

**MOTIVE.**  
Saw a youth with sullen visage by the  
throng'd approach of Fame, and  
him in his first endeavor, careless of  
his honored name,  
Him a sage accosted, smiling: "Where-  
fore, brother, do you wait,  
While the multitudes sweep by you, and  
there's a clamor at the gate  
Where the old and timid pass not, but  
the youthful and elate?"  
"Of these aimless feuds I weary. Is it  
noble thus to strive,  
When the mighty and successful on the  
weak and failing thrive?"  
"What voice is it bids you onward? What  
voice was it bade you rest?"  
'Twas the whisper of a faint heart, not  
the wail of the oppressor.  
Rise! A noble man is never but in up-  
ward toiling bliss."  
"Upward toiling! Where to, father?  
Do we lose or do we gain?  
Is there more in all our triumphs than  
a softer couch for pain?"  
Said the sage, but slowly, thoughtful:

## A HERO.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

The book slipped to the floor and Honoria Keller sat back in her chair with a gentle yawn.  
"That woman was a hero," she said aloud. "The kind I'd like to be. I never wanted to be anything quite as much as to be a hero. Dear, dear, that's what I used to lie under the trees and dream about, while other girls dreamed about lovers. To do something splendid and brave—think of that! Heigho!"  
She crossed the room and surveyed her small, trim figure in the mirror, with a queer defiance in her face. "Oh, it's you again, is it? she cried. "It's always you, always! Never somebody tall and fine and hero-ish. You'd make a pretty hero, wouldn't you? Did you think heroes were cut out five feet tall in their shoes? And had round baby faces and dimples? Dimples!"  
She turned away and paced restlessly up and the bright little room. The gentle purring of the sleeping children stole out to her faintly through the half-open door. Once, when she failed to hear it, she stopped in her walk to listen anxiously. Heavy feet tramped by, now and then, in the corridors, but the step she was waiting for did not come.  
"He's late again," she said aloud, in the fashion of lonely women. "He was late yesterday and day before, and day before that—world without end." A sudden bitterness distorted her sweet face. Home! What kind of a parody on the word was this pair of little rooms in a great noisy hotel? Was there the slightest resemblance to a home about them? They were bright with gaslight tonight, and pretty with the bits of womanly touches her wistful fingers had given them against heavy odds. And how the children had helped! Jed's horse, over there in the corner, Nell's sorry doll on the couch, the Tiny One's rubber dogs and cats everywhere—bless them, how they helped!  
Honoria Keller had been married eight years and she had never had a home. From one hotel or boarding house to another they had drifted restlessly. The children had been born in hotels—that was Honoria's greatest grief. It seemed like doing the children a great wrong. When Harry laughed at her hurt deepened and widened. It was all Harry's doings, anyway. When they had money enough, he said, in his easy way, they would have a home. Time enough.  
Suddenly the woman pacing the bright little room uttered a sharp sound of pain. The old wound would not bear opening. She hurried to her usual refuge, the children in their beds. Their little flushed, peaceful faces always calmed her. "You don't lay it up, do you?" the mother sobbed softly. "You know mother wanted to give you a home to be born in—Jed, Nell, Tiny One! You don't lay it up?"  
For a little while she sat beside them, in the darkened room, touching their little cheeks in turn, with the soft mother kisses that never waken. Then, comforted, she went back again to the light. But the evening wore on, dragged on, without the sound of familiar steps outside the door. Somewhere a clock chimed 10, then 11, then 12. "It was 12 last night," she said, and waited. Then 1 o'clock rang out in one clear note. "It was 1 the day before yesterday," Honoria said.  
They had parted in bitter anger in the morning, but that was too familiar a thing to count. Lately the partings had all been angry or coolly indifferent. When had they kissed each other goodby in the morning? Honoria caught her breath in sharp distress. "At home we would—it would be different if we had a home!" she cried out a little wildly. "How can we love each other in this way, without a home?"  
The great house settled into quiet. Somewhere a great wail, doors shut with a final clang, and loud keys creaked in their locks. "He will not come tonight," Honoria said. But she waited until morning. She had waited that way before, and in the morning Harry had come. This time it was different. In the morning a messenger boy brought her a note from him. "Have gone away. You will not be sorry. It has been in the wind some time. I should like to have kissed the children goodby. Harry."  
How long it was she sat there with the brief little note in her hands, before frightened imperative little fingers tugged and pulled her back to semi-consciousness, Honoria Keller never knew. The weight on her heart did not lift or ease. It seemed to crush and choke her. The queer, metallic voice that answered the chil-

