

JOHN F. FITZGERALD.

Boston Mayor is Studying New York Municipal Improvements.



New York, June 7.—Mayor Gaynor received a visit from Boston's mayor, John F. Fitzgerald, who drove down to the city hall in a big automobile and spent some time there. With Mayor Fitzgerald was City Engineer Jackson of Boston. Mr. Fitzgerald told Mr. Gaynor that he came down to New York city to inspect the improvements hereabout, particularly with respect to the aquarium and the zoological parks.

TEN MEN BURIED.

Workmen Meet With Serious Accident In New York Excavation.

New York, June 7.—The cable of a huge derrick which is used to hoist a giant iron bucket from the excavations on the site of the old Fourth Avenue Presbyterian church at the northwest corner of Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street snapped when the bucket was forty feet up in the air, and ten workmen were buried under two tons of dirt.

The skull of Vietro Massi was fractured, and he will die. John Frank, whose shoulder was broken and who was internally injured, and James Modygoe, whose right leg was broken, were taken to Bellevue hospital.

NEW FLOWERS.

Wizard Burbank Has Perfected Two Odd Blossoms.

San Francisco, June 7.—Luther Burbank, "the plant wizard" of Santa Rosa, announces the perfection of two flowers, new to the world—a poppy, scientifically designated Oenothera Burbank, and a white evening primrose. They will be extensively reproduced, he says, at a ranch purchased recently by him at Lompoc, Santa Barbara county.

Spinners in France.

In France a spinster is not allowed to put money in the bank or have a check book. However, once married or a widow she can do business with bankers as far as her means and mind go.

Printing With Movable Types.

Lourens Coster, or Koster, claimed that he, instead of Gutenberg, invented printing with movable types. He was a chandler and linemaker of Harlem in the fifteenth century. His claim was finally disproved to the satisfaction of almost everybody, but for a time it gave rise to a good deal of discussion and investigation.

How an Old Practice Arose.

The now greatly diminishing practice of darkening the eyes underneath comes from Arabia, it is said, and was prescribed by Mohammed for the Arabian women as a protection from the glaring desert suns.

The First Allusion to the Horse.

In that portion of Genesis which tells the story of Joseph, the famine, etc., we find the first historical allusion to the horse, and farther on in Holy Writ we read of the horses of the great and wise Solomon, which numbered 40,000—that is, if the 40,000 stalls for horses are to be taken as a criterion.

Steel Pens.

A pen nib is a little thing, but more steel is used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world.

Japanese Wrestlers.

The physique of Jap wrestlers is astonishing and is the result of a more intensive form of feeding than any glutton ever dreamed of. Weight is the chief requisite, and by means of "passive exercise"—that is to say, massage—incalculable quantities of food can be absorbed by these giants in shoulders, back and girth.

Agriculture in Haiti.

Although agriculture is the main occupation of Haiti, neither plows nor spades are used. For 100 years or more the ground has been tilled by scratching the surface soil with a knife.

The Smallest Book.

The smallest book in the world is only half the size of a postage stamp. It is in the possession of the Earl of Dufferin and is an edition of the sacred book of the Sikhs.

The Awakening

Morley's transfer to the Chicago office had apparently taken more than a passing hold upon old Wheelock. Seldom had the office force experienced two such nerve-racking, trying weeks. Naturally a spirit of conscientious application to business permeated the outer office atmosphere each time a step or the creaking of the inner office chair became audible to the industrious subordinates.

"Frank is late again," whispered the invoice clerk to Enslie as he passed him the ledger.

"I'm afraid it's a hopeless case," replied Enslie. "I stopped in on my way home last night; she's pretty low."

A step was heard in the outer corridor; the door of the office opened and Garside stepped in just at the moment when old Wheelock's form appeared, watch in hand, on the threshold of his private office. It needed but a glance of the busy clerks to discern the impending storm, and Frank involuntarily turned toward his superior with a look which would have penetrated the heart of the average man. But the look faded from his face and his hand reached out for support as he met the manager's gaze.

"Let this be the last time, young man, if you appreciate your position, I'll stand for no excuses," as Frank stammered out two or three inaudible words.

Somehow Enslie and his fellow workers imagined themselves transplanted to some alien land. The humdrum of business life had for many years been co-ordinated with congenial companionship between manager and staff. The familiarity which breeds the proverbial contempt was utterly lacking in the friendly relations which existed between the workers and their superior.

Since Morley's sudden transfer away from an office wherein he had been a familiar figure for nearly eight years, a new epoch seemed to have begun, inaugurating a reign of uneasiness and even trepidation lest the "boss" should become angry at this or that mistake unconsciously made by the unsuspecting clerk.

