

THE GIFT.
It was young Love came swinging
Along the blossomed way,
When all the birds were singing
The madrigals of May,
"Oh, wondrous gifts I'm bearing,"
("Twas thus I heard him cry),
"Good folk, come get your fairing
Ere yet I pass you by."
"Twas I broke off my spinning,
My wheel stands silent yet,
And eager, too, for winning
Came Doris and her sister,
And Phyllis from the herding,
My lady from the hall,
And faithful to his wording
Young Love gave gifts to all.
Young Love gave gifts a-plenty
Ere yet his way he went;
Gold joy to ten and twenty,
Fair hope and sweet content,
Oh, happy mates uncaring,
Pass by, nor pause to see
A heart set for my fairing
Was all Love gave to me!"
—Theodosia Garrison, in Puck.

The Malay Kris

A TRAGEDY OF A PROVINCIAL TOWN

Translated From the French of Tristan Bernard by Laurence B. Fletcher.

YOU are in a great hurry, Monsieur Gambard. Sit down again for a few minutes, won't you?"
"But it is nearly ten o'clock, Monsieur Montier!"
"Well, what of it? The market doesn't close until twelve. You have plenty of time."
"Yes, Monsieur Montier; but I promised to meet my wife at one of the shops."
"Oh, she will be too busy shopping to worry about your absence. I did hope that you would see my son before you left."
"Your son? Oh, to be sure; he has come back from Paris. Well, are you glad? Did he graduate with honors?"
"Yes. He is a doctor of laws, and his mother is overjoyed. I cannot say that I am. I find him a little bit too Parisian, this boy of mine. He says a good many things that I don't like at all, argues about honesty, property, justice. Why, yesterday I would have left the dinner table if it had been anybody but my own son talking in that way, and, being my own son, it was hard work to keep my hands off his ears. And he spends too much. I am continually giving him money, yet he is forever after his mother for more. He goes to bed very late, and every morning there is a great fuss before Monsieur consents to get up. No, no! I don't like such habits. If he wishes to succeed at the bar, he must take another road."
"You intend to make a magistrate of him, I believe?"
"He says no, at present. We shall have to wait until he changes his mind."
"Have you heard that young Meguin has come home as a judge d'instruction?"
"I know. He and my son are great friends. A very serious lad, I hear."
"Serious? He would send his own father to prison. There will be no smothering of scandals with him—like that college affair last year. Heavens, Monsieur Montier, it is a quarter past ten. I really must go, my friend. Hello! What a pretty cabinet!"
"It isn't bad, but I have a more interesting one downstairs. In the hall I will go with you and show it to you. You must see the Malay kris I picked up the other day by pure accident. Along comes a sailor—let me see, it was the day before yesterday—a sailor of some outlandish country, with all sorts of foreign curiosities. I bought something that he called a Malay kris. Malay or not, it is very curious. I've seen such things in books, but I didn't know they really existed. After strabbling you press a spring. The blade divides, and when you pull it out, it leaves a horrible wound, shaped like a cross. Come, I will show it to you. Take care of the last step, the hall is so dark. The cabinet is by the window. Hello!"
"What is the matter?"
"Well, here's a pretty business!"
"What?"
"The kris is gone! Who can have taken it? I must see about this."
"Look on the floor, Monsieur Montier. Perhaps the hooks have given way."
"No, the hooks are all right, and there is nothing on the floor. Well! well! I must see about this at once."
"Well, I must be going, Monsieur Montier."
"Good-day, Monsieur Gambard. Justice! Justice! Oh, it's you, Clemece. Where on earth is Justice?"
"In the garden, with madame. I have just come from market."
"But what is the matter with you, Clemece? You look all upset."
"And what I may be, monsieur, Monsieur knows the lady of the chateau."
"Well?"
"She was murdered last night. About nine o'clock the gardener heard a scream and ran; but she was dead before he reached her. The murderer, whoever he is, must be a monster. Just imagine, monsieur! On the poor lady's breast they found two wounds that made a cross. But what is the matter with monsieur?"
"Nothing—the murder of the old lady shocked me a little. Does madame know?"
"Not yet, monsieur."
"Don't tell her. It might excite her."
"Especially as madame is already

