

THE SACRIFICE OF THE LIBERTY TREE.

BY MARY A. F. STANSBURY.

"Twas seventeen hundred and seventy-six, the year our fathers sealed,
The charter of their liberties with blood, on many a field—
A time of darkness, doubt and dread, with hope so long delayed,
That thought of child and wife almost the bravest cowards made.
Upon their island fair and green, girt by the throbbing sea,
The men of Martha's Vineyard set a tree of liberty;
Flung from its peak their virgin flag, that wind and wave might bear
Their pledge to freedom's cause of life and honor yet more dear.

Up through the harbor mouth one day, by favoring breezes borne,
Flaunting the ensign of King George, came the ship Unicorn—
Her tattered sails and splintered spar told but a sorry tale
Of battle with the billows' rage, and fury of the gale.
"Now, by my faith," the captain cried, "but there's a godly mast!
Twere worth ten other nights of storm, each blacker than the last,
To bring these canting rebels' pride to such a grievous fall,
And mend his Majesty's good ship with yonder flagstaff tall."

Then short and stern the summons passed through willing messengers—
"Sell me for gold, if so ye will, your price of rock-grown fire;
But hark ye! if ye bring it not by dawn of morrow's morn,
Perforce I take it and beware how ye my mandate scorn!"
The patriots heard the naughty word and struck with sore dismay,
Looked down the black mouths of the guns grim watching from the bay,
Through clenched teeth and quivering lips the angry whisper hissed,
"This red-coat has us by the throat—twere madness to resist!"

Night fell along the quiet shore, with not a light to guide,
Save where the warship's lantern dim swung slowly with the tide—
When softly from their sleeping homes there stole the maidens three,
Horn, Pamel, and Mary fair, beneath the liberty tree.
They closed it round in silent ring—what meant that click of steel?
Could musket cold and bayonet those gentle hands conceal?
Nay! from a simple workman's bench were drawn their weapons true,
Three twisted augers strong and sharp to cut the tough wood through.

With firm, unflinching wounds of love they pierced the fragrant grain,
Then forced the crackling powder home, and set the fuse in train,
Through the still darkness of the hour a sudden flash and roar,
And the tall emblem of the free fell shivered to the core!

The glad west wind of heaven that once had rocked it where it grew,
Flung out its shattered fragments small upon the water blue,
The mocking ripples tossed them light against the vessel's lee,
Whose baffled captain anchor weighed and, cursing, put to sea.

While screamed the sea-bird in his track, "Chew your proud words again!
Will they whom white-faced girls outwit, dare try the fight with men?"
So runs the tale of maidens three, to children's children told,
Horn, Pamel and Mary fair, of the brave days of old.

—(Youth's Companion.)

RELIABLE RECIPES.

DELICIOUS GRAHAM ROLLS.—Take one and one-half pints of graham flour, half a pint of wheat flour and two heaping teaspoonsful of baking powder. Add one teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly together while dry. Half a gill of molasses should be added next, and sufficient sweet milk (or milk and water) to make a dough just stiff enough to handle. Sometimes add a well-beaten egg or two, as it is a great improvement. Bake at once in a hot oven.

HAMBURG STEAK, RUSSIAN SAUCE.—Take two pounds of lean beef—the hip part is preferable—remove all the fat, and put it in a Salisbury chopping machine; then lay it in a bowl, adding a very fine chopped shallot, one raw egg for each pound of beef, a good pinch of salt, half a pinch of pepper and add a third of a pinch of grated nutmeg. Mix well together, then form it into six flat balls the size of a small fillet. Roll them in fresh bread crumbs, and fry them in the pan with two tablespoonfuls of clarified butter for two minutes on each side, turning them frequently and keeping them rare. Serve with half a pint of Russian sauce, or any other desired.

Care and Management of Tools.

The following points on the management of a machine shop, which are extracted from an article in the Tradesman, will prove of value to those interested in this subject.

