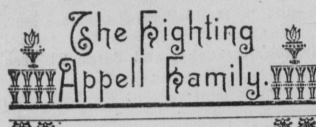


THE LOWER VIEW POINT.

I would not have trusted the bee with a sting,
Nor the goat with a taste for meat;
I would not have hidden in brake and ling
The adder that haunts my feet;
I would not have bristled the hedge with thorns,
Nor poisoned the berries red;
I would not have fashioned the bullock's horns,
Nor riddled the night with dread.
I would not have burdened the sun with spots,
Nor put out the moon so quickly;
I would not set snails in the garden plots,
Nor scatter the weeds so thickly;
But knowing the world is God's, not mine,
I fancy the goat and the bee,
The adder, the bush, and the horrid kine
Must wonder why God made me.
—London Daily Chronicle.



"Say, I got a chance to git some easy money," said Jackie Appell. The seven Appell brothers were seated in the office of Caesar, the fight promoter. He was the eldest of all the fighting Appells, while Jackie was the youngest. "I'm going on the stage," Jackie added, pompously. "Aw, gwan, youse talk like a fish!" shouted Able, the crack featherweight. "They ain't none of us but me kin be on the stage, see? When I beat young Bob Fitzsimmons I'll be havin' a million offers, 'cause champagne gits 'em. But you ain't no champion." "He's foolish," said Miah, contemptuously. "They been kiddin' him."

Jackie took on an offended air. He scowled at his larger relatives, who eyed him scornfully. "Let him tell what it is he's tryin' to do," suggested Caesar, with tolerance. "I s'pose nobody but youse guys knows nothin'?" bitterly demanded Jackie. "I got a regular job at Shiner's Bowery Theatre, beggin' Monday matinee, an' meetin' all comers." "He's lose his nut complete," declared Morris, the middleweight. The other Appells gazed at Jackie incredulously.

"Are you tryin' to kid us?" Monte Appell inquired, "cause your stuff wouldn't get a laugh in forty years. It's punk. Where'd you get that at, anyway?" Jackie sullenly observed the sneering faces of his relatives. He had not removed his hat and overcoat upon entering the office, therefore hasty departure was easy. He got up. "All the know-it-all Appells kin go chase 'emselves for all o' me!" he exclaimed. "Good night!"

The door noisily closed after him. "That kid's sick, I'm afraid," said Miah anxiously. "You don't s'pose, now, that readin' about lunatics and that has got him bug?" "Cause that talk he was shootin' ain't good sense." The family, after earnest discussion of Jackie, decided that, angered at not having his name in the fight columns like his more famed brothers, Jackie had merely endeavored to impress them with his own importance. They separated, those individuals who lived by physical combat going to their training quarters, while Caesar went off to sign a couple of men for a preliminary at his next festive entertainment.

It was on the next Monday night that Maw Appell asked Paw Appell where Jackie had gone. With sons so piteous paw had not missed Jackie. "Where, indeed, is it he has gone?" said he. "I do not see the boy again yet."

"He blows out wit' some guy wearin' a big hunk of ice this afternoon," Monte, who was not in active training at the time, furnished this news. Paw Appell remarked that if the man wore diamonds it was all right. "But no lead ones, you bet," said the proud parent.

Jackie Appell, gloom in his young heart, was in an unventilated dressing room at Shiner's Bowery Theatre, attended by a smashed nose, little eyed youth named Micked McGoogie. Messrs. Appell and McGoogie were slightly nervous, but they did not confess it. Outside the theatre two red lettered signs announced that Jackie Appell, "champion featherweight" (of what locality was prudently omitted), was meeting all comers twice daily for three rounds.

"It's findin' it," said the burlesque show's manager enthusiastically. "Stand these dubs off twice a day. We'll put a hurdle up for any guy who looks tough game." "And I get a hundred bucks an' fifty per cent. of everything after \$2000 business is did on the week." "My boy," said the manager, "I see they can't trim you. Exactly. Our contract says if you're knocked out, only \$25 altogether. But we don't let you get knocked out. So you're safe."

Mr. McGoogie, aged seventeen, and Jackie, who was then sixteen, considered it an excellent financial deal. In pink trunks, an American flag belt and fighting shoes, Jackie bowed to his second audience at 9.45 p. m. The champion of the Bronx Bricklayers' Union was his opponent. "Why, he ain't no feather—he's a welter," protested Kid McGoogie. "Are you runnin' my stage or am I, young fella?" coldly asked the manager.

