning dynasty, as her younger brother, the ill-starred Charles I, was to be the ancestor of the elder branch of Stuart. From either the brother or the sister every living member of every reigning family is descended. It is a little remarkable that James I, the only child of an only child of an only child, is the ancestor of every princely personage in Europe, as well as of many others.

Elizabeth, who was named after our queen of "spacious times," was deeply attached to Henry, the eldest son of James I, who died in his father's lifetime. She married in 1613 the Palgrave of the Rhine, who afterward became the winter king of Bohemia, and after much suffering, died in 1632, just as Gustavus Adophus of Sweden, who had ben a claimant for Elizabeth's hand was triumphing. The widowed queen lived on poor allowances from England, Holland or the Rhine states until she returned to England after the restoration of her nephew, Charles II. She then resided in Lord Craven's house in Drury lane, where she died in 1662.

We cannot now measure what the charms and wit were which gained for her the name of "Queen of Hearts" and the admiration of all who knew her. She was not clever. She was not on the best of terms with all of her numerous children, many of whom became Roman Catholics. It was owing to this fact that it was her youngest but one, Sophia of Hanover, who gave us our present reigning family, for the Duc d'Orleans, now living, is the senior of our king even as descendant of Elizabeth, whose name is renewed today in the second heir to the throne of Bavaria, to whose house he belonged.—London News.

Women Diamond Cutters.

Amsterdam, the "Venice of the North," one of the richest and most beautiful cities in Europe, has long been famous for its diamond cutting, but it is not so well known that the art is largely in the hands of women.

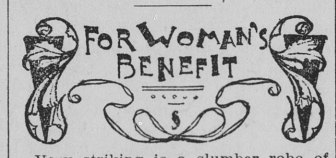
Under the general term of "diamond cutting" are included three processes, diamond splitting, diamond cutting and diamond polishing. It is the second which is in the hand of women. One of the largest of the Amsterdam diamond factories, founded in 1843, did not employ women till 1875. But their work in this particular branch was found so satisfactory that it is now given over to them entirely.

The first progress in the treatment of the rough diamond is "splitting." The object is to take a large stone, containing several flaws, and divide it into several small, flawless stones. This is done by applying a little diamond tipped tool to the flaws, which are weak spots. The stone is divided into as many pieces as there are flaws. This part of the work is done by men. The stones are then passed over to the women, for whom a pleasant workshop has been built on the quay, facing the Amstel Canal, and flooded with the light which their trying work demands.

Some of the diamonds are so small that 400 of them weigh only half a carat. Each worker is responsible for all the diamonds given her, and in case of loss is obliged to replace the stone. The women use little pearshaped tools, tipped with diamonds. They hold in the left hand the rough diamond, firmly waxed into a little frame. Then they round the whole stone, removing all angles. An ordinary diamond, 10 carats in weight, can be cut in a day of eight hours.

The last process, that of polishing, is done by machinery run by steam. All diamonds are either "brilliants" or "rose," and the difference is made in the polishing. A brilliant has 58 sides, and is pointed at both ends, while the rose need have only 24 sides, and is flat on one side.

The women employed are high class workwomen, respectable, well appearing, well dressed and prosperous for European workmen. They receive from eight to 20 gulden a week, the latter sum amounting to about $8.20—New York Tribune.



Very striking is a slumber robe of vivid green satin, lined with dull garnet.

Boys' blanket bathrobes are shown in jacqard effects, in gray, with blue or pink figures.

White silk stockings are worked in butterfly designs, with pearls and Chantilly insertings.

Dashing "rough rider" hats for young boys are of shaggy camel's hair in shades of brown and gray.

Bright green enamel leaves with glistening rhinestone dewdrops are used for velvet suides this season.

A wrist bag of pink suede is daintily embroidered in an arabesque pattern of pink pearls and silver pailletes.

Black lawn handkerchiefs have intersecting rows of narrow white Valenciennes, almost completely filling the centre.

Gun metal of a dark green shade combines artistically with tiny turquoise studding in new match and cigarette boxes.

Violets, roses and daisies have disappeared from the doilies used for ceremonial table setting. The newest importations are plain white, in heavy Irish embroidery.

A coat for a little maid of six or seven years is of royal blue velveteen, lined with satin serge. It is made with full back and high at the throat, with a deep cape collar, appliqued with heavy white lace.

A trimmed walking suit for a girl of 14 or 16 is of blue mixed material. The skirt is cut with seven gores and a flare at the bottom, finished with rows of stitching. The neat little Norfolk jacket has a velvet collar, rolling cuffs and patch pockets of the cloth.

