

It is better to be sensible than technically correct.

Betty Green is said to be studying stenography. It is not suspected that she intends to add to her income by taking a salaried position.

Long before school boards were established in England, Canadian children were instructed free of cost between the ages of 7 and 12. This education is compulsory.

The London papers are gravely pointing out, as a result of the anarchist troubles, that "Patterson, N. J., ought to be closely watched." This is placing in an elevated position the city heretofore known to fame as "the best circus town in the country."

The consumption of tea in the United States was estimated at 80,000,000 pounds in 1896; Great Britain and Ireland, 184,500,000 pounds; Russia, 27,550,000 pounds, and Canada, 22,464,000 pounds. In coffee, the past year, it is estimated that the consumption in the United States was 712,224,000 pounds.

There has never been a time when the countless man has not been found with us. He is to be found in the mills and factories; in the fields and the mines—everywhere, indeed, where hard labor is expected of mankind. He does not stop to ask what convention decrees with respect to either coat, collar or vest. He just takes them off, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Cape Hatteras is to be marked for the benefit of mariners with the largest steam-propelled and electric-lighted lightship in the world. The vessel is now being built. It will be 112 feet in length, 28 feet 6 inches in beam and have a depth of 14 feet 10 inches. It will have three electric lights clustered at the head of each of its two masts 50 feet above the water line. These lights will each be 100 candle-power 100 volt lamps and will be controlled by an automatic flashing device. The interior of the vessel will be lighted by 800 16-candle power 100 volt lamps.

If there is no tranquillity in the ideal home without domestic economy, there can be also no good temper and happiness without the thrift that ends in saving. It is not alone necessary to spend no more than your income; it is equally obligatory to save a portion of it for future emergencies. The man who has not the fortitude to avoid consuming every year all his earnings of the year does not deserve an ideal home. To be solvent, a man should have sufficient earnings saved and invested to meet the inevitable rainy day which comes in one form or another to every individual and every family, claims a writer in the Christian Register. To be honorable in his marriage vows, a man should have some provision made, in the form of a life insurance for the support of his wife and family, should death suddenly overtake him.

The superiority of American agricultural implements and the enterprise of American implement makers has carried them into so many faraway parts of the earth where fertile farming lands are to be found that is a veritable surprise when any extensive region is discovered where they are not represented and which offers a new market. Such a one seems to have been discovered by Consul Davis of Alexandria, in Asia Minor, who calls attention to a recent report to the fact that in a late tour through the interior he was much impressed with the lack of proper methods of farming. The region is a fertile plain of nearly 2000 square miles, but plowing is mostly done with a sharp stick, pointed with iron, while the harvesting is with a sickle and the threshing by beating out the grain with oxen or horses drawing a short sledge. The consul states that a light cheap plow which could be easily drawn by a pair of oxen would find a ready sale, while he is sure that a very important business could be built in light threshers especially adapted to the needs of the country. The steam power thresher ought not to be of more than two horse-power, easily transportable on wheels by one or two horses, with engine and hopper attached, the fire-box being especially designed to burn straw. He states that threshers of this kind, operated by horse or steam power, could be sold by the hundreds every year to the small farmers in that part of the world, as the country is comparatively well populated, is fairly prosperous, and the success which would attend the operating of one thrasher would induce others to buy.

THE MISSING FREIGHT.

BY HAROLD NAEMANSSON.

Rodney Graham was well thought of in Crescentville. His father, Nelson Graham, had run the general store there for many years, and was rated in "Dunn's" as "G. S. M. 3.," which cabalistic letters established the Graham credit on a solid foundation throughout the United States, so that whenever a salesman happened to stop at Crescentville, he always made a call at Nelson Graham's.

Crescentville, Illinois, was a flourishing city of over 2000 inhabitants, and, of course, things were just rushing. The city contained two manufacturing plants, a brewery, a First National Bank of Crescentville, an Electric Light and Power Company, and a railroad depot. Also, various stores and small industries according to its needs. The railroad was a loop of the B. R. & C. S., the main line ten miles from Crescentville.

