CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

********* The Intelligent Hen. 'Twas long ago, a year or so—
In a barnyard by the sea,
That an old hen lived whom you may know
By the name of Fiddle-de-dee.
She scratched around in the sand all day,
For a lively old hen was she.

And then do you know, it happened this way In that barnyard by the sea; A great wise owl came down one day, And hooted at Fiddle-de-dee, Just hooted at Fiddle-de-dee. And he cried, "Hi! Hi! old hen, I say! You're provincial, it seems to me!"

"Why, what do you mean?" cried the old

red hen,
As mad as hops was she,
Oh, I've been round among great men,
In the world where the great men be.
And none of them scratch with their paws, like you, They write with a quill, like me."

Now yorv few people could get ahead hen. Fiddie-de-dee.

She was. I hunted the posy bed,
And returned in triumphant glee.
And ever since then, that little red hen,
She writes with a jonguli pen, quil pen,
She writes with a jonguli pen.
—Carolyn Wells, in Youth's Companion.

On the Surface of the Pool, Science has demonstrated that water surfaces possess a power of resisting the passage of bodies from without or within, just as if the water were covered with a delicate and invisible armor. This is true of the clearest water as well as of water that contains more or less impurities. The resistive power of water may be illustrated by placing a sheet of fine wire gauze upon a still pool. Though the specific gravity of the metal is much greater than that of water the netting will tend to float because the weight is so distributed that the surface of the water supports it, and it is difficult for the moisture to break through the meshes of the netting. This property of water is made use of by many water plants and insects. Some water plants have little hairy meshes covering the upper surfaces of the leaves, and which prevent the leaves from becoming wet on top if forced under water. Common gnats deposit little egg rafts on the water. These are so arranged that the tops of the eggs are always kept dry by little points which are placed so close together that the water does not pass between them and reach the eggs. - Chicago Record.

There is a story told of a certain king who had a large garden, and one day heard all the plants and trees talking together. They were all sad. The oak murmured because it could not bear sweet flowers, the rose tamented because she did not bear luscious fruit like the vine, and the vine was sad because it had to cling to a wall, and could east no shadow of "I am no use since I cannot add

sweetness to life," said the oak.
"And I might as well die, as I cannot bear luscious fruit," sighed the

And the vine, more despondent than

all, groaned wearily:
"What possible good can I do in
the world?"

Then the king looked round and

saw a gay little pansy, which looked up and smiled, while all the other plants and trees were sad. "What makes you so cheerful, when

all the rest are so gloomy?" he asked. "I thought," said the pansy, "that you wanted me, for you planted me here and, because you planted me, I thought you loved me, so I just made up my mind to try to be the best little pausy that could be."-Detroit Free

The Happiest Little Boy. "Guess who was the happiest child I saw today?" asked papa, taking his own two little boys on his knee.

"Ob, who, papa?" "But you must guess."
"Well, said Jim, slowly. "I guess
it was a very wich little boy, wif lots
and lots of tandy and takes."

"No," said paps. "He wasn't rich; he had no candy and no cakes. What do you guess, Joe?"

"I guess he was a pretty big boy." said Joe, "who wasn't always wishing he was not such a little boy; and I guess he was riding a big, high bi-

cycle."
"No," said papa. "He wasn't big,
and of course he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses, so I'll have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crossing the city today, and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty were The driver took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton court to water them. But one poor, old ewe was too tired to get to the trough, and fell down on the hot, dusty stones. Then I saw my little man, ragged and dirty and tousled, spring out from the crowd of urchins who were watching the drove, fill his old leaky hat, which must have belonged to his grandfather, and carry it one, two, three-oh, as many as six times—to the poor, suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the

"Did the sheep say, 'T'ant you!

papa?" asked Jim, gravely.
"I didn't hear it," answered papa.
"But the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping."-Christian Observer.

"Yes," said grandpa, musingly, "I've been to the West Indies time and again, but it was all years ago,

een I was a youngster."
"Did you go to Cuba and Porto
co?" asked Bert, whose geographical
as had been somewhat improved by

his interest in the war news during the summer of '98.