"Yes, far more, for even woe  
Brings a sweetness to the spirit. And  
the way the nations go  
Sweeps up, like a heav'n bound river,  
broad'ning in its skyward flow.  
"What! No gain? No kindlier spirit?  
Ah, a larger love is here.  
Even in our fiercest strivings; and the  
High the privilege of struggle to true  
men in days like these.  
When the great world shrinks together,  
and men speak across the seas,  
And Renewn swings wide her doors to  
gentle Mercy's golden keys!"  
Then the youth's deep eyes enkindled,  
and he stood up in his light,  
Saying, "Then for all I struggle, for the  
weak I join the fight."  
And he press'd the upward highway,  
singing as he sped along—  
World-wide love and selfless service  
was the burden of his song—  
Till his voice and form were swallowed  
in the clamor and the throng.  
Leander Turney, in Boston Watchman.

dren's wondering questions was not her voice. She did not wonder it terrified the Tiny One. "You isn't like mamma—I wants papa!" he wailed.  
"He has gone away—you will not be sorry," repeated Honoria stiltedly. "It has been in the wind some time. He was sorry not to kiss the child—"  
She caught her breath as the row of scared little faces imprinted itself on her staring retina. A sudden wave of keen, pitiless consciousness swept over her like a flood. It was all so plain now! The kindly mist had lifted from her mind.  
That day somehow lived itself out, and then the next. Somehow, for the children, Honoria lived. The throbbing and smart of her hurt were all she realized at first. Small things made no impression on her mind. Years afterward she wondered whether on those first days the sun had shone, or it had rained. It was a chance remark she overheard that aroused her from her lethargy. Some one outside in the corridor made the remark to some one else. "The woman in that room there—No. 21—is being deserted," the strange voice said in what was meant for an undertone. "Yes, sir, deserted! Sounds like a novel, don't it? Am the children there too, all right. Just lit out an' left 'em, as I'm a sinner."  
"As he's a sinner!" growled the other voice indignantly. "It's brutes do things like that. They ain't men."  
There was sympathy in both rough voices, but Honoria did not heed. The words, not the tones, burnt into her brain. Was that it? Was Harry a brute? Dear Lord in Heaven, was she deserted?  
"No! Harry would not do that!" she cried in anguish. "He went away—we were angry with each other. He thought I would not be sorry. Not sorry!" She sprang to the floor and paced to and fro, till the frightened children crept away by themselves.  
But the days that went by grew into weeks, and he did not come. At last the kind-hearted hotel proprietor was driven to take the step he had been dreading. He went up to Number 21 one evening and knocked gently.  
"Come in," a weary voice said.  
"Ah—good evening, Mrs. Keller, good evening," he said nervously. "I—that is, I've—called on a terribly embarrassing errand. I've put it off and put it off, hoping he—that is, Mr. Keller—would show up again. I want you to believe it was an awful job for me to come up here tonight and say it, but Mrs. Keller—that is—"  
He caught up his handkerchief and mopped his face. "There's a bill against your husband for three months' board," he blurted out desperately.  
Honoria sat looking at him steadily, letting this new disgrace filter into her brain. She did not flinch before it.  
"You mean," she said quietly, after a minute or two, "that Harry—that my husband owes you a good deal of money for our board, his and mine and the children?"  
"Yes, that is—er—a modicum, a modicum."  
"And that we must go away at once? Of course I see that. But—but—" for the first time her sweet voice broke, "but I have no money to pay the bill. Wait! please don't say a word. Please go away and let me think. I must think. You will give me time to think?"  
But how to think? Honoria wrestled all night with her problem. One thing was definitely clear. She must pay the bill before she went away. A way—a way—oh, to find a way! What was to come afterward did not matter yet. This mountain must be climbed first.  
The next morning she noticed a signed posted below, over the laundry windows. "Wanted: a first-class woman to do fine ironing. Fancy pay for fancy work. Apply within."  
"Grandmother used to tell me I ironed her caps beautifully," Honoria said, a sudden resolve in her mind. "But perhaps—now—I'm not a first-class woman," she added with a pitiful little smile. But she applied for the work and got it. She and the children took a cheaper room in one of the attics and she went resolutely to work to earn the money to pay the bill. That the work was terribly taxing to her slender strength did not deter her. Her courage supplemented her strength. And little by little she saved the money. Afterward she wondered; now, she only worked. The night the sum she was saving had grown to the needed dimensions, her poor sore heart was almost light. On the way

