

At Bailey's corner, just below
 Who little home, the sign post stood
 Within a triangle of grass
 Upon the border of the wood.

When I was just a little chap
 And happy as a boy can be
 Who lives where God's own sunshine falls
 On every field, and rock and tree.

I wondered in a childish way
 Why men had put the old post there;
 And what the letters on it meant,
 And why it was so plain and bare.

"Dear little boy," my mother said
 When I had questioned her one day,
 "It is the lighthouse of the land,
 Which guides the stranger on his way."

Time flew; the child became a man
 Who thought life called him far away
 Where reeking stacks and noisy toil
 Make all the earth seem dull and gray.

To-day my term of work is o'er;
 I'm going back where autumn's breeze
 Steals perfume from the flowered fields
 And kisses all the turning trees.

There at the crossroads, as of yore,
 I feel the old sign post still stands
 And that, if time has changed the path,
 'Twill guide me with its aged hands.

Safely to her, who, smiling through
 A clouding mist of happy tears,
 Stands waiting at the cottage door
 Forgetful of the weary years.

—Kenneth F. Lockwood, in Home Magazine.

THE TESTING OF JIMMY.

By TUDOR JENKS.

Of course it was creditable to Jimmy Hoskinson that his mother loved him and desired him to be comfortable; and there was really no reason why the rest of us should have resented it. But all that is the beautiful theory—the fact is, that we did. When there came express packages for Jimmy we felt a distinct sense of being neglected. It wasn't as if he was a poor boy, whose widowed mother had but the one darling on whom to lavish the affection of a bereaved heart, for there was a troop of Hoskinsons. At times of festivity in the college Jimmy was the happy host of a host of happy Hoskinsons—all rich, well groomed, well dressed and radiating prosperity.

We all felt that Jimmy had too many of the good things of life. Not that he was mean. His text books were a circulating library, and non-returnable; his neckties fitted us all, and his tobacco jar, pipes and cigarettes were open to the appreciation of the world. But he was altogether more neat and respectable than quite comported with our ideas of sophomore bohemianism; we longed to catch him with unblackened boots, a rumped collar or some similar blot on his escutcheon—some little human weakness that would bring him nearer to our own standard.

We used to sit late in his rooms, scattering ashes over his rugs, putting our feet on his embroidered cushions, dropping ink on his table cloth, and otherwise doing our best to bring him to a fellowship with the rest of us. But it was of no use. He had a most remarkably efficient "sweep," one after his mother's own ideal, as black as the ace of spades and as neat as the ace of diamonds; and this "sweep" would have everything set right, brushed up, dusted down and put into shipshape, Bristol-fashion, apple-pie order a little quicker than we could upset the beautiful symmetry of his apartment.

Our dormitory was of four stories, and Jimmy's room was on the top floor. Now, although there was no love of order among us, there were certain laws, as of the Medes and Persians, we were all sworn to enforce. One of these, as unwritten as the Constitution of England, and quite as inviolable, forbade anybody, under any circumstances, at any time to leave anything in the hallway. This law had never been promulgated, but it was always enforced.

The means of enforcing it were in the hands of every inhabitant of the building, and each was a hearty co-operator in the good work. The Code of Uncivil Procedure was simple on this matter, and contained but one invariable rule: "If you find anything left in the hallway, chuck it downstairs."

The efforts to obey this rule were oftentimes difficult, as in the case of a heavy stove, for example; but they were always successful. Coal scuttles were a favorite prey, and especially to be chosen when filled to the brim with coal. These made a most musical racket as they went down the uncarpeted stairway, and it was a real pleasure to see them bound in unexpected lines as they obeyed the law of the dormitory and that of gravitation.

But at last patience and vigilance were rewarded. The "sweep" was away—perhaps at a church picnic, perhaps at a wedding. We did not ask to know the reason of his absence, but were merely thankful to miss him from the accustomed spot.

Jimmy, too, was, as his ill-luck would have it, absent from the post of duty. He had a detestable way of making afternoon calls now and again, in an immaculate costume that was irritatingly correct, from top hat to patent leathers, and it was an added joy to us that this weakness had exposed him to attack.