Mankind seeks a ready vent for its displeasure. Hence Wheelock, who had twice accidentally discovered Garside coming into the office a half hour late, poured upon this unfortunate individual the sourness of a temper acculturated by weeks of chafing discontent.

Garside, on the other hand, buried his feelings beneath an exterior which feebly concealed the perturbations of a spirit sorely tried. His wife had been wasting away for months. The meagre pittance which dubiously had named his "income," barely sufficed to meet the expenses which a sick wife and a seven months' old infant necessitated.

Under ordinary circumstances he could have explained the cause of his tardiness to old Wheelock, but the latter's temper, exploding as it did each time the former had been guilty of transgression, forced him to keep his own counsel and suffer each incident to pass off as best it may.

Garside's chair held no occupant late that afternoon. The boys spoke in hushed undertones which strangely contrasted with the raspy tones which emanated from beyond the "sacred inclosure."

A subscription paper had gone the rounds, and Enslie had even ventured to risk old Wheelock's wrath by sending it through the various workshops, from whence it had been returned, grimy, indeed, but bearing the tokens of many benevolent hearts which had quickly responded to the needs of a distressed fellow being.

And now he was determined to beard the lion in his den. But his resolution failed him as he approached the forbidding door, and he returned to his accounts after carefully placing the crumpled paper in the drawer before him.

A few moments later a golden opportunity presented itself in the shape of a telephone call which took the manager down into the sample room.

Enslie, awake to the opportunity, slipped quickly into the inner office and placed the soiled slip of paper upon the pad of old Wheelock's desk and as quickly returned to his labors.

The hour was late when old Wheelock returned. The office had been deserted save for the janitor's assistant, who was busily engaged in his daily task.

A few stray beams from the fast disappearing sun played upon the faintly-framed photo which stood upon the old man's desk. He paused a moment in his reflections; and the sunshine penetrated his soul as his eyes gazed upon the features of the wife whom he so dearly loved.

He unconsciously raised the photo to his lips, when his eyes suddenly fell upon the grimy paper before him.

The spark of reborn love was kindled into flame, and with trembling hand he raised the crumpled sheet and deliberately scanned its contents.

"Poor, unfortunate fellow—" The colloquy was suddenly interrupted by the busy scratching of a pen. The check book was replaced in the drawer. A note bearing only these four words, "With my sincerest sympathy," was placed, with the check, into a dainty envelope, the envelope sealed and addressed, and old Wheelock arose, a beauty born of benevolence illuminating his countenance, and he had come into his own again.—MRS. EMMY A. BRACK.

A COLD STORAGE ROMANCE.

Bill Bailey was a bachelor, forsaken and forlorn. He used to eat a single egg for breakfast every morn.

He bought his egg one morning from the shop across the way. The sign above them read, "These Eggs Are Strictly Fresh Today."

Bill Bailey's wonder and surprise were more than we can tell. When he discovered some one had been writing on the shell.

In fact, it seemed a woman had inscribed upon the egg. Her autograph. The name he found was Clementina Clegg.

He wrote to the address she gave and registered a vow: "This is the woman of my choice. I'll find a partner now."

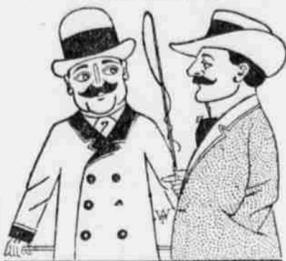
For weary weeks he waited, though the maiden had forgot. And then his hopes were shattered by the answer that he got:

"Dear sir, your letter is at hand, and in reply would beg To state that there is no one here named Clementina Clegg."

"Some of the oldest people here admit they used to know A bunch of Cleggs who peddled eggs, but that was years ago."

"They tried to run a poultry ranch, but couldn't make it pay. So sold to a cold storage plant, and then they went away."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

A Feminine Failing.



First Sportsman—Well, how do you like that new mare of yours?

Second Sportsman—Oh, fairly well. But I wish I had bought a horse. She is always stopping to look at herself in the puddles.

A Shaded Story.

Joseph Alexander is a peckaninny of many virtues, but sadly given to exaggeration. One day when I had him pulling weeds in the front yard he ran into the house with eyes big as moons and cried:

"Law, Miss Minnie, what you think! I dun kill three big rattlesnakes out in the yard."

"Now, Joseph," I replied, "you know that is not so."

