

The Girl That Found the Keys.

My office of late has seemed brighter,
More cheerful by far than it was;
It may be the pretty typewriter
Who sits near my desk in the cause.

A radiant, dashing young creature;
In typewriting circles a belle;
Although I'm unable to teach her
To punctuate rightly or spell.

Her mouth like a half-opened rose is,
Her hair rivals gold in its hue,
Tip-tilted her dear little nose is,
Her eyes are a heavenly blue.

I really should feel lost without her;
For while there's a cause for alarm,
There's something attractive about her,
A thrilling, intangible charm.

Her typewritten letters are fearful,
With errors they thickly are strewed;
I scold her, and she becomes tearful,
And thinks I am awfully rude.

She breaks into silvery laughter
As soon as I'm forgotten and I've
Rewritten no end of them after
She's gone—she leaves promptly at five.

My wife, who is somewhat suspicious,
Dropped into my office to-day,
And found—well, I thought it judicious
To send my typewriter away.

I really shall feel lost without her,
For while I intended no harm,
My wife noticed something about her
That filled her dear soul with alarm.

Mother and Child.
"Where is the girl that you were?" said the
child,
And the mother smiled back to her lifted eyes,
"She lives where the faded violets go,
And the old sun shines in the skies."

"Where last year's birds sing last year's songs?"
She caught at the fancy as children will,
"But if you should meet with the girl that you
were,
Do you think you would know her still?"

"I remember her eyes and her waving hair;
I see them now as I look at you,
My little daughter, when one dream dies
Another sometimes comes true!"

"Mothers are better than girls, I think;
They wipe your tears and find out the pain,
And smile when you smile—pray do not go back
If you have the chance again!"

"Ah! there is no fear of that, my sweet,
A mother forevermore and a day
I shall be. We will let the girl that I was
With your faded violets stay."
—Charlotte Mellen Packard.

The Yacht Race.
A rattling breeze from out the west
Stretches like drumheads every sail,
Each wave beats like a muffled fall
Upon the distant bulwark of the mast.
The endless drows of tossing masts
Hurrying across the wind-swept plains.

Haul taut each sheet until it sings
Like chorals from an Eolian harp;
Now see the long bows, crown and sharp,
Rush forward, sped by tireless wings,
That cleave their way into the wind,
While long waves stretch away behind.

What grander scene of power than this
To feel the sea's strong shoulder pressed
Against the helm, as though 'twould wrest
It from thy grasp, while salt sprays kiss
The wings that glance across the swells
And scupper foam like boiling wells.

Ten miles to windward, cross and cross
The white fleet beats towards the mark,
While hemp and canvas strain. Now, hark,
How the glad waves toss and toss
The bell blows breaks upon the ear
Its brazen note more clear and clear.

And now it mounts upon a swell,
Another reach and it's a-lee,
Now swirling in the heavy sea,
The leader tugs, with sheets eased well,
And the next moment bursts her cloud
Of spinnaker athwart her shroud.

Then like some downy, snow white flock,
She's blown across the blue expanse,
The fresh wind seems to pause in trance,
To those who stand upon her deck,
The sea to cease their headlong race
In homage to her matchless grace.

The breeze dies with the setting sun,
But not the trembling air,
Ruffling the waters here and there,
Has wafted on its chosen air
Across a goal of gleaming gold,
And then the competing plinths fold.

The Art of Prolonging Life.
Dr. Robinson in Popular Science Monthly.
Somewhat different advice must be given
with regard to bodily exercises in their
reference to longevity. Exercise is essen-
tial to the preservation of health; inactivity
is a potent cause of wasting and
degeneration. The vigor and equality of
the circulation, the functions of the skin,
and the aeration of the blood, are all pro-
moted by muscular activity, which thus
keeps up a proper balance and relation
between the important organs of the body.
In youth, the vigor of the system is often
great that if one organ be sluggish another
part will make amends for the defi-
ciency by acting vicariously, and
without any consequent damage to itself.
In old age, the tasks cannot be thus
shifted from one organ to another; the
work allotted to each sufficiently taxes
its strength, and vicarious action cannot
be performed without mischief. Hence
the importance of maintaining as far as
possible, the equable action of all the bodily
organs, so that the share of the vital pro-
cesses assigned to each shall be properly
accomplished. For this reason exercise is
an important part of the conduct of life in
old age; but discretion is absolutely neces-
sary. An old man should discover by ex-
perience how much exercise he can take
without exhausting his powers, and should
be careful never to exceed the limit. Old
persons are apt to forget that their staying
powers are much less than they once were,
and that, while a walk of two or three miles
may prove easy and pleasurable, the addi-
tion of a return journey of similar length
will seriously overtax the strength.