For much of the boring done in a machine shop, the upright drill, with the automatic feed, can be used to very great advantage; it has been found much more convenient than a boring lathe, and fully as efficient. A machine of this class should not be used for ordinary rough drilling; this may be performed upon a lighter and cheaper machine. For light drilling, a small, quick-running drill press, with hand feed, is suitable. By the use of universal chucks, and drills of uniform diameter throughout, including the shanks, the necessity of having a set of drills for each drill press is avoided.

Every machine shop should be provided with a tool room, but this does not necessarily imply that all of the tools should be kept there or returned each time after being used; this, in many cases, incurs a great loss of time. This

rule should be observed in the case of large, valuable tools which are seldom used, but it does not apply in the case of small drills, cold chisels, wrenches, etc.; the tool room should, however, have duplicates of all tools used in the shop.

So far as possible, a regular system should be observed in the sizes of nuts, bolts and tap bolts, so that solid wrenches can be used upon them. Whenever tools require repairing, by dressing, tempering or otherwise, they should be returned to the tool room, and it should be the duty of the tool keeper to have such tools repaired and put in order without delay and returned to their places, so that there will always be a supply on hand. The old method, which allows the workman to carry the tool to the blacksmith shop and there wait until it is put in order, involves an unwarrantable waste of time.

The tool keeper must necessarily be a first-class machinist and tool maker, capable of replacing any and every tool used in the shop, and this is true even where the tools are mainly purchased, as special tools are unavoidably required occasionally in every shop. Ordinarily, every workman is supposed to keep his own tools ground and in good condition for work, but it is undoubtedly more economical to have certain tools, such as twist drills, reamers, etc., kept in order by the tool maker.

Peculiar Kind of Shellfish.

A peculiar kind of shellfish, the like of which has never been seen on the Sound, near Seattle, Washington, was fished out of 200 feet of water near Five Mile point, the other morning, by a rock cod fisherman. The man felt a tug at his line and began pulling in. Judging from the weight he concluded that he must have caught the grandfather of all the rock cod in the Sound. When he had taken in all his line he was astonished to find that he had not only landed a splendid five-and-a-half pound cod, but also a rock full of perforations, to which were attached six lively shellfish, each as big as one's fist, and somewhat resembling gigantic mussels. The shells of the fish were imbedded in the rock, and as soon as the water was taken out of the water the fish cranked their long necks out of the shells just as a turtle would. The necks of the fish were unlike anything the fishermen had ever seen; they resembled slightly the yellow mouth of the lamprey eel. Their mouths were pointed and surmounted by a hard, brown colored beak, which they opened and shut precisely as a robin does. The fish and their abode were held together by means of the stout roots of a sea weed which had grown around them, and the whole weighed eight and a half pounds. The fisherman took the curiosity to the Denver market, and there it was placed on exhibition and attracted considerable attention. In the absence of a more scientific name, one of the men connected with the market named the shellfish "sea canaries."—[New Orleans Picayune.

Why Our Women Fade.

Many grievous reasons confront me as to "why our women fade," but I shall touch upon only a few of the strongest, writes Felicia Holt in the Ladies' Home Journal. I look at the many women of my acquaintance; I see lines on brows which can only be brought there by worry, and "worry" I take to be one of the greatest foes to a woman's youth. There are dolls to be sure, who never think, work or act; I do not here discuss such creatures, but woman in her vocation as a sentient being. In this country, as in no other, do women have to struggle in the effort to keep up an appearance of great wealth they do not possess. It is an age of monopolies, and great fortunes are being absorbed by the shrewd financiers; hence, many far more cultivated and refined people must retire, "forgetting the world, be by the world forgot," or undertake a struggle which ends only in the grave. It would seem at first an unworthy strife, and so it is, not only unworthy but horribly degrading if entered into with the purpose of tying with the more fortunate for the mere possession of money; but alas, it represents to the fastidious and well-born women all that to which by nature she is justly entitled; works of art, music, literature and the outcome of the ages.

Animals That Never Drink.

It is difficult to believe that any animal exists entirely without water, yet such seems to be the established fact, in regard to which Golden Days has collected the following testimony of naturalists: Mr. Blanford, in his book on Abyssinia, says that neither the dorcas nor Bennett's gazelle (two allied species) ever drink. Darwin states, in his "Voyage of a Naturalist," that unless the wild llamas of Patagonia drink salt water in many localities they drink none at all. The large and interesting group of sloths are alike in never drinking. A parrot is said to have lived in the zoological gardens, London, for fifty-two years without a drop of water.