"Well, now, Miss Minnie," he insisted insinuatingly, "it wuz two turrible big snakes, an' I killed 'em fo' sho'!"

Determined to convict him, I insisted, "You know you did not kill two snakes, Joseph."

He thought a moment, then said impressively, "Well, now, I did kill one powerful big snake in dat very front yard."

"Go away, boy! You are an outrageous story teller!" I cried indignantly. He was not one whit abashed by my vehemence, but cheerfully replied:

"Well, 'clare for goodness, Miss Minnie, hit was a powerful big worm!"—Delineator.

Weak Woman Against Strong Man. Monday. He (of the iron will)—No, my dear. Not to be considered for a moment.

Tuesday. He—Most certainly we will not. It is ridiculous, preposterous.

Wednesday. He—Why, you must be crazy. It's the most unreasonable thing I ever heard of. It would bankrupt us, I tell you. It is not to be thought of.

Thursday. He—Haven't I told you we cannot afford it? What is the use of talking about a thing that is already settled? Of course I would like to please you, but it is simply out of the question.

Friday. He—How much did you say that thing would cost?

Saturday. He—Well, go ahead then.—Pearson's Weekly.

On the Installment Plan.

Accosted by a beggar while coming out of a theater on Chestnut street a few evenings ago, a prominent member of the bar was asked for a nickel.

"That's all I want, boss, just a nickel," said the beggar in a whining tone of voice.

"No," answered the lawyer, rather sternly. "I am saving up my nickels to give away a million dollars at one time. I'm not a philanthropist on the installment plan."—Philadelphia Times.

One Turn of the Hand. Bliffers—Who says women have no heads for business? There's a woman made \$50,000 by simply turning her hand over.

Whiffers—Phew! How? Bliffers—She turned it over to Mr. Bullion, and now she's Mrs. Bullion.—New York Weekly.

A Good Landing. "He was always a lucky fellow." "What do you mean?" "When he fell out of his airship he plumped straight through the skylight of a hospital."—Woman's Home Companion.

Liked His Father. "Don't you know that little boys who swear don't go to heaven?" "That's all right, mister. I'd rather be with pa, anyhow."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

Theme: THE DWARFED GIANT. BY REV. AMOS R. WELLS.

Saul, son of Kish, first king of Israel, was a giant in body. He stood head and shoulders above all the assembly, so that Samuel, when the lot had pointed him out as king, triumphantly cried, "See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen, that there is none like him among all the people?" And the people immediately shouted, "God save the king!"

Saul was a giant in courage. It was inaction always, and not action, that brought out his bad qualities. Let the Ammonites come up against Jabesh-gilead on the east, let the Philistines come up against Israel from the west, let a call come to destroy the Amalekites in the south, and Saul was swift in organizing his forces and bold in leading them. So far as depended upon human vigor, mental alertness, and dogged determination, this first king of Israel was always a conqueror.

Saul was a giant in humility; for humility is indeed a gigantic quality. He was no self-pusher. While the lot was singling him out, though Samuel's anointing oil was fresh upon his brow and the prophet's kiss was even yet felt upon his cheek, Saul was hiding among the baggage of the camp. When, after he was chosen king by vote of the people accepting the choice of God and His prophet, the "children of Belial," the "sons of worthlessness" cried sneeringly, "How shall this man save us?" and despised him, and brought him no presents. Saul quietly bided his time, going back to his fields. And when, after the victory over the Ammonites, Saul's exultant followers would have the proved ruler take vengeance upon his detractors, with noble meekness the young king said, "There shall not a man be put to death this day."

How, then, was this giant dwarfed? In three ways, corresponding to these three exaltations. He was dwarfed by self-will, by jealousy, by suicide; by self-will, which destroyed his humility; by jealousy, which counteracted his courage; and by suicide, which lowered his giant's body into a dishonorable grave.

God had been ruling His people through judges, obedient to His will. He would as readily have ruled them through kings, had they been obedient to His will. But when Saul would not wait for Samuel at Gilgal, and assumed priest's functions in his faithless impatience, he showed his unfitness to be God's vice-gerent over the people. And when Saul spared Agag of the Amalekites and the best of the spoil, and then pretended to have performed the commandment which he had broken, he made his unfitness to rule in a theocracy too plain to be doubted a moment.

And then when young David slew a giant bigger even than Saul, when he showed in the court that he was as winsome and gifted as he was courageous, he proved in the battlefield and in the varied fortunes of his exile that Jehovah was manifestly with him. Saul lost his heart and the martial vigor of his mind, becoming a moody monomaniac, a soldier the skirt of whose robe could be cut off and his spear stolen while he lay asleep.