"To be sure," was grandpa's answer,
"Havana, Matanzas and other places; but the time I recollect best was when we were in port at St. Eustatius, Where's that? Well, it's a little island off southeast'ard of Cuba, one of the Windward group, and belongs to Den-mark. 'Twas there we run foul of a pirate vessel."

"Ob, grandpa!" "Real live pirates!" "Do tell us about them!" These were some of the exclamations which greeted the old man from the youngest

of his grandchildren. "Well, I rather think they were alive," he returned, smiling, "they come pretty near being too lively for us, and-well, I reckon I shall have to tell you all about it."

So, with mutual satisfaction, the young people drew nearer, while grandpa settled back in his chair and "It must have been way back in the '30s when it happened. Brother Sam was captain of the Fleetwing, and I shipped with him as mate for a cruise New York to St. Eustatius. island is not much more than the top of an extinct volcano, seven or eight miles square, and one queer thing about it is that there is no running water there; but we found it a pleasant place enough, as such ports go, with here and there the green of a palm tree showing off against the deep-blue sky of the tropics. We had been in port a day or two when a vessel came alongside and hove to, close by us, It wasn't long before the captain boarded our vessel and asked if Sam could let him bave a barrel of beef. We had a good supply, so we let him have it, and in exchange he gave Sam a keg of wine and a sack of wool. You recollect that blue and white portiere out in the other room, the one made of your grandmother's bedspread? Well, that, the blue, was made out of the pirate's wool. My mother and sister Betty spun and colored it, and then had it woven into bedspreads,

"After the trade was made Sam he ays to me: 'Somehow, Dick, I don't like the looks of that 'ere craft,

'What's the matter?' I asked, " 'Don't mention it,' says he, 'but it wouldn't surprise me if she sometimes carried the black flag."

' You know what that means, Bert?" said grandpa, pausing in his story, if you've ever read Treasure Island.

Bert nodded comprehendingly, and "You can well grandpa continued: believe we kept a pretty good eye out, after this, for the actions of the sailors aboard the Ocean Gem-that was the vessel's name-but nothing very unusual happened till one night I was waked up by someone shaking me by the shoulder and saying. 'Get up; pirates boarding the ship!' It didn't take me very long to get into my clothes—or a few of them that came handiest--and to get up on deck. half expected to see flerce looking men slashing around, right and left, but instead of that everything looked about as usual, till I went around to the side of the vessel next our neigh-bor, and then I found that men from the Ocean Gem had been piling things over on to the Fleetwing; they had

worked pretty smart, too."
"What for?" asked Bert. "What for?" grandpa repeated. "Why, they must 'a got wind that they were looked on suspiciously. Some thing had frightened them, anyway, and there they were, piling their ill-gotten goods, boxes, bales, sacks and I don't know what, onto our deck, and the way the Fleetwing was being loaded up was a caution. That put us in a bad fix, you see, for if our vessel was found with the country of t was found with such assorted cargo aboard, we were likely to be taken for pirate craft ourselves. Meantime, Sam had gone up into the town to find the governor of the island. He had started as soon as he got wind of what was going on, and in such a hurry that he did not even stop to put a hat on. The governor told him that the goods his if he dared to keep though he did not advise him to do so and Sam told him he would rather not run the risk, so he sent teams down, and we loaded them up as quick, I venture to say, as ever they were loaded before or since. But before Sam came back I was clearing the decks in the quickest way, and throwing everything overboard that I could get my hands on, wools, silks, wines, spices, and I can't tell what; away they went over the vessel's side. recollect one little case that looked like a jewelry box, but I was too excited to think of keeping anything for myself till after Sam came back, then whenever I run foul of some little things that would go into my pockets

I put them in. 'No doubt we might have kept s good deal more than we did, though Sam saved some things; but for the most part we shoved things right and left. I have a confused idea of earthen ware and little pretty boxes and heavier bundles, whose contents we could only guess at, all going over in-

to the water, or to the teams after they arrived.
"When we reached home, we did have a few things to show our friends as relics of our adventure, a few pieces of linen and muslin. Sister Betty had a dress made out of some of the white stuff, and that very little bottle I saw you smelling of today, Madge, that was filled with attar of roses that come aboard the Fleetwing very unex-pectedly, and belonged to the pirates

cargo. "What became of the pirates?" Bert

asked. "I'm glad to say they were caught," graudpa answered, "and punished as they deserved."—St. Louis Star.

