FIRST LOVE.

Why do you look from the window **80**, Little Felicia, daughter of mine? Mere still is the long white seam to sew And the white lamb's wool to spin." Da, mother, below, there in the snow, Stands a little lad with a mouth like

A little lad with a carven bow, And he makes as though he would ent Mother of mine."

"Nay--there is no one there at all, Liftle Felicia, my fale one: Nanght I see but the white snow's fall, And your task is still the same." "Ob, mother, harken, and hear him call. "Pray, sweetheart, is the door undone? Let me in, who any weak and samal." May I bid him enter in Pity's name. Mother of mine."

"Nothing I hear and naught I see. Little Felicie, who works no lites be, and ther's much to do ers the beeth." But little Felicia, shushingiy. "Turned away from the window-sill; "Oh. mother, I spake no word," quoth she, "But I fear-I fear he hath cuttered in." "But Ghear of milne." - Active Pickering in Smart Set.

----Two Kisses.

BY MARGARET VAN METRE. ----

"Mamma, look, there's Tom Patter

"Why, so it is," answered her moth-er. "He must have come out from the city for a Summer vacation. Well!" And she settled down in her chair with the ever present mending at her side while she looked with slightly ques "Well," echoed Marion to herself

But she said nothing, and soon war dered into the yard, book in hand, to the hammock which swung idly out under the trees.

Marion Haddon and Tom Patterson had been playmates ever since, as our old neighbor usd to express it, Marior was knee high to a grasshopper. They had played together, gone to schoo together, and through it all had been friends.

Then Tom had gone away to co lege, and after a year or two at an eastern university, had gone to New York City where he had been ever since employed in the office of a noted architect; for Tom was an exper draughtsman and as such had secure a fine position. Always a bright youth he had settled down to his choser he had settled down to his chosen business with a spirit of energy that showed plainly that he was serious in the choice of a profession; and with a persistence that had surprised ever his closest friends, he had continued at the same work, in the same offic the ball now four years had passed since he had taken a vacation of any sort and since he had revisited the scenes of his boyhood trials and pleasures

During these years. Tom had pail little attention to the girls. In his ear ly days the people of Martinsbury thought he was rather in love will Marion Haddon; but he had staye away so long; and Marion had been so happy and lively in the company of various other of the village youths that it was decided by the wise one of the town that there wasn't anything in it after all. But when it was rum-ored on this beautiful July day that Tom Patterson was in town, there were not a few who, like Marion's mother, thought questioningly of her and won

Marion herself wondered, too. "Tor Marion herself wondered, too. "Tom in town! I wonder how he looks. And how will be think I look? I wonder if he—" The pause was suggestive of some deep question, but Marion did not finish, even to herself, the thought that was in her mind. She thought of all the good times she and Tom used to have together. How she hated to have him go away! And he said he was sorry, too. Did he mean it? She wondered again. Her earliest memory of him recurred to her mind, such a of him recurred to her mind, such provoking recollection that was, an always so vivid a one. Try as she would, she could never quite forget it

She was a very little girl then, and unusually bashful at that. A. crowd of little people were playing in Tom's yard one hot afternoon in summer. The game was "King William." Most of game was king whath. Most of those in the game were older than Marion and evidently thought it would be fun to play a little trick on her Tom was in the center. Around him

did--a little,-when the gate opened and up the long path, straight to where she swung in the big hammock under the trees, walked the very one of whom she was thinking, Tom Patterson. And in that moment she admitted to herself that she cared-a great deal

She rose and, smiling a welcome came to meet him. "Why, Tom, how you've grown. You hardly look the same to me. "But I am the same to you, Marion,

if you would only believe it." Tom's glance said more than his words. Marion blushed and seated herself in the hammock, while Tom

flung himself with careless grace of

fung himself with careless grace on the grass at her feet. "Why should I believe it, Tom? You've been saying pleasant nothings to me ever since I was a little girl. Why should I believe you now any more than in those other days?" And Marion began to swing "lightly to and fro, looking at Tom with a half mock-ing smile, but thinking at the same time what a fine fellow he was and how time what a fine fellow he was and how

glad she felt that he had come back if it was but for a visit. But Tom was speaking, and when she recovered her thought she discovwering her mocking question with seri-ous deliberation. "The reason, Marion, why you should believe me now, is that this time I mean it. No, that's headly micht I wear it was always. that this time I mean. I've always hardly what I mean. I've always meant it, but I never dared say any-thing very serious. Now that I have shown that I can earn enough to make a home, I have come to ask the only girl in the world if she will share it

th me. 'Why, Marion, I've loved you even Why, Marion, i've toked you don't remember—a day when you were a lit-tle girl and I a year or two older. We were playing King William and I was 4t.' " There was a far away look in his eyes, so Marion had a chance to stoel a graphe at him before he o steal a glance at him before h

