

A WELSH MILKING SONG.

"Yr Hufen Melyn" ("The Yellow Cream"). Her touch of silk Had eased of milk Each udder; Yet beating, beating on in wild unrest, My heart of doubt— A boat without A rudder— Still rode the sighing billow of my breast; Till Gwen, her eyes With soft surprise Uprising, Read all the trouble written in mine own, And lucky fellow, lucky fellow, lucky fellow that I'd grown— Her pride forsook Of yearning, Then, brightly blushing, from my arms had flown. —Alfred Perceval Graves, in London Athenaeum.

By Wit of Woman

By BARRY SHIEL.

With his back to the fire stood Puggles, the office-boy, his hands deep in his trousers pockets, his legs wide apart, regarding the clerks with a patronizing air. "Have you heard the latest, fellows?" he asked, with the air of one who is in possession of a secret, and longs to have the pleasure of sharing it with some one. The clerks, however, were busy and paid no attention to him. "Kitty is getting married," he announced. The effect was instantaneous. Nine heads were raised simultaneously, and seventeen eyes—Baxter had a glass one—looked at Puggles in evident astonishment. "Kitty," it should be explained, was Miss Gregory, the pretty typewriter who, for several months, had condescended to brighten the dull city warehouse with her charming presence. The period of her servitude, however, had come to an abrupt termination a month previously by virtue of the fact that a relative had died, leaving her a legacy of \$50,000. As has been said, Puggles' and nomenclature created quite a stir; and perhaps the flush that mounted to the cheeks of Frank Reynolds, a blond, good-looking young giant, was a trifle more pronounced than any of the others; but in the general astonishment no one noticed that. "I thought that would make you sit up," said the boy, with a grin. "Look at Baxter; he's going to faint. The news has been too much for him. Baxter was well in with Kitty till I cut him out." "Jones," said Baxter, in quiet, earnest tones, "will you kindly hand me that ruler? I've got writer's cramp, and I understand exercise is good for it." By a strategic movement Puggles got between Baxter and the door, where he stood grinning. "I'll kill that boy some day," said Baxter, resuming his seat. "He needs a jolly good thrashing," said Jones. "There's been no holding him since he got into long trousers." "Oh, hasn't there?" exclaimed Puggles. "Look here, Jones, you needn't put your ear in. Every one knows you tried to hang your hat up with Kitty, but she told me she declined to have anything to do with a fellow who parted his hair with a towel." This allusion to Jones's scanty locks raised a laugh, and had also the effect of putting that gentleman in a rage. He made a rush at Puggles and caught him just as he reached the door. Lifting the boy, he flung him on the counter—face down, heels up. "Hold his feet, Gregson!" yelled Jones. Gregson, an alert, bright-eyed youth, complied. "Now, hand me that ruler, Baxter," cried Jones. "I've got writer's cramp, too." Baxter did as requested and Jones applied the rod in orthodox fashion. "How do you feel now?" inquired Jones when the operation was over. "It's a capital joke, isn't it?" Puggles walked to his desk, insinuating that, given time and opportunity, his vengeance was sure. Just then Wilson, who had gone on with his work as if nothing unusual had taken place, looked up from his desk. "Now, that we've got all the preliminaries," he said, "perhaps Puggles will tell us how or where he got his information about Miss Gregory." "Who told you?" demanded Jones impatiently. "My brother," responded the boy, now feeling himself again. "He's a compositor on the Record, you know, and he set up the announcement yesterday for to-morrow's issue." "Who's the lucky man?" asked Baxter, unable to conceal his curiosity. Puggles looked across at him and grinned. "Tom couldn't remember the chap's name," he said, "but he recognized it was Kitty through my talking about her at home. Oh, it's her, right enough! I'm awfully sorry for you fellows," said the boy, quite seriously. "That's very kind of you," returned Wilson. "Look out! Here's the governor!" A moment later the occupants of the counting-house were industry personified. But it was with scarcely an undivided attention that they applied themselves to the columns of figures. When Miss Gregory had condescended to brighten the dull city

