

The Chinese soldier does not amount to a great deal as a fighter. He is merely the man behind the firecracker.

The scarcity of coal in New Zealand has had the effect of raising the price, and the mines at present working are unable to cope with the demand. The premier proposes to take steps to terminate the leases of coal-bearing lands which are not worked.

It may not be generally known that the United States Marine Corps was organized before the navy itself. The motto of the corps is *Semper Fidelis*. And that description of Ever Faithful has been well sustained in many a trying situation in American history.

America is rapidly displacing Great Britain as the coal exporting country of the world. American miners are actually "carrying coals to Newcastle" by selling cargoes of coal in the United Kingdom itself. Other European countries, too, that have heretofore drawn coal supplies from the United Kingdom are now drawing largely on the United States.

The Russian government is distributing large numbers of pamphlets in which the advantages of Siberia for colonists are described in tempting language. Since 1893 nearly a 1,000,000 peasants have emigrated to the regions opened by the new railway. They receive reduced rates, get land at low rates, and even advances of money, while 73 schools and more than 100 churches have been built for them.

The Hartford Courant tells of a strange sight witnessed by some of the American soldiers in the Philippines during a church service recently held in their honor. The interior of the church had been bedecked by the natives in red, white and blue, the masterpiece of decoration being a painted eagle on a shield hung above the image of one of the saints. On the banner which streamed from the eagle's bill was this legend: "The Old Reliable Condensed Milk." It seems that the artist who painted the eagle had copied it, inscription and all, from the label on an old milk can, believing that the banner bore the American motto.

The rights of the wheelmen in Indianapolis have been invaded by the mayor, who has instructed the police to prevent the standing of wheels against the curbs in the business streets. This action was taken, it is said, at the instigation of business men, who have made complaints that bicycles left at the curbs obstruct the streets and annoy people alighting from carriages. Court action to test the matter is contemplated, and it would appear that the wheelmen have a good case. As the Indianapolis Press argues, "the rider of a bicycle is entitled to the use of the street equally with the owner of a carriage. His bicycle is in the same class of vehicles with the carriage, taxed in the same way, and in a greater degree than the carriage, in proportion to the use of the street, and he is entitled to exactly the same privileges. There would be just as much reason in requiring carriages to be left at livery stables instead of kept waiting in front of shops for their owners as in requiring bicyclists to store their wheels while they are busy in the shops."

Mr. F. T. Bullen, the author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," says a good word for the modern battleship, in the *London Spectator*. He says that the modern ships are restoring the old lines of beauty. Monstrosities like the French *Hoche* and *Charlemagne* are going out, but in the British *Formidable* the battleship type is reverting more to that of the merchantman. "Their spacious freeboard catches the seaman's eye at once, for a good freeboard means not only a dry ship, but plenty of fresh air below as well as a sense of security in heavy weather." Then when tested in Atlantic gales "one is never wearied of wondering at their splendid stability and freedom from rolling which makes them unique fighting platforms under the worst weather conditions." Then they steer perfectly, "a range of over three and a half degrees on either side of their course being sufficient to bring down heavy censure upon the quartermaster." Mr. Bullen is bothered by these boats since "going into action one of the first things necessary would be to launch them all overboard and let them go, secured together, so that they might be picked up again." He grimly admits that there would be no means of escape in case of sinking, for nothing would be left to float.

Woe.

Her children's cheeks are rosy,
Their limbs are strong and straight,
Her husband loves her truly,
And servants on her wait!
Yet off she sits and sighs
And off she cries
Out bitterly at Fate.

The ancient rags are costly
That lie upon the floor;
The lawn is broad and shady
That stretches from the door;
She has enough, you say?
Her sister, over the way,
Has just a little more!
—S. E. Kiser.

A LUCKY FIND.

BY ELLA M. HESS.