It is often said that rabbits in a wild state never drink. The late Rev. J. G. Wood doubted whether this idea was correct, and recorded the fact that they feed on herbage when it is heavy with dew, and therefore practically drink when eating. In autumn and winter, when sheep are feeding on turnips, they require little or no water.

Overcoming a Bird's Migratory Instinct.

The migration of birds is due to instinct. But this instinct may be easily overcome and suppressed. On the roof of the City Hall in Donauwörth (Bavaria), a couple of storks have a nest which they have not left for three years. The first time they remained because there was a young bird to weak to fly south. The parent birds were not willing to leave their little one and stopped to feed it. They liked the winter and have stopped in their nest ever since; having young every year, all of whom left when the wild season came and the rest of the storks departed for the south. But the old couple remain and do not seem to have any worse health for being exposed to the cold northerly winters on a high house top.—[Boston Advertiser.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

There are nearly 260,000 miles of railway in the United States. And yet the time is easily within the memory of middle-aged men when the total railway mileage of the country was less than 10,000 miles.

A vessel which is intended to be an exact copy of the Santa Maria, on which Christopher Columbus made his first voyage to America, is building at the Government yard at La Carraca. As soon as the Spanish centenary feasts are over she will sail for New York.

Three hundred and sixteen thousand of the 328,000 divorces granted in the United States during the past twenty years were granted at the request of wives. The record for divorce proceedings is held by a Judge at Chattanooga, who disposed of 111 applicants in 155 minutes.

The Winchester Arms Company at New Haven has bored an artesian well 4,900 feet deep. It is the deepest hole in the United States, the nearest to it being a well in Virginia. At the depth of 4,000 feet it was found necessary to use dynamite to blast through a hard stratum of rock.

The Navy Department is carrying on experiments with homing pigeons as a means of coast-communication. Birds have been placed on board the Constellation at Annapolis. They will be taken 100 miles out to sea and liberated, with messages to the Secretary of the Navy, at different points of the coasts of Maryland and Delaware.

DISAPPEARMENT OF PATENTS IS COMMON and easy, says the Iron Industry Gazette, but it should not be forgotten by those who invest in patents. A total of over \$5,000,000 of capital invested in manufacturing in the United States in 1903, the basis for the investment of about \$6,000,000,000. Evidently, the United States system of encouraging invention, that has resulted in the patenting of over 476,000 inventions, is a system that is exceedingly wise and valuable.

AN FONG, a Chinese now in Montreal, was recently denied admission to this country. He employed lawyers who appealed to the Treasury Department. He presented the affidavits of fifteen teachers to prove that he attended Sunday-school in Kansas City, and he claimed that he was a member of the firm of Quong, Lung & Jin, Mott street, New York. Special Treasury Agent Whitehead made an investigation and found that the New York concern had a capital of \$23,000 and thirteen partners. It was denied that Ah Fong was a partner, and this fact was yesterday communicated to the Treasury Department.

"A NUMBER OF Belfast people," says the Lewiston, Me., Journal, "are trying the co-operative housekeeping experiment. About a half a dozen families in a neighborhood have entered into an agreement to live as one family. One of the women is hired to do the cooking for three dollars a week, while the others pay their proportionate parts. Every available room in the house is rented and each individual is busy with his or her particular work, but all congregate at meal time in one place. The plan hasn't worked worth a cent in other places where it has been tried; but these Belfast people may have such angelic dispositions that they will overcome its difficulties."

MAJOR ALFRED H. SEARS of the Society of American Engineers read a paper at the recent convention of the Society at Old Point Comfort, Va., urging the use of compressed air or steam in the street-car motor of the future. Compressed air is used at Nantes and Vincennes in France, and costs two-thirds as much as horse-power. Compressed steam is under experiment in Chicago, and is said to cost less than horses or electricity. As compared with the overhead trolley system, or the underground cable, it has the advantage that each car is independent of every other car so far as its motive power is concerned. Storage batteries afford the same advantage, but as yet such batteries are in an experimental state.