SCHOOL FOR STORE WORKERS.

Counter Service and Window Dressing Among the Subjects Taught.

That there is always room at the top is nowhere more fully demonstrated than in the great department stores of this country, from which there comes an incessant demand for men with energy and ideas. Of the mechanical routine workers there is a large supply, and the number grows daily to the despair and irritation of proprietors and managers.

While there is room in every department of the stores and retail houses generally for talent and knowledge, a lack of properly equipped workers is felt in the spheres of window dressing, decorating of interiors, card-sign painting and advertisement writing.

The possibilities along these lines were grasped by a keen-sighted man, himself a successful practicer of most of the arts referred to, who has started a school in New York for the tuition of beginners and for the perfecting of workers already in operation. The college of instruction is absolutely unique, being the only institution in the world dealing with some parts—and these the most important—of its curriculum.

In some instances city employers have themselves paid for the tuition of likely young men. Others have given their workers time and facilities for attending the classes, while many students from far-off country districts have not only had their expenses defrayed, but have received their salaries during the tuition period.

Several of the large wholesale dry goods concerns of New York have manifested their interest in the novel work by supplying merchandise for the use of the pupils in decorating the windows.

One of the features of the school's method is that the instruction given is personal and individual, each pupil being dealt with according to his capacity, and no limit is put on the duration of the course. Most students complete their curriculum in four or six weeks, while none have exceeded two months.

A special two-weeks' course of window trimming and card-sign painting for those who desire improvement can be had for $25. For beginners a complete course costs $50.

Chinese Art of War.

A novel method of testing new weapons of warfare is now in vogue in China. A large cannon, of the latest type, was recently imported from Europe, and when it was landed on the coast of Hainan the military mandarins of the district first inspected it closely and then resolved to test it.

They therefore procured a boat, which they anchored at some distance from the land, and then they loaded the cannon and fired a shot at it. To their surprise the shot did not hit the boat, but fell short in the water. They determined to try again, but did not want to miss a second time, and so they brought the boat to the very spot where the first shot had fallen and anchored it there.

Then they fired, and to their unbounded joy the shot went clean through the vessel. Evidently it never occurred to them that they could have attained the same end by aiming more carefully and slightly changing the position of the cannon, or, if it did occur to them, they thought that it was easier to move the boat than to so aim with the heavy cannon that they would be absolutely certain of not losing a second shot.—New York Herald.

To Become an Author.

Devote as many hours a day as possible to not thinking.

Learn to write one hundred words a minute on the typewriter. Then work eight hours a day.

Get your name in the papers by doing anything that will accomplish your purpose.

Be a brigadier general.

Invent some strange titles. Then write books to fit.

Go to a war.

Learn to talk about yourself.

Rewrite an ancient plot.

Write without ceasing.

If your first book doesn't sell more than a million copies, don't be discouraged. Try again.

Read all the other books. Then write something as near like them as possible.

Marry a publisher's daughter.

Join an author's club. By lending enough cash among the members, you may get a plot.

Never refuse an invitation to dinner.—New York Herald.

About Volcanoes.

Few persons have any idea of the prodigious quantity of lava and hot ashes which a volcano in a state of eruption can vomit in a few hours.

The matter which was discharged in 1669 from Mount Etna and which threatened to overwhelm Catania forms a mass the extent of which has been estimated as being not less than one thousand million cubic yards.

From the immense crater of Kilauea, in Hawaii, there was vomited in 1840 during a single eruption a mass of lava equivalent to fifty times the volume of earth which it was necessary to remove in order to form the Suez Canal.

In 1873 the Skaptar-Jokull, one of the most redoubtable volcanoes in Iceland, sent forth two rivers of fire, one of which ran along a valley for eighty miles, its depth along the entire distance being thirty yards. Finally, it is estimated that from the mass of stones and ashes which were discharged in 1883 from Krakatoa could be formed a mountain higher and wider than Mont Blanc.

A Wonderful Possession.

Imagination is a most wonderful thing. How often does it add a thousand dollars to a man's monthly profits?—New York News.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Counterfeiter Arrested—Peculiar Case Illegal Liquor Sales—Big Contract Let.