During the absence of the garrison a green expressman came to the dormitory with a new sofa. It was neatly addressed to Mr. James Hoskinson—meaning Jimmy, of course—and the expressman consulted us as to the location of his room. The top floor back was indicated, and the green expressman and his helper tugged the heavy sofa up to its location, only to find the door locked. Of course it was prepaid—all Jimmy's packages always were. And the expressman was only too willing to leave the heavy thing at the top of the three flights of stairs. We didn't feel bound to protest or to make any suggestions. We simply let things take their own way, and silently dispersed to our rooms, for of course we couldn't afford to know anything about how the sofa got there. But we trusted to fortune, and listened.

Pretty soon "Big Hal" came back from the "gym." We knew he would be likely to drop in, and he roomed just next to Jimmy on the top floor. He always went up there to change his clothes after practising batting in a sweater; and when we heard his

step we thought something might be about to happen.

It happened all right. One flight, two flights, three—and then he saw the sofa. We heard him cheer. But Big Hal was square. He wasn't going to take any unfair advantage, and we heard him knock on Jimmy's door—a good loud pound, so as to wake him if he were asleep. Then he shouted, "Oh, Jim! I say, Jim! Oh, Jim-Jams!"

There was no answer, and then came another cheer, and we held our breath. Hal was hoisting the sofa. We saw him, in our mind's eye, Horatio, and then down she came!

It wasn't quite so sharp and thrilling as when Sanderson's stove fell, but we reflected that the sofa was Jimmy's, and burst into vociferous applause. Rackety, bang, slam! That meant it had reached the next floor. Then came a pause. But the third-floor dwellers knew their duty, and they did it like men. We heard the doors open as the dauntless men sprang to their posts, and almost ere we could realize that the sofa had passed in its downward course, it was again in full career. Bang, bang, bumpety, wrench, slam! It had reached the second floor.

Nor were there wanting willing hands here to carry on the good work. We heard them spring from their chairs and rally to the task. The sofa was, though somewhat disjointed, still in one piece, and without undue delay was sent to try the perils of the last descent.

About here it gave up the ghost as a competent sofa, and alighted in the stone-paved lower hall a most picturesque ruin, exuding real horsehair from many a gaping aperture, and shedding splinters from its inmost frame. Less exciting was the task of the dwellers on the ground floor, but it was nevertheless willingly performed. Their duty was to remove all rubbish shot from the floors above; and the sofa now merited the name. Three stalwart sophomores raised the battered frame and hurried it forth into the college yard, abandoning it there for whom it might concern, and leaving it alone in its glory.

Then we sat at the windows, watching for the return of Jimmy. One or two, forced to attend recitations, dragged themselves unwillingly from the scene, but most of us waited without impatience the appearance of his elegant form.

It was just darkening from twilight when Jimmy sailed into the college yard with a flower in his buttonhole; but this was only an oversight, for believing himself unobserved, we saw him hastily remove the boutonniere and pocket it—a fact we noted for future inquiry, but passed over in our greater interest of finding out just how Jimmy was going to take this first infliction of the lawful penalty upon his household goods.

Much hung in the balance. I had always liked Jimmy, and I believed his excessive neatness and nicety was a mere home fault—something he would outgrow. And yet I might be wrong. Jimmy might have a heart that could not rise above sofas and such; and in a moment we ambushed watchers would know all.

We saw him pause at the ruin. We saw him gaze at the address, still legible in large letters upon the wreckage. We saw him rise to his full height and gaze eagerly around him. Was he seeking some one on whom to wreak his ire—some victim of his vengeance?

I trembled. But in a moment I was rejoiced, for I saw I had done him a wrong by my momentary doubt.

For Jimmy, having assured himself that the coast was clear, that no sneaking tutor was in sight, drew from his pocket his matchbox, struck a light, and set fire to the splintered ruin.

Then he took to his heels, for well he knew the faculty had strictly forbidden all bonfires in the college yard. But his retreat was merely sophomore prudence, and most commendable.

As the flames eagerly licked up the glittering varnish and miscellaneous fuel, evolving a most dense and poignant smoky odor from the horsehair, and seized with a lightsome joy upon some excelsior used in packing, our overburdened hearts were relieved by an outburst of cheering and a most delightful fanfare upon the tin horns cherished for such emergencies.

Jimmy was received with open arms, forever redeemed from suspicion of being a "fusser" or "dude." He who had seen in the destruction of a forty-dollar sofa only the opportunity for an uplift, and exhilarating bonfire was a true sophomore after all, and thereafter he might array himself as he liked, for we knew his heart was in the right place.—Woman's Home Companion.

