

# DEALING CRASH.

Dashes Into a Constructive Nine Killed.

Pa. despatch says: A train this morning on the Erie Railway at McKim's, a short distance from the depot, Butler county. At 5:10 p. m. a train, with a force of 50 men in putting down a new track, the work train got a freight train going west. The number was following the work train again. The main track and the men off dirt when the second work train with great force piled up in a shapeliness were a mass of broken iron and hot steam and boiler over the unfortunate ones. For a moment after was silence. Then the shrieks of the dying, the terrible that one of the escaped injury labored the trainmen and laborers began to once. The men in the debris. Several were found in several places, and the head of an engine, John Houghton, done his best to stop the train, but the freight train, was broken and shapeliness iron. Bodies of the Italian men taken from the wreck, of Engineer Houghton, number of killed to nine. At least twenty men injured, cannot recover. All of the body mangled and disfigured. The only American is said to be in Allegheny.

# ACED'S STAG.

Decide It Must Stay in the Bank.

Pa. despatch says: Counsel on behalf of the government to-day applied to the court to restrain the Mail Packet Co. from the steamship *Moselle*, with \$750,000 in bullion, on the coast of England, recently, except England for storage purposes. Counsel also asked the court to restrain the Bank of the River from the steamship *Moselle*, with \$750,000 in bullion, on the coast of England, recently, except England for storage purposes. Counsel also asked the court to restrain the Bank of the River from the steamship *Moselle*, with \$750,000 in bullion, on the coast of England, recently, except England for storage purposes.

# AT LONG RANGE.

Telephone Cable Across the Atlantic Being Considered.

Pa. despatch says: A series of suggestions with long distance telephony has led to a discussion of trans-oceanic telephony. The inventor of the wire upon which the experiments have been made, is said to be a resident of the Atlantic coast far less than cables, and with a tenth of the consequent breaking strain. The use of copper, it has been proved, is not necessary, for iron wire, it has been proved to be as good as copper, and its tensile strength is under consideration. The plan is under consideration after the war, and the subject is being pushed by capitalists.

# WITNESSES CONVICTED.

Desperado's Wife Declared a Hurdress.

Pa. despatch says: The jury in the case of Lucy R. Fitzsimmons, (wife of the late, murdered) on trial of Detective David Gilkin, after four hours' deliberation, found the time as accessories after the fact. Fitzsimmons was brought in as a witness. After the usual announcement of the jury's verdict, the jury found the guilty of murder in the second degree. Fitzsimmons never changed her mind, and the sentence that will be pronounced.

# A Great Shot.

Pa. despatch says: A man who had been hunting for a Lake Tahoe without success, came upon a mountaineer who had a caged wildcat he had shot. "How much will you give for that?" he asked. The man said \$20, and the money was paid. "Now," said the man, "I have a strong cord and another to the door of the house. The wildcat was finally accomplished, and the animal stood straining at its leash from the interior of the cabin. He crossed the window sill, took at blazed away. The wildcat fell and disappeared into the bushes.

# Heart-Philosopher.

Alcott once saw a neighbor with a pile of potato beetles on the philosopher looked very much surprised. "I wonder how you can be so sure of those insects," he said. "I do something with them," said Alcott. "I see your vines look pretty good. Do you do with yours?" Alcott said: "I gather them off with a basket, and then, as gently as I can, I blow them over the fence into the neighbor's garden."

At Santa Cruz, Cal., the other day a mistress' hat, which was made of clover-blossoms for a delicious mouthful of green, and in at one fell swoop. He was disappointed, for the clover was cotton and the stems were green.

When colds in the head are prevalent. They lead to consumption and death. Give immediate relief and cure by all dealers.

# HE TALKED TOO SOON.

A St. Louis Physician Who Wishes He Had Kept Quiet Longer.

A certain well-known German physician of the south side, says the *St. Louis Republic*, was the victim of his own "previousness" the other day. He had successfully treated a wealthy lady's daughter for diphtheria and the lady was extremely grateful for it. When the child was thoroughly well, mother and daughter appeared at the physician's office. The little girl shyly handed the physician a neat knit purse, while the lady went on to say: "For having saved my child, doctor, I want to present you with this purse."

