

Census experts estimate that the population of Cuba is 315,000 less than it was in 1887. These figures should form Weyler's epitaph.

Wouldn't it be dreadful if an epidemic of actinomycosis were to break out in Washington just now? (P. S. Don't look in the dictionary. It means lumpy jaw.)

A new association has been formed in Germany for the cultivation of closer relations with Brazil, and as a result German enterprise in South America will surely be stimulated.

The supreme court of the United States has decided, by a unanimous opinion, that all trade combinations engaged in interstate commerce which by concerted action prevent competition and enhance prices beyond a reasonable limit, thus restricting trade, are unlawful and subject to the penalties of the Sherman Anti-Trust law.

The building of textile mills in the South is keeping step with the development of her iron and steel industries, and converting her from an exclusively agricultural to a mixed agricultural and manufacturing section. The South is too well adapted to agriculture for this industry ever to be forced into the background, as it has been in the sterile hills of New England, but there is no reason why manufacturing should not be equally developed. When that is done the South will be the richest part of the nation, observes the Louisville (Ky.) Journal.

Beyond doubt the Scandinavian people are not to be classed among Lord Salisbury's "dying nations." They are very much alive, and they show convincing symptoms of lasting vital energy. In fact, they alone of all the world present the spectacle of a really promising renaissance, states the New York Tribune. Greece, Italy, Poland and all other nations that once were great and fell are struggling to regain their old estate, but with indifferent results. There is a freshness of life in the Scandinavian stock that makes itself felt for the rejuvenation of the realm. The lost territories are probably lost forever, though hope of redeeming Finland is not yet abandoned. But the lost wealth and general prosperity of both Sweden and Norway are being restored, and more than restored, in world surprising measure.

One of the optimistic and most general expectations indulged in at the present day is the realization during the coming century of what is pronounced the greatest and most important of prospective inventions, namely, a machine for storing the heat of the sun and transforming it into electricity or some other form suitable for ready employment—heat which, though now permitted to go to waste, will, by means of such invention, be applied to the running of mills, the warming of houses and every other purpose for which energy is utilized. The field for such an invention and its world-wide importance are at once suggested by the ascertained fact that every square yard of the sun's surface emits an amount of heat equal to that of a blast furnace consuming one ton of coal every ten minutes. The heat given out by the solar globe, too, in one second would raise 195,000,000 cubic miles of ice-cold water to the boiling point, and of this heat the earth receives only one two-billionth part.

What might be regarded as an unerring index of prosperity in the West is found in the returns of the smaller colleges in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan, whose clientele is drawn for the most part from the farm. The tuition fee and cost of living at these institutions are small, which fact coupled with the increased prosperity of western agriculturists this year, accounts in part for the long list of names on their rosters for the present scholastic year. These institutions are numerous, says the Chicago Tribune, Ohio having 39, Illinois 31, Iowa 23, Indiana, 14, and Michigan 11, but they do not suffer by the competition of the great universities. Each has its mission in life. Yale and Harvard have among their students young men who attended the smaller colleges last year, but who are now able to afford a more ambitious course. At the same time, many to whom a collegiate education was once an impossibility are now able to attend the comparatively inexpensive courses in the smaller college. The cheapness with which students make their way through some of these colleges is amazing. The estimated cost of living expenses, including board, at most of them is not above \$150 a year, while at a Nebraska seat of learning it is figured that \$24 should cover the total expenditure of a student for a year.

THE NUMBERED STONES.

This is the ground of glory,
This is the field of fame—
And these—beheaded and gory,
Burned with the battle flame—
These are the vague immortals,
The nameless of the fray,
Deep thronged around the portals,
Of Death's eternal day!
Bard of the flowing phrases,
Muse of the silver lute,
Why do you stin: your praises,
Why do your chords hang mute?
Can we aver you blameless,
Who sing but of the proud—
And nigh forgot the nameless,
Enwrapt with earthly shroud?
For them no laureled wreathings,
No proud, triumphant strains—
No cheers, no crowd's deep breathings,
No boastful, brazen strains.
With wind-kissed banners playing,
With wild regardless shout,
Their joy was in the slaying,
Their triumph in the rout!
Sons springing from the masses,
The homeland to defend—
Their blood has wet its grasses,
Their dust with it will blend!
Dead to the acclamations—
Dead when the fight is done!
The pedestals of nations
Rest on the ground they won.
Their valor ours for buying?
The price we blush to own—
Their recompense for dying
Was but a numbered stone!
—Boston Pilot.

