THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

"I REALLY don't know which is the more charming of the two," said Aunt Myra, as her nieces hurried up the path.

"They are certainly creditable types of young America," assented Uncle Charlie, in a tone of much satisfaction.

All unconscious of this critical survey, the two girls hurried forward. It was not every day that one had an uncle and aunt come home from Europe. Aunt Myra, in particular, represented to their untraveled eyes something foreign and marvelous. Rodney and the younger children, their first curiosity sated, had returned to their usual pursuits, but the elder girls could with difficulty keep their eyes from their aunt, or themselves from her side.

"O aunty," said Myra, seizing one arm while Susie possessed herself of the other, "do come and see our gardens!" and they led her away between them, while Uncle Charlie sauntered behind, mentally trying to decide between Myra's blonde prettiness and Susie's rosy charm.

"Mine isn't much to see," observed Susie, ruefully, "but Myra's garden is lovely."

"Now, what makes the difference, I wonder?" thought Aunt Myra, looking keenly down on the two little plots, while Myra, from her flowery one, gathered a handful of roses and heliotrope while Susie hunted vainly among the leaves of hers for violets.

"I'm afraid they are all gone," she announced, regretfully, rising. "Father likes to take a few into the office every day. I guess he took the last. And I did have some lovely carnations, but Rod must have picked them for the dance last night, so there's nothing but mignonette left. I always plant a lot of that; mother's so fond of it." She offered a cluster of the green and brown heads apologetically.

"Mignonette is quite good enough for any one," said Aunt Myra.

"Including me," said Uncle Charlie, helping himself to a spray.

"And me!" broke in Rodney's voice, laughingly, while without ceremony he stopped and plucked several bits from his sister's garden. 'By the way, Susie, I rifled your plot of some superfine carnations last night."

"I judged you did," she replied. "You took all there were, mad boy!"

"If you had asked me, I would have given you some roses," said Myra.

"It was easier helping myself to Susie's. I knew she wouldn't mind," answered Rodney; and again Aunt Myra glanced inquiringly from one to the other.

"I'll take these to your room now, aunty," Myra continued, "and then we'd like to show you ours; that is, if you're not too tired or busy?"

"My present business is to make acquaintance with my nieces, and I think rooms tell a great deal about the people who live in them," said Aunt Myra, mischievously.

"Oh dear me!" thought Susie. "We'd better show you Myra's first, then," she said, aloud.

"Come along, Uncle Charlie," said Rodney, promptly slipping an arm through his uncle's and walking him off behind the ladies till they halted on the threshold of Myra's room.

"This is a charming room!" exclaimed Aunt Myra, glancing with pleased eyes from the dainty bed and toilet-table to the spotless muslin curtains, the divan with its neatly piled cushions, the bookcase with its orderly editions, and last, the carefully appointed writing-table, with its fresh sheet of blotting paper and pretty silver "fixings."

"Just the kind of nest I like to see a young girl in," commented Aunt Myra, approvingly, "and I see you take care of your things, too."

Myra flushed with pleasure. "O dear me!" Susie exclaimed involuntarily, so that every one looked at her in astonishment, and she laughed aloud.

"I'm afraid you won't approve of my room at all, Aunt Myra," she said, as she led the way across the hall, adding heroically, "Come in, please!" as she flung open the door.

"Why, I call this a charming room, too," began Aunt Myra, and stopped, vaguely puzzled.

"The children will make bookhouses," said Susie, dolefully, glancing at the shelves, where big and little books alternated without regard to sets. "And the baby will leave his blocks here"—she swept a pile hastily from the sofa and began "plumping" up the disordered cushions—"and these cushions ought to have been recovered long ago, I know, but——"

"But she has a big brother who comes in and makes hay of them daily, and who is responsible for a goodly portion of the wear," put in Rodney, coming to the rescue with an affectionate pat on Susie's shoulder.

"I don't much blame him," said Uncle Charlie. "That's an awfully tempting corner. I shall be caught sinning myself some day."

"Oh, please do!" said Susie. "That writing-table looks dreadfully, aunty. Don writes all his exercises there; and the children do get at things," she added, fitting the pieces of a broken candlestick together.

Aunt Myra made the circuit of the room, noting silently as she did so that the writing-table had seen many deluges of ink, the chairs much service, and the carpet and books hard wear. She kept these observations to herself, however, only praising the cheerful and homelike feeling, "which is the greatest charm of any room," she said, smiling at her dejected niece. The three went down stairs arm in arm, whither Uncle Charlie and Rodney had already preceded them, intent on tennis.

