

...must un- involves the all the term edge of what on, of enjoy- if effort may aving ariht. They tremble. They toss wildly. They crouch abjectly. Their colors express as much. There's the blue of hope, the white of innocence. There's the crimson of passion and the black of despair. A conflagration is seen in shaded smoke, yellow and magenta. A symphony to spring flutters through sky blue and pale greens and yellows.—New York Globe.



WOMAN'S REALM

Emotional Plumes.

They nod. They flit. They beckon. They tremble. They toss wildly. They crouch abjectly. Their colors express as much. There's the blue of hope, the white of innocence. There's the crimson of passion and the black of despair. A conflagration is seen in shaded smoke, yellow and magenta. A symphony to spring flutters through sky blue and pale greens and yellows.—New York Globe.

The Little Mother of a City.

Dr. Garrett Anderson, the newly elected Mayor of Alleburgh, in England, is a woman, a widow, and apparently not a suffragette. She has just presided at her first official banquet.

"I shall try all I can," she said in effect, "to be a motherly sort of housekeeper to this town, of which we have every right to be proud."

There is something about this expression, "a motherly sort of housekeeper," pleasantly suggestive of orderly and economical processes.—New York World.

Policeman Watches Excursionists.

Norway has the distinction of possessing the only genuine "woman policeman," duly commissioned, regularly patrolling a post.

She is Miss Nigren, is scarcely out of her teens, to judge by her looks, and does not give the impression of being very athletic, though she is by no means frail. Her station is on the Island of Noakim, where she owns a small farm.

Her duty is to guard the Government's agricultural experiment station, drill grounds and quarry, and especially to see that excursionists commit no depredations.—Young Woman.

Women Should Help Rule.

That women should have an equal share in the Government was a part of Mayor Johnson's speech before the Temple Club at the Temple, in Cleve-

land, Ohio. His subject was "The Making of a City," and in the discussion he said that since women must obey the laws equally with men and must pay their share of the taxes, they should be given the right of franchise. "It is not the character of the buildings, the size of a city or the dollars it has in its treasury that makes it great, it is the men and women, their spirit, their civic pride, that make a city. The axiom that people are governed as they deserve is true in every particular."

Fewer Umbrellas.

The women in London are said to be using fewer umbrellas, because, to save their finery, they can always run into tea-shops, omnibuses and underground railways. At the same time the American traveler finds the average woman in London when out-doors dressed with far more regard for bad weather and dirt streaks than New York women. In spite of the tyrannical decrees of fashion climate will not be denied in prescribing the style of costume.

But British footgear will help to preserve the traditions of the race, even if the umbrella tends to take its place in literature and the muvils along with the sedan chair of Queen Anne's day and the smalls men wore one hundred years ago.—New York World.

One Woman Jailer.

There is only one official woman jailer in the world. Her name is Jenny Porchet, and she lives in Switzerland. She is governor and warden of the prison of Aigle, in the Rhone Valley.

It came about in this way: Thirty years ago Mme. Porchet married the chief warden of the prison, and soon proved to be a helpmeet indeed, for, being a strongly built woman and with proper notions of discipline, she made as good a jailer as her husband and more than once did his work when he was ill or away. So when he died the authorities asked her to take his place permanently, and she accepted.

All the year round the Aigle prison contains from twelve to twenty male prisoners, sentenced to terms of three months to three years, and although the woman jailer has no assistants she has never had any trouble with the prisoners—except, indeed, on one occasion, many years ago, when a burly ruffian attacked her. Mme. Porchet taught him a lesson in good behavior that confined him in the hospital for several weeks. Strict disciplinarian though she is, the woman jailer has the kindest of

hearts and takes great interest in her "guests," as she calls them. Many a prisoner has been set on the straight path again by her wise and kindly advice.—Tit-Bits.

Listening One Way to Be Popular.

Get over the idea that the world cares a rap about how many times your dressmaker has disappointed you, and how hatefully Grace Peters behaved the last time you met her. These are subjects of vital interest to you—and to you alone.

The girl who seeks the road to popularity is more apt to find it along a silent lane of attentive listening than on the glaring highway bristling with conversation.

The knowing girl will not tempt fate by monologues on her own happenings, but she will keep an interested face and silent tongue while her friends relate at length the things that have come their way.