Nelson Graham, as the proprietor of the general store, was quite an influential citizen, and it was understood that his son, Rodney, was in a position to pick the profession of his choice. The law, medicine, art, music, poetry, stenography, bookkeeping, were all within his reach; he considered them all from different points of view (very differently from most people) and then deliberately chose the profession of stoking a freight engine. The masses of Crescentville resented his choice. They were surprised and displeased. They discussed it over tea tables, drug counters and saloon bars, and decided that Rodney, though smart, was born without ambition. For this reason they voted against Nelson Graham when he ran for mayor, and defeated him, which shows how the sins of the sons are visited upon their fathers.

Rodney Graham was peculiar in many ways. He came home to Crescentville once a week, and in his conversation frequently cursed the freight engine. Instead of having a consuming affection for it—as all well regulated stokers are supposed to have—he shamefully abused and (metaphorically) despitely used it. He said the boilers were bad—the brakes were no good—the engineer was crazy—and that were it not for his untiring zeal and sleepless watchfulness, fast freight Number Forty-Six of the great B. R. & C. S. R. R. would be continually jumping off the track and having to be lifted on again at great expense of life and money. He said that all stokers were excused from purgatory; but notwithstanding all the things he said he stuck to his job, and when his father solicited the votes of his fellow citizens for the honorable position of alderman, his fellow citizens elected some one else.

In addition to running the Crescentville general store, Nelson Graham was interested in the First National Bank of Crescentville. He had always deposited his receipts there, and as they had grown in volume he had invested what he could spare and was now vice-president of the bank. It was in the fall of the year that the free silver agitation burst forth in all its virulence. The Democratic party would surely win the elections, and the value of the dollar would be cut in half. The farmers all around Crescentville wanted their money before the dollar depreciated. The Crescentville bank had money loaned out to a number of neighboring manufacturers on easy terms, and this money could not be called in. Therefore the Crescentville bank was in difficulties, and the farmers came up and besieged it.

If the bank suspended, Nelson Graham would go with it. If the bank pulled through, Nelson Graham would pull through. The bank wanted \$30,000 to meet the demands upon it, but no one knew where to get the money in time.

These were the circumstances when Rodney Graham departed from Crescentville one afternoon, to stoke fast freight Number Forty-Six, which he would join at St. Louis, stoking it to Chicago and back. The station agent was on the platform at Crescentville, and saw Rodney Graham get into the cab of the train which left Crescentville for St. Louis at a quarter before six. The freight agent at Mattoon saw Rodney Graham in the cab of Number Forty-Six when it stopped for water. It left Mattoon on time—passed Kalakoka on time. But it did not reach Dalabeke. It was signalled to Dalabeke, and the operator there waited for it, because after it had gone it was his intention to get his supper. Number Forty-Six was 15 minutes late; 30 minutes late; 45 minutes late; one hour late—clearly it must have met with some accident since it left Kalakoka.

On arriving at Kalakoka we found the station deserted. We then went to Tompkins' house and found him in bed. On rousing him, he stated that fast freight Number Forty-Six most certainly passed through Kalakoka on time, and distinctly insinuated that, if Dinkins didn't see it pass through Dalabeke, Dinkins must have been the worse for something—perhaps liquor. "Mr. Dinkins hotly resented this insinuation, and the two men were fighting before we had an opportunity to interfere. The Kalakoka policeman unfortunately happened to be near, and rushing up, began clubbing us all, under the impression, I suppose, that we were an organization of bandits about to make a raid on the village. After an extended period of general misunderstanding, altercation and personal injury, the tumult was stilled, and we all returned to the depot. Here Dinkins wired St. Louis, only to be informed that fast freight Number Forty-Six had left that city on time and that nothing unusual had transpired.

"As nothing could be made of it we started back along the tracks to Dalabeke, where we arrived without incident of any kind. Part of the railroad ran through a wood which was fenced off by posts and barbed wire. The rest of the way the railroad ran through open prairie.

