

Morris and George Ross, was the maker of the first American Flag, 1777."

Just around the corner can still be seen the quaint old house of "Betsy" Ross, and a little farther on, in the old churchyard, from the sidewalk in the business center, can be seen a plain stone slab bearing the simple inscription:

Benjamin }
and } Franklin.
Deborah }
1790.

The stay-at-home Philadelphia dames use an ingenious little contrivance that enables them to become acquainted with their neighbor's business. It is called a "Busy body," and you can see one attached to the second story window of nearly every "well-to-do" residence in the city. The little spy consists of a combination mirror, which discloses to the lady of the house, who invariably has her sitting room on the second floor, a full view of her own front door as well as that of her neighbor. By means of this mirror, without rising or changing her comfortable position, she can see who rings the bell and can save herself many a step down stairs by sending word "not at home," or "at home" as the popularity of the caller may suggest. This was the original office of the little reflector; but it has developed into such a delightful gossip and presents such a splendid view of the whole block, that it has been christened the "Busy body" and no household is complete without one.

The great man of Philadelphia is John Wanamaker the merchant king. The only thing John can't get into is the United States Senate; that seems to resist him with relentless cruelty. His retail business is the largest in the world. His house sells everything from a pin to a plow. It employs from four to six thousand hands; contains every convenience from an emergency room to a full fledged United States Post office. Two hundred and twenty-five horses and one hundred and four wagons are used for the delivery of goods. The business block is, however, a very ordinary building, and the finest part of it—the tower, containing a set of chimes—went down in the late disastrous fire which came close to destroying Wanamaker's whole stock. His name is on everything; he even runs a Sunday school class; and I was surprised, recently, on looking over a collection of sacred songs, to read on the cover: "Compiled by John Wannamaker." He has Philadelphia's business in one pocket, the Church in another, and he recently attempted to take in the state by securing a senatorship, but it failed.

The Society of Colonial Dames is an organization, I am told, that has many good reasons for its existence, among which is that of perpetuating the names of the founders of Pennsylvania. Neither money nor position can purchase access to this exclusive society, but it is said that when these good ladies find a descendant of the Pennsylvania fathers they spare neither time nor money to give that descendant a royal reception. Now, I remembered that my great grandfather was a Pennsylvania Dutchman and as he must have lived in this State about the time Betsy Ross was stitching together the first stars and stripes, I thought I might

be able to work up a nice little reception for myself and give myself an opportunity of wearing my swallow-tail; but up to date I have been unable to get within forty rods of the society, and I am still having my name sandpapered in the hope that something may turn up to bring about the aforesaid event.

Even the restaurants of Philadelphia give evidence of the religious character of the people, by displaying upon their walls highly decorated frames containing passages of scripture. But as they also display business advertisements and other notices, a peculiar incongruity is often presented. For instance, in a well known restaurant on Market Street, appears the following.

Light is sown for the righteous and
Gladness for the upright in heart.

In another frame, immediately underneath, is the startling postscript.

Watch your coat and hat.

DOLLINGER.

WESTERN NEWS ITEMS.

A dead body was caught in a fisherman's net at Ballard, Wash., recently. The body is that of A. J. Hoffman, who drowned while escaping from Hennigen's shipyard with stolen goods on January 8th last.

Thomas Behan, who holds the position of shortstop in a baseball nine at San Francisco, fractured his arm in three places above the elbow, by throwing a ball to first base. The surgeons say that the three fractures from such a cause are without precedent. Behan is an experienced ballplayer.

A little German boy, aged 21 months, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Helmuth, lost his leg below the knee on Tuesday. He was playing near the Santa Fe Railway station in Pasadena, Cal., when an eastbound local passed over him. The infant will probably recover. The trainmen are not blamed.

Robert Drasher, a conductor on the Galt and Lone Branch railroad, had both of his feet crushed off Monday afternoon at Galt, Cal. He had made a flying switch and attempted to jump upon the cowcatcher or the locomotive when he slipped and fell, the wheel of the engine passing over his legs below the knees.

Laramie, Wyoming, Boomerang, Feb. 27: The Union Pacific company attempted to hire a corps of snow shovelers in this city this morning to send west to Carbon and other points to clean switches and sidings. It is said that none could be secured, as men claimed they did not have overcoats and other necessary trappings.

Under the impression that he was providing a luxurious addition to the family supper, Richard Pastini, of San Francisco unwittingly and fatally poisoned himself, his wife and four children on Friday. The delicacy provided was a dish of toadstools, which Pastini had gathered at Golden Gate park under the impression that they were mushrooms.

Mike McGirlyran, a patient at the hospital at Los Gatos, Cal., was run over by the 4:40 Santa Cruz train Tuesday afternoon and fatally injured.

His left leg was cut off just below the knee and his skull fractured. McGirlyran and two companions were walking on the track. The latter stepped aside at the approach of the train, but the former stood still as if paralyzed and did not move.

Robert Gardner, the young faster who completed the fifty-second day of his abstinence from food today, broke his fast Friday night in the county jail at Los Angeles, Cal. He was taken in custody and will be examined as to his sanity. This is not due so much to the deliberate starvation to which he had condemned himself as to peculiar developments, which have come out in the last two days, tending to show that he is unbalanced on religious subjects.

Friday afternoon at Renton, Washington, S. P. Jackson, a rancher, was crushed and killed by a falling tree. Jackson and his brother were clearing land. One tree in falling lodged against another. The two brothers tried to get it down. It fell and Jackson ran to get out of the way, but he was not quick enough, and a branch threw him to the ground. When his wife and brother reached him he was dead. This is the fourth accident of this kind within a week.

The searching party which went out from Rawlins, Wyoming, last Thursday to look for the bodies of Thomas Hogg and William Cecil, his companion, who perished in the storm last Saturday night, found the bodies yesterday about 11 o'clock. The women were about thirteen miles south of town and a mile and a half from the road. One of the horses was dead near where the bodies were found. They had unsaddled the horses and made a wind break of the saddles, near which they were lying, close to each other.

Wyoming Indian Guide: Our friend old Chief Washakie, who is 93 years old and who is quite sick was visited by Rev. Mr. Roberts the other day and requested Mr. Roberts to baptize him. Washakie said to him that he was going away now and was glad Washington knew his land, that his children would have it and that the white men could not take it away from them. He said he was sorry to go away from his white friends and his children. He would like to stay longer but he feared he was going to die.

A fatal accident occurred Wednesday evening in the Smuggler Union mill at Pandora, near Telluride, Col. Quig Powell, one of the most popular men in the county, being the victim. He was engaged feeding the crusher and in some unexplained manner either got caught in one of the fly wheels or in the crusher belt, there being no one around to witness the accident. His head was smashed flat, the brains being scattered around over the frame, work of the machine, and his body was crushed and bruised. He was 27 years old and leaves a widow and aged mother. This is the third victim this crusher has claimed in four years.

Mrs. John Johnson, who lived near Pleasant Grove, Sutter county, Cal., went to Sacramento last Monday to visit her sister, Mrs. Frank D. Ryan.