

The fact that China is bossed by a woman is one to be borne in mind by those who discuss the woman question.

London dealers report that they can't half supply the demand for toy soldiers, guns and swords. The English toddlers have surely caught the war spirit from their sires.

A unique bill providing for the release of convicts to attend funerals of near relatives has been introduced in the Massachusetts legislature. Naturally the convicts believe in the policy of the "open door."

The water of the River Spree is polluted with from 80,000 to 90,000 micro-organisms per cubic centimeter. A process of sterilization has, however, been applied to it at Berlin which forces it over a series of small falls, and during the passage it is subjected to a current charged with ozone. This destroys all of these micro-organisms, except one in every 500, making the water potable.

Two Pennsylvania farmers have been at war for eight years over 10 trees worth \$19. The case is not yet settled, but the costs amount to \$1148.75. In addition, there are fees of five lawyers. One of the lawyers is under treatment for mental exhaustion. Culver claims that the trees Hazlett cut down were on his land, but the dividing line between their farms is in dispute, its settlement depending upon a 60-year-old deed.

There appears to be a constantly growing favor in Australasia for American products. The good feeling which has been recently developed between the United States and Great Britain naturally extends to the latter's colonies and has much influence in removing prejudices against American goods. American agricultural machinery, lumber, illuminating oils and other products are already receiving the preference in Australia and New Zealand, and only care and effort are needed to introduce other lines.

Should it be a rule of life to get all you can, or give all you can? That question is just now under discussion. Well, how much can one give unless he first gets? The men who are laying thousands or millions on the altars of education, humanity or religion have generally been successful as captains of industry, princes of commerce, or leaders of large business enterprises. Possibly also their chief benefaction has consisted in creating profitable employment—which is a kind of giving—especially if they have been just and considerate in their dealings, and have paid fair wages. To get honestly is quite as legitimate as to give generously, and ought to take equal rank.

A friendly shoulder slap broke a man's neck a few days ago in this city. There is only one worse nuisance in the world than the rib-poker and that is the shoulder-slapper. They have both outlived their usefulness and are fit objects of solicitude for the Society for Doing Without Some People. The fiasco who takes you unawares on a crowded pavement with a facetious bat on the shoulderblade when you are meditating on the ideal and the beautiful, and expects you to twist your shaken vertebrae into a genial nod and greet him with a happy, flatterer smile, possesses an heroic soul that would not recognize the language of conventional remonstrance. He is not criminal and he is not crazy; he is simply an idiot. The lunatic asylums and the jails are overcrowded, but the fool-killer doesn't half know his business.

A party of veteran newspaper men were talking the other day about three Albany reporters who became members of the cabinet of the president of the United States: the late Daniel Manning, secretary of the treasury during Cleveland's first administration; Daniel S. Lamont, secretary of war during Cleveland's second administration, and Charles Emory Smith, now postmaster-general. It was less than 25 years ago that they sat side by side reporting the proceedings of the New York legislature. Colonel Michener of Indiana recalls an even more remarkable combination which appeared in the United States court of Indiana some years ago. Walter Q. Gresham, the presiding judge, afterward became secretary of state, Benjamin Harrison, who prosecuted the case, afterward became president of the United States, while Thomas A. Hendricks, was afterward vice president, Joseph E. McDonald and David Turpie, who afterward became senators, were on the other side. That group, for distinction, was probably never surpassed in a single state: one president, one vice-president, a secretary of state and two United States senators.

'THE LOVE OF LOVES.
BY MADISON CAWELL.
I have not seen her face, and yet she is more sweet than anything
Of earth, than rose or violet
That April winds and sunbeams bring.
Of all we know, past or to come,
Of loveliness none can forget,
She is the high compendium;
And yet—
I have not touched her robe, and still she is more dear than lyric words
Of music, or than strains that fill
Wild brooks and throats of summer birds.
Of all we mean by poetry,
That rules the soul and charms the will,
She is the deep epitome,
And still—
She is my world, ah, pity me!
A dream that lies whom I pursue!
Whom all pursue, whose'er they be,
Who toll for art and dare and do;
The shadows love for whom they sigh,
The far ideal affinity,
For whom they live or gladly die.
—Ab. mel
—Saturday Evening Post.

