

## ASPHALTUM.

### A PECULIAR MINERAL AND ITS USES.

Asphaltum Was Formed Through Some Tremendous Convulsion of Nature—It is Utilized in Many Ways.

Among the minerals peculiar to this State, and which is destined to prove an almost unlimited source of wealth, is asphaltum. This is found in large quantities in Ventura, Santa Barbara, Kern and Los Angeles Counties, and the deposits already known to exist there are the most extensive in the world, while new discoveries are constantly being made. It is found in both liquid and crystallized form, and also in the shape of bitumen-impregnated rock or sand. There are many springs in the localities mentioned from which there is a constant flow of the liquid asphaltum, made so by the presence of petroleum. In other cases great ledges or masses of the crystallized product are found. Some of these take on the character of what might be called true fissure veins. It would appear that some tremendous convulsion of nature had occurred in the remote past by which the surface had been cracked and riven in every direction, and into the fissures thus created a subterranean power had forced the liquid asphaltum from its source beneath. Ages of tremendous pressure have expelled every particle of volatile substance, and the result is the existence of veins of crystallized asphaltum which are practically free from any extraneous substance and are of the highest value. In many cases these veins have, in the course of time, been covered over with a coating of earth or gravel of greater or less depth and only the practiced eye of the expert can detect their existence from certain surface indications that the tyro would pass unheeded.

Some most remarkable deposits of this character have been discovered in Northern Santa Barbara and in Kern county, the product of which, in its natural state, is far purer than the refined deposit of the only other extensive asphalt deposit in the world—that of Trinidad island, in the West Indies. None except those who have investigated the subject has a correct conception of the variety of uses to which asphaltum and its products may be put. For that matter its various industrial uses are only just being learned by experts, and new discoveries of its adaptability are being made continually. To say that the wide range from street pavements to chewing gum is covered is to state only a literal fact. The horses of San Francisco tread beneath their feet exactly the same substance that the school-girls and even their elders masticate between their molars or less nearly teeth. In other words, the bulk of the chewing gum now consumed is nothing more nor less than a by-product of asphaltum, appropriately flavored and colored.

Another use for asphaltum has been found in the manufacture of waterproof tarpaulin cloth, which, by the way, is the invention of a resident of this city. Two sheets of a coarse grade of cotton goods have a thin layer of asphaltum spread between them and by pressure the compound is made one homogeneous whole. The product is a heavy waterproof sheeting, far cheaper than any now in use, and answering every purpose. Such a material will be a great boon to farmers of the East and of Europe, where it is frequently necessary to protect partially harvested crops, stacks of grain and hay, etc., from the rain.

Still another use for asphaltum has been found in the preparation of a fuel by combining the liquid material with coal dust. In the coal-mining regions of Pennsylvania and other Eastern States are literally millions of tons of culm, as it is called, for which no use has ever been found. There are mountains of this finely-powdered coal at the mouths of every anthracite coal pit, and ingenuity has exhausted itself in the vain effort to hit upon some device by which it may be turned to commercial account. Not until the valuable properties of the asphalt deposits of California became partially understood was any solution of the difficulty reached. It has now been demonstrated, however, that by an admixture of about 6 per cent of liquid asphaltum this culm may be moulded into briquettes of any desired size, which makes a most admirable fuel. The small percentage of asphaltum, which is of a combustible character, is just sufficient to add largely to the desirable qualities of these culm briquettes for generating steam or warmth, and tests made have been highly satisfactory. As already stated, there are millions of tons of this refuse which can be turned to account at small cost, and it is evident that in its utilization through the use of asphaltum is a most inviting field for enterprise.

For underground pipes or conduits the use of asphaltum has been found most advantageous. Nearly all water pipes now laid on this coast are required to be previously dipped in liquid asphaltum, which operates as a preservative from the action of moisture or of chemical agents. Pipes carrying water for domestic use are lined with a coating of the same material, yet no hint of that fact could possibly be obtained either from the taste or odor of the water.

As an underground conduit for carrying electric wires so great an authority as Thomas Edison has pronounced emphatically in favor of pipes made of asphaltum, which, he states, is one of the best non-conductors that can be found. As the movement for the removal of all overhead electric wires is rapidly spreading, it can be seen that this fact will have an important bearing upon the asphaltum interest of California.