"It was your first game, and some one suggested you as a good one to shoose. I didn't need to be told that

nowever, for I had you all picked out I had chosen you the minute I got in the game. Of course they didn't know so when I caught you and had that first kiss"-he paused significantly

"they thought it a great joke. "I felt dreadfully sorry when you felt so bad, and cried; and I wouldn't play any more that day. But I said to nyself then, and have said it many myself then, and have said it many times since, that some time I was going to have another; though of course I wouldn't want it if it should affect you as the first one did." He looked for; some sign from her, but Marion did not stir. All this time she had sat with face turned away, her eyes shin-ing and her cheeks rosy. At last Tom began to grow fearful

of the prolonged silence and broke it with, "Now I have dared. I have come. Don't send me away, for I have

always wanted you." "Send you away? I wouldn't dare. Marion turned toward him a face all smiles, but eyes dimmed with tears! "I wouldn't dare because, well—because I've always loved you too, Tom, at least since that day we played 'King William' and you gave me my first

And then Tom had his second, and another, and an—. But that's be-yond our pale; we were to stop at the second.—National Magazine.

A Remarkable Voyage. One of the most remarkable voyages over undertaken has just been safely completed. On May 21, 1900, Captain voss, a native of British Columbia, set out from that colony in a two-and-a half ton canoe, built by a Red Indian and fitted with three masts and a leaden keel. He sailed first to Fiji, and then to Sydney, in which run he and then to solve and the transmission of transmission of the transmission of transmis he had a short illness, and finally made his way to Ramsgate, where he arriv-ed the other day. Captain Voss had invented a patent sea-anchor, which, he claims, enables him to live through he claims, enables nim to nve though some heavy ocean gales; but no de-vice can make his performance other than a marvel of courage and endur-ance. N Deep sea voyaging in a frail craft might enable one to taste some

AFTER COUNTERFEITERS HOW CAP'N CASON RAN DOWN THE DARING BUCK GANG.

Two Bandits of Coiners Who Had Kill ed Secret Service Agents Before Took Them to Their Hearts and Told Him All-And Then He Surprised Them.

Among the pictures of noted in the first part of "The Story of Mis-souri," a book issued by the depart-ment of publication of the Louislana Purchase Exposition, is a strikting one entitled "A Missourian of the Early bays," It is a likeness of Capt. John B. Cheron R. Cason

For 16 years Capt. Cason was en gased, pistols handy, in restoring or-der. While so occupied he held com-missions as marshal, sheriff and secret service afficer. This was after four years of fighting under Jackson and Longstreet.

In 1876 the town of Marshall, Saline In 1876 the town of Marshall, Saine county, was terrorized by a gang of hardened spirits from a hilly district known as "Bilnd Pony." The saloons were in a row in the main street, and it was the cheerful fashion of the gentimen from "Blind Pony" to make the tour of all the dispensaries by riding through them. After impartial-ly distributing their natronage they ly distributing their patronage they would then shoot out the town lights and perforate such other things as pleased their fancy. To discourage this the people of Marshall unanimous-In such the people of an and the second to be a second to ba a sec

ites hitched their horses to the town rack like white men.

In 1884 Capt. Cason found himself broke, with no job in sight. He went to Washington and through the in-fluence of Senator Vest obtained employment in the secret service. He was assigned to the bureau at Pitts-burg. Dan McSwinney, a man of parts and of steady aim, was chief there. McSwinney's interrogation of his new assistant was terse but com-

prehensive. "Ever hunt counterfeiters?" he askeđ.

"No."