When we got to his rooms and I had seated myself as comfortably as my nervous state of mind would allow, Simeox busied himself rummaging in the drawers of a roll-top desk.
"I don't need any very elaborate apparatus, you see," he said, "but there is one thing somewhere in these drawers, if I can only find it, that ought to help a good deal. Ah, here it is."
He produced what I at first took to be a glass paperweight. On closer inspection it turned out to be a Japanese crystal ball, very clear and exquisitely mounted, but not mounted on any carved stand, like most of those I have seen.
"Just hold this, will you?" he said. I took the crystal in my hand.
"You had better sit here," he said, "with you back to the window. I want the light to come over your shoulder."

A Story of Hypnotism.

STRAL body was not an expression entirely without meaning for me when I first met Simeox. If any one had then asked me what the term meant, I would certainly have made some attempt to define it, although my definition would just as certainly have been vague and unsatisfactory.

It was through Clarence that I met Simeox. The two had been friends in Ceylon, as I understood, though how or why I never knew, and it always seemed strange. Clarence's business in Ceylon was coffee planting, and it seemed that Simeox's was astral bodies. The only natural thing about their old acquaintance seemed to be that Clarence always knew queer people, and surely Simeox was queer.

"Why, how old do you take me to be?" he asked me suddenly one day, when I had said that something or other had happened before his time. And when I answered that he looked to me to be about forty, he laughed quite heartily.

It so happened that this conversation took place as we were walking together to Madison Square, where we were to visit an exhibition of paintings, old and modern.

When we had spent about half an hour ranging through the galleries, Simeox and I found ourselves standing before a portrait of a Spanish prince, who, I believe, lived somewhere about the time of Queen Elizabeth. The figure was dressed in armor, except for the head, which was bare, and showed a fine head of dark chestnut hair.

"This is the picture I wanted you to see," said Simeox. "Let's sit down on this settee and take it all in."
I could not remember that Simeox had said anything to me about seeing any picture in particular.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Simeox asked me presently.
"Fine," I said.
"I suppose it is," said Simeox. "I suppose it is fine. People have been saying that about it for three hundred years. I suppose all the lords and ladies of the Spanish Court said it was fine when they first saw it. I wasn't there."

"You're not quite so old as all that?" I interjected, thinking of the mystery of his age.
"No," he said, smiling, "not quite so old. And I wouldn't have been at the Court of Spain, either. But there is one criticism the lords and ladies might have made, though I never heard that they did."
"What's that?"
"Simply that it isn't true to life."
"But you don't mean to say it isn't lifelike?" I said in astonishment.
"What I mean is that it isn't as much like the original as it might have been. It would have been just as easy for Velasquez to have made it perfectly true. I don't see why he didn't—I never did. On the whole, it doesn't flatter His Highness. His jaw was not nearly such a cruel looking square thing as that. And yet the painter has taken the trouble to curl and lengthen and daubify the mustache almost out of recognition."

"Why, Simeox," I said, "you talk as if you knew the original in the flesh!"
"Well," he said, "I don't and I do. You see, my dear fellow, to know a man's astral body is about the same thing as knowing the man in what you call 'the flesh.' You use the crude term of a worn-out medieval philosophy. An astral body may produce at times a faint impression on the eye, but it stands to reason it must be exact."

It occurred to me at this point that Simeox needed fresh air. I had never before heard any one talk in this peculiar matter of fact way about astral bodies. Either Simeox was crazy or there was something uncanny about him, in spite of his briar, happy, everyday manner.

"Oh, you're surprised, are you?" he said, chuckling to himself, "I might have guessed that a man who talks about knowing people 'in the flesh' would be. Let's have a practical demonstration."
"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me that you are going to raise the ghost of this old Spaniard?"
"I don't raise ghosts," Simeox answered, with some impatience, "or believe in them. But if you are going to get fidgety, and as this is a public place, let's go to my rooms."