The very young cannot see the reason why saucer for the goose is not always saucer for the gander. They say, other girls and men talk personalities why should not I? With age comes the knowledge that personalities are rarely of moment to any but the talker, but the girl who has the happy knack of keeping her own affairs to herself while assuming, or having, an interest in the affairs of others, is the girl who makes friends.

To be a good listener does not simply mean not talking. The deaf mute or the stupid could do as well. It means knowing when not to talk. If you want a man who is fond of the sound of his own voice to think you the most attractive girl he knows give him the floor and keep alert enough to smile or nod approval.

One is not a good listener who is content with not bursting into a conversation or not interrupting a bore. To listen with far away eyes, and ears that miss the point is not a compliment and will never win favor. Some girls are lazy or dreamy, and hate to talk they plume themselves on their listening powers when they should be bemoaning their selfishness. Do not think you can spend a happy hour planning your next new gown

White Cabbage.—This recipe recommends itself for its simplicity. Take a peck of quartered cabbage, put a layer of cabbage and one of salt, let it remain over night; in the morning squeeze them and put them on the fire, with four chopped onions covered with vinegar; boil for half an hour, then add one ounce of turmeric, one gill of black pepper, one gill of celery seed, a few cloves, one tablespoonful of allspice, a few pieces of ginger, half an ounce of mace and two pounds of brown sugar, also four tablespoonfuls of mustard. Let it boil half an hour longer; let cool and put away for use in stone pots.

Our Cut-out Recipe. Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

Everything high is ruled out in coiffure styles. Paris declares that huge headgear has had its day. Reseda green makes some pretty evening frocks. Evening gloves are worn to extend just above the elbow. Coral is more popular than it has been for many seasons. The Medic ruches are seen on all necks that are not too short for them. Fussy neck styles continue to prevail and there is interminable variety in them. Gray gowns are distinctly in mode, both for daytime and evening dress occasions. Shops are showing nightcaps made of knitted silk in the daintiest of pinks and blues and lavenders. As to rhinestones, there are still as many horeshoes as ever, but the newest design is a large bowknot. There are black patent leather slippers with a tiny border of pink, blue, white or lilac suede around the top. Spangled opera bags, in flame color, and a deep luminous blue, and lined with heavy silk, are very popular. Contrary to expectation, white slippers have not gone out of fashion, but are being worn almost as much as ever. The vogue for buttons as trimming is so great that they are beginning to be conspicuous for their absence from exclusive models. In harmony with the tendency toward tall, slender effects, the deep, narrow yoke is an insistent feature of this season's modes. Fish net blouses are displayed in many beautiful models, some of them being made over a chiffon cloth or mousseline de sole lining. Some handkerchiefs from Paris are of sheer white linen, with lavender linen butterflies buttonholed into the corners with white thread.

land, Ohio. His subject was "The Making of a City," and in the discussion he said that since women must obey the laws equally with men and must pay their share of the taxes, they should be given the right of franchise. "It is not the character of the buildings, the size of a city or the dollars it has in its treasury that makes it great, it is the men and women, their spirit, their civic pride, that make a city. The axiom that people are governed as they deserve is true in every particular."

But British footgear will help to preserve the traditions of the race, even if the umbrella tends to take its place in literature and the muvils along with the sedan chair of Queen Anne's day and the smalls men wore one hundred years ago.—New York World.

There is only one official woman jailer in the world. Her name is Jenny Porchet, and she lives in Switzerland. She is governor and warden of the prison of Aigle, in the Rhone Valley.

It came about in this way: Thirty years ago Mme. Porchet married the chief warden of the prison, and soon proved to be a helpmeet indeed, for, being a strongly built woman and with proper notions of discipline, she made as good a jailer as her husband and more than once did his work when he was ill or away. So when he died the authorities asked her to take his place permanently, and she accepted.

All the year round the Aigle prison contains from twelve to twenty male prisoners, sentenced to terms of three months to three years, and although the woman jailer has no assistants she has never had any trouble with the prisoners—except, indeed, on one occasion, many years ago, when a burly ruffian attacked her. Mme. Porchet taught him a lesson in good behavior that confined him in the hospital for several weeks. Strict disciplinarian though she is, the woman jailer has the kindest of

hearts and takes great interest in her "guests," as she calls them. Many a prisoner has been set on the straight path again by her wise and kindly advice.—Tit-Bits.

