

Followers on a Strike in Luzerne County—Deer Falls Man Sir Has H Rich at Cape Nome.

Following pensions were granted last week—Peter Bader, Johnstown, \$24; Samuel W. Anderson, Rimersburg, \$8; Thomas Irwin, Leechburg, \$8; Samuel Rhoads, Johnstown, \$17; Charles O. Bundy, Cambridge Springs, \$10; George Palmer, Johnstown, \$10; Lafayette Derby, Meadville, \$8; Catherine A. Green, Meadville, \$8; Hezekiah Livas, Beaver Falls, \$5 to \$12; Ashford Warnick, Dunbar, \$14 to \$17; Lloyd Mahaney, Uniontown, \$8 to \$10; Mary Chapman, Blairsville, \$8; Lyman R. Waddle, Beaver, \$30.

The teachers in the public schools of Pittston township, Luzerne county, went on strike and the schools were closed. Six months' salary is due some of them. The school district has been in financial straits for some time. The members of the school board say that they cannot collect sufficient taxes to keep the schools going. Some of the teachers, however, claim that the board has been extravagant, and instead of paying salaries, has spent the money in buying fine furniture, globes and libraries.

Residents in parts of Shenandoah are highly excited owing to a cave-in in the inside workings of the Kehley run colliery. Plaster fell from the walls and ceilings and water pipes burst, flooding the cellars. The hoists are from ten to twelve inches out of line and are in a dangerous condition. Property owners have entered suit against the Thomas Coal Company, owner of the mine, for damages.

Eight thousand acres of wild land belonging to Hoover, Hughes & Co., of Phillipsburg, and 1,100 acres of Troxell & Smith, of Cleveland, have just been sold to the State of Pennsylvania for a forest reservation. The land is about the small streams in Clearfield county that form part of the headwaters of the West branch, and has been stripped of all timber, but second growth is springing up.

A letter has been received at Beaver Falls from Harvey E. Fleming, a prominent jeweler who is now searching for gold in Alaska. It was dated at Slate River January 21, 1900. He states that his party have several claims that they think will be paying ones. On a claim adjoining one of these from \$15,000 to \$20,000 was taken out in a short time last season.

A burglary epidemic has terrorized New Castle, a half dozen occurring every week, and revolvers have become as indispensable in homes as cooking utensils. The home of Eugene Robinson, near Nassau, Lawrence county, was destroyed by fire yesterday morning.

Postmaster S. W. Waters, in Warren, has received a letter from the dead letter office in Washington. It had been there over 11 years, no one claiming it. The letter contained a money order issued and mailed to M. Donley, St. Marys, Pa., December 18, 1888, by Isaac S. Alden, postmaster in Warren at that time.

Alvin Stewart, a prosperous farmer of Little Beaver township, Lawrence county, a brother of Deputy State Superintendent of Public Instruction John Stewart and County Superintendent Thomas Stewart, committed suicide Monday by shooting. Ill health was probably the cause.

The body of Gus Johnson, a Swede, who disappeared from Mount Jewett, six weeks ago, was found in the woods near that place, Tuesday afternoon. He had committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. Despondency is the cause ascribed.

The establishment of the free rural delivery of mails from the offices at Clayville and West Alexander has so reduced the business of the Plants, England and Dunsfort offices that the postmasters there have resigned.

When the court for Fulton county was called it adjourned for want of business. There were no trials on the docket, no prisoners in the jail and no information to be made before the grand jury.

John Stevenson, Jr., vice president of the Sharon Steel Company, has awarded the contract to a New Castle contractor for the removal of his \$200,000 residence from the latter place to Sharon.

Andrew Carnegie has offered \$15,000 to build a library at Blairsville, subject to his usual conditions.

Matthew O'Connor was seriously injured by an explosion of gas at a well on the Wall farm, near Monongahela. He was hurled 50 feet.

Effects of L. J. Fuller, the missing tax collector of New Kensington, were sold Saturday by the sheriff. Fuller's liabilities are estimated as high as \$20,000, with new debts coming in daily.

The People's Water Company at Beaver Falls has just received an additional pump, of the capacity of 500,000 gallons, making the pumping capacity of the works 1,500,000 daily.

The board of trade of Grove City has about concluded negotiations whereby a large woolen mill will be located there. The principal stockholders of the company are Charles Powers, of Mannington, W. Va., and T. S. Bailey, of Sandy Lake.