About eight years ago, on a warm summer's night in June, within a few minutes of 12, I was patrolling a quiet part of East Broadway when a man called out from a second story window—
"Hold on, policeman?"
"Well," I asked, "what's the matter?"
"I have just heard a heavy thump in Mr. Bentley's house, next door. He may have fallen and hurt himself. He came in a few minutes ago. Hadn't you better ring the bell?"
Mr. Bentley was a rich old bachelor who had lived entirely alone for years. It is said that in his house, to which no outsider was ever admitted, he kept a large amount of money and bonds. I rang the bell, but there was no response.
"Are you sure you saw him enter?" I asked.
"Yes. He hadn't been in half a minute before I heard a heavy jar. I have heard no sound since."
"There must be something wrong," I said, after ringing the bell a second time and receiving no response.
I tried the door, but it was locked. "Better force it," suggested the man at the window.
"I don't like to do that. Is there any other entrance?"
"Yes; that alley just beyond the steps leads to a back yard; but the gate is probably locked, as well as the rear door."
"I will go and see," said I.
Walking up the narrow alley, I discovered, by the dim light of a street lamp nearly opposite, that the gate stood open. I looked in and perceived that the rear door was open, and a faint light shone out. All was quiet. I returned to the street.
"The gate and the back door are open. Come down, and we will go in," I said to the man at the window.
In half a minute he joined me on the sidewalk, and I recognized him as an acquaintance named John Burke.
"I didn't know you lived here," I said.
"And I didn't recognize you when I first spoke," he answered.
"Well, there may have been foul work in his house, and we had better enter together."
We went up the alley, into the yard, and entered the open door. The rear room was evidently used as a kitchen, and guided by the dim light, we passed through another open door into a narrow hall with a stairway. Near the street door was a table on which stood a lighted candle. At the foot of the stairs lay Mr. Bentley, quite dead, and a frightful wound upon his head convinced me that he had been murdered.
"At my request Mr. Burke hurried away to the police station, a few blocks off, to inform the captain of the murder, while I took the candle and made a hasty examination of the premises. A number of drawers in the second story back room had been broken open and ransacked, and on the floor lay half of a fresh looking newspaper. It struck me that the robber might have had it in his pocket, and possibly used the other half to wrap up some of his plunder, leaving behind him, in his hurry, what might prove a valuable clue. I therefore folded up the fragment and put it in my pocket. A moment later Mr. Burke returned, accompanied by several officers and a surgeon."
To make this part of the story brief, I will state that the usual formalities followed, the body being handed over to the coroner, and the case was placed in the hands of the detectives. I at first intended to give them the bit of newspaper I had picked up, but as I had a half-formed theory about the murder I concluded to keep it, at least for a day or two, to see if I could find a clue to the assassin on my own account. It was lucky I did.
After dinner on the following day, while off duty and in citizen's clothes, I paused opposite a well-known hotel on the Bowery, to watch some painters who were at work on a swinging ladder under the eaves, when my eye chanced to alight on a man who sat by a second story window, apparently engaged in packing a valise.

It was Burke. What was he doing there? I had been vaguely suspicious of the man from the first; he was too officious, I thought, too anxious for an investigation. I resolved to keep my eye on him, and see where he was going.
With this end in view I posted myself in a doorway from which I could see the window at which he sat. It was open, and as he lifted some article from the ledge to store it away, the piece of "newspaper" on which it had been lying was carried out by a draught of air, and came fluttering down near my feet. On the

alert to notice every trifling circumstance, I saw that the paper had been torn irregularly, and I fancied it corresponded with the piece I had found in the murdered man's house. I snatched it up and went into the nearest door to compare the fragments. What a leap my heart gave when I discovered that they fitted together exactly! There was no doubt of it.

"I am on the right track," I muttered. "Well, Mr. Burke, you don't get off with that valise so easily." I crossed the street, entered the hotel, and was soon in the door of the room from whose windows the paper was blown. I knocked softly.
"Come in!" said a voice within.
I entered, and found Burke still seated on a chair by the window.
"I thought it was the porter," he said in some confusion. "Who said you might find me here?"
Without replying I locked the door and put the key in my pocket.
"I see that you are getting ready to go away?" I remarked.
"Yes; but—"
"Suppose you stay in New York a little longer?"