The Doctor Was There.
The curtain had risen on the last act of
the play and the diabolical plot of the
villain was about to be exposed in all its
hideousness, says the Chicago Tribune.
Suddenly there was a commotion near
the entrance and a voice called out breath-
lessly:
"Is Dr. Kallowell in the audience?"
With the grave, preoccupied manner of a
man on whose skill the life of some fellow
creature might depend, the doctor arose
from his seat near the stage and passed
slowly down the aisle.
"What is it?" he asked.
"Doctor," said the breathless
as he drew from his breast pocket a
folded document, "I'm Special Agent & Co's
new collector. Would it be convenient for
you to settle that little bill this evening?"

Lady Wilde has finished another volume
of the mystic works of Ireland.
The J. W. Morrissey English Grand
Opera Company sang "Carmen" last week
for the first time.

O, IT WAS FITFUL,

Near a Whole Cityful, Friend She Had
None.

The story of Mary Mullins, the young
mother, who was turned out on the street
with her two children, and whose baby died
in her arms while she was sitting on a
toorstep, is a pitiful one in many ways.

The young woman had been apparently
deserted by her husband, and her friends
had advised her to put her children in a
charitable institution. But she could not
bring herself to part with the little ones,
and being feeble after a long illness she
became unable to work for them. Her
baby being sick she took it to a hospital,
where she was told that it had bronchitis,
but that it was against the rules to take it
in, though the poor mother explained her
helplessness and lack of shelter for it. It
was against the rules to take in a sick
baby, which was morally certain to die if
subjected to further exposure, and which
would be so exposed, because the mother
was homeless and destitute. But it was
not against the rules for this homeless
creature to crouch all through a cold night
on the doorsteps of a house, until her baby
died on her bosom. Then, however, the
"rules" came into play again. The
sergeant at the police station where she
went "could do nothing for her." She
must go to the morgue, and, being penni-
less, must walk there, carrying her dead
baby, after a night in the streets.

At the morgue the "rules" again con-
fronted her. They could not receive the
little body without a permit from the cor-
oner, and the coroner could not be found; so
the wretched woman had to visit another
police station, and there, after being at
least allowed to surrender the dead baby at
the morgue, the best the police could do for
her was to lock her up. Apparently it is
against the "rules" to be destitute, to be
homeless, to be bereaved. The cruelest
blow that can fall on a mother is, according
to the "rules," only a reason for treating
that mother as a criminal. Even though
no charge whatever can be brought against
her, she must be dragged before a police
justice with the ruffianry of the night, and
may count herself lucky if she is discharged
and permitted to take her grief, misery and
indignance back into the streets that offer
her neither food, shelter, nor consolation.
That this should be possible in one of the
most charitable and tender-hearted com-
munities is, to say the least, strange, but it
is not less evident that red tape is largely
accountable for it. This baby's life should
have been saved. The hospital surgeon
who declared it against the rules to take
the infant in, no matter what the alterna-
tive, should have assumed the responsi-
bility of overriding all rules in such a case.
The police sergeant, the morgue keeper and
the coroner are doubtless equally sheltered
by their regulations; but is there not room
for amendment in rules which produce
results of this kind?