"It was ridiculous to suppose that a fast freight train could have utterly disappeared between Kalakoka and Dalabeke and the only probable hypothesis seemed to be that Tompkins was mistaken in some way in supposing that the train had passed Kalakoka." Thus ends the doctor's narrative. The next morning it became evident that fast freight Number Forty-Six had in some way disappeared. Chicago, however, took it as a joke. The newspaper reporters went down to see Tompkins, who had seen the missing train pass Kalakoka. They plagued and exasperated him to such an extent that he resigned his position in disgust. A Chicago paper printed a funny article in regard to Tompkins, entitled, "The Freight That Didn't Materialize." The Federal Express company's representative called on the president of the B. R. & C. S. R. R. and was informed that freight Number Forty-Six had not yet left St. Louis. The Federal Express company's representative expressed his satisfaction and inquired when fast freight Number Forty-Six had not yet left St. Louis. The Federal Express company's representative expressed his satisfaction and inquired when fast freight Number Forty-Six would leave St. Louis, because she had \$50,000 in currency aboard, and the Federal Express company was anxious.

The president of the B. R. & C. S. R. R. answered that the \$50,000 was all right, and that the disquieting rumors were nonsense. Then he wired St. Louis that fast freight Number Forty-Six must be found at once. St. Louis replied that they would immediately put on a tracer, and thereafter maintained silence.

At Crescentville, Illinois, there were sensational doings. The bank had just managed to hold its own for the day by the method of taking an unprecedented long time over doing everything. When the hour for closing came there were certainly over 200 excited clients of the bank waiting their turn to withdraw their money, and these people camped in the street for the night, making all kinds of threats, and vowing all kinds of vengeance against everybody connected with the bank if they should not be paid promptly the next morning. The officers and employes of the bank stayed inside and did not venture out.

About 4 o'clock in the morning an extraordinary thing occurred. A posse of men rode into Crescentville, well armed and wearing masks. They rode straight to the bank, were admitted after a short parley, and did not come out again.

But at nine in the morning the bank opened its doors, and the run began anew with great desperation. Depositor after depositor was paid off until scarcely any were left, and the people stood around and talked about it. There seemed to be no end to the bank's resources, and at last a large and influential customer exclaimed— "The bank is all right and we are a pack of fools. I am going to deposit my cash again!"

There was a murmur of approval, and then everybody began to laugh. Right after the influential man followed a long line of people desiring to re-deposit the money they had only just withdrawn. Such a day of business the Crescentville bank never had before, and it is not at all likely ever to have again. An enthusiastic meeting was held at the Masonic hall that evening, at which it was unanimously resolved to nominate Nelson Graham as next mayor of Crescentville. In the meantime, the B. R. & C. S. R. R. people were still hunting for fast freight Number Forty-Six. They hunted for it in the train yard in and about St. Louis. Single cars had been lost in those yards in great profusion and never found again, but when a whole train could get lost like this it was evident that there must be carelessness somewhere. During the search a reporter discovered engine Number Forty-Seven in a neglected looking roundhouse and promptly

wired the news to Chicago where the information was considered as quite important, although in what exact relation no official could say. It was quite possible, Number Forty-Seven having been found, that Number Forty-Six might not be far off, unless it had accidentally plunged into the Mississippi, or strayed to Kansas City by means of a misplaced switch.

Dinkins of Dalabeke had accepted the explanation that the train could not have left St. Louis, and that Tompkins and others must have been mistaken. On the second night after the train was lost, Dinkins was quietly playing his usual game of checkers in the depot with a friend. Dinkins was in a terrible position where one wrong move would lose him the game, and he was intently studying the absorbing problem, when his friend said—

"What's that?" Dinkins paused on the brink of destruction and looked up aghast. He put his hand to his ear and—there was no doubt about it—he heard the slow puffing of an engine coming toward Dalabeke. Dinkins says he shall never forget the sensation.

"It's Forty-Six's schedule," said Dinkins, deliberately, "but it ain't Forty-Six." Therefore, speaking very slowly, "therefore, it must be Forty-Six's Ghost!"

Even as he spoke, the puffing of the engine grew nearer and nearer, and slower and slower, until at last it ceased entirely.

"She's gone!" whispered Dinkins in horror-stricken tones.

Then the sound of a yell came from somewhere.

Dinkins got up and crept carefully along to the window, while his friend watched intently, as though he expected the ghost of fast freight Number Forty-Six to jump suddenly through the window at any moment. Then—

"Hallo!" said Dinkins. "Come here, Tom!"