THE Massachusetts Legislature has just taken the first steps towards improving what are known as the Province lands, which cover several thousand acres in Provincetown, Cape Cod. These lands are chiefly composed of drifting sand-dunes, and it seems but a question of time when many more thousand acres will have to be added to this almost barren tract, which was, according to history, once beautifully wooded and fertile. Strangers are still surprised at the luxuriance of the woods that cover something like 2,000 acres of the territory with pitch pine, oak, maple, and other trees, and a dense undergrowth. The now awful looking desert was started by man's agency. Trees were carelessly cut away, sods were removed, fire got in and burned every vestige of the soil over considerable expenses, and the bare sand that for centuries had been covered by Nature with a mantle that represented her patient toil for thousands of years was exposed. The fierce winds tore open the wounds thus inflicted, and the giant waves of the sea of sand, so long stationary, again began to move. It is now proposed to make a number of experiments towards anchoring the sand-dunes and starting a permanent vegetable growth upon them. Such experiments have succeeded in France and Holland, and may rescue one of the most interesting towns of Massachusetts from desolation.

THE Grand Canon of the Colorado has been penetrated by a steamboat and a regular excursion line is to be started this year or the next. Hitherto it has been supposed that the Colorado in this stupendous chasm was impassable, although it is true that in 1890 a party of explorers went down the tortuous river as far as the Cataract Canon in a small boat. Inspired by the success of the trip, a company was organized last year to run a line of boats through the Grand Canon. A trip was begun with a small steam-yacht, which was launched in the tributary Green River about the middle of August. It was not a success, the water proving too shallow in places, and the propeller breaking. In April of this year another attempt was made. In order to prevent disaster to the propellers, heavy iron shields were fastened

below them and to the stem, and the little steamer glided and bumped safely over the rocks. The steamer to be used by the company will draw only twenty feet of water, and necessarily will be very small. The pioneer boat is the Major Powell, and in this the first voyage was made. The Colorado River is not by any means an inviting stream to navigate. It is one succession of cascades, rapids, whirlpools, rocks, and curves. By far the most interesting things about the canon are the remains of prehistoric man to be found there. After the first fifty miles of the Labyrinth Canon had been traversed a novelty was presented. In various places along the sides of the canon were seen the primitive human dwellings of an early race. The party landed and collected a quantity of wickerware, broken pottery, and arrow-heads.

REMARKABLE MINES.

One Whose Galleries Are 600 Feet Under the Ocean.

There are many coal mines of which the galleries extend under the waters of rivers, such as the mines near Liege, in Belgium, of which the galleries form a connection of the mines situated on both sides of the river, regular subaqueous tunnels; but more remarkable are those mines of which the galleries extend under the ocean, as is the case with some coal mines in England. More remarkable still is one of the coal mines at Nanaimo, on Departure Bay, beyond Victoria, British Columbia. This mine is known as the Wellington, and its galleries are situated 600 feet under the surface of the ocean, which here surrounds an archipelago of islands, very similar to the Thousand Islands, at the head of the St. Lawrence River. The length of the galleries of this mine is continually increasing, and extends at present six miles under the bottom of the waters of the Pacific Ocean. Nearly the whole population of the town of Nanaimo, amounting to nearly 1,000, is engaged in the mines, and earns as much as \$3 to \$6 a day. Liberal as this appears to be, the cost of living in that inhospitable region is so high that the miners can only make ends meet. A great drawback in these mines is the excessive amount of combustible gases, by an explosion of which, three years ago, 100 miners lost their lives.