Of course it may be said that Mary
Mullins was to blame for not putting her
children in an asylum. But for the credit
of human nature there are mothers who
cling to their babies with a passionate
affection, and systems and institutions
which make no provision for such cases are
defective. What is a poor mother to do
who finds herself in Mary Mullins' posi-
tion? Experience seems to warrant the
conclusion that if she had gone to any other
shelter or asylum at that hour of the night
she would have been refused admission.
Even in the daytime she would probably
have been required to go through forms and
ceremonies, and in most cases she would
have been made to care for her children
as an indispensable condition. Is it not
time that some provision should be made
somewhere in our complicated system of
charities and correction, or in the auxiliary
network of private and semi-public institu-
tions, for cases of urgency such as this
one? Should there not be somewhere in
the city a place—hospital or asylum—
where the "rules" were broad and flexible
enough to include the preservation of a
baby's life, suddenly exposed through the
heartlessness or the helplessness of others?
To expect so much relief does not seem
extravagant, and we are sure the people of
New York would be glad to hear that a
second case of the Mary Mullins type had
been rendered impossible.—New York Tri-
bune.

Imperfections of Imbeciles.
A peculiar tendency in idiots to imper-
fections and disease in the teeth has been
noticed by several physicians and it has
been studied by Madame Sollier in a hun-
dred cases of idiots taken at random. The
multiplicity and variety of the dental
lesions were remarkable and the conclusion
has been drawn that idiocy, with or without
epilepsy, pre-disposes to arrests of devel-
opment and to anomalous dentition. The
effect rarely appears in the first teeth, but
almost wholly in the second.

Germany wants Rapid Exit for Criminals.
Emperor William has instructed the
Ministry of Justice to report on execution
by electricity. He favors this method of
execution if it will produce painless death
with absolute certainty. He has sent the
Ministry copious notes on the American
and European scientific inquiries into the
matter. The Emperor believes electricity
ought not to be applied unless the prepara-
tion for the execution be short and simpler
than for hanging or beheading. He thinks
he method's hitherto suggested are clumsy.

A Forgone Conclusion.
Canvasser—I have here a work—
Master of the house—I can't read.
Canvasser—But you have children—
Master of the house—I have no children
(triumphantly). Nothing but a cat.
Canvasser—Well, you want something
to throw at the cat. (He took it.)

Thomas Burt, who was the first British
workingman to get into Parliament, was
for years a hard-working miner. He studied
political economy, made temperance
speeches, and in 1874 was elected a member
from Morpeth.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's company having
closed its provincial tour in Liverpool last
night, will leave for this country on Wed-
nesday on the City of Chicago. The com-
pany numbers about thirty-five and includes
Mr. and Mrs. George Barrett, Mr. and Mrs.
Charles Cathcart, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper-
Cliffe, Messrs. Charles Barrett, Austin
Melford and W. A. Elliott, and the Misses
Lillian Belmont, Lillian Cathart and Alice
Cooke, all of whom have been identified
with Mr. Barrett for the past six years.

COCONUT FIBER AS ARMOR.

This Waste Product Develops Great
Resistance to Bullets.

A possible use to which cocoonnut fiber
may be applied in the future is to form
backing substance for the iron plates of
men-of-war vessels. The fiber is first
powdered and then, before it is quite dry,
subjected to pressure, when the natural
viscidosity of the cellular substance of the
nut causes it to cohere and form a plate
much like millboard in appearance, but a
great deal more brittle, says the London
Court Journal.

If a hole is made in this
material, and then water is applied to the
portion adjacent to the puncture, it imme-
diately swells to such an extent as to fill
the hole.

Experiments with bullets varying from
one-half to three quarters of an inch in
diameter have been made upon a plate of
this material 18 inches square by three
quarters of an inch thick, and with very
satisfactory results. Whether, however,
the substance would really prove efficacious
as regards cannon shot has not yet been
tried. Should it prove of use in such cases,
it could be supplied in large quantities, for
millions of tons of cocoonnut fiber are
annually allowed to go to waste in India
for want of use.