Get over the idea that the world cares a rap about how many times your dressmaker has disappointed you, and how hatefully Grace Peters behaved the last time you met her. These are subjects of vital interest to you—and to you alone.

The girl who seeks the road to popularity is more apt to find it along a silent lane of attentive listening than on the glaring highway bristling with conversation.

The knowing girl will not tempt fate by monologues on her own happenings, but she will keep an interested face and silent tongue while her friends relate at length the things that have come their way.

The very young cannot see the reason why saucer for the goose is not always saucer for the gander. They say, other girls and men talk personalities why should not I? With age comes the knowledge that personalities are rarely of moment to any but the talker, but the girl who has the happy knack of keeping her own affairs to herself while assuming, or having, an interest in the affairs of others, is the girl who makes friends.

To be a good listener does not simply mean not talking. The deaf mute or the stupid could do as well. It means knowing when not to talk. If you want a man who is fond of the sound of his own voice to think you the most attractive girl he knows give him the floor and keep alert enough to smile or nod approval.

One is not a good listener who is content with not bursting into a conversation or not interrupting a bore. To listen with far away eyes, and ears that miss the point is not a compliment and will never win favor. Some girls are lazy or dreamy, and hate to talk they plume themselves on their listening powers when they should be bemoaning their selfishness. Do not think you can spend a happy hour planning your next new gown

White Cabbage.—This recipe recommends itself for its simplicity. Take a peck of quartered cabbage, put a layer of cabbage and one of salt, let it remain over night; in the morning squeeze them and put them on the fire, with four chopped onions covered with vinegar; boil for half an hour, then add one ounce of turmeric, one gill of black pepper, one gill of celery seed, a few cloves, one tablespoonful of allspice, a few pieces of ginger, half an ounce of mace and two pounds of brown sugar, also four tablespoonfuls of mustard. Let it boil half an hour longer; let cool and put away for use in stone pots.

Our Cut-out Recipe. Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

Everything high is ruled out in coiffure styles. Paris declares that huge headgear has had its day. Reseda green makes some pretty evening frocks. Evening gloves are worn to extend just above the elbow. Coral is more popular than it has been for many seasons. The Medic ruches are seen on all necks that are not too short for them. Fussy neck styles continue to prevail and there is interminable variety in them. Gray gowns are distinctly in mode, both for daytime and evening dress occasions. Shops are showing nightcaps made of knitted silk in the daintiest of pinks and blues and lavenders. As to rhinestones, there are still as many horeshoes as ever, but the newest design is a large bowknot. There are black patent leather slippers with a tiny border of pink, blue, white or lilac suede around the top. Spangled opera bags, in flame color, and a deep luminous blue, and lined with heavy silk, are very popular. Contrary to expectation, white slippers have not gone out of fashion, but are being worn almost as much as ever. The vogue for buttons as trimming is so great that they are beginning to be conspicuous for their absence from exclusive models. In harmony with the tendency toward tall, slender effects, the deep, narrow yoke is an insistent feature of this season's modes. Fish net blouses are displayed in many beautiful models, some of them being made over a chiffon cloth or mousseline de sole lining. Some handkerchiefs from Paris are of sheer white linen, with lavender linen butterflies buttonholed into the corners with white thread.

land, Ohio. His subject was "The Making of a City," and in the discussion he said that since women must obey the laws equally with men and must pay their share of the taxes, they should be given the right of franchise. "It is not the character of the buildings, the size of a city or the dollars it has in its treasury that makes it great, it is the men and women, their spirit, their civic pride, that make a city. The axiom that people are governed as they deserve is true in every particular."

But British footgear will help to preserve the traditions of the race, even if the umbrella tends to take its place in literature and the muvils along with the sedan chair of Queen Anne's day and the smalls men wore one hundred years ago.—New York World.

There is only one official woman jailer in the world. Her name is Jenny Porchet, and she lives in Switzerland. She is governor and warden of the prison of Aigle, in the Rhone Valley.

It came about in this way: Thirty years ago Mme. Porchet married the chief warden of the prison, and soon proved to be a helpmeet indeed, for, being a strongly built woman and with proper notions of discipline, she made as good a jailer as her husband and more than once did his work when he was ill or away. So when he died the authorities asked her to take his place permanently, and she accepted.