warehouse with her presence, all observed with joy that the lady's left hand was unadorned with jewelry of any description, and the general jealousy that arose in the matter of paying her attentions must have been highly gratifying to the lady's vanity. She accepted them all, but appeared to favor no one in particular. For reasons of his own, however, Frank Reynolds had cherished a hope—infinite, perhaps, but still a hope. He had gone on cherishing it until the news came that Miss Gregory had come into a small fortune; then it was nailed down. During the last few weeks he had contrived to avoid her; although some of his friends were hers, also, and there had been plenty of opportunities of meeting. He could not bear the thought that his love should be open to any suspicion or mercenary motives. And now came the news that she was to be married! Well, he hoped the man, whoever he might be, was in some degree worthy, and that she might be happy. As for himself, he would never be happy again! "Great heavens!" Frank Reynolds started up from the breakfast table the following morning as if he had received an electric shock. There in the Record, unmistakable black and white, was his name, coupled with that of his divinity! What villainous practical joker had played him this trick? "A marriage is arranged, and will shortly take place, between Mr. Francis Reynolds, of this town, and Miss Katherine Gregory, only daughter of the late James Gregory, of Walmsley." The young man stood motionless, as if turned to stone. An awful sense of shame came over him, and a vision of apologies and unpleasant explanations to be undergone. "What scoundrel has played this wretched trick on us?" he exclaimed, when he was able to speak. "I must put a stop to it at once. And I must go and see Kitty and apologize to her. Ah! if it were only true!" In a highly perturbed state of mind the young man choked down the remainder of his breakfast, and hurried off to the abode of his divinity. Arriving there, he was ushered into the sitting-room, and in a few moments Miss Gregory came in, looking like spring itself. The usual civilities over, Reynolds pointed to a copy of the Record, which lay open on the table. "Have you—looked through the Record this morning?" he inquired with painful hesitation. "Why—yes," she answered. "There is a very amusing article on the Suffragists, written by—"

"I mean—have you seen this?" he interrupted, handing her the paper and pointing tragically to the announcement. Miss Gregory took the paper and scanned the notice carefully. If Reynolds had expected anything in the shape of an outburst of anger or annoyance, he was entirely mistaken. There was no frown on Miss Gregory's forehead, but her lips twitched and in the depths of her brown eyes there appeared a gleam of merriment. "Good gracious!" she said. "Whoever could have inserted that?" And then her features relaxed, and she laughed whole-heartedly. "It is very good of you to take it in this way," he said a trifle respectfully. "Of course, the idea is so ridiculous that you cannot help laughing at it." "Oh, I don't know that it is ridiculous! I suppose I shall be married some day." "I should think so! But it wouldn't be to me." "It wouldn't? Then I must return your compliment, and say it's awfully good of you to assure me of that. Men are not always so outspoken." "Now, Miss Gregory, you are willfully misunderstanding me!" exclaimed Reynolds, looking with mingled vexation and longing at the tantalizing figure before him. "You know perfectly well that I—that to make that announcement true, I'd—"

He turned to pick up his hat. "I'd better get out before I make a fool of myself!" he said savagely. Her eyes met his, smilingly. "One moment," she said; "let me understand about this. Your statements strike me as being slightly involved, if I may be allowed to say so. At first you say the idea of marriage with me is ridiculous, and then you declare it commends itself to you?" Reynolds colored. "You are making fun of me," he protested. "You know my meaning well enough. If it hadn't been for this money—confound it!—I'd have tried my luck long ago. As it is, I can only apologize to you for my name being coupled with yours. If I knew who did it I would horsewhip him!" Miss Gregory clasped her hands nervously, and looked at the young man in a somewhat quaint way. "Would you?" she said. "Oh, dear!" "Would you be very sorry for him, Miss Gregory?" asked the young man sarcastically. "I—that is— Miss Gregory broke off, blushed, and then hurriedly resumed. "Well," she said, "I suppose I deserve to be punished. But a horsewhipping—I don't think I could stand that. Don't you think a lighter punishment would fill the case?" "I— But, really this is beyond me!" said Reynolds in a bewildered tone. "You can't mean—"

Miss Gregory pointed dramatically to the announcement in the Record. "Exactly!" she said, in a rather faint voice. "The culprit stands before you. The writer of that paragraph was—myself!" "You?" gasped Reynolds. "Yes; I. And now, before you condemn me, let me make a clean breast of it. You see, when I first took up my employment in the counting-house there were such a nice lot of fellows there that I didn't know which I liked best. "I tried several of them for a while

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE BUSINESS MAN.