Vastness of the British Dominions.
History affords no parallel to the position
of the British Empire. Great Britain
stands facile princeps among the nations.
The British flag floats over one-eighth of the
habitable globe; our Queen rules over one-
sixth of the world's population; and our
country enjoys one-third of the world's
trade. Canada has an area equal to that
of Europe without Spain, and comes fourth
on the world's list of ship-owning nations.
Australia is about four fifths the size of
Europe, and contains the elements of an
almost fabulous wealth. South Africa,
with an area almost as large as Anstro-
Hungary, or nearly four times that of Eng-
land, has so fertile a soil and so excellent a
climate that, although its progress has been
slower than that of the other great colonies,
its future will entitle it to rank as fourth
only in importance to ourselves. India is
as large as the whole of Europe if we omit
Russia, and contains a much larger popu-
lation, amongst which order is easily main-
tained; for while at home one policeman
is required for every 635 persons, in India
only one policeman is needed for every
1,200 people. Thus India, with its one and
a half millions of square miles and its
two hundred and fifty millions of inhabi-
tants, must be regarded as an empire in
itself. These magnificent possessions,
together with some sixty smaller territories
lying on the scattered fringe of many
oceans, irresistibly led us to see that the
boast of the brave Spanish soldier, that the
sun never sets on the immense empire of
Charles V., receives its most forcible appli-
cation when applied to the dominions of
our beloved Queen. The powerful world-
kingdoms of Assyria and Persia fade into
insignificance as compared with the British
dominions. The imprint of Rome's Em-
pire is indelibly fixed on all the most
civilized nations of Europe. The dominions
of Rome extend from the Straits of Gibrat-
ar to the Euphrates, from the mountains
of Caledonia, the banks of the Rhine and
the Danube, to the border of the great
African desert and to the first cataracts of
the Nile. But the British dominions exceed
fourfold those of ancient Rome. They to-
day exceed by an eighth the vast territories
of all the Russias, France a great
country, possessing colonial possessions, but
the British possessions are sixteen times
larger than those of France, and forty
times as extensive as the powerful
dominions of United Germany, and nearly
three times the size of the United States.
These facts enable us to appreciate the
eloquent words of Daniel Webster, and to
see in the British dominion, "a power to
which, for purposes of foreign conquest
and subjugation, Rome, in the height of
her glory, is not to be compared; a power
which has dotted over the surface of the
military conquests whose morning drum beat,
following the sun and keeping company
with the hours, circles the earth with one
continuous and unbroken strain of the
martial airs of England." With so vast
an empire occasional local wars are
inevitable. But never in the history of
the world have the blessings of peace been
preserved over so wide an area as the lands
over which the sceptre of our Queen ex-
ercises beneficent sway.—Westminster Review.

Blessing of Odontalgia.
The toothache causes its possessor to for-
get all other troubles, especially the troubles
of others. There may be a flood or fire in
the next town which swallows up millions
of property and hundreds of lives; murder
may run amuck past his very door; the
entire family of his nearest neighbor may
be starving to death. Its effects him not
at all.—Boston Transcript.

Undoubtedly Healthy.
"Is this house healthy?" said the pros-
pective tenant to the real estate man.
"Healthy? Well, I should say so."
"You speak very positively."
"Yes, I have a right to. The last family
in it had the smallpox from the father to
the youngest baby, and not one of them
died."

A Society Mystery.
Mrs. De Style—My dear, your wardrobe
is three months behind the fashion. Why
don't you have your husband buy you
some new dresses?
Married Daughter—He can't afford it;
he has no money.
Mrs. De Style—No money? Well!
I can't imagine what on earth you married
him for.

Got Back Home.
Mr. Blinks (in dairy restaurant, New
York city)—I'm most starved for a bowl of
milk and some berries with real cream on
'em. Bring me a double order.
Waiter—Yes, sah. Been summering on
a farm, I s'pose, sah?

A man may have a mansion in the skies
and a castle or two in Spain, but unless he
has a home up town and a few thousands
to run it he will not amount to anything in
this utilitarian age.

The season is at hand when the inex-
perienced fool goes hunting and looks down
the barrel of his gun to see if it is loaded.
No flowers.

IT WAS LOADED.

