TO BE CELEBRATED BY WILKES BARRE, PA. NEXT YEAR.

Anthracite First Burned in Open Grate on February 11, 1208-Supposed Original Fireplace Found to Be a Dupli-

cate.

Wilkesbarre, Pa.-On February 11, 1908. Wilkesbarre is to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the day on which anthracite coal was first burned in an open grate. Incidentally the ruthless searcher after facts has shown that what was supposed to be history was merely tradition, for it has been learned that the original grate is not now in existence and that the grate mow carefully preserved in the Fell House in Wilkesbarre as the original is a duplicate which was placed in the original fireplace in 1878.

Before the experiment made by Dudge Jesse Fell in his tavern in Wilkesbarre and Easton turnpike, mow Northampton street, anthracite coal was held to be of little value, for at was thought that it would not burn, except under forced draught. By burning anthracite in an open grate Judge Fell opened the way to an industry which now gives employment to 168,000 men, who produced 60,000,-1000 tons of anthracite annually, and which has given millions of dollars in provalties to the owners of the lands. Just 50 years after his experiment Your young men were traveling toward Wilkesbarre. One of them was a grandson of Judge Fell. He had that day been reading in an old copy

of a well known Masonic book an account of the experiment made by his grandfather. When he mentioned it one of the members of the party recalled that the experiment had been made just 50 years before. The young men determined that something must be done to celebrate the occasion. When they arrived in Wilkesbarre

they called a public meeting, to be meld in the same old tavern in which Judge Fell made his experiment. The four young men were James Plater Dennis, a grandson of Judge Fell; Henry Martyn Hoyt, afterward governor of Pennylvania; John Butler Conyngham and Stanley Woodward, afterward a leading lawyer of the state.

Thus they became the founders of the Wyoming Historical and Geological society. It is this organizationthat now proposes to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the experiment of Judge Fell.

It was at a meeting of the society that the facts concerning the old Jesse Fell grate were learned. A paper on "Where is the grate on which Jesse Fell made his successful experiment of burning anthracite coal?" was read before the meeting by Rev.

H. E. Hayden. Mr. Hayden has come to the conclusion that the original grate is not now in existence, and that "the only well authenticated grate extant belonging to Judge Fell" is that heretofore known as the Kiernan or Eick grate and now in the possession of

the society. Concerning the original grate as many as six statements are made. "The first is that the grate was made of hickory withes. Mr. Hayden declares this untrue.

Next comes the Marble grate, so called because its claims were first put forth by Col. J. M. C. Marble, president of the First National bank of Los Angeles. He states that while visiting his grandfather at Wyoming he was told the story of Judge Fell's experiment.

According to this story some iron hars were set in the old chimney, which is still in existence in the Fell mouse, bricks were piled in front and on the sides and on the iron bars a are of hickory wood was built. Coal was then procured and placed on the fire, and it burned nicely.

Judge Fell was so pleased, the story continues, that he took out this grate and had another more substantial one made on the following day. This, then, disposes of the original grate.

In 1858 there was no grate in the Areplace. The projectors of the hisstorical society secured from a Mr. Carpenter an old grate which had been used by Judge Fell and placed it in the fireplace for this celebration. The old grate was worn out, and whether it was the one made by Judge Fell after his first experiment or what became of it afterward is not known.

Later in Judge Fell's life he married a widow named Culver. When in 1830 they moved from the old Pell house they took the grate with them, and this is the grate now in the pos-

session of the Historical society. The old grate now in the original firenlace at the Fell house, was, according to Capt. Calvin Parsons miaced in the fireplace by him in 1878 when a centennial celebration was heid for the Wyoming massacre.

When in 1966 the original tavern was torn down the old fireplace and chimney were preserved intact and new occupy a place of honor in the new building.

Whiskers Burn:d; Gets \$101, Wellston, O.-S muel Beatty, 76 years old, has been awarded damages of \$101 by the circuit court against the Southern Ohio Gas company for the loss of a luxuriant growth of whiskers, burned off in a gas explos-Aon in this city two years ago. E.S. Gilliland received \$6,000 for injuries

received in the same explosion.

