Seek'st thou the plashy brink

Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a P.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given.
And shall not soon depart.

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast.—
The desert and illimitable air.—
The desert and illimitable air.—

The desert and illimitable air.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near. Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do the wrong,
As, darkly painted in the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home,
and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds
shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

He was surprised to find that the hunted "Fire-pox" had not left the canyon at the Mutton Trail crossing. At least the tracks of Muldoon's pony continued beyond, and that was enough. It was the fourth midday; Ditsey saw a black moving clot on the river bank 200 yards shead. The burros jerked up often as the blotch was neared and sniffed the sudden oppressions of the air. The man strained forward, chilled, yet sweating. A vulture arose with a roar that shocked the canyon—then others! Ditsey's understanding was all but complete. derstanding was all but complete. Which had fallen—the sheriff or his

Ditsey passed by, brushing the far wall of the canyon, choked by the hot blasts of tainted air. A boot pro-truded. The sole was broad and flat in no way akin to the sheriff's. Frek Muldoon was likely spending his re-ward by this time back in Campinas. Evidently "Fire-pox" had squirmed. Back in Palo Pinto at length, Dit-

sey Forncrook told a tale that touche upon the finish of "Fire-pox" and turned half the town up the canyon for claims.—New York Evening Post.

well nigh extinct, says London Mod-ern Society. Ten or 12 of these gigan-tic whales yet roam the Arctic seas, and when these are killed there are one to take their place. There are other species of whales that yield baleen, or whalebone, but it is coarse and small, and in no way to be compared to the great shining plates, eight or ten feet long, which are taken from the mouth of the Greenland whale. The cachelot, or sperm whale, is hunt-ed for its oil and its spermaceti; it possesses no baleen, having instead a row of stout white teeth yielding ex-

umbrella trade and in corset man nfacture, but whalebone holds its own in the best dressmaking establish-ments. There are mechanical brush-es, too, which must be made of whalethe coasts of Britain to the queen con

Forty-five only of the crew of the liner Kaiser William II, are ordinary sailors, the remaining, 555 being

been elected.

The board of directors have decided to establish a training school for nurses at the Uniontown Hospital.—
The application for a new trial for Mrs. Kate Soffel and her manager, Louis Lesser, will come up Thursday.
The town of Kittanning is somewhat stirred up over the finding of a bottle in the river at Wheeling, reported to contain a letter written by Mildred Hawk, of Kittanning. No person of that name is known there.

Person Danner, who is in Lima, Person Danner, who is in Li Percy Donner, who is in Lima, Peru, in the interests of a Pittsburg improvement company, in a letter states that he has been held up for a week by earthquakes which have stopped transit between Lima and Bolivia.

On the German Emperor's birthda;

Penobscot county claims the oldes horse in Maine, if not in the country His name is Tommy Fostlett. He is forty-two years old, and there is no

Martin Conroy, 30 years old, was silled by a fall of slate in a mine near rwin, Pa. He leaves a wife and two pastor of the Second United Presby-terian church at New Castle, has ac-cepted a call from the North Side United Presbyterian church at Dan-

> The Northumberland county Democratic convention, nominated G. C. Stahl, of Milton, and William O'Connor, of Shamokin, as candidates for the state house of representatives. The case of the Commonwealth against Milovar Kovovick, which has been appealed to the Supreme Court, will be argued at Philadelphia, Monday, April 18.

een elected.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

CRYTZER EXONERATED.

Coroner's Jury Finds That He did Not

Maliciously Give His Friend Poison for Whisky.

As the result of drinking poison.

given him as a practical joke by a friend who was not aware of the na-ture of the fluid, John N. Henry, a well-known citizen of Kittanning, died

ber of union and non-union men.

chatka Peninsula.

All through the northwestern portion of the peninsula of Kamchatka there are villages of houses shaped like huge hour-glasses. Mr. W. B. Vanderlip, in his book, "In Search of a Siberian Klondike," describes his first view of these peculiar structures.

As we drew near the village came swarming out with a pack of mongrel curs at their heels; and over the edge

swarming out with a pack of mongrei curs at their heels; and over the edge of each hour-glass house appeared the heads of the women and children, all eager to get a glimpse of such a novel sight as a foreign face.