disturbed. I don't know if I ought to tell monsieur, but Monsieur Lucien—
"Well! What? Monsieur Lucien?"
"He did not come home last night—Oh, what is wrong with monsieur?"
"I don't know—I feel rather faint. I've felt so all day—yesterday, too."
"Monsieur had better go to his room."
"Yes, I am going."
"I'll help you up stairs."
"No, no. Leave me alone."
"Yes, yes! Monsieur can hardly stand up. Come! Carefully! Here we are! Sit down in your big armchair. There! Does monsieur feel better?"
"Yes, yes."
"I am sure that monsieur was vexed because Monsieur Lucien did not come home."
"Nonsense! I've felt badly all day."
"I will go and tell madame."
"No, no."
"Ah! Here comes madame now. Monsieur is ill, madame."
"I am not; there is nothing the matter with me. What is the girl talking about? Go! Go to the kitchen."
"Madame, I told monsieur that Monsieur Lucien—"
"Who told you to say anything about it? Go! Mind your own affairs. That girl is unbearable! She told you about Lucien!"
"Yes. That is what upset me—though I have not felt well all day."
"It is not so much his not coming home that vexes me—boys will be boys—but I confess that I am troubled by his mysterious actions. What do you think? He came in, stealthily, two minutes ago. I was in the hall, putting in order the closet under the stairs. He didn't see me in the darkness, but I saw him go to the cabinet and hang something on a hook. Edward! What is the matter? You're as white as a sheet!"
"Nothing, nothing! A slight faintness like I had a while ago. Go away; I would rather be alone."
"The idea! Leave you when you are ill!"
"It is nothing, I tell you. My nerves are unstrung. It only irritates me and makes me worse to have people fussing about me. Please go, dear."
"Oh, how you worry me, Edward!—What do you want now, Clemece?"
"A gentleman to see you, monsieur."
"But he is ill, I tell you."
"It is M. Meguin, the judge."
"Tell him that—Oh! I'll go and see what he wants."
"No, no. Show him up here, do you hear, Clemece? Go! And you go, too!"
"Edward! To speak to me like that?"
"Pardon me, my dear; but please go. He may have something to say in confidence—something that he would not care to say before you."
"I don't know what is the matter with you, Edward. You frighten me. Come in, Monsieur Meguin. I leave you with my husband. Good day."
"Monsieur Meguin, I am right in not wishing her to be present, am I not?"
"You have seen your son, Monsieur Montier?"
"Not yet."
"But you have heard of the murder of Madame Toyle?"
"Yes."
"The whole town knows it. It is astonishing how fast such news spreads. So your son has told you nothing?"
"No."
"He has been of the greatest assistance to me in the affair. We had dined together and were at the theatre when a messenger came for me. But what is the matter? Are you ill? You stare at me so wildly!"
"I beg pardon. I am not sure that I understood you. I seem half-deaf to-day. Do you say that you were with my son all last evening?"
"Why, yes! When I was summoned to the chateau he went with me. On seeing the wound he exclaimed: 'This wound was made with a Malay kris, like the one in father's cabinet.' He went home and fetched your kris, taking great care not to awaken you, but still I must have your testimony. Ah! Here is your son, Monsieur, your father knows the whole story. He is not very well."
"Oh, it is nothing—only nervousness. Why, I am crying like a baby! I beg your pardon for my weakness."
"You are ill, father. What is the matter?"
"Nothing, I tell you. Put your arms around me, my boy—my boy!"—New York Evening Post.

An Arab Spy Outwitted.
Once at least, in Egypt, the loss of his eye in an earlier campaign proved a great service to Lord Wolsey and his army. He could get no information of the enemy's strength or position. An Arab was captured prowling around our outposts, and was brought before him. It was ten to one the sullen fellow knew everything. Lord Wolsey questioned him. The fellow answered never a word, standing stolid between the two soldiers. At last a happy idea struck the General. He said in Arabic: "It is no use your refusing to answer me, for I am a wizard, and at a wish can destroy you and your masters. To prove this to you, I will take out my eye, throw it up, catch it, and put it back in my head." And, to the horror and amazement of the fellow, Lord Wolsey took out his glass eye, threw it up, caught and replaced it. That was enough; the Arab capitulated, and the information he gave the staff led to Arabi's defeat.—London Outlook.

The Funny Side of Life.

HAT.
The hat of the average Panaman, in most social circles would ban a man, But the sun, at the isthmus, Even on Christmas, Would otherwise grievously tan a man.—Puck.

THE ONE OBSTACLE.
"Is there anything between you and my daughter?"
"Nothing but you."—Town Topics.

CONVINCED.
"Jones froze his ears this morning."
"How?"
"Looking at the thermometer to find out how cold it was."—Detroit Free Press.

