

# SORT OF A SAD CASE.

**T**HE haze of autumn afternoon was spread like a veil of golden gauze over the foothills of the Sierra, deepening into purple shadows in the canyons and fading into a paler but opaque blanket where it stretched away toward the west above the valley of the San Joaquin. Passengers on the coach rolling down the Yosemite stage road through the forest caught glimpses of the lower hills and the shoreless sea of yellow haze beyond them, and regretted that they were soon to leave the cool, bracing air of the mountains and plunge beneath that sea of dust and smoke into the quivering heat of the plains. They threw back their shoulders and inhaled deep draughts of air laden with the pungent odors of pine and fir, and felt that it was good to be alive.

The coach rolled over the thick carpet of dust, laid by the long rainless summers upon the road, silently save for the creaking of the harness and the occasional grinding of the brake; and the stillness of afternoon in the forest was broken only by the tapping of a woodpecker fitting acorns into the holes he had drilled in dead trees during the summer, or by the rustling fall of a cone from a lofty sugar pine. Yosemite had exhausted the exclamatory vocabulary of the garrulous, and the judicious into reverent silence, and even the man from Philadelphia had ceased asking questions of the driver.

A deer crossed the road and trotted lightly up the mountain side, a dun shadow flitting among the red-brown trunks of the pines, and Bock Gridley only pointed toward it with his whip. The passengers whispered and gazed at the graceful animal, but made no sounds that might alarm it. They felt the brooding stillness of the Sierra, and unconsciously fell into the mood of the autumn afternoon. When the whip-like report of a rifle shot, faint and far, but not to be mistaken, came echoes to their ears, they felt vague resentment at the intrusive sound.

The coach swung around a sharp bend at the foot of a steep grade, and the horses were at a walk, when a man stepped from behind a tree into the road and held up his hand. He was a red-headed giant, massive and powerful. He wore only a blue shirt, open at the throat and chest, and overalls. His feet and his head were bare; and his hair, the color of the Sequoia's bark, was tousled like an urchin's. In his right hand he held a rifle.

Rock Gridley's foot was on the brake, and he had the team well in hand. In an instant the coach came to a dead stop, and the passengers had the first thrill of an adventure with stage robbers, which most of them half hoped for and more than half dreaded from the hour when they first took seat in a California stage coach.

At first glance the blonde giant presented a formidable figure, but the menace of his huge form and his weapon was belied by his ruddy, jocund visage, and the passengers felt like apologizing for their tremors when they saw, instead of a mask, the wide, blue eyes and frank smile of the mountaineer.

"Howdy, Rock?" was the stranger's greeting to the driver.

"Hello, Wes," responded Gridley.

"What's up?"

"Seen anything of an Injun as you came along?"

"Reckon so. Feller went down into the gulch this side of Chiniquin. Moccasin tracks crossed the road at Frenchy's oak. After him?"

"Kind of; but guess he's hittin' the high places an' won't come back. There's another one in the road down by my shack. Watch out and don't run over him, Rock."

"Accident?"

"Kind of."

"Going back?"

"Might as well."

The big man climbed to the box beside the driver, and the coach went on down the grade. At intervals there was a low rumble of the big man's voice, unintelligible to the passengers, to which the driver responded with occasional grunts and nods; but none of the passengers ventured to ask questions, although their curiosity was excited to a keen pitch by the vague hints conveyed in the first brief colloquy.

Perhaps a mile farther on the road doubled a spur of the mountain, and came into a straight and comparatively level stretch of a few hundred yards. Perched above the road was a cabin of unpainted boards, and opposite, in a clearing, was a rough shed. In the middle of the road, between the shacks, lay a dark, huddled object, an insistent blot in a patch of intense yellow sunlight.

The passengers leaned over the sides of the coach, stared at the dark figure, and talked in low, hushed tones, but the driver and his companion seemed to pay no heed to it and made no comment as they approached. The leaders swerved, pricked their ears forward, and blew short blasts through their nostrils when they came near the object, and Rock Gridley spoke to them sharply and set the brake, bringing the team to a halt.

Two of the passengers jumped out and stepped quickly toward the body, while the others gazed at it in awed fascination. Wesley Lee, the red-headed giant, descended deliberately and walked over to the group.

"I 'lowed he might be," said Wesley, softly.

"He's been shot. Here's a bullet hole in the back of his head."

