Black Adventure.

WHALING FROM SHORE.

THE first island of the Azorean group approached from the westward is Flores—the island of flowers. Only in fair weather can a vessel anchor off the island, as there is no harbor. The shore is a precipitous cliff, with fifty fathoms of dark blue water laving the basaltic sea walls. But approaching the little stone quay over which the forcible Atlantic waves wash with destructive fury in stormy weather is seen a narrow passage between walls of black lava and scoriae, rising from which are columns of basalt. This little channel leads to a basin about an acre in extent.

Long before the anchor has been dropped, the voyager has noticed a little shed perched high on a commanding point of the island. The glass shows a patient watcher sitting there, spyglass in hand, from sunrise to sunset. Between the basin far below and the lonely watchman alert on the hill there is a vital connection. The man with the spyglass is looking for whales, and though months may pass without his seeing "a blow," the vigil is never relaxed.

On the beach of the basin are boats, each fitted with the latest instruments for killing whales. There are lines nicely coiled in the tubs, brightened harpoons—both for hand and for use in the guns. Everything necessary is in readiness for a quick and successful chase.

There is a regular crew under command of an old whaler, and but a short time elapses from the moment the watcher on the hill gives the signal that a whale is in sight to the departure of the boats. The men get a certain percentage of the value of the catch. It needs all the pluck, knowledge and daring ever belong to whaling, and many a boat has gone out never to return. A fighting bull whale, or an angry cow whale protecting her calf, is the same whether met in Bering Sea or off the western islands.

Why all this slaughter in these days when petroleum has almost driven whale oil out of the market? It is to give my fair lady delicate perfumes. The ambergris found in the intestinal tract of the whale now causes the pursuit of the cetacean.

In the older times the whales were brought alongside the whaling vessel, and there, by the means of sharp spades, the blubber was cut into squares and hoisted aboard to be dried out. The head was cut open and the spermacetti hoisted out in buckets, while the whalebone was extracted from the throat. After this was done the carcass was cut adrift, often carrying with it thousands of dollars worth of ambergris. The demand for ambergris at that period was limited, and it was the prevailing idea that ambergris was a morbid product vomited by the whale.

Up to a few years ago all the ambergris that came into the hands of manufacturers of perfumes was picked up on the sea, generally in the neighborhood of the West Indies and along the edges of the Gulf Stream up to latitude thirty-nine degrees. It was found floating in cakes weighing over 100 pounds. In color it is not unlike striped marble, with blackish spots here and there.

At present ambergris is worth in the London market about $12.50 a pound. The carcass of a whale on the beach at Fayal not long ago yielded $30,000 worth, so one can readily understand the vigilance of the watcher on the hill.—New York Sun.

EXPERIENCE WITH A LION.

Lions, it seems, take to man-eating only as a means of self-defense, or when they become too old to be a match for the wild prey, the flavor of which they so much prefer. Old hunters declare that they never knew a lion to really "stalk" a man; that, as a rule, they rather "turn up their noses" at civilized flesh, and are more or less easily diverted from the scent. In "Days and Nights by the Desert" Parker Gilmore tells of a trick he once played on one of these animals.

"I was hunting ostriches," he says. "At a bend in the ravine the bird disappeared, and I was about to follow it, when, by the merest chance, I looked behind me, and to my surprise and horror saw that a large lion was not over seventy yards behind me, and evidently stalking me as carefully as I had been stalking the bird.

"If I could have gained a tree I should certainly have climbed it in a hurry; but no tree was near. To make a run for it would have brought the lion upon me at once. I kept steadily along the edge of the ravine till I came to a place that promised shelter; it was a drop of four feet to a ledge about thirty inches wide, and afterward a perpendicular descent of fifty to sixty feet, terminating in a quantity of broken bowlders and jagged stones.

"With as little appearance of alarm as I could assume I sat down upon the edge of the precipice, ever and anon taking a careful glance behind to see where my foe was. About twenty yards behind me were a few ragged bushes. Behind these the lion had taken shelter, and was keeping a careful survey upon my every movement. Darkness was rapidly coming on when I slipped from my seat and dropped down to the ledge. Instantly I slipped off my coat and hung it on the muzzle of my musket, and shoved it up over the upper ledge where I had so lately been sitting.