The utilization of asphaltum in the laying of street pavements is familiar to all, but few realize the vast extent to which it is carried. Hundreds of thousands of tons are used in this country alone each year, and nine-tenths of it comes from Trinidad. The amount so used is increasing constantly. The extent and exceptional purity of the deposits in this State are scarcely known beyond our boundaries and the operators of the West Indian deposit appear to have almost a monopoly of the market. But this state of affairs cannot last for any great length of time. Enterprising

men have taken hold of the development of this remarkable feature of California's mineral wealth, and it will not be long before our asphaltum and its products will obtain a foothold in the markets not of America alone, but of the old world as well where, by the way, the annual consumption is something enormous.—[San Francisco Chronicle.]

### RATS IN THE MENAGERIE.

#### How They Lame the Elephants and Gnaw the Rhinoceros.

Few of the many people who visit the Central Park Menagerie know why a fox-terrier is to be found in one or other of the inclosures in which the elephants are confined. The majority doubtless think there is something almost cruel about it. As a fact, it is fun to the terrier and a protection to the elephant. It is really an exemplification of the fable of the lion and the mouse. There are no greater pests in the menagerie than the rats. These small rascally rodents have found that the feet of the elephants are excellent eating, and have no hesitation in gnawing at them when the animal lies down, and, owing to its chained condition, is unable to defend itself against its puny enemies. This is particularly the case with "Tip," who, owing to his vile temper and murderous habits, has to be securely chained.

The rats in a few nights would make this monster a perfect cripple were it not for "Gip," the terrier, who is always loosed at night, and who betide the adventurous rat that ventures out on a quest for a tidbit of elephant toe. "Tip" though he is, knows his good little friend and allows him to curl up on the tennet hay, close beside his ponderous body, and when there is a dash across the pen, followed by a mortal squeal, takes no notice of it, except perhaps opening one eye in a lazy way, and then, knowing that he is safe for the night, trumpets a small note of thanks to his tiny friend and gives himself up to undisturbed slumber and dreams of Indian jungles.

Lately the rats have changed their base of operations. It was found that they were gnawing holes in the thick hide of the rhinoceros. "Fanny," the Scotch terrier, who really rules the deer house, and is one of the best ratters in the world, was brought into requisition. She was locked up in the mammal house and her first night there was one of pure joy. "Fanny" is a most methodical canine. When the house was opened in the morning she had a pile of twenty-seven rats in the middle of the floor and was wagging a short tail in almost a hysterical manner. After greeting her master, Phil Holmes, she seemed to remember there was something else to do, and taking one of the dead rats in her mouth she ran off to where her litter of pups was, just in the rear of the camel shed. She carried four there for the little ones to worry. For the last week "Fanny" has guarded the rhinoceros so well that not a new bite has been seen on the animal, but every morning there is a diminished heap of dead rats on the floor.

There are places in the menagerie where the rat is doing great damage. In the pigeon-house there are some rare birds, the Moorhens pigeon from Serin-gapatnam and the American "passenger" pigeon, which seems to have nearly died out with the buffalo. Both these birds breed plentifully in the menagerie, but as soon as the young ones are hatched the rats carry them away.—[New York Tribune.]

### Queen Victoria's Dogs.

Her Majesty, as is well known, is fond of dogs, and Mr. G. B. Krehl, in a supplement to the Stock-keeper, gives some interesting particulars, ascertained on a visit to the kennels at Windsor, respecting the royal canine pet. It goes without saying that the animals receive every attention and are admirably housed. Their sleeping apartments are carefully ventilated, and hot-water pipes run through the length of the building.

In the kennels are dogs of nearly every breed. For collies the Queen has always shown a preference, and this accounts for the number kept at Windsor. The Princess Beatrice's "fancy" lies in the direction of fox-terriers, which are also well represented. We are glad to note, by the way, that fox-terriers in the royal kennels are not docked. It would be a good thing if the royal example in this respect were generally followed. How any one can imagine that mutilating a dog adds to its beauty, we fail to understand.