The applications of the following claimants received favorable consideration, and pensions were granted during the past week: Isaac Fox, $17; Daniel B. Sullivan, New Kensington, $6; Alfred M. Gorley, Uniontown, $12! Samuel K. Johnson, Millrun, $12; Edward P. Sweet, Monaca, $30; John T. Bond, Sandy Lake, $8; Henry Sherman, Lewiston, $10; Marshall B. Wheeler, Towanda, $24; James B. Harris, Huntingdon, $12; Andrew J. Tissue, Hopwood, $12; Newton Numbower, Sunset, $10; James L. Letizell, Spring Mills, $12; Henry Gordon, Bellefonte, $12; David Wilcox, Mansfield, $24; Mary J. Biddle, West Elizabeth, $8; Mary Linn, Lamartine, $8; Elizabeth Bolster, Meadville, $6; Sarah Cutler, Burnham, $12; J. M. Jones, Franklindale, $17; John W. Walker, Mechanicsburg, $8; Christian Glocker, Richfield, $12.

At the Hinckston Run dam, Johnstown, after several cars hauled by a "dinkey" engine had left the rails, Engineer Dillio, an Italian, left his engine standing on the track unattended and failed to close the trottle entirely. When the cars were uncoupled the engine ran away, and, crashing through a set of temporary deadwoods, tumbled down an embankment into the midst of a crowd of Italian workmen, killing three. Engineer Dillio escaped to the hills, eluding a posse that started after him.

At the American tin plate mill, Monessen, John Buck, a rigger employed at painting a stack on one of the furnaces, was caught in the shafting driving the doubling shears of the hot mill, and was whirled around about 40 times before the machinery could be stopped. Every stitch of clothing was torn from his body, and he sustained a broken leg, besides being otherwise injured.

Representatives of all the employes of the Altoona division of the Pennsylvania railroad met in Liberty hall, at Altoona, and adopted a resolution thanking the officers of the company for the increase of wages. The 10 per cent. increase means to the company's employes there about $70,000 more a month than formerly.

The only new development in the case of Frank Moon, who was shot at Scottdale, comes from a friend of Moon, who says that the name of the man who did the shooting is Rankin. He said that some time ago Moon caused the arrest of Rankin and another man for "moonshining," and that Rankin threatened to get even with him.

Thomas Shaw, of Homestead, and Samuel Russell, of Charleroi, were convicted at Washington of highway robbery and each sentenced by Judge Taylor to imprisonment in the penitentiary for four years and six months. James Russell, convicted on the same charge, was sentenced to the Huntingdon reformatory.

Rev. Matthew Gailey, a prominent clergyman of the Reformed Presbyterian church, was killed by an express train on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad near Philadelphia. Mr. Gailey had been pastor of the Third Reformed Presbyterian church for 35 years.

George Cruikshank, who recently served a term in the penitentiary for robbery, is under arrest at Indiana, charged with horse stealing. An information charges him with entering Hare's stable and stealing a horse owned by the City bakery.

Joseph Adams, of Labanon, was arrested at Ashland and sent to jail at Pottsville for passing counterfeit money. It is alleged that Adams and a confederate passed upward of 100 counterfeit silver dollars at Mt. Carmel and Ashland.

At Greensburg, Mrs. Isabella Reed, wife of Dr. W. L. Reed, of Blairsville Intersection, was convicted of illegal liquor selling. Her defense was that she was treating her husband's patients during his absence and prescribed whisky.

Charles Tressler, who was almost cremated while trying to burn his way out of the lockup at Ohiopyle, was arrested on a charge of arson. The jail was almost destroyed by the fire, which Tressler is alleged to have started.

James Morrison, a farmer of Hartford township, near Sharon, was blasting stumps on his farm when some dynamite exploded prematurely. He was hurled 30 feet and had his skull fractured. He will not recover.

The American plant of the William Jessop & Sons Steel company, of Sheffield, Eng., which has been in course of construction at Washington, for over a year, has been put in operation.

The contract for the ties for 60 miles of electric line between Middlefield and Sharon, Pa., and Kenilworth and Warren, O., has been let to the Stewart Lumber company, of Sharon.

Detective Conley, of McDonald, brought back from Columbus, O., Richard Leggins, colored, who was placed under arrest there charged with the murder of John Jackson at McDonald.

The Stein hotel, in Meyersdale, one of the most widely known hotels in Southern Pennsylvania, was completely destroyed by fire. Loss, $30,000, partly insured.

While hunting near Wurthington, Armstrong county, William French was accidentally shot in the face and body by two of his companions and seriously wounded.

Edward Miller, the Allegheny boilermaker who was shot by Policeman James McGrady, at Butler, while resisting arrest, died in the Butler General hospital.

Patrick Burke is under arrest at Altoona, charged with having sold two wild turkeys, contrary to law.

Burglars ransacked the store of A. Valentine at McDonald of guns and revolvers to the amount of $200.