"Scarcely was this done when my coat was torn away and my gun hurled to the bottom of the gully. But they did not go alone. No, my assailant was with them, and there he remained all night, grumbling over his disappointment at not having me for supper.

"A colder night I never passed, but I had to make the best of it. In the morning I found my assailant had smashed his foreleg in his fall. The musket was not much injured, and I soon ended his suffering."

MOUNTAIN GOATS.

From a point nearly 7000 feet below an observer with a good glass occasionally may make out against the rock shelf a something which looks not unlike a white rabbit sitting upon its haunches. In reality it is an ancient Billy, roughly speaking, as big as two fine rams and bearded like a prophet. His shaggy white coat knows neither spot nor curl, his daggerlike horns are ebon black and his topaz eyes have in them that cold, inscrutable expression, something of which we see in the eyes of an eagle and a snake. They are marvels, these thought-concealing yellow eyes. Perchance they kindle a more baleful light when love's lamp flares and a snowy robed rival is stamping and snorting only ten yards away. It may be they soften when a limber legged kid caroms against the paternal ribs or rams his over sized head through the paternal whisker. But these things I doubt, for the topaz itself is not colder or more unchanging than the windows of the soul of a husky mountain Billy. Because he knows, or thinks he knows, that no enemy will come down upon him, all his precautions are directed against possibilities from below. I fancy, too, that he trusts almost entirely to his eyes, that his nose lacks that wonderful keenness characteristic of the deer tribe and that his ears play little part in the protective game. This latter is mainly surmise, based upon the fact that the worst noise a still hunter would be apt to make would be the rattle of a displaced stone, which is a thing the goats often hear and doubtless thoroughly understand. When one's object of pursuit is an animal which dwells far up the mountains, which keeps a pretty close watch upon all visible lower territory, but seldom bothers his head about that which may be going on above and behind, one's wisest plan of campaign, naturally, is a flanking movement, followed by an attack from above.—Illustrated Sporting News.

WOMEN SHOOT A LARGE BEAR.

Mrs. E. H. Irish, Miss Willie Moore and Miss Minnie Bloyd, women, of Christine, Mendocino County, Cal., have suddenly become heroines in the region by killing a large bear. Bears have been making inroads on the flocks near Christine for some time, and a log trap was set for the beasts. While out walking one recent afternoon, Mrs. Irish carried a rifle. She and her companions strolled near the trap and found bruin a captive. The animal had eaten through the end of the trap and had got his head and shoulders out. Fearing that the bear would gain his liberty before masculine aid could be summoned, the women determined to slay the beast. Mrs. Irish fired several shots, but owing to the small calibre of the rifle failed to kill him. The beast desperately charged the side of the trap, but the women obtained a large pole and inserted it between the logs to keep the bear in the strong end of the trap. Mrs. Irish then fired four more bullets at the beast. None found a vital spot, but all served to enrage it. While two of the women engaged the bear's attention, Mrs. Irish awaited a favorable opportunity and sent a bullet into the animal's heart. The bear weighed 300 pounds dressed. The skin is being tanned to make a rug for the home of Mrs. Irish.

LOST IN THE DESERT.

Lost on the Nevada desert, almost perishing from thirst, Mrs. Emily Simpson and her five little children wandered without water for two days, and were finally saved from death by the instinct of their mules. Mrs. Simpson, who lived in Salt Lake City, Utah, started with her children to drive to San Bernardino, Cal, with a wagon and two mules. The youngest child is less than two years old, the eldest a boy of twelve. With only water enough for two days, they started from Las Vegas to cross the Nevada desert. On the third day the last drop of water was exhausted and the baby was sick with fever. Near where they camped that night four bodies were found. They had been buried, but had been dug up by the coyotes. Until late the following day the woman and her children, two of whom were now ill, suffered the most horrible tortures from thirst. As they were passing some low hills the mules broke away and trotted out of sight. Mrs. Simpson followed and found the animals up to their backs in the waters of Cottonwood River, which had been concealed by the hills. A stop of several hours was made at the river and the party pushed on to a ranch on the California side of the desert, where they were cared for two days before they were sufficiently recovered to proceed.