A Cigar That Went Off at the Wrong Time

The small advertising man with the
large mustache has been at it again, says
the Chicago Herald. This time he did not
know that it was loaded. He never smokes
a cigar that is given him, and this is why
he escaped disaster himself, but he made
an enemy. The other day an advertiser
gave him a cigar. He filed it away in his
vest pocket with the stereotyped re-
mark: "I'll smoke this after dinner."
When he reached the office he
met a reporter who had on several
occasions "joshed" him. Here was a
chance for him to get even. He had sized
the cigar up as a bad one, and he gave it to
the scribbler, expecting him to light it as once.
Instead of doing so he put it in his pocket
and said: "Thanks, old man, I'll smoke
this after dinner." About an hour later
the reporter met an editor. He thought of
the cigar, and asked the editor if he would
smoke. The editor took the weed, thanked
the reporter and said he would smoke it
after dinner. The editor did not meet any-
one who smoked before he went home, and
after dinner he sat out on his front porch
and lit the cigar. In about three minutes
it exploded. A man who lived across the
street thought the editor was shooting at
him.

The editor is mad. Part of his mus-
tache was singed off. The next morning
he mailed the reporter to the cross. The
reporter declared that he did not know it
was loaded, but the editor did not believe
him. Then the reporter threatened to
lick the small advertising man on sight.
The only man who knew the cigar was
loaded was the advertiser, who had designs
on the small advertising man. But he
missed his mark. He shot at the account-
ing-room and hit the editorial staff.

Persecuted Armenian Christians.
A prominent Armenian in New York
city, referring to the persecution of his
countrymen by the Kurds says: Turkish
officials pretend that the troubles in Ar-
menia are due to Russian and other foreign
intriguers, but Christian missionaries know
that the Kurds are to blame. Responsi-
bility for the trouble was also thrown upon
the Persian Government, owing to the fact
that the Kurds were on the subjects of that
Power, but the Persian Minister in London
promptly disclaimed all responsibility in
the matter. The Armenians could be
saved if the European nations would only
compel Turkey to observe article 63 of the
Treaty of Berlin, by which the Turkish
Government is bound to protect them.
With the Syrians, however, the case is
different. They have absolutely no claim
to protection from any quarter, and though
they number about two hundred thousand,
as against 150,000 Kurds, unarmed and
averse to warfare they are no match for the
nomadic, well equipped, freebooting Kurds.
By massacres and incursions these
Kurds live. They delight in slaugh-
ter, and spare neither woman nor
child. Young Armenians and Syrian
maidens are frequently carried off by them.
Whole villages are terrorized, and when
they swoop down on the inhabitants the
end of those villages is at hand. Their
hand is against every unbeliever, and yet
no man's hand seems to be against them.
Some of their great men are Agas, and
govern the poor Syrians as they please.

The Armenians hope to gain the sympathy
of foreign nations by means of their Patri-
arch, their unions and their press. Their
Patriarch, who resides in Constantinople,
recently threatened to resign on account of
these very troubles, and was with difficulty
induced to retain his position. Their prin-
cipal newspaper is published in Marseilles.
It contains true accounts of the late mas-
sacre, and shows how shamefully Turkey
is violating the pledge which she gave at
the Treaty of Berlin. Their unions are
scattered all over the world. In America
there are about 10,000 Armenians, and they
form a strong union in this city. The
Turkish Government is powerful, and will
not permit Armenians, wherever they may
be, to become insubordinate or rebellious
with impunity. In these unions, however,
work is being done that the Sultan and his
Ministers little dream of.

