

Note.—The following article has been widely published and is one of the most remarkable illustrations of the value of careful marshalling and analysis of facts in presenting a subject to the public.

### LEVELERS.

The Mission of Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee.

The Creator made all things, we believe.

If so, He must have made these. We know what He made food and water for, and air and sunshine, but why Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee? They are here sure enough and each performing its work.

There must be some great plan behind it all; the thoughtful man seeks to understand something of that plan and thereby to judge these articles for their true worth.

Let us not say "bad" or "good" without taking testimony.

There are times and conditions when it certainly seems to the casual observer that these stimulant-narcotics are real blessings.

Right there is the ambush that conceals a "killing" enemy.

One can slip into the habit of either whisky, tobacco or coffee easily enough, but to "untangle" is often a fearful struggle.

It seems plain that there are circumstances when the narcotic effect of these poisons is for the moment beneficial, but the fearful argument against them is that seldom ever does one find a steady user of either whisky, coffee or tobacco free from disease of some kind.

Certainly powerful elements in their effect on the human race.

It is a matter of daily history testified to by literally millions of people, that Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee are smiling, promising, beguiling friends on the start, but always false as hell itself in the end. Once they get nimble enough to show their strength, they insist upon governing and drive the victim steadily towards ill health in some form; if permitted to continue to rule, they will not let up until physical and mental ruin sets in.

A man under that spell (under the spell) is correct, of any one of these drugs, frequently assures himself and his friends, "Why, I can leave off any time I want to. I did quit for a week just to show I could." It is a sure mark of the slave when one gets to that stage. He wiggled through a week fighting every day to break the spell, was finally whipped, and began his slavery all over again.

The slave (Coffee slave as well as Tobacco and Whisky) daily reviews his condition, sees perfectly plain the steady encroachments of disease, how the nerves get weaker day by day and demand the drug that seems to smile and offer relief for a few minutes and then leave the diseased condition plainer to view than ever and growing worse. Many times the Coffee slave realizes that he is between two fires. He feels bad if he leaves off, and a little worse if he drinks and allows the effect to wear off.

So it goes on from day to day. Every night the struggling victim promises himself that he will break the habit and next day when he feels a little bad (as he is quite sure to), breaks, not the habit, but his own resolution. It is nearly always a tough fight, with disaster ahead sure if the habit wins.

There have been hundreds of thousands of people driven to their graves through disease brought on by coffee drinking alone, and it is quite certain that more human misery is caused by coffee and tobacco than by whisky, for the two first are more widely used, and more hidden and insidious in their effect on nerves, heart and other vital organs, and are thus unsuspected until much of the dangerous work is done.

Now, Reader, what is your opinion as to the real use the Creator has for these things? Take a look at the question from this point of view.

There is a law of Nature and of Nature's God that things slowly evolve from lower planes to higher, a sturdy, steady and dignified advance toward more perfect things in both the Physical and Spiritual world. The ponderous tread of evolutionary development is fixed by the Infinite and will not be quirked out of natural law by any of man's methods.

Therefore we see many illustrations showing how nature checks too rapid advance. Illinois raises phenomenal crops of corn for two or three years. If she continued to do so every year her farmers would advance in wealth far beyond those of other sections or countries. So Nature interposes a bar every three or four years and brings on a "bad year."

Here we see the leveling influence at work.

A man is prosperous in his business for a number of years and grows rich. Then Nature sets the "leveling influence" at work on him. Some of his investments lose, he becomes luxurious and lazy. Perhaps it is whisky, tobacco, coffee, women, gambling, or some other form. The intent and purpose is to level him. Keep him from evolving too far ahead of the masses.

A nation becomes prosperous and great like ancient Rome. If no leveling influence set in she would dominate the world perhaps for all time. But Dame Nature sets her army of "levelers" at work. Luxury, over eating and drinking, indolence, waste and extravagance, indulgence of all kinds, then comes the wreck. Sure, Sure, Sure.

The law of the unit is the law of the mass. Man goes through the same process. Weakness in childhood, gradual growth of strength, energy, thrift, probity, prosperity, wealth, comfort, ease, relaxation, self-indulgence, luxury, idleness, waste, debauchery, disease, and the wreck follow.