"Take one more good look at the picture before you go," he said, "and pay particular attention to the chin, mustache and eyes. I want you to see if I'm not right in my criticism."
When we got to his rooms and I had seated myself as comfortably as my nervous state of mind would allow, Simeox busied himself rummaging in the drawers of a roll-top desk. "I don't need any very elaborate apparatus, you see," he said, "but there is one thing somewhere in these drawers, if I can only find it, that ought to help a good deal. Ah, here it is." He produced what I at first took to be a glass paperweight. On closer inspection it turned out to be a Japanese crystal ball, very clear and exquisitely mounted, but not mounted on any carved stand, like most of those I have seen. "Just hold this, will you?" he said. I took the crystal in my hand. "You had better sit here," he said, "with you back to the window. I want the light to come over your shoulder." I ought to say that in that window frame there was no curtain of any kind, only a brown holland window blind, which was rolled up. In front of me as I sat with my back to the light was nothing but an open carpeted space. Indeed, bareness was the most obvious characteristic of Simeox's room. It was more like a lawyer's office than a private sitting room. "Now, I am going to stand behind you, if you don't mind," he said, and acted accordingly. In obedience to his instructions I held the crystal in my lap with both hands and looked intently at it. Once I could not resist the temptation to look behind me and see what he was doing. He was standing with arms extended, waving his hands about. "Never mind me," he said. "You keep your eyes fixed on that crystal." After that I kept my eyes on the crystal constantly. Presently a mist seemed to shut out the point of light on which I was gazing. It was a white mist at first, but turned to a dark brown. Out of the mist presently came the gray glimmer of armor; then above the armor I could make out flesh tints; then the curling chestnut hair, the peaked beard and the mustache. The face was more clearly defined than it was in the portrait I had been looking at. "Now," said Simeox, speaking from behind me, "was I right? Isn't the chin much more humane than 'Velasquez made it'?" "Yes," I answered. "And the mustache is smaller and the hair closer cropped. But it is a wonderful likeness, on the whole."
"It is," said Simeox. "And now you know what an astral body is. Let's go and have some oysters." The whole thing was gone. I was looking at the crystal ball once more. So we went out and got some oysters. Some months later Simeox himself was gone. But I got by mail a marked copy of a small scientific pamphlet. It was printed in England. The marked passage was a terse statement of "Case 10—Mr. X., New York, U. S. A." The essential facts of the foregoing story were given in half a page of print. I was "Mr. X."
"Clarence," I said next time I met that interesting person, "who the deuce is Simeox?"
"Simeox? Didn't you know. It seems that Simeox is a big man. Simeox is Medley, the English doctor—expert on hypnosis and hallucinations."—San Francisco Call.

Lucile's Snake Story.
Lucile Caldwell, a ten-year-old Sioux City girl, is the heroine of a big, but true snake story. Miss Caldwell took home from O'Neill, Neb., the scene of the story, 256 sets of rattles from rattlesnakes to prove it. Here is the girl's tale in her own words:
"My uncle and I were walking along the banks of the Niobrara River, with cut thinking of any danger, when, all in an instant, we were surrounded by a swarm of loathsome rattlesnakes. I never was so frightened in my life. My uncle began killing them right and left, and handed me a heavy stick and told me to defend myself. We stood side by side, and as the snakes crawled toward us we killed them. It was a fight for life. When the battle was over the ground was covered with dead and dying snakes."—Minneapolis (Minn.) Times.

"DOLLARS MEX."

The Common Currency of a Great Part of the Far East.
Reports of recent military operations in the Philippines include statements that the American troops have captured from the insurgents so many thousand Mexican dollars. Such statements must not be interpreted as mere verbal artifices to magnify the importance of the exploit by using a small unit of value in reckoning the booty. The public are thoroughly familiar by this time with the distinction so common among the Americans at Manila between "dollars Mex" and "dollars gold," and the fact that one of the former is worth less than half one of the latter, but the treasury of Aguinaldo was, in all probability, stocked neither with paper money nor with coin of the United States mints, but with actual Mexican silver dollars.

The Mexican silver dollar is, in fact, the popular currency, not only of the Philippine Islands, but also to a large extent of the Chinese coasts, of the Malay Archipelago, and outside of such great mercantile centres as Singapore, of the Straits Settlements, as well as of Japan. Hong Kong and Canton have in general fallen in with the pecuniary habits of the British colonists and traders, and Japan has a very convenient currency of her own, in harmony with advanced western ideas. But the yellow races of the East, as races, have taken a strong fancy to the white metal of Mexico.