"You don't say! Now, that's curious, ain't it? Rock, this gentleman says the diseased is dead, an' has a hole in his head. I kind of sp'icioned that myself."

Rock looked calmly down at the body, nodded, and cheerfully asserted: "Deader'n a door nail," was what he said.

Wesley lifted the limp figure easily in his huge arms, and placed it upon the bank at the roadside. It had lain in the road face downward, an awkward sprawl of a body, dressed in a calico shirt and faded overalls, with a mass of coarse black hair covering the head and concealing the sides of the face. Laid upon its back, it was seen to be the corpse of an evil-looking Indian, and Rock Gridley at once recognized it and named it. "Lame George," said Rock.

"Um-uh," said Wesley. "It's George, sure enough."

"You seem to know the man," broke in the alert passenger, who had been taking note of everything. "Probably you know who murdered him. This doesn't look much like an accident."

"I'm not saying he was murdered," replied the big mountaineer slowly, "but it does look bad, for a fact. I ain't making any charges, stranger, but there was another Injun here, an' he's skipped. Rock seen him scootin' through the brush up yonder. Seems like there was ground for suspicion."

The inquisitive tourist agreed with significant emphasis that there was ground for suspicion, and he might have gone on to plainer speech but for the driver's abrupt call of "All aboard!" There is no arguing with the autocrat of the box about starting or stopping, and therefore the passenger climbed quickly to their places, and a crack of the whip started the team.

"Tell the judge to send up a buck-board for the remains, or come along himself if he wants to hold an inquest," was Wesley's parting injunction, to which Rock replied: "Right. So long!" as the coach swung along down the grade into the shadows of the forest.

The alert passenger fell into a brown study, while the others chattered excitedly about the grim incident of their journey. He had taken the seat beside the driver, and presently he said, in a low tone: "Driver, who killed Indian George?"

"I didn't see nobody kill him," replied Rock in a confidential tone.

"Of course, you didn't; but what do you think? I think that man Wes, as you call him, shot the Indian."

"Stranger," drawled Rock solemnly, "my job is driving horses, not thinking. When a man forgets his job and goes to thinking, trouble begins. I had my lesson. Over on the Big Oak Flat road, coming down Priest's Hill with a full load of tourists, I got to thinking about something that wasn't any of my business, and instead of making the turn I drove straight off the road and landed the whole outfit in the tops of a bunch of bull pines in the gulch. That's the place they call 'Gridley's cut-off' to this day. But don't let that discourage you. You keep right on thinking; won't disturb me a bit."

Gridley's manner was gravely respectful, and there was no hint of asperity in his tone. The passenger smiled, being a man of discernment and some humor; and relapsed into thoughtful silence. The result of his meditations was a resolve to stay over a day at the little settlement at the end of the day's journey, and observe the further development of the case. He was a lawyer, and therefore interested.

At the stage station the tourists found eager listeners to their story, and none of the reticence which characterized Rock Gridley, and the little community was soon buzzing with the news that Wes Lee had killed the notorious Indian vagabond, Lame George. Not one of the tourists had ventured to make direct assertion that Wes was responsible for the Indian's death, but the fact seemed to be taken for granted by the gossips on the hotel porch.

After the departure of the outgoing stage in the morning, there was a general movement of the village population toward the stage company's harness shop, which was also the office of the district's sole representative of the law, the upholder of the peace and dignity of the State of California, Judge Bruce, who exercised the functions of coroner, notary, and committing magistrate.

As the judge, decorously deliberate, left the hotel to go down to his office, the interested tourist joined him, and began questioning him as to methods of procedure. He learned that the inquiry about to be held would be virtually an inquest, but if cause for believing that a crime had been committed should appear, it would become a preliminary hearing of the case against the person accused.

So far it was all plain to the Eastern lawyer, although it seemed to him a crude system. "And where is the murderer now?" he asked in all simplicity.

"The which?" said the judge in a puzzled tone.

"The homicide, the prisoner. I don't see him anywhere."

"Oh!" responded the judge, as if light had been thrown upon a dark subject. "You mean the man who killed the Indian? He will be along pretty soon; he lives quite a few miles away, you know."

"Do you mean to say he is at large? Isn't he in jail or even under arrest?" It was the judge's turn to be shocked, and he obviously was when he turned an amazed face to the tourist, and blurted out: "In jail! Put a man in jail for shooting a drunken Injun! Never heard of such a thing in all my life. No, sir, Wes Lee isn't in jail—firstly, because we haven't in jail and don't need none; and secondly, because that's him coming over the bridge not more'n half an hour late."