As I tumbled out of my sledge, I was surrounded by the filthiest lot of

natives I had yet seen. The people were kind and pleasant, and seemed bent on shaking hands with me. I was pressed on all sides with invitations to enter one and another of the

the largest of the huts. In order to enter we had to go up a ladder to the height of ten feet or more. This ladder was a log of driftwood, split down the centre, and provided with little holes in which to put the toes. The patience have yeary small feet and I.

holes in which to put the toes. The natives have very small feet, and I found the holes in the ladder too small to insert my toes, but I managed to scramble to the top.

I was now standing on the edge of an inverted octagonal cone, made of logs lashed together. The inside or crater of the affair, which was about 18 feet across, sloped down at an angle of about fifteen degrees to the center of the standard of th gle of about fifteen degrees to the cen-tre, where there was a hole leading tre, where there was a hole leading down to the interior of the house. The hole also sufficed for a chimney, and to enter the house one had to go down a ladder through the smoke. Santa Claus is said to come from the north, and it might well be among this people that he originated, for here everybody enters his house by way of the

through the smoke. The hole was two feet wide and three feet long. I found myself in a semi-subterranean apart ment, 30 feet in diameter and 15 feet high. As we stood on the floor, our heads were about level with the gen

expect the worst in the matter of ven-tilation, and I was surprised to find that it was exceptionally good. An air shaft is so arranged that it enters the room near the floor on one side. The draft, made by the heat of the fire rising through the smoke hole, cause

pany.

After being closed down since last December the 225 ovens of the H. C. Frick company's plant at Dorothy, a half-mile west of Latrobe, will be fired up this next week. The resumption is due to an improvement in the coke trade. The plant has been shipping coal since January, but beginning next week nothing but coke will be shipped.

Mark Kelly a laborer of Robbins What Mile Posts Are For.

& Eastern as they flew past one of the white painted posts.

"So far as the general public is concerned," replied the superintendent, "

time the speed of trains by the mile posts. But that is not what the posts

"If an accident occurs, a rail breaks a car lets down, or anything out of the ordinary happens between stations, the superintendent is notified of the proximity of the mishap to some particular mile post and can be located and men are sent there Otherwise they would slowly between stations until the spo was found, and this means a loss of

A Salvini Incident.

The late Alexander Salvini was once playing Hamlet in a small Wis-consin town. The theatre was the crudest of structures, and the stage had been contrived for the occasio by the simple device of elevating a platform on four posts. When the gravedigging scene was reached a draft of cold air blew up through the aperture in the stage, and not only caused the gravediggers' teeth to chatter, but played freaks with their

Salvini, entering with Horatio

Grain Corners and Joseph's Dream.

expert, explaining Joseph's famous orecast of the famine in Egypt by the theory that he somehow, while in prison, got on to the fact that the King of Upper Egypt was about to get possession of Hanar, a forified island at the head of the dike 'y which the reservoir of Lake Moeris was controlled. Lower Egypt was dependent upon the waters of Lake Moeris for irrigation and it was easy to see that rigation, and it was easy to see that if the rival King at Thebes got Hanar crops would be bad in Northern Egypt, which—was then ruled by the invading Hyksos. Joseph's advice to the Hyksos King—based, perhaps, on inside information from Theban prisoners incarrented with him—was to the effect

Argasos. Joseph's advice to the Hykesos King—based, perhaps, on inside information from Theban prisoners incarcenated with him—was to the effect that the immense fleet being constructed by the Thebans might capture Hanar, in which case it would be politic to have accumulated supplies of grain to tide over the coming period of scarcity. The King saw the force of Joseph's businesslike suggestion and gave him charge of the entire enterprise of acquiring and warehousing the crops.

Joseph's predictions was verified by the event, according to Sir William. Hanar was taken by the Thebans, a protracted famine ensued and the King's corner in grain was a great success, as the people had to pay any price the Phanaoh demanded. But after a time the Hyksos King recaptured control of Lake Moeris, where upon the land, which had long remained fallow, was again irrigated and produced enormous crops. Such is the explanation given by the British savant of Joseph's wonderful dream and promotion. It is not explained, however, how Joseph knew just how many years the famine would last. If the story is correct, the first corner in grain will have to be dated back some thousands of years.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervous-ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottleand treatisefree Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 981 Arch St., Phila., Pa

Respect always a silent woman. Great s the wisdom of the woman that holdeth

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, soften the gums, reduces inflamma-tion allays pain, cureswind colic. 2cc. abottle Happy is the girl who thinks her father is the best man on earth.