Now, the "levelers" are in the business along the pathway of every successful man and woman and they bag the majority.

Only now and then can a man stand out against these "levelers" and hold his fortune, fame and health to the end.

So the Creator has use for Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee to level down the successful ones and those who show signs of being successful, and keep them back in the race, so that the great "field" (the masses) may not be left too far behind.

And yet we must admit that some all-wise Creator has placed it in the power of man to stand upright, clothed in the armor of a clean-cut, steady mind and say unto himself, "I decline to exchange my birthright for a mess of pottage."

"I will not weaken my senses, weaken my grip on affairs and keep myself cheap, common and behind in fortune and fame by drugging with whisky, tobacco or coffee; life is too short. It is hard enough to win the good things, without any sort of handicap, so a man is certainly a 'fool trader' when he trades strength, health, money, and the good things that come with power, for the half-asleep condition of the 'drugged' with the certainty of sickness and disease ahead."

It is a matter each individual must decide for himself. He can be a leader and semi-god, if he will, or he can go along through life a drugged clown, a cheap "hewer of wood or carrier of water."

Certain it is that while the Great Father of us all does not seem to "mind" if some of His children are foolish and stupid, He seems to select others (perhaps those He intends for some special work) and allows them to be thrashed and castigated most fearfully by these "levelers."

If a man tries flitting with these levelers awhile, and gets a few slaps as a hint, he had better take the hint or a good solid blow will follow.

When a man tries to live upright, clean, thrifty, sober, and undrugged, manifesting as near as he knows what the Creator intends he should, happiness, health and peace seem to come to him. Does it pay?

This article was written to set people thinking, to rouse the "God within," for every highly organized man and woman has times when they feel a something calling from within for them to press on, to the front and "be about the Father's business;" don't mistake it, the spark of the Infinite is there and it pays in every way, health, happiness, peace, and even worldly prosperity, to break off the habits and strip clean for the work cut out for us.

It has been the business of the writer to provide a practical and easy way for people to break away from the coffee habit and be assured of a return to health and all of the good things that bringings, provided the abuse has not gone too far, and even then the cases where the body has been rebuilt on a basis of strength and health run into the thousands.

It is an easy and comfortable step to stop coffee instantly by having well-made Postum Food Coffee served rich and hot with good cream, for the color and flavor is there, but none of the caffeine or other nerve destroying elements of ordinary coffee.

On the contrary, the most powerful rebuilding elements furnished by Nature are in Postum and they quickly set about repairing the damage. Seldom is it more than two days after the change is made before the old stomach or bowel troubles or complaints of kidneys, head, or nerves show unmistakable evidence of getting better and ten days' time changes things wonderfully.

Literally millions of brain working Americans today use Postum, having found the value and common sense in the change.

C. W. POST.

### Royal Fads.

The rulers of Europe at present are not so much engrossed in ruling that they have not time to indulge with the rest of the world in "fads." King Carlos of Portugal is said to be specially fond of the camera, and spends a considerable part of his royal leisure in taking "snap shots" of things. King Emmanuel of Italy has a particular fancy for automobiles, a liking shared also, it may be added, by President Loubet of France, the Shah of Persia and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. The Queen of Rumania is a great collector of rare books, as well as being a poet herself. The Prince of Monaco is an expert in deep sea life and phenomena, and Queen Wilhelmina of Holland boasts the finest collection of old lace in Europe. But most curious of all, is the specialty of the venerable King of Denmark, the collection of bird's eggs. His present collection is said to be worth \$75,000, and it may in time go to some museum.—Leslie's Weekly.

### Blame the Parents.

It has long been a debatable question whether heredity or environment is responsible for the depravity and degeneracy of children. In either case it is the parent and not the child upon whom the responsibility should rest. If the Iowa juvenile court law will compel parents to look after their children better, instead of hauling them into court on the least provocation, and asking that they be sent to jail or the reform school, it will have done such a great and good work that all the omissions of the legislators in the framing of the law will be forgiven and forgotten.

