

Woman's Realm

The Awkward Age.
There is no more difficult creature to clothe than the maiden of indelicate age who has left her low-belted frocks and loose-floving yoke-dresses behind, but has not yet attained to the dignity of tight fitting garments. Fluffy simplicity, so to speak, should be aimed at; at any tendency to severity of outline being extremely unbecoming to the unformed figure. At the same time undue fussiness should be likewise avoided, and all the little eccentrics such as belts, collars, ties, and so forth should be of scrupulous neatness.

The Bride's Veil.
Harper's Bazar, the acknowledged authority on fashions, good form and entertainment, announces the adoption of the tulle veil instead of the old-fashioned lace veil for brides. The reason for this, the Bazar explains, is that a grandmother's or mother's wedding veil is not always a thing of joy to deal with, even when the lace is exceedingly beautiful. Its folds sometimes hang in too stiff lines, or it is of a shape or length almost impossible to drape becomingly. The tulle veil, on the contrary, can be most easily arranged and made becoming, while, if desired, it may be bordered with handsome lace.

Public Kissing in Disfavor.
No wonder the much-made-up beauties of to-day no longer kiss one another in public, for complexions are not to be trifled with, and such osculations sometimes prove damaging to "peaches and cream" and the nut-brown tint so fashionable at present. There are three reasons for the passing of this custom. One is that the exaggerated hats many women wear are likely to come in collision, to the damage of coes and paradise plumes as well as to wearers' tempers. Then the elaborate, gauzy neckpieces are crushed easily and lose their pristine freshness. Third, flowing veils become a tangled mass of chiffon or net, and the large velvet spots, with too rough treatment, easily become detached. All these points have so affected feminine nerves that the manly handshakes has "come in."—New York Press.

Sweets For Children.
The old theory that sugar is deleterious for children is now exploded, the latest dictum of food specialists being that it is a food especially adapted to children, because of their great activity, says an exchange. The amount of sugar to be given and the form in which it is to be supplied are still questions of much importance. Until a child reaches its second year the natural sugar in the milk supplies all that is necessary, but after that sweets of a wholesome nature eaten at regular meals are considered beneficial. Most people still agree that sugar should not be used with the breakfast mush or porridge or wheat or oatmeal, but is better furnished in simple puddings, custards, cookies, loaf sugar or home-made candy. Sweet fruits, such as figs and dates, are exceedingly wholesome, and should be freely furnished.—New York Mail.

Tokens of Devotion.
It isn't necessary for a woman to embroider her fiancé a waistcoat, as Mrs. Nicholas Longworth is said to have done, to testify her devotion, for there are attentions that can be shown on the man which he will probably like better. One is to work his monogram or interlacing initials on his shirt sleeve just above the cuff and another to make him one of the popular chamois bags for traveling, which fill a long felt want among men's needs.
On colored shirts the embroidery is done in the prevailing shade of the material and serves the practical object of a laundry mark as well. To make the collar bags a circle of chamois covered cardboard about seven inches in diameter has a plain strip of chamois also seven inches in depth sewn about it. A draw string finishes the bag and serves to hold the collars during a journey.—New York Sun.

Weeping Woman is Passing.
The woman of all human history has been weeping, in disheveled locks, so to speak, clasping the knees of stern men, imploring, entreating, wringing her hands, "unpacking her heart with words." The modern woman is doing nothing of the kind. She gets, to begin with, the university training, either at home or abroad (Miss Tarbell went to the Sorbonne and the College de France, and Mrs. Mary H. Hunt was professor of chemistry at Patapsco Institute, Baltimore, before her marriage), organizes her work like a "captain of industry," with stenographers, assistants in statistical research, takes counsel of able lawyers, makes lists of legislators and lobbyists, and counts noses on the pending bill. Then she looks after the dubious precisely as captains of industry do when tariff clause or corporation grab trembles in the balance. When the vote comes and goes against her she takes her punishment "like a man," and immediately begins mending her fences, for the next session of the Legislature; or if she wins in her own State she immediately moves on to the rest of the States.—Letter in the Boston Transcript.

Housekeeping Demands Intellect.
The Philanderer has lately encountered a mother who, passing through a valley of experience in invalidism, has tested to the remotest crevice all the

bitter meanings of the word, so singularly expressive, in-vaid. During her hard term of seeming uselessness it became needful that her college-bred daughter should take up those reins of government, previously held in the mother's quietly competent hands. No wrinkles of maladministration had ever shown on the polished surface of that home, says Good Housekeeping. Here had been, apparently, an instance of home-making and house-keeping accomplished as it were effortlessly, with the left hand, the tips of the fingers. A light task it seemed, lightly carried and with no sign of brain-tax or test, in the process. So for years had the home run; why should it not run on now as easily, as gracefully?