"Like to?" "Just as you say." "Well," said McSwinney, "there's gang up about Edenburg a ways. They have been running 16 years and have killed two of our men. Boss Buck, 68, a giant, is the main guy, and he about runs things on his land. He's got a sort of assistant general about Reynoldsville. You'll have to play housebreaker and tramp in some plac-es, and be a deacon and lead'in prayer meeting in others.'

meeting in others." "I follow you," said the recruit. "The country's rough and woody, and every man you meet carries a gun for a federal officer. We want some of that money, we want the tools they make it with and we want every man manufacturing or shoving the queer; there's about 20 of 'em. If you want to tackle the job, the government will bury you as becomes a good citizen." Cason rigged himself up as a hobo, shoved \$200 in his pockets and shook hands with his chief. He had with him elaborate data which had been

nim elaborate data which had been compiled by agents of the government during the long siege of the counter-feiter gang. Cason's hair and beard were black in those days. He looked 10 years younger than he was and was built like a gladiator.

The agent got off the train at Eden-burg, hailed a farm wagon for Licken-ville, the nearest town to the counterfeiting gang, and headed straight for Boss Buck's place. Instead of going directly to the house, however, he hid out in the woods a day or two. day Mrs. Buck met him near day Mrs. Buck met him near the spring and invited him to come in. He refused to go, and then Buck came out. He was a tall, stalwart fellow, con-structed a good deal like Cason. The only advantage the agent had was that of fewer years. "Hello, stranger," said Buck. "Well, hello." "Whet might your name be?"

"What might your name be?"

"It might be Gen. Beauwegard, but it ain't. What do you care?" "Oh, I don't care," said the boss,

feigned reluctance Cason allowed his scruples to be overcome, and agreed to go with Buck to his plant the next night and get some spurious coin to use over the gambling tables at Edenburg.

The agent learned the names of three more of the men wanted without asking for a single one. He got welf along in the good graces of Buck and soon had the names of every member of the gang, but they were valueless until he had actually found each pass-ing or in possession of counterfeit

There was another branch of the or ganization near Reynoldsville. Sam Secrist was the boss up there. Secrist was the pillar of the church, a man of affairs and the owner of a mansion

comprising 21 rooms. Cason didn't hunt up Secrist when he went to Rey-noldsville. He became acquainted with the pastor of Secrist's church

and showed such energy in singing and in relating his experiences in prayer meeting that he attracted the attention of Secrist, who introduced himself.

himself. From that time the officer was a frequent visitor at the house with 21 rooms. Secrist had a pretty daughter named Minnie, who became much at tached to the good looking friend of her father. Before long it was an op-en secret that they were engaged and Secrist threw down the bars and ad-mitted 'Cason 'to full partnership in all his affairs. He showed him where his plants and materials for making money were, and gave him some of the

money were, and gave him some of the At Reynoldsville Cason completed

the evidence for the government there was nothing to do but for McSwinney to some along and round up the gang. During all these months but once was a breath of suspicion en-tertained against the agent. He had gone out to meet three members

gone out to meet three members of the gang one night, and found them masked, with revolvers levelled. "We believe you are a spy," said the leader, "and we've made up our minds to kill you if you don't let us

"Search you." "Search me!" said Cason, laughing. "Of course I'll let you search me, but the first man man that attempts to take one of my pistols I'll blow the

top of his head off!" Anticipating such a contingency, be-fore he feft the office in Pittsburg he had written a letter to himself, purhim to guit his evil ways and lead an honest life. The letter indicated that he had been passing counterfeit money and that government officers were pur

suing him. The letter saved the agent's life. The counterfeiters slowly deciphered it, put their heads together and decid-ed that he was all right. Inside of three months from that time those same men held up their hands at the frowning muzzles of Dan McSwinney's revolvers. The whole gang was round

evolvers. The whole gaing was round ed up without firing a shot, and a wagonload of coin and materials for-warded to the federal court. The most disagreeable thing that happened to Cason was the remark made to him my his fiancee, Miss Minnie

"I would never have thought it of you, Sam," she said, "you could sing so beautifully."—New York Sun.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Oysters abound in the Inland Sea of Out of every one thousand letters sed in writing English, T is used

eighty-eight times. It is easy to pray in Japan. Painted prayers are attached to posts, and small wheels are fastened to them. The passerby gives the wheel a whirl,

The passerby gives the wheel and that counts as a prayer. The new Belgian military system, es

tablished on the basis of voluntary system, es-tablished on the basis of voluntary failure. Notwithstanding the active ef-forts of the enlistment committee, but few volunteers have come forward during the last year.