"Somebody will have to lend me a racket," Uncle Charlie was saying, eyeing the rack.

"Oh, there's Susie's," returned Rodney. "Or wait, you'd better have mine, and I'll use Susie's." He took down two battered specimens. "The fact is, Don has played so many matches with this that it's more or less invalided; but I know its weaknesses."

"What's the matter with this?" said his uncle, reaching for a third, and swinging it scientifically. "Seems to be all right. New, too."

"Oh, that's Myra's," began Rodney, when Myra's voice cut him short. "You are more than welcome to use it, Uncle. Please do."

Uncle Charlie hesitated a moment, then laid the racket aside with an odd expression.

"Thank you, but I think I'd better stick to the family one. My rackets have a way of coming to grief."

The puzzled look on Aunt Myra's face deepened as the day wore on, but she devoted herself to drawing out her young relatives on the subjects of their tastes, occupations and diversions. After dinner they all gathered about the library-table, looking over the handsome editions of their favorite authors, which the girls had received the previous Christmas.

In the midst of the admiration and discussion, Mr. Chauncey entered. Taking up a volume of Myra's beloved Hawthorne, he began to turn the pages, and becoming interested, sat down and was soon absorbed. Bedtime found him still reading, and Myra, after bidding the others good night, gathered up the rest of the set carefully and approached her father.

"Good night, father!"

"Good night, child!" he answered, absently kissing the offered cheek without removing his eyes from the page. Myra hesitated a moment.

"Did you want anything, child?" he asked, innocently looking up.

"No, nothing," said Myra, hurriedly. She stooped and kissed him again. "Good night! Oh, and by the way, father, when you have finished with that volume, will you please bring it upstairs? I like to keep them together."

"What? Oh!" Mr. Chauncey woke up suddenly with a startled air. "Take it with you now, my dear. I was merely glancing at it."

Uncle Charlie and Aunt Myra stooped simultaneously to pick up a newspaper.

"Oh, no, keep it as long as you like," said Myra, graciously.

"No, no!" Her father shut the book. "I have plenty else to do," and with a sigh as of one brought sharply back to realties, he pulled out a budget of business papers and fell to work. After a moment of hesitation, Myra walked away with the book.

Uncle Charlie and Aunt Myra greeted her with the usual smiles the next morning, and the former announced that unpacking their trunks would engage them that day.

"Only I shall have to borrow somebody's table and ink first to write a business note," he added.

"Go right up and use mine, uncle," said Susie. "You will be perfectly quiet there."

"Or mine," said Myra.

"Much obliged to you both," replied their uncle, gathering up his papers.

Half an hour later he rejoined them, saying casually:

"You'll find a few extra ink spots on your blotter, Susie. Being a careless fellow, I didn't risk inking Myra's. And now," he added, "your aunt and I will just spin down and gather in those trunks if one of you will lend her a wheel. I've already requisitioned Rodney's."

"Take mine, of course, aunty," said Susie. "That is, if you don't mind a dreadfully shabby one. Mother and Don and I all use it, so somehow it is never clean."

"I was going to offer aunty mine," began Myra, in a tone of vexation.

"Oh, then you had better take Myra's, aunty," said Susie.

"Thank you both," Aunt Myra responded, slipping away to dress.

When she emerged, a very elegant figure in her handsome suit, she found both wheels drawn up for inspection. Myra's shone like new, while Susie's scarred handle-bar, tarnished spokes and worn tires bore marks of hard usage.

"Do take Myra's, aunty!" said Susie. "You see mine does look like destruction."

"They are honorable scars," said Aunt Myra. She hesitated, looking from one to the other.

"Do be careful, Don!" said Myra, sharply, as her small brother gave the pedal a whirl. "You scratch the enamel all up."

Aunt Myra laid her hand suddenly upon Susie's handle-bar.

"Thank you both," she said, quietly, "but I will take this. I am rather out of practice and might scratch the enamel myself."

"Just as you please, of course," said Myra, coldly. She put her wheel in the rack and walked away without another look.

Late that afternoon a knock at the door of Aunt Myra's room summoned that lady. Myra stood on the threshold.

"May I speak to you a moment?" she inquired, with an air of injured dignity.

"Why, certainly. Come in, dear," replied her aunt, hospitably.

Myra, however, declined the proffered chair, and remained standing stiffly.

"I only wanted to ask what I have done to offend you and uncle?"

"What makes you think we are offended?"

"Neither you nor uncle will let me do the slightest thing for you. You refuse everything of mine for Susie's. You wouldn't ride my wheel, or play with my racket, or write at my table, and just now, when uncle wanted a dictionary and I offered mine, he said, 'Perhaps Susie has one.'"

In spite of herself, Aunt Myra's lips twitched, but glancing at the tragic figure before her, she controlled herself and answered soberly:

"When one is in Rome, one does as the Romans do. Whose wheel does your mother ride?"

"Susie's generally, but——"

'Whose racket does everybody play with?"

"Susie's, but——"

"If there is a letter to write, or a book to read, or a flower to gather, whose room or whose garden does every one turn to?"

"I know," began Myra, flushing.

"Where do the babies go if they want a playground?"

"They prefer to——"

"Why do they prefer to?"

"I don't know."

"Ah," said her aunt, "I do."

"But," protested Myra, "I have offered both you and Uncle Charlie——"

"Oh, you have been most polite, my child; but do you think any one could be in this house a day and not see that things are your treasures, and where our treasure is, there will our hearts be every time. The responsibility for your things is too heavy, my dear."

"You mean because I am particular? But you said yourself you liked to see things taken care of."

"I did; I do. I even think it is rather hard on Susie that her things are borrowed so much; but all the world can't have a bicycle and a tennis racket, and to give and take is about the best of life, in families or out of them. You can't lend your possessions now, you see, and that's a dreadful poverty."

"Aunt Myra!"

"Well," said her aunt, rising, "try and see. You'll have an excellent opportunity ready to your hand, for your uncle is taking your father, your mother and Rodney to the opera. Somebody is sure to want something before they get started."

Aunt Myra proved a true prophet.

"Susie, dear," exclaimed Mrs. Chancey, at the last moment, "where are your opera-glasses?"

"All ready and waiting, mother. Only do remember to keep the shabby case hidden," Susie added, with a laugh, tucking it into her mother's hand.

"Take mine, mother," said Myra, with a little defiant glance at her aunt. "I'll run and get them."

"Thank you, dear." There was a note of surprise in her mother's voice. "But I don't mind the case, and I am used to these. Something might happen to yours."

"It looks threatening in the west!" called Uncle Charlie, from the door. "Better take umbrellas."

"Dear me, and I left mine at the office!" said Mr. Chauncey. "Rodney—but you will need your own. Susie, my child, lend me yours, will you?"

"Let me lend you mine, father," persisted Myra, but without meeting her aunt's eyes this time. "Mine is larger."

"No, no; this one of Susie's will do very well," said Mr. Chauncey, good-naturedly. "And besides, I might forget again and leave it in town."

And at that moment Rodney capped the climax by hurrying up with an impetuous:

"I say, Susie, just let me have your watch this evening, there's a good fellow. I left mine to be mended."

"You can have mine," faltered Myra, with a movement to unpin it; but her brother merely stared, and answered with fraternal candor:

"No, thanks! This is a pleasure-party. I shouldn't have a moment's peace of mind."

"Here's mine," said Susie, slipping it into her brother's hand. "While you are about it," she added slyly, "you can just have your man put in a new crystal when you get yours."

"Now that Susie has equipped the expedition, suppose we start," observed Uncle Charlie.

Aunt Myra had disappeared; but fifteen minutes later she opened her door for the second time to her namesake, who burst out despairingly:

'O Aunt Myra, do you think it is all my fault?"

"Yes and no. Come in, my child. They never ought to have let you grow up in such ways. But families, like other things, follow the line of least resistance. In this case that is—Susie. Then grown-ups have their own cares and worries. It's rather hard to expect them to keep disciplining themselves in order to discipline you—which is what it comes to. You will have to cure yourself, I'm afraid."

"But, Aunt Myra, it's dreadful!"

"It is," responded Aunt Myra, soberly. She was seated beside a capacious trunk, which at any other moment would have made Myra's pulses dance with anticipation. "Sit down. I am facing this very problem now. We are a good many Christmases and birthdays in arrears, you know, so we brought you each something special in addition to gloves and trifles. Rodney is to have a watch, which I hope will extend the term of life of Susie's. Don comes in for a shotgun, under promise not to shoot song-birds or himself. Remembering your fondness for pretty things, we intended this for you." She laid a white satin case on Myra's knee, and pressing a spring, disclosed a charming pearl ring. "No, please don't fall in love with it," she added, quickly covering it with one hand, and as Myra looked up with an expression she could not hide, her aunt laid a beautiful little camera on the other knee.

"This was for Susie," said Aunt Myra slowly, looking into the young face before her. "But," she added, still more slowly, "everybody in the house is going to want to borrow this, and no one, even in this house, I think, is likely to borrow a pearl ring."

There was a moment's pause; then Myra shut the little case with a heroic gulp.

"I understand. Give it to Susie, Aunt Myra; she deserves it."

"Yes, I think she does. But this——" She laid a finger on the camera.

"I don't deserve that or anything else," said Myra.

"It might, however, be made a means of grace, not to say discipline," and for the first time Aunt Myra's eyes twinkled a little. "Every one will want to borrow it. Its nickel will be scratched and its leather rubbed. I can't think of a more poignant trial for——" But at this point her words were smothered by two young arms thrown about her neck, while a voice between laughter and tears pleaded:

"Don't, Aunt Myra! Don't say another word, please. If you are good enough to give me that camera—and I'd truly almost as soon have it as the ring—I'll make it the most popular thing in the family. You'll see! Susie won't be in demand, after this, at all."

"Well, I think it is high time that she was out of demand for a little," replied Aunt Myra, with emphasis, "and that the poor child had something—besides her soul—to call her own. She shall have the ring; and you, my dear, enter without delay upon your course of martyrdom." With a merry laugh, but a glance of deep meaning, she laid the camera in her niece's arms.—Youth's Companion.

WHEN SHOES ARE DAMP.

A Quart of Clean Oats Will Keep Them in Good Condition.

Much advice is given from time to time in regard to the care of the youngsters' shoes as they come in from school, wet and misshapen from contact with wet pavements and the unconfessed wading in puddles, which is sure to delight the heart of the small boy. But with all this advice about keeping the children's shoes in good condition, those belonging to the older people are usually allowed to take care of themselves, though they may be of even greater importance and quite as often damp.

Few people give proper care to their shoes. They come in damp, tired, cold perhaps, and possibly not in the best of tempers, fling their shoes off impatiently, get into slippers as quickly as possible, and sit down to rest, forgetting that their shoes will be in scarcely wearable condition by the next morning.

If every one would invest in a quart or two of good clean oats, and keep them in a bag in the dressing-room, they would have at hand the means of putting their shoes in good condition with very little trouble and less cost.

As soon as the shoes are taken off lace or button them up, and fill them about two-thirds full of oats, shake them down well, then tie in a handkerchief a parcel of oats as large as can be pressed into the top of the shoes to fill the remaining space and put the shoes away until wanted. The oats absorb the moisture in the shoes, and in absorbing it the oats swell considerably, and the constant pressure on the leather keeps the shoe in correct shape and prevents that uncomfortable stiffness and rigidity always noticed when leather has been wet. A little trouble and care of this sort will save many a pair of shoes, and in all probability will save many a corn from being formed by the pressure of shoes hardened from dampness.

Had Feathered His Nest.

The gage by which worldly prosperity is measured is not always the same. But it does not so much matter what standard is used so long as it shows accurately the amount of gain or loss.

"I remember Bill Gassett as a shiftless young ne'er-do-well," said a former neighbor of Mr. Sands, revisiting his old home after many years' absence, "but I hear he left his widow quite a substantial property. How did he manage it?"

"He made choice of an excellent wife and she took him as the smartest women often take the poorest specimens of the men-folks," said Mr. Sands, thoughtfully, "and what's more, she made something of him, put some gimp into him, and what all. Why, sir, when he married her all he had for a mattress was an old makeshift stuffed with dried leaves; and when he died he had no less'n three mattresses stuffed with live-goose feathers. I guess that tells the story."—Youth's Companion.

Which One?

Representative Lacey's home town at Oskaloosa once furnished a consul to Rome. The honor was appreciated, but the functions of S. H. M. Byers, the beneficiary, were variously interpreted by the local folk.

"A stranger arrived in town one day," said Mr. Lacey, "looking for Byers' residence. He inquired the way from a pedestrian, something of a character in Oskaloosa.

"'Which Byers do you want?' returned this Oskaloosan. 'Is it old man Byers, or his son, who was emperor at Rome a few years?'"—Washington Post.

AMERICAN PRESS FREE.