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed, rising from his chair.
"Oh, nothing of any great consequence." I replied coolly. "Perhaps you wouldn't object to my taking a look into that valise."
"Perhaps you will do me the kindness to get out of my room," he retorted. "Are you drunk or crazy? Hand me that key and go, or I will throw you out of the window!"
"Not so fast," said I, drawing my revolver. "I am an officer, you know, and I am here to arrest you for the murder you committed last night."
He started a moment, then a change came over his countenance.
"Great Heavens, Mr. McAuley, what do you mean?"
"Have you ever seen this bit of paper?" I asked.
As I extended it toward him I saw that it was a weekly paper, published in the city of Pennsylvania from whence Burke came; its date was so recent that he must have received it on the very day preceding the murder.

With a look of despair on his white face that I shall never forget, he staggered to a chair. He was thoroughly cowed, and made no attempt to escape. You see the poor wretch was new at the business.
In five minutes I marched him into the station, where he made full confession, giving substantially the following account of the crime.
The stories of Bentley's wealth had tempted him to rob him. He forced his way into the house a little after dark, one night, when he knew that Bentley had gone out, but had barely entered when the old man came in at the front door, locked it, and lighted the candle on the table.
Determined not to be foiled now, Burke rushed upon him and struck him down with the tools he had been using to break the locks. This was between 9 and 10 o'clock. Then he ransacked the house, finding a number of banknotes. In order to make a compact parcel of them, he hastily tore in two a paper which he chanced to have in his pocket, using one half for his purpose and, in his nervous haste, leaving the other lying upon the floor. Then he returned to his room, from which he called my attention to Bentley's house, foolishly thinking that by so doing he would come within the range of suspicion.
In due time he was tried, found guilty, and paid the penalty of his crime.

It was this case, which I worked up on my own account, and in which my success was largely due to mere chance, that gave me a place on the detective force. Many a man has worked harder and displayed far more sagacity than I did on that occasion, without accomplishing his end. But I do better things now, and like my work as well as some persons like to solve a puzzle.—Waverley Magazine.

Where He Drew the Line.

"You are sure you have that confidence in me that is so essential in choosing a life partner?" she said inquiringly. "You trust me fully?"
"Oh, implicitly," he replied. "I would trust you with my life. Only show me how I can prove it."
"I will," she said with a happy sigh. "Promise me—"
"Anything you ask," he interrupted. "The promise is given beforehand. For you I would go through Niagara whirlpool in a barrel. I would cross the ocean in an open boat."
"Promise me," she repeated slowly and deliberately. "That when we are married you will put your bank account in my name."
However, of course, there are limitations to even the most devoted love, and so he left her weeping over the hollowness and mockery of masculine protestations.—Chicago Post.

The Shah and Cheese.

In his story and costly journey across Europe, on his way to Paris, the Shah of Persia tasted Gruyere cheese. He nibbled it at first, doubtful. Then he took to eating it largely, and found gherkins went excellently with it. Finally he substituted it for bread, and, at a princely salary, he engaged one of the most expert makers to accompany him back to Persia.

Another View.

She—How lovely the stars look dancing!
He—And yet how sad! Innumerable worlds full of men burdened with doubt, debt, dyspepsia and domesticity!—Life.

FARM TOPICS.

Keeping the Best Cows Pays.
A difference of only one quart of milk per day for ten months, between two cows, amounts to 300 quarts, which will be worth from \$10 to \$20, according to the price obtained per quart. This fact should convince all who sell milk from the farm that it does not pay to keep any but the best cows to be obtained.

Fast Horses For Field Work.

Slow horses are sometimes preferred for cultivating, but a fast walking horse does much more work in a year than the slower one. If a horse travels twenty miles a day, and another twenty-five miles in the same time, for every working day in the year, the faster horse will travel 1500 miles more than the other. When working a large field a horse may travel from fifteen to twenty miles a day, and a difference of a mile or two, when several horses are in use, is quite an item in a week. While attention has been given to the breeding of fast trotters and runners there is room for improvement in the walking gait of horses.

Farm Water Works.