KILLS EAGLE WITH PITCHFORK.

At Cold Springs, Ind., Miss Lena Demann and Mrs. Viola Wikening captured an eagle after a fierce fight.

Armed with pitchforks they attacked the eagle in a fence corner, where it was devouring a large turkey. The eagle got its talons fast in Miss Demann's clothing, and being unable to extricate itself, Mrs. Wickening plunged the fork into the eagle and killed it. The bird measured six feet six inches from tip to tip.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE BY THE REV. C. L. PALMER.

Subject: "Why the Righteous Suffer and the Ungodly Prosper"—God Permits Afflictions to Come Upon His People as a Character Test.

KINGSTON, N. Y.—In the Reformed Church of the Comforter on Sunday morning the Rev. C. L. Palmer preached a scholarly discourse entitled "Why the Righteous Suffer and the Ungodly Prosper." He took his text from Psalm 73: 3: "For I was envious at the arrogant, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked."

The Seventy-third Psalm was probably composed by Asaph, who was a pious Jew, and one of the leaders of the temple chorus. The phraseology and contents indicate that he was intelligent and spiritual, and that in the course of his religious experience was exposed to the ravages of doubt. However, upon mature deliberation all doubt was overcome, and he became strong in the faith.

The particular problem that confused him was why the righteous suffer and the ungodly prosper. Why the most vicious criminal should enjoy material prosperity and consecrated disciples be subjected to suffering. If God is perfectly righteous in Himself, and supremely just in all His dealings with men, why does He allow the ungodly to succeed and the believer to fail? Why does He not obliterate every sinner and preserve every saint? Why does He permit the godly to pass through so many deep and raging seas of affliction? Why are many of the Christless so free from human misery? These are questions which have been fresh in the mind of every generation, and the only satisfactory answer is the one that sufficed the psalmist.

Before undertaking to develop so important a subject it is necessary that we divest our minds of one possible misconception. The implication of the text is not that all the wicked prosper, and that all the righteous are afflicted. It is not that all the ungodly prosper because they are ungodly, or that all believers are afflicted because they are believers. It is not true that all the worldly enjoy success, and all the righteous are discontented, unhappy and unsuccessful. The psalmist was in a pessimistic mood at the time of writing, and describes a condition from which he was eventually extricated. It is true that some godless men and women seem to be happy and prosperous, and that some devoted disciples are greatly afflicted. But it is far from the natural deduction of Scripture and experience that all the godly are unsuccessful and the wicked prosperous, though we do acknowledge that the ancient sentiment of the text is not without its modern application. We still wonder why the unrighteous prosper and the godly are afflicted.

I. WHY THE UNGODLY ENJOY TEMPORAL PROSPERITY.

We cannot deny that many worldly people have an abundance of life's blessings, and that they appear to be quite free from adversity. It is well known that many of our most wealthy people seem to be indifferent to religion. They spend their time and means either in business or seeking pleasure. Our contention is that human success or failure is not an infallible criterion by which we are to justify or condemn the government of God.

It is not uncommon for godless people to inherit property. Nor is it unusual for unbelieving parents to leave an inheritance to their children. That while there has been utter indifference to Christianity there has been no want of concern in the accumulation of wealth. And many possess a disinterested temperament that protects them from needless care and anxiety.

Unbelievers are often more shrewd than Christians. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." A life of utter absorption in the accumulation and management of money develops an acumen, one who readily discovers whatever will contribute to his personal and temporal advancement. And since we are free moral agents it is possible for one to succeed in the direction of his ambition.

Unbelievers are often less scrupulous. They will do many things for temporal comfort that others will not. A godless mortal will keep a saloon or a gambling den, from which the profits are very large. He will desecrate the Sabbath or violate any of the divine laws without hesitation so long as his personal interest is encouraged. His motto is "eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Would a reborn soul and heir of the kingdom do the same? A true disciple of the Great Teacher would not consciously transgress any civil or religious requirement, even if by such a violation he would increase his means and comfort.

The attention of unbelievers is more concentrated on the accumulation of wealth and on personal comfort. It is about all many think of. They think about money when they retire. They dream about it at night. It is upon their minds when they awake in the morning, and they labor for it during the day. It is the only desire they have, and it is not strange that they should obtain it.