- Don't talk about your competitor. Don't waste valuable moments on details that a subordinate can handle. Don't walk a mile to save a nickel if you value your time more than pennies. Don't shake hands with a man as if it hurt you. Don't wait for fortune to smile on you. Fortune doesn't smile all the time. When she does she usually favors those who hustle, and not those who wait. Don't show yourself too anxious to get an order. The customer will see it in your manner and he will make the bargain, not you. Don't allow your clerks to smoke while on duty. Don't work all the time. Remember, even machinery needs rest. Don't show many different kinds of goods at once. Don't be satisfied with customers you have without attempting to get more. The successful man uses follow-up letters and other means to accomplish this purpose. Don't worry about things that may happen. They may be opportunities, not trials, by the time they reach you. Don't be satisfied until you bring everything to a complete finish.—Chicago Tribune.

but I soon found out that I liked one better than all the rest. I felt certain he liked me, too, but he was so dense and bashful that things didn't progress so fast as I should have liked. All the same, I felt pretty sure of him—that is, until the legacy came along. Then—"

PENNSYLVANIA

Interesting Items from All Sections of the Keystone State.

THREE KILLED

Premature Explosion of Blast Throws Men's Bodies Far from Scene of Accident. Hazleton—Two Americans and an Italian, all of this city, were instantly killed by the premature explosion of a blast at the stone crushing plant of Charles Kehoe, on the outskirts of Hazleton. Thomas Kehoe, a son of the contractor, was injured about the head. The Dead—William Burton, aged 50; John Singers, aged 26; Charles Gatsy, aged 45. Contractor Kehoe said that the death of the men was purely accidental. Their bodies were blown some distance from the scene of the explosion.

CLAIMS LOCKJAW CURE

Hospital in Pittsburg Points to Case of Boy as Proof of Contentment. Pittsburg—The Magee annex, also known as the Pasture institute, attached to the Mercy hospital of Pittsburg, comes to the fore with what it claims is the first real cure of tetanus, or lockjaw. Magnesium sulphate injected into the spinal column is said to have effected the cure. Harry Gilbert, fourteen, was discharged from the annex as cured. His was one of the most severe cases to come under the notice of the local physicians, and the cure was watched with great interest. The boy was hurt with a toy pistol July 4, and July 14 was carried to the hospital in convulsions.

ENGINE TURNS OVER

After Plunging Down 20-Foot Bank Engineer is Unhurt. Butler—Engineer E. K. Richey of the Standard Steel Car Company yard crew, held to the throttle of a derailed engine, which plunged down a 20-foot embankment, turning completely over, and emerged unhurt. Fireman Lawrence Gempner and General Manager John H. Allman, who were on the train running 20 miles an hour to test the new type of forged steel car and locomotive wheels, jumped and escaped injury. The rails spread and the engine plowed up the track for 200 feet before taking its plunge. One freight car was wrecked.

MORE LUCK FOR DRILLERS

Hoffman Strikes Another Paying Well in McBride Field. Butler—Harry N. Hoffman, whose big gusher opened up the McBride oil field two months ago, causing excitement which led to the drilling of 15 wells, brought in his No. 32 near the old gusher and it showed up for a small producer. He drilled into second pay and struck a pool which is thought will make the well even better than the first strike. It started out at 15 barrels an hour, with no sign of the flow falling off. It is 125 feet from the original gusher, which has put 12,000 barrels into the tanks to date and shows great staying qualities.

ELECTROCUTED ON STAGE

Manager is Killed by Live Wire and Actress Shocked. Erie—William E. Wunn, stage manager of the vaudeville theater at Four Mile Creek, near here, was electrocuted during the fourth act of the performance by accidentally touching a switchboard. Miss Dora Pelletier, an actress, was seriously shocked when she attempted to assist Wunn. It is believed she will recover.

Worry Causes Suicide.

Pittsburg—Isaac N. Taylor, forty-five, a son of a former well known dry goods merchant of Pittsburg, shot and killed himself in the yard of the old East End hotel. Taylor was wealthy and, with Mrs. Taylor, who has been an invalid for fifteen years, spent a great deal of their time traveling. It is said worry over the condition of his wife prompted Taylor to shoot himself.

Six Wounded in Riot.

Pittsburg—During a riot at a Hungarian ball at West Homestead, an adjoining borough, six persons were injured and eighty-seven guests were placed under arrest. Among the injured are Chief of Police McDermott and three officers. Probably a score of others received cuts and bruises of a less serious nature during the excitement.

Wool Crop Helps Some.

Washington—The enormous clip of wool in Greene county has contributed much toward easing financial affairs in the Waynesburg region. The Greene county wool clip is the largest ever turned out. Thirty cents was the market price, and conservative estimates place the value of the total amount disposed of at \$250,000.

Woman's Prediction Comes True.

Greensburg—While visiting her parents in Stockholm, Sweden, six months ago, Mrs. J. A. Neilson of Greensburg, predicted she would not survive a year. She died here last night. Besides her husband, she is survived by five sons and four daughters.