"But," said the physician, after an embarrassing pause, "I have sent you a bill for \$3000."

The lady flushed, then said quietly, "Let me have the purse, please."

She took two \$100 bills out of it and returned it to him with the remark: "There are \$3000 in there now, so your bill is paid," and left the room.

Now the doctor is cursing his clumsy tongue for the bad break it made. That little speech cost him just \$2000.

**Wisdom From Kansas.**

The Lord hears lots about the faults of husbands from over religious wives.

The trouble in love affairs is that the parties to it love too much to love long.

A man can't love a woman he does not trust; women love men every day they can't trust.

There are none against whom men need protection so much as those whom they implicitly trust.

A friend's help in your troubles never travels beyond the point where it affects his own interests.

It is not infrequently the case that one friend makes a man more trouble than two enemies cause him.

The best loved man is he who gives the most; he is also the one least regarded when he stops giving.

That men are different from women is considered by the men as a sufficient warrant for all their follies.

"I wish I was a man," said a woman the other day. "It is always fashionable for them to be comfortable."—*Atlantic Globe.*

**The Fools are Not All Dead.**

A lazy man, whose horses and cart were stuck in the mud, prayed to Jupiter for help. Jupiter answered: "Fool! get up and put your shoulder to the wheel, and do not call on me when you can help yourself. Foolish people buy medicines and haphazardly trusting to promises made without guarantee. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guaranteed to cure colds, coughs, all lung affections, and even Consumption, in its early stages. It puts to rest all stomach troubles, purifies the blood, gives healthful action, to the sluggish liver, and drives blemishes from the skin. It is an honest medicine, and an invaluable health insurance policy which should never be allowed to lapse. All druggists keep it."

**Cure For Corns.**

An absolute and permanent cure for corns is the rest cure, says a New York *Times* writer. If you can go into a fortnight's seclusion, giving out that your ankle is sprained, and keep the corn foot in a stocking and wool bedside slipper, without pressure, and using only when walking about the room, the corns will disappear and will not return. All inflammation subsides first and the corn becomes loose and easily detached and that is the end of it.

For soft corns the constant wearing of a bit of old linen saturated every morning with sweet oil is said to be a sure cure. From the beginning the pain of the inflammation ceases, and after a time the corn itself loosens and falls out. Both these remedies are from good authority, and will bear trial; the first one, perhaps, being rather difficult of accomplishment, since many of the acids and corns are so old, irritate and produce soreness, and the knife of the chiropodist is apt to afford merely temporary relief.

**A Big Plant.**

According to E. Leader Williams, Engineer-in-Chief of the Manchester Ship Canal, England, the plant used on that work consisted of 97 steam excavators, 8 steam dredgers, 173 locomotives, 6,300 trucks and cars, 228 miles of single track railway, costing about \$3,150 per mile, 124 steam cranes, 192 portable and other steam engines, and 212 steam pumps of all sizes. The maximum laboring force was 17,000 men and boys and 200 horses. The coal consumed amounted to 10,000 tons per month. The total excavation was about 48,500,000 cubic yards, including 10,000,000 cubic yards of sandstone rock.

**Dealing in Futures.**

"You have been a grain speculator, I believe," said a solid looking business man as he entered a broker's office and without ceremony took the first chair he was waived to.

"Yes, sir, I have been a speculator, but I am out of the business, thank goodness. It's hazardous, sir, very hazardous."

"Yes. Well, then, I take it from that that you don't believe in a young man dealing in futures."

"No, sir, I do not. It is a reprehensible practice, sir; very reprehensible."

"What would you do with a son, if you had one, who persisted in dealing in futures?"

"Why, if my son—and I've got one—should deal in futures, I should wrestle with him awhile, and then if he persisted I should fire him out of the house."

"All right. Your son is coming to see my daughter nearly every night in the week, and last night I overheard them talking about how much they thought I was worth. If that isn't dealing in futures, I'd like to know your advice before I fire him."