About thirty thousand horses are said to be slaughtered for their meat in Paris each year. The carcass of a good horse yields about 300 pounds of meat, which can be eaten by those who do not care what they do.

## A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED, "GLORIFYING THE FATHER."

Preached by the Rev. Dr. Thomas B. McLeod, of Brooklyn, N. Y.—We Can Make God Real, We Can Make the Gospel Sublime.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Upon his return to his home in Brooklyn, the Apostle Thomas B. McLeod, pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, preached an eloquent sermon Sunday morning on "Glorifying the Father," the text chosen from John xv:8—"Hereby is My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be My disciples." Dr. McLeod said:

How vital, dear friends, are all the Testament representations of religion! Compare the New Testament with the old teaching, or religious teaching of all other faiths. In this sense, man is not simply a creature, but a being, a person, a personification of the Father. Religion is not a matter of who a man's ancestors were; it is a matter of what a man himself is. Jesus has given us in one pithy sentence His estimate of the worth of the claim that is based on descent, on heredity, on social prestige, when He says that God honours such, but that children of Abraham are not the very stones of the roadside. The concern that interests God, when it comes to the matter of religion, is whether man is living or dead, a dead stick. The hedge, though it be a hedge of flowers or roses, in which the stake occurs, does not make the stake a living thing. The line of descent which a man stands in, the social position he occupies, nor the church of which he is an attendant, or a member, is nothing. The man may after all be nothing better than a dead stick.

There was a certain fine man, a fine man socially, religiously, politically—one of the best of men as men went—came to Jesus to make a man of him. Jesus said to him: "He was reverent and devout and respectful and courteous and cultured and learned, a leader and teacher of the people, a leader of the church, a man of great ability, Jesus said to that man: 'Ye must be born again.' The vitality of the resurrection we find in the New Testament, religion is not a matter of who your father is, but that ye might have it more abundantly."

And so of tests. Not simply of the representations or descriptions of religion, but also of the tests. How are we to know that we are living Christians? How are we to know that others are living Christians? Why do I test? The test is not in the point of urgent belief, and insists on it, that the test is fruit, not leaves, not flowers, but fruit, and that fruitfulness is the only essential thing that should be under the test. The test is not in the point of urgent belief, and insists on it, that the test is fruit, not leaves, not flowers, but fruit, and that fruitfulness is the only essential thing that should be under the test. The test is not in the point of urgent belief, and insists on it, that the test is fruit, not leaves, not flowers, but fruit, and that fruitfulness is the only essential thing that should be under the test.

How little stress Jesus lays upon those tests that are so universally adopted and applied, and admitted to be sufficiently adequate; at least, in any religion, in any routine observance of rites and ceremonies; He makes nothing of all that, and He comes to us, friends, in the wilderness, searching for fruit, not for leaves, not for blossoms, not for flowers, not for esoteric delight in sacred music, not for form, not for the literary side of religion, but for a keen appetite for well digested and presented truth, but for fruit—fruit, and He comes up closer to us, friends, than any body else, in any religion, in any church, and nearest can come—far, after all, these can see only outside appearances. He sees realities. They see things that pass for good works, in the eyes of the world, but the ambition or self-conceit. He sees right down into the centre of the soul, and He is looking for fruit. What shall He find in you and me? Fruit or leaves, or just bare branches?

The test is fruitfulness. Now that ought to be an easy test to apply, and it surely is, friends, is a safe test to apply—But, then, some one may say, "Well, what constitutes fruitfulness? I am ready now to lay bare my soul before God, I am ready now to go down on my knees and adore Him, I am ready now to hear heart-searching, and to measure myself by this standard, but I want to know what constitutes fruitfulness in the eyes of God. What does Jesus expect and that I am to look for and by which I am to measure myself? Why, the Bible is simply full of that. It has set its own standard, it is full, and so variously that a wayfarer man though a fool used not mistake as to what fruitfulness in the Christian life is. Jesus says: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit; blessed are the meek; blessed are the merciful (the good hearted); blessed are the pure in heart; blessed are the peacemakers; blessed are they who have not simply a selfishness, but a love, but a hunger and a thirst after righteousness; blessed are they who are persecuted for the Christian man is expected to grow in his character.'