The persistence in the preference is more easily understood than the manner in which the preference first gained its hold. A New York financier explained the original fact partly on aesthetic grounds. "The design of the Mexican dollar," he said, "is a bold and striking one, and it impressed those Orientals from the time the coin first began to circulate among them. That, I suppose, was more than 50 years ago. At that period there was very little trade between this country and the Philippines or any of those far Eastern regions. Of course, among the population of the islands, the natives not being in an advanced stage of commercial civilization, the convenience of English small change was not apparent. Not being informed of the financial stability of the British Empire, they could not be expected to appreciate the stamp that gives the shilling most of its value; what they did appreciate was the bigness and the weight and purity of the Mexican dollar, as well as the imposing appearance of it.

"As to how the demand came to be so well supplied, that is easy to understand when you remember that most of the silver in the world was then produced in Mexico, and that the coinage of it was free and unlimited. As the traders in the far East wanted Mexican dollars, it was to the interest of the Mexican mines to export their output in that form, and it cost them nothing to have the stamp put on. It was only necessary for them to keep the coinage of their dollars down below the point of glutting the market; in other words, it would have been possible to ship so much coined silver to the East, either direct through London or through London by way of New York, that the premium on it would fall.

"There is a premium on the Mexican silver dollar in that part of the world even now. Here, for instance, is a cable from Manila, dated Jan. 12, which quotes the Mexican dollars at 42 1/2 cents, gold. According to the current price of silver, the Mexican dollar was worth at par about 44 cents on that date. The difference is accounted for by local preference for Mexican dollars. The insurgents in the Philippines were well advised in using that coinage, because it is the coinage which the people of the country understand and like. If they were educated bankers, they would know that American money takes up less room in proportion to its real value, and they might admire the design of our dollars and dollar bills as much as the Mexican design; as it is, they don't thoroughly understand the theory of token money and national credit. And so Mexico goes on exporting her 46,000,000 silver dollars annually to be the popular currency of the far East."

Kn w What He Wanted.
There was a tall and brawny young woman in a provision store recently, a pretty girl who wore a smart tailor gown and an air of great importance. It was obvious to the least observant on-looker that she took herself and her mission very seriously.
"Have you a nice 'roundhouse' steak?" she asked the butcher sweetly, when he came forward to wait upon her.
The man's face assumed a beefy hue itself, and he looked well-nigh apologetic as he replied, "No, miss, I haven't a round steak."
"Then send me a 'porterloin,' about seven pounds would be enough, I should think."
"Porterloin is the best cut, miss; suppose you take that?" suggested the clerk, his face growing still redder.
"Kindly send me what I ordered," said the young woman with great dignity; "my mother-in-law is entirely conversant with the cuts of beef, and I am quite sure that's the name; she told me; and send 10 pounds of rice with it."

Animals That Are Not Dying Out.
Buffaloes and elephants are by no means approaching extinction as rapidly as is commonly supposed. Immense herds of buffaloes roam about the vast northern plains of Australia, but bloodthirsty natives are also numerous in that region, and buffalo hunters carry their lives in their hands. Also, according to the latest number of the British North Borneo Herald, large numbers of elephants occupy the jungles of that colony. The jungles to the south of Sandakan Bay are full of them. It is suggested that they could be turned into a valuable asset for the colony if decoy animals were imported from India and the natives were taught how to construct "kaddals," or trapping inclosures.

Primitive Traveling in China.
In Perkin and other northern localities in China much of the travel is done by mule litter, where this expensive mode of conveyance can be afforded, and these littermen are all Mohammedans.

HOSPITABLE CANNIBALS.

Kind to White Strangers, Though They Occasionally Eat a Black Man.

The Rev. Dr. R. H. Nassau, who left Baltimore on Wednesday, expects to return in the spring to his field of missionary work in Equatorial Africa. This is Dr. Nassau's fourth visit to the United States since, as a young man, he was sent to Africa as a missionary thirty-nine years ago. His hair and beard are white. During the last five years he has been stationed at Liberville, Gaboon Province (French), engaged in translating fourteen books of the Bible into the Fang language. These translations are being printed by the American Bible Society. The Fangs are a tribe of cannibals, numbering about 1,000,000, and inhabiting the country lying far up the Ogovo River. They are large of stature, warlike and represent much the strongest tribe in that portion of the country.

Dr. Nassau said before leaving Baltimore that he could not call the natives that he meets in Africa savages; they are cruel, he said, but not bloodthirsty; their desire to kill is more for superstitious reasons. There are cannibals, he said, among them. He has seen them boiling human arms for food and offering for sale with other meats human hands; "and one day," continued the doctor, "while floating down the river in a canoe, accompanied by my little girl and two natives to row the boat, we were called to from a group of naked men standing on the shore to know if he wished to buy any meat, and, holding up a human arm, they informed us in their language that they had just killed two men belonging to a hostile tribe not far from there. This was about thirty miles below my house."