Some of the royal fox-terriers are certainly game enough. One of them—Jock by name—when a store was recently cleared out had a chance of distinguishing himself, killed twenty-two rats in a quarter of an hour. Her Majesty, it should be said, frequently inspects the kennels, "inquiring into everything affecting the health and comfort of the inmates and giving each animal a caressing pat and kindly word of recognition."

When the royal dogs die they are laid to rest beneath the turf where they gambolled as puppies and were exercised when they grew up. Each little grave is marked by a stone tablet about a foot long and eight inches across, whereon a few words are engraved, giving the name and date of death. Among the inscriptions on the tombstones of the dogs are the following: "Maurice, favourite Mount St. Bernard of H. R. H. the Prince Consort, died November, 1864." A little further away lies "Prince, Scotch Terrier, Brought from Balmoral June 14, 1865. Died February 6, 1874;" and in the shade of a small fir rests "Nellie (Collie) mother to Bess, Flora and Sailor, Died October 12, 1886."—[Pall Mall Gazette.]

A Fyzabad Hindoo has been restored to his caste by the following process of "purification." He lost caste eating cooked food in a railway carriage in which persons of another caste were traveling. He had to pay his own weight first in rice, the value reaching 180 rupees, and then in wheat. After being twice weighed in this way he was made to sit on a square stone, while his body was covered with manure, the face only excepted; he was then taken up by two men and thrown into the river, and after a bath he was received by the Brahmins, fully restored to caste fellowship.

### GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.

#### One of the Strange Corners of Our Country—Its Sad Record.

The Great American Desert was almost better known a generation ago than it was to-day. Then thousands of the hardy Argonauts on their way to California had traversed that fearful waste on foot with their dwindling ox-teams, and hundreds of them left their bones to bleach in that thirsty land. The survivors of those deadly journeys had a very vivid idea of what that desert was; but now that we can roll across it in less than a day in Pullman palace cars, its real—and still existing—horrors are largely forgotten. I have walked its hideous length alone and wounded, and realize something more of it from that than a great many railroad journeys across it have told me. Now every trans-continental railroad crosses the great desert which stretches up and down the continent, west of the Rocky Mountains, for nearly two thousand miles. The northern routes cut its terrible parts; but the two railroads, which traverse its southern half—the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad and the Southern Pacific pierce some of its grimmest recesses.

The first scientific exploration of this region was Lieutenant Wheeler's United States survey about 1850; and he was first to give scientific assurance that we had here a desert as absolute as the Sahara. If its parched sands could speak their record, what a story they might tell of sufferings and death; of slow-plodding caravans, whose patient oxen lifted their feet ceaselessly from the blistering gravel; of drawn human faces that peered at some lying image of a placid lake, and toiled frantically to sink at last, hopeless and strengthless, in the hot dust which the mirage had painted with the hues and the very waves of water.

No one will ever know how many have yielded to the long sleep in that inhospitable land. Not a year passes even now without record of many dying upon that desert, and of many more who wander back, in a delirium of thirst. Even people at the railroad station sometimes rave off, lured by the strange fascination of the desert, and never come back; and of the adventurous miners who seek to probe the golden secrets of those barren and strange-hued ranges, there are countless victims.

A desert is not necessarily an endless, level waste of burning sand. The Great American Desert is full of strange, burnt, ragged mountain ranges, with deceptive, sloping broad valleys between—though as we near its southern end the mountains become somewhat less numerous, and the sandy wastes more prominent. There are many extinct volcanoes upon it, and hundreds of square miles of black, bristling lava flows. A large part of it is sparsely clothed with the hardy greasewood; but in places not a plant of any sort breaks the surface, as far as the eye can reach. The summer heat is unbearable, often reaching 136 degrees in the shade; and a piece of metal which has been in the sun can no more be handled than a red-hot stove. Even in winter the mid-day heat is insufferable, while at night ice frequently forms on the water-tanks. The daily range of temperature there is said to be the greatest ever recorded anywhere; and a change of 80 degrees in a few hours is not rare.—[St. Nicholas.]

### An Ice Locomotive.

At Fishkill Landing, N. Y., on a freight car is a so-called ice locomotive. It was built by a man named Mutny, a New-York boiler inspector, as an experiment for navigating the Hudson on the ice. It is about six feet long, with a cab attached, and the highest part of the machine is not over three feet from the floor of the car in which it is placed. The boiler-head, inside the small cab, is supplied with a throttle valve, steam gauge, reverse lever, and steam cocks, exactly like a locomotive.