Christians are unwilling to deprive themselves of the comfort and blessing of giving. Our churches are supported by the professed followers of Christ. All the philanthropic and charitable organizations are largely sustained by those who bear the Christian name. The church has great reason to thank God for those who give so liberally toward her support, while the world is either hoarding or wasting its means, they are applying their gifts to the social, intellectual, moral and eternal improvement of others.

The long suffering of God is not to be ignored. God permits ungodly people to obtain the desire of their hearts. The sneering jest of Dionysius, the younger, a tyrant of Sicily, when, after having robbed the Temple of Syracuse, he had a prosperous voyage with the plunder is well known. See you not, said he, to those who were with him, how the gods favor the sacrilegious? The interpretation of the incident was from the standpoint of a heathen. God simply permitted him to escape.

Doubtless the ungodly are allowed to prosper, in order to test and prove the righteous. It is a test for the faithful but unfortunate to see some godless mortal carried on the sea of prosperity. But it is a test that we are abundantly able to sustain. Socrates, being asked what would be vexatious to good men, replied, the prosperity of the bad. What would vex the bad? the prosperity of the good. It is not and cannot be made to appear incompatible with the perfection of God's government that the ungodly should have a measure of material prosperity.

II. WHY THE RIGHTEOUS HAVE ADVERSITY

Having admitted that the ungodly often enjoy temporal prosperity, it remains to acknowledge that the righteous are frequently subjected to the greatest suffering of body and mind, and if possible to ascertain the cause. Not all are greatly affected, though it is very likely that every heart sustains some burden.

Even our limited knowledge of the Scriptures and imperfect religious experiences enable us to understand why believers are often afflicted. It seems as if some were destined to be unfortunate. Everything they undertake fails, and the harder they labor the more they are disappointed. We utterly repudiate the doctrine of fate, but find ourselves confronted with the fact that some seem to be creatures of misfortune.

Many of life's adversities are brought upon ourselves. We may accuse others or even God, but in our inner consciousness find ourselves confronted with the conviction that we have been the cause of our own suffering. A man who attempted to steal wheat from an elevator brought down an avalanche of the staff of life which smothered him to death. He had trangressed the law and brought upon himself destruction.

Some of life's adversities are brought upon us by others. The social fabric is so closely woven that even one thread cannot be broken without weakening the whole. So we suffer for the deeds of others. A bank official abscounds with the funds of the institution and many lose all they possess. One partner defrauds another and throws him into bankruptcy. The President is assassinated, his family broken-hearted and the nation and world in mourning. An intoxicated father destroys the life of his child and the family never recover from the shock.

Unquestionably God permits afflictions to come upon His people. Adversity is required as well as prosperity. If it were not for the former we should become indifferent to the latter, and forget the source from which all blessings come. Prosperity is a more severe and refined test of character than adversity, as one hour of summer sunshine produces greater corruption than the longest winter's day. India with her famine is more to be envied than ancient Rome with her fatal apoplexy of wealth. Better grace with scarcity than plenty without saving salt.

We believe that God sometimes sends affliction to bring His children back to Himself. He takes away the idol of some heart that He may be the only object of adoration. He sweeps away houses and lands to teach His people that they are dependent on Him. One has excruciating pain to teach him the frality of the body and the certainty of its ultimate dissolution. Spurgeon used to say that many are like boys' tops, they only spin when they are whipped.

There is a famous fairy tale in Bradwardine that will convey to our minds the interpretation that we ought to apply to the sublime doctrine of providence. A certain hermit resolved that he would travel from place to place until he found some one who could offer a satisfactory explanation of the government of God. As he was passing along on his contemplated journey an angel in the form of a man joined him. The first night they lodged at the house of a very holy man, and they spent their time in praising God and conversing upon divine things. In the morning when they departed the angel took with him a cup of solid gold. The second night they came to the home of another religious man by whom they were most hospitably entertained. In the home they had an infant upon whom their affection centered. When they left the next morning the angel destroyed the life of the child. The third night they were entertained in a home of great wealth. When they left the following morning the angel killed the favorite steward. The last night was at the home of a godless man, to whom he gave the cup of gold as the angel left. After the fourth night the hermit asked the angel to explain why he had taken the cup and given it to another, why he had taken two lives. He replied, I will now explain. The first man was being ruined by his cup, so I took it away. The second home was more concerned in regard to the child than in the service of God. The steward was slain to preserve the life of his master whom he was plotting to destroy. The golden cup was given to the ungodly man because his only comfort was to be had here. Or in other and inspired words: "All things work together for good."