The coal handling machinery at a Boston wharf recently lowered the world's record by raising coal from a steamer ninety feet to storage pockets



Take some cold meat, and an onion; nince very' fine. Take some mashed potatoes, a little salt and pepper to taste. Mix all together on a well floured bake-board. Cut into small cakes, cover with bread crumbs, fry a light brown. This is a capital way This is a capital way to use up cold meat.

Marconi Croquettes.

Cut fine one cupful cold macaroni; add this to a thick sauce made of one rounding tablespoon each of butter and four and a cup of milk, a heaping tablespoon of grated cheese, the beat-en yolks of two eggs and salt and pep-per to season. Cool, shape, egg and bread crumb and fry in déep fat.

Banana Sandwiches.

Among fruit sandwiches, banana takes the lead, and to this a slight variety can be given by spreading each lengthwise slice of fruit with whipped Upon this cream rather sparingly. sprinkle shredded cocoanut, pressing the latter well down with a silver knife. Boston brown-bread thus treated will be excellent.

Kidney Omelet.

Chop cold cooked kidney very fine; make an omelet mixture with three tablespoonfuls of milk, three eggs, salt and pepper to season; put one teaspoonful of butter in a frying pan; when it is melted turn in the mixture; cook slowly until a crust is formed on the bottom; in the meantime, sprinkle over the omelet the chopped kidney and chopped parsley; fold the omelet in half, lift it to a hot platter and serve at once.

Bermuda Pudding.

Two ounces best arrowroot, two ounces powdered sugar, two cupfuls of milk, one ounce of butter, a few cry-stallized cherries and ratafias. Mix ounces powdered sugar, two cupfuls of milk, one ounce of butter, a few cry-stallized cherries and ratafias. Mix the arrowroot quite smooth with a little milk and boil together. Put a little into a mould, then some of the cherries, then more of the boiled ar-rowroot, then some ratafias and pro-ceed thus until the mould is full. When cold turn out and serve with custard poured round. Celery Scup.

Lay a disc of pult fatter on a round tin, and place a strip of paste all round it as for an ordinary jam tart. Spread on the inside a layer of apple marmalade a quarter of an inch thick. Peel and core some apples, cut them in slices a quarter of an inch thick, trim all the slices to the same shape, dispose all these slices over the marmalade, overlapping each other, and in some kind of pattern, strew plenty of sugar over, and bake in a quick oven till apples are a good color.

Household Hints.

Ammonia will remove white stains from furniture.

Flatirons rubbed on fine salt will ecome smooth.

A thick paste of molasses and flour will relieve burns. Bed bugs may be gotten rid of by the free use of alcohol.

A ninch of salt added to the white

Clarion County Man Found Guilty of Manslaughter for the Killing of His Wife.

Michael Kissinger, charged with kilding his wife at Catfish, on June 7, 1905, was found guilty of manslaught er by a jury. Judge W. D. Patton of Armstrong county, presided at the trial Kissinger, a widow, were married in 1900. The latter owned a farm, over which her husband secured con-trol. Kissinger, it is alleged, made a deal for the coal, but his wife re-fused to sign the deed unless her husband would give her half the pro-ceeds. The couple quarreled and Mrs. Kissinger went to live with her son, Martin McKinney, at Catfish. On the night of June 7, Kissinger call-ed at the Catfish house and renewed his efforts to have his wife sign the deed for the coal land sale. No one saw them, but Martin McKinney, who was asleep in an adjoining room, was wakened when the woman fell. She was dead when he reached her, it was alleged that Kissinger struck his wife with a club or some other blunt instrument. his wife with a club or some blunt instrument.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

KISSINGER TRIAL FINISHED.