QUERY.
"Where's Jane?" asked the master.
"Upstairs arranging the mistress's hair."
"Is her mistress with her?"—Answers.

SARCASTIC.
She—He's awfully sharp-witted, isn't he?
He—Yes. His points are so fine I can't see them at all.—Detroit Free Press.

THE BRUTE.
Mrs. Bixby—"Mother says that she is going to die and join father."
Bixby—"I wish there was some way to give your father warning."—Town Topics.

IMPERFECT FACILITIES.
Mother—"Have you taken your cold bath yet, Willie?"
Willie—"No, ma. There wasn't any cold water warm enough."—Chicago News.

WOULD NOT BE HANDICAPPED.
The Lawyer—"I'm afraid I'm going blind."
The Friend—"Never mind, old man. So long as you retain your sense of touch you'll be all right."—Life.

QUITE KILLING.
"So, Mr. Juggernaut, I hear you're death on motors?"
"Well, er—now and then—but only manslaughter, you know."—Ally Sloper's Half Holiday.

HIS FAULT.
Nodd—"On the impulse of the moment the other night I told my wife an awful lie, and got caught."
Rodd—"Serves you right. Every lie a man tells his wife ought to be premeditated."—Life.

AND NOW THEY NEVER SPEAK.
She—"I suppose if a pretty girl should come along you wouldn't care anything about me any more?"
He—"Nonsense, Kate! What do I care for good looks? You suit me all right."—Chicago Journal.

HER OVERSIGHT.
He—"Do you know, dear, I was just upstairs looking at baby, and I believe she has got your hair."
She (springing up)—"Good gracious! I thought I had put that switch out of the child's reach!"—Youkers' Statesman.

ONE SORT.
"There goes Roxham. Every time I think of that man's financial embarrassment it makes me yearn to help him."
"Financial embarrassment?"
"Yes; he's got so much money he doesn't know what to do with it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

MANY YEARS TO WAIT.
Poet—"I told her we would be married when I received a check for last MSS."
Friend—"You should be careful. You know you promised not to marry for many years yet."
Poet—"Don't worry. This matter was taken by a pay-on-publication magazine."—Chicago News.

UPHOLDING THE LAW.
Magistrate (not long in the "country")—"Have you ever been here before? Have you ever been under arrest before?"
Offender—"No, yer Honor. I've always had great luck up to this time."
Magistrate—"You are discharged; but the officer who arrested you is fined \$50 for not arresting you before."—Boston Transcript.



NO LONGER CARRY LANTERNS
Conductors Now Seldom Require Their Costly Lights.
Modern railroading has driven the passenger conductor's lantern almost out of use. Two decades ago or less the pride of a passenger conductor was his lantern. Then the cars were not so brilliantly illuminated as they are now, and the ticket taker was obliged to carry his light on his left arm in order to see the pasteboards as he passed through the dimly lighted car.
Ten or twelve years ago the conductors indulged in considerable extravagance in the matter of lanterns. Some of them were gold and silver plated. The upper part of the glass globe was colored blue, and the name of the owner was cut in old English letters. At the meeting of the Conductors' Association manufacturers would arrange a great display of costly lights at one of the hotels in the city in which the meeting would be held. Some of the lanterns in the display were unique, and the prices ranged from \$25 to ten times that figure. The glass and platinum were kept in a highly polished state, and none dared to meddle with this part of the ticket puncher's equipment.
Conductors still carry their own lanterns—that is, they are on the train ready for use—but there is nothing like the need of them that formerly existed.—Chicago Tribune.

WISE WORDS.
Hope is the mainspring of life.—Socrates.
If thou wert worthy, thou couldst have no mercy.—John Mason.
"Error and vice and injustice follow inevitably a disregard of conscience."
If we cannot live so as to be happy, let us at least live so as to deserve happiness.—Fichte.
The advantage of the fires of sorrow lies in the things which they cannot consume.—George Matheson.
"A man may become weary of daily toil, but it does not produce as much depression as does daily idleness."
A happy nature is sometimes a gift, but it is also a grace, and can therefore be cultivated; and it should be a definite aim with those who are training a child.—Lucy Soulsby.
The most dangerous thing about the path of sin is that many believe it a short-cut to happiness. It never has led there, and never will, but its lying fingerpost deceives thousands every year just the same."
Degrees infinite there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race forever.—John Ruskin.
Why, it is asked, are there so many snarers? That we may not fly low, but may seek the things which are above. For just as birds, so long as they cleave the upper air, are not easily caught, so thou also, as long as thou lookest at things above, will not easily be captured, whether by a snare, or by any other device of evil.—Chrysostom.