All ostensible prosperity is not true prosperity. The prosperity of the world is greatly overestimated. Some godless men succeed in certain particulars, but they have not that which is worth more than the treasures of Egypt. They are poor spiritually. They cannot purchase at the market the one great need of the soul.

The adversity of the righteous is also overestimated. They do suffer, they expect to suffer and are willing to suffer if such suffering will contribute toward justification. But it is better to be in moderate circumstances and be in the kingdom, than to roll in wealth and be outside of it. It is better to be in the kingdom with pain than out of it without.

There is only one just conclusion. It is that the government of God is perfectly just and that we are safe in its keeping. A child once said, I know that the criminal will obtain justice because my father is the judge. We know that we shall have prosperity and adversity. We know that we shall have justice because our heavenly Father is the Judge.

Peril of the Tongue.

"Not that which entereth into the mouth defileth the man; but that which proceedeth out of the mouth, this defileth the man." It makes a vital and an eternal difference to us how we express ourselves. A man is in greater danger of self-destruction by speaking than by eating. Formerly many French words were in common use by the Germans, but now the Emperor's influence is toward the substitution of German terms for the French—the idea being that, as the people speak, so they will become. This is supposed to beget a higher and more solid patriotic or national spirit—as, other things being equal, it must. Statesmen perceive this truth in the bottom principle enunciated by Jesus, and thus apply it. But in our individual lives we often forget to act on it. It harms us to think evil; it harms us even more to say what we think. It is for this reason that silence is so often golden. But it is also on the same general principle that it is worth while to speak a pleasant word—if we can do no more.—Sunday-School Times.

How to Get Warm.

Warmth is a sign of life. That it is also a very desirable part of our comfort is realized by many a one who reluctantly leaves a warm bed, and shiveringly meets the winter's cold, indoors or out, these winter mornings. If there is an open fire or a heater near by, it is a great temptation to try to get warm by taking in all the heat we can get from such a source. But some have learned a better way. They shun heat from other sources and make it for themselves. By brisk exercise of their own bodies, by the healthy shock of a cold sponge, by an energetic walk before taking the car, they make and give out warmth, and the cold demon is routed. And this is the better way in all spheres. Created warmth is better than borrowed warmth. Your own smile of greeting to another will bring more warmth into your life than you can get by depending on another's. Your own loving word, your own unselfish act, brisk and unhesitating, with perhaps its healthy shock as of a cold sponge, will set your spiritual circulation to tingling in a way that will warm you to the core. Try it some cold day.

A Lovable Quality.

People would try harder for trustworthiness if they knew how lovable a quality it is. When you know you can rely upon any one, that whatever they undertake to do will be done, that you can really pass over a share of your load to them, you cannot help liking them. On the other hand, it does not matter how amiable men be if they are forgetful, if they are unpunctual, if they habitually neglect, they become sources of such annoyance that one's liking is apt to die out.—W. R. Nicoll.

Censure and Criticism.

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character, and, if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure and trouble.—Gladstone.

IN SPAIN

Safest Country in the World For Women to Travel In.

"There is no country under the sun where you can travel with such perfect safety as in Spain," said Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson, at the Tuileries yesterday morning. "I have been all over that country, and found the Spaniards such men of honor and chivalry as to make constant travel within their domain a pleasure and impossible of danger."

Mrs. Woolson was speaking of Toledo and Madrid, with its famous Gothic churches and works of art. The Cathedral of Toledo, she urged, was a veritable storehouse of art treasures and souvenirs of Spanish history, and to be familiar with its interior is a liberal Spanish education in itself. Even the chairs of the cathedral, carved in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, each contains a story in its workmanship.

In Spain the Government spends hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to preserve its Gothic structures and works of art, whereas in other countries little is done in that direction. There is in Spain no expenditures too lavish for the preservation of these historic relics of past grandeur.