Mr. McGoogie quieted. The brick-laying person obviously was not aware that in most sets of articles the La Blanche swing is barred. He used it effectively in the first round. In the second, well sponged and fanned by Mr. McGoogie, Jackie chased the

amateur around the ring, punctuating the trip with frequent wallops. "Aw, mix it up! He's stollin'," howled the gallery. "Make 'em fight! Go git him, kid!" They clinched. "Can't hold 'n' hit," argued a voice. "Put your head on his chin, Jackie! Lock hold—that's the boy! Good kid!"

The bricklayer cravenly quit. It was Jackie's fight. Fifty dollars was offered to "the man who stays three rounds." It will be seen that Jackie had taken on a large contract. At each show the contestants grew huskier in size. Kid McGoogie labored over his charge and Jackie panted out after the enemy each time, putting them out one by one. Protest was vain. The manager said that if no light men came then Jackie must meet what material was at hand.

"Or no pay," he finished. "What size they'll be by Saturday," moaned McGoogie tearfully. Jackie sighed. He had not been home since Monday, therefore he lacked the sage advice of his six shrewd brothers. Saturday matinee a tall, thick boxer appeared. He was a bouncer in a concert hall on the Bowery. "Gimme a ladder so's I kin reach up to his map," cried Jackie angrily. "Well, if you lay down that let's us out," announced the manager coolly.

The big man couldn't find Jackie, who ran between his long legs, skillfully harrying him, under Kid McGoogie's coaching. Jackie introduced a Graceo-Roman hold, which caused the other to bend down to see what he was doing, whereat Jackie hooked him with a hard jab to the stomach. The roars from the admiring audience would have prevented the management from giving a decision to the big man in any case, but as evil living had induced indignation in the bouncer, the body blow settled him.

One show remained and Jackie could only wait and pray. It was clear that the treacherous manager was providing these enormous men in an effort to save paying the industrious Jackie. That night a hefty two hundred pounder climbed on the stage, to emerge from the wings in red tights five minutes later. "Mike O'Brien!" yelled the stage manager. "O'Brien had a large hook nose. Kid McGoogie, seeing him, stared in wonder. It was Caesar Appell, who would do anything for money. The offer outside had tempted him.

Caesar's surprise equaled Jackie's, but he made no sign. At the first clinch Jackie agitatedly whispered his story. "Knock me out in the next," said Caesar; "don't worry." With a vicious right swing to the jaw Jackie sent "Mike O'Brien" to the canvas. Unwilling and slow as the referee's count was, he did not rise, for Caesar would have stayed there all night. Wild hollers applauded Jackie, the marvelous young fighter.

At ten-thirty Jackie and Mr. McGoogie, keeping close to Caesar's large bulk, heard the latter demand his little brother's money. It was given and the percentage also, for Caesar would not be denied. Then he took the exhausted juvenile away. "Next time never hold out to the family," he gently rebuked, "cause them's your best friends."—New York Telegraph.

"OBLITERATIVE COLOR." The Part It Plays in Animal Life and Defense. Whales, lions, wolves, deer, hares, mice; partridges, quails, sandpipers, larks, sparrows; frogs, snakes, fishes, lizards, crabs, grasshoppers, slugs, caterpillars—all these animals, and many thousands more, crawl and crouch and swim about their business, hunting and eluding, under cover of this strange obliterative mask, the smooth and perfect balance between shades of color and degrees of illumination.

Nature, having thus visually unsubstantiated the bodies of animals, so that if seen at all they look flat and ghostly, does not stop there. From solid, shaded bodies they have been converted, as it were, into flat cards or canvases, and, to complete the illusion of obliteration, pictures of the background—veritable pictures of the more or less distant landscape—have been painted on these canvases. Such, in effect, are the elaborate markings of field and forest birds. This is the consummation of obliterative coloration; full obliterative shading in conjunction with a true picturing of such scenes, nearer or farther, as would appear straight beyond the animal were it transparent, or as would appear if there were no creature there at all. The animal has vanished and in his place stands a picture of the distance, with its numberless details! The term "obliterative coloration" proves to be colored to disappear from view and not, as has hitherto been supposed, to look lifeless solid objects. Some writers, indeed, have mentioned the fact that animals blend into the varied ground behind them, but all have failed to see that this phenomenon could not exist without the aid of some profound principle in addition to the general resemblance of color and pattern.—From Gerald H. Thayer's "The Concealing Coloration of Animals," in the Century.