Under the centre of the boiler, connected with the steam chests by side rods, are two small cogwheels, probably twelve or fifteen inches in diameter, and under each of the ends of the machine are two steel runners about a foot long each, and fashioned like ice yacht runners. The cogs are expected to dig into the ice by force of steam, and thus move the machine along over the ice on the runners at a rate of speed not yet estimated by the inventor.

The cab is not large enough for a person to get inside, but the machine will probably draw, or is intended to draw, a small platform car behind on runners, and from this car the throttle inside the cab and the reverse lever can be worked.

The whole machine weighs 1,000 pounds. It is not known when it will be tested, as the ice at Fishkill Landing has been out away.

Some years ago Mr. Dodd of Dodd's Express built a machine at Fishkill Landing for travelling over the ice. All the machinery attached to it was of ponderous character, so that when the steam iceboat was completed it weighed five or six tons. It was placed on the ice at Fishkill Landing to test its speed. The steam was let on, but the big cogs which were to force the boat along over the ice instead of doing so dug down into the ice and almost cut the mass of iron and wood through, and Mr. Dodd came near losing his invention. After the invention had cost him many hundreds of dollars, it had to be abandoned.

This latter invention is the only thing of the kind that has come before the public since. It remains to be seen what it will amount to. It has one advantage—it does not weigh in tonnage more than an ice yacht.—[New York Times.]

### The Airgun in Court.

The dangerous toy airgun figures in recent law reports, but unfortunately the decision does not hold the parents responsible for damage done by means of the gun. A father living at Benton Harbor, Mich., bought an airgun for his nine-year-old son, and also bought some shot. When the ammunition was exhausted the mother bought some more shot. A boy ten years old, who happened to visit the house, borrowed the gun, and the mother gave him some of the shot.

He was told to fire at the hen-coop, but chose as a mark a grape, which he placed on a plank. He fired at the grape, and the shot, bounding from the plank, hit a passer-by in the face, destroying one eye. The injured man brought an action against the purchaser of the gun, but the Supreme Court has held that the plaintiff could not recover damages. The court, while acknowledging that the airgun is in a certain sense, a dangerous weapon, says that it is in constant use by children, 400 such guns having been sold in one season in Benton Harbor, which has 3,700 inhabitants. In spite of the feelings aroused by the thought of a community in which one person of every nine is armed with an airgun, the Court says: "It would hardly be good sense to hold that this airgun is so obviously and intrinsically dangerous that it is negligent to put it in the hands of a child nine years old, and that such negligence would make the person so putting it in the hands of the child responsible for the act of another child, getting possession of it without the defendant's consent or knowledge."—[New York Tribune.]

### A War Time Relic.

A relic of the war between the States is now on the dry dock, receiving such minor repairs and cleaning as may be necessary to commission her for harbor defence. This was the second Monitor ever built, and the record of her usefulness and her hard service may be seen in the shot dents of the turrets. These are painted in a color different to that of the surrounding iron, in order to emphasize their story; and they serve as an object-lesson to show that, after all, when compared with our days, how innocuous were the boasted shot and shell of the rebellion. Of course it does not make much difference whether a giant is killed by a toothpick or hoisted with a petard; he is dead all the same, and worms will eat him; but we were proud, and with good reason, of those big smooth-bored and of their charges in those perilous days. Then the theory was that for every ten pounds of shot one pound of powder was needed, a 90-pounder being fired with nine pounds of powder; to-day we have for each pound of powder two pounds of shot, the 10-inch guns of the Miantonomoh, the Nantucket's neighbor, using 250 pounds of powder to drive the 500 pound projectile. The Nantucket has also a sentimental interest; for when the great Ericsson lay in state on her docks in the harbor of New York, she was the immediate representative of what his genius had evoked to save the country in a time of peril, for the original Monitor went down one dismal day off our treacherous coast, and left as the second product of her wonderful type the little coast-defender which now lies half hidden within the walls of the dry-dock.—[Harper's Weekly.]