One wishes when in Toledo, said the speaker, to be immortal and live for eternity, so as to be able to learn all the marvelous art and history and beauty that are bound up in its walls. The heart of Spain, however, is in Madrid, and every Spaniard contributes to the glory of that interesting city.

Mrs. Woolson's enthusiasm ran high, and her well known admiration gave expression in her words: "I challenge the world to produce a more interesting city than Madrid, when you know it." To those who just slip in and out of that city, she said, little interest manifests itself, but to the student of history no more educational centre exists.—Boston Herald.

Japan's Children.

There are no unkind parents in Japan, and practically no naughty little girls and boys at all. Of course, boys will be boys and girls will be girls even in Japan, as Baron Hayashi, the Japanese Minister, smilingly admitted when speaking on the subject.

"But we have," he said, "an unwritten system of training children which makes our homes happy. As soon as a child can be reasoned with he is taught to understand that the love and care his parents give him must be met with love and respect. In fact, the love of grown-ups for children and the respect of children for grown-ups are two ideals of our national life.

"But then, Japanese parents are proverbially devoted. Many are the tales of their devotion. There is one as well known in our country as that about George Washington in America.

"It records that a Japanese little girl, smelling a savory odor coming from a wealthy neighbor's house, asked what it meant. Her mother answered that the neighbors were cooking a chicken for their children's dinner. Thereupon, the child begged for a chicken, too. 'Alas!' said the mother, 'we are too poor.'

"When dada came home the child asked him with tears why they were too poor to afford chicken. Without a word the father collected some of the household things, pawned them, and returned with the desired chicken."—London Daily Mail.

An Odd Bequest.

The lucky legatee was Thomas Joyce, a gentleman in comfortable circumstances, though by no means wealthy, who was in business in the West of England as a wool merchant, says Tit-Bits. Desiring a caretaker for his city office, he placed an advertisement in a Liverpool paper, which was replied to by a young fellow named Philip Jackson.

On being interrogated as to why he left his last place, Jackson explained that he had stolen some money belonging to his employer, for which he had served a year's imprisonment, and that, though he had been out three months, he had utterly failed to obtain another position.

Mr. Joyce, being somewhat struck by the frankness of the man, decided to give him a chance, and he was installed as caretaker. At the end of three months he had made himself so useful and trustworthy that his master increased his wages. For two years he remained in Mr. Joyce's service, until, the gold fever breaking out in Australia, he decided to try his fortune at the diggings. He never returned to England, but in 1898 Mr. Joyce received a notice from a firm of Melbourne solicitors that Jackson had recently died, leaving a fortune of $700,000, which he bequeathed unreservedly to his old master.

Not in the List of States.

Delegate Rody, of New Mexico, was on the Senate side of the Capitol, bemoaning the lack of information which the average individual in the States displays about that teeming Territory in the far Southwest.

"Why," said he, "I was up in Vermont not long ago, where I used to live when a boy. Some one asked me if the money they used in Vermont was good down in New Mexico. Just think of it!

"But that isn't any worse than the experience one of our wealthy New Mexico merchants had not long ago in New York City. He entered a big wholesale house to buy $28,000 worth of goods. It was his first dealings with that particular house, and he was a stranger.

"'Where did you say you were from?' inquired the obliging clerk.

"'New Mexico.'

"'Export department, second floor, said the clerk. 'Take the elevator over there.'"—Washington Letter to the New York Tribune.

KEYSTONE STATE GULLINGS

SURVEYING RAILWAY ROUTE.

Engineers at Work Along West Side of Allegheny River.

Engineers, presumably working for the Shawmut & Northern Railroad Company, are running a line down the west side of the Allegheny river to a point connecting with the Bessemer road above Hulton. The survey comes down Mahoning creek to within half a mile of the mouth, tunnels to Templeton, nine miles north of Kittanning; crosses the Buffalo & Allegheny division of the Pennsylvania and the Allegheny river at Ore Hill, and keeps the west side of the river to where it connects with the Bessemer and will reach Pittsburg over the latter road. The preliminary survey was made in 1903 and the engineers are now straightening the grades and curves. This will give Kittanning a competing line.