As a matter of fact it did—but at the price. The pound of flesh that the home asks of its maker is not taken without its red blood tax on life, on brain, on heart. As the days passed the young housekeeper found with surprise that no particle of the mental drill she had learned, the higher training in thought which she had enjoyed, was left uncalled for to maintain the old home standards. Thus applying her new equipment, the new regime differed only in non-essentials from the old.

"But did you never before think that it took brains to keep a house?" asked the mildly triumphant mother, proud of the daughter, of the home she maintained, of the old order unchanged.

"It takes intellect. That's what I have learned," was the brief and pertinent answer.

How Lowell Picked a Wife.
Mrs. Caroline H. Dall sends to the Springfield Republican a letter, not before published, written by James Russell Lowell, telling how he happened to pick out his second wife. "You will be astonished," he wrote, "but not more than I myself. During the year that Miss Dunlap had had the care of Mabel (the child of his first wife, who died early) no thought of marriage had entered my head. Not long ago she had taken Mabel to walk. They had wandered happily, till, to Miss Dunlap's horror, the warm afternoon turned chilly, and she found herself too far from home and beyond help. I had grown anxious for the delicate child, and I started to find them. Imagine my surprise when I finally reached them, still too far away, to see Mabel astride upon her friend's shoulders, and that friend walking with painful slowness! As I took the child into my arms I broke into angry reproach that Miss Dunlap should have exposed her own health to such a strain. 'I should have done it if it had killed me,' she replied. 'It was my own fault. I must take the consequences.' I shall never forget the proud dignity of her speech. I saw that this woman ought to be my child's mother." If the atmosphere had suddenly become very warm we could appreciate the wisdom of picking up the delicate child and letting her ride pigback, but since it "turned chilly," there seems to be sufficient reason for suspecting that it would have been better to let Miss Mabel walk. She would have been obliged to walk anyway, if the exercise really had killed Miss Dunlap. Fortunately, the "consequences" were marriage instead of death, despite the fact that when the poet "finally reached them" they were "still too far away." And they lived happily ever after!

Is the Home Passing?
Writers on domestic economy have of late been inquiring into the problem as to whether the American home is passing away. According to one critic, houses are now too often simply shelters where families sleep, have a scanty breakfast, a more or less comfortable late dinner, and where letters and laundry are delivered. Beyond these conveniences, it is alleged, is the ideal of everybody, including the servants, to get out of them, to flee from the household centre. Perhaps this picture may be overdrawn, but there is enough of truth in it to make us ponder over the drift of families to consider the old-fashioned home very lightly.

At present these matters refer only to a certain class of restless persons who do not care for the trouble of entertaining. Too often is the drudgery of housekeeping distasteful to the modern housewife, moving her to seek relief from these cares which were borne patiently by the old-fashioned mothers. Many of the women of to-day, it is maintained, have lost interest in their dwellings as places in which to entertain friends, and sometimes home is found to be a deserted and disordered nest.

Judging by former standards, there is no place like home. It is the sanctuary to which all the weary and heavy laden may turn to find rest. It will be disastrous to the young men and young woman if this home feeling is demolished. Home influence has done more to keep the feet of youth from straying into strange and dangerous paths than any other restraint. The advanced woman, who is advocating the extension of the sphere and usefulness of the sex, would better consider seriously whether or not she is to blame for the present tendency to efface the home. It is becoming a momentous question.—Pittsburg Gazette.

A Kansas postmaster advertises that the postoffice has been removed from where it was to where it is.

THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY BISHOP C. C. McCABE.

Subject: The Preacher's Commission.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The New York Avenue M. E. Church was crowded to its utmost capacity Sunday morning when Bishop McCabe preached the Conference sermon. Bishop McCabe preached for nearly an hour. His sermon was a typical, old-style Methodist oration, and evidently pleased his hearers immensely, for his remarks were punctuated from start to finish with cries of "Amen," "Hallelujah!" "Yes, yes," and frequent laughter.