### The Depths of Mother Love.

Dr. Lillian Craig Randall, of Buffalo, N. Y., is the physician in attendance at the Ingleside Home in that city. It is an institution where maternity cases outnumber all others and where, sadly enough, it usually happens that the mother is not able to take care of her child, and it is, therefore, left at home to be put out for adoption. When asked whether the mothers usually showed a reluctance to part with their offspring the doctor replied: "Yes. In most cases the mothers, no matter how poor and ignorant they may be, learn to love their children and grieve over the parting. Once in a while a mother seems to have not a particle of affection for her child, but this indifference is the effect of the unhappy circumstances, and sooner or later is sure to wear away. Not long ago we had a mother who refused to look at her baby. For a month or more we could hardly get her to notice it. Finally we got a home for the child and the seemingly heartless woman went away. Recently I received a heart-breaking letter from her written in Massachusetts. She begged me to go just to look at her little child and then write her if the people were good to it. Happily I could write to her that the baby was in the hands of a wealthy family who were giving him the tenderest care. The mother love comes to the surface almost every time."—[Chicago Post.]

### "Colter's Hell."

America had been discovered and the colonies were feeling their way toward the Pacific Ocean. And in the vanguard was the famous expedition of Lewis and Clark, which went overland to the mouth of the river Columbia. John Colter was a hunter in this expedition, and by some chance he went across the mountains on the old trail of the Nez Perce Indians which lead across the Divide from the Missouri waters to those of the Columbia. When he came back from the Nez Perce trail he told most wonderful tales of what he had seen at the head of the Missouri. There were canyons of scalding water which shot straight up into the air; there were blue ponds hot enough to boil fish; there were springs that came up scolding and steaming, and which would turn trees into stone; the woods were full of holes from which issued streams of sulphur; there were canyons of untold depth with walls of ashes full of holes which let off steam like a locomotive, and there were springs which looked peaceful enough, but which at times would burst like a bomb.

In short, every one laughed at Colter and his yarns, and this place where all lies were true was familiarly known as "Colter's Hell." But for one John Colter told the truth, and the truth could not easily be exaggerated. But no one believed him. When others who afterward followed him over the Nez Perce trail told the same stories, people said they had been up to "Colter's Hell" and had learned to lie.—[Popular Science Monthly.]

A stylish and useful gown for early spring wear is of either black or blue serge with a bell skirt and an Eton jacket worn over a gay little red sarah silk blouse figured in black.

A stylish gown of dark camel's hair is made with a yoked blouse, belted in Russian fashion, with a ruche of moss trimming and rows of gold and black braid on the blouse and skirt.

### FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

#### HOW SPRING CAME.

There was once a little boy who had not spent many winters in this world, but what few he had seen, he did not care for. He liked summer, with its outdoor sports, its birds, and its flowers.

Every day, when he looked out of the window and saw the snow still upon the ground, he would sigh and ask, "Most spring yet, mamma?"

One of his mamma's friends was a great comfort to him. Every time she came to the house she called out, "Spring is coming, Johnnie; spring is almost here!"

One day his grandfather presented him with a new spring-gun.

"This is a spring-gun, Johnnie," said grandfather, wishing to make a little joke and interest the boy at the same time.

Johnnie was delighted. "Then I can go out," he exclaimed, running to the window. "Can't I go out and take the spring, mamma?"

"Not yet, Johnnie," said mamma. "See! It is snowing. You must wait a while longer, and play with your gun indoors."

"Poor Johnnie! His new hope had deserted him. He looked anxiously out of the window. Then he looked thoughtfully at his gun. He turned it around, and put his eye over the muzzle. "See, mamma!" he cried, eagerly—"see! I've found the spring. The spring is down here."—[Harper's Young People.]

#### THE MOOSE'S MISTAKE.

The antlered head was thrown back proudly, the nostrils were dilated, and Axel sniffed the crisp air with delight. The snow lay white on wood and glade, and he looked about on a wide stretch of country unbroken by any track but his own. The sun sinking low in the west threw a rosy glow over the scene, and the keen eyes scanning it all discovered away in the south a steel-blue line that marked a stream of water.

"Which I will taste," said Axel. "Those others have no genius for discovering."