Old Sofas, Backs of Chairs, etc., can be dyed with PUTNAU FADELESS DYES.

Many a girl shatters her ideal when she

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F.Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900. A woman desirous of being seen by men is not trustworthy. Fear her glance.

"An idealist," says the Manyunk Philosopher, "is an unmarried man who thinks all the women are angels."

Germany possesses the only known workable deposit of potash minerals in the world, and they have been for many years in a trust. More than half the output comes to America to be combined with Florida phosphate for

Lighting and Water.

It is practically impossible to cause an electric spark of high electromotive force to leap from one surface of a liquid to another. For this reason it is rare that lightning strikes the surface

of water.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J.
Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING KNAWA, T. M.

ledo, 0,
MALDINO, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale
Druggists, Toledo, 0.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free,
Price, 75c, per bottle. Sold by all Druggists,
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

Has Right to Pray for Japan. At least one man in Missouri piously prays that victory may perch on the banner of the Jap in the war now being waged. This is Colonel John Sobieski, of Richmond, lineal heir of King John Sobieski, of Poland.

Costly Sets of Dickens'.

At a cost of \$130,000 a set, ten sets of the works of Charles Dickens, in 130 volumes, are being printed by a ocal publishing house. When com local publishing house. When completed about eight years from now, they will be sent to J. Pierpont Morgan, the Duke of Westminster, and eight other men of wealth. The books will be printed on rare parchment, such as is said not to have been used for 400 years, and will be liluminated by French and Italian artists.—N. Y. Times.

Properties of Asbestos

The terrible disaster in the Troquois Theatre at Chicago has attracted uni versal attention to the singular substance, asbestos, which can be carded wool and formed into fire-proof cloth or paper. Asbestos belongs to the hornblende type of like between the vegetable and animal kingdoms. It is, says Mr. A. F. Collins, at once fibrous and crystalline, elastic and brittle heavy as rock in the crude state, yet light as thistle-down when mechanically treated. The best asbestos for the manufacture of fire-proof cloth comes from lower Canada. It is found in narrow seams, about an inch and a quarter in thickness, sometimes vertical and sometimes horizontal in containing rock. As it comes from the rock it is worth \$200 a ton; but the long-fibres stripped ready for spinning and weaving, are worth \$1,500 a ton.

British manufacturers appear to be cultural machinery in Russia, says the Mechanical Review of London, while America and Germany are continually increasing their output to that district.

A Pair of Prospectors.

> A NARRATIVE WHICH INVOLVES SOME UNWRITTEN LAWS.

> > BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

pector; there was "Fire-pox," a stranger burdened with many devils; and there was Frek Muldoon, the second, a master of men, guns and trials. These three carried out a drama of

gristle of his last stake and looking for a "pardner" to go uu the Mammon with him for the gold cure. No one offered until "Fire-pox" drifted into Palo Pinto. Following is Nip Fowl-

er's description of the stranger:

"He had no word to say about who
or what he was, but he looked bad to
us—bad and twitchy and suspicious. A
quick step behind and he'd leap about quick step benind and ned teap about like a cat caught snoopin' what knows better. He was pocked. Oh, yes, he was pocked—deep and red like harvest moons. So we named him. His eyes were busy and small and shiny black, and the whites were yellow. His ears were pointed like his teeth, and his lips were paper thin. We saw he had left something behind that,did ne had left something behind draws not lay easy, but Ditsey was looking for a pardner and didn't stipulate a sky-blue past. He wanted a man to do his half, and when 'Fire-pox' said he'd go, Ditsey said 'buen.' Two days after they pulled up the canyon with three burros."

The stranger didn't prove entertain ing, but he could work and travel and handle packs. He used a bivouac for eating and sleepir purposes only, but he knew all about the creepings and hidings of the yellow virgin who makes the harlequins of the many. Dit-

makes the harlequins of the many. Ditsey was pleased. He figured that their
joint capacity would start a rush up
the canyon. And he was right.

One dawn when Palo Pinto was
three weeks behind, Ditsey opened his
eyes to find that his pardner was beyond the camp circle and that no
breakfast was in progress. A few minutes afterward, "Fire-pox" crawled in.
His eyes were as big as walnuts,
bright as fire and mad as poison. He
jerked up when he saw that the other
was awake.