The only means of transportation through that portion of the country, Dr. Nassau said, is by boat. Trade is carried on without money, a cake of soap or a piece of calico or beads being all that is necessary.

"The men there are polygamists, their importance in the community being estimated according to the number of wives," said the doctor, "but," he continued, "I do not have to tell them of the existence of a God—a Supreme Being."

"They are kind to their mothers, but abuse their wives. Our mission has succeeded in bringing about 1800 of them into the Presbyterian Church. If before becoming Christians they had married more than one wife we require them to set all free (all their wives are slaves, bought and sold), but one—the one they might prefer."

"The African is very hospitable. No medicine ever gave me more benefit than the Christian kindness of these heathen friends of our little mission. They have a religion—they are more religious than you or I. They feel honored to receive us as their official guests, and so we can depend upon their protection."—Baltimore Sun.

Bidding at a Dutch Auction.
A Dutch auction at Cape Town is frequently exciting. If a house is to be sold the auctioneer offers "Fifty golden sovereigns for the man who first bids £3000." Nobody bids. A pause, and then "Fifty golden sovereigns for the man who first bids £4000." This is kept up until a bid is secured. But it by no means follows that the house is sold to this bidder. No, the auctioneer is then at it again. Say that £4100 is the first bid. The auctioneer cries: "There are twenty-five golden sovereigns for the first man who has the courage to bid £4200." Perhaps no one has it. Then £25 is offered for a £4550 bid. If there is eventually no bid above the £4400 the man who made that bid is saddled with his house. Otherwise he pockets his bid and gets off free of it all.

Dogs on English Monumental Brasses.
The most frequent animal represented is the dog, which, as the personification of fidelity, is to be seen on many brasses to ladies. At Deerhurst is an interesting example of a dog which is shown as a supporter of the feet of Lady Cassey. It is evidently a favorite dog, for beneath its name is recorded "Jakke." The dogs are often found lying on the ladies' skirts as lapdogs, and looking up into the face of their mistresses. A collar of bells is represented round the neck, and the bells are curiously like the bells used for a similar purpose at the present day.—The Athenaeum.

As to Mustaches.
God gave men mustaches to hide the meanness of their mouths. There is much character or the lack of it in the mouth. Once I made the acquaintance of a handsome man with a proud mustache, and in years became fond of him, without, however, quite understanding him. There was an indefinable something that was repellent at times, that seemed to caution me not to trust him too far. On a fatal occasion he shaved off his mustache, exposing a small hole in his face that looked exactly like a slit out in a pumpkin with a barrow. No sooner had I seen his mouth than I said to myself, "That man is a scoundrel; he has a cold cross." And he turned out even worse than that.—New York Press.

Sworn in by a Girl Deputy.
An incident occurred in the District court room of Bosque County, which, perhaps, has no parallel in the court history of Texas. When it became necessary to elect a special judge to complete the term abruptly suspended by the illness of Judge Hall the duty of swearing in Judge Pindexter devolved upon a modest little girl of seventeen summers—Miss Nora Jones, Deputy District Clerk.—Houston (Tex.) Post.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

GRANTED PENSIONS.

Beaver County One Hundred Years Old—New Castle Mill Worker Rewarded—Smallpox Near New Castle.

Names added to pension roll last week—John Peacock, Kittanning, \$5; Charles McCready, New Castle, \$8; John Dugan, Bellefonte, \$5; William Heisel, New Washington, \$2; Duncan McAlister, Sardis, \$12; Levi Thory, Freeport, \$6; minor of John G. Lawson, Latrobe, \$10; Silas A. Emery, Grove City, \$17; John Reesman, Wagesboro, \$10; Duth A. Wilcox, Bradford, \$12; George Wareham, Beaver Falls, \$6 to \$8; T. J. Miguel, New Castle, \$6 to \$12; John Stormer, Johnstown, \$6 to \$8; Henry Carney, West Lebanon, \$12 to \$14; John Neab, Connelville, \$8; Elizabeth Waldorf, West Middlesex, \$8; Henry K. Eastman, Coalport, \$8; Bernard J. Reid, Clarion, \$12; Albert T. Clingsmith, New Lebanon, \$10; John W. Goodlin, Indiana, \$24; John Lewis, Coaldale, \$12; Frank L. Wilkinson, Washington, \$8; Samuel H. Croyle, Jeannette, \$8; John W. Campbell, Grove City, \$12; John Callahan, Phillipsburg, \$10; Daniel Elix, New Castle, \$8; Elizabeth Nickel, mother, Worthington, \$12.