On some farms we put down a ten-inch well to a depth of 250 to 300 feet, owing to the strata of water and the amount of water wanted. Then put in a four or six-horse power gasoline engine for power, which is sufficient to raise from thirty to fifty inches of water all the time the engine would be running. Ten inches is enough to irrigate an acre in twenty-four hours, where one irrigates in furrows, but when the land is to be flooded one must build a reservoir with a gate and run the water in a flume or open ditch onto the land, and it will take almost twice the amount of water. The cost of a well and engine here is about \$1000, and the expense of running the engine is about \$1 for twenty-four hours, using 'distilled oil.—J. W. Babcock, in New England Homestead.

Cow Milking Machine.

The illustration shows an apparatus which can be used to milk a whole herd of cows at once, needing but two men to operate the machinery. One man is stationed at the reservoirs to watch the indicators and operate the pumps when necessary, and the other passes along the stalls, attaching the



teat cups and starting the flow of milk. At intervals are placed receiving cans, which are connected with the suction apparatus and also to the teat cups. Direct pipes suspended overhead connect the cans with a vacuum boiler, and the teat cups are also provided with a vacuum arrangement, which prevents the suction cups from taking too strong a hold on the teat. This is accomplished by forming the teat cups with double walls and connecting the secondary vacuum system with the pockets inside the cups, the operator who attends the machinery preserving the proper vacuum in each set of pipes to do the work without injury to the cows. Valves are provided to start the milk flowing as soon as the cups are fixed in place. With the new machine a large herd can be milked in the time it usually takes to milk a single cow, to which may be added the advantage of cleanliness and the desirability of a method which shall operate exactly alike at each milking. The animals soon become used to the machine, and stand as readily as when milked by the old way.

Early Fall Plowing.

I have learned that farmers too often neglect early fall plowing, not realizing the benefit to be derived from it. Many weeds will be kept from going to seed, many weed seeds will be induced to germinate in autumn, and later the plants will be killed by frost, some injurious insects will be destroyed, but, best of all, the ground will be in excellent tilth for next season. I have known several instances in which very early plowing was nearly as beneficial to the land as summer fallow, without the objectionable feature of being infested by weeds as summer fallow often is. I also have neighbors who brought their fields from a very poor and run-down condition back to a fair state of fertility simply by plowing the land very early. Turning under the stubble and weeds while yet green, will supply considerable humus. The soil here is a deep black loam, which is probably why it was possible to bring it back to fertility without the application of manure.

I do not wish to be understood as advocating this method as the most desirable way to bring a worn-out soil back to a fair state of fertility. I only wish to emphasize the advantage of plowing as early as possible in the fall for all small grains. The soil will be more compact and firm, and make a finer seed bed, which will conserve moisture better than if it is plowed late in autumn.—American Agriculturist.

DIAMOND DIES USED NOW.

Brass Wire Made as Fine Cobweb—Copper so Thin as to be Transparent.
One of the latest and most wonderful developments in brass making is the use of the diamond die by means of which ingot brass is today drawn down to wire of the fineness of nine-tenths of a thousandth part of an inch, says the *Waterbury* (Conn.) correspondent of the *New York Sun*. Steel may also be drawn nearly as fine, and the two products when completed are as fine and soft as the threads of a cobweb, and are as wavy and glossy as human hair.

The brass hair is of a beautiful auburn color, while the steel is of an iron gray. This wire is about as strong as a human hair and is of value for mechanical purposes, being in great demand by makers of electrical apparatus. Never before was so fine wire drawn. Until recent years wire was drawn through steel dies. The development of the diamond die to its present stage of perfection has rendered possible the production of much finer wire. In fact, the size of the wire now possible is limited only by the ability to hold together as it comes through the die.

The diamond die is made of a block diamond looking not unlike a bit of singlass. The hole through which the wire is drawn is drilled through the diamond, and the stone is then stuck on a steel slab with glue, directly over a hole in the slab which is a trifle larger than that in the diamond. The wire to be drawn is then led through the diamond so that the stone bears steadily against the slab. This keeps the brass in position.