COAL KILLS WOOL INDUSTRY.

Pennsylvania County Gradually Loses Business by Discovery.

Washington, Pa.-Washington county people were once wont to point with pride to the fact that their county was the first in the United States in the production of wool. This proud boast can no longer be made for the reason that worthless dogs have driven many of the leading wool growers of the county out of business.

Scarcely a day passes that does not bring some Washington county farmer to the county seat with his demand for damages for the reason that his flocks have been raided by dogs. In the office of the county commissioners are pending claims for such losses which cannot be paid for a year of more. The fund from which such damages are paid is provided for by a tax on the dogs of the county.

Sheep once raided by dogs, even though they escape with their lives, are never worth anything again. They become so thoroughly frightened that in time they die, it is said, from pervous prostration.

Another reason assigned for the deterioration of the industry in Washington county is the fact that men trained by years of experience in raising sheep are fast disappearing by reason of old age. The younger generation, it is said, is so busy accumulating money that they have not the patience of their fathers, and for that reason neglect their flocks for other

In lamenting the decline of the once foremost industry in the county one of the old-time woolgrowers made the remark that it was a sad day for Washington county when the discovery was made that the vast bituminous coalbeds with which the entire county is underlaid might be turned into money. "In ten years," said he, "we will never even remember that Washington county was once the foremost county in the United States in the production of sheep and wool."

FEELS PAIN IN BURIED HAND.

Relief Comes When Fingers Are Exhumed and Straightened Out.

Gallipolis, O.—The case of Robert Wolf of Couch, W. Va., is another link in the theory that the several members of the human body do not rest painlessly in the grave unless put away in a perfectly natural position. Mr. Wolf, while out hunting, shot his right hand, mangling it badly. Doctors from Point Pleasant were summoned and amputated the hand above the wrist. The member was buried, but for some time afterward the injured man was restless and could not sleep, and was worried. He did not complain about his arm hurting him, but said that his hand pained him very much. He showed his relatives with his left hand the shape his right hand was in when it was buried.

The pain increasing, and Mr. Wolf still complaining, Mr. Phillip Wolf, a brother, and another went to the place where the hand was buried, dug up the box, and found the hand cramped in exactly the position described by Mr. Wolf. The fingers were carefully straightened out and the hand placed back in the box in such manner that there was no pressure anywhere and reburied. The injured man at once became easier and said that his hand did not hurt him except for a slight feeling above the thumb.

Physicians explain that the sensation of a severed arm or foot being in place, when in fact it is cut off and buried is caused by the nerves at the end of the wound. They do not explain, however, how a man may think his fingers hurt him when he no longer has them.

STATION HAS THAW'S NAME.

Illinois Central Many Years Ago Honored Noted Defendant's Father.

Bloomington, Ill.—Just at this time, when the Thaw trial is attracting so much attention, it is interesting to recall that a town on the Springfield division of the Illinois Central southeast of here was named many years ago after Jacob Thaw, the millionaire father of the famous defendant. He was a heavy purchaser of the bonds of the road and was honored by the adoption of his name for one of the new towns.

Shortly after the road was built the Thaw family made an inspection tour. The tour took place in the winter and the train was stalled by snow. By a curious coincidence the Thaw coach stopped near the station, and when the name was descried from the windows there was much wonderment. A path was shoveled from the train to the depot and the party took refuge there until relief came.

Rev. J. D. McCaughrey, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Streator. was a schoolmate of Harry Thaw at Wooster, O., in 1887. He recalls that young Thaw was always regarded as something of a "freak" and as a boy who had been spoiled by indulgent parents and not possessing very strong character. He was bright, but not

Cigars Made Before War. Reading, Pa.-A batch of cigars that were made before the civil war has just been found stored away in the old Schnader homestead near Mohnion. The find was made by James F. Schnader, who immediately reported It to Deputy Revenue Collector Craneton. There were 1,000 cigars in the batch, made in 1859, and all were in

a good state of preservation. Only a little while ago another box of cigars, made about the same date, were found in the old Keinert homestead, in Hereford township.

SMITH TWICE SAVED

TWO INDIAN MAIDENS RESCUED GALLANT CAPTAIN.

Pocahontas Won Famous Explorer for Whom Another Gave Up Her Life, According to Ancient Documents Just Found.

Bangor, Me.-Robert H. Gardiner of Gardiner has, in rumaging through some old papers relating to the early history of the Kennebec river, discovered that Pocahontas was not the only Indian maiden that saved the life of Capt. John Smith; that there was a Pocahontas in Maine named Seboois, who died romantically while shielding the gallant captain from arrows aimed at him with deadly intent.

In the summer of 1614, according to the papers, Capt. Smith made a visit to the Kennebec valley, ascending the river to the chief village, where now) stands the city of Gardiner. Seboois, daughter of the chief, famed among) the indians for her beauty, seems to have been something of a flirt, for Capt Smith had scarcely set foot in the village when she struck up an acquaintance and began the practice of all the arts and wiles known to the Cabassas feminine society in order to

win his favor. Although Smith was a most gallant and courteous man, the princess made little headway, for the object of her affection was occupied with important affairs and had no time, even if he had the inclination, for sentimental adven-

When, having-been most cordially received, Capt. Smith and his men were ready to take their departure one of his lieutenants named Hunt, a quarrelsome and ambitious man, mutinied and, joined by some of the party, set out on a new expedition, taking along with them several of the Cabassas tribe as captives.

The chief of the tribe, not knowing of the mutiny, and thinking the whites to be all of one party, pursued Capt. Smith's band with a large force, eager for revenge. Seboois, wishing to warn the captain, ran on ahead of the avenging braves and came upon the white mer just as they had encamped for the night, a few miles down the

river. The chief and his warriors were close behind, and just as Seboois flung herself in front of Capt. Smith a shower of arrows fell upon the camp. One arrow pierced the devoted maiden s breast as she stood shielding the captain, and thus, while he was saved, she fell dead at his feet.

The chief of the Cabassas, amazed and horrified at this tragedy, ordered hostilities to cease, and thus Smith had an opportunity to explain that it was the mutineers who had taken the captives. The red men conveyed the body of Seboois back to their village and, having with ceremony laid her away near what is now Randolph churchyard, went in pursuit of Hunt and his party, who were overtaken and slain near Norridgewock.

Mr. Gardiner, who came upon the record of this romantic episode, is trying to locate the grave of Seboois, with the intention of having it suitably marked.

DICKENS LANDMARK IS TO GO.

House in Which Originals of Characters Lived to Be Razed.

London.—"Great clearance sale, premises coming down!" are the words on a placard pasted on the outer walls of Cheeryble House in Cannon street, Manchester. This means that another Dickens landmark is to be razed. Cheeryble House was the premises of the brothers Grant, the originals of Dickens' Brothers Cheery-

ble in "Nicholas Nickleby." With the exception of a few slight internal alterations the house stands to-day as it did when Dickens described it. It has a carved old oak staircase, leading to the upper or domestic part of the premises, and all the oaken doors are of exceptional width and quaint design. Until recently one of the rooms held a chair which, it was said, one of the worthy gentlemen used.

The necessity of destroying the building has been brought about through a corporation scheme for widening the streets. In a recent interview one of the partners said that lovers of Dickens came from all parts of the world to inspect the old place, and he had been offered large prices, especially by American visitors, for relics in it, but had always refused to part with them.

GIRL EXHAUSTED BY LAUGHTER.

Physicians Unable to Check Attack and Finally Sleep Brings Relief.

Florence, N. J.-Eight hours of continuous laughter, from two to ten o'clock, with scarcely a minute of rest, was the discomfort endured by Miss Barbara Barr of this city, a member of the Baptist church choir. Miss Harr was visiting at the home of friends when some one made a witty

remark which aroused her mirth. After a few minutes the girl found it was impossible to stop laughing. Her laughter could be heard for a square. All kinds of plans to stop her were tried, but without success. Physicians were summoned and conveved the exhausted and semi-conactions girl to her home.