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blunt instrument. The following were chosen to rep-resent Washington and Jefferson col-lege in the annual debates this year with Western Reserve university; Adrain university and Wooster col-lege: Horace W. Davis, Sharon, Rob-ert J. Lane, Washington; E. E. Robb, Washington; W. S. Walsh, Allegheny; J. M. Highberger, West Newton; A. P. Kelson, Saharanpur, India; Hermann Sackett, Neshannock Falls; Philip R. White, Mt. Pleasart, O.; Marcie de Vaughn, Washington; D. M. Donald-son, Huntington, W. Va; D. M. Mc-Connell, Florence, and D. L. Sutton, Washington. Two of the debates will be held in Washington.

be held in Washington. When William Vankirk, of Van-kirk's station, Washington county, went out on his porch late last night to greet his son, Earle, on the lat-ter's return from Washington, he re-ceived 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

When the custard poured round. Celery Soup. Celery Soup is so generally popular that a recipe for it will be appreciated Boil three or four large heads of ech-ery, with an onion and three large potatoes, until tender. Drain them, and pass all through a sieve. Dilute the pulp to the right consistency with the super source of butter rolled in flour, sea of son with white pepper and salt, boil of son with white pepper and salt, boil and serve. Hand dice of fried

killed. While butchering hogs to-day, John Overholt, a well-known farmer of Overton, dropped dead. Mr. Overholt was 50 years old, and was a bachelor, living with his sister, Miss Anna Over-holt, and his uncle Martin Overholt. Heart failure cauged Mr. Overholt. Heart failure caused Mr. Overholt's death.

death. C. S. Gibson, of Keating Summit, and James Johnson, of Mi. Jewett, were run down by a train at the Ty-rone station, while awaiting a train to carry them to Cumberland, Md. Gibson was probably fatally hurt. His companion escaped serious in-jurice

juries. Action has been taken by the Mead-ville liquor dealers who were found guilty of selling adulterated black-lebry brandy to carry the cases to the supreme court. The defendants were r found guilty by the superior court. Judge J. Sharp Wilson, of Beaver county, appointed J. L. Dawson bur-gess of Beaver Falls, to fill the unex-pired term of H. F. Dillon, who hand-g ed his resignation to council on De-

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'King William was King James' son, Upon a royal race he run; He wore a star upon his vest That points the way to the governor's breast."

Round and round the little company circled, still singing, all alive to the fun of the occasion except Marion; she alone, shy and uneasy.

"Go to the East, go to the West, Go choose the one that you love by If she's not there to take her part, Go choose another with all your heart

As these words were sung, Tom, as if by a hint from one of the older girls pointed to Marion, who slowly shrink ingly, took her place in the center a stde .Persistently the song went on to its inevitable end:

"Down on this carpet you must knee As sure as the grass grows in the field So kiss your bride, and kiss her sweet you may rise upon your feet.

When the last words were sung by the gleeful little crowd, Marion was weized by Tom and kissed-kissed there before them all! This was more than she could stand, and with tears of wounded pride filing her eyes, making her stumble as she went, she hurried home. Thet was an insignificant incident and evidently forgotten by all concerned, but in the mind of Marion it remained and rankled. So Tom was home. Did she care?

of the delights and fears, and under-stand the achievements, of the early adventurers; but most men would hold the experience too dearly bought London Spectator.

Diamond Cutting.

Diamond cutting up to a recent time was nearly all done abroad. Holland being the chief center of the industry for some centuries, but late a good deal of it has come over to America, where electrical machines are used in the work to great advantage in all ways. European work has always been done by hand, as it is still, and the lapidaries there are only just waking u pto the knowledge that arwaking u pio the knowledge that are tificial power can be applied. Beside cutting real gems, the machinery em-ployed here turns out great quantities of artificial ones, which now rule the markets of the world. They are so brilliantly cut and polished that only experts can distinguish them from the genuine article. Rock crystal, the purest, form of quartz, is employed in making artificial diamonds, and this can only be worked to advantage with the electrical machines, hand work leaving no profit in the business, be-sides turning out inferior results.—

A Canadian government agent who has just returned to England says the Doukhobors in Canada are making pro So Tom was home. Did she care? She wondered if she did, and was just going to admit that she believed she

New York Tribune.

