

THE ROADSIDE AEOLIAN.

Layton Brewer in the Criterion.
When winds stream over the ragged
knoll
The highway lies along
The wires strung from pole to pole
Give tongue to a voice of song.

A-glint with beams of the morning sun,
They carry a blitheful air,
Humming a burden that seems to run:
"Good news is the word we bear."
This joyous one:
"This joyous we bear."

They swing and swing at the breeze's will,
While the heavens smile above
To hear the measure they gaily thrill:
"We're speeding a line of love,"
With scale and trill:
"A line of love."

A cloud and a shadow go sailing by;
To the breeze's falling breath
In sinking cadence the wires sigh:
"Respect for a tale of death!"
More softly still:
"A tale of death."

O the songs are many the wires sing
When the roving wind is sent
To play of gladness or suffering
On its mighty instrument.

KATHIE'S ADVENTURE.

"Girls, I'm going into the country for two weeks; they've got it all planned. Two weeks—just think of it—and I never saw the country."

An eager crowd gathered around the little girl, who had rushed into the playground of the Orphans' Home, her cheeks bright and her eyes shining with excitement.

"Tell us about it, Kathie?"
"Oh, oh! I wonder if some of the rest of us won't get a chance pretty soon."

"When are you going, Kathie?"
"This afternoon. The lady's name is Mrs. Winslow, and she lives on a farm. I was in the hall when she came in and asked me my name and talked a few minutes; then they sent for me afterwards and asked me if I would like to go, and I thought it would be so lovely; but no—it makes me feel mean to go when the rest of you want to go so much and can't."

The child's face had clouded, and she looked around with troubled eyes. But one of the little group around her spoke up bravely.

"Of course it's all right for you to go when they ask you—the rest of us would go quick enough, and probably some of us will by and by."

"Kathie, the matron wants you to get your things ready," called a voice at the door; and Kathie hurried out, joy and sorrow chasing each other over her sensitive face.

She had always lived in the city—this little girl of 12—and in a crowded part of it at that; while many times since her father's death, three years before, she had been without sufficient food and for the last year she had been motherless. But the Orphans' Home had taken her in and had cared for her, and she was glad of the refuge, although as young as she was, she thought of the future and longed for a home which she would not be obliged to leave—a home to which she would have a right other than as an object of charity; for Kathie was proud-spirited, and her heart ached for love.

When Mrs. Winslow came at about 3 o'clock she found her little charge ready and waiting in the hall with the traveling bag beside her, which she had carefully packed according to the direction of the matron. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were bright with pleasant anticipation as she shyly returned Mrs. Winslow's greeting and followed her in the waiting cab.

Mrs. Winslow watched her expressive face with sympathetic pleasure and talked to her just enough to make her feel at ease without interfering with her enjoyment of the novel scenes. It was 5:30 o'clock when the train pulled into a little station, and they found Mr. Winslow waiting for them with a horse and carriage.

The drive was half a mile over a winding road, with rolling fields on either side and green grass and trees, the houses just close enough together for companionship, was such a delight that the little girl sat as though spell-bound, while her new friends looked into each other's eyes across the top of her head and smiled in sympathy.

"So you're not disappointed, eh, my child?" asked Mr. Winslow.

She looked up quickly into his kind face.

"Disappointed," she repeated, with a little catching of her breath that said more than words. "I didn't think the country could be so pretty."

Mr. Winslow laughed, almost as pleased as she was herself.

"Well, how does this suit you?" he asked as they turned into a pretty driveway and approached a comfortable white house with a deep veranda, surrounded by large trees dotted over a velvet lawn, while from the farther side a profusion of brilliant flowers peeped at them through the tree trunks and bending branches.

"Is this where we're going?" asked Kathie in a half whisper of delight.

"This is where we're going," answered Mr. Winslow, gaily. Then they caught sight of an old lady and a tiny child coming around the father corner of the veranda.

"Hello, Gracie!" cried Mr. Winslow, as the child came running eagerly to meet them, laughing and holding out both hands full of flowers.

Mr. Winslow caught her in his arms as she sprang out.

"This is the daughter of the house," he said, holding her up. "Gracie, this

is a little girl come to see you and play with you."

Gracie made friends readily and walked up to the house, holding her mamma by one hand and Kathie by the other. Then Kathie learned that the old lady was Mrs. Winslow's mother, and when the latter bent and kissed her and told her she was welcome she thought there was nothing in the world so dear as old ladies.

They walked all around the house before going in, visiting the flower garden, peeping into the barn at the rear and looking out across the rolling fields to the river not far away, whose waters were shining like silver now in the bright sunlight.

And then they went in to get ready for supper.

How good the supper tasted. The fresh air and the perfume of the flowers came in through the open windows of the pleasant dining room, and the faces around the table were healthy and happy; while the snowy bread and delicious new-made butter, with thin slices of boiled ham and fresh new milk just out of the ice-box, the delicate frosted cakes and above all the strawberries, picked less than an hour before and buried in cream, formed a feast that even the daughter of a millionaire might have called perfect, and this little orphan girl, who had known much more fasting than feasting, almost thought it a table from fairyland.