Bishop McCabe's subject was "The Preacher's Commission," and he took for his text the passage in Haggar: "And the desire of all nations shall come." He said:
Haggar was one of the prophets who went to the captive Israelites to help them to rebuild the temple and to gather up the fragments of their destroyed city. Zedekiah was the other one. They were both men of vast hope and mighty faith, and God gave them vision to read the future, and because they saw the future, they were optimistic men. They did not believe that anything was too good to be true. We need such men. We have enough men who tell us how much better the past was than the present, and who discourage us, and we need men who talk hopefully; men who speak of the future with delight, because they know that the Lord's prayer—that the will of God shall be done on earth as it is in Heaven—will some day be fulfilled. These two prophets went to the Israelites, to Jerusalem, and struggled to rebuild the temple, and they were greatly needed. Cyrus, the King of Persia, allied himself with the conqueror of Babylon, and these Jews had fallen into his hands and he treated them finely. Cyrus was a man who believed in religious liberty. It is strange that 2500 years ago there was a man in a high on earth position who believed in religious liberty. He had a right to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. I know Cyrus believed in religious liberty because he was not a Jew, and yet he allowed these Jews to go and rebuild their temple and ruined city. I think God loved the Jews, for he gave Cyrus a message by Isaiah, "I will go before thee and make thy way straight before thee." Cyrus would have made a great Czar of Russia; there would be no more massacres of the Jews. And that is what I believe in God, believe that there would be no more massacres of Armenians simply because they were Christians. I trust in God that the time will come when a great man like Cyrus will occupy every throne on earth, and when that time comes, the Jews will have their freedom, and their conscience of another shall pass away forever. I have myself seen 850 instruments of torture which were used by men and devils—for I think the devil inspired men to use such instruments of torture—to make all men think alike. I wish to say, however, that the "Maid of Nabuchadnezzar" is a terrible instrument called by that name. It consists of great, wide doors, in which I counted nine spikes, several inches long. When the victim was asked for the last time, "Will you repent and say 'No,'" these doors were slammed and the victim was being on these spikes would suffer more anguish than Jesus Christ did on the cross. Men and women to-day would rather die than give up this old Bible, or surrender the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience.

These Israelites had been in captivity for seven years; 42,300 of them went into Babylon, and the sum they had now. Secondly, because of the contrast between the number of men—Solomon had 80,000, and now there were but 42,300. Solomon had 3000 overseers to keep the people at work—walking delegates, if you please. I wish all walking delegates were for my cause. I wonder if 16,000 of these 80,000 said to the other eighty-four per cent: "Unless you join our society you cannot work at all." It would not have been allowed in Solomon's time. I had a letter yesterday from a prominent man in this city, asking me if the church was the friend of labor. I want to state publicly the creed of the M. E. Church. We are the friends of labor; we are the friends of all laborers—every man and woman who has to earn a living by his or her own hands. We are the friends, not only of the sixteen per cent, but of the 80,000; of 100 per cent of labor, and anybody who is not a friend of 100 per cent is not a true friend of labor. That is the creed of the M. E. Church, and I state it for them because they do not seem disposed to state it for themselves. And I believe I state the creed of all Protestant churches in this country.

Then, again, I think the old men wept because of the contrast in the plans of the two temples.
"The Desire of All Nations." That is the sweetest name of all is Jesus, O, what a sweet name it is! He is my Saviour. It took an angel to bring that name. Gabriel said: "His name shall be called Jesus"—that is the sweetest name of all—"His name shall be above all names." "At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow.

Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came, born in a manger in sorrow of shame; O, it is wonderful, blessing be His name, Calling for me! Calling for me!