Several million dollars' worth of machinery for large modern sugar mills has lately been purchased in Formosa. The average length of life of the Icelanders is a little over sixty-one years.

Americans to Do Justice to the Memory of the Author of "The Raven"

Although Admittedly the Nation's Greatest Writer, Either in Prose or Poetry, He is Conceded to Have Exerted a Greater Influence on Foreign Literature Than Any Other of Our Writers to This Day—It is Only on the Hundredth Anniversary of His Birth in Boston, January 19, That Edgar Allan Poe is to Be Properly Honored by His Countrymen—Exercises Are Now Being Planned in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York, Four Cities to Which He Did Most of His Writing—The University of Virginia, That Had the Glory of Graduating the Author of "The Raven" Will Also Fittingly Observe the Natal Day of the Poet Who Led the Saddest Life of Any of the Most Filled Cases Where Misery Has Been Wedded to Genius.

On the occasion of his centenary, January 19 of next year, Americans will do tardy justice to the memory of the loftiest and most poetical genius the new world has yet produced—Edgar Allan Poe. Misunderstood during all his unhappy life, slandered after his death by a jealous contemporary, the matchless poet, author of "The Raven," is to be treated one hundred years after his birth to spontaneous honor at the hands of the countrymen whose letters he glorified.

The celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Poe's birth has been a favorite project of the literary for several years. It was not without research that the actual date was determined. Poe's own statements, which in matters of this kind were prone to be inexact, are responsible for the confusion. When he entered West Point he gave his birth inaccurately so as to come under the age limit. But the researches of Professor Woodberry have shown to a certainty that the date is January 19, 1809, a paragraph in a Boston paper of one month later proving it beyond a question.

Commemorative Exercises Planned. Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York, the four cities in which Poe did most of his literary work, will all see commemorative exercises held, and in the University of Virginia, whose most famed student Poe is, noted giants of literature will sound the praises of the greatest American poet.

In all the injustice done to men of genius the case of Poe is perhaps without a parallel. His gifts were undoubtedly his curse, for he never realized anything from them but woe. The frightful imagination that enabled him to write stories of horror that have never been equaled was trouble enough for any one man, but ordinarily they would have brought consolation in the admiration of his fellowmen, and financial rewards that would have enabled the writer and his wife to live in comfort.

"Passing Rich" on \$10 Per. When at the very summit of his glory, as editor of the leading American magazine, his salary was only \$10 a week, a stipend at which many a stenographer would to-day scornfully turn up the nose. "The Raven," one of the most celebrated of all poems, brought only \$10 to the author, yet to-day the original manuscript is valued at \$10,000.

For a quarter of a century after the death of this master worker in letters the enemies of Poe had the ear of the world. The poet was scarcely cold in his grave before R. W. Griswold had published his slanderous biography, which reeked in every line with the hatred the biographer bore the critic who had so ruthlessly exposed the literary weakness of "His Posts and Poetry of America."

Poe and Griswold were friends, but the poet, as one of the most noted critics in the world, could not stifle his sense of honesty in commenting on his (Griswold's) work. He told what he thought about it. Griswold had his revenge richly after the death of the author of "The Raven," for the close relations of the two men, having been known to the world, led all to believe that what Griswold said of Poe must of necessity be correct.

Great Injustice Done Him. It was not until many friends of Poe in life, many of those who knew his true life in many of the places mentioned by Griswold as scenes of incredible debauchery, began their campaign to clear his memory that the world saw the possibility that it had done the greatest of American literary geniuses tragic injustice.

Enemies said that he starved and beat his wife in order to hasten her death, so that by studying her pangs he might get material for exact description. Yet his mother, Mrs. Clemm, who lived with the pair during their married life and who knew how deeply the poet loved her, bore indignantly witness to the slander of these stories, and responded with a hundred others in rebuttal, showing the man's affection, the care he had for his wife, of how he cooked her meals in her illness, when poverty had brought them near actual starvation.