All the year round the Aigle prison contains from twelve to twenty male prisoners, sentenced to terms of three months to three years, and although the woman jailer has no assistants she has never had any trouble with the prisoners—except, indeed, on one occasion, many years ago, when a burly ruffian attacked her. Mme. Porchet taught him a lesson in good behavior that confined him in the hospital for several weeks. Strict disciplinarian though she is, the woman jailer has the kindest of

hearts and takes great interest in her "guests," as she calls them. Many a prisoner has been set on the straight path again by her wise and kindly advice.—Tit-Bits.

THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. DAVID J. BURRELL.

Theme: The Christian and His Bible.

New York City.—The sermon preached Sunday night in the Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth street, Manhattan, was by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. David James Burrell. His subject was: "The Christian and His Bible." The text was from II. Timothy 3:14-17: "But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from the child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." Dr. Burrell said: "There was trouble in Ephesus. The church there had fallen on perilous times." Paul, the founder and former pastor of the church in that city, writes to Timothy, his successor, exhorting him to continue in the truth, and he required his successor to be faithful and his people, a profound loyalty to the Scriptures as the word of God. He reminds the young pastor that he had learned the Scriptures in his childhood. In his home at Derbe his mother Lois had instructed him. Blessed is the man or woman who can look back to such training as this! The father of John Stewart Mill declined to teach religion to his son; the other son, to commit the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm to memory and take the Scriptures to be "a lamp unto his path," and the difference is manifest in the life and character of these men.

Paul assumes, furthermore, that Timothy, as a man of God, must be true to the Scriptures. This ought to go without saying, since "men of God," in or out of the ministry, are in covenant bonds to be loyal to it. The question now arises, "What shall Christians do with his Bible?" Shall he be satisfied with merely reading it? Is it enough for him to talk about it? Shall he approach it in a critical spirit, with the purpose of finding fault with it? If so, he must not expect to find much that is profitable to him.

In one of Krummacker's fables he tells of a society of learned men who resolved to make a voyage to investigate the properties of the magnetic needle. The ship being ready to sail, they went aboard and placed a magnetic compass in their midst, sat down to observe and scrutinize it. Thus they sailed to and fro, watching the needle and each advancing and defending his own theory as to the secret power which moved the needle. The ship struck upon a rock, and the waves rushed in. Then those learned men, all seized with terror, leaped overboard and swam ashore. And, sitting there on the barren rocks, they lamented one to another that there was no compass to be placed on the magnetic needle!

For a like reason there are "biblical experts" who can see no profitableness in Scripture; but there are others who search as for hidden treasure and find in these pages the unsearchable gift of life. The man who reads, ponders and inwardly digests will find that the Word is profitable, particularly in these four ways: First, "for doctrine." As a rule of faith it serves, like the mariner's chart, to sail by. It tells us what we are to believe as to spiritual things; and truth is the basis of life and character. For "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

One of the singular characteristics of the Bible is this: Of all the so-called "sacred books" it alone presents a multiplicity of truths which can be arranged into a harmonious system. Who ever heard of the Moslem system of theology? Or of the Buddhist system of doctrine? The other religions make no pretense of offering a consistent creed, but the truths of the Scripture are like pearls, which can be strung upon a necklace, having for its central gem this saying: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Another singular characteristic of the Bible is, that all its truths are set forth under a divine seal of authority. All are not equally "profitable," since it is not so important, for example, that we should know about the birth of John the Baptist as it is that we should know that Jesus is the only begotten Son of God, but all its truths are equally authoritative, since they were written by holy men who were moved by the Spirit of God. The entire Book is signed and sealed with a "Thus saith the Lord."

The quest of truth was set forth by the ancient Greeks in the story of Jason and the Argonauts, who set forth in the good ship Argo to find the golden fleece. It would have been a vain quest, despite the fact that Hercules and Orpheus, with his lyre, and the twins Castor and Pollux were in that famous crew, had they not known the way. The golden fleece was to be found. Somewhere among the islands of the Hesperides? That was all too vague. But Colchis, just there, and nowhere else, was their destination. Thither they sailed, and there they found it. Home, and brought it home.