A Rejected Manuscript

By C. A. Shaw.



AUL KING, the editor, was kind enough to explain to me why my contribution was not acceptable. His reasons were excellent, and I felt that they were what I knew to be true; but I was not paying particular attention to his words. I have the fatal gift of second sight in regard to length of life, and I saw that he would pass from this world within two years. As to the cause of death I could not say. He seemed in excellent health now, though not of robust constitution; few men who do office work exhibit the quality of ruggedness which is associated with length of life, yet many live to good old age. I was filled with a strange pity for the man before me, so fair-minded, generous, and, in his way, so attractive. Yet I could not say a word of his short career.

This gift is difficult to describe. I only know that I possess it. By experience I have learned to guess how near any person is to dissolution and to avoid his society, for I dread a dying person, man or woman.

"Your stories, Alcott," the editor was saying, "lack moral purpose, patriotism, a belief in high motives, in affection. The people who read stories want that sort of thing. They read for amusement, for emotional excitement, to be flattered by approbation of a sort of cheap generosity which they feel they could easily indulge in themselves if rich. 'The mission of all art,' it has been said, 'is to create and foster agreeable illusions.'"

"Yes," I responded, rousing myself to answer. "I have heard that, but I despise that sort of cheap art. It is work for a valet, not a philosopher."

"People don't want philosophy, Alcott. Most persons accept their religion, their politics, and their philosophy, from the current talk. 'If I were rich I should be happy.' That is the unspoken conviction. Meanwhile, let somebody tell me how virtuous I am and how much I deserve. You don't do that. Just as likely as not your hero robs a bank or wins money on a horse race or kills an enemy and has never a qualm of conscience afterwards. That isn't proper. You want to make dishonest people suffer for their sins and show that Americans beat the world."

"In what? In knavery? Is there any nation at the top?"

"I have tried to point out the way you might succeed, but if it seems only a jest to you, if you don't care to profit by my experience, why let it go."

The editor was wounded by my flippancy, and I could only pity him and think: "Too bad! Only two years longer to live!"

"You want me to imitate Kipling?" I said.

"No, Kipling's merits belong solely to him. But if you'd change this ending and make the men reform, it might go."

"Fix it up for me, that's a good fellow," I said. "You can't imagine how I hate to touch a thing I have written, even to read it over again, after I have grown cold."

"You will never make a success of literature unless you get over that, Alcott. What would a lawyer amount to if he could not tire out a jury by repetition, or an actor, or, in fact, any professional man? But authors seem to think they can say a thing once and have the world at their feet."

I was glad to get away. The very thought of death disturbs me. It makes me ask myself how long am I to live, and as I cannot see myself, I torture myself in futile questionings of the future.

About a year later I met Mr. King, the editor, on the street.

"I had a strange dream last night," he said. "I thought I was dead, and that you said you had known about it long ago. What do you think of it?"

He tried to smile, but I saw he was scared. Death daunts all when looked at face to face.

"I don't have much faith in dreams," was my reply. "If you had failed in as many things as I have you would welcome death as a change."

One says these things to others but they are falsehoods. I fear death.

"I tried to set you on the right road to succeed in literature, but you wouldn't follow my advice."

"How could I? Am I to go on killing people in fiction, and finding corpses behind doors, and marrying poor girls to rich men, and all that sort of horror, just to amuse a lot of idle or weary mortals, and earn perhaps two dollars a week in money? It's all very well for you editors, who have a regular salary, but for us outsiders, it's rough riding."

"You little know of the trials of an editor's life if you think you have all the bitterness of a literary career," retorted King, gloomily. "Between the practical joker who wants to get up a quarrel with any one, and the crank who is driven by a strange madness to 'pitch in' to somebody all the time, there is less peace and less satisfaction in editing than in any other profession in modern days. I am thinking of taking a sea voyage."

I wished to warn him of the danger of such a change, but could I say that his fate might be escaped on land any better than at sea?

"I've a good mind to go with you," I remarked.

"Come on," he replied with alertness. "As a writer you have your defects, a too caustic pen, but as a companion de voyage I would choose none more desirable."