Only Practicing. Mistress — What are you doing, Ricke? Throwing the dishes at that target? Are you crazy? Maid—Crazy? No; I'm going to be married.—Das Kleine Witzblatt.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT. Barressessessesses

Feminine Progress in Canada. The field of women's work is broad-ening in Cauada. Miss Eliza S, Fitzgerald, M. A., has taken her seat as a member of the council of Queen's university, the first woman to be so hon ored by a Canadian educational insti-This same institution tool the initiative 15 years ago in admitting women to its degrees. Miss Fitzger-ald has five Canadian firsts to her credit, as follows: First woman graduate of a university, first woman medalist in a university, first woman classi-cal specialist in Ontario, first woman principal of a high school, first woman member of a university council.

Short and Long Gown Combinations. Chicago tailors have invented a ombination gown for women which promises to be immensely popular. This is the skirt with the detachable bottom. A skirt is cut that drops to about golf length, and then, quite separate from it, is made a slightly gored flounce, along the top edge of which are worked many small buttonholes. Now, when the day does not promise a smiling face the skirt is worn out under its abbreviated guise, but if the eye of the morning is clear then the buttonholes in the top of the flounce are connected with a series of little buttons running along the inner edge of the skirt's bottom. and in about one moment a complete full-length walking garment of the latest fashionable form is the result,

New Cravat Chains. A pretty little novelty just making its appearance is the cravat chain. It is a little affair, which may serve other purposes as well, as it is but a bit of chain a few inches long and terminating in two balls about the size of a hazel nut. These may be plain, dull gold, with rhinestones or colored stones set in designs, or they may be merely scattered, or the ball may be flattened, of blue enamel or imita tion turquoise, etched in some mysterious symbol. The chains are passed double just below the knot of the four-in-hand or Ascot, the balls passing through the loop, thus secur-ing it from slipping. The chain is also found useful in securing the natty little jackets in vogue this season, when it is too warm to buttou them all the way and is yet undesirable to have them hang without some confinement. In fact, these pretty little chains may be useful in many waysfor confining the folds of an umbrella or securing a dainty handkerchief to one's parasol handle or fan, and be assured if my lady is so fortunate as to possess one she will always find some means of keeping it in evidence, provided it is a handsome one, for it is innate in womankind to like anything in jewelry which partakes of the nature of a pendant or bangle. -St. Louis Globe-Domocrat.

Squaws as Lacem .kers. Specimens of the beautiful lace which is being made by the Chippewa Indians are now seen in a few of the fashionable houses of New York. They are mainly in the form of table covers, bed spreads and piano covers. lace is peculiarly adapted for these purposes, as the designs are bold and forcible and show to great advantage when placed over a delicately-colored silk lining. In quality and style, however, the lace is quite as subject to variation as is that of any other make, and ample opportunity is therefore afforded for the individuality of the

worker to assert itself. It is to Miss Sibyl Carter of New York that the Chippewa squaws owe their knowledge of lace making. In 1891 she conceived the idea of teaching them this accomplishment. beadwork they formerly made, while it displayed their patience and nimbleness of touch, was quite unsalable. The accomplished teacher that Miss Carter, aided by the Episcopal mission, sent to them was Miss Pauline Colby. She speaks of her pupils as being most eager to learn and says that the idea once grasped they work with an accuracy which far surpasses that of white women.

From the first the lace found a ready sale among wealthy New York women, who encouraged the work by giving large advance orders. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan have fine bedspreads, for which they paid \$200 apiece. Mrs. Astor, too, has been a liberal patron. The Indian women receive at the rate of ten cents an hour for the completed work. A collection of this lace is now being prepared for the Paris exhibition. - New York Sun.