Miss Barr grew weaker every minute. Still laughing, she sank into slumber and the spell gradually passed away. The girl has been unable to remember the joka.

WHAT GOOD ROADS COST.

Yorkshire (England) Paid \$910,000 for Repairs Last Year.

Interesting facts us to the cost of main road maintenance in the county of Yorkshire, England, are sent by Consul Walter C. Hamm of Hull. The roads were well constructed originally and are well cared for now. It is a rare sight to see a rutty or muddy country road in the neighborhood. Most all of them are macadamised, well drained and kept in good repair. As a consequence one horse can draw a load which would require two or three horses over the usual country road in America. There are about 1,100 miles of road in the county, and the cost of the roads has increased from \$734,000 in 1895 to \$910,000 in 1906, and the cost per mile from \$654 to \$832 in the same period. There is a constant tendency to increase in the cost of maintenance, but this increase is, in part, accounted for by the construction of footpaths and the placing of granite "setts" to protect the roads from injury by trolley lines.

HAD LARGE JOB ON HAND.

Stork Almost Ready to Go Out of Business en One Job.

Entering his humble home, the man was vastly startled to meet the stork coming out; and when he observed that the fabled fowl was sweating at every pore, as being under great stress, a consternation seized him. For he was a poor man, who had already much ado to make both ends meet. Indeed, his bair rose on end and his voice all but stuck in his jaws. "What are you doing here?" he made shift to gasp, by dint of great effort. "There's a pair of microbes in that pint of milk you bought last night, and I'm having to bring them 14,000,-000,000 little ones every two hours," quoth the stork, not in the best of humor. "I declare I don't know what I should do if race suicide had not come in coincidently with the germ theory." And he hurried on, muttering under his breath, leaving the man much relieved, albeit not a little astonished.

Unabsched Peterson.

Although blamed for epidemics and sundry other evils, milkmen sometimes have a redeeming sense of humor. At least a story told by Prof. John C. Scott of Northwestern university would indicate it. Professor Scott's milkman also furnishes his family with eggs. One morning this man, whom the professor in telling the story called Peterson, brought half a dozen eggs to the house. When Mrs. Scott had occasion to use them she broke one after another, but each proved to have outlived its usefulness. Mrs. Scott's just indignation arose until by the next morning it had reached a high pitch. Incensed further by the fact that there were no eggs to prepare for her husband's breakfast, she was ready to give vent to her wrath when the offending milkman arrived. "Peterson," she said, transfixing him. with a stern glare, "all of the eggs you brought yesterday were rotten." "Yes, ma'am," the philosophical Peterson replied, "but were they satisfactory in other respects?" The professor's wife

Off Came the Hats. It isn't hard to persuade women to remove their bats "in meetin" when you know how to go about it; says the Kansas City Star. Harry K. Shields, the singer who assists Rev. R. H. Crossfield, the exangelist, in his revival meetings, knows how. This is the way he did it recently at the First Christian church, Eleventh and Locust streets. "We want a good song service this afternoon," he said, "but before beginning I want to ask the women in the audience to join with me in a breathing exercise. You know to sing well you must breathe well. First I'll ask you to raise your hands to the back of your hat, and-remove one hat pin then the second. Ah, I see you're taking them off. Now let's sing the first verse of No. --- " And the women didn't mind it a bit.

Training Children. When people learn the importance of properly training the children for

whom they are responsible, there will be a new era on earth. The generation that devotes itself successfully to this task can afford to neglect most of the other problems that keep men too busy to know what their boys are doing, and when the children are trained as they should be, most of the other things will not need to be done. It is also quite possible that the people who successfully sacrifice themselves for their children will not lose anything themselves.

Our Needs for To-Day. How significant, how exhilarating, are these words! Not the life when we have passed the gate of pearl, but the life that is not; not our life when we stand on the brow of the transfiguration mount, but the life at home, or in the daily walks and common places of existence. It is possible that there is a life to be lived in the common round and the daily task, so royal, so radiant, so blessed, that those who live it may be said to reign in life.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Assistance Desired.