up to her attic she overheard someone calling her a hero. It sent her straight to her blurry little mirror. "You don't look it!" she said to the worn, shabby little figure before her, but she smiled a little and nodded to it, friendly-wise. "You were always wanting to be one, and I suppose this was the best you could do."  
That was the night Harry came back. He was terribly thin and wan. "Dear," he said, after the long explanation was over, how could you think I would desert you like that?" "I didn't," she answered simply. "And I didn't!" he said, as if he had not said it already a dozen times. "There was no time to write a longer note that night, when the Head made up his mind at last to send me about his business in such a hurry. And then,—he shuddered—"then the smash on the train did the nothing-nothingness—nothingness."  
"Oh, hush!" she shuddered.  
"And when I came out of it," he persisted. "I couldn't remember. I only remembered today Honoria."  
"Only today, dear," she cried joyfully. "But Harry, today is now! And tomorrow—do you know what we are going to do tomorrow?"  
"Yes,—wait, let me say it! Tomorrow we're going somewhere—home, Honoria."—American Agriculturist.

**QUAINT AND CURIOUS.**  
There are 23 football teams in the Syrian Protestant college at Beirut.

Neither frogs nor snakes live in Alaska but toads are frequently met with.

Seven hundred and seventy-nine parts in every 1000 of human blood are water.

Rain has never been known to fall in Iquiqui, Peru. The place contains 14,000 inhabitants.

Water and a handful of dates or flour suffice the Nigerian native for his one daily meal.

All mills in Japan run day and night, the change of hands being made at noon and midnight.

In the province of Samara, Russia, 405,000 persons get their subsistence from less than three acres of land per capita.

The only two great European capitals that never have been occupied by a foreign foe are London and St. Petersburg.

There is a point near the famous Stony Cave, in the Catskill mountains, where ice may be found on any day of the year.

A drinking cup pronounced by the British Museum to be 3000 years old, has been found in the field at Stoningfield, Essex. It is now in the Chelmsford Museum.

When the white man first reached the city of Mexico it had 300,000 inhabitants, probably more than the entire population of the North American continent.

A quart of oysters contains about the same amount of nutrition as a quart of milk, three-quarters of a pound of lean beef, two pounds of fresh cod or a pound of bread.

There is a wild flower in Turkey which is the exact floral image of a hummingbird. The breast is green, the wings are a deep rose color, the throat yellow, the head and beak almost black.

With a population of about two million five hundred thousand Paris has fewer than one hundred negroes within its limits. It is claimed that the colored population of all France is less than 550.

What is said to be the largest log ever floated in the Capital has been towed into the Capital box factory pond. It is a 40-foot spruce log, nine feet through at the small end and 14 feet through at the large end. It was cut on the Skagit river banks.

**Mustaches and Crimes.**  
Frank Richardson, writing in the Cornhill Magazine, insists on the dishonesty of hiding the telltale upper lip.

"Of all the great criminals of our day," he says, "I can recall none who dared to practise with a naked face. Drs. Lamson and Nell Cream judiciously concealed as much of their physiognomy as might be. Fowler, who murdered by night at Muswell Hill, and Jabez Balfour were bearded men. Wainwright wore the 'mustachios' of his period. James Canham Read and Deeming, and Bennett of the 'bootlace murder' were possessed of mouths that prudence compelled them to conceal.  
"The blue burglarious jowl is a fantasy of the novelist. No burglar goes about with a face that in itself amounts to a previous conviction. When he is in jail matters are different, for our prison authorities wisely decree that the convict's face shall be shaven and his head be shorn. They at least insist on seeing the man as he is."  
**How He Heard.**  
One day while the master was instructing a class in the rule of three, he noticed that one of his pupils was paying more attention to a small tart than to his lesson.  
"Tom Bain," said the master, "listen to the lesson, will ye?"  
"I'm listening, sir," said the boy.  
"Listening, are ye?" exclaimed the master. "Then ye're listening w' one ear an' eatin' pie w' the other."