In Choosing Wedding Gifts.

. For those in moderate circumstances, if the giver has money enough, it is usually not difficult to provide a present that shall be useful and wel-come and valuable. And for those with whom we have a sufficient intimacy our knowledge o' their tastes and our freedom in consulting the n again make the matter easy. But when it becomes necessary to make a bridal gift to those of whose tastes we are uncertain, or to those that are so wealthy that they already have almost everything the heart can wish, who have silver and gold and jewels, houses and lands, then the task become more involved, and really a good deal

To such persons a gift that shows the expenditure of money is unnecessuperfluity of money, and they know it, it places you in a foolish light. For a gift to such people the world—that is, our corner of it—has to be ransacked, and something has to be found; curious or beautiful or orig-

inal and unusual, that only research could have turned up or an ingenious mind have conceived; something that does not merely represent a bank account, but thought, care and the qualities that money cannot buy; something out-of-the-way and undreamed of, and as sure as anything can be sure to be without a duplicate among the gifts. Such a present is worth more to the builders of the new home, the founders of the new family, than any of the costly things that they could buy themselves, and it not only stands for that for which, in a way, gold has no purchasing power, for the long affection and preparation, but for the effort in which there is a certain touch of the genius that evokes wonders from the hidden and unforeseen.

But, after all, what do they care for the best of our gifts, these two people, who, without a dream that there is trouble in the world, go forward to-gether into their new life as if their feet longed to dance to the fairy music of the land where

East o' the sun, west o' the moon, East o' the sun and far away, The time is always afternoon. -Harper's Bazar.

Exercise for Women.

It is now generally conceded that exercise is one of the necessities of existence, but is not so commonly understood how the physical powers may best be cultivated. The type of mid dle-aged woman, purple and plethoric, that disgraced her sex in the last century, has not wholly died out, but has descended to the level of the lower middle classes, and even there has almost the effect of an anachronism. We travel with her by omnibus or underground sometimes, and rebel against the double allowance of space occupied by her unwieldy proportions. We have no pity for her hopelessness and shortness of breath, for we recognize in her the product of culpable indolence and selfindulgence, of sedentary habits, stuffy rooms and heavy midday dinners. The most common forms of exercise taken by women nowadays, walking and cycling, develop the muscles of the leg and of the lower parts of the body, but are of little use for the arms or the muscles of the upper part of the body.

The evil results of these partial methods of exercise may be gathered by a visit to any exhibition of modern pictures and an examination of the portraits of women in evening dress. In every case the arm is represented as a stiff, feeble-looking limb, covered with soft and flaccid flesh. The biceps are faintly indicated, the triceps not at all. In a word, the muscle, upon whose condition the firmness and beauty of the flesh depends, is not I quite admit that there is not much asthetic charm in the abnormally developed arm of a professional "strong woman," but I maintain that there is still less in the arms, practically crippled through disuse, that are to be seen in the portraits of fashionable women. A properly de-veloped woman should at least be able to support her own weight, and while banging from a bar should be able easily to draw herself upwards until her chin is above the level of the bar. If she cannot do this her arms are not of much more use to her than if they were made of kid and stuffed with sawdust.

In the gymnasium we find the opportunity of taking scientifically regulated exercise, combined with all the amusement of the childish games, which we very mistakably put away with other childish things when we come to woman's estate. With the help of ropes and bars and swings we can indulge in a very fair imitation of our childish romps, and we do so with the had any new things in her parlor!" comfortable conviction that we are fulfilling a duty and not wasting our time. If we have persuaded friends to join us, our pleasure is enhanced by congenial companionship; there are also the strennous joys of emulation, and the generous admiration of another's prowess. Music adds to our enjoyment, and our costume alone is enough to insure high spirits for the time being, allowing, as it does, full liberty of limb. - Ladies' Realm.