**The Inevitable Tax.**

New York *Herald*: Mrs. Hicks—When will you ever learn, Henry, to tax your memory?

Hicks—I presume I shall start in this fall—if McKinley gets there in Ohio.

A cluste of dates weighing 18 pounds and comprising 1000 dates is on exhibition at Phoenix, A. T. near which place they were grown.

# UNPROFITABLE POLITENESS.

The Bicycle Maiden and Weary Wiggins Meet on the Pave.

She had gotten off her safety for some reason and was trying to get on again, says the *Chicago Tribune*. Some girls can get on a safety without assistance and some can't. She was of the latter class.

A young man dressed in the height of style stopped, watched her make two ineffectual attempts, laughed and went on.

A business man chuckled as she nearly fell, but did not stop.

A well dressed woman said she ought to be ashamed of herself for enjoying such a masculine sport and continued on her way.

Several people passed in quick succession, and one or two stopped. All seemed to enjoy her discomfiture. The situation became so embarrassing to her that she pushed her machine on for half a block and tried again.

Then a shabby looking man shuffled up. He saw her predicament, but he didn't laugh. He lifted his dilapidated hat politely and said:

"Can't I help you, miss?"

"Oh, if you'd be so kind," said the girl, almost discouraged by this time. "Please hold the machine steady."

He held while she got on.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you, sir," she said gratefully. "Now, if you'll give it a push, I'll be all right."

"You haven't got a dime for a feller as is broke, have you?" he asked.

"Why, I'm sorry," she said, "but I left my purse at home."

"Down you come," he said.

"What!" she said.

"A dime, or down you come again!" he repeated.

"But, sir—"

"Down you come," he said again. "I'm no duffer, don't these here polite things for pretty looks. Fork over a dime."

The case was desperate. He was letting the machine wobble a little, just to show that he meant business.

"Come to my home," she said.

"How far?" he asked.

"Only three blocks."

"Then it's got to be a quarter," he asserted.

"All right. Give the machine a push and come on."

He gave it a push and then cried:

"Hold on here. I'm no race horse."

He ran to the corner, but she was two blocks away on the cross street.

"That settles me on the polite act," he said. "This here sayin' that politeness always pays is dead wrong."

**Speedy Scotch Marriage.**

The Rev. Joseph Yair, of the Border parish of Eckford, Roxburghshire, who is now dying his Presbytery, has always been a man of strong will. To those who knew him in earlier days, it is no marvel that, although 90 years of age, he should claim to be quite able, with the assistance of a probationer, to attend fully to the spiritual wants of his parish.

As illustrating his decision of character his marriage may be referred to. The parents of the young lady of his choice were greatly averse to the match, and when the wedding day came, had her secretly locked in her bedroom. Mr. Yair was denied access. Turning to the parents with a plaintive tone he pleaded that he might be allowed at least to shake hands with her and bid her good-bye. This was granted, and the bed-chamber unlocked.

No sooner was this done than Mr. Yair seized his bride by the right hand and said, "I take you to be my wife," and she as swiftly replied, "I take you to be my husband."

The parents were dumb with astonishment, and the Rev. Joseph forthwith bore off in triumph his blushing bride, and it may be added, the hardly won wife proved an admirable helpmeet. The spirit that is baffling the Presbytery now is the spirit that baffled the bride's parents then. The old man may not be wise, but he is courageous.

**The Farmer and His Ducks.**

The following story was told by one of Chicago's prominent lawyers. No other proof of its truthfulness could be desired: "It was when I used to practice law in a little town near the centre of the State," said he. "A farmer had one of his neighbors arrested for stealing ducks, and I was employed by the accused to endeavor to convince the court that such was not the case. The plaintiff was positive his neighbor was guilty of the offence charged against him, because he had seen the ducks in defendant's yard. 'How do you know they are your ducks?' I asked. 'Oh, I should know my own ducks anywhere,' replied the farmer, and he went into a description of their different peculiarities whereby he could readily distinguish them from others. 'Why,' said I, 'those ducks can't be of such a rare breed; I have seen some just like them in my own yard.' 'That's not at all unlikely,' replied the farmer, 'for they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately. Then I called the next witness.'