## UNCLE SAM'S GOLD FUND

ENOUGH OF THE METAL TO GIVE EVERY AMERICAN TWELVE DOLLARS.

Treasury Reserve \$650,000,000—What One Man Could Do If He Possessed the Entire Accumulation—The Gigantic Dimensions of Its Bulk.

At present the United States has more gold than any other country in the world. In the treasury there is a gold reserve of \$650,000,000, to say nothing of \$322,000,000 more in the national banks, says the Salt Lake Herald.  
"And to swell the total we are, notwithstanding the vast store of gold in this country, beginning anew the importation of the precious metal from Europe, \$2,000,000 having recently been contracted for.  
Uncle Sam's children have over \$12. in gold apiece, which, however, is less than the citizens of the French republic possess. For each one of them there is a little more than \$21 of gold coin. Germany comes third in the per capita computation, the figures being \$12.81. Great Britain has \$12.34 of gold per capita, and Russia, with her enormous population of 128,000,000, only \$5.64.  
The per capita figure for the entire British empire is a shade under \$3.20, that of India's enormous horde of 297,000,000 souls being only 15 cents. Here, as in other things, the British empire exhibits the most astonishing extremes, for there are parts thereof where the per capita of coined gold is in great excess. In Australia, for instance, there is \$24.26 in coin as money for every man, woman and child. At one time the South African Republic led this, with per capita figures of \$26.34, but now Australia is the highest. Canada's per capita is a few cents in excess of \$3.  
If one man should own the enormous hoard of gold in Uncle Sam's treasury what a lot of good he could do!

He could pay up the debt of the Argentine Republic, and European bondholders would put up a monument to him. It would be rather a costly monument, because it would take all his gold to win it. He could take the burden of debt off the shoulders of Canada. That would make him a promoter, for then he might be willing that she should get under the wings of the screaming eagle.

This newly rich man might not think of any of these things at all. Here are a few more suggestions made in an entirely friendly spirit. If he couldn't pay Uncle Sam's debt it would naturally be supposed that he could help his uncle out in the matter of pensions. But, bless his soul, he couldn't do much in that line. He would be unable to touch the bill at all, and could only pay the pensions for a couple of years, while his uncle was getting his breath and preparing to start in on those of the Spanish war. If he really wanted to help his uncle, he could run the post office department for two or three years, paying all the bills, and then he'd have either to start out and gather in a new fortune or go to the Home for Indigent Millionaires.

If his brain boiled for bigger plans he could keep up the armies of the czar and William the Kaiser for a year, and allow these two fighters to promote their schemes for universal peace.

If his travels in collecting gold gave him the collecting mania, he could make a string of skyscrapers here in New York, buying up every building more than ten stories high and the land on which it stands. There are limitations even to the millionaire, but this he could do. And, if he didn't like their style, he could wipe them all out and build twice as many more somewhere else on the island and in some other way.

The American nation has money to burn. The trouble would be to find a place to burn it. If you were to take this enormous sum of money in one-dollar bills and fasten them end to end they would make a string 12,200 miles long, which you could easily wind around the equator three times, and even leave 10,000 miles or so hanging out in airy space. To make a bonfire of these bills would probably require one of our biggest parks.

The immensity of this sum, the gigantic dimensions of its bulk in gold, or, what is more startling, in silver, and its value and purchasing power in this world, are bewildering to contemplate. Distributed among the population of the land it would give every man, woman and child \$12. Distributed among the population of this city each man, woman and child would receive \$350. If you will consult your almanac you will find that there are in this country over 70,000 paupers. If this gold were divided among them each would receive over \$13,000—a small fortune.

This amount of money would buy the whole British navy, if that navy were for sale, and leave enough surplus to carry on a pretty lively war. Or if you did not care to invest the whole sum in one enterprise, you might for less than half of it, or \$325,000,000, buy or duplicate all of the following interesting things:

A fleet of 65 first-class battleships. The St. Louis World's fair.  
The Brooklyn bridge.  
Half a dozen buildings like the capitol at Washington, the House of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, Notre Dame cathedral in Paris, and a handful of castles on the Rhine.