It was some months before we started upon our travels, first to South Africa, then to Australia. Mr. King enjoyed the best of health. I tried to believe I had deceived myself. I resisted the temptation to fly from his presence, to forsake him, in spite of the dread which a coming death always excites in me.

We reached San Francisco in safety. We started east across the continent.

One evening as we sat at dinner in the dining car a gentleman approached us and asked me politely:

"Is this Mr. King?"

I pointed to my companion and reached for the salad dish.

"You are the editor of King's Monthly."

"I am," replied Mr. King, with dignity, "the editor-in-chief. We have a number of departments and each has its special editor."

"Perhaps you can tell me why this story was declined?"

He drew a rather bulky package from his coat pocket and opened it beside the editor's plate.

"I have been away from the office nearly a year," began Mr. King. Then he stopped and looked at the manuscript more attentively. "Why, this is one of Mr. Kipling's stories."

"It's a lie! I wrote it myself," exclaimed the stranger, suddenly displaying great excitement.

"You may have copied it. Yes, that is the way of it."

Mr. King tried to assume an air of genial humor, at the same time signaling to me to get assistance. We both recognized the crank whose insanity takes the form of believing himself some famous writer or of trying to dispose of copies of published stories of celebrated authors as his own.

But the madman suspected the editor's intention and sprang upon him, bending his head backward and aiming at his throat with the first knife his hand could get hold of. Before I could come to my friend's assistance all was over, and the assassin had escaped to the end of the car. A chasm several hundred feet in depth was beside the track here, but into this he leaped with a cry of triumph at having revenged himself upon his fancied enemy.

WISE WORDS.

Love constrains to consecration.
Tact is not another name for trickery.
True love is the secret of full consecration.
Death is darkness, because it leads to dawn.
What you are within, that you will be without.
The world-spoiler has no use for the steady toiler.
Most men begin to save after they have spent all.
Practice what you pray—particularly at the ballot-box.
The first thing you see in boiling water, is the scum.
Care-not is a greater hindrance to success than cannot.
Self-forgetfulness is only acquired by remembering others.
Songs of triumph are possible only to the sons of tribulation.
We are wielded by our wishes, rather than by our wisdom.
The world is a vessel in whose hold the fire is already burning.
Some graves are more potent to persuade men than many pulpits.
Your life will strike no higher note in public than it is keyed to in private.
When a man shows his goodness in his home, the chances are that goodness has its home in him.
The worldly are spending the winter of life in collecting snow-balls, forgetting that the summer comes.—Ram's Horn.
Wonderful Intellectual Grasp.
"It is a constant wonder to me," said the student of human nature, "to see how quickly the minds of some men act. I met a man the other evening who had an intellectual grasp that was astounding. I met him in the hall just as he was reaching for an umbrella. 'Is that your umbrella?' he inquired. 'No,' I replied. 'In that case,' he answered, 'it's mine.'"
—Argonaut.
Not Up to the Times.
This is such a fast age that even the meteors are charged with being slow.—Sioux City (Iowa) Journal.

CENSUS IN FAR ALASKA.

FOURTEEN ENUMERATORS TAKING THEIR LIVES IN THEIR HANDS.

Accepted Their Posts at Financial Sacrifice, as Their Wages Are Absolutely Low for the Gold Region—Use Dog Sleeds and Canoes in Interior Traveling.

Among the men whom the United States is sending into wild and dangerous regions on its errands are 14 who will receive very little recognition and will never be known as heroes, and yet they are taking their lives into their own hands in the service of their country as truly as the soldiers in the Philippines. They are the census enumerators in northern Alaska.

These 14 men go about their perilous duties urged by no desire for money, for they have accepted the positions at a sacrifice. The wages offered to them, \$16 a day, are absurdly low in the gold region, and at first, according to the report of Agent Samuel C. Dunham, he was unable to get any good men for the work. They simply laughed at him. Finally Mr. Dunham, who is a man of energy, made strong personal appeals. He appealed to the men's friendship, their love of adventure, and to their love of country, and finally succeeded in getting them to undertake the task for what they regarded as a pittance.

It is not long since Major Ray issued an urgent appeal to the government not to let emigrants go to the Cape Nome region in the winter. He declared that it was suicide. Yet half of the 14 enumerators have already set out for their posts of duty and will spend the winter traveling over the wild and desolate regions of Northern Alaska. They will do their traveling on dog sleeds and canoes. There is no other way, except along the coast, where they can use revenue cutters.