"What fur?" demanded Tom, very doubtfully.

"It's Forty-Six!" said Dinkins. "Her light's a-burnin'!"

"Oh! her light's a-burnin'!" repeats Tom, dogged and immovable.

But out flew Dinkins, racing at top speed down the track toward the train. When he reached it there was no engineer, stoker, brakeman, nor any kind of living soul to be seen. But there was a fearful racket going on in the third box car.

"What's the matter there?" shouted Dinkins, from what he considered a safe distance.

"Break open the car and let us out!" responded a number of voices. "Get a rail and knock the—lock off!"

"It's us!" shouted another voice, which Dinkins recognized at once as the voice of Rodney Graham, stoker.

So Dinkins followed directions, got a rail, broke the box car, and found the entire train crew lying on the floor of the car, bound hand and foot.

Whether it was sheer bewilderment that caused it, or whether the subtle and pervasive odor of the box car was responsible, Dinkins says he doesn't know, but he says that altogether he felt so dazed that he hadn't the slightest recollection the next morning of the explanations that were hurled at him by the imprisoned men as to the cause of their extraordinary condition.

Fast freight Number Forty-Six puffed out of Dalabeke station en route to Chicago shortly afterwards, and was respectfully signalled, and notified, and switched, and a k.d. through by operators. The train dispatcher, thinking he must have made a mistake, altered his schedule and said nothing.

The next morning the Federal Express company received their \$50,000, and they said nothing.

But a day or two afterwards the general manager of the B. R. & C. S. R. R. fished a memorandum out of some forsaken pigeon-hole and said—

"By the way, what has become of this freight Number Forty-Six?"

The clerk looked up the records and found that it was at St. Louis.

"Where ought it to be?" demanded the general manager.

The clerk looked up more records and reported that St. Louis was where freight Number Forty-Six ought to be. So the general manager tore up his memorandum.

Critical persons may talk about the train's way bill and other railroad tape that is supposed to keep track of trains present or missing. In regard to this we have nothing to suggest, except that if one studies the records of some politicians there will appear many a hiatus irregularly filled in. We look askance, like good Samaritans, and pass by on the other side.

Dinkins sat in the depot, playing checkers with his friend, one night, when fast freight Number Forty-Six came thundering by.

Said Dinkins— "That's no ghost!"

Said Tom— "Queer go, that!"

"You may say that!" responded Dinkins.

"I've heard of ghosts' walks in my time," continued Tom, "but you know, that was the first time I ever saw one."

"Ah!" murmured Dinkins, resting his finger on a checker.

"Right over behind the pond in Elijah Baker's wood," said Tom, "west of the tracks, old Walker keeps a shooting box, and there's a lot of rails there and a switch."

Dinkins nodded inquiringly. "The mark of them rails is on the grass yet!" concluded Tom. "Oh, it's fank!"

"So it is!" assented Dinkins. "I seen 'em myself."—Waverley Magazine.

WHERE DOES THE SUN'S HEAT GO?

According to the ordinary view the sun is constantly radiating heat in all directions, and I think, it is generally supposed that only a small portion of this heat encounters material bodies at any distance, however great. If so, the question arises, What becomes of the residue? Physical research leads us to believe that heat cannot be destroyed, but only transformed; yet many persons seem to think that this heat vanishes like a ghost without transformation and without producing any effect. This may be so, but it is so much opposed to physical analogies that we should be slow to accept it unless on the basis of definite observations which, I think, it will be admitted are not at present forthcoming.

Nor can we confine the question to the sun. The loss of radiant heat must on the theory which I am now considering extend to all the stars. A larger portion of the heat of some of them is no doubt intercepted by other bodies, but some of it must escape—vanish. The whole universe is losing heat; or at least it is losing motion, for the supply of heat may be temporarily kept up by the conversion of motion into heat (as, for example, by a bombardment of meteors).

But that a good part of the radiant heat vanishes, thus lessening the total amount of force—of heat and its equivalents—in the universe, seems to be a common opinion. This theory, however (for of course everything on the subject is theory), will strike many of your readers as unsatisfactory for physical, not metaphysical or theological reasons. But if this heat be not lost, what becomes of it?