The big mountaineer's swinging stride soon brought him into the group in front of the harness shop. He had attired himself in his "store clothes," even to necktie and boots, his hair and beard were carefully combed, and his ruddy cheeks had a distinctly soapy shine. The preternatural gravity of his countenance, assumed in recognition of the official importance of the occasion, lasted until his first "Howdy," when it was shivered and scattered in ripples of good nature, even as the placidity of a pool is broken by a cast stone.

Wes Lee shook hands with everybody, explained that the walk of twelve miles had consumed an extra half-hour, because he had stopped to roll out of the road a half-ton boulder that had fallen near Alder Creek, and proposed that all hands take refreshments before opening court. The judge stole a furtive glance at the disappearing countenance of the tourist, and declined with severe dignity.

When Wes and the others returned from the store, the court was opened and a coroner's jury selected by the judge, Rock Gridley and the men who had brought in the body of the Indian were chosen because, as the judge explained, they had handled the remains, and knew many of the facts in the case, and that would save taking much testimony.

The only witness called was Wesley Lee. He told how Lame George and another Indian entered his cabin and demanded whisky, being already drunk and ugly; how he refused, and they threatened him, one with a pistol and the other with an axe; how he tried to get to the corner where his rifle stood, and was assailed by the Indian with the axe; how he closed in and seized the fellow around the body and used him for shield and missile, and hurled both the Indians through the door into the road. Then Wesley's story became a trifle hazy. The Indian with the pistol figured in it rather vaguely; but it was clear that the mountaineer secured his rifle and followed the drunken redskins out of the cabin.

"The Injun with the six-shooter was yelling and shooting," testified Wesley, "and the fellow with the axe, Lame George, he was talking about coming back and killing me some other time. You know them Injuns, judge, and you know they're mean'n pizen when they're drunk."

"Lame George was sure bad, drunk or sober," said the judge; "but what this court wants to know is whether his drunken companion shot him while flourishing a pistol with malice aforethought and intent to do bodily harm, or whether you killed him in self-defense. Did you shoot him, Wes?"

"Now, I wouldn't want to swear that I did," responded the witness meditatively. "I pulled up on him with my Winchester, but I was kinder hurried like, and I shouldn't be surprised if I shot just a leetle too far to the right. Of course, I'm sorry, judge."

The court inquired if the jury desired to ask any questions or hear any more evidence. The jury allowed that it had all the evidence necessary, agreed that Lame George dead was an improved red man, decided that nobody knew who killed him, and hazarded the guess that his companion was guilty, being notoriously a worthless vagabond. The formal verdict was that a pistol shot was the cause of death.

Court adjourned, and Wesley invited the judge and the stranger to join him in a visit to the store. The judge declined the invitation with a wink and a grimace on the side of his face away from the tourist, and cleared his throat to deliver a homily on the evils of drink. "This is a very deplorable affair, Wesley," began his Honor impressively. "This is a sort of a sad case, so to speak."

Wesley looked as grave as he knew how, and eagerly assented. "Yes," he said, "it surely was sad that I didn't get the other one, too."—New York Evening Post.

**Disgraceful Deficiencies.**  
To half do things.  
Not to develop our possibilities.  
To be lazy, indolent, indifferent.  
To do poor, slipshod, botched work.  
To give a bad example to young people.  
To have crude, brutish, repulsive manners.  
To hide a talent because you have only one.  
To live a half life when a whole life is possible.  
Not to be scrupulously clean in person and surroundings.  
To acknowledge a fault and make no effort to overcome it.  
To be ungrateful to friends and to those who have helped us.  
Not to be able to carry on intelligent conversation upon current topics.  
To shirk responsibility in politics, or to be indifferent to the public welfare.  
To be ignorant of the general history of the world and of the various countries.  
Not to know something of the greatest leaders, reformers, artists and musicians of the world.  
Not to have intelligent knowledge of the general affairs of the world, and of the inter-relationships of nations, the laws of health, about physiology and hygiene to live healthfully and sanely.—Orison Swett Marden, in Success.



Before the Academy of Sciences, Paris, M. Boudouin gave clear evidence of differences in physical and chemical composition between grafted and non-grafted grapes which he had obtained, and the facts observed explain the more rapid aging of wines from grafted vines, and also their greater sensitiveness to pathogenic ferments.