Fashion's Fads and Fancies. Very small gold buttons adorn the bodices of net, lace and creps de chine

gowns, Very fine batiste embroidery trims many of the new gowns, and while the price is high the quality is beyond re-

proach. Feather boas in all the light shades, and very thick and long, are worn with foulard gowns and will be worn with the muslins later on.

White tiffets and light fancy colerel silk blouses of all kinds will be woon with not only long skirts of crepe de chine and lace, but with duck skirts.

On all fashionable gowns for the summer, yoke and guimpe effects are constantly increasing and each new model that appears discloses something novel, dainty and picturesque.

Thin gowns are fitted around the hips by taking clusters of fine tucks at the back and carrying them down several inches below the waist, and the superfluous fulness at the sides is also disposed of by a group of tucks.

A novelty in capes is a broad scarf of crepe de chine draped around the shoulders. In some instances it is shaped a little by a yoke, but the simple, straight scarf, three quart rs of a yard wide and long enough to fall to the knees after it is knotted, is quite as good style.

Laced tan boots with heavy soles are used universally for golfing. The tread is very broad and the heels The same general style of shoe, only built on the Oxford last, is the fashiouable street shoe. Patent leather half shoes and pumps are stylish for afternoons, and high French heels ap-pear on all of the evening slippers. AN ORDER FOR A HAMMOCK

Make me a hammook, deep and strong,
Of hue and pattern tasteful—
Of dimensions not so very long,
For space this way is wasteful.
I'm seeking a hammook built for three.
Not often you have call so
Unusual? It's for Neil and me,
And for young Dan Cupid, also,

So common the hammock that's built for

two,
It barely draws attention;
But the one I am ordering now of you
Must hold the three I mention.
Make it with such a wonderful weave,
For comfort and ease designed us,
That Nell, by my side, will hate to leave,
And no bungling chump can find us.

The hammock must know my touch, of

course,
Since I am the chap to use it:
But it must rear up like a balky horse
When another man would choose it,
And steady and true must this hammock

And steady swing
Swing
To the will of us happy three, sir:
For I wish to be sure that no such thing
As a "falling out" will be, sir!
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Puck,

HUMOROUS

"Tommy," said the teacher, "what is meant by nutritious food?" "Something to eat that ain't got no taste to it," replied Tommy.

Willie (on being asked to bring from the library table a book that happened to be bound in paper)-Do you want the soft-shelled one, mamma?

Student-And was the operation mccessful? Eminent Surgeon-No. We found that he didn't have a veriform appendix and he got well.

"Why must you and your good wife separate, Pat; can't the trouble be patched up?" "No, sir. That's joost it. She won't patch up me pants." "Who are all those men I have seen

ealling on you lately, Smith?" they're gentlemen of the press."
"You don't say?" "Yes; my creditors." "Clementine, what did you do with

that curtain goods you bought last week." "Well, it was entirely too loud for curtains, so I made a shirtwaist of it." "Do you believe men show charac-

ter in the way they carry their um-brellas?" "No; but they show lack of character in the way they carry other people's umbrellas." He had a taste for poetry:
Although he never wrote,
He loved to delve in reams of rhymes,

ve seen nim do so many times Behind the printing office—he Was just a William Gont. "You have been very good this norning, Willie," said the fond mam-

ma. "Now, what reward would you like?" "I would like to be allowed to be naughty all the afternoon. Mrs. Gotrox-Mabel, dear, are you sure Mr. Woodby loves you for your-self alone? Mabel—Yes, I'm sure he does, mamma. He is always so rest-

less when you are in the room. "Here is an article on 'The Right Kind of a Wife,' "she said, looking up from her paper. "I suppose," re-turned the heartless man, "it refers to the one a fellow doesn't get."

"I have decided to ask your father's consent by letter, Pauline. Now, what sort of a letter would you advise me to write?" 'I think, Claude, I would write an anonymous letter.

Teacher (to new scholar)-What is your name? New Boy-My name is Jule, sir. Teacuer-You should have said Julius, sir. And now, my lad (turning to another lad), "what is your name? "Bilious, sir."