"Couldn't sleep," be croaked. "Sun must a-whacked me, yisterday. Take the packs on. I'll rest a spell an' ketch up long towards nightfall." Ditsey believed in letting a good man have his little peculiarities. He

swallowed some crackers and jerked heef and set out with the burros, asking no questions. He may have determined upon a peeled-eye policy in connection with "Fire-pox." He may have deemed it peculiar that a sun-mad bud-dle should have turned up in the gray morning with his pick in his hands, limestone dust upon his boots, sweat upon his face, and an unholy light in all his eyes and some metal reinforce But this is conjecture and

It was the middle of the afternoon and Ditsey was pushing on alone. There had been no sound from behind for nine solid hours. The sun struck the east wall of the canyon and show ered down, hot as cinders. The man and the burros clattered around a swerve of the gorge, and all beheld ahead an untethered buckskin pony and a little man sitting upon a placidly smoking a cigarette. It was Frek Muldoon, II.

His real name is forgotton. He called himself after the greatest trailer of them all, the man who stopped the lone war of Crooked Knife, Apache. Like the first Muldoon, he worked alone, shot from the hip, brought back his man and drank himself still in dull seasons. Moreover, he was of the same jockey-build, and, like the first Frek, could bide his thirst, camel-fashion. In short, a man would be just as safe running with a can of nitro-gleerine through a jammed His real name is forgotton. thirst, camel-fashion. In short, a man would be just as safe running with a can of nitro-gleerine through a jammed freight house in the dark as to have the second Frek on his trail.*

"Hullo, sheriff," Ditsey called pleas-

antly. "Say," Muldoon questioned, squinting up at the other, "who're you hitched to this trip?"

Will lead my steps aright.

The tale of how a gold rush started up Mammon Canyon, came back to Palo Pinto, where it began, in fragments, much the same as a herd of cattle is rounded up on the home range after a stampede. It was pieced together and calmed into a reasonable narrative by Nip Fowler, who is the Palo Pinto correspondent for all existing newspapers. Here are the facts:

There was Ditsey Forncrook, prospector; there was "Fire-pox," a stranger burdened with many devils; and

"Is the chap you want a young feller with a clean face, sheriff?" the prospector asked craftily, after a pause.
"I reckon you couldn't miss it wider," Muldoon remarked. His squintly black eyes were storming the other's

"What did he do over your way— this feller?" Forncrook faltered.
"Among other trifles, he killed a man fur money—a decent man! He's clean loco when there's money in sight!"

There was minuter pause, in the prospector struggled with primary laws and a memory of the morning; while Muldoon listened intently, his ear close to the limestone wall of the canyon. The latter raised his head canyon. The latter raised his head finally with a smile as hard and cold

"I've known you fur years, Ditsey," he said slowly. "You ain't no trailin arburtus that 'ud sicken an' die it the props was knocked frum under. There ain't no better man in these parts, but if you've happened onto a prick-eared, dirty-eyed, pox-branded pardner, then I'm going to take him beek to Conviews or leave him here back to Campinas, er leave him here

the pore vultures. Somebody's know in the face of the other. He bent forward to listen a second time; and just at this instant Ditsey leaped upon him. The weapons of the little sheriff were taken away without tend-

"I want t' return th' compliment sheriff," the man on top panted. "Th ain't a better man than you in the parts—but he's my pardner! So f es I knows, he's been square—done his day's work each daylight, 'ceptin' today. I can't stand by, sheriff—you see, I can't, being his pardner!"
"I didn't think you'd do it, Ditsey," Muldoon muttered with little appear-

ance of hate.
"I'm his pardner, sheriff! I hopes I

didn't hurt you!"
"If you'd a-stumbled onto any gold," Muldoon said gloomly after a moment, "he'd a-been workin' it alone. That's the sort of a pardner he'd a-been to you. I'll get him Ditsey!"

"I've taken care of one Forncrook when this was a newer country, sher-

while the twilight crawled up from the river-bed and dimmed the ribbon of sky. They both heard footsteps now, sky. They both heard recommendate but as "Fire-pox" turned the swerv of the gorge, only Muldoon saw him to the gorge, covering the sheriff with all his eyes and some metal reinforce-

"Here's a man ses he wants you. Fire-pox." Forncrook called without moving his head. "Ef you don't want t' see him, grab a snack o' provisions from the packs an' git! I'll keep the sheriff here till th' mornin'!