**A Blessed Good Thing.**

New York *Sun*: "It's a blessed good thing," said Mawson, as he gazed on the ocean, "It's a blessed good thing the ocean's bottom is solid."

"Why?"

"Think of what a geyser there'd be on the other side if it leaked."

**Nautical Courtship.**

Chicago *Herald*: "Miss Bessie," he faltered, "do you think you could learn to love me?"

"I—I think I might, Mr. Spoonamore," she answered with downcast eyes. "If I were taught."

And the next moment he had her taught.

**That Accounted for It.**

Eminent Personage—May I ask whether you are related to the Mr. Smith whom I met at Venice last year?

Mr. Smith—I am that Mr. Smith, sir.

Eminent Personage—Ah! that accounts for the remarkable resemblance.—*Boston Globe.*

Mrs. John McLean writes, from Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1899, as follows: "I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use."

# A MURRY PIT.

Last Winter's Discovery in the Necropolis of Thebes.

On February 6th, a discovery was made in the necropolis of Thebes, second only in importance to the discovery of the royal mummies at Deir-el-Bahari by M. Maspero in 1881. About half a mile from Deir-el-Bahari a pit has been found containing several hundred magnificent mummies.

These, like the royal mummies, had evidently been removed from the tomb and concealed in this receptacle, as a precaution, by the servants of the priests, probably at the same time and for the same reason which caused the royal mummies to be placed in the receptacle where they were found by M. Maspero.

This removal is believed in the reign of Amenhotep, son of Shesang, of the twenty-second dynasty (circa 1360 B.C.). The coffins hitherto found all belong to the twenty-first dynasty, and are those of the priests of Ra-Amun and their families.

The pit is about 45 feet in depth, at the bottom of which are two corridors filled with coffins and treasures of every description.

In the lower corner—which as yet has only been explored—it is computed that there are some 200 coffins, and the second corridor is believed to be not less extensive.

The shaft is 45 feet deep, its mouth is about 12 feet in diameter, and its sides are of rough limestone. One of M. Grebaut's native assistants, who was superintending the work of hauling up the mummy cases, told me that he had found the first actually long corridor where the mummies and treasures lie. The shaft had then been excavated only as deep as the mouth of the corridor, and he crept in on his hands and knees and stood on what he describes as being like a palace of enchantment.

The corridor, he said, is some 10 or 12 feet high and 250 feet long. It runs in a northerly direction from the shaft toward the Theban hill. At the end there is a short corridor branching from it at right angles, and at some height above the floor at the end is the entrance to a second very long corridor full of treasures, which has been sealed up for the present by M. Grebaut.

Groups of mummies are placed at intervals in families. The number in each group varies from two to six or seven—father, mother and children—and around them, exquisitely arranged, are vases, models of houses, models of dahabiehs, cases and boxes full of ushabtis, statuettes and every conceivable treasure of ancient Egypt.

Without even a speck of dust upon them, this profusion of treasures had remained unlooked at by any eye for nearly 3,000 years. He said that photographs had been taken of the place in its undisturbed state, which he declared to be that of a perfectly kept and well-arranged museum.—*London Academy.*

**Keeping Dry.**

Two Irishmen were fishing upon the banks of a river, when it began to rain. With his line in his hand one of them stepped under the arch of a neighboring bridge.

"You can't fish there," said his companion. "You won't get a bite."

"What, now?" cried the first. "I don't know all the fishes will flock under here to get in out of the rain?"

**The Difficulty Mastered.**

Four-year-old Charlotte had been having some trouble with her English, but she has entirely passed her difficulties on one point.

"I see how it is, mamma," she said the other day. "Hens set and lay."

"Yes."

"And people sit and lie, don't they, mamma?"

**Morning Paper Sensations.**

Assistant—I see the *Morning News* has an editorial called "Did Patrick Henry Smoke?"