"I suppose you sent your boy to college in the hope he would make his mark?" "Partly that," answered Farmer Corntossel. "An', besides, I thought it 'ud be a good idea to hire some professors to help me do the worrying about his future'

PAPER HANGING WITH TACKS.

Pretty Hard to Stump the Right Kind of American Boy.

When Wilbur Nesbit, author of "The Gentleman Ragman," was a boy he lived in a small town in Ohio, and he and his brother one summer concluded that they would establish themselves in business as paper-hangers. The lads were well liked and had

plenty of work. One week they were given the contract to paper the ceiling of a storeroom. The ceiling had never been given a "white coat" of plaster, but was smooth-coated with the brown mortar. The boys found that the paper would not adhere to the brown mortar because the sand in it pulled off and let the paper fall. The owner of the storeroom had a hardware store a few doors down the street. Wilbur sauntered into the hardware store and bought ten boxes of blackheaded tacks, then strolled back to the place where his brother was contemplating the bothersome ceiling. A consultation was held in undertones, the doors and windows on the street were soon obscured by shades, and

the boys resumed work. That evening the paper was on the ceiling, and pretty paper it was, too. In the design were innumerable dark spots, forming the stamens of gorgeous flowers.

When the hardware man paid the boys for the work, he said:

"But what the dickens did you do with all those tacks?"

First stowing the money away in his pocket, Wilbur exclaimed: "Oh, we just tacked the paper on the ceiling with them!"-Library Gos-

ыр. . RELIC OF CLIFF DWELLERS.

Remarkable Slab of Rock Found in New Mexican Canon.

It is a curious fact and one much commented upon by archeologists that the pictographs so common in the cliff and cave dwelling regions of New Mexico are almost wholly absent from the ruins of the Mesa Verde, in southwestern Colorado.

In one room of the cliff palace are found some straight line markings but there is nothing imitative of animals, birds or reptiles in this, the baicony or spruce tree house.

Recently, however, there was found in the Montezuma valley, about a mile and three-quarters southeast of Cortez, on the slope of a bench which rises from the McElmo canon bottom, a slab of rock about six feet long by four and one-half feet high, on which there are deep carvings similar to the markings on the Puye and San Cristo-

bal ruins of New Mexico. This detached slab was lying on an incline and had apparently split off from a larger rock some distance above it. There are no similar rocks near where this was found, but in one place about 200 yards away there are a few characters cut in a rock. It required four horses to remove this stone record from its abiding place to the yard in the rear of the Montezuma county courthouse, where it now

Teakettles That Sing.

The Japanese, who know so well how to add fittle unexpected attractions to everyday life, manufacture, in great variety of forms, iron teakettles which break into song when the water boils, says the Youths' Companion. The song may not be very perfect melody, but it perhaps as agreeable as the notes produced by some of the insects which the Japanese also treasure for their music. The harmonious sounds of the teakettles are produced by steam bubbles escaping from beneath thin sheets of iron fastened close together nearly at the bottom of the kettles. To produce the best effects some skill is required in regulating the fire. The character of the sounds varies with the form of the kettle. These singing kettles have been used for many centuries.

How Soldiers Reduce.

Soldiers have an easy way of keeping their figures supple and trim. The officer who finds his waist growing greater than his chest, thus destroying the symmetry of his uniform, eats for a little while nothing but lean meat, and drinks nothing but hot water. Thus he loses two pounds or so a day. He keeps this diet up till he has sufficiently diminished himself-a matter, as a rule, of but three or four days' abstinence—and then he returns to his usual food again.

Many army officers of a corpulent inclination manage, by confining themselves to lean mest for three days in the month, to keep their figures perfect.

Unfortunate Pantomimist. Many stories are told of misadventures in pantomimes, which, however amusing to the onlookers, are no laughing matter for the unfortunate actors. On one occasion Mr. Poluski was taking the part of clown in a Liverpool theater. in jumping from the roof of a house the stage gave way and he fell a distance of 40 feet -luckily into a heap of sawdust. What hurt him more than the fall was the fact that, instead of receiving sympathy, he was actually fined for the damage done to the stage.

Too Late.