None in the World So Far Removed From Venality.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Chicago Press Club was celebrated with a banquet in the clubrooms. In after dinner speeches statesmen and authors of national reputation, invited guests and newspaper men praised the power and influence of the American press in the highest terms. The principal speakers of the evening were Colonel George Harvey, of New York, and Governor Albert E. Cummins, of Iowa. Two hundred and forty members of the club, with their guests, were present. Homer J. Carr, president, was toastmaster. Colonel Harvey, in responding to the toast, "The Freedom of the Press," said:

There is no press in the world comparable to that of America in freedom from influence, political or social, from venality, from contamination of any kind whatsoever. In France, a newspaper's opinions are a matter of francs; in England, too often of titles; in Germany, Austria and Spain, of imperial favor; in Russia, of absolute censorship. In America, thanks to the maintenance of the sturdy traditions established by the Greeleys, Raymonds, Danas, Bennetts, Medills and Bowleses of the past, the fundamental integrity of the press cannot be impugned. It is faultful, but it is free. We have our sadly exaggerated headlines, on week days, and our monstrosities on Sundays; we have amazing productions of no less amazing "art;" we have columns and columns of crime, and pages and pages of waste. Finally, not least at any rate, in numbers, we have our red and white papers, sometimes referred to as "yellow journals."

Personally, I should be of the last to defend or make apology for this latest manifestation of commercialism, misdirected ambition and false doctrines in the American press. But, however seriously we may regret and resent the ebullition, we cannot ignore the irresistible conclusion that this particular channel, and this alone, affords a vent for unexpressed beliefs and suspicions which can be dissipated only by the clear rays of reason following any form of expression.

As contrasted with our own country, Russia to-day stands forth a vivid example of the effect of suppressed opinion. Discontent would better burn than smoulder. The continuous hissing of offensive gases escaping is not pleasant, but it is infinitely preferable to otherwise inevitable explosion. Yet more important, more vital to the permanence of a government of a whole people by themselves, is absolute freedom of expression. Upon that all depends. Restrict it, or create the impression in suspicious minds that it is being restricted, and you sow the wind.

With this general dictum few if any would have the hardihood to disagree. But it is often, and I regret to say often truly, urged that liberty is subverted to license. Freedom of speech, freedom of publicity, yes; all admit the wisdom and necessity of preserving both. But how frequently is added, especially by men in public office, a vigorous declamation against "unfair criticism," and how almost daily is uttered, sometimes a violent and unwarranted, sometimes a dignified and justifiable, protest against "invasion of privacy," "encroachment upon personal rights" and like offenses.

Only those behind the curtain of the editorial sanctum can fully appreciate the proportion of insincerity contained in the virtuous avowals of shy and retiring, though weak and human beings of both sexes. In nine cases out of ten, the most vociferous protest may be attributed safely to self-sufficiency, snobbishness or a guilty conscience. There is so little of malice in American newspapers as to be unworthy of notice, but it unquestionably true that too little heed is paid to the fact that unwilful misrepresentation is often quite as serious in effect.

Worst of all is the refusal to rectify a known error. Cursed be the man who initiated the policy of never making a retraction in the columns of his journal! The mere fact that an individual, whether right or wrong, is virtually voiceless and helpless in controversy with a newspaper, should and does morally vest him with the right to exceptional consideration. A lie once started can never be stopped, but the one responsible for its circulation, directly or indirectly, who fails to exert every possible endeavor to that end is unworthy of association with decent men. An American newspaper should be an American gentleman.

To see the right is genius: to do it is courage. Unite the two under the banner of sane idealism, and the most potent force in the cause of progress, enlightenment and good will lie in the free press of America.

Sweaters For Dogs.

Dog sweaters are the "latest thing" in canine clothes. They are not the old-fashioned blankets, made in the many different styles of the past dozen years, but knit sweaters, made with as much care, apparently, as those the athletic girl wears while skating on the park lakes.

But these sweaters are just now intended for the dog that goes riding with his mistress in an automobile. For this purpose the aforesaid mistress discovered that the blanket, no matter how tightly it fitted "dear Fido," was not sufficient to keep him warm in the cold air that whizzes past the occupants of an automobile as they dash along the Lancaster pike. So she had the sweater knit for him, and the question of how the dog was to be kept warm was solved.

Only a few of the new kind of "dog clothes" have been made as yet, but, as one fair automobilist expressed it, "the fashion is growing."—Philadelphia Press.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

NEVER GAVE UP HOPE.

Husband Had Been Missing for 60 Years—Wife Dies from Burns, Her Clothes Igniting.