If all this gold were rolled into one ball it would make a sphere which would weigh in the neighborhood of 2,400,000 pounds. If you were to divide it into six balls of \$100,000,000

each and place them upon heavy wagons, it would require a long train of elephants to drag them.  
Really, this is a marvellous sum of money when you come to measure it. If it were given to you in \$5 gold pieces, and you were able to stack them one upon the other as a gambler piles his chips, you would have a golden rod 460,000 feet high—more than eighty-six miles, or fifteen times as high as Mount Everest, Asia's loftiest peak.

If you would rather have the pile thicker you might take the gold in cubic blocks one foot in thickness, each one of which would be worth \$400,000. If you were to pile these blocks one upon another your \$600,000,000 would make a column 1500 feet high.

A cubic foot of silver is worth \$12,000 in these days. A moment's figuring will show you how high your column would be if you could exchange all this gold for silver. If all the gold in the world were to be rolled into one sphere it would make a globe 25.3 feet in diameter. Our \$600,000,000 would be one-seventh of this quantity.

**GLOVES FROM RAT SKINS.**  
Only One Pair Made and It Was Very Small.

A report comes from Copenhagen that a great rat hunt has been organized there, and that the skins of many thousands of the victims are to be used in making gloves. If the rat hunters in the Danish capital cherish any such hopes they are doomed to disappointment.

Rat skins cannot be made into gloves fit for commerce. The belief that a valuable raw material is being neglected here survives only in the minds of the inept. The glove maker knows much better. A Norwegian merchant once came to England and informed a well known glove maker that he had collected over 100,000 rat skins and was prepared to receive offers for them. He was fully convinced that the skins were suitable for glove making. But the manufacturer found that the largest skin was only some six inches long, and he held up a kid skin for the smallest size of glove, a child's, which was eight inches long, and asked how he was to cut such a glove out of a rat skin.

Then he took up the smallest skin for a lady's glove, eleven inches long, and when he asked how that was to be cut out of a rat skin the Norwegian merchant laughed at the idea and went away disappointed. The best offer he got for those skins, which he had collected with so much care, was five shillings a hundred weight from a man who was willing to boil them down for glue.

A famous glove making firm has a collection of curiosities relating to the trade, and one of them is the largest pair of gloves ever made out of a rat skin. The belief that such skins could be made into gloves was laid before the managers so confidently that they resolved to put it to the trial and they ordered a number of the skins of the largest rats which could be found in Grimby. But the rat is a fighting animal and bears the marks of many battles on his body, and it was found that the skins were so scarred and torn that it was with the utmost difficulty that perfect pieces large enough for the purpose could be obtained. In the end, after ten skins had been used, a pair of gloves was cut and made, and they are retained in the collection to this day. But they are so small that they would only fit the smallest of small boys. Thus it was shown that, however cheaply rat skins might be obtained, they would offer no advantage to the glove maker. The rabbit skin is equally useless for this purpose, and humane people also may dismiss from their minds the fear that the skins of pet dogs are made into gloves. The dogskin glove of which we used to hear is made of nothing else but the skin of the Cape goat.—Pall Mall Gazette.

**Pay of Women.**  
"Why are women paid less than men?"

This question was asked of John J. Johnson, for many years a buyer for Marshall Field, the great Chicago millionaire retail merchant. Mr. Johnson is at the Willard hotel.

"That is easy to answer. They are paid less because their work is inferior to men's. Women as a class are not competent workers even in those things in which they have always been occupied such as cooking and sewing.

"But the clamor of women advocates is always for equal wages between the sexes. This is a cry which is not based on reason. Men can do more and better work than women. That is the reason they are paid more.

"When I was associated with Marshall Field I always employed men when it was possible."—Louisville Herald.

**Japanese Proverbs.**  
The error of a minute, the sorrow of a lifetime.  
After having tasted bitterness one becomes a man.  
It is more difficult to keep a fortune than to make one.  
The life of an old man is like a lighted candle in a draft.  
It is easier to find a thousand recruits than one general.  
The capital and the fireside have each their own attractions.  
Before we can sympathize with others we must have suffered ourselves.  
Do not be slave to your children. They will have their happiness later.  
The wise man shapes himself according to circumstances, as water takes the shape of the vessel into which it is poured.—Progress

## KEYSTONE STATE GULLINGS

JEWELRY STORE ROBBED.

Burglars Take Nearly \$1,000 Worth of Valuables and Money and Make Their Escape.