It appears that the coal mines here are more profitable than the gold mines, even in Alaska (where they are numerous), for the simple reason that they can be worked the whole year round, while the gold mines can only be worked four months in the year, so that the miners must live in idleness eight months, and that in a country which cannot produce the necessities of life, which are all brought from the United States, and therefore burdened with heavy freightage. As the miners cannot be left to starve during these eight months, the parties to whom the mines belong have such an enormous continual expense to bear that the ore has to be of a very high grade to make it pay, so that low grade ores are not worked at all, except when other circumstances compensate for it. Such is the case in the Treadwell mine, on Douglas Island, which is situated near the shore, where water is convenient, and for which the owners ask \$20,000,000; while a small mine, "The Bear," situated on the same island, was sold recently for \$1,000,000, while the "Mexico" is so profitable that it is not for sale, but the owners are erecting an eighty-stamp mill.—[Scientific American.

On the Sargasso Sea.

The Sargasso Sea, or floating masses of gulf weed in mid-Atlantic, which impedes the ships of Columbus 400 years ago, according to the London Globe, has been the subject of careful study by Dr. Krummel, a German meteorologist, who takes a different view of its origin from that commonly accepted. He shows, to begin with, that the sea is much more extensive than Humboldt supposed. The middle or thickest part is elliptical in form, the great axis lying along the Tropic of Cancer and the foci at forty-five degrees and seventy degrees west longitude. Around this are more extensive but thinner accumulations of the weed, which vary with the prevailing winds.

The gulf weed, which, with its little round "berries," is not unlike the mistletoe in form, but of a brownish-yellow color, has been thought to have lost its property of rooting on rocks and to have acquired the power of living afloat. It has even been suggested that the sea marks the site of a submerged continent, apparently the lost Atlantis. Dr. Krummel holds that the weed has simply been drifted to its present position by the Gulf Stream and its affluents from the West Indian Islands and the Gulf of Mexico. It is now proved that the Gulf Stream is not a single narrow "river of the ocean," as Maury poetically described it, but consists of a number of currents, not only from the Mexican Gulf, but the Antilles. The weed, according to Dr. Krummel, would take fifteen days to float as far north as the latitude of Cape Hatteras and five and a half months to reach the Azores. In the Sargasso Sea it becomes heavy and sinks; but the supply is kept up by the Gulf stream. Dr. Krummel is certainly right in giving the Sargasso Sea a much wider area than Humboldt did and than our maps usually portray. It has been encountered some two or three hundred miles northeast of Barbadoes; but whether the weed is solely carried from the West Indies and the Gulf is perhaps open to doubt.—[St. Louis Star Sayings.

A Vain Desire, Alas!

In a note to the editor of the Critic Col. T. W. Higginson incidentally says: "It has been a desire of my life to issue a book which should be wholly free from typographical errors, but I shall probably die without accomplishing it. Nor is it much of a consolation to know that my old friend, the late Prof. Longfellow, after having the proofs of his 'Dante' read by at least three different persons, finally received the published book with delight at the breakfast table, and at once opened upon a very serious misprint."

The exports of mineral oil during June were of the value of \$3,472,761; in June, 1891, \$4,099,516.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

A FAMOUS BARGAIN.

Two little mammals engaged in trade, And a wonderful bargain each one made; A baby sister with dimpling smile Was exchanged for a doll of the latest style; They played for an hour—then mamma came to borrow Her baby, and told them to bargain to-morrow.

—[New York Mail and Express.

A STRANGE BIRD IN THE PIGEONS' NEST.

Harry Francis, a boy of thirteen years, living on Pratt street, had a Leghorn's hen's egg given him, which he put in charge of two male pigeons. The birds sat upon the egg until within two days of the time for it to hatch, then they deserted it. The boy placed it under another pigeon, which was already sitting on two eggs, and Sunday a little brown chick burst its shell. The foster parent fed the little stranger pigeon fashion, which method seems to puzzle the chicken, making it amusing to watch them. The new-comer's language appears to be a mystery to the pigeons, but they treat the little fellow well.—[Providence (R. I.) Journal.

WILD LOVE OF A TOM-CAT.

The Detroit Herald's West Carrollton correspondent writes: Miss Ethel, daughter of D. W. Pease, is the possessor of a Maltese cat. Early in the Spring the cat deserted his place in the house and took up his abode with the chickens, remaining day and night in the chicken yard. He soon formed an attachment for an old black hen, which was reciprocated, and the two became inseparable.