Truth is the principal thing. But where shall we search for it? There must be some place of authority whither we can go with an assurance of finding it. To wander about among the islands of the Hesperides, guided by nothing more trustworthy than opinion and guess work, doubting and wondering, with the rocks and forests as our farthest horizons, this is to pursue a vain and hopeless quest. And little wonder if we are lost in doubt and perplexity.

Who is the true authority? The echoes answer, mockingly, "What is truth?" But the Christian takes up his Bible, opens it, and lo, from every page there comes a voice, "I am the truth." If, then, a man would be a believer, would rest on authority, and not on mere opinion, let him search the Scriptures, for "This is the judge that ends the strife. When wit and wisdom fail, Our guide to everlasting life, Through all the gloomy vale."

Second, the Scriptures are profitable "for reproof." They answer the same purpose that the North Star does when the ship gets out of her course. Only a "dead reckoning" is possible without it. The man who follows his own devices and knows no other or better standard of truth than can be found in his inner consciousness must not be surprised if he loses his bearings as to the great problems of life. What do you believe about God? Or about the Atonement? Or about Justification by Faith? Or about Heaven and Hell? If you have no Bible, you are at liberty to say, "My opinion is thus and so," but if you are a Christian, you are bound to say, "I have found it written thus and so in the Word of God."

Our faith as Christians is not a matter of hearsay or personal opinion, but of authority. "And the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, saying, 'Who is it that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man, for I will demand of thee, and answer thou Me.'" So speaks the Infinite to the man whose strength is in his nostrils, "Be still and know that I am God."

Third, the Scriptures are profitable "for correction." The sailor who is in doubt as to his whereabouts, gets his latitude and longitude by the use of the quadrant and sextant accordingly. So does the Christian search the Scripture, and, on finding himself wrong, makes haste to return to God. In one of the general assemblies of the Church of Scotland the venerable Dr. Erskine said, with the rapidity of lightning, "I have had a discussion which seemed to me to proceed without due reference to the Scriptures. At length he arose, and with a voice tremulous with age, said, 'Moderator, rax me yon Bible, wae ye!' He read the precept, and adding simply, 'Thus saith the Lord,' sat down. But that was enough in a Christian assembly; for there the word of the Lord is an end of controversy. 'To the law and the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no life in them.' Every man must say for himself whether he will take the Scriptures to be his guide or lean on his own understanding; but having made the Scriptures his choice, he is bound to live accordingly. One may go his own gait or let God direct him. In the former case he is not a Christian. In the latter case he is. I know of only these two kinds of people in the world, to wit: Men of God and men without God. The Scriptures are profitable "for instruction in righteousness." As a "rule of practice" they are like the rudder of the ship. One of the great words of the Bible is righteousness. It is set forth in two perfect symbols, namely the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, and one perfect Exemplar, the critic has yet to be found who can pick a flaw in the Decalogue; and by common consent Christ is the one immaculate man who has lived in this world of ours. But if we as Christians believe in the Bible, which presents such an admirable code of morals, how is it that there are so many inconsistent professors among us? The point is well taken; we freely acknowledge the justice of it. But in that criticism that a tribute is paid to the morality of the Bible, and to the Christ who perfectly exemplifies it! Behold the Book, how faultless its standards of righteousness! And behold the Man! The world finds "no fault in Him at all." But there is this to be said: The best people are Bible Christians. There is not one among them who claims perfection; but, taking them by and large, good, bad and indifferent, we do not shrink from a comparison. Let a thousand of them stand up in line, and a thousand others who reject or ignore the Scriptures in an opposite line, and we are ready to have the exhibit stand upon its merits. But suppose all Christians did live up to the standard of the Bible, what people they would be! One Man did so once. He "brought the bottom of His life up to the top of His light." The Bible was His rule of faith and practice, and in His walk and conversation He was true to it. And when He hung upon the cross, the soldier in charge of His execution was moved to cry, "Verily, this was a righteous man!" It remains to emphasize the most important part of our study, that the Scriptures are profitable to the end that the man of God may be "thoroughly furnished unto all good works." It is in the Scriptures that the Christian gets his commission for service. "As the Father has sent Me into the world," said Jesus, "so send I you." As Christians we are to serve not ourselves but others, to do everything to the glory of God. In God's Gymnasium. God's proving does not mean that He stands by watching how His child will behave. He helps us to sustain the trial to which He subjects us. Life is all probation; and because it is so, it is all a field for the Divine aid. The motive of His proving men is that they may be strengthened. He puts us into His gymnasium to improve our physique. If we stand the trial, our faith is increased; if we fall, we learn self-distrust and closer clinging to Him.—A. Maclaren.