Editor—Well, you write one for our tomorrow's edition and call it "Would Washington Have Made a Good Tennis Player?" We've got to keep our end up, somehow!

**No Cause for Regret.**

An Irishman who was shingling a barn got too near the edge and rolled off and fell to the ground.

"Oi wuz comin' down anyway," he reflected. "Oi wuz just out of 'nails."

**Couldn't See.**

"Why don't you look and see where you are going?" said the needle to the pin.

"How can I, when I haven't an eye in my head?" was the pin's meek reply.

On the Missouri Pacific Railroad, 250 miles west of St. Louis, is Waterloo, and in the immediate vicinity are Napoleon and Wellington.

**Western Distinctions.**

Tenderfoot—I notice you call everybody colonel.

Western resident—When a man looks like a gentleman call him colonel. That's the style out here.

"Suppose he looks like a tough and blackleg?"

"Call him general."

**Abominable Algernon.**

Mrs. Newwed—Algernon, what did you mean by telling father that my biscuits were like tennis balls?

Algernon—I meant that they were light and sprinny.

Mrs. Newwed—Algernon, you mean thing, you didn't, you meant they were tough and rubbery and—boo—boo.

**Knowledge Costs Money.**

Irate Patron—See here, sir, I dropped a nickel into this machine and nothing came out.

Agent—If nothing came out that shows it's empty.

"But, sir, what do I get for my nickel?"

"Information."

**What Was Said.**

"Your boss sent you home?" inquired the boy's father, angrily. "What happened? What did he say to you?"

"He said I was a stupid ass."

"And so you are. And what else did he say to you?"

"He said that 'like father, like son.'"

The lowest body of water on the globe is the Caspian Sea, which is eighty-five feet below the level of its neighbor, the Black Sea.

# "August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been afflicted with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N. J.

**THE SAILOR'S KNOT.**

The Word "Knot," What It Means and How We Got It.

All seamen reckon miles or distances by "knots" or nautical miles. To know their speed they let a long line run out from the stern, in which knots are tied, or bits of colored cloth tied on at such distance apart that each space between two knots counts 120th of a mile. Thus 10 knots run out in half a minute means that the ship has moved ahead 10 miles an hour. So when we read that a steamship made so many knots or miles from noon to noon, it means a good many more statute miles. A degree at the equator is about 69 1/6 miles (69.17), but as the lines of longitude approach each other going north, in the latitude of 40 degrees a mile of longitude is only about 53 statute miles (53.05), and at 50 degrees, or on the south side of England, a mile of longitude is only about 44 1/2 miles (44.53). The seaman's distance "knot" is one-sixtieth part of a degree of longitude at the equator, no matter what longitude or latitude he is running in. It is 6,086 feet and 8 1/2 inches (6086.7), while the common statute mile is 5,280 feet. To find the number of statute miles which the ship has run, we can multiply the number of knots or nautical miles it makes by 1.153, cutting off the right-hand three figures for decimals.

**Right Arm and Left Foot.**

The right arm is always a little larger than the left, but the left foot is almost always larger than the right, presumably because, while nearly every man uses his right arm to lift a weight or strike a blow, he almost invariably kicks with his left foot while the lounge stands on his left leg and lets the right fall easily, because he has learned by experience that this is the best attitude he can assume to prevent lassitude and fatigue. This constant bearing of the weight on the left foot makes it wider than the right and it often happens that a man who tries on a shoe on the right foot and gets a close fit has to discard the shoes altogether because he cannot endure the pain caused by the tightness of the left. If when riding on a street car you take the trouble to notice you will see that in a loaded shoe the gap is much smaller on the right foot than on the left, while with button shoes the buttons have to be set back 10 times on the left to once on the right.—*Globe-Democrat.*

**Life in the West.**

Guest (in Chicago)—I really must apologize for my husband's absence. He enjoys these musicales so thoroughly.

Hostess—Shall we not see him later in the evening?

Guest—I'm afraid not. There's a couple of thousand bugs to kill for early morning delivery, and I guess Butch will find his hands full. What a beautiful volume of Browning you have!

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