Charles F. Hood, of Connellsville, who has practically perfected coke and coal briquettes under a process containing no pitch, is preparing to manufacture the fuel.

Lusho's Tavern. The "Lushof," a building historically famous and of great antiquity, was recently destroyed by fire in Strassburg. Incendiarism did the work of destruction which the bullets and bombs of the besiegers in 1870 were unable to do, for the building withstood the deadly weapons of warfare, while its neighbors, the library, the new church and two others, were completely demolished. Later, when peace was established, the highest honors that the Germans could bestow upon the place were certain made use of, and it received the distinction of becoming a tavern.—New York Herald.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

**Buttons on Gowns.**  
The craze for buttons on cloth gowns seems to be increasing, and it must be granted that they give a pretty touch of color to a costume. Buttons set with real gems are the thing if you can afford them; if not, the very latest fancy is cameo in either stone or shell.

**Rose Leaves For the Bride.**  
The opening of the door to permit the departure of a bride and groom has hitherto been the signal for a general pelting with rice—a Chinese custom conveying wishes for good health and prosperity. But this custom has been so abused with vulgarity, often producing injurious results, that it is being discarded at the weddings of careful people, and showering the bride with rose leaves or loose flowers has been instituted. These flowers are then again picked up and kept as souvenirs by the guests.—Mrs. Burton Kingsland, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

**Her Ideal's Fables.**  
A woman's ideal man can seldom be described as good; never in the sense of narrow squeamishness. But little faults which have no touch of meanness and are essentially masculine had ready absolution at a woman's hands. With what a note of tenderness may she say, "You had felled!" when he has mischievously tried her patience by some purely manlike peccadillo. Would she be better pleased if he had no such small failings to be forgiven? Probably not. But of all things a woman most detests in a man are those little foibles which are supposed to belong exclusively to her own sex, but which really are of very common gender. Was to the man who is not manly! His very virtues will count against him and only furnish material for ridicule. Anything will be more readily forgiven him than the mannerisms of a woman.—Carrie E. Garrett, in Woman's Home Companion.

**Fashions in Mourning.**  
The question is often asked, Is mourning going out of fashion? The answer is yes and no. Among the lower middle classes it certainly is; among the upper section of society it is as much observed as it ever was. Royalties set an example in this respect in Europe, for their mourning is always deep, and creps is used to a great extent by them. It is quite true that the old system of things which robbed the trappings of woe of any undue becomingness has been abolished, nor are these same trappings quite so funereal, for which let us be thankful. The time of mourning is also considerably shortened, though there are still a few people who have more regard for the state of their feelings than the dictates of fashion.

After eighteen months it is merely a matter of fancy whether the wearing of mourning in its kindred shades—meaning mauves, gray and violet—shall be discarded altogether or if one shall resume the wearing of colors. Age usually settles the point. A very young widow will undoubtedly take advantage of the latitude thus allowed and emerge from her period of sackcloth and ashes in raiment of brightest hue. For immediate members of the family mothers and sisters are required to wear mourning for a year, during the last half of which it is lightened. It is not good form to appear at social gatherings until the expiration of this prescribed term. The younger members of the home circle may wear white throughout the period if they desire. A band of bombazine worn on the sleeve of either a tan coat or jacket is a permissible badge of mourning, but is not approved by those authorities who insist upon the strict and consistent observance of the rules, which means all black.

**Women in the Drug Business.**  
"There is a field for girls in the drug business," remarked a druggist to a representative of the Washington Star, "as there is a constantly increasing demand for their services. I could employ two myself if I could secure them, and I know of several other druggists who are in the same position. For some reason which I cannot understand there has been but little opportunity for girls to learn the drug business until the past five or six years. Our experience with them, as far as we could secure them, has been exceedingly satisfactory. Though the law and medical colleges opened their doors to young women some years ago, the colleges of pharmacy held out against them, and the only way by which a girl could learn pharmacy was to get employment in a drug store. Young women have been for some years employed in many drug stores as cashiers and as soda water clerks, but somehow they are never allowed to learn the art of compounding prescriptions. A few of the homeopathic pharmacies broke the ice and instructed young women to compound their medicines, and with this knowledge of the business as a starter many were installed in the drug stores. They proved themselves to be excellent prescription clerks, and there are many physicians who would rather have them compound their prescriptions than men. Of course, it is not possible for a girl to learn the drug business unless she has a substantial education and a taste for it. It represents a great amount of work and many more hours in a day, and every day in the week, than almost any other calling. A fundamental knowledge of Latin is necessary, but after one gets into the inside of the business it will be found that there is

other, rushed together with the momentum of a miniature cyclone. Though apparently fierce and uncalculated, this meeting was totally unlike the rushes of unskilled fowls; each cock was on his guard, and while going at his enemy with great fury, was nevertheless very careful to avoid blows and picks. At first nothing was visible but a revolving mass of feathers, so close were the two; in the quiet of the intensely excited spectators, the thud, thud of blows striking on the thick coating of feathers on the breast could be plainly heard; even the painful pantings and gaspings of the two fighters were distinguishable; then, as the fury of the onset grew spent, the cocks would separate a little and strike at one another, springing high up in the air to give and avoid blows.

Now we could see the fight plainly. Though brutal, it must be confessed that it was magnificent to witness the skill with which the fighters feinted and parried, struck savage blows which were dodged with the skill of a master of the science, warded off some swift cut which would seem as if impossible to avoid and never for an instant lost sight of the opponent's eye, seeming to read in it the contemplated move or spring.

Thus far, no blood had been shed, it was purely an exhibition of skill, and were it always so, it might be sport not near as brutal as prize fighting. But the next round was more fierce, and it was hard to tell which cock was worst damaged when time was called. The umpires rushed in and each grabbed up a cock and handed it to the owner, who began to look it over to see the extent of the injuries, and then administered stimulants and smeared on some kind of salve to stop the flow of blood.

We were surprised at this move on the part of the umpires, and turned to our Filipino friend to learn the reason therefor. He explained it to us as being a necessary precaution. This space was also a lounging place for those who made "books" on the fights; this latter class of gentry was composed of Chinese, most numerous, a few Spaniards and one solitary Filipino, the Chinese being in the majority on account of the fact that it required some capital to conduct a successful book, and this most of the natives sadly lack. All bets were taken by the "bookies" with impartiality, either for or against a cock, on the number of rounds, the probable damage to the victor or any other of the many ways in which the gentle Filipino wastes his cash in betting.

Back of this place began the seats, arranged in tiers similar to our arrangement of opera seats; they were divided into classes of which the price differed according to location and comfort. The seats reserved for the officials and those able to pay for them were cushioned, the next class had matting on them and the third and lowest price, the top rows, were bare. These were mostly filled with poor natives, the better class of natives, clerks and lesser lights among the Spaniards and the well-to-do Chinese being divided among the first two divisions. One side of this pit was without seats; this was set aside for the natives too poor to pay for a seat. Admission was paid in a coin equaling two cents in our money. The building was filled to its utmost limits with a wildly excited crowd of poorly-clad people of both sexes, eagerly betting everything they owned among one another, being too poor to bet with the bookmakers.

The fight was heralded by an announcement from a native, whose bosom was swelling with the pride of his duties and a starched shirt, the tails of which hung conspicuously outside his trousers, of the wonderful achievements of the two fowls in words of many syllables. The delivery of this oration (for it was nothing less) was the sign for long and loud cheering on the part of the spectators, who were impatient for the fighting to begin, and as soon as it was over nearly every one rushed up to the bookmakers to place their bets.

Before the fight began, each cock was inspected by the umpires to see that it had on the regulation gaffs and was not otherwise rigged up with forbidden devices. The gaffs were of the finest steel, scimitar-shaped, with the concave edge down; this edge is as sharp as a razor, and a severe blow from a gaff has been known to completely decapitate a fowl; they are about two inches in length and come to a sharp point. The upper edge is blunted.

The spurs furnished by nature to a fowl are not considered deadly enough by the savage tastes of the Filipinos, so those spurs are cut off at a length of an inch or so and the hollow part of the gaff fits over the stump. Clasp around the leg keep them from falling off or slipping. It is a comical sight to see a lordly cock stepping along the sand of the pit wearing a pair of these huge spurs, when are so long and so awkward that the cock trips over them at almost every step; but in the combat of the pit, all is different, a trained fowl uses his spurs with all the skill of a fencing master with a rapier, all the awkwardness is gone.

By way of note, sometimes the cocks are allowed to fight with their natural stumps of spurs. This, however, only for a match of skill between two fowls whose owners do not care to risk their slaughter, or between an old and a young fowl, to train the younger in the ways of using his spurs in a real fight. So well are the game birds trained that often a skillful one can kill its less able adversary without hurt to itself. With a cheer from the multitude, the umpires each took up one of the fowls and placed them on the sand some four or five feet apart, holding the struggling cocks fast until the word was given; at the signal each released his hold and the two cocks, infuriated by the sight of one another,

A COCK-FIGHT IN ILOILO.