A suit in assumpsit for \$20,300 was entered against Clinton D. Greenlee, a well-known oil operator and president of the Standard Trust Company of Butler, which closed its doors last March, by Harry A. Stauffer, receiver of the concern. The amount is claimed to be due as principal and interest on three notes given by Mr. Greenlee to the trust company. Mr. Greenlee, it is understood, claims he does not owe the money for the notes as they were given shortly before the trust company failed, to tide over the difficulties at that time. He says Mr. Wylie, another stockholder, was to sign notes for \$10,000 for the same purpose. The notes were to lie in the vault as assets, he says, and he returned when the financial troubles were past.

Two professional burglars entered J. E. Miller's jewelry store at Glen Campbell at night and secured \$700 worth of jewelry and about \$250 in money and escaped to Punksuttawney with a horse and buggy, which they took from G. M. Glasgow's stable at Glen Campbell. The horse having become tired they went to the home of Walter F. Armas, Mrs. Armas, who was alone, heard a noise at the barn, and, seeing some men trying to break into the stable, fired at them four times, driving the burglars away. The robbers were pursued toward Reynoldsville by a posse from Glen Campbell.

Judge Frank J. Thomas of the Crawford county courts handed down a decision, declaring unconstitutional the act of Assembly under which liquor dealers have been found guilty of violating the pure food laws. The case was that of the pure food department against liquor dealers of Meadville, found guilty of selling blackberry wine adulterated with salicylic acid and colored with analin dyes. The title of the act contains no reference to alcoholic liquors. Judge Thomas further declared that liquors are not foods.

A man who registered as J. M. Miller, of Cleveland, O., was found dead in his room in the Seventh Avenue Hotel, Pittsburg. A bullet hole in his right temple and a 38-caliber revolver gripped tightly in his hand told how he had died. He was found sitting in a chair directly facing a mirror, before which he had evidently sat and located his aim.

While driving over the Alleghenies with a large sum of money, Charles Walters, of Altoona, was held up by a highwayman. Seizing the horse the robber fired at Walters. The animal reared and struck the robber down, then ran off down the mountains. Walters escaped injury.

Charles Jeffries, a baseball player, was killed and two others slightly shocked during the practice before a ball game at Steel Works Park, between McKeesport and Riverton, by a bolt of lightning which came out of an apparently clear sky.

Hush Feinsod, a brother-in-law of M. Silverblatt of Kittanning, was one of the victims of the Norge disaster. He had left his home in Russia to come to this country to seek his fortune. He was married and had three children.

Cash Furman of Strattonville, Clarion county, has surrendered himself to the sheriff of that county as the result of the death of Ora Sampson of the same place, with whom he had engaged in a fist fight.

Joseph Mahoney, 46 years old, an employee of the tin mills of New Castle, was found dead in his shanty by boys who happened to pass the place. Mahoney lived alone and died from natural causes.

William Neil, charged with robbing Western Pennsylvania railroad cars, was arrested near Kittanning, after a chase in which a number of shots were exchanged. Five companions of Neil escaped.

Ira, a son of George Kaufman, a farmer of Callery, was killed by being jarred from the rear platform of a shifting engine, while at work on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad.

A special election will be held on August 19 at Donora, at which a proposed issue of \$80,000 in bonds for the purpose of acquiring the Casner public school building.

The ninth annual reunion of the Lutherans of Western Pennsylvania will be held on July 28 at Alameda Park, Butler. Several thousand visitors are expected.

James Starr, of Butler, manager of the National Supply company's store, was severely injured in an accident caused by a heavy piece of oil machinery falling.

The body of an unknown man, supposed to be a Pittsburger, was found along the Pennsylvania railroad track near Lockport.

The installation of Rev. L. K. Peacock, the new pastor of the United Presbyterian Church at Leechburg, will take place July 19.

The mayor of Altoona signed the ordinance raising his salary from \$1,200 to \$1,800 a year. The ordinance is now a law.

William Steiner was arrested at Greensburg, charged with attempting to kill his wife with a razor. The woman was badly hurt.

Frank Negley was shot and probably fatally hurt in a fight at Gates, near Uniontown. John Valob, his alleged assailant, was arrested.

Morgan M. Knox, about 45 years old, committed suicide by hanging himself at his home, near Harveys, Greene county.

Governor Pennypacker issued a death warrant for the execution of Mlovar Kowovick at Washington, Pa., September 8.