Mrs. Clemm showed that it was the death of his wife that overthrew Poe's reason and became the direct cause of the fits of drunkenness that finally resulted in his death. Women who knew him spoke of the peculiarly chivalric manner in which he treated the gentler sex, and his man friends told of his reserve and modesty and the unaffected humility as to his own deserts as a writer.

Poe lived and died a mystery to himself, to his friends and to the world. His life was a romance, his death a tragedy and his fame immortal. Never before has so much genius been allied to such misery. The most interesting and picturesque figure in American literature, his strange and romantic life possessing an incredible fascination for those who have sought to follow it from the time the poet began his wanderings as a writer, it is no wonder that the approaching centenary has been the occasion for reviving a renewed life for the Poe cult.

Those who go back to investigate find that, after leaving Boston, Poe was adopted by Mr. John Allan, of Richmond, Va., which accounts for the fact that, though a Northerner born, he always had such close understanding of the South and sympathy for it. How He Left West Point. In 1829, when he was twenty, he found his name for the first time on the file of a volume of poems, "Al Aaraaf," "Tamerlane," etc. The University of Virginia had been his alma mater; then he went to West Point, but the move was a mistake, and after spending a few months there he asked his guardian to permit him to resign. The later prominently refusing, Poe took his own means of ending a regime that had become painful to him, and by neglecting all his studies finally got himself into such disgrace that he was cashiered. Thrown on his own resources, he took up literature as a means of livelihood, and wrote in rapid succession his wonderful stories of mystery, of which "Marie Roget," "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," "The Gold Bug," "Black Cat," "Pit and the Pendulum," especially astonished the world. In New York he contributed to the New York Quarterly Review a series of searching criticisms, then he went to Philadelphia to assume charge of the Gentleman's Magazine.

His romance with Sarah Helen Whitman is one of the most famed chapters of his life. He worshiped this brilliant woman, and her loyalty to him is proved by the vigor with which, after his death, she hastened to reply to every one of the slanders directed against his memory. Almost alone for a long time she bore the burden of battle against the detractors of Poe, and her work is now bearing fruit in the changed attitude of the public mind to him. Baltimore, in whose streets Poe was found insensible in October, 1849, was first to publicly honor his memory, and a statue erected there in 1875 was the first memorial to his memory.

Other honors are certain to be the outgrowth of the centenary, for the United States, having finally found its great poet, will now proceed to make atonement.—Washington Star.

STRUCTURE OF THE BRAIN. Enormous Number of Cells and Fibres Connecting Them. According to Dr. Edward A. Ayres (in Harper's Monthly) the human brain is composed of microscopic dimensions. Each has a diameter of from 1-1400 to 1-3000 of an inch. Their number is variously estimated at from 612,000,000 to 9,200,000,000! Even 1,000,000 is a quantity almost beyond comprehension. Connecting with many of the cells are delicate fibres which extend to other cells. Besides, there are telegraph wires, the nerves, which run down to or come from other parts of the body.

One set of nerves proceeds from the skin. These are so close together that there is no point on the surface of the body which can be touched with the finest needle without sending a report to headquarters. To every square foot of skin there are about 10,000 of these "tactile" nerves, and it is estimated that the body has sixteen square feet of surface. These are nerves also from the special sense organs—the eyes, nose and ears. These convey their messages much more quickly than do the nerves of the skin. Still a third set of nerves extends to the tips of the various muscles and conveys the orders needed for the various voluntary movements. These are called the motor nerves. Many of the duties performed by such organs as the heart and stomach are regulated by other nerve centres, the brain. The subordinate centres, called ganglia, work independently of the brain. Ordinarily a person is unconscious of their operations and he cannot control them by his will.

In the lowermost and back part of the skull is the cerebellum or small brain. Among its duties is making other parts of the body co-operate for given purpose, like keeping one's balance. Something also has been learned about the localities in the larger and upper brain in which different classes of work are performed. Phenologists have made rather extravagant and inaccurate statements about "bumps," but, after all, there is some truth in the later stories of such discoveries. One way in which the truth can be learned is to compare the human brain with those of animals. It is a catfish, for instance, about half the brain is devoted to the sense of taste. Another method is noticing the effects of an injury to a brain by accident, and a third employs experiments on animals while they are chloroformed. If one part of the brain is exposed and touched with a delicate electric instrument, a certain muscle will contract. If another is touched another responds. With the knowledge thus secured the surgical profession is sometimes enabled to perform operations on man which would otherwise be impossible.