The "others" were his companions from whom he had strayed, or rather who had halted in their course as the day drew toward its close, while he pressed forward alone.

"Stay with us, Axel," urged a wise old moose, "so shall you keep out of danger."

"Danger!" Axel's head tossed in derision as he repeated the word, glorying in his own superb strength. "What danger can there be for one like me, to whom the other animals are mere pigmies?"

It was a glorious freedom to be alone, to press forward and feel monarch of all the solitude. The clear air made distance illusive, and the stream he sought was farther away than it had first appeared, but that fact did not change his determination to reach it. The sun had dropped out of sight, and the pink glory of the sky was fast fading into a dull gray. From a dark line of woods came the distant howl of a wolf.

"One of the dangers against which I was warned, I suppose," commented Axel. "As if I could not easily master any of those creatures! Let it howl; it dare not come near me."

Another voice took up the doleful "woo-oo!" but Axel, disdaining trifles, did not notice that the single cry was changing to a chorus. Dark forms stole out of the woods and began to follow him, cautiously at first, but growing bolder as their numbers increased. Their cries grew sharper and so near that Axel finally looked back to see a dozen or more dark bodies skulking along in the edge of the wood.

"Cowardly creatures!" sneered Axel, yet with the next breath he added "but there are so many of them!" And he quickened his pace. His increased speed seemed at once to increase the valor of his pursuers. They left the shadows and chased eagerly after him, and where he had counted a dozen he might now have seen a score. There hungry voices rent the air and sounded ominous and fearful. They were drawing nearer, too, though Axel, no longer careless, was exerting his utmost power in the race.

"I could easily vanquish any one of them," he panted, "but all!"

Alas! it was all of them he had to fight when he was brought to bay at last. Nearer and yet nearer they drew until the sharp snapping of their jaws could be distinctly heard amid their cries. Axel felt that his strength was spent. The stream was still far away, and his enemies were closing in around him. He lifted his head despairingly to the darkening sky, and realized, too late, the folly of treating with contempt the danger he might well have avoided. His foes were insignificant singly, but together they were a force against which his boasted strength was weakness. They sprang upon him on every side, and the unequal contest was soon over. Poor Axel! he was only one of many who learn too late the power of small evils neglected to grow into a great one, and that a life may be wasted by despising so-called trifles.—[Forward.]

### A Diamond Watcher.

There is a special policeman at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-seventh street who is kept pretty busy. One of the greatest up-town show windows displays diamonds to be seen here, and a band of people want to stop and look into those windows and gloat over the precious stones. From fifty to a hundred thousand dollars' worth are usually in sight. Once, some time ago, two men stood there and looked in, and somehow a brick fell through the plate glass and a man's arm quickly followed, and in an instant the diamonds within easy reach disappeared. The men were caught and the jewels recovered, but since that time a special policeman in a blue-gray uniform is on guard there while the diamonds are on exhibition. Just saunter along and pause near that window some day as if you hadn't anything particular to do, and you'll get acquainted with him. It will be a merely speaking acquaintance, but it will be all you'll want.—[New York Herald.]

The cape on the back of the bonnet, which has so long been abjured, is revived on some of the novelties received from Paris.

### PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

#### EPITOME OF NEWS GLEANED FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE STATE.

CHARLES GRUBBLING, of near Greensburg, while insane from the grip, stuck his head through some window glass, severely cutting his neck. A doctor sewed the wound, but Grubbling removed the stitches and bled to death.

DAVID HASTINGS, ex-Market Clerk of Allegheny, who was recently convicted of embezzlement, was refused a new trial.

CIVIL engineers have been at work in Wilkes-Barre and it is thought the Pennsylvania Railroad will build a bridge over the river which will connect them with some collieries.

JOHN MADSTELLOR, a retired farmer of Richlandtown, committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart.

A CAVE-IN of the surface over Payne's Mines, at Luzerne Borough, wrecked a number of dwellings.

As a result of the pending deal the guaranteed incomes of the Lehigh University and St. Luke's Hospital, at Bethlehem, which were endorsed by Asa Packer, will be increased 40 per cent. The endorsement was in Lehigh Valley Railroad securities.