Thus matters went on for some time, when the hen, remembering that the usual season for multiplying and replenishing her species had arrived, selected a nest in a poultry house and made known her intentions in the usual way. She was at once supplied with the necessary eggs and commenced business.

This, it was supposed would end the rather strange flirtation, and Tommy would return to his mat on the porch, but not so. Judge of the surprise of the family on going to the poultry house the next day to find that his catship had taken possession of the adjoining nest with the nest egg and was sitting in the most approved fashion.

AN ACROBATIC MOUSE.

An amusing thing was witnessed some time ago in a street in Liverpool, in which a small mouse figured as high-wire performer, attracting the attention of a large number of spectators of both sexes, says a writer in the Animal World. When the mouse was first seen he was on a telegraph pole, and it is supposed to have come from one of the telegraph conduits, which are infested with mice. From the pole the little rodent proceeded to walk deliberately along one of the telegraph wires.

He had not advanced far when he was seen by two sparrows, which immediately showed fight, probably because they thought the wires the exclusive property of their tribe, and resented the intrusion. The sparrows would swoop down as near as they dared, giving vent to their peculiar shrill notes of anger; but as the mouse also showed fight they were a little afraid of making too close an acquaintance.

The two sparrows were soon joined by others, and if their cries had been of any avail would have come off victorious. As it was, the mouse traveled on to the next pole in safety, and quickly descending to the ground was soon lost to sight.

THE PRINCE OF TURNIPS.

There were two brothers who were both soldiers; the one was rich, the other poor. The poor man thought he would try to better himself; so, pulling off his red coat, he became a gardener and dug his ground well and sowed turnips.

When the seed came up there was one plant bigger than all the rest, and it kept getting larger, and it seemed as if it would never cease growing; so that it might have been called the prince of turnips, for there was never such a one seen before, and never will be again. At last it was so big that it filled a cart, and two oxen could hardly draw it; and the gardener knew not what in the world to do with it, nor whether it would be a blessing or a curse to him.

One day he said to himself, "What shall I do with it? If I sell it it will bring me more than another; and for eating the little turnips are better than this. The best thing, however, is to carry it and give it to the king as a mark of respect."

Then he yoked his oxen and drew the turnip to the court and gave it to the king. "What a wonderful thing!" said the king; "I have seen many strange things, but such a monster as this I never saw. Where did you get the seed? or is it only your good luck? If so, you are a true child of fortune."

"Oh, no!" answered the gardener, "I am no child of fortune. I am a poor soldier, who never could get enough to live upon; so I laid aside my red coat, and set to work tilling the ground. I have a brother who is rich, and your Majesty knows him well, and all the world knows him; but because I am poor, everybody forgets me."

The king then took pity on him, and said: "You shall be poor no longer. I will give you so much that you shall be even richer than your brother."

Then he gave him gold and land and flocks, and made him so rich that his brother's fortune could not at all be compared with his.

When the brother heard of all this, and how a turnip had made the gardener rich, he envied him sorely, and he thought himself how he could contrive to get the same good fortune for himself. However, he determined to manage more cleverly than his brother, and got together a rich present of gold and fine horses for the king, and thought he must have a much larger gift in return; for if his brother had received so much for only a turnip, what must his present be worth.

The king took the gift very graciously, and said he knew not what to give in return more valuable and wonderful than the great turnip, so the soldier was forced to put it into a cart and drag it home with him.—[Brooklyn Citizen.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

Epitome of News Gleaned from Various Parts of the State.

ANARCHIST MOLLECK, of Long Branch, was released from custody in Pittsburg, there being no evidence to show that he had conspired with Berkman. The strikers held a meeting at Homestead to discuss the situation. Colonel Streeter was arrested in Washington on the warrant sworn out by ex-Private Iams. He waived a hearing and entered bail. Officials of the Carnegie Company are to be arrested on the charge of conspiracy.

NEARLY 1100 miners in Jefferson County may strike. The trouble is caused by one man who refuses to join the Union, declaring that it is too conservative. The men have asked the company to discharge the man.