Asker Too Much.
The janitor employed in a downtown school resigned his position the other day after having held the job for only a little over a week. "I guess I'm too sensitive," he exclaimed to a friend who asked why he had quit. "You see, whenever I found anything that had been lost I always hung it up on the blackboard, where the owner could see it and claim it. The other morning I went into one of the rooms early to clean up, and there on the blackboard was written: 'Find the multiplicant, I looked all over, but I couldn't find anything.' The next morning I went to the same room and on the blackboard was written: 'Find the least common divisor.' I said to myself: 'If them things is lost and didn't turn up, I guess I'm too sensitive.' So I threw up my job."—Philadelphia Record.

Schwab Matched Gates For \$35,000.
A well-known financier of this city wears a handsome ruby ring. It was admired by one of his friends the other day, who said: "Don't you get tired wearing that ring? For if you do give it to me." He laughed and said: "You are not the only one that has taken a fancy to it. The other day Mr. Harriman said he would like to have it."
The friend then said: "Well, if it had been Gates he would have matched you for it." The financier replied: "Yes, so would Schwab," and then told a story of their being a difference between Mr. Gates and Mr. Schwab amounting to about \$35,000. They could not agree, and rather than enter into any litigation Schwab proposed to match for the sum. It was done and he was the winner.—Philadelphia Press.

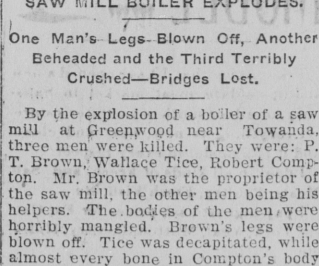
Discontent With Work.
That there is discontent with work among the so-called middle classes in America is due in large part to the pampering of children, to the supplying of their natural and artificial wants, and to the sentimental idea that their day of toil will come soon enough. In general, work is not a curse, but a blessing—a positive means of grace. One can hardly begin too early to impress upon children lessons of self-help by tasks appropriate to their age and forces, and to beget in them scorn of idleness and of dependence on others. To do this is to make them happy through the self-respect that comes with the realization of power, and thus to approximate Tennyson's goal of man: "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control."—The Century.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

SAW MILL BOILER EXPLODES.
One Man's Legs Blown Off, Another Beheaded and the Third Terribly Crushed—Bridges Lost.

By the explosion of a boiler of a saw mill at Greepwood near Towanda, three men were killed. They were: P. T. Brown, Wallace Tice, Robert Compton. Mr. Brown was the proprietor of the saw mill, the other men being his helpers. The bodies of the men were horribly mangled. Brown's legs were blown off. Tice was decapitated, while almost every bone in Compton's body was broken when he struck the ground after being thrown high in the air. The men were all married and leave families.
The recent flood has caused Butler county about \$40,000 in bridges alone, the county commissioners report the destruction of the following structures: Allen bridge, over the Connoquenessing at Zellenople, one of the largest in the county; two over Breakneck creek at Callery; the Davis Run and Thorn creek Methodist church bridges in Jefferson township; the Monroe bridge below Sarversville; the "Mordick" John and Martin bridges, over Glade Run; the McCalmont and Oneida bridges, over the Connoquenessing; the McCormish bridge, over Thorn creek, at Renrew; two bridges in Winfield township; the Tannadale bridge over Slippery Rock creek. The Hunter bridge, near Evans City, and the Renrew bridge, over the Connoquenessing, are badly damaged.
Tuesday afternoon the ice gorge in the Kiskiminetas river began to move. About 15 minutes later the Hyde Park bridge of the West Penn railroad was carried away, together with a train of 14 loaded coal cars that had been placed on the structure to keep it in place. The bridge was swept cleanly of the piers and the waters of the river completely covered the wrecked structure and the coal cars. The ice released by the Hyde Park bridge swept down the river and soon began to gorge again against the West Leechburg bridge. This structure was also weighted down with a train of heavily-laden freight cars. The ice was piled up against this structure 30 feet high at one time.
With his body almost cut in two, Elmer Smith, the 18-year-old son of Hiram Smith, of Latrobe, lives for nearly five hours. Smith was employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad company to fire the boiler which is used to heat the water before it passes into the pans, known as the "jerkwaters," and located east of town, and he was on his way to work when run down by a fast train.
Rev. W. E. Warren, rector of Luke's Protestant Episcopal mission, the United States and in Japan. Thirty towns of Germany possess either the classes (hilfsschulen) or the auxiliary classes (hilfschulen) to the number of 43. Each of these special classes, annexed to the primary school, has on an average 18 or 20 pupils; the auxiliary schools of Frankfurt, of Cologne, of Berlin and of other cities, have an average of 10 or 12 pupils.