Penknives are tempered at 470 degrees.

PENNSYLVANIA

Interesting Items from All Sections of the Keystone State.

BIG COAL DEAL IN COOKING COAL

Last Big Tract in Redstone, Containing 20,000,000 Tons, Disposed Of. A deal has been closed for the sale of a tract of coal, known as the English coal, comprising 200 acres, located in Jefferson township, Fayette county. The sale which was a cash transaction involved \$300,000, making the price \$1,500 an acre. This tract was the largest piece of coking coal remaining unsold in the Redstone district and the sale was the first transfer of high-priced coking coal in the old Connellsville field since the business depression set in. It is believed to be only the first of several large sales of coking coal lands, the others of which are soon to follow.

The purchaser of the property is Attorney George D. Howell of Uniontown, who is actively interested in a number of industrial enterprises, especially in coking coal properties in Fayette and adjoining counties.

PUMP STATION BLOWN UP.

Superintendent is Instantly Killed in Peculiar Accident. Mercer.—A. P. Urey, superintendent of the Mercer water works, was instantly killed by an explosion which practically wrecked the pump station. The accident occurred while he was starting the gas engine and is supposed to have been caused by leakage. The compressed air tank first let go, wrecking the engine and a part of the bed plate struck Urey in the side, cutting away part of his heart. A son, who was in the building, was slightly injured.

PLAY NO FAVORITES.

Local Optionists Indorse Republicans and Democrats. Sharon.—Local optionists of Mercer county held a mass meeting at Mercer and organized by electing William Bohn of Sharon permanent chairman of the county committee. Michael Kennedy of Sharon and Dr. J. M. Martin of Grove City, Democratic and Republican nominees for the state legislature respectively were indorsed. The local optionists intend to wage a hot fight.

Arrests Man for Old Murder.

Indiana.—Noting the strange walk of Joseph Stange, who suffers from a dislocated hip, and remembering that a man similarly affected had killed Edward Rankin at Smock, Fayette county, two years ago, County Detective Josiah Neal, several days ago, followed Stange to Indiana, and secured sufficient evidence to warrant his arrest. Stange claims he came here from Youngstown and was never in Fayette county.

\$5,000 Fire at New Galilee.

New Galilee.—The factory of the New Galilee Store Company burned, entailing a loss of \$5,000. As soon as the fire was discovered a bucket brigade was formed, and assistance was requested from Darlington. Notwithstanding valiant work on the part of the residents the building is a total loss. It was owned by Donaldson Brothers.

B. & O. May Cross Greene County.

Washington.—The hopes of Greene county residents have been revived by a report that the Baltimore & Ohio soon is to build a line across that county from its present line in Fayette county to Wheeling. J. V. Thompson, the wealthy coal man, has interested himself in the project. It is believed the branch will be built on renewal of business prosperity.

Harry Thaw to Donate Bell.

The trustees of the Manor Memorial Presbyterian church of Ford City, have received a communication from Harry Kendall Thaw, in which he offers to replace the bell recently destroyed in a fire that burned the church. Plans are already being discussed for the erection of a new building.

Charter for Rolling Mill.

Washington.—The Universal Rolling Mill Company of Washington has filed its charter for record here. It will manufacture steel sheets and plates. The plant will be located here. The capital stock is \$75,000. The promoters are John H. Hubbard of Pittsburgh, Harry R. Dunean, N. R. Baker, Walter H. Baker of Washington and L. V. Martindell of Denniston.

"Fun" Costs Three Months to Jail.

Washington.—Andy Lalitch of Daltynville terrified residents of the village by running through a street and snapping a big revolver at passersby. A policeman from California arrested Lalitch, who pleaded that he did it to be funny. Justice Hornback sent Lalitch to jail for three months.

Will Protect Sheep.

Washington.—Goaded to desperation by repeated ravages of sheep-killing dogs, the Greene county commissioners have authorized a Waynesburg constable to go wherever a raid is reported and kill the dogs responsible for the damage.

Will Meet in Franklin.

Reading.—The state Christian Endeavor convention adjourned after deciding to hold the next session in Franklin in 1910. Reports show a total of 4,666 societies in Pennsylvania with a membership of 210,000.

Returns Home After 30 Years.