Many of them go into regions where lawlessness prevails, and some into the lairs of outlaws and cut-throats. "The chances are that I will have a Muldoon's picnic this winter," only wrote Enumerator John W. Kelly after reaching his district and finding his route lay through a region infested with Indian outlaws. "I will take a duplicate census in a memorandum book, so that if I am shot there will be some chance of recovering the work. If I am killed and I have any allowance for work already done at the time, please pay the money earned to my sister, Miss Cora Kelly, Jackson, Mo."

Census Director Merriam has an interesting series of letters and reports from Mr. Dunham on the progress of the work. The Yukon is the dividing line between northern and southern Alaska. The enumerators in southern Alaska will not have an easy time, but they will have no such perils to confront as those north of the Yukon. The director says that Dunham, who has been at work all the summer, is the very man for the task. Physically, he is strong and powerful, and Mr. Merriam says that no man of less strength could be entrusted with such work. He is alert and vigorous, quick of resource, and has had experience.

A "dog train" consists of six or eight dogs and a sledge, and it is in this conveyance that the Alaskan adventurers are making their journey through the wilderness of snow and ice. They will have to make long detours through uninhabited wilds to reach a camp here and there, made up of a mere handful of settlers. The dogs are worth from \$50 to \$150 apiece, and it costs the government 50 cents a day to feed them. Each enumerator takes with him an Indian interpreter, who gets \$5 a day. When the enumerators reach creeks and rivers that are navigable, they will go down them in canoes, as Dunham jocosely says in one of his reports, "for the purpose of enumerating the floating population."

When Kelly arrived in the Kotzebue district and got ready to start on his journey, he reported that he had gone there on the revenue cutter Bear. "I was nine days on the Bear," he cheerfully reported, "with Captain Jarvis, the most of the time chasing Indian murderers." An Indian outlaw named Oltrek had just waylaid and killed two penniless adventurers named Oastenberg and Jansen, and thrown their bodies into caches. There was no motive for the crime except the one given by Kelly—"pure cupidness"—and a desire to hurl defiance at the officers of the law. After the killing, which followed the murder of the two miners, Oltrek sent word to Jarvis that he would shoot the first white man who came near him. The first white man to start for Oltrek's neighborhood after this warning was Kelly. But before he got there Oltrek was dead, Dunham reports the outlaw's death, but gives no particulars. There are more outlaws in Kelly's way, however, including an Indian named Lokomuk, who is also looking for white men.

Census Director Merriam believes that there will be a greater rush to the Nome region than there was to the Klondike. There were 5000 people there when Dunham last reported and he believes that there will be 25,000 in 1900. It is claimed the creek produced during the short summer more than \$1,500,000, and Dunham thinks a larger amount has been picked up along the beach. He says that building operations in that region have been active. Lumber has been \$500 a thousand feet and coal \$140 a ton. Food costs \$4 a meal. Two-thirds of the population is living in tents. Dunham is now at St. Michaels, but says he is going to Nome by "dog train" in March. The total cost of taking the census for the northern district will, he estimates, be \$40,000.

WHERE RICE COMES FROM.

The Best Quality Grown in the South—Exports to England.

The statement is sometimes made across the counter to a credulous customer that the fancy imported rice is the best," said a local commission man who has extensive rice-fields of his own in the south. "This is not true. The finest rice in the world is grown in Louisiana. The Southern states in this country produce the best quality of rice with the exception of Egypt, which grows as fine an article just as they do the best quality of cotton. France and England buy their fancy rice in the United States, but it is only a small quantity and for epicureans. They import the great bulk from India and Japan. They pay 6 1/2 cents per pound to us on this side of the Atlantic, paying all expenses of shipment besides. The best imported grades may be bought in New York at 4 3/4 cents, wholesale price, and this after the cost of transportation and 2 cents per pound duty has been paid.

The United States produces annually about 150,000,000 pounds, on an average, and about two thirds of this is grown in Louisiana; the remainder is grown in South Carolina and Georgia. An additional 75,000,000 pounds is needed to meet the demands of the home market and this amount is imported every year. This comes from India, Calcutta and Japan. A fine grade, not as fine as our domestic article, however, comes from the island of Java, but in very small quantities. The Japanese variety is most popular, after our own in this country.