One hundred years ago Monday Beaver county was established by an act of the Legislature. Sunday the centennial anniversary was used as a theme in many local pulpits, but the celebration of the event will not occur until June 19 to 22. Arrangements for a large celebration are being made and Gov. Stone and staff and other State officials have promised to be present, besides many G. A. R. posts.

James Lonergan, night watchman at the Kingston brick works, Latrobe, while on his way to work, was fired upon by two men who were hidden along the road. He ran to the engine house, followed by the men who fired a perfect fusillade of bullets through the windows. Lonergan escaped with a bullet through his shoulder. This is the third attempt to murder Lonergan within a short time.

A genuine case of smallpox has developed in South Canonsburg. The victim is Frank McCoy, who had been employed at Homestead. He returned home last week and was at once taken ill. A consultation of physicians was held, and the sick man's affliction was pronounced a mild type of smallpox. The house has been quarantined and the State board of health notified.

Andrew J. Russell left Greenville for the Klondike in search of gold over two years ago. He went to Dawson and later he went to Cape Nome. Here he struck a paying claim and was washing out considerable dust when he sustained a paralytic stroke, which unfitted him for work and he began his long journey home, arriving Thursday morning. Russell was a prominent oil operator prior to his Klondike trip.

Deputy Sheriff E. R. May and Constable Thomas Washbrough, of Greensburg, arrested eight alleged speak-easy proprietors at West Newton. For years that place has boasted of its "dry" town. Local option is in force. By the good people the town was believed to be a model of morality. Recently strong suspicions were aroused that speak-easies existed, and the people decided to investigate.

A powder explosion at West Winfield, a mining village on the Winfield branch railroad, seriously injured five men. The shanty was almost completely demolished and the five men were horribly burned, but it is thought that no deaths will result. The injured men are all Austrians with almost unpronounceable names.

Mrs. Lincoln Astelle and two children were nearly frozen to death in Deer Creek township, Mercer county, Tuesday night after their buggy broke down. They undertook to walk home, but fell exhausted. When discovered all three were unconscious, and they did not revive for several hours.

The new Methodist Episcopal Church at Punxsutawney was dedicated Sunday. The church completed cost about \$33,000. The combined seating capacity of the auditorium and Sunday school room, which can be connected is about 1,200. There are all the conveniences of a modern church.

Smallpox has broken out at Hillsville, nine miles west of New Castle. It has existed for several weeks, the nature of the disease being unsuspected and hundreds of people have been exposed to it. The village has been quarantined.

The miners employed at the various works of Coulter & Huff, in Westmoreland county, will be given an advance of 10 per cent. April 1. There will be about 5,000 men affected. The advance comes unsolicited.

Despondency over a love affair followed by religious excitement, has unbalanced the mind of Miss Ina Craig, of Oakland township, Butler county. Saturday the young woman was taken to Dixmont hospital, a raving maniac.

Pure Food Agent McGregor, of Indiana, has lodged information against 10 of the merchants of Johnstown and vicinity on charges of having violated the pure food laws by selling adulterated vinegars.

The Title and Trust Company of Western Pennsylvania has let the contract for its building at Connelville to James Wherry & Co., of Pittsburg, for \$64,000. The building, when completed, will cost \$85,000.

George Templeton, colored, charged with the murder of Sanford White, superintendent of machinery at Rainey's Mt. Braddock works, was found guilty of murder in the second degree.

Frank Dewberry, a worker in a New Castle tin plate mill, has received word that he has been left \$8,000 paid-up stock of the Anaconda gold mine by a woman he attended while a nurse in a hospital in Keango, Mont.

About 40 glass workers have left Jeannette to work in the co-operative factory at Point Marion, Ind. The majority of the men were stockholders in the new factory, which is known as "The Jeannette Glass Co." works.

Monday Ida Carnes, aged 16, accidentally shot herself in the head at her home near Linesville, the wound proving fatal.