Mrs. Catherine Sailor Brown, died at her home in Nicholson township, near Uniontown, as the result of her clothing catching fire from an open grate last week. Her husband, Andrew Brown, disappeared over 60 years ago. He was a stock dealer, and started from home for Baltimore, but never returned. His wife never gave up the hope that at some time she would hear from him.

An assault, which may end in murder, was made on Thomas Kotler, a butcher, of Millsboro. While on his way to West Brownsville, Kotler was accosted by two foreigners who beat him into insensibility and robbed him of about $80, taking his books and private papers also. Kotler was found a short time afterward and medical aid was summoned, but his recovery is doubtful. One of the assailants was captured in West Brownsville, and is being held for a hearing, but the other robber has not been apprehended.

When the Pennsylvania Railroad Company changed its line to extend its four-track system into Pittsburg, the course of Brush creek at Larimer was diverted. Farmers and others whose properties are situated along the old fill claim that the water overflows their land, damaging land, crops and buildings. Numerous suits have been brought, and it is said more are to follow. Two have just been filed by George and Robert West of Larimer, who claim $2,000 damages.

With his arm torn off to the shoulder Thomas Divers, an engineer at the Hamilton Bottle works, at Butler, walked to the offices of the works, refused to take an anaesthetic while an amputation was being made, and did not lose consciousness nor flinch. The accident was caused by his sleeve becoming entangled in the belt and shaft of a blower which he was oiling.

Antonio Guardino, on trial at Huntingdon for the killing of Barnado Tettoxto, was convicted of murder in the second degree. The two men worked in the coal mines at Robertsdale. Guardino has accused Tettoxto of having killed a friend of the former's in Italy. He laid in wait for Tettoxto and shot him.

Thomas R. Dodd of Suterville, a flagman on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, fell from his train at Demmler and was killed. The day before his death he told his parents that he had dreamed he would be killed, and directed that his gold watch be given to a younger brother. Dodd was 23 years old and single.

John R. Carothers of Uniontown, has bought the Hughes Deffenbaugh farm, near McClellandtown, the consideration being about $75,000. This includes about 100 acres of surface and 50 acres of coal. Coke ovens will be erected and the work of developing will begin in the early spring.

Frank P. Ray, member of the Legislature from Crawford county, was taken to the City hospital at Meadville, when Dr. Hamaker amputated his right leg above the knee. Mr. Ray is suffering from heart trouble, and, circulation having ceased in the leg, gangrene was threatened.

Superintendent Amos E. Gillespie, of the Scottdale furnace, announced a voluntary increase in wages of 10 cents a day for employes. The Scottdale furnace is operated by Corrigan, McKinney & Co., of Cleveland and employs 400 men. The new wage rate is to go into effect in March.

The deal by which the Westmoreland Coal Company secures the holdings of the Penn Gas Coal Company gives the purchasing company all of the Pittsburg vein of gas coal in this field. The output the coming year will exceed 3,000,000 tons, and 3,000 men will be employed.

The New York and Cleveland Gas Coal Company has made arrangements to open several mines on the Ringer farm, along the proposed extension of the Turtle Creek Valley railroad. When the mines are opened the railroad will be extended to one-half mile west of Delmont.

The Shenango Traction company was refused a franchise by the Sharon council, and Burgess Blaney, of Sharpsville, vetoed the ordinance granting the Shenango company the right to lay its tracks on the principal streets of Sharpsville.

Hugh Jones of Sharon, who a year ago was struck by a street car here and suffered a broken neck from which he finally recovered, has brought suit against the Mahoning Valley Railroad Company for $50,000 damages.

In the competitive six-day sparrow hunt in Amwell township, Washington county, last week, 29,099 birds were killed, according to the official count. Two teams of 10 men each engaged in the hunt.

The Fibrous Cork Insole Company, of Lockport, N. Y., has made arrangements to remove its plant to New Castle. Two hundred operators will be employed, the greater number of whom will be girls.

Michael Proakes, a track-walker employed by the Pennsylvania railroad, was killed by a train, near Franklin, Pa.

The Seventh Ward Presbyterian Church at New Castle, has accepted the offer of Andrew Carnegie to pay half the cost of a $2,000 pipe organ.

Michael Sturgis, 40 years old, was caught in a conveyor at the American Steel and Wire company's plant at South Sharon, and crushed to death.

Fireman Shroyer, of Oil City, was killed in a freight wreck on the low grade division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Oak Ridge.

Ralph Whittaker, 11 years old, was probably fatally injured in a coasting accident at New Castle. His skull was fractured.