BY FREDERICK T. GORDON.

COCK-FIGHTING is the national sport of the Filipinos, as baseball is in the United States, cricket in England, and bull-fighting in Spain; it is indulged in by high and low, in hand-somely fitted out pits and on the sandy stretch in front of the native hut. No true Filipino is too rich and proud to own a choice assortment of game-cocks, of long pedigree and marvellous capacity for fighting and endurance, and none is too poor to own one (or at least a share) of more or less claim to a fighting strain. In the Filipino heart, the order of his affections is thus: first, his game cock, next, money, then his wife and family, and in close order a general desire for rest and a taste of the fiery liquor distilled from the spent stalks of the sugar-cane on the plantations.

As much care and money, comparatively, is spent in the Filipinos yearly on the maintenance of game fowls and fighting them as is spent here on blooded horses and race meetings, and far more is lost in the cock-pit, by those, able and unable to afford it, than on all the horse racing in the United States for a whole season.

A native will bet everything he possesses on a favorite bird, even to the clothes on his back, and if he has nothing to bet, he will steal it from the most convenient source; were they a race who took their troubles to heart, the list of suicides every year would be appalling; as it is they simply shrug the shoulders and abide their time until a chance comes their way, when they have been stripped of everything in the ups and downs of cock-fighting. Cock-fights are held in the largest cities as regularly as theatres; Sunday is the day usually chosen for the main between birds of pedigree, though a fight is on somewhere every day, and if the cocks advertised for that day are of any note, the seats around the pit are usually full, and when there is a match between birds representing two cities or provinces, the capacity of the building is taxed to the uttermost, all classes and conditions of men and women attend, the disposition being only limited by their purses. The main are advertised on the streets with gaudy pictorial representations of the cocks, just as we advertise the coming of some great actor or prima donna, and for days before and after a big fight the conduct of the birds are the sole topics of conversation high and low.

The game cocks are raised and attended with the greatest care; every attention is lavished upon them, and they are the motive for about the hardest work a Filipino ever does; the pedigrees of full-blooded birds is registered as carefully we register that of a horse or dog; an association of breeders attends to this matter and arbitrates all disputes. To belong to this association is the highest honor to which a Filipino can aspire, as the men are usually wealthy and it gives high social standing.

As soon as they are able to walk around, the cocks are kept separate from one another, lest they receive injury by fighting among themselves; their diet is regulated with the utmost care, being one calculated to develop as little fat as possible and as much muscle as can be gained. Red peppers, opium and raw rice is given from time to time to make the birds savage, and they are tantalized with the sight of other cocks behind a screen and are taught not to be afraid of anything. Further instruction is given by the patient trainers in striking with the gaffs and these are put on every day to accustom the birds of the feeling of them. Once in a while, a cock is allowed to fight with a loved fowl, to make it more fierce by the sight of blood and confident from the easy victory obtained.

As a consequence of all this, when a bird is fit and ready to go in the pit, it is a savage in feathers, afraid of nothing, and will fight as long as a spark of life is in its body, and seems to rejoice to see the blood spurt from the body of its foe from the cruel blows of the gaff.

The cocks are always kept in condition save in the breeding season; as a matter of precaution, the comb is clipped close to the head, the legs are plucked and shaven and the neck and wings are trimmed as close as possible; all this is to make them less liable to being fouled in an encounter and makes them lighter and more active, and gives little hold for the beak or gaff of an antagonist. The breast feathers are allowed and are trained to grow as thick as possible, for on the breast most of the blows are received, the birds being trained to oppose this thick cushion to the blows of a foe.

From long selection and breeding, there is now a race of game fowls in the Philippines which combines all these points in a remarkable manner, and next after courage shown on the field of battle, a bird is valued by its adherence to the standard. If a bird shows cowardice in its first fight, its neck is very promptly wrung as a punishment for its behavior and as a prevention to the perpetuating of the strain in breeding.

All fights are to the death of one or both of the combatants, unless one runs away, and then it is killed by the umpire. Every means possible for making the cocks fight and keeping them alive is allowable and is practiced; drugs and rum are given, the fowls are warmed in the breast of the owner or trainer, air is forced down their throats by tubes and nowadays