THE taking of testimony was commenced in the Delamater case at Meadville. The evidence showed that the total liabilities of the firm and individual members were \$1,100,000, and the assets \$300,000. Some of the securities were hypothecated.

At a meeting of the officers of the State Editorial Association at Harrisburg the Quay libel suit against the Beaver Star was considered. A movement will be inaugurated looking to the pardon of the two men.

THE Republicans of Lancaster celebrated Lincoln's birthday by a meeting under the auspices of the Young Republicans. Speeches were made by Hon. John Dalzell and Congressman W. A. Stone.

THE stockholders of the Maney National Bank will petition Congress to investigate the affairs of the institution, with a view of finding out what became of the money which disappeared from the vault.

EX-MAYOR PEARSON, of Allegheny, was acquitted of the charge of appropriating commitment fees to his own use.

MAYOR WYMAN, of Allegheny, still continues in office. His friends are urging him to resign. If he does so it is said the other criminal prosecutions against him will be withdrawn.

MUNICIPAL elections were held in the various cities in the State. In Lancaster the Democrats re-elected Clark, Mayor, by over 1500 majority, and carried every ward in the city but one. At Lebanon, Hazleton, Harrisburg, and Easton the Republicans made gain in the Councilman elections. Wilkes-Barre elected a Republican Mayor. There was a hot fight in Chambersburg, but the Republicans carried the city.

NINE passengers who came to this country on the steamer Massilia, have been located in Lawrence County. Precautions will be taken to prevent the spread of the typhus fever, should it break out.

FIFTEEN men employed in Easton Bridge Department of the Lehigh Valley Railroad were discharged. It is feared that this is the first of a series of dismissals following the lease of the Lehigh Valley system by the Reading.

ANGELO MATERA, one of the passengers on the typhus stricken steamer Massilia, was found sick in a lodging house in Pittsburg.

ALL the collieries in the west end of Schuylkill County were put on lock hours. It is believed that ten hours will soon prevail all over Schuylkill region with steadier work.

The well-known Cowley gang took refuge in a coal bank near Uniontown. A party of men were left to watch the outlaws while a messenger went to summon Sheriff McCornick. Before the Sheriff could get to the spot the outlaws fought their way out and escaped to the mountains.

LAT Judges Jenkins and Donahue, of Adams county, in the License Court at Gettysburg, overruled the Presiding Judge and forced him to grant a license to Lough & Brough, distillers of York Springs.

THE Economists held their yearly celebration at the quaint village of Economy, it being the eighty-eighth year since the society was formed. Three new members were admitted.

"BIG JOE," of Shamokin, commonly called the "King of the Han," made a murderous assault upon Joseph Rudwick, a Scranton land agent.

EDITH and Otto Smitax, two children of Sunbury, while skating on the Susquehanna River, broke through the ice and were drowned.

MINISTER MONTT, of Chili, came to Harrisburg from Washington, to see Governor Pattison, who was unfortunately absent in Philadelphia. He wanted to get some points on our public school and tax system.

AN application for pardon has been filed with the Recorder of the Board of Pardons at Harrisburg, in the case of Louis Pfeiffer the convicted president of the Bank of America.

### Precious Stone in Iowa.

An important discovery has been made in Buchanan County, Iowa. Professor Calvin, of the State University, recently made an examination of rocks in several sections and found in large quantities the peculiar limestone used so extensively in lithographic art, and which at present is obtained only in Germany. As the demand is so great and the present supply limited the find will undoubtedly prove a rich one. A bill will be introduced in the present legislature asking for a thorough geological survey of the State.—[Chicago Herald.]

AN English paper gives some interesting statistics as to the pecuniary return of a few inventions. The stylographic pen for a while brought in \$40,000 a year; the India rubber tips to pencils, \$20,000; metal plates for protecting the soles and heels of boots brought in \$250,000 in all; the roller-skate, \$200,000. A clergyman realized \$400 a week by the invention of a toy; another toy, the return ball, brought in an income of \$10,000; the "Dancing Jim Crow," \$15,000 a year. The inventor of a copper cap for children's boots was able to leave his heirs \$400,000, while Singer, of sewing-machine fame, left at his death nearly \$3,000,000.

The people who would have done so and so, if they had been there, never get there.