HOW JESSE JAMES LOOKED.

The Story of a Telegraph Operator Who Saw Him Alive and Dead.

By FINNELL D. MADEIRA, of Baltimore.

On the ninth page of the second section of The Sun of August 4 appears an interesting yarn about Jesse James, the bandit. The statements it contains are supposed to have been made by "the son of an army officer who spent his youth at Western army posts."

In the course of his narrative this son of a brave soldier tells how he met Jesse James once before the outlaw's death and once after "Bob" Ford laid him low in the cottage in St. Joseph, Mo. According to his story, the narrator was reading a "James Boys" book in a grocery store near Leavenworth, Kan., when a man whom he describes as being "nearly six feet tall, with shoulders so broad that they seemed almost out of proportion with the fineness of his waist line," entered the room. Then one reads:

"He wore a big cream-colored sombrero pushed somewhat back on his jet black hair, and his heavy beard, as black as the under side of a raven's wing, was in curious contrast to the strange pallor of his skin."

A month after this occurrence the narrator says he saw the famous outlaw lying dead in his house in St. Joseph, Mo., and recognized him as the man he had seen in the Leavenworth grocery store, having meanwhile been told by the proprietor of the store that the visitor was no other than the redoubtable Jesse James.

Pardon me if I insist that either this "son of an army officer" was deceived by the Leavenworth grocery man, Jeff Brunstetter by name, or imposed upon the young man who wrote the yarn. In support of this assertion I am going to tell the following tale, heretofore unpublished and susceptible of ample proof even at this late date.

During the summer of 1882 I was stationed as telegraph operator at Cameron, Mo., an eating station at the junction of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific and the Hannibal and St. Joseph railways. About forty miles west of Cameron lies the city of St. Joseph, where James was killed. An equal distance east of the town is Gallatin, the scene of one of the numerous bank robberies committed by the James boys. At a point almost midway between Cameron and Gallatin is the scene of a noted train robbery and of the killing, by Jesse James himself, of Westfall, conductor of the held up train, said to be the only murder of which Jesse James is actually known to have been guilty. Twenty miles away from Cameron, between that point and Kansas City, La. Kearney, Mo., once the home of Mrs. Samuels, mother of Frank and Jesse James. I give these details, as they are necessary to an understanding of my story.

On the morning of the day that Jesse James met his death I was sitting in the telegraph office at Cameron when two gentlemen entered and inquired for a telegram. I recognized one of them as A. M. Dockery, then president of the bank in Gallatin which had been robbed by the James gang. Mr. Dockery, it will be recalled, subsequently became Governor of Missouri, after serving with distinction in Congress.

The man with him was A. A. Low, general counsel for the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad Company, one of the chief sufferers by the depredations of the outlaws. Low and Dockery had met by agreement in Cameron and had at their disposal a special train, which stood upon the tracks of the Hannibal and St. Joseph ready to leave at a moment's notice. Both men remained in and about the station until shortly after noon, when the operator at St. Joseph called me up with the statement that he had an important message for A. A. Low and asked if he was in Cameron. I replied in the affirmative. Then came a telegram, which, I believe, was the first announcement made of the outlaw's death to any one outside of St. Joseph. It read: "Ford has got your man. Come on at once."

It bore the initials of some one I did not know. Two minutes later the special train was on its way to St. Joseph, and among those who were on it was Dick Little, one of the James gang. Later in the day a telegram from Mr. Low to W. A. Conklin, station agent at Cameron, contained the request that some one go to Kearney to break the news to Mrs. Samuels that her son had been killed and to bring her to St. Joseph. That rather disagreeable duty fell to my lot.

My charge and I reached the little cottage on the hill in which James met his death shortly after sundown. Stretched upon the bed upon which Bob Ford sat when he shot James lay the body of the victim already prepared for his coffin. Looking upon the dead face I was startled to discover that it was that of a man whom I had met repeatedly in the dining room of the eating station at Cameron, without, of course, having the remotest idea at that time as to his identity. What I saw was the body of a man not more than five feet seven inches tall, slender almost to the point of fragility. A light brown, almost blond beard, rather long on the cheeks, but trimmed to a point on the chin, covered his face, while his head was crowned with an abundance of hair of the same shade. The eyes were closed, but I had a vivid recollection of the steely blue eyes that had met my glances across the table at Cameron more than once, when clad in a gray suit, partially covered by a long linen duster, with

a hat of modish build, the man for whom the surrounding country was being scoured, and for whose capture dead or alive a large reward was offered, calmly ate his dinner or supper in as public a place as could be found in that vicinity.