Ah, the gloomy scene on Mount Gilboa! Saul's army is scattered, the noble Jonathan and the other princes are slain, the king himself is wounded. His armor-bearer will not kill him, so he kills himself. Suicide! What but suicide was Saul's entire life, from that first deadly disobedience at Gilgal?

Remembering God's Benefits. It is easy for us to forget the benefits we receive from God. We see no divine hand giving us the good things we need, and we forget that there is such a hand. Our common blessings come to us in what we call natural ways, and we fail to remember that every good gift is from above. Life would be wonderfully changed for us if we could keep ourselves always aware that it is God who gives us everything we receive. It would give a new sacredness to all our blessings, would make us conscious of the divine love that thinks about our needs, hears our prayers, and will not let us suffer. Then it would help us to endure the things that seem hard.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

Guard the Voice of Jesus. The voice of Jesus leads; it does not drive. Be on your guard against any feeling that is a harsh one, a worrying one, a nagging one.—Christian and Missionary Alliance.

Common Christians. Do not think it enough to live at the rate of common Christians.—David Brainerd.

Starved Soul. Man may grow into a perfect animal, possess a cultivated brain, become carefully religious and yet carry in his bosom a starved soul.

Live In Christ. However large any man may be without Christ, he can be much larger and greater with Christ living in him.

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.

Engineer Will Assist in Pennsylvania Mine Caving Inquiry.



Scranton, Pa., June 7.—A commission of five men of national prominence will direct the campaign against the mine caves that have recently caused so much damage in this city and, in fact, throughout the anthracite region.

This is in accordance with a plan devised by former Mayor J. Benjamin Dimmick, who has been working at the instance of a joint committee of the school board and councils. John Hays Hammond will be one of the commission. Another will be E. H. Collins of New York. Two others will be engineers jointly recommended by Mr. Hammond and President Hadley of Yale university. William Griffith of this city and W. A. Lathrop of the Wilkesbarre Coal and Navigation company are the engineers who will make the preliminary investigation.

Cooking Utensils. If your cooking utensils have a habit of burning or the victuals stick easily try boiling a little vinegar in them. It acts like magic, especially with heavy skillets.

A Sewing Hint. When a bias edge is to be sewed to a straight edge put the bias edge underneath and the danger of stretching will be lessened.

The Hog Survived. There is a case on record in which a great fall of earth at Dover, in England, buried a whole family. A hog shared the fate of the family, so far as to be buried by the same landslide. Five months and nine days passed and then the hog was discovered—alive. Presumably it had had neither food nor drink in the interval.

MILLIONS FOR SEA DEFENSE.

Expenses of Keeping England's Navy That Cost \$600,000,000.

Our navy cost just under thirty-three millions for the financial year lately closed. An enormous sum; yet, considering that our warships protect over 16,000,000 tons of merchant shipping, it is not a costly insurance. It is only 2.15 per cent. Japan spends 5 per cent, Germany 11 per cent and the United States 25 per cent for a similar purpose.

We hear a great deal of the enormous expense of building new battleships. It is true that the new ships like the Dreadnought and Temeraire, are tremendously costly. Ready for sea they average out at \$1,750,000 apiece, and the present value of our navy in hard cash is put by experts at \$133,500,000.—London (England) Answers.

London's Beggars. It is calculated that four thousand persons make a living in London by begging, and that their average income amounts to about 30s. a week, or more than £200,000 a year. Last year 1,325 persons were arrested for begging in the streets, of whom more than fifteen hundred were sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from one week to three months. Many of these objects of charity were found in possession of sums of money and even of bank-books showing very handsome deposits.

His Honesty. An Irish dealer, when selling a nag to a gentleman, frequently observed, with emphatic earnestness, that he was an honest horse. After the purchase had been effected the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse.

"Why, sir," replied the seller, "when I rode him he always threatened to throw me off, and he certainly never deceived me."

A Made-in-Africa Cathedral. The White Fathers have erected a cathedral on the west shore of Lake Tanganyika says the Catholic Missions. All the material used in the building is a product of Africa, with the exception of the glass for the windows. The work was done by the natives assisted by the missionaries, and it is as well done as if all the artisans were European or American workmen.

Between Fifty and Sixty. The sixth decade of life has been lost prolific in human achievements, and may well be designated as the age of the masterwork, says the Century Magazine. In action alone its accomplishments have revolutionized history, and it would be most difficult to conceive what would be the present status of the world, affairs had these ten years of individual life never existed.

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