MISS ALICE BAILEY, OF ATLANTA, GA., ESCAPED THE SURGEON'S KNIFE, BY USING LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I wish to express my gratitude for the restored health and happiness Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought into my life.
"I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruation, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it inflammation of the ovaries, and proposed an operation.
"I felt so weak and sick that I felt sure that I could not survive the operation, and so I told him that I would not undergo it. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of your Vegetable Compound in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, and I kept taking it for ten weeks, and at the end of that time I was cured. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health, and am now.
"You surely deserve great success, and you have my very best wishes."
—Miss ALICE BAILEY, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.
All sick women would be wise if they would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and be well.

SCHOOLS FOR DEFECTIVES.

Schools and medico-pedagogic classes for defectives exist in Switzerland, Germany, England, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Denmark, Norway, the United States and in Japan. Thirty towns of Germany possess either the classes (hilfsschulen) or the auxiliary classes (hilfschulen) to the number of 43. Each of these special classes, annexed to the primary school, has on an average 18 or 20 pupils; the auxiliary schools of Frankfurt, of Cologne, of Berlin and of other cities, have an average of 10 or 12 pupils.

FITS PERMANENTLY CURED. NO FITS OR NERVOUSNESS AFTER FIRST DAY'S USE OF DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER.

Dr. J. C. Kline, Ltd., 51 Arch St., Phila., Pa.
Vanity is the quicksand that engulfs a woman's reason.
So named because 50 acres produced so heavily, that it proceeds built a lovely home. See Salzer's catalog. Yielded in 1903 in Ind. 157 bu., Ohio 160 bu., Tenn. 98 bu., and in Mich. 220 bu. per acre. You can beat this record in the future.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE YIELDS PER ACRE?

120 bu. Beardless Barley per acre.
310 bu. Salzer's New National Oats per Acre.
1,000 bu. Salzer's catalog. Yielded in 1903 in Ind. 157 bu., Ohio 160 bu., Tenn. 98 bu., and in Mich. 220 bu. per acre. You can beat this record in the future.

JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10c.

in stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive their great catalog and lots of farm seed samples. Some men get so tired doing nothing that they can't do any kind of work.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind, colic, 25c. bottle.

AN ATTEMPT TO GET SOMETHING FOR NOTHING PARTS MANY A FOOL FROM HIS MONEY.

Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely planned windows. Standing without, you see no glory; but can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendor.—Hawthorne.
Reeder—"Scott said a clever thing to-day; said that luck is a good bit like lightning; for it seldom strikes twice in the same place." Heeder—"Yes, and as a rule neither of them needs to."—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

THERE'S MORE CATARRH IN THIS SECTION OF THE COUNTRY THAN ALL OTHERS.

and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., TOLEDO, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.
"Gracious," sighed Mr. De Spegsey, "I wish I could acquire an appetite."
"For goodness' sake!" exclaimed his wife, "what do you want with an appetite? It would only give you more dyspepsia."—Philadelphia Press.

Representative Wiley of New Jersey, said to be the only civil engineer in congress, is proud of a lineage extending back to the first postmaster general of the United States—Samuel Osgood, who was a citizen of Massachusetts.

Cavities in bones are filled by Professor Moseley of Vienna as satisfactorily as teeth are filled by an ordinary dentist. He makes use of a mixture of iodoform, oil of sesame and spermaceti melted together.

Andrew Miller, of Pennsylvania lost his eyes in a premature explosion of powder at the Valley mines.

The dead body of an unknown young man was found in a corn field near Hickory, Washington county. There is no clue to his identity.
The large store and residence building of William Kite, on Second street, West Newton, was destroyed by an explosion of natural gas.
Luther Zinck, of York, a house painter in modest circumstances, was apprised that by the death of an uncle, Conrad Zinck, a Berks county farmer, he is to share with another brother in an estate of \$80,000.
J. A. Gelbach, of Ellwood City, has been appointed by Judge Wallace as receiver for Clark Bros., glass manufacturers. The petition was filed by the cashier of the First National bank, of Ellwood City.
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