If the sun's rays and those of the stars always met with some material body, however great its distance might be, the problem would be solved; there would be no loss of heat to the universe. The sun may at present be radiating more than it receives, and, consequently, cooling; but in traveling through space it may reach other regions in which these conditions will be reversed. But it seems plain that if this be the case, the greater part of the bodies which encounter the solar heat are dark bodies, or else that there is an absorption of light in passing through the ether. Such an absorption of light and heat by the ether—as maintained, I believe, by the great observer Struve—would equally solve the problem; for the light and heat thus absorbed could not be lost, and would probably be given back by the ether to material bodies in some manner not yet traced. Otherwise, it would change the properties of the ether.

A third possible alternative is that radiation, like gravitation, only acts between material bodies, and that, though, like gravitation, it acts on a material body in any direction and follows it in all its movements, there is no expenditure of force in the directions in which no material body is encountered. On this theory also there would be no loss of heat. There would only be an interchange of the same kind as if every heat ray ultimately encountered a material body.

—W. H. S. Menck, in Knowledge.

Muir Glacier Not Destroyed.

"The tales of the complete destruction of the great Muir glacier in Alaska are absolutely without foundation," said A. O. Hewitt, who has returned to Minneapolis from the Territory.

"There can be no doubt that an earthquake or an upheaval of some sort did visit the glacier, for huge icebergs have been torn from it and are now banked up in the sound about it, making navigation impossible within four or five miles of the deposit. The glacier was distinctly visible through our glasses, and it appears to be fully as large as ever, with the main portion intact. This is the fourth trip I have made to the Muir, and were there any great change in its magnitude or shape I would notice it at once."

"From an artistic standpoint the shaking up has improved the glacier. Heretofore the ice itself has invariably been hidden beneath the snowlike deposit, but now the mass stands out like an enormous diamond, reflecting every shade of the sea and heavens from its brilliant sides. It will require more than an earthquake to interfere with the domestic economy of the great Muir glacier."—New York Times.

Spaniards in Florida.

Florida was originally settled by the Spaniards, and in the same way that the Old Swedes' Church in Delaware recalls its pioneer settlers and French names in Wisconsin recall the French settlement of that State, St. Augustine, Tampa, Fernandina and other Spanish geographical names recall the fact that the Peninsula State was under Spanish rule for a great number of years. But there are not many Spaniards in Florida. The last census returned the number of such as 350 only, a very small total when one considers the proximity of Florida to the former Spanish possessions in the West Indies. There are, of course, a great many Cubans in Florida, particularly in and about Key West, but their presence there was in no wise due to the Spanish traditions of Florida; on the contrary, many, if not most, of the Key West Cubans went there as refugees from Spanish misgovernment in their own country.

Very Delicate Machinery.

Machines in a watch factory will cut screws with 589 threads to an inch. These threads are invisible to the naked eye, and it takes 144,000 screws to make a pound. A pound of them is worth six pounds weight of pure gold.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED.

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Another Big Sale of Coal Lands—New Castle Students Indigo in a Riot—New Trolley Line Rejoice.

Following pensions were granted last week: John McCahon, Canonsburg, \$6; Solomon Eckhart, West Fairview, \$6; John Nolder, McDonald, \$6; John P. Schall, Leechburg, \$8; Eliza A. Gibson, Everett, \$8; William L. Irvine, Millburg, \$8; Daniel S. Fry, Falls Creek, \$8; Homer Adams, Northeast, \$8; Archibald Spratt, Leechburg, \$8; Eliza J. McGowan, Green Tree, \$8.

A large delegation of lawyers, representing the bar associations of Berks, Montgomery, Chester, Deaware, Berks and Lehigh counties, waited on Governor Stone and asked that Judge Aaron S. Swartz, of Norristown, be appointed supreme court judge to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Chief Justice Green.

A sale has been consummated for the largest contiguous block of coal land on record in Western Pennsylvania. The tract consists of over 40,000 acres, and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is the purchaser. The selling price is said to have been \$50 an acre. The land lies east of the Allegheny river, and mainly between Plum creek, on the south, and Puckety creek, on the north. It includes land in Plum and Perry counties, and extends north beyond Puckety creek into Westmoreland county, takes in the deposits of Lower and Upper Burrell townships.