Louisiana alone could produce all that is necessary for the home consumption, and will probably do so as soon as a system of irrigation, now under way, is completed and in operation. This will clear away uncertainties, the crop now being totally dependent upon the rainfall.

"Our rice-growing new possessions will not cut any figure in the market,"—New York Post.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In the southern portion of the small village of Eliot, Me., there are living eleven persons, eight of them men, who are over eighty years of age, the oldest being ninety-five. Nearly all of them were born there, and several of them have never been fifty miles from their birthplace in their long life.

Housekeepers on the western coast expect to order their oysters by the piece instead of the hundred a few years hence. Fifty barrels of the famous Yezo oysters of Japan, which frequently grow to a foot in length, and are of fine flavor, are soon to be plucked in the tidewaters of Washington and Oregon.

The yakimik, a bird of the crane family, is used by the natives of Venezuela in place of a shepherd dog for guarding and herding their flocks. It is said that, however far the yakimik may wander with the flocks, it never fails to find its way home at night, driving before it all the creatures intrusted to its care.

The weight of the heaviest horse ever known was three thousand pounds. This Clydesdale (England) horse was exhibited in New York City in 1889. It was twenty and one-half hands high, and although only five years old, measured forty-five inches round the stifle or knee-joint, ninety-five inches girth, thirty-four and one-half inches round the hip and eleven feet, four inches in length. It was of perfect proportions, with a head thirty-six inches in length.

A curious fruit has been discovered growing wild in Batavia. It is a bean resembling a cigar in form and color, though it is only an inch long. What makes it interesting is the way in which it scatters seeds. If one of the little fruits be thrown into water it will rest quietly on the surface for from two to five minutes, then it will explode, hurling its contents into the air like a small torpedo. Usually it splits open lengthwise. If it is left to ripen on the plant the opening is sudden, and accompanied by a slight noise, though much less than when it has been placed in water. The curious property of explosion helps the little plant in the dissemination of its seeds, which otherwise would have only a poor chance on account of unfavorable conditions to its habitat.

Making pearl buttons out of milk is a curious industry of the creamery at Cuba, N. Y., and for that reason the creamery people have been able to pay the farmers a higher price for milk than ever before. All of the product of the Cuba creamery is used for buttons. In preparing the button material the milk is placed in a huge vat and mixed with rennet extract, as in cheese making. It is kept at a temperature of 100 degrees until it is of the proper consistency. Then a fine white powder is added and the whole thoroughly cooked for an hour. After that the whey is separated from the curds after the manner of making cheese, but in this case the curds or soil is packed in barrels and shipped to a button manufactory in New York city to be moulded into attractive forms.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

BOOZE FOR THE JURY.

Is Reason Given for Requesting a New Trial in Westmoreland County—Minor Happenings.

Counsel for John Sadder, convicted of first degree murder, for killing Stewart McCune, filed reasons for a new trial at Greensburg, Tuesday. They allege that some of the jurors were furnished with intoxicating liquors during the trial, and that while the jury was balloting, a majority being against a first degree finding, court officers repeatedly urged them to agree quickly or the court would adjourn and they would be locked up for the night.

Pennsylvania—Penton G. Fretz, Pottstown, \$6; Henry G. Fouse, Altoona, \$6; James R. Bair, Deemston, \$6; William Geiss, Allentown, \$12; Augustus T. Gordon, Greencastle, \$10; William G. Mawhinney, Pittsburg, \$6; Robert L. Thompson, Washington, \$6; Henry Kaufmann, Royersford, \$6; Samuel C. Long, Jennerstown, \$8; John O'Brien, Wisconsin, \$12; William V. Marquis, Glenshaw, \$17; Charles H. Phelps, East Smithfield, \$24; Mary O'Brien, Wisconsin, \$12; William H. Brock, West Brownsville, \$6; Jacob Chamberlain, Bedford, \$12 to \$17; Henry Wood, Toga, \$12 to \$14; John Hinson, Lockport Station, \$6 to \$12; Martha A. Alexander, Monongahela, \$8; Sophia Maxwell, Greensburg, \$8; Matilda Keefer, Johnstown, \$8; Leonard D. Bartholomew, Bradford, \$10; Samuel H. Guise White, Bellefonte, \$6; Samuel C. Boyd, Sanford, \$10 to \$12; Elizabeth Crawford, Fredonia, \$12; minors of John Wagner, Meadville, \$14; Charles C. Kinsler, Bradford, McKean, \$16; Henry A. Lora, Soldiers and Sailors' home, \$6; Frederick Langenbacher, Pittsburg, \$8; Joseph Steiner, Pittsburg, \$6 to \$8; Maria Fletcher, Greenville, \$8; Mary L. Kerns, Smethport, \$12; J. H. Barrell, Punxsutawney, \$6; Alex. M. Walker, Gettysburg, \$6; William H. Fritz, Harrisburg, \$8; William Johnson, Pittsburg, \$8; Reuben Snowley, Middletown, \$6; Demas Register, Beallsville, \$8; Luther G. Rogers, Penfield, \$8; Lyman W. Scott, Reynoldsville, \$17; James B. Miller, Cory, \$6; Alonzo Chapman Hornbrook, \$12; Joseph Bumbach, Newport, \$12; Samuel A. Kelce, Canton, \$24; Harmon L. Schrecongort, Top, \$17; Rachel Greenhoe, Beavertown, \$8; David Vansyckle, father, Danville, \$12; Annie L. Barnes, Stroudsburg, \$12; Martha S. Taylor, Pittsburg, \$8; Louis E. Taylor, Sand-Rock, \$12; Sarah Erb, Middle Lancaster, \$8.