An apostle says, the fruits, or the fruit of the spirit, is love, joy, long suffering, patience, meekness, kind, temperance; the fruit that the Christian is to develop, that will be developed, that Jesus will expect if there be life—love—the heart of all goodness—love to God, to His Father, to His brethren who He hath seen, how shall he love God—how can he love God whom he hath not seen? Fruit is joy, joy in fellowship with God; joy in fellowship with His brethren; joy in service and ministry. Love—joy—peace. Contentment of mind under all circumstances; the harmony of conviction, of thought and affection. Long suffering—patient endurance not only in affliction, but patient endurance of wrong and provocation; and meekness and temperance, and all the rest. What does fruitfulness mean? It means simply the development or achievement of character that will approve itself to God.

But this growth of character does not exhaust the expectation of God concerning us. It does not exhaust the fruit which the Christian has to bear. There is other fruit. You read that passage again and you will see that the test of the Christian is fellowship—fellowship with Jesus, fellowship in His purpose to redeem this world from sin. Jesus is not thinking altogether of the good things that are to be done, but of fellowship with Him. He is thinking also of the good which His disciples are to do through fellowship with Him. Not altogether of what His disciples are to do, but of what His disciples are to achieve. "Except the branch abide in the vine it bringeth forth no fruit. If ye abide in Me and My words abide in you, ye shall bring forth much fruit."

Oh, friends, we limit the range of the Christian life, and our hearts and minds are in everything to give thanks. And reason is in accord with revelation in joining this day. Men's pathway is ever onward and upward. Larger and seemingly infinite possibilities of future achievement invite him to press on with unwearied footsteps.

Ever Onward and Upward. We are commanded to be perfect, to love God continually, to rejoice evermore, and in everything to give thanks. And reason is in accord with revelation in joining this day. Men's pathway is ever onward and upward. Larger and seemingly infinite possibilities of future achievement invite him to press on with unwearied footsteps.

but here we have Christ confessing His dependence on us. Marvelous thought! The branch cannot bear of itself except it abide in the vine, and the vine cannot bear fruit without the branch. The Apostle Paul puts that thought in another form when he says: "Ye are the body of Christ, and members—each severally—members of that body." Apart from Christ, the members perish. There is no power in the hand, no vision in the eye, no power in the ear to hear the voice of God apart from the body. We are the body of Christ; Christ works in us. Christ desires to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and visit the sick, and build homes for the homeless; and open prison doors for those in captivity, but supporting the hands of the Lord be paralyzed, how can He do these things? We are the body of Christ. Christ wants to publish abroad to the end of the earth the message of God's love and the way of salvation, but if the voice be silent, how can He do it?

We talk about the mercy of God having been shown to us. We talk about the undesigned mercy of God, and we do well, but the pity of God and the mercy of God have their limitations. Not according to the distorted Calvinism, which says that God's mercy is infinite; God's pity is boundless; His love extends to all men—that we believe; in that declaration we glory, we count it the very flower and gem of our religion. And yet God's mercy is limited. His compassion is bounded. His pity is shortened by us—us. According as we are willing or unwilling is it the love of God.

Let us take a homely illustration. Here is a friend—a man whom you have always known, a classmate may be in school, an associate in business, or a neighbor, who on evil times and everything that he spent his life in accumulating is gone. You are rich, you are perfectly able to put that man on his feet again, to give him a second chance and another start; you are God's elected minister for that purpose. But you don't do it. God is kindly disposed toward man, God would help that man. He has put you in a position to help him. You are His hands; you are God's ministering agency, but you limit God's goodness, don't you? Rich men can feed poor men, but they don't do it. No man falls from heaven to feed those poor men. They starve. God is ever ready to help the poor, but there are strong people who are perfectly able to help and comfort weak and needy people, but these needy people die for lack of help. No ministering angel comes down to comfort the dying and the dead. Don't you see that, and God's hand, God's voice, the branches and twigs of the vine, limit the fruitfulness of the vine. The power of the Apostle Paul is limited. My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be My disciples. Friends, the thought is appalling, it oppresses me. When I look at that dead man, I am terrified to think that the thing that God wanted done yesterday is not done through my neglect.