The students of the senior and freshmen classes of the New Castle high school engaged in a free-for-all riot at 1 o'clock Friday morning over the raising of a flag on the high school by the seniors. The police were called to quell the disorder. Clubs and canes were freely used. Several students were so badly hurt that they are under the care of physicians. Officers had to use their axes to protect themselves against the frantic boys. The authorities have positively forbidden the boys to raise any flags, but they say they will pay no attention to the order.

Frederick Kiser is perhaps the oldest resident of Washington county, and one of the oldest in Pennsylvania. He returned his age to the census enumerator as 101 years. Kiser has excellent health, and walks two miles to and from his home to Houstonville every day.

He is a white man, but many years ago he married a negro woman. He has a large number of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He served through the civil war and receives a pension.

Isaac G. Fry, a Darlington blacksmith, is dying of hydrophobia. About two years ago, while he lived in Beaver, Fry was slightly bitten on the hand and forearm by a dog. Last Saturday morning he became violent, suffering severe convulsions, and frothing at the mouth. The physicians immediately diagnosed his case as hydrophobia. Fry is now tied down in his bed, with manacles on his hands.

The announcement that Roland Fairbank, a resident of Black Ash, Crawford county, has discovered perpetual motion has aroused much interest in the minds of the mechanically inclined in Meadville. Mr. Fairbank will exhibit his device at the Meadville fair September 25-28. The inventor was reared a farmer and a few years ago was a Meadville hotel keeper.

Governor Stone has issued a proclamation calling upon citizens of Pennsylvania for contributions of cash, provisions and clothing for the relief of Texas flood sufferers. Contributions of cash may be sent to Drexel & Co., Philadelphia, and of provisions or clothing to Theodore C. Gnaus, The Bourse, Philadelphia. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will transport contributions free of charge.

The one hundred and twenty-third anniversary of the Battle of Brandywine was celebrated Tuesday at West Chester, on the battlefield, where on September 11, 1777, for the first time the continental army carried the Stars and Stripes into battle. The orator of the day was Judge Isaac Johnson, of Media. The celebration was under the auspices of General George R. McCall Post, No. 31, G. A. R.

James Arts, who was convicted of setting fire to the Hamilton planing mill at New Castle, has been sentenced to undergo imprisonment in the Western penitentiary for 10 years. After a year of acquittal had been rendered by Wallace's order, on indictments charging Arts with burning two other planing mills, a motion for a new trial was granted.

Shenango presbytery met at New Brighton Tuesday. Rev. Dr. Jordan, of the First church, New Castle, was elected moderator, and Rev. Mr. Kirkbride, of Leeburg, stated clerk. Rev. Dunlap Moore, of Pittsburg, and others, spoke against any change in the constitution of faith, and unanimous action was taken against a change.

The coffin of Samuel Marko, who died at his home near Tilden, arrived from Baltimore. Its measurements were 6 feet long, 2 feet 2 inches high, 3 feet 3 inches wide. The dead man's measurement was taken. He was 5 feet 4 1/2 inches tall; girth measurement, 6 feet 2 inches; weight, 500 pounds. Eight men were required to handle him.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction Schaeffer has appointed E. C. Shields, of DuBois, superintendent of schools of Clearfield county, vice George W. Weaver, deceased.

In the list of dead sent from Galveston, Tex., is Mrs. Judson Palmer, wife of the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. She was a sister-in-law of W. S. Palmer, supreme secretary of the Protected Home Circle, in Sharon.

The extensive tanning establishment owned by Calvin Green, at Lewistown, was burned to the ground Monday evening. The loss is \$200,000, fully insured. The plant, which will likely be rebuilt, was valued at \$225,000, and was the largest in the State. Fifty men are thrown out of employment.

The Uniontown and Monongahela Valley Electric railway is the latest trolley venture in Fayette county. The road is to begin at Uniontown, and be built from there to Maestown, passing through New Salem and McClellans and touching all the new coke works in the new field south of Uniontown.