He did come, "and His own received Him not." The Jews are still looking for Him. That is the most pathetic thing in human history. As great Hebrew scholar has translated the New Testament into Hebrew, as a literary venture, and a rich man in London is spending a large fortune in circulating it. I hope it will fly around the earth. Let us get the Jews converted, for that is the quickest way to convert the world. Do you know that there are 500,000 converted Jews? Let the glorious work go on.
Now, "what think ye of Christ?" Is the wearer of all these glorious names divine or human or an angel? Some think He was a good man, a typical man, the best man in the world, but say He was not divine. They do not even admit that He was an angelic being. Some think He was God-man. "God manifest in the flesh." Jesus is divine. Peter believed that. Paul believed it. He said: "I will do all things are in Heaven and in earth, visible and invisible; all things were made by Him." Such things cannot be said about an angel or a human being. I think the epistle to the Hebrews was written by Paul to prove the divinity of Jesus. Some of the things say Apollo wrote it, and not Paul, but Paul wrote it. There was not anybody else great enough to write it. We must have a divine Saviour. No angel or human being could do what we need. He must be an Almighty Saviour. One who is able to save and to deliver. Our sorrows are too great for human consolation; our sins are too mighty for the power of any man or angel. We must have a divine Saviour—and we have Him. Do you believe Jesus Christ can save a soul in an instant? This is a sad world. There is one religion that teaches that sorrow is so incapable, that the best thing that can be done is to be blown out like a candle, and 500,000,000 Buddhists believe it. Hurry with the Gospel. Read John xiv: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me." The presence of sorrow affects me strangely. I have never got used to it. It ought to awaken the sympathy of every human heart. I read a story of a Pullman car when, in the night, all was quiet except a baby's voice. One man called out, angrily: "Here it is! Here it is! What is it? I wish she would keep it quiet!" The father of the child answered: "The mother of my babe is in her coffin in the baggage car. I hope the passengers will excuse me; I am doing the best I can." The other man rushed out and said: "Sir, forgive me. I did not understand. I would not have said it if I had known. Let me take that babe. I will keep it all night and you shall rest; you must be tired." His heart was changed and full of sympathy.

Oh, the world is full of sorrow and sin; but we have the remedy. Let your feet be like the rock upon the mountains. God grant the commission anew to-day to preach the Gospel.

The Time is Short.
Ah, my dear friends, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your mind to give up your pride and let your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly on the street, not speaking to them out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of those men were dead to-morrow morning; you who are letting your neighbor starve till you hear that he is dying of starvation, or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy which you mean to give some day—if you could know, and see, and feel all of a sudden that he is dead, now is the day to sacrifice your pride and let your pride and kill them; and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do!—Phillips Brooks.

Responsibility For Possessions.
Do you wish more strength? But if you had more and possessed it, your condemnation would be greater than if your reproach now for work undone. Do you wish more money? But if you had more it would be more sure to eat your flesh as fire, while the responsibility for its proper use would be upon you. Do you wish a larger field of work and influence? But what if, when gained, the field were untilled and the influence that of an evil star? A young minister had few to hear his best sermons; he complained to John Brown, of Haddington, and this was his reply: "You have as many as will every time you preach as you will care to answer for at the day of judgment."—Pacific Baptist.

Nearer Heaven.
Bless God for the wilderness; thank God for the night; be thankful that you have been in the school of poverty and have undergone the searching and testing of much discipline. Take the right view of your trials. You are nearer Heaven for the graves you have dug, if you have accepted bereavements in the right spirit; you are wiser for the losses you have bravely borne, but you are nobler for all the sacrifices you have willingly completed.—Dr. Joseph Parker.

Live Holiness.
It is better to live a good life than to be talking about it, better to live holiness than to proclaim that one lives it. If the sun makes a noise we do not hear it. The brilliant electric lights blaze forth without crackling. The lightning flames out their rays over the perilous seas without the production of bells or the firing of cannon. So the truest, purest and best lives simply let their light shine, as the blessed Saviour commanded.

Need of Backbone.
A contemporary suggests that one thing which Christians as well as others need at the present day is backbone. Not a backbone like a ramrod, that cannot yield or bend, but a well articulated spinal column, which is strong enough to hold a man upright, and keep him from being crushed beneath the burdens that press upon him. These are days of easy going piety; and men are too often ruled, by compromise rather than by conscience.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JUNE 3.

Subject: The Gentle Woman's Faith. Mark vii, 24-30.—Golden Text: Matt. xv, 28.—Memory Verse: 30.—Topic: Bringing the Unsaved to Christ.

I. In heathen borders (v. 24). 24. "From thence He arose." That is, after delivering the discourses at Capernaum, "Borders of Tyre and Sidon," Tyre and Sidon were heathen cities on the east coast of the Mediterranean Sea. Their religion was a base and corrupting nature worship. Beelzebub, the name adopted by the Jews as a name for Satan, was one of their deities who was supposed to be the author of "all the pollutions of idol worship." "Into an house." In all probability the house of a Jew. Edersheim thinks He must have tarried here several days; he desired to be kept here, but could not, would suggest this: "No man knew it." He judged it proper to conceal Himself awhile from the Pharisees, who were plotting against Him. "Could not be hid." It seems that He was personally known to many in this country, who had seen and heard Him in Galilee.