There was a low, shaking cry from "Fire-pox" then a frenzied clatter of boots, which sound the distance quick-

ly dwindled.
"Th' scut!" Ditsey muttered. Muldoon's lips were curled contemp uously, "You ought to have seen the sneak creepin'—creepin' 'round the bend, his hand at his holster," he ro bend, his hand at his holsely, he fe' marked absently. "He didn't seem t' be lookin' for his pardner with love in his heart. I'll git him! By the way, Ditsey, drop your gun. I'll stick till mornin'. My word! T'wont be no both-

mornin'. My word: I won't be no both-er t' jerk him up. He didn't stop fur a sandwich even!"

The prospector promptly turned over the other's weapon.

"Let's eat somepin, sheriff," he said

thoughtfully Partly because he had a violent idea, and partly because the sheriff and the other had gone back, Ditsey turned toward Palo Pinto in full daylight. He antiy. "Say," mildoon questioned, squinting up at the other, "who're you hitched to this trip?"

Ditsey grew wise, looking at the little, scarred, gritty face below. He scrutinized the canyon and the sky,

in coverd with sweat and stone dust and carrying his pick; he remembered the look in "Fire-pox's" eyes," and what the sherif had said about his man being "clean loco when there's money in sight;" he recalled the sher-

plaster and dry shrubs.

He scraped away the artful coating and beheld a golden promise which "Fire-pox" had schemed to develop alone. And Ditsey was humiliated most of all because it was proven that another man's eyes were keener for "signs" than his own.

He lingered there alone for many days enthralled in study. It was no belated outcropping, but one of naplaster and dry shrubs.

belated outcropping, but one of na-ture's great caches. When there re-mained but provisions to see him back to Palo Pinto he staked out exactly the claim he wanted and left the spot, jealous of the sun above and the wa-

He was surprised to find that the

SCARCITY OF WHALEBONE.

Monster of the Deep Which Furnished the Article Nearly Extinct. Experts say there is only about six tons of whalebone left in the world. That means that the Greenland whale that carries about half a ton of the "bone" in its cavern of a mouth, is

row of stout white teeth yielding ex-cellent ivory.

Whalebone is curious stuff, being light, fiefixible, tough, and elastic to a degree that renders it unique for many purposes. Steel has taken its place in es, too, which must be made or what-bone until, indeed, some of her sub-stance is invented or discovered equal-ly durable and springy. An old law, never yet repealed, gives the whale-bone of any derelict whale found on sort "for her own use and behoof, and the busking of the bodices of her

Queen Caroline consort of George claimed this perquisite when of the period of the control of the Norfolk coast. It was the time of hooped petticoats and long stiff bodies, and the queen's delight, in receiving such an unexpected supply of stiffening is chronicled in a letter from pretty Mary Bellenden to Lady Suffolk: "And I, too, have my share," the maid of honor finished triumphantly.

mechanics, etc.

claims to have the record for railroad accidents, having recently been in six within forty-eight hours.

he inhabitants of Cologne are allowed o cross the Rhinc bridge free, provid-d they go on foot. Carriages pay as

Expert mountaineers who requir three hours or more to ascend the snowy slope of the Mexican volcane Popocatepetl can slide down the same slope safely in ten minutes.

Mr. H. C. Robinson, who has spent Mr. H. C. Robinson, who has spent two years in scientific investigation in the Mallay peninsula, recently exhib-ited to the zoological section of the British association a specimen of a fish know as the "mud hopper," which by means of strong fins under its body is able to move about on land for dis-tances of at loast twenty yards from

Peculiar Structures Seen in the Kam chatka Peninsula.

well-known citizen of Kittanning, died in terrible agony. It is said that George Crytzer, a constant companion of Henry, had taken a bottle at the residence of Thomas Steffy with the intention of playing a joke on Henry. From a slight test he judged it to be nauseous, but harmless. He met Henry on the street about 6:30 o'clock in the morning as he was going to work. Henry asked Crytzer if he had anything to drink, as the morning was chilly. Crytzer replied in the affirmative and handed the bottle of poison to Henry, who took a long pull at it. In less than five minutes Henry collapsed in the street and had to be carried home. As I stood there, debating what I should do, the chief of the village elbowed his way through the crowd, took me by the hand, and led me to collapsed in the street and had to be carried home.