The woman was furious. hate her? At this moment I feel as if I could pass her house without looking into her front window to see if she Anger with a woman is terrible

What Might Have Happened

"Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane !" said Cromwell as the soldiers of Captain Pride turned out Parliament. Sir Harry was speaker then, but he was governor of Maasachusetts before that, and in the old Bay state his name is still remembered and respected. Sir Harry's headless ghost is said still to haunt the gardens of his Kentish home of Fairlawn. Lady Vane, wife of Sir Harry's descendant, believes that she has heard the footfalls of the Massachusetts ex-governor sounding at midnight along the flagged walk. Lady Vane the other day wrote for an English periodical an article on Sir Henry. Strange as it may appear, the name of Sir Harry Vane had almost been forgotten by Englishmen until last summer, when the understanding between Great Britain and the United States revived his memory. An editorial preface to Lady Vane's article says:

"The year that has opened sees a strenthening of the bonds between this country and America. If Sir Henry Vane had not been recalled from the governorship of Massachusetts, Amerca might still have been ours; but that was not to be and London turned out to see him beheaded (June 14, 1862) on Tower Hill, as many a gallant gentleman had been before him."-New York Press.

How Fisherman Davis Met a Whale. William Davis was out in his small boat near Libby island, where he was preparing some lobster traps, when a large whale rose out of the water not forty feet ahead of his boat and began spouting water into the air. The wind was blowing in the direction of the boat, spattering the water all over him and befogging him to such an extent that he imagined himself in typhoon. But before Mr. Davis could recover sufficiently to change his course the boat was up to the whale. One flop of the monster's tail nearly filled the boat with water, and then the animal sank. Mr. Davis estimates that the whale was from sixty to ninety feet long.—Lewiston (Maine) Evening Journal.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDERSED

OUSTED FROM OFFICE.

Mayor Depinet, of Erie, Asks for the Resignation of Street Superintendent O'Hagan. Refuse to Vacate the Office.

A week ago Mayor John Depinet, of Eric. asked Street Superintendent John O'Hagan, a Democrat, for his resignation, and then sent to select council the name of his successor, O'Hagan refuses to vacate the office, and on Friday he issued orders to the ward foreman to do certain work, in defiance of the mayor's orders. Mayor Depinet instituted quo warranto proceedings in the court of common pleas, and O'Hagan was ousted, pending the final disposition of the case in 20 days.

ing the final disposition of the case in 20 days.

Abram C. Shaeffer, of Witmer was killed on the Pennsylvania railroad at Lancaster the other morning and his body horribly mangled. It is supposed that while waiting to jump a freight train he was struck by a backing engine. Portions of his body were found on both the east and west tracks. His head was cut off, the skull crushed and completely empty. One arm was still attached to the trunk, which was badly crushed and from which the entrails protruded. The other arm and both legs were cut off and ground to pleces.

badly crushed and from which the entralls protruded. The other arm and both legs were cut off and ground to pieces.

One-handed Sheriff May, walking along the Bellevernon road near Greensburg, came upon Peter Stronnesky, who escaped from jall here two months ago. His wife was with the fugitive, and when the sheriff placed him under arrest, she threw aside a 2-months-old babe and defended the man. The two beat the sheriff badly in the half hour's struggle, and he was faint when a farmer appeared and clubbed Strongesky into submission. The woman was not jailed. Her baby is badly injured.

The Delaware County Historical society Friday paid a visit to the Caleb Pusey house, at Upland, the oldest in the state. It is a stone structure and William Penn was a guest there. Caleb Pusey, who was a lastmaker, emigrated to America in 1682 with his wife, Ann, and built the house in 1683. He was one of the commissioners appointed by Penn to mark the circular north boundary of Delaware.

John Kuhn of Atlantic was fatally injured a few days ago by a vicious cow. Kuhn was crossing the pasture when the animal attacked him. His wife ran to his assistance. The animal turned on her, its horns catching in the woman's hair, and almost scalping her and tossing her over a fence. The beast turned again on Kuhn and would have killed him had not prompt assistance arrived.