'but seein's you're on m; ought to be civil enough to tell me

The agent looked cautiously around; then approached the counterfeiter. "Til tell you what's the matter with me." he said. "I've been hunted for

the last three months, and I've come out into this hopeforsaken country to get a rest—to get a chance to sleep without holding on to a gun. It won't without holding on to a gun. It won't do you any good to know my name, because I might be lying to you. You can call me Sam Wentworth, if you like, or anything that comes handy, but if you let it out to a living soul that I'm on the run I'll shoot you, so help me, Jeremiah." The boss counterfeiter laughed and extended his hand. The two went in-to the house and Mrs. Buck got dinner for them. Of nights the agent would

for them. Of nights the agent would sleep in the barn, being timid about houses. He stayed several days with the counterfeiter and never asked a

question or showed any curfosity, but observed a good deal which stood him in good stead later. One day Buck and his prospective recruit visited a moonshine still, recruit visited a moothing sinds sind. and on the way home the counterfeiter imparted some state secrets under the influence of the jug. He showed Cason a sackful of coin, and inquired for his opinion of the workmanship. "It won't do. Buck," said the agent; "it's too risky. It looks all right,

Buck pleaded and matched good and bad dollars together to show the im possibility of detection, and with

capacity of the shovel was two tons The average annual importations of

foreign corn into France for the past three years were fourteen million bushels, of which the Argentine republic furnished an annual average of 4 lion and the United States 2,800,000 bushels.

After all other remedies fail, there still remains a way of getting rid of rats, and that is by depriving them of water. They can live for a very long time without food, and when hard ed will not hesitate to eat each other, but no rat can go twenty-four hours without drink. Therefore, if every possible means of obtaining hours

is taken from the rats they will the vicinity. vicinity. water Ostrica are pieces of broken pottery which were used for memoranda pur-poses in ancient Egypt. Enormous numbers of them have been found while excavating, and they throw the most practical light upon the daily which poses while most most practical light upon the dany life of the country thousands of years ago. The inscriptions comprise pri-vate letters, legal agreements, receipts and memoranda of all kinds, and we are mainly indebted to them for our

constantly increasing knowledge of the land of Khem.

An An Englishman has been sent to an insane asylum through too much study of newspaper puzzles.

his resignation to council on De of eggs will make them whip easily. cember

The dead body of John Hope was found in his apartments at the Ex-change Hotel at Franklin. He had evidently died of apoplexy. Mr. Hope A tablespoonful of sugar added to the water for basting roast beef will give a rich brown color as well as fine was a native of Fayette county and was unmarried

In flavoring cakes do not use lemon juice if a light cake is desired, since the acid sets free the carbon dioxide before baking.

flavor

Wash fabrics may be set in color if given a thorough rinsing in a salt and water solution before being put into the regular wash.

The waxed lining paper to cracker poxes is excellent to wrap around small cakes and loaves of bread. It is fine to clean flatirons with also Roll jelly cake can be more easily rolled if the edges of the cake are carefully trimmed off, as they being tiffer cause the cake to break on the edge

To prevent tomato soup from curd-ling add the tomato before the milk is put in, and remember to strain the tomato juice before turning it over the flour and butter.

A soft varnish brush with a string or wire through the handle to hang by is a desirable utensil in every pantry to be used for brushing bread, rolls

and pastry with melted butter.

Mildew stains may be removed from articles by soaking in a solution

of four quarts of cold water and one tablespoonful of chloride of lime. Wash well in clear water afterward and hang in sun to dry.

The dead body of John Hoar, a glass: worker, 53 years old, was found dead on the bed in his room at Washington, Pa. He had no relatives in this part of the country. Two sisters live in New York. New York. Dr. E. L. Wasson and Deputy Sheriff J. Rainey Hoon, of Butler, Pa., and J. W. Toomey, of Mars, Pa., have sold their holdings on the Douthitt and Powell farms near Brownsdale, to the Devonian Oil Company, for \$68,000. George, the 14-year-old son of Mrs. Reuben Pratt, accidentally shot him-self while out hunting near Grove City. The lad died in a few minutes. John Baker of near Groensburg John Baker, of near Greensbur, Pa., dropped dead from apoplex while watering his horses. He wa 70 years old and leaves a family.

John Conrad, a candy salesman of Beaver Falls, who was married but three weeks ago, killed himself at his home rather than submit to arrest on a charge of embezzlement.

The Phi Gamma Delta fraternity house at State College has been quar-antined on account of two cases of scarlet fever. The cases are mild

Capt. J. M. Reed, a former treasurer of Westmoreland county, fell on an icy pavement at Greensburg, and was seriously hurt. Internal injuries are feared.