The failure of the firm of A. H. & Bro., of Gordonville, and the consequent absence of County Treasurer E. L. Hershey, a member of the firm, have given currency to a number of rumors. On Wednesday executions aggregating \$39,000 were filed against Amos and E. L. Hershey by their brother, Christian H. Hershey. The next day an execution for \$3,000 was issued against Christian H. Hershey, which he paid. County Treasurer Hershey left his home at Gordonville Sunday, saying that he was going to Philadelphia on business. Mr. Hershey's presence is not absolutely necessary in Lancaster this week and it is thought he has enough money on deposit in city and county banks to meet his obligations to the county, but besides this it is understood a large amount of tax, possibly as much as \$50,000 is still due from him to the State.

A strike of the structural iron workers has been inaugurated at Philadelphia. Between 400 and 500 men are affected and building operations will be handicapped until an agreement is reached. The men demand a nine-hour day, at 28 cents an hour. The old rate was 25 cents an hour for a 10-hour day. Under the act of May 5, 1899, for the creation of a free library commission, Gov. Stone has appointed the following members of the commission: C. L. Magee, W. N. Frew, Pittsburg; Henry Bellin, Scranton; William M. Stevenson, Allegheny, and John Thompson, Philadelphia. State Librarian Reed is secretary.

Edward Cressinger, aged 19, was hanged at Sunbury, Wednesday, for the murder of 16-year-old Daisy Smith, daughter of a farmer. Cressinger met his fate calmly. He is the youngest murderer ever hanged in the State. The crime was committed on August 10, 1898, and was the result of jealousy. Daisy was gathering herbs and was met by Cressinger, who was gunning for rabbits. A quarrel followed and the girl started for home, when Cressinger shot her in the back. He followed this up by cutting her throat with a hunting knife.

The combination of manufacturing and wholesale confectioners of Pennsylvania is now assured. The organization was partially effected in Harrisburg a month or two ago and a latter meeting was held to perfect the plans. The consent of two or three of the larger firms was needed before it could be a success, and they were secured at Pittsburg last week.

At the services in St. John's church, at Sharon, a few days ago, Rev. Seaves M. Holdar announced that the entire debt upon the church had been liquidated. The debt three years ago amounted to \$8,000. It is expected that the church will be consecrated by the bishop as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made.

P. H. Bennett, a boss workman at the Klondyke works, near Pleasant Unity, was seriously stabbed by a negro named William Palmer, whom Bennett the day before had saved from starvation. The negro arrived from the south a few days ago, ragged and penniless, and was given lodging and victuals by Bennett.

Orders have been received from the headquarters of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, disbanding Company D, Fifteenth regiment, of Clarion.

While Edward Darby, electrician for the Berwind-White Coal Company, at Windber, was trying to change the trolley on one of the motors in mine No. 26 Thursday, the trolley wire came in contact with his neck when he was standing on the motor and killed him instantly.

Secretary W. B. Andrews, of the State Republican committee, has issued the formal call for the State convention to be held at Harrisburg, April 25, to nominate candidates for Auditor General, Congressmen-at-large and Presidential electors.