THE Insurance Department has issued a report of the condition of the Pennsylvania Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Columbia. The services at Landisville camp-meeting were well attended. A number of people professed religion.

THE backbone of the Homestead strike is believed to be broken, as a number of the former employees of the Carnegie Company are applying for work. Marcus Albrecht, an Anarchist, was arrested by the police, but was soon released. Private Iams began his suit against the militia officers.

JUDGES Schuyler and Reeder, at Easton overruled the motion for an injunction to restrain the Philadelphia & Reading Company from operating the Lehigh Valley road. Judge Schuyler wrote the opinion and in the course of his remarks censured the company for discharging old workmen and diverting business from the Valley.

WILLIAM HARRISTON, aged 30, was drowned in the river at Williamsport by the capsizing of a boat.

ADJUTANT GENERAL GREENLAND drew warrants for the payment of the State Fencibles, of Philadelphia, for services in camp amounting to \$4,243.35. The First Brigade organizations will be paid out of the regular military fund, and those of the other two brigades from the emergency fund.

WHILE trying to escape from an officer at Reading, George Indick, a Hungarian, jumped in the Schuylkill River and was drowned.

THE Department of Public Instruction has received notice of the selections of dates for holding the teachers institutes in the counties.

OLIVER CORNMAN, a Cumberland County farmer, was bitten by a large copperhead snake, and his condition is serious.

DRUNKEN John Minnich, of Sunbury, fired a bullet at his wife. His arm was knocked in the air by another man and the woman's life saved.

THE Register of Wills of Montgomery County rendered a decision sustaining the will of Jesse K. Johnson.

WARRANTS were issued for the arrest of the Carnegie officials and the Pinkertons at Pittsburg. The men waived a hearing. Anarchist Bauer was released on bail.

AFTER a fire had been quenched on the porch of Samuel Wint's hotel in Catawissa a stick of dynamite was found. It is thought the explosive was placed there for the purpose of blowing up the house.

By a fall of rock in the Upper Lehigh Coal Company's colliery, near Hazleton, two men were killed.

THE Prohibitionists held a big rally at the Chester Heights camp meeting grounds.

THE son of John Sutter, of Erie, died from lock-jaw caused by stepping on a rusty nail.

THE funeral of George K. STARE, who committed suicide in New York, took place at Easton.

GEORGE HARRIS, of Avoca, while at the Fairview Excursion Resort, carelessly pointed a revolver toward himself while examining it. He accidentally pulled the trigger and was shot dead.

TWO men are at Lock Haven, sent there by a Western Penitentiary convict named Laford, to hunt \$75,000 he alleges he buried ten years ago.

ALBERT MOSS was killed in the explosion of the McAbee Powder Works at Verona.

THE Postoffice at Kipple, near Altoona, was robbed of \$154 worth of postage stamps. Two strange young men have been arrested.

Told in a Dream.

Before Watts, the discoverer of the present mode of making shot, had his notable dream, induced by over-indulgence in stimulants, the manufacture in question was a slow, laborious, and consequently costly process. Great bars of lead had to be pounded into sheets of a thickness nearly equal to the diameter of the shot desired. These sheets had then to be cut into little cubes, placed in a revolving barrel and there rolled around until, by the constant friction, the edges wore off from the little cubes and they became spheroids.

Watts had often racked his brain trying to discover some better and less costly scheme, but in vain. Finally, after spending an evening with some boon companions at an ale house, he went home, went to bed, and soon fell asleep. His slumbers, however, were disturbed by unwelcome dreams, in one of which he was out with "the boys," and as they were stumbling home it began to rain shot—beautiful globules of polished, shining lead—in such numbers that he and his companions had to seek shelter.

In the morning Watts remembered his curious dream, and it obtruded itself on his mind all day. He began to wonder what shape molten lead would assume in falling through the air, and finally, to set his mind at rest, he ascended to the top of the steeple of the Church of St. Mary at Redcliffe and dropped slowly and regularly a ladleful of molten lead into the moat below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfulls of the most perfect shot he had ever seen. Watts' fortune was made, for from this exploit emanated the idea of the shot tower, which ever since has been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so important in war and sport.