Phillips Johnson, colored, 25 years old and single, was shot in a shanty at Ellsworth by Nelson Phefer, also colored, who made his escape. The men were employed by W. F. Patterson, who is sinking a new air shaft for the Ellsworth mines. Johnson and Leroy Phefer are said to have had a dispute about a dollar which Johnson alleged Phefer owed him, when Nelson Phefer, a brother of Leroy, interfered and shot Johnson three times, twice in the breast and once in the left arm. Johnson ran to the farm house nearby, where he was cared for during the night. The only physician in Ellsworth was unable to render medical attention because of his own illness and Johnson died this morning without receiving medical attention.

Two men were killed by falling from a scaffold from the Duquesne steel works yesterday afternoon. Gustav S. Lux, aged 23, of Pearl street, McKeesport, was crushed to death instantly; Joseph Kane, aged 22, of McKeesport, died at the McKeesport hospital two hours later. The men were boilermakers and were working about a stack, some 20 feet from the ground.

Louis Hippo, George Farmington, Charles Denny and Clarence Skelly, of Altoona, whose ages range from 15 to 18 years, confessed to having banded themselves together to commit systematic robberies and to loot lofts and coops of chickens and pigeons. Officers found valuable plunder in the homes of the accused.

As a result of the discovery that $82,000 worth of Washington borough bonds have been declared invalid, it is probable that the big demonstration planned for next Fourth of July in connection with the dedication of the new city park will have to be called off.

Sherman Flanigan, 28 years old, died at the Altoona hospital. He was found recently wandering around with both feet frozen. To save his life they were amputated, but he was unable to stand the shock. He is said to be a member of a wealthy Virginia family.

Rev. J. W. Plannette, of Linesville, has been appointed a clerk in the Department of Internal Affairs at Harrisburg. Mr. Plannette was chaplain of the Two Hundred and Eleventh Pennsylvania regiment in the Civil war. He is a retired Baptist clergyman.

Carp by the thousand were ground to death in the breaking up of the big ice gorge on the Susquehanna river, and since the receding of the waters the dead fish are strewn in the mud and ice which has been left upon the shores.

Adolph Herskovitz, charged with false pretense while acting as agent for the transfer of lands in the old country, was acquitted by a Fayette county jury, at Uniontown. Part of the costs were placed on him.

Rev. R. P. Daubenspeck, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Apollo, announced to his congregation that he has decided not to accept the call of the First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville, O.

Joseph S. Martin, 28 years old, was drowned in a lake in a Colorado game preserve. He was a son of Contractor Thomas F. Martin, of Altoona, and graduated from St. Vincent's college in 1892.

A suit over a horse deal in Washington county, which lasted six days, resulted in the jury awarding the plaintiff $10. The horse was alleged to be unsound.

Rev. Watson M. Hayes, for 20 years a missionary of the Presbyterian church in China, has returned to his home at New Wilmington on a furlough.

A gas explosion wrecked the second story of K. Frozley's store at Uniontown. Small damage resulted from a fire that followed the explosion.

Fred Kahle, aged 23, son of D. P. Kahle, a well-known producer of Linesville, fell from a haymow. Doctors say he cannot recover.

The Connellsville Board of Trade appointed a committee to confer with the Fischer Foundry Company of Pittsburg relative to its removal to Connellsville.

Thomas Hendry, the Baltimore & Ohio brakeman accused of wrecking the Pittsburg & Lake Erie express last January, was acquitted at New Castle.

A company has been organized in Monessen and capitalized at $50,000 to build a theater. It includes Mayor A. N. Shuster and Councilman William S. Bumbaugh.

At Coal Center Thomas J. Lilley, an aged resident, was struck by a freight train and fatally injured.

The annual spring meeting of the Northern conference of the Pittsburg synod of the Lutheran church will convene at New Castle, April 19-20.

A lump of coal has been sent from the mines near Freeport, to the World's fair at St. Louis. The lump weighed 2,600 pounds.

Rev. W. H. Auman, of White Haven, has accepted a call to become rector of St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal church at Clearfield.

John Sturbo, a Slav, was instantly killed near Webster by a train on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railroad. He was employed at the Ella mines.