The body was brought to Cameron that night on its way to Kearney for burial. The train upon which it was carried failed to make connections and the coffin lay in the baggage room all night. By a strange coincidence it was placed in exactly the same corner and in the same position as that occupied by the body of Westfall, the conductor who met his death at Jesse James' hands.

I am moved to tell this story in order that I may clearly prove how I came to know that Jesse James did not have "jet black hair," that his whiskers were not like "a raven's wing," and that he was not "six feet tall, with abnormally broad shoulders." He did not in any manner suggest the outlaw. On the contrary, nine out of every ten persons who saw him at the time referred to would have taken him for a business man or a preacher, probably the latter.

HORSE AND DOG MEAT.

Substitutes For Beef, Mutton and Pork in Germany.

The high prices demanded in Germany for the more common and popular kinds of meats have steadily increased the consumption of horse flesh and dog flesh. According to a consular report from the city of Annapolis, there were slaughtered for food last year in Saxony (which constitutes one-thirty-sixth of the area and contains about one-thirtieth of the population of the empire) 12,922 horses and 3736 dogs. This is an increase of 224 horses and 183 dogs over the year 1905. In all Germany, during the year 1906, there were slaughtered for food 182,000 horses. This is an increase of about 20,000 over 1905 and of about 47,000 over 1904.

Complete figures in regard to the slaughter of dogs for food in the German empire cannot be secured, but fragmentary statistics indicate that the total number was about 7000—probably more, rather than less. In the city of Chemnitz alone 698 dogs were slaughtered in 1906, an increase of eighty-eight over 1905, and during the same period 1070 horses, an increase of eighty-seven over 1905. While these two items show an increase of 175, the total number of animals slaughtered for food in that city during 1906 was 1685 less than in 1905. Saxony also consumed 214,640 head of cattle (steers, bulls and cows), 422,831 calves, 1,112,714 swine, 206,082 sheep and 74,247 goats. The latter figures, excepting those for the goats, are all slightly lower than those of 1905.

Horseflesh is very generally advertised in the German newspapers, especially in those of the large industrial centres, and most German cities have at least one market which makes it a specialty, claiming for it a higher percentage of nourishment than that of either beef, veal, mutton or pork. Neither is it unusual to find advertisements of dog meat for the purchase of dogs for slaughter.

Nor is it possible to read the German newspapers for any length of time without coming to the conclusion that a great many dogs are killed and eaten that do not give up their lives under official inspection. News items detailing the arrest, trial, conviction and punishment by fine or imprisonment of men charged with killing and eating dogs that belonged to others, sometimes valuable animals or cherished household pets, are not infrequent. Quite recently such an item told how the police at Cassel, a city of Hesse-Nassau, while searching for a lost dog, for whose recovery a reward was offered, located a private dog slaughter house and arrested four men who were apparently making a regular business of stealing and killing dogs. Several live dogs, several freshly slaughtered carcasses and evidences of the slaughter of dozens of other dogs were found on the premises.

Trees Growing in Churches.

The parish church of Ross, Herefordshire, possesses some singular ecclesiastical "ornaments" in two fine elm trees flourishing one on each side of the pew where once sat the famous "Man of Ross," John Kyrie. They are fabled locally to have sprung up as a token of divine wrath against a profane rector of Ross who had cut down some trees which Kyrie had planted in the churchyard.

Trees in or on churches are not uncommon. At Kempsey, in the adjoining county of Worcester, a large horse chestnut tree has grown in the chancel from the tomb of Sir Edmund Wyde, who died about 1629. On the tower of Flishtoft Church, near Boston, grows a lusty beech, and a similar tree may be seen on the tower of Culmstock in Devonshire. Apart from intrinsic beauty the parish church of Crick, in Northamptonshire, is or was recently remarkable for two trees growing out of the masonry about fifty feet from the ground.—London Daily News.

Slavery in Morocco.

The markets of Saff and Mogador are full of slaves, many of them having been captured during the pillage of Casablanca. The prices of slaves have in some cases gone down considerably. Young and beautiful Jewesses have been bought at the great market of Mazagan for about £60 for the account of a big slave dealer of Marrakesh.—Correspondence of London Telegraph.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE NEWS

SAY OFFICIALS TOOK FISH

Prosecutions Result from the Drawing Off of Water from Reservoir.