Name New Candidate.

Butler—The Democratic committee on vacancies named Attorney Edwin W. Humphrey of Portersville for the Legislature in place of Marion Henshaw of Butler, who withdrew.

OPEN LAMP AGAIN

Fatal Explosion of Gas Takes Place in Bellevue Colliery. Scranton—One miner was killed, two others slightly hurt by an explosion of gas in the Bellevue colliery of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Company near this city. The man killed was Gottfried Ross. Those fatally injured are Benjamin Hughes and Arthur Jones. The explosion is supposed to have been caused by a miner's naked lamp igniting a "feeder" of gas. The mine was considerably damaged.

IMPROVE MARKSMANSHIP

Pennsylvania Obtains \$133,467 for National Guard. Washington, D. C.—Under the operations of the Dick Militia bill, the National Guard of Pennsylvania is to receive \$133,467.47. This amount was allotted to the state by the war department. Of that amount at least \$33,367.41 must be expended in the promotion of rifle practice and \$100,422.26 may be used in the purchase of arms and equipment. The entire amount may be spent in the promotion of rifle practice, at the discretion of the National Guard officers.

HOLD ANNUAL REUNION

Two Hundred Members of Small Family Attend Meeting. Leechburg—Over 200 members of the Small family of the Kiskiminetas valley attended the reunion at Kiskiminetas park near here. John B. Small is president, George Graham, secretary and J. G. Small treasurer of the organization in charge of the annual reunions.

Property Loss Estimated at \$100,000

Philadelphia—What is declared to be the greatest freight wreck involving the wreck of steel cars, occurred on the New York division of the Philadelphia & Reading railway, near Meadowbrook a suburb, when out of a coal train of 28 cars, 19 were demolished, entailing a loss estimated at \$100,000. The train, which was running 50 miles an hour, was thrown from the track by the breaking of the flange on the one wooden car in the entire train. This car left the rails, dragging the others after it. The tracks were torn up for 400 feet.

Foreign Banker Arrested.

Uniontown—At Brownsville the foreign bank operated by Joseph Marchneck was closed and Marchneck was arrested on three charges of embezzlement, brought by foreign depositors. Marchneck was taken before Justice J. P. Ross and furnished bail in each instance, the aggregate being \$2,400. Marchneck says everything will be settled in a satisfactory manner and the institution will soon be opened again.

Two Killed in Coal Mine.

Pottsville—Two men were killed and three probably fatally injured in an explosion at the Knickerbocker colliery of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Company, about one mile east of Shermansburg. The accident was caused by an influx of gas in the gangway of the Buck mountain vein, which was ignited while the miners were blasting. A fall of top rock occurred, burying Peter Dumbinsky, Jacob Keolick, John Kuza, William Saso and Charles Cowley.

Daughter Testifies Against Mother.

Canonsburg—At an inquest held by Coroner W. H. Sipe into the death of Frank Talmer here new evidence was introduced causing the arrest of Mrs. Talmer on the charge of murdering her husband. Mrs. Talmer's mother, Mrs. Margaret Roberts, was also arrested as an accessory. At the inquest Goldie, the 14-year-old daughter of the dead man, testified she saw her mother shoot Talmer.

Death Comes at 110.

New Castle—Amos Martin, 110 years old, died here at the home of his stepdaughter, Mrs. Daniel Looney, where he lived for many years. He was a veteran of the Mexican and Civil Wars. He was born in Scotland. Sunday Martin was able to walk about his home. Monday he suddenly fell—a fall which he retained a clear mind.

Refuse Wage Cut.

Sharon—Two hundred employees of the Driggs-Seabury Ordnance Corporation are locked out because of a threatened strike. A notice has been posted that the plant will be closed indefinitely. On July 9 the company announced a reduction in wages to become effective July 16, the cut averaging 7 1/2 per cent.

Work for 450 Resumed.

Scottsdale—Plant No. 1 of the American Tin Plate Company here, consisting of nine mills and employing 450 men, will resume operations August 8.

Eight Houses Destroyed.

Carlisle—Eight frame dwelling houses were destroyed by fire at Newville, a borough which has a population of 1,600, entailing a loss of \$4,000. The houses were owned by Mrs. Elizabeth Skinner. All of the occupants escaped without injury.

Deaf Mute Killed by Train.

Connellsville—William Duffey, aged 10 years, a deaf mute, son of Michael Duffey of Leisenring No. 1, was run down by a West Penn trolley car near his home and died at the Connellsville hospital.