PENNSYLVANIA

Interesting Items from All Sections of the Keystone State.

ACQUIRE BIG COAL TRACT

Will Develop It Immediately and P. R. R. Will Build In to It.

Johnstown.—It is practically assured that the Pennsylvania railroad will handle the immense outcrop of the coal mines to be opened on the 4,000-acre Kennerly tract, in the Bens creek valley of Somerset county, purchased last week by W. S. and J. S. Kuhn of Pittsburgh. The Kuhns, who are said to have represented the United Coal Company in the deal, made an initial payment of \$10,000 to the purchase price of \$70,000. This big tract is one of the most valuable in Somerset county and had been held undeveloped for years by the Kennerly company. It is understood the Pennsylvania railroad will construct a branch from the main line in this city to the field.

Editor Tresca Sentenced to Works.

Uniontown.—Carlo Tresca, editor of "La Plebe," an Italian paper of Pittsburgh, was fined \$500 and sent to the workhouse for six months on a charge of criminal libel made by Miss Anna Porin, housekeeper for Father di Sabato, formerly located in Connellsville. Tresca appeared in court with his head in bandages, as the result of injuries received when he was attacked in Pittsburgh several weeks ago by an Italian from Charleroi.

Veteran Pastor Dies.

Kittanning.—Rev. Dr. H. L. Mayer, for 28 years pastor of the First Presbyterian church here, was found unconscious in his bed at 2 o'clock in the morning by his wife, and before a physician could be summoned he was paralyzed stroke. Dr. Mayer retired in his usual health apparently after conducting the midweek prayer meeting. Dr. Mayer was born in 1847 at Millersburg, Ohio.

Mine Superintendent Guilty.

Wilkes-Barre.—George W. Steel, superintendent of the Mount Lookout colliery of the Temple Coal & Iron Company, near Pittston, was found guilty of negligence in causing the disaster of May 12, last, when 12 men were killed and 13 others injured in the mine. The court suspended sentence on the ground that the conviction carried its own condign punishment.

Ellwood Line Gets Right of Way.

Ellwood City.—Ninety-two per cent of the property owners along the proposed line of the Ellwood & Beaver Falls Electric Railway have signed right of way contracts and the route has been practically determined. The road starting at Ellwood City is to cross the Beaver River at West Ellwood Junction and run to Beaver Falls by way of Norado. Pittsburgh and Philadelphia men are back of this project.

Gasoline Explodes; Wrecking Store.

Greenville.—An explosion of gasoline in the drug store of Harry D. West blew out the front and the store was gutted in the fire that followed. The proprietor was knocked down by the force of the explosion and Fred Kamerer, in an adjoining building, was hurled from a chair. The loss on stock is estimated at \$3,500 while the building owned by A. E. Achle of Tiffin, O., was damaged \$2,000.

Fireman Killed Was Once Lawyer.

Scranon.—P. E. Radel of this city, a Lackawanna fireman, was killed at Cresco by being hit by an engine. He was a lawyer in his old home in Sullivan county, this State, and once ran for district attorney here. How he came to be a locomotive fireman is not known here. He was 40 years of age, and leaves a widow and three children.

Hurls Himself Before Train.

Greensburg.—J. G. Gillespie, aged 40, said to be from Johnstown, attempted to commit suicide on the Pennsylvania railroad track at the Southwest branch junction near here, as an engine was climbing the stiff grade he threw himself in its path. He was hurled to the side of the tracks with a fractured skull and internal injuries.

Woman Fatally Burned.

Harrisburg.—In fires in this city and Steelton nine houses were burned with \$15,000 loss, and Amelia Dubbs, who was making a fire in her small frame house by the use of oil when the stove exploded, was fatally burned.

Marriage Fees Throughout the State \$2.

Harrisburg.—A bill to make marriage fees throughout the State \$2 instead of 50 cents was introduced by Representative Frederick D. Freudenberger of Tamaqua, Schuylkill county, when the State Legislature convened after the election recess.

Tax Dodger Goes to Jail.