Warrants were issued at Lebanon by Alderman Gerberich for the arrest of Mayor Edgar A. Weimer, Chief of Police John Zimmerman and Day Police Sergeant Lorenzo Brandt, on charge of violations of the State fish and game laws.

The information was made by Jas. W. Criswell, chief of the state wardens, who has been for several days gathering evidence which has resulted in the prosecutions.

The accused men are charged with having on or about October 18 last, placed an obstruction in a tributary of Hammer creek, consisting of a wire screen, for the purpose of catching fish, and also with having fished with a net.

The alleged offenses arise from the taking of fish by these officials on the occasion of drawing the water from dam No. 1 of the Lebanon supply dams, on South Mountain. The warrants were issued to Constable Slegrist.

It is explained in defense of the alleged offense, that the fish were taken from the water with a view of preventing their destruction, which must have resulted from the marked change in the temperature of the water when the dam was emptied. The fish were removed to Mayor Weimer's farm, at Exmoor, in Schuylkill county.

TORE UP RAILWAY TRACKS

Mob Defies B. & O. Official—Laying Crossing for Street Railway.

A mob of several hundred Elk Lick township farmers tore up the tracks of the B. & O. railroad, near Boynton, Somerset county, and before the officials of the company were aware of their action the mob had put in a grade crossing for the Pennsylvania & Maryland Street Railway Company.

Supervisor M. H. Foley of the Pittsburg division of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad started for the scene of the trouble, but his train was derailed and the crew was soon overpowered. Foley was forced into a wagon and driven to Salisbury, several miles distant.

The Baltimore & Ohio has refused to allow the trolley line to cross their tracks at grade, and the farmers who will be benefited by the trolley have become defiant. Several injunctions have been granted, and it is a question as to whether the Baltimore & Ohio or the trolley company, or both, are guilty of contempt of court.

The Baltimore & Ohio will issue attachments for as many of the rioters as are known. This will result in a big legal battle.

The Pennsylvania & Maryland proposes to construct a line from Frostburg, Md., to Johnstown, Pa., which will be a competitor of the Baltimore & Ohio.

CLAIM RATES ARE HIGH

Washington Board of Trade Agitating Reduction in 'Phone Prices.

The Washington Board of Trade and the local Retail Merchants' Association, backed up by private citizens and corporations, have begun a crusade against what are termed exorbitant telephone rates.

A lack of competition, it is alleged, compel Washington patrons to pay two and three times as much for telephones as the residents of other sections of Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio.

REQUISITION IS ISSUED

Governor Seeks Extradition of Alleged Murderer in North Carolina.

Gov. Stuart issued a requisition upon Gov. Glenn of North Carolina, for the extradition of Richard McKwayne, who is wanted at York for the alleged murder of Warren Peterson at Spring Grove, York county, two weeks ago.

McKwayne was traced by members of the state police force to Charlotte, N. C., where he was arrested and held by the local authorities.

Mail Pouch Is Stolen.

A mail pouch was stolen from the Pennsylvania railroad station at Wheatland. The letters were rifled and portions of them scattered about the streets. Postmaster Geo. Stambaugh says there was about \$125 in money in the pouch. There is no clue.

Joe Roberts and Rudie Agie, two boys 8 years old, are charged with arson for burning Oscar Warner's barn, near New Castle. The boys are so young that the authorities do not know what to do with them. Alderman Ranney, after hearing the case, withheld his decision temporarily.

The Citizens Water Company of McDonald awarded the contract for the sinking of two gas wells on the company's property on the edge of the town. Gas in paying quantities was recently discovered there, and by the sinking of wells it is hoped to secure an abundance of fuel at a minimum cost.

Rev. E. R. Tait of the Princeton Presbyterian Church has just received a call to the Wampum Presbyterian Church.

Fire Does \$75,000 Damage.

Fire of unknown origin almost totally destroyed a four-story building on North Second street, Philadelphia, entailing a loss estimated at \$75,000. The first and second floors of the building were occupied by Cunningham & Co., tobacco jobbers, while the other floors were occupied by Feinisch & Son, manufacturers of shirt waists.