Albert Victor Would Slay Tigers.
Prince Albert Victor, known variously as
"Collars and cuffs" and "Eddie," is going
to India on a tiger-hunting expedition. As
it is his first outing alone, he is said to be
very enthusiastic and eager. He is also
keen to try his hand on big game and to
emulate the example of his father, who
proved himself a nifty hunter and good
shot in India many years ago. Thus far
in his young career Albert Victor has never
had an opportunity to bring down any-
thing larger than a stag. Preparations are
already being made to secure a sufficient
supply of big game, and the best tiger pre-
serves are to be left unmolested until the
arrival of the Royal hunter. There is very
little danger, however, that England will
be desolated by the loss of Albert Victor,
or that a prince of the blood will fall a
prey to a king of the jungle. He will be
accompanied by an army of elephants and
beaters, and when the game is sprung the
rifles of a score of expert marksmen will
be kept fixed on the beast until the princel-
ing's gun goes off. As a general thing on
these occasions the frightened tiger bends
all his energies to escaping, but if he should
turn upon the Royal party he would be
filled so full of lead in a second that it
would take two elephants to lift his carcass.

All the Same.
Little Girl—Can you darn your stockings,
papa?
Papa—faciously—No, dear; but I can
knit my brows.

Vengeance.
Returned Traveller—I have often thought
of that young Mr. Tesse, and how he used
to torment Miss Anburn about her red
hair. Did she ever get even with him?
Old Friend—Long ago. She married him.

Curious, Isn't It?
When a post says, "Years ago I loved a
fair and gentle maiden," everybody is
interested. When a prose man makes the
same confession everybody calls him a clam.

Somebody with a taste for figures has
made the calculation that in the year 1990
the United States will have a population of
1,000,000,000. This paragraph should be
cut out and preserved for reference at that
time.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Capt. Wiseman reports that the export-
ation of slaves from his district is decreas-
ing.

An explosion in a Prussian colliery killed
ten men and injured many others, some
fatally.

Henry Aaron Isaacs, Alderman for Port-
smouth, has been elected Lord Mayor of
London.

The workmen of Montreal are agitating
for the establishment of free night schools in
that city.

The body of Richard Maybury was found
in the Quebec ruins on Saturday and buried
yesterday.

The agitation in Germany in favor of a
war with Russia is being renewed by the
semi-official press.

The Dominion exports for August
amounted in value to twelve and three-
quarter million dollars.

The trial of Donald Morrison, the Megan-
tic outlaw, for murder, will take place at
Sherbrooke, P. Q., on Tuesday.

William O'Brien, M. P., editor of the
United Ireland, who is confined in Galway
Jail, is slowly regaining his health.

A 7-year-old son of George Shannon,
Douro, had his leg taken off above the ankle
the other day by a mowing machine.

Extensive surveys are being made with
the object of making a new channel in the
Thames capable of floating the largest
ships.

It is said that a sufficient sum of money
has been subscribed in Rome to erect there
a monument commemorating the
temporal power of the Pope.

The Chief of the Dominion Police has
been informed by the New York police
that they have unearthed a gang engaged
in counterfeiting Canadian money.

Twenty thousand pounds have been sub-
scribed towards organizing a new expedi-
tion to the North Pole, to be conducted by
Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian explorer.

It is officially stated that the almost
fruitless campaign conducted by Italy in
Abyssinia cost King Humbert's Govern-
ment upwards of 20,000,000 francs.

The Turkish Government intend to
equalize the budget by making heavy reduc-
tions in the army, and thereby effect a
saving of £2,000,000 in the expenditure.

The Louisiana State auditor in a report
to the Governor says that over \$700,000 of
State bonds which were in Major Burke's
charge when he was State Treasurer have
not been accounted for.

Comal Allen, of Kingston, Jamaica, tele-
graphs that an English warship has re-
turned from Navassa, bringing nine surviv-
ors of the riot, and reports that all is in
confusion on the island.

Archduchess Stephanie, widow of Crown
Prince Rudolph, of Austria, is paying a
visit to the sister of her dead husband,
Archduchess Gisela, wife of Prince
Leopold of Bavaria, at Munich.

Birtle, who was shot by Deas on Eliza-
beth street, Toronto, the other night, is
still alive, but has never been conscious
since the shooting. Deas is in jail, and
takes his position philosophically.

A boiler in a quarry at Wrightsville, Pa.,
exploded with terrible force yesterday. Mrs.
Lemuel Barnes was killed instantly. Her
husband was blown from her body. Her
head had his skull fractured and cannot
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