M. E. Meyer has shown that vegetables put under chloroform lose much of their power of emitting X-rays, and M. Jean Bequerel has been led to try whether this effect of anaesthetics is not more general. He finds that not only organic bodies, but even inorganic, for example, sulphide of calcium, cease to emit X-rays when under the action of the fumes of chloroform, ether, protoxide of nitrogen, etc. In fact, the suppression of X-rays by anaesthetics in vegetables and minerals is much alike.

The study of great nebulae, like that of Orion, has been made easier since the use of short focus objectives for photographing the stars. M. Max Wolf shows that the photographs bring out in a remarkable way a fact that Herschel had pointed out—that the great nebulae are surrounded by nearly empty spaces that form veritable stellar deserts. M. Wolf finds that the empty space lies on only one side of the nebula. A few rare and brilliant stars are to be seen, but all smaller ones seem to have been grouped round the nebula. The nebula of Andromeda and the spiral nebulae do not follow the rule, apparently forming another class.

In a new apparatus for measuring the radio-activity of soils and mud, Blaser and Geitel note the increase in the conductivity of a constant volume of air exposed in a metal cylinder to the action of the radio-active material. The indications are given by a modified form of Exner's electroscope, in which the leaves are insulated by amber and a dry atmosphere is produced by metallic sodium. Measurements of the effect and decay of mud from the hot springs of Battaglia tend to show that its activity is due solely to radium. The same investigators offer the theory that the conductivity due to the atmosphere is largely or entirely due to a radio-active emanation from the earth's crust, and mention that the conductivity of the air of closed cellars and deep holes is often fifty times as great as that of normal air.

For two years an exhaustive monograph on a typical lake of Italy has been painted by the Italian Geographical Society. The picturesque lake of Bolsena, within easy reach from Rome, was selected for the purpose, and the studies include the geographical and geological features, the rainfall and temperature and seasonal variations, the changes of level, the seiches or rhythmic pulsations of the surface and the life forms. The seiches constitute one of the most interesting of the phenomena. These have a regular period of twelve or fifteen minutes, the rise of the water on occasions reaching a foot, and the oscillations are often so marked that natives speak of the lake as panting. They are more conspicuous at Marta than on the opposite side of the lake at Bolsena, a rise of seven inches at the former being correlated with one of four inches at the latter.

**The Supply of Ivory.**  
During a recent visit to the London docks, says Knowledge and Scientific News, Her Majesty the Queen was informed that the stock of ivory then shown represented, on an average, the annual slaughter of some 20,000 African elephants. This statement has been contradicted in two letters in the daily papers. In one of these Messrs. Hale, of 10 Finchurch avenue, state that at least eighty-five per cent. of the supply is "dead ivory," mainly obtained from hoarded stores of African chiefs, who are shrewd enough to put their commodities on the market only in dribbles. The most interesting part of the letter is, however, the statement that the great bulk of this hoarded ivory is obtained from "elephant cemeteries"—spots met with here and there in the jungle, where elephants have resorted to for centuries to die. Much of the ivory that comes to the market may, therefore, according to this letter, be several hundred years old. The marvel is why it is not devoured in the jungles by porcupines, as certainly happens with tusks of the Indian elephant which are left in the jungle.

**Where the Bacon Was.**  
There is a little dining room of the quick-lunch order down town where a bacon-and-beans meal is to be had at the moderate price of five cents. The other day a man strolled into the place, and, after gazing pensively on the small quantity of bacon compared with the beans on his plate, shouted to the waiter:

"Hey! I've got no bacon!"

As the waiter approached the table the diner corrected himself.

"Oh, yes, I beg pardon. Here it is."

"Did you find it?" asked the waiter.

"Yes. It got under one of the beans," was the answer.—New York Press.

**Telegraphing Photographs.**  
Mr. Arthur Korn, of Germany, has published a booklet describing the system by which he has successfully transmitted photographs over telegraph or telephone lines for a distance of 800 kilometers. The principal factor in the discovery is a certain galvanic battery.

## A FORTUNE IN A PILLOW-CASE.

How Mrs. Leonard Saved Thousands of Dollars From Moulded Notes.