Washington.—After an absence of over 30 years, John Tanner, long thought to be dead, returned to his home in West Findley township, his aged mother, Mrs. Betsy Tanner, fainting from joy.

GIVEN KNOCKOUT DROPS.

Philadelphia Contractor Dies After Drinking With Three Men. Philadelphia.—A peculiar case that may prove to be a murder developed here in connection with the death of John A. Hayes, a marble contractor. Hayes was robbed by three men with whom he had been drinking in a saloon. While the police were looking for the three men who held him up, Hayes went into a swoon and was hurried to a hospital where he died. The physicians said he had every symptom of having been given chloroform or knockout drops. Three are held in the case on a charge of highway robbery, and suspicion of murder. The \$100 said to have been taken from Hayes, was found on one of the prisoners.

AGED MAN MISSING.

Thomas Left Home June 30—Mind May Have Weakened. Butler.—Joseph H. Thomas, an aged and wealthy merchant of Callery, has been missing since June 30. Thomas was in his general store on June 27, and in the evening did not return to the house. A search was instituted and he was heard from at Parker's Landing three days later. No trace of him has since been found. Mrs. Thomas believes her husband's mind has weakened and that he is wandering around the country.

BIG WORKS TO REOPEN

Thousands of Men Will Return to Cambria Company This Week. Johnstown.—From official sources it is ascertained that the Cambria Company will resume at many of its mills on a larger scale than at any time since the financial depression of last October. It is asserted that several thousand men who have been idle for months, will find employment.

Murderers Escape.

Washington.—Coroner W. H. Sipe and other officers are endeavoring to find two men charged with the murder of Stephen Smith, a Slav, at the Manifold coal works late Monday night. Smith is said to have been plied with liquor at the christening until he was maudlin. Then on the ground of a pretended insult one of the men invited Smith outside to "fight it out." Smith had just stepped from the door when he was shot dead. The murderers, who are strangers in the village, then fled.

Banker is Sentenced.

New Castle.—Joseph Hittenberger, formerly in charge of the foreign department of the Lawrence Savings and Trust bank of this city, was sentenced by Judge W. E. Porter to four months in jail, after conviction of embezzlement. The court made the sentence light because of Hittenberger's age, which is over 60 years, and because he has paid back about \$400 of the shortage.

Record Tonnage on B. & L. E.

Butler.—Every car on the Bessemer & Lake Erie Railroad is in service. From Conneaut Harbor 650 cars were ore are being hauled south every day. The coal tonnage from the south end of the line and the Butler-Mercer district to the harbor is heavy, and the season promises to be a record-breaker.

Waging War on Speakeasies.

Brockwayville.—The temperance forces here headed by F. A. Gaupp, of Ridgway, state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, have started a movement to rid the town of speakeasies. Several places have been raided during the last week and over 100 witnesses have been subpoenaed to appear at hearings.

Furnaces Start Up.

New Castle.—Operations will be resumed at the Rosena furnace after an idleness of Washington week. About 300 men are affected. The furnace, which has a capacity of 600 tons daily, is operated by the Carnegie Steel Company. Other local furnaces will start soon.

Tin Mills Won't Shut Down.

New Castle.—No orders have been received for the annual summer shutdown of the tin mill here, and it is likely they will operate throughout the entire summer. A rush of tin orders, for the canning trade is responsible for the mills continuing through the hot weather.

Buildings Burned by a Skyrocket.

Finleyville.—Fire destroyed the residence and store of L. Bourg, at Hackett, near here, and also the residence of Mathew Probsch, causing a loss of \$6,000. The fire is supposed to have been caused by a piece of a skyrocket setting fire to the roof of the Bourg store, from which the blaze spread to the Bourg residence and Probsch house.

\$125,000 Bond Issue for Bridge.

Washington.—The county commissioners petitioned the court for permission to authorize another bond issue not to exceed \$125,000 to be used in constructing the bridge over the Monongahela river at Monongahela. The expense is to be borne jointly by Washington and Allegheny counties.

Complete Coal Land Deal.

Johnstown.—Details have been completed for the purchase by the Carnegie Smelting and Refining Company of this city of the Stony Creek Coal & Coke Company's property between Holsopple and Fustwell, in Somerset county. A transfer of 900 acres of coal land, valued at over \$100,000, is involved.