Mamma-That little Ivan swears most dreadfully; I won't let you play with him any more.

Little Basil-All right, mamma; he's taught me all he knows anyway. SHOWS ADVANCE OF JAPAN.

Crude Methods of Mining, Discarded for Most Up-to-Date ideas.

Near the center of the beautiful mountain island of Shikoku, and standing rather more than 4,000 feet above the waters of the inland sea of Japan, there is a peak of sulphide copper ore which has become a center of industry popularly known throughout the island empire us Sumitomo Bessi. Here, for conturies pefore the industrial development of the new world was begun by white men, the Japanese were mining in a. crude way and carrying the ore on their backs in small wicker baskets tsuch as are still used for coaling ships at Nagaraki) down the 12 miles of arduous mountain paths to the smelters on the shore of the inland

To-day the marvelous little workers are still at the pursuit of burrowing out the mountain, but a vant change has come over the methods of working, says a writer in the Engineering Magazine. Where in the ancient times only a paitry few hundred baskets of ore were each day borne over the difficult trails, an output of 9,000 tons daily now gildes down a great cableway, and is carried from the foot of the slope by rallroad to the sea. in short, there is established at Sumitomo Bessis a modern mining plant, modern in all essential details of engineering construction, and the wonder of the transformation is that it has been wrought without the direct assistance of a single foreign engineer.

HE WORKED HIS "SCIENCE."

New Method Employed by Satisfied and Comfortable Husband.

It is the wife who is the head of the house, and it was she who decided upon the flat-and repented immediately afterward. The building was a new one, scarcely finished, and after the parlor ceiling had fallen twice and the repair man had botched a dozen small jobs she decided to move again.

In this she met the Lively opposition of the family. They were all content with their rooms and the children begged for a delay. The husband took the matter with calmass and did not enter into the argument after expressing his entire contentment with the present conditions.

. The wife worried and went flat hunting, but at last she announced that she had come to the conclusion that they would remain. The husband looked up placidly from his coffee cup. "I knew that neveral weeks ago,"

he aurounced. "But I only decided this morning," the retorted in surprise

He smiled pityingly "Down at the church," be explained, "we have been giving you absent treatment for five weeks. After this you need not say that there is nothing in science. Then be dodged the sugar nowl.

Much Used Wedding Present.

A Providence girl, who has been married about six months, had wedding cards a short time ago from an old school friend who had given her a wedding present, which, of course, demanded one in return. Among her wedding presents the Providence girl had duplicates in the shape of two silver card trays, and in a spirit of economy she dicided to give one of these to her friend. It was marked with her own initials; but it would be only a matter of a few minutes to have them removed and the proper monogram cut.

She took it to the leweler and explained what was to be done. He picked up the tray, looked at it closely and smiled.

"Madame," said he, "it will be impossible. I have already changed the initials on this same tray five times, and it has worn so thin that I cannot do it again without cutting through the bottom."

Had Good Eyesight.

A young man from the rural districts went to Boston, and while there visited the Harvard astronomical observatory and was allowed to lock through a great telescope at the stars. "What is that star?" he inquired, pointing to a very bright one. "Oh, that's Aldebaran," replied the

attendant. "Is it very far off?" asked the

vouth. "About 10,000,000 miles." "Then all I can say," said the visi-

tor "is that you must have wonderfully good eyes to make out that star's name, at that distance, even with that big telescope. It's really most marvelous."

The Sneerer and His Sneer. The sneer is an arrested hite. It is a mark of the savage. The man who sneers is that much less of a gentleman. The sneerer would bite if he was not afraid to do so. He is a coward. The sneerer is a savage whether he sneers in print or not. If he writes down his sneers he has not. removed himself from the ranks of savagery. He yet remains one of the worst savages, however his English be polished and his style be sparkling. The sneer does turn into a bite when even the savage who indulges in it acquires courage. While he is a coward it remains an arrested bite.--Columbia Herald.

Thinking of a Noiseless Time. Mother-Tommy, little boys should be seen and not beard when taking their soup.

Tommy-How long will it be before A can take my soup like papa?

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

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