And yet there is encouragement here for us. Apart from the vine, the branch withers; it can do nothing. Abiding in the vine, the branch bringeth forth much fruit, and we may abide and we may glorify our Father in glory. Let us abide with Him, with radiance and beauty in the eyes of man. Make God manifest. We can make God real; we can make the gospel sublime; we can make those who are living shout it. We can so tell the story; we can so give our religion; we can so manifest the grace of God in our lives; we can so let our light shine before men, that they may glorify our Father in glory. Our children and relatives—shall glorify our Father in heaven.

God Only is Perfect. Perfection, in every absolute sense, cannot be found among men—it abides only with God. Man, at his best, is not free. A heir of immortality, he is imprisoned into time, and he has a heritage of sin and corruption from the generations of the past. Called to do all things through God strengthening him, he finds that the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. Content with the absolute attributes of divinity. Spiritual pride leads him to moral ruin when he is persuaded to forget the hour of prayer, to forget his consent that with him every breath is a prayer. The Man of Nazareth who so far from this vanity that He spent whose nights in communion with God on the solitary places apart from His companions. The perfectionist, again, is deceived when he materializes the things of God, by asserting for the saints below an earthly empire over disease and death, by claiming a part in the political rule of the quiescent Christ in a millennial reign at Jerusalem.

Increasing God's Opportunities. Some one has said that "each human life is another opportunity for God to display His grace and power." So it is, and the thought will give you pause as you meditate on it. "Just think, 'I am God's opportunity.'" Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it glorious? When we look at others whom God has richly blessed and honored in service we wonder how it is, but do we ever think of ourselves as God's opportunity? Every one that responds to God's call, "Come!" gives God a larger place in the world.

Every one who obeys God's command, "Go!" assists God in gaining a larger place in the hearts of men. Every regenerated man is a new world to God. He plants His seeds of love and grace; a fountain out of which flow constant streams of healing power. "Take it, my dear young friend, and say to yourself, 'I am God's opportunity.'" Be that and your life will become unutterably grand and your experience unutterably sweet.—A. W. Spooner, D. D.

One Thing We Can Do. Each one in any given place has a responsible share in every other's good work. In some things we do to our part with our hands; in other matters we do our part with our hearts. What the Apostle John said about evil deeds is as true of good deeds: "It is that ye love one another, that ye may be fellow-workers." What we speed on its way, and what we welcome in our hearts when we hear of it, all this we have in common. How glad reaching, then, are the opportunities of even the most secluded! How great is the work in which even the least can be engaged. As we had any good income, or suggest any good outgoing, we enter into the prophet's work, and shall receive a prophet's reward. Let us take heed and do our share.

Ever Onward and Upward. We are commanded to be perfect, to love God continually, to rejoice evermore, and in everything to give thanks. And reason is in accord with revelation in joining this day. Men's pathway is ever onward and upward. Larger and seemingly infinite possibilities of future achievement invite him to press on with unwearied footsteps.

Those on Trial. "Are these masterpiece?" asked a tourist in a Florentine gallery, adding, "I must admit that I do not see much in them myself." "These pictures, sir," was the answer, "are not on trial; it is the visitors who are on trial." It is the critics who are on trial, not the Scriptures.—New York Observer.

## "LE SPORT."

It Must Be Expensive or Frenchmen Don't Care for It.

This is the season of sports, principally for men who haven't the leisure to be "sportif" all the year, and in France they are numerous. With us the clerk and salesman, unlike his British prototype, has no opportunity for habitual exercise. In England banks and shops close early; Saturday is a half-holiday, and in some countries—Devonshire, for instance—Wednesday also; of course no work is done on Sunday. In France offices and stores are simply kept open 12 hours on end, though there isn't business enough to warrant such over-application. The time that is left is hardly enough for meals, to say nothing of aperitifs. Hence only men of leisure, they become a ground of pet-sports with any sort of constancy.