The money counters in the United States Treasury were startled one day by the appearance of a remarkable looking "fat man," who entered the department and told a strange tale. He said he was an Ohio farmer and did not believe in banks, and so had buried his money in the ground for safe keeping. He had dug it up, and was horrified to find that it was slowly turning to dust, as notes will when long buried. Panic stricken, he gathered the disintegrated money into an old pillow case, bound it around his waist beneath his clothes and started for Washington. He traveled part of the way on horseback, part of the way on an Ohio River steamboat, and part of the way by train. During the journey he never once took off the pillow case. He even slept with it on. The officials at the Treasury Department found it difficult to make him part with it. He did not want to go with a clerk to a hotel for fear the clerk might rob him, but it was manifestly impossible for him to disrobe in the office and he was forced to submit. They got the money at last, and the condition of it was so bad that Mrs. Leonard had to be called to decipher it. So great was her skill that the farmer lost only a few hundred dollars out of \$19,000.—Theodore Waters, in Everybody's Magazine.

**WISE WORDS.**  
If happiness were a sin some people would make the world brighter.

It takes bread from Heaven to give strength for the business on earth.

When a man loves God he will think once in a while about the feelings of men.

The church that quarrels over the bricks takes a long time to build the house.

If a man has any selfishness in him it will come out when he sits next the window.

The perfect man has not been discovered in our day; we are all too modest to reveal him.

You may know what God thinks about a man's religion when you know what his children think.

**How Eli Sprained His Ankle.**  
Did you ever hear how Eli Perkins sprained his ankle? Well, neither has any one else, though Perkins is willing to tell the story on one condition. That condition is that no one laughs until he finishes the story, and invariably his auditors fail to meet this requirement.

This is how he began the story at the banquet given to the American Press Humorists by the Business Men's League of St. Louis:

"Your toastmaster, Mr. Frank, has asked me to tell you how I sprained my ankle. Well, I shall tell you, if you will not laugh until I finish the story; but I am afraid you'll laugh, for I have tried to tell a number of people how I sprained my ankle, and they always laughed before I got through."

"This is how it happened: I was on a train going East, when there was a wreck. The train was derailed, and all the passengers were more or less shaken up. Everybody in the sleeping car tried to get out as hurriedly as possible, and in the confusion our clothing got considerably mixed. I couldn't find my trousers at all; but finally I did find a pair of trousers, but I couldn't wear 'em. You see, they were not men's trousers—"

Here there was general laughter, and Perkins looked about in a pained sort of way, then went on: "There, you laughed. I knew you would. They were not men's trousers; they were boys' trousers. But I won't tell you how I sprained my ankle, because you laughed."—Sunday Magazine.

**A Tailor's Blunder.**  
At one time in his career Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, was rather a dandy in his way. While so afflicted he ordered a pair of trousers from his tailor, and he expressly stipulated that they were to be skin tight. The trousers came home and the Senator tried them on. He went right to the tailor and opened fire on him. "What in the name of everything unprintable do you mean by sending me trousers like that?" he shouted. "Why, you said to make them skin tight," said the tailor. "Skin tight!" yelled the Senator. "Yes, by this and that, I said skin tight. I wanted them merely skin tight. I can sit down in my skin and I can't in these."—Kansas City Journal.

**Dog and Eagle.**  
The best eagle story that has been told for many a day comes from Dauphin. At the village of Romans a farmer's dog was lying asleep, when a large eagle swooped upon it. Roused by the pain of the bird's talons in his flesh, the dog seized one of the eagle's legs fast between his teeth, biting the limb through and through, and holding on until the bird was completely beaten and captured. When the farmer arrived it was too exhausted to fight longer for its life. The wings measured fifty-eight inches from tip to tip.—London Globe.

**Again the Infant Terrible.**  
"I have noticed that Mr. Smith always leaves before the sermon," remarked the new minister in the course of his first pastoral call.

"Yes, he—er, that is—," Mrs. Smith floundered about in embarrassment until Tommy thought it time to come to her rescue.

"I know why," he piped up shrilly.

"Do you, my little man?" said the minister, smiling encouragingly. "Why is it, then?"

"Ma makes him. 'Cause he always snores when he goes to sleep."—New York Press.

## KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS

EXPLOSION CAUSES FIRE.

Factory at Jeannette Destroyed—Man Found on Railroad With Head Crushed.

The Ft. Pitt Bottle and Novelty Company's plant, near Jeannette, was destroyed by fire. Employees made a heroic effort to overcome the flames, but were unsuccessful. The explosion of gas under a tank was the cause. The works were erected a year ago by Pittsburg and Jeannette capitalists at a cost of \$50,000. Daniel Zeber, of Pittsburg, is president of the company. The plant will be rebuilt immediately.