Recently an unknown woman drove up to the Chester county hospital in a farm wason and said she had a sick man whom she found in her yard, and had brought him to be cared for. The "sick man" was removed from the wagon and the woman drove away. When the man was examined it was found he had been dead several hours. Victor Holmes, the Company K soldier wounded in the Malate battle last July, was accidentally shot in the arm in his room at Waynesburg, he having entered college again. His battle July, was accidentally shot in the arm in his room at Waynesburg, he having entered college again. His battle wound was very severe, and he is still so weak that he fell when going to a physician's office but his condition is not serious.

so weak that he fell when going to a physician's office but his condition is not serious.

Samuel McNay, an aged and wealthy farmer of Waynesburg was fatally injured in a runaway accident a few days ago. His team frightened at a bicycle passing and he was thrown out and dragged a considerable distance, his skuil being fractured. His 10-year-old son narrowly escaped. During the discussion of consumption of the lungs by the American Institute of Homeopathy at Atiantic City on Friday last, Dr. A. M. Cushing, of Springfield, Mass., said that if physicians would give their consumptive patients five or six eggs in lemonade each day they would have no funerals. Potter Bryan, a Pennsylvania railroad trackman, while at work near Tyrone, was attacked and seriously injured by a vicious steer that broke away from its owner on the public road and went through the Juniata river. Bryan was picked up unconscious, but will probably recover.

At Somerset, A. W. Lyda of Johnstown jumped from a third-story window of the Vennear hotel recently. He was heard praying in a loud voice for two hours before he jumped and says he jumped to escape four men who were pointing guns at him. It is

he jumped to escape four men who were pointing guns at him. It is thought he will recover.

The establishment of the free rural delivery from the Washington postoffice has cut in so on some of the country to the coun

fice has cut in so on some of the country postofices that they will quit business. Ed H. Clark at Lagondia, five miles south of Washington, has sent in his resignation as postmaster there. Mont Bentley, of Sharon, was instantly killed at the Douglass furnace Friday morning. He was descending in one of the cages when the steel cable broke and he was thrown out and the cage fell on him, frightfully mangling him.

An explosion occurred in the chemical house of the Eddystone Frint works at Chester the other night, blowing the building to pieces and destroying a laboratory valued at \$25,000, fully covered by insurance. No one was injured.

Besides the 400 coke ovens to be creeted on the big coal tract recently

purchased by the Standard Connells-ville Coke Company near Pleasant Unity, over 100 houses for the work-men are to be built.

Two Lake Eric trains came together a few days ago at Bellevernon and one of them was practically demonstrated

of them was practically demolished. Firman H. G. Hinchcliffe jumped over a 35-foot embankment to save himword has been received at Greens-Word has been received at Greens-

burg, that Benjamin Rubright, a far-mer living in Franklin township, had found \$3,000 in gold while tearing down an old house in which his father at one

A Philadelphia and Reading railroad wreck train ran into the rear end of a fast freight at Reading and Englineer Patrick Cassidy, Fireman Michael P. Cassidy and Brakeman Brady were injured.

A farryhoat control

injured.

A ferryboat containing 35 people was struck by lightning at Harrisburg a few evenings ago in the middle of the river. The boat capsized, but, owing to the shallow water, no one was in-

George Bailey of Sharon, Pa., was probably fatally injured in a runaway accident Thursday night.

accident Thursday night.

A small daughter of Jesse Cogan, who lives near Greensburg, while at work in a potato patch, dug up a watch that is supposed to have been the property of Gen. Arthur St. Ciair.

James M. Philips, of Butler, who a few days ago was reputed to be a wealthy producer in Hutler county oit fields, was sent to jail under the insolvent debtors act.

Detective Morrissey arrested James Green, at Harrisburg, said to be wanted in Seattle for murder of a cabman and in Walla Walla for buncoing a farmer out of \$5,000.

Attorney William S. Wright, of Bristol, charged with embeszlement was discharged by decree of Judge Yerkes.