Jacob Ralston, a well-known resident of Harmony, was struck by a Baltimore & Ohio freight train at the depot at Zelinope, thrown under and instantly killed.

WANT LOWER TAXES

Coal Land Operators and Owners Appeal Against Assessment.

Judges Lucien W. Doty and A. D. McConnell of Greensburg, began the hearing of the appeals by coal companies and individuals against the valuations placed by the county commissioners on coal lands at the last triennial assessment.

Coal values in all sections have been boosted, the increase in many cases being 75 per cent. The operators and individual owners generally complain that if they are compelled to pay tax at the increased valuations their operations will be unprofitable.

The appeals set for the first day were on coal in the Irwin district, which has been assessed at a uniform figure of \$400 an acre.

LIT FIRE WITH KEROSENE

Foreigners Try Old Trick With the Usual Result.

Through the explosion of a can of kerosene used in kindling a fire, three men were burned near Evans City. The injured: Stephen Canif, Geo. Fryton, John Doring. All are in the hospital, and it is said Canif and Fryton will die.

The men were employed on the Pittsburg, Harmony, Butler & New Castle Street Railway, and did their own cooking in a shanty. One of the men was lighting a fire, and, owing to the fuel being wet, the blaze was slow. His companions picked up the oil can and handed it to him, saying it would make the fire burn. The explosion wrecked the shanty.

STATE PAYS BILL

Helped Up Over Allowance of 10 Cents Per Mile, Considered Too Much.

After several months' delay the Washington county commissioners have finally received from the state the money due for the primaries held several months ago, under the provisions of the new uniform primaries act. The state refuses to pay the bill as submitted, cutting the amount from \$4,560.83 to \$3,773.84. The commissioners acting in good faith and on the advice of the Washington county solicitor, allowed the return judges mileage at the rate of 10 cents a mile, while the state holds they were entitled to only 5 cents a mile.

NEW COAL LINE PLANNED

Branch of Chartiers Valley Road from Van Eman to Zollarsville.

That the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. intends building a branch road from Van Eman station, on the Chartiers Valley line, to Zollarsville, and the Ten Mile region, there is no longer doubt.

To pass through the Blairstown Dague farm, near Odell, the company last week put up \$5,000, and to go through the farm of E. U. Ross gave a bond of \$20,000. The Pennsylvania officials last week went over the proposed route.

HUNTER IS SHOT

Mount Pleasant Man Is Peppered When a Pheasant Rises.

Harry Giles of Mount Pleasant, chief engineer of the Mount Pleasant Water Company, was probably fatally injured in a hunting accident near Donegal. With G. A. Graul and I. F. Gibbs, he set out early for the mountains. They had been in the field only a short time, when a pheasant was started by the dogs. The guns of Graul and Gibbs cracked at the same time. Giles, standing almost 50 yards away, received the charge of shot from one of the guns.

RAILROAD SUES WOMAN

Miss Woodward Is Said to Have Shot at Employee.

Miss Ella Woodward of Monongahela, is the defendant in an action brought by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company charging her with pointing firearms and shooting at employees. She was arrested by Constable Power and is held for a hearing before Alderman Day of Monongahela.

Her latest act, according to allegations, was to shoot at the flagman of a freight train last Saturday.

Undertakers' Fees Raised.

Undertakers of Fayette county, who petitioned for an increase for interment of pauper dead have been accommodated. The old prices were \$5, \$8 and \$12, and they asked for \$12, \$15 and \$25. The poor board adopted resolutions recommending \$8, \$12 and \$20, and they have been approved by the court.

Big Fire in Small Town.

Fire which caused \$6,000 damage at Red Lion, York county, threatened for a time to wipe out the town. Losses were sustained as follows: S. J. Smith, cigar factory; Levi Kaitreider, stable and warehouse; Dr. C. M. Yeagle, stable; John Seitz, stable; John Garner, warehouse.

The Blair county grand jury appointed three furniture experts to examine the new furniture in the reconstructed court house to ascertain whether or not the county was overcharged.

BOYCOTT MILK DEALERS

Philadelphia Labor Organizations Represent Advance in Price.

The Central Labor Union, representing the various labor organizations in the city of Philadelphia, at a meeting, voted to boycott the members of the Philadelphia Milk Exchange, and all milk dealers who attempt to act in accordance with the agreement made at a recent meeting of the exchange to raise the price of milk to 10 cents per quart.