The coroner's jury in the investigation of the death of John N. Henry, of Kittanning, who took poison for whisky a few days ago, has returned a verdict finding that George Crytzer, who gave Henry the bottle which he thought contained whisky, did not do so with any malicious intent, and exonerated Crytzer from any blame in connection

Crytzer from any blame in connection with Henry's death. Crytzer, who has been in the county jail awaiting the result of the inquest, has been released from custody. The first serious trouble since the union men were locked out at the plant of the Rochester Tumbler Company, owned and formerly operated by the National Glass Company, ocby the National Glass Company, oc-curred Monday night, resulting in the killing of Frank Johnston, a union workman; the serious wounding of Detective Charles Patterson, a coal and iron policeman employed at the glass plant; and the injury of a num-ber of union and nonunion men ber of union and non-union men.
Eli Webb, 76 years old, was struck
by a work train on the Pittsburg, Virginia and Charleston railroad near
Monongahela and died as a result of
his injuries. He was walking on the
tracks and stepped in front of the
work train to avoid a passenger train
that he saw approaching. He has
nine daughters and one son living in
Monongahela.

The National bank statements just. chimney.

The flaring circle of logs protects the opening of the house from being covered up with drifting snow. More-over, the high scaffolding thus provid ed is an excellent storehouse, which all sorts of things can be placed

The National bank statements just issued show that the 20 national banks of Fayette county have on deposit the sum of \$8,238,392 88, which is \$349,794 88 larger than at this time last year. The total resources of the 20 banks reach the grand total of \$12,373,127 17, and loans and discounts \$6,982,007 29. eral surface of the ground. The frame was strongly built of timbers evidently driftwood.

\$6,982,007 29.

The Cochran Coal Company of Dawson has purchased 400 acres of coal land in Cass county, West Virginia, from Aaron J. Garlow of Morgantown. Several acres of the tract front on the Monongahela river. The coal sold at \$100 to \$125 an acre, the purchase price being \$46,000. Mark N. Cochran of Dawson is president of the company. In these rooms one would naturally expect the worst in the matter of ven pure air to be drawn through this ventilating shaft.

"Will you explain just the practical enefit of mile posts along a railroad track?" asked an inquisitive travele of Superintendent Schaff of the Peoris

don't suppose that mile posts are of any particular benefit. The traveler can tell by looking out the car window how far he is from terminal points, but in that he is not greatly interested.

week nothing but coke will be shipped.

Mark Kelly, a laborer of Robbins Station, committed suicide in Brownsville by cutting his throat. Doctors worked with him two hours. A silver tube was placed in his windpipe and the neck sewed up, but he died. He was 30 years old, and gave no reason for the act.

The Graceton coke works, the largest of the kind in Indiana county, will resume operations about May 1, after a shutdown of four months. Between 400 and 500 men will be given employment when all departments of the plant are put into operation.

Judge Patton has handed down an opinion refusing to grant the petitions of Market and the petitions of the petition of the petitions of the petitions of the petition "Some people like to figure out from the mile posts how far they have traveled or how far they have to go, and there are not a few who like to are for. In the office of the division superintendent is a profile, or diagram, showing the location of every one of opinion refusing to grant the petition of W. H. Carnahan, of Apollo, who sought to have the court rule that under the act of 1903, which provides for the election of councilmen, he had been sleated.

time much more valuable than the price of the mile posts, and it would be pretty hard to railroad successfully without them.

transit between Lima and Bolivia.

The congestion of the Free Methodist Church at Monaca has been presented with two lots on Monaca Heights by A. J. Welch, and will erect a new frame church at once.

The Butler Methodist Episcopal congregation has purchased the property adjoining its church and will erect a handsome parsonage. The old argeonage has been sold.

Salvini, entering with Horatio, heard from the grave only a strange jumble of words bitten in pieces by the first clown's clicking teeth. But when he saw the loose garments of the workmen flapping jocularly in the preeze the irrelevant sight was too much for him, and laughed checked his speech. He tried to say, "Has this fellow no feeling of his business that he sings at gravemaking?" but he had to turn his face away from the audience and laugh, while the gravediggers carried the scene along with much fuss of occupation with pick and spade till Hamlet had recovered his gravity.

Broom Mon, Green Hollist Little text we glory in Unto

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Subject lati

prince the ide forces, gain t them. befrier

When the action of the action