And this has already established a radical distinction between the way sports can be developed in France and the way they are developed in Anglo-Saxon countries. As sports are the privilege of men of wealth and leisure, they become a ground of petty vanity for those who commonly practice them in our French democracy, and an object of jealousy, disguised as disdain, for those who are deprived of them by reason of lack of money and lack of leisure.

The thing is especially apparent in the provinces. Today every suburb especially every city that has aarrison. And nothing could be more amusing than the pride—not to say haughtiness—displayed by the happy individuals admitted to that tennis court—nothing, that is, unless you prefer to laugh at the slanderous hostility of those who are not yet admitted and who employ various Machiavellian manoeuvres to secure admission.

Nor is this the only proof that in France sports are regarded as a distinctive badge of aristocracy. Just as soon as a sport comes into general vogue it is dropped by all true sportsmen. Canoeing, which still flourishes on the Thames, is given over on the Seine, with affected indifference, to workmen and counter-jumpers, who, for this part, no longer particularly enjoy it. The bicycle was abandoned the moment its reduced price brought it within everybody's reach. Whenever any form of physical exercise becomes inexpensive its dog in France is sealed, for the only Frenchmen who have leisure for sports demand something more of them than the development of their muscles—they want them to be a mark "of social excellence." At heart they care far more for a mark "of social excellence" than they do for the development of their muscles, and that is one of the reasons why the automobile is so popular. A fat monsieur, comfortably seated beside a hired chauffeur, imagines himself a sportsman. Indeed, he is privileged to wear a bearskin and a goggle mask. No sportsman's club would dare to blackball him.—Marcel Prevost in Figaro.

War Times in Japan. The happy life of the family circle, otherwise enjoyable in the cool breeze of the summer evening, is quite impossible this year now that the main support of the family is absent on account of the war. The housewife, who sets the dinner table daily with a seat left vacant, and the old sire, who emerges from his hermitage into the troublesome world to toil for the daily bread for the family, buy newspapers, otherwise uninteresting, but for the sake of the one at the front, and request the eldest boy to read them aloud.

"What report of the war?" So saying, the grandfather takes into his arms the youngest grandchild, to whom he says: "Thy papa is doing great deeds and will soon come home to bless thee."

How deeply pathetic must be the scene of this country home, where the winds that sail over the green fields of rice and even the tinkle, tinkle of the bells at the necks of the farmers' horses that pass by the door remind the family of the man at the front.—Tokio Asahi Shimbu.

Age as Senator Vest Understood It. On a certain occasion Mr. Vest had returned to the senate after one of his brief absences. Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, four years his senior, met him in the lobby and chided him good naturedly for not attending strictly to business when vital measures were being debated. "You're a fine young man," said Mr. Hoar, "to absent yourself at such a time and leave us old fellows—Cockrell and me and the rest—to handle these matters."

"You'll never be as old as I," said Vest, "if you live fifty years longer." "Bless you, I was born in 1826, and was preparing for college before you came into the world," said the Massachusetts man.

"If you were born in 1726 you wouldn't be as old as I," said the Missourian. "You and Cockrell will see years, but you will never see age. You haven't lived as lively as I have—and I am wishing sometimes that 'hadn't," he said, with a weary smile.—Kansas City Star.

Some Hope for Him. Young Sorreltop—Then you utterly cast me off? Miss Esmeralda (with great gentleness)—Why, no, Sylvester; but—it would be so silly for a girl to say yes the first time. If—if you are of the same mind you might ask me again some day, you know.—Chicago Tribune.

## KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

BURGLARS BUSY.

Leave Note Requesting Sharon People to Have More for Them Next Time They Call.

Milton Melvin, of Greenville, has brought suit against the Southern Pacific Railroad company for \$50,000 damages. Melvin and his wife bought round trip tickets from St. Louis to San Francisco and return. Melvin alleges that on the return trip a conductor claimed his signature did not agree with that on the ticket and put him and his wife off at a lonely station in Northern California at night.