The diamond ingots from which the cobwebby wire is made are four inches square and long enough to weigh about 180 pounds. One of these will make miles of the cobweb wire. It is first put through steel rolls until it is reduced to the size of one's finger, and then it is drawn by machinery through a set of steel dies, gradually decreasing in diameter, until it comes out in the shape of the wire of the fineness seen in the ordinary trades. Then it is put through a set of eight diamond dies, the diameter of the last being the infinitesimal part of an inch indicated above.

Another curious thing in this brass-making country is the development of hydraulic rolls which are so scientifically adjusted that a copper cent may be rolled out under them to the size of an enormous platter, and to thinness that amounts to transparency, so that a newspaper may be read through the metal. The operation has to be conducted with great care. One of the cents thus rolled out was sent to Queen Victoria as a curiosity some time ago, and the Queen returned a letter thanking the workmen.

The Disappearance of a Town.

"Whoever suffers from a sense of the youth and crudity of this country," said a returned tourist, "should take a trip to the Isles of Shogals. There he will see a few scattered relics of the once flourishing town of Gosport, a fishing village of some 600 persons, which has been completely wiped out. The Isles now occupied by hideous hotels and summer cottages, were once the home of a particularly sturdy and intelligent class of people, who had an academy that attracted students from the mainland; sold fish to Spain and other foreign countries as well as to our own, and were in every way a desirable element of population. Their downfall began with the Revolution, when they were forced to leave the islands because there was no way of defending them against the English warships, and has been made complete within the past few years, when the proprietors of the hotels have gradually become possessed of all the land. None of the fishing people are now left; their houses have been torn down, and about the only reminders of them left are a tiny, little, stone church, which was erected in 1800, and a number of graves scattered about the islands. After an existence of nearly two centuries and a half Gosport has disappeared, probably never to figure again, as the islands are doubtless a source of greater revenue as a summer resort than they would be as homes of fishermen.—Philadelphia Record.

A Remarkable Grasshopper Plague.

Some years ago the lower part of Russia was devastated by swarms of grasshoppers. The people were deprived of food, the insects eating up the entire crop, and a famine of appalling dimensions began. The emperor ordered out an army of more than 3000 men to fight them, who, armed with shovels, formed in a line and heaped up the insects, which were then buried. But this singular attack apparently made no impression, though millions of bushels of grasshoppers were destroyed. They devastated an area over 400 miles wide and 900 miles in length, leaving it as bare of vegetation as it would have been had a fire swept over the land. The insects were in such swarms that they piled up in places like snow; horses could not drag wagons through them and became covered. They flew and crawled into houses and drove people out by the terrible odor. It was estimated that 5000 people died as the direct result of this plague.

Classified.
"She is a clergyman's daughter, you said, didn't you?" inquired a young man of a friend who had introduced him.
"Yes," was the reply; "he's the rector, his wife's the director and she's the misdirector."—New York Press.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED.

PENSIONS GRANTED.

A Monster Monument 85 Feet High, Costing \$20,000—Butler Hesse Company Broke the World's Record at New Castle.

Among those granted pensions last week were: John W. Renouf, Etna, \$8; Thaddeus Lingenfelter, Claysburg, \$6; Henry Maeder, Bellevue, \$6; John G. Thompson, Mt. Pleasant, \$15; Martin Culp, Knox, \$8; minors of Nathaniel R. Fuller, Loretum, \$18; Mary E. Farrar, Waterford, \$8; John Fitz, Carnegie, \$6; Sophia M. Zelenople, \$8; Imogene Barbour, Ben Avon, \$8; Louisa Mason, Conneaut Lake, \$8; Catharine Bungardner, Calvin, \$8.

The firemen's statue, presented to the city of York by a burlesque fire company, the Darktown fire brigade, has been dedicated. The statue, which is 15 feet high, is of a bronze fireman on a pedestal. The cost was over \$1000.
Divers who have examined the wreck of the Niagara, Commodore Perry's famous flagship, are of the opinion that the stout oak hull can be raised with little effort and preserved as a valuable relic. The ribs were found to be intact to a point above the water line. Should Congress pass the bill to appropriate \$10,000 for the next Congress the hull will be raised and properly cared for.