II. A mother's request (vs. 25, 26). 25. "Whose young daughter." The actual sufferings of the daughter were great, but the sufferings which the mother endured by sympathy were still greater. "An unclean spirit." Matthew says her daughter was " grievously vexed with a devil." This was certainly a sad case. Nothing can destroy the peace of a home more than to have a daughter possessed with Satanic influences. The spirit that possessed this girl was an unclean—a vile spirit. "A heathen." This at once shows the humility of the woman.

26. "Woman was a Greek." By language. The Jews called those who were idolaters Greeks or Gentiles. "A Syrophenician by nation." A Syrophenician. Phoenicia belonged to the Roman province Syria. She was a Syrian of Phoenicia. Matthew says she "was a woman of Canaan." "Besought Him." Earnestly entreated Him. The case was an urgent one, and on her knees at His feet she poured out her request. "Would cast out." She believed He had power to do this. Matthew says she "cried unto Him saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou son of David." She pleaded for mercy; she knew she could make no claim upon Him in any other way.

The devil, etc. Here is a plain, straightforward confession. The girl is no effort to cover up the family troubles, and gloss over matters, and make it appear that, after all, her daughter is "quite respectable."
III. Faith tested (v. 27). 27. "Jesus said." This woman's discouragements were great. Her advantages had been tested. She was a heathen woman, with but little means of even obtaining the light of the Hebrew Scriptures. 2. At first Jesus did not reply to her request (Matt. 15:24). 3. When Jesus did speak He seemed to repel her. The soul seeking salvation fretted against these same tests, and many become discouraged by them. The disciples were annoyed. They said, "Send her away, for she crieth after us." This has been greatly misunderstood. To "send her away" according to Oriental idiom would be to grant her request. "Send her child and let her go." The children. The Jews. "First be filled." They are the favored people. The gospel was first to be offered to the Jews, and to them our Lord's personal ministry on earth was chiefly restricted. "Not meet." It is not meet that the proper thing to do, "Children's bread." To take those blessings that belong to the Jews. "Unto the dogs." For "dogs" read "little dogs," household pets, such as ran around the table at meal time. This was the severest test of all. The Gentile was considered by the Jews as a person as no better than dogs, and Jesus only used a form of speech which was very offensive to the heathen. Would this woman resent it? Would her pride at last be stirred? No. She "shrunk and shriveled" only because of the desire, and her faith still held on to the best blessing.

IV. Faith rewarded (vs. 28-30). 28. "Yes, Lord." "Truth, Lord" (Matt.). It is all so. The Jews—the favored ones ought to be blessed first. I know that as a heathen—a Gentile dog—"Yet." Now follows (1) an answer to His argument against entertaining her petition, and (2) a most touching appeal to His clemency. "The dogs—eat of the children's crumbs." I only ask such kindness as the dogs of any family enjoy. I am a dog give me at least a dog's fare.
29. "For this saying." Her faith had triumphed. Jesus said, "O woman, great is thy faith" (Matt.). Her faith was "great in its earnestness, its humility, its overcoming great obstacles." The hindrances thrown in the woman's way only tended to increase her faith. "The devil is gone out." Now, at this very moment, thy request is granted. Though our Lord's mission was to the lost sheep of Israel, yet He always honored personal faith in Himself, wherever found. Persevering faith and prayer are next to omnipotent. No person can thus pray and believe without receiving all his soul requires. This woman had asked a crumb, and had received a whole loaf of the children's bread. Although a heathen she now took her place by the side of Jacob and Moses, for she had prevailed. "Of thy daughter." Her faith is peculiar in that it obtains a blessing for another. Her intercession was successful. Children who have praying parents should be thankful. Here is also an encouragement for praying parents.
30. "Laid upon the bed." A sign of her perfectly tranquil condition. The demon had previously driven her high and thither.

The Lord's Manner.
But this is the Lord's manner: If there be but one grain of corn in many heaps of chaff, He will never leave winnowing rather than lose it. Send He will, messenger after messenger, until He hath gathered it into His barn.—Thomas Hooker.

Ask For Grace.
On every occasion of uneasiness we should retire to prayer, that we may give place to the grace and light of God.—John Wesley.

KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS

CAUGHT BY LIMITED

B. & O. Freight Trains Wrecked Near Salisbury—One Man Killed—Two Injured.

Adam Boyer was killed instantly and four were injured, two perhaps fatally, in a rear end collision between two heavy coal trains at Bluelick cut, near Salisbury, on the Connelville division of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Just as the crash came, westbound train No. 11, better known as the Duquesne Limited, dashed by on the south track. It stopped, picked up the injured and brought three of them to the Cottage State Hospital. Both the wrecked trains came onto the main line from the Somerset & Cambria branch. The first, pushed by a helper engine, running around the reverse curve at Bluelick cut when the second train, consisting of 40 loads of coal, crashed into it. Both engines were wrecked.

Albert Millar, a county solicitor and Republican leader of Dauphin county, died suddenly of apoplexy at Lebanon, where he had gone on legal business. Mr. Millar was stricken in the Philadelphia & Reading railroad station, and was taken to the Lebanon sanitarium, where he died within an hour. He had not been in good health for some time, although his death was unexpected. He was for eight years district attorney of Dauphin county and prior to that time he held the office of county solicitor, to which he was again elected after he retired as district attorney. He was 45 years of age.

The work of reforesting the 80,000 acres of lands owned by the State is progressing rapidly under direction of Forestry Commissioner Conklin. About 600,000 seedlings of this kind, the commissioner says, will be reforest itself if protected from fire. This the commissioner is undertaking to do. The other 200,000 acres will have to be planted. Commissioner Conklin already has planted 100,000 young trees on the State reservations at Caledonia, Mont Alto and Huntingdon this spring. He has also sown seed for 1,500,000 seedling trees at the Mont Alto nursery and has arranged to start nurseries at all the other reservations.

With the close of the ball game between the Temperance and Franklin teams at Allentown, Henry Druckenmiller, aged 55 years, dropped dead from excitement. Druckenmiller rooted for Franklin, and started to cheer his club's victory. He threw up his hands and fell to the ground. When a doctor arrived he said the man was dead.

Anton Krozic met a horrible death at the blast furnace of the Carnegie Steel Company at Sharon. He was about to unload a car containing hot fine dust and when he stepped into the car he slipped and went through the bottom doors with the contents. He was still living when taken out, but died shortly after being removed to the hospital.

Eleven seniors graduated at the fifteenth annual commencement of the Butler high school. They were Walter Klingensmith, Paul McDowell, Charles Sherwin, Amanda Armstrong, Mary Davy, Elizabeth Douthett, Georgia Meching, Nellie McKunkin, Florence Oiler, Bella Armstrong and Kathryn Pillow.

Mrs. J. G. Lewis was killed by a freight train on the Buffalo & Allegheny Valley Railroad at Parnassus. At the time of the accident she was accompanied by William Hogan, who was also struck and seriously injured. He was taken to a Pittsburg hospital. Hogan is not expected to live.

The following appointments of fourth class Pennsylvania postmasters were announced: Balfour, Cumberland county, Francis Walker; Faunce, Clearfield county, Thomas A. Bauman; Marchand, Indiana county, William J. Orr; Wind Ridge, Greene county, John Burns.

The Lehigh county prohibition convention declared in favor of Homer L. Castle for Governor and elected as delegates to the State convention Charles Hollenbach, Rev. A. H. Snyder, Rev. C. D. Huber, James Croil and Rev. D. P. Longsdorf.

The Goodyear interests in the lumber business in Potter county have placed a contract with the American Bridge Co. for the steel frame work of a large sawmill. The capacity of the new plant is to be 500,000 feet of lumber a day.
Fire destroyed the manufacturing plant of the Burley Heater Company at Tyrone. The loss is estimated at \$35,000, partly covered by insurance. The residence of Theodore Irvine was also destroyed by fire.

The Union Supply Company's store at Baggaley, near Latrobe, was robbed of over \$300 worth of merchandise. Two men who slept in another part of the building were not aroused.

The Uniontown Country club has purchased 22½ acres of land from William Dixon for \$6,000. The club now has 110 acres of land and has laid out golf links and will later build a clubhouse.

Guy Baker, aged 26, was killed at his home, near Roseville, by a falling tree, which fractured his skull.

Samuel Parr, an Italian, who shot and killed Roland McLeod in Washington last February, pleaded guilty to second degree murder and was sentenced to the Huntingdon Reformatory for an indefinite period.

The postoffice at Spartansburg was burglarized, but the thieves did not get any plunder. Residents were awakened by explosions and scared away the robbers.

James A. Guffey, of Suter on the Youghiogheny river has sold his coal land holdings to J. W. Weddell and others of West Newton, for \$70,000. The coal will be developed at once.