Postmaster Wells, of Wilcox, captured a lone burglar who had robbed the postoffice at Wilcox. The robber had an hour's start, but by using a fast horse the postmaster overtook the burglar. Instead of stopping the man at once Mr. Wells drove on to a turn in the road, where he dismounted and prepared his gun for work. As the robber approached the turn he was halted, admitted his guilt and gave up the stolen property.

A remarkable prehistoric find has been discovered at Dales quarry, Lathrop township, Wyoming county, in removing a "lift" of stone, about four inches thick, the quarrymen were surprised to find the impression of nine well defined human footprints across the slab. The feet were large and roughly shaped, but the impression is distinct. The rock was found 20 feet below the surface.

An action was filed at Carlisle by John W. Wetzel, Democratic nominee for president judge, against Otto B. Block, publisher and editor of the "Star and Enterprise," of Newville, and another against D. P. Sollenberger, correspondent, for libel. Damages are fixed at \$5,000 against Block and \$2,500 in the case of Sollenberger. The suits grew out of a political article published against Wetzel.

W. R. Carothers, a well known oil man and prominent Y. M. C. A. leader, was sued for \$10,000 damages for breach of promise to marry Miss Mary J. Brady of Washington, a member of a well-known family. It is alleged Carothers had been friendly with Miss Brady for several years and had been engaged to marry her for several months. Two weeks ago Carothers married another girl.

The twenty-second annual reunion of the Seventy-sixth regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, was held at Altoona. Capt. Alfred Hicks, of Pittsburg, was elected president, and Capt. John McNevin, of Altoona, secretary-treasurer for the ensuing year. The next annual meeting will be held in Pittsburg.

Burglars entered several residences in Sharon and stole jewelry and other booty amounting to several hundred dollars, and then made their escape, leaving no clue. The robbers left a note in the residence of T. J. McCarty, as follows: "You want to have something more the next time we come."

Robbers gained an entrance to the home of Jacob Schell in Altoona, and secured plunder to the value of \$25. They then made an attempt to burn the house. Neighbors noticed the bright light in the house and awakened Schell and his family in time to prevent any great damage to the property.

The Washington burgess and council have been re-elected by the court from grading Dunn avenue, a thoroughfare leading into the new Washington park. The injunction was made on the petition of the Taxpayers' league.

Work has been resumed at the plant of the Pittsburg Window Glass company at Washington, and within a week it will be in full operation. The factory will be operated under the St. Peter's scale, and no wage difficulties are expected.

Christ Evangelical Lutheran church, of South Sharon, has extended a call to Rev. M. C. Zundel, of Fargo, N. D. Rev. J. A. Friskorn, who has been pastor, has resigned on account of failing health.

Patrick Byrne, of Wheatland, was the victim of footpads while returning from Sharon. He was seized from behind and was hit on the head with a club. The robbers secured \$20.

Seth McGee, 40 years old, millwright of the Greer tin plant, of New Castle, was killed by falling from a tree near New Bedford. He is survived by two children.

Frederick H. Musser, of Delaware township, Mercer county, had his barn burned. His loss is about \$2,500, partly insured.

James Ryan, of Ruffedale, was run down by a car at Tarr station and was killed. Ryan was 38 years old and leaves a wife and family.

Smallpox has broken out at Morgan station, Fayette county. The town has been quarantined.

Davis Brothers' livery barn, at Baulchire, was burned, the loss being \$1,000, partly insured.

S. E. Smith, a well-known resident of Homewood, was struck by a train last night and severely injured.

James Shaw, of Uniontown, was run over by a freight train and both legs were cut off.

The corner stone of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic church, in Jocham, Johnston, was laid by the Right Rev. Eugene A. Garvey, bishop of the Altoona diocese, in the presence of 10,000 people. Bishop Garvey was assisted by a large number of local and visiting priests. St. Patrick's church will cost about \$30,000.

Rev. Herbert Yeull has resigned as pastor of the Central Christian Church, at Uniontown, to enter evangelistic work. He was pastor of the Shady Avenue Christian church, Pittsburg, for four years.