In the burying ground at the Taylor Methodist Episcopal Church, on the old national pike, in West Pike Run township, Washington county, ground has been broken for the foundation of a monument which will probably be the highest private shaft in the State. It is to be 24 feet square at the base, 2½ at the top, and 85 feet high, of the finest Barre granite. It is being erected by James Shannon McCutcheon, who has lived near this church for 76 years. It will cost \$20,000.
It fell to the First Ward Hose Company of Butler to lower the world's record for the best raising team. There were four entries in this race, given at New Castle, by the State Firemen's Association. The world's record was formerly held by the Hunter Company, of Union City. The following time was made by the four companies competing: Mahanoy City, 42 3/8 seconds; Rescue of Butler, 49 3/8; Union City, 35 1/4; First Ward of Butler, 32 3/5.

The farmers in eight townships in Washington county propose to make a fight to save their coal from being sold at the price at which the options were taken, on the ground that the options are invalid. The coal land in dispute is held by John Kerr, a real estate agent of Greensburg, and is probably the largest ever held by one person in Washington county. It embraces about 50,000 acres.

Ezra Hiberger, a farmer living near Madison, Westmoreland county, had a desperate battle with a mad dog on his farm. The dog attacked his cattle in the field and one was so badly injured that it had to be killed. Mr. Hiberger attacked the dog with a revolver, but the battle was without success. The cur bit several cattle belonging to neighbor farmers, and the worst results are feared.

The grand jury has returned a true bill against Train Dispatcher W. S. Groves, Engineer John Davis, of Philadelphia; Conductor Thomas J. Shelby, of Jersey City, and Operator C. B. Bolder, of Souderton, charged with criminal negligence in causing the wreck at Hatfield on September 2. The district attorney decided to postpone the trial until the December term of court.

After a long and steady run the two big blast furnaces of the Republic Iron and Steel Company and the National Steel Company, at Sharon, have been banked down. Both plants will be overhauled and improved. The latter company expects to have its plants in blast within two months.
Morgan Buffington, one of this year's class at the old Kittanning academy, entered the class of 1904 at Trinity college this year under unique conditions. He is 16 years of age, and rode the entire distance from Western Pennsylvania to Hartford, Conn., over 700 miles, on his wheel.

The Marine Coal Co., a new river concern, in which Henry Stolzenbaugh, Philip Piel and other are interested, have closed a deal for the purchase of 100 additional acres of coal land back of Fayette City, on the Monongahela river. This gives the concern in the neighborhood of 400 acres of coal lands.

The epidemic of diphtheria in Altoona, is slowly dying out. There are now 76 cases, a decrease of seven since Sunday. Three new cases have been reported. The health board is working hard to stamp out the disease and in another week will probably allow the Fifth ward and Millville schools to open.
The Presbyterians of Sharon, through the efforts of their pastor, Rev. George P. Donohoe, will erect three mission chapels in South Sharon, Deweyville and Hickory township, all in close proximity to Sharon. Work will be commenced on them at once.

State Treasurer Barnett has already paid out \$1,616,251.23 to the school districts of the State for the current school year, which begins the first Monday of June. The balance of the \$5,000,000 is drawing 2 per cent. interest and will be paid out as soon as the districts make application for their share.
The Indiana County Gas Company's wildcat gas well smashes records in Armstrong county. The well is located on the Bover farm, two and one-half miles northeast of Elderton. The pressure of the new well is over 200 feet and the gas was found in the salt sand at 1,100 feet.
The state college and university council met at Harrisburg and decided to ask the next legislature to enact a law imposing a penalty upon anyone conferring a fraudulent degree.
The board of trade of Mannington will request the Baltimore and Ohio to build a new passenger depot there. A committee has been appointed to visit the railroad officials with this object in view.
The Mannington Co-Operative Window Glass Company, has been chartered with a capital of \$100,000. The incorporators are all practical workmen.
The terms have finally been worked upon whereby New Martinsville is insured of a glass plant, worth \$20,000 when completed.