A block of tenement houses owned by the Lackawanna Coal and Coke Company, east of Latrobe, were destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of \$1,000. The inmates escaped in their night clothes. Their effects were burned.

Pennsylvania passenger train No. 3, westbound, crashed into a freight train near the depot at Corry. The freight had not cleared the main track when the crash came. The train crews saw a collision was certain and jumped. The caboose of the freight was demolished and the freight cars took fire. The city fire department was called to extinguish the flames. Christie Black, a boy, from Erie, was injured about the head. He was in the caboose and was hurled through the roof. Baggage man Glasse was injured about the body and Mr. Lougee of Buffalo, a traveling man, received a sprained back.

John O. Rauch, of Jennertown, and William H. Morris, of Johnstown, have instituted legal proceedings against Isiah Good, Norman E. Knepper and Daniel B. Zimmerman, of Somerset, to recover \$168,000, alleged to be due them from the profits of a recent sale of coal land in Jenner and Quenahoning townships, to a syndicate headed by James S. and William H. Kuhn, of Pittsburg.

When William Vankirk, of Vankirk's station, Washington county, went out on his porch late last night to greet his son, Earle, on the latter's return from Washington, he received no response. An investigation showed young Vankirk to be dead, sitting in the buggy. Vankirk died of heart failure, and the horse, familiar with the road, carried the body home. Vankirk was 17 years old.

A. F. John disposed of about 1,800 acres of "bad" coal, at Heavysville, to J. B. Irish, of Philadelphia, and W. P. Graff, of Blairsville, for over \$300,000. Irish and Graff are identified with the Somerset Mining company. The transfer of the property, which is located east of the Stony creek, will be made this week. The purchase money was paid in cash.

With his head crushed and his pockets rifled Michael Mangin was found lying on the Delaware & Hudson railroad tracks near Carbondale, where he had evidently been placed by his assailants to be killed by the first train which passed. He was rescued by a railroad and has not yet been able to tell what happened to him.

C. S. Gibson, of Keating Summit, and James Johnson, of Mt. Jewett, were run down by a train at the Tyrone station, while awaiting a train to carry them to Cumberland, Md. Gibson was probably fatally hurt. His companion escaped serious injuries.

Thomas Hazen of Beaver Falls, died and his death is attributed to the poison taken some days ago. Coroner Gormley was notified, but did not deem it necessary to hold an inquest. Hazen was 45 years old.

The store of Bratton & Ross, at Faunce, Clearfield county, was robbed and then burned. Goods from the store were afterward found scattered about the woods. The fire spread to surrounding buildings.

M. B. Messinger, of Corry, who was recently struck by a Pennsylvania passenger train and lost a leg, has sued for \$10,000. Peter Dodge, who was with him and received severe injuries, has asked for \$5,000.

John J. Brosnahan, a section foreman of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railroad, was killed by a train near Altiplano. He was 25 years old and lived at Beaver Falls, Pa.

Fire destroyed the barn of ex-Representative M. K. Leard, of Livermore. Four horses and four cows were cremated. The loss is estimated at \$4,000.

Charles Moser of the Producers' Torpedo company of Butler county, had the bone of his right leg shattered just below the knee in a hunting accident.

Falling under a moving engine, at Bellefonte, Conductor William Daley, 45 years old, was probably fatally injured. He has a wife and four children.

A colored man, whose name is believed to be Jackson, was found dead on the railroad, near Greensburg. He was about 28 years old.

The residence of J. W. McClanahan of Jacobs Creek, was burglarized, the thieves securing over \$300 in money, clothing and jewelry.

John Burns of Dunbar, 21 years old, was killed by a fall of coal in the Mahoning mine of the Cambria Steel company.

Six years in the Western penitentiary was the sentence imposed upon Arthur F. Smith, charged with forging the name of J. S. Douglass of Uniontown to a check for \$3,852.

Albert Moore of Clintonville, had his left arm ground off from wrist to shoulder. Moore got his hand too near the teeth of a corn husker.

Edward and David Jones, who claim Pittsburg as their home, were arrested for attempting to rob a box car in the railroad yards at Altoona.

The residence of George B. Butterworth, a wealthy oil man, near Chloera, was burned. Loss, \$8,900, partly covered by insurance.