New Castle.—Luke Murdock, a carpenter, was lodged in jail for failure to pay \$2.16 taxes. He was arrested and committed by City Treasurer Charles C. Duff. Others paid up when arrested, Murdock being the first to go to jail.

MOUNTAIN DROPS INTO MINE

Underground Fire Causes Hugs Cave-in Above Old Workings.

Pottsville.—Opening up a crater 50 feet in depth, 100 feet in width at the points and 450 feet in length, the mountain near Summit, Hill disappeared many thousand tons of earth and rock dropping from sight. The cave-in was caused by the earth giving way when the support of the coal had been burned out in the old Spring tunnel workings, which have been burning for over 30 years.

RUTSEK UNDER ARREST

Foreign Banker Wanted in Connellsville Taken in Budapest.

Connellsville.—Peter Rutsek, the Hungarian who deserted his foreign banks in Connellsville, Uniontown and Brownsville during the panic last year, is under arrest in Budapest, Hungary. This information is contained in a newspaper published at Budapest, a copy of which was received by the Hungarian Consul in Pittsburgh and sent here by him. The report says Rutsek was arrested December 20, and that he will be held until information is received from America whether or not he is a citizen of the United States.

THIEVES MAKE GOOD HAUL

Attack as Woman Opens Door and Ransack House.

Wilkes-Barre.—Two men stepped up to the front door of the residence of Frank Suda at Plymouth and when Mrs. Suda responded to the ringing of the bell, they knocked her down, a bound and gagged her and after a search through the house, they made off with \$750 in cash which had been secreted in a bed tick. Mr. and Mrs. Suda and a boarder, who owned \$250 of the amount had withdrawn the money from the bank with the purpose of expending it on a trip to their native homes in Europe.

Institutions Are Remembered.

New Castle.—The will of the late Mrs. Sophia Keast, admitted to probate here, divides her property equally among her seven children, after giving each of the 13 grandchildren \$500 and making these bequests: Y. M. C. A., \$500; Almira home, \$500; foreign missionary society of the First Episcopal church, \$1,000; home missionary society, \$1,000; Italian Methodist Episcopal mission, \$500. Her estate is estimated at \$250,000.

Fifteen Years Without a Bath.

Youngstown.—Because, as she alleges, her husband has refused to bathe himself for 15 years, Mrs. Thomas Campbell has asked a divorce. The couple were married in July, 1879, and have one daughter, 19 years old. Mrs. Campbell charges that her husband will wash only his face and hands and she claims she cannot be in a closed room with him without injury to her health. She accuses him of employing vile and insulting language when she urges him to bathe.

Two Killed When Bridge Collapses.

Allentown.—Two men lost their lives by the collapse of the old frame bridge across the Jordan Creek under the weight of a heavy freight automobile of the Lehigh Valley Motorcar Company. Martin Deach, the chauffeur, was drowned and Chester J. F. Gehringer, a flour salesman, was crushed to death.

Oil City.—After calling her husband on a telephone for several hours and getting no response, Mrs. Charles French of Hickory, drove to an isolated gas station in Forest county and found his mangled remains on the floor. He had been killed while starting a gas engine. French was 45 years old and was foreman for a gas company.

Holds Court Over Telephone.

Kittanning.—Quarantined in his home by the Board of Health on account of his little daughter having scarlet fever, Judge Harry Wilson of Clarion held court over the telephone, hearing motions and making orders to the attorneys and the clerks, who were assembled in the Prothonotary's office at the Court House.

Franklin Poorhouse Under Fire.

Franklin.—Judge George S. Criswell ordered the grand jury to investigate rumors reflecting on the manner in which the poor of the county are maintained, particularly those in the poorhouse. Following the arrest of County Commissioner H. H. Baumgardner for alleged criminal conduct at the institution, the order caused a sensation.

New Sewage System.

Pittsburg.—According to orders received from the State board of health, the city of Pittsburg must take immediate steps toward the building of a new sewage disposal system. It is estimated the project will cost between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000.

To Install New Trolley Service.

Lancaster.—The Susquehanna Railway, Light & Power Company, which owns the Lancaster trolley lines, purchased the property and franchise of the Philadelphia, Coatesville & Lancaster Street Railway for \$137,500 and soon will start through trolley service between Lancaster and Coatesville.

Franklin.—"Good-b