After supper Mrs. Winslow allowed her to brush the crumbs from the snowy cloth and wipe the pretty china, and when this was done, they all went together and she made the acquaintance of the cows and pigs and poultry and the gentle, kind-eyed horses, after which she romped with Grace under the trees, while the older members of the family sat upon the veranda and looked on, smiling at them.

"Perhaps you've found just the kind of girl you've been wanting, Jennie," said Mrs. Winslow's mother; "she seems careful and gentle, and Gracie takes to her, you can see."

"Yes," said Mrs. Winslow, "Gracie evidently likes her. How glad I would be if I knew I could trust her and she wanted to stay with us right along."

Kathie was delighted with her little chamber. Mrs. Winslow's mother had gone up with her.

"Your room is right next to mine, dear," she said. "I know you'll like it, and I want to show it to you."

And when she had seen how pleased the little girl was with it she kissed her and said good night and left her to look around and enjoy it to her heart's content. It was all blue and white and had two large windows looking out upon the green grass and tall trees and off across the fields to the river. There were books such as children love upon the table, and everything that a child could wish for comfort was there.

Next day was like a dream of fairyland to the little orphan. She helped with the dishes and amused the baby, and they all went for a drive in the afternoon—that is, the two ladies, Gracie and Kathie—and everything seemed so beautiful to be real; severally times Kathie pinched her arm so that she was sure she was awake.

"She seems like one of the family already," said Mrs. Winslow's mother that evening when the children were playing together. "I don't know when I have taken to a child as I do to her."

"She seems to take to you as much," said Mrs. Winslow, smiling. "But, then, I don't know who could help it."

"Oh, you're partial, of course," she said, "but I really believe Kathie is just the girl you want, and it would make such a good home for her. You're abundantly able to have her, too."

Just then the children came running in.

"Where would you rather live, Kathie—in the city or in the country?" asked Mrs. Winslow.

A wondering look came into the child's face, as if she had never thought there could be two opinions upon the subject.

"In the country, of course," she answered, simply, and there was so much of longing and pathos in her voice that both ladies turned their eyes away.

At the supper table next evening Mr. Winslow asked:

"Did you read about the hyena that got away in Chicago the other day?"

"No. Where did it get away from?" asked Mrs. Winslow hurriedly.

"From Lincoln Park," was the answer.

"Oh, dear," cried Mrs. Winslow, "what if it should come out here! I shan't dare let Gracie play out at all."

"Oh, I guess it isn't as bad as that," said Mr. Winslow, laughing. "It would be caught or shot before it got so far as this."

"But it might not be," persisted the wife.

"There would hardly be much danger in the day time anyway," said Mr. Winslow. "A hyena is a cowardly beast you know. It might take some of the poultry. Why, Kathie, child, how big your eyes are! I shouldn't have mentioned it. But there isn't any danger—you may sleep just as snug as if Mr. Hyena was back in his cage, as perhaps he is now."

But Kathie was a sensitive child, and all night long she dreamed of hyenas and other wild beasts, and of trying to save Gracie from them, always finding when she started to run with her little charge in her arms that she could barely crawl along, while her pursuers were just upon her. She came down in the morning rather pale, but she said nothing about her dreams or her fears, and no one spoke of the hyena.

Perhaps Mrs. Winslow could not get it entirely out of her mind, for she told Kathie to play out in the back yard with Grace, and not go far away from the house.

"Mr. Winslow is in the barn," she said, "and I would rather have you out that way."

About half way between the house

and the barn was an old shed which Mr. Winslow intended to tear down. All at once, in the midst of their play, Gracie started for this shed running as fast as her little fat legs would carry her, and Kathie started after her, calling to her, but the little rogue only screamed with pleasure and ran the faster.

Since hearing of the hyena Kathie had a vague fear of everything which she thought might possibly give a hiding place for a wild beast, and underneath this old shed was surely room enough, while it was dark there and had suddenly grown terrible.

But Baby Grace had no such fears. She ran up to it, laughing, and bent her chubby form to peer under it.

Kathie came up to her and caught her, bending, too, with a sort of fascination caused by her fear. And then for a horrible moment she stared as if both eyes would start from her head.

There, sure enough, were two great flaming orbs, like two jewels, staring at her, and she heard a low growl. But she could not move.

The baby pointed at those shining eyes and laughed; then Kathie's strength seemed to come back. She seized the struggling child in her arms and ran toward the house with her spite of her kicks and screams, and all the time it seemed as if had in her dreams, and she expected to hear the rush of a flying form just behind her. But she struggled on, and in a moment Mrs. Winslow came running out to ask what it was all about.

Kathie's white face told her fright. "What is it? What is it, Kathie?" cried Mrs. Winslow, taking the baby in her own arms.

"The hyena—under the shed!" gasped Kathie.

Mrs. Winslow gave a little scream, which was echoed by her mother, as she held the screen door open and pulled them all in.

At that moment there was a rush and a scurry from the shed, upon which all eyes were fixed. A flying patch of maltese and another larger one of black and white cut through the air, barely touching the ground—then the maltese patch turned, doubled into a furious ball, struck the black and white patch like a flash of lightning, there were a series of sharp yells, and the black and white patch was running the other way with its tail between its legs. Mr. Winslow and her mother, looked at each other. Then they laughed.

"Mr. Brown's dog again," said Mrs. Winslow. "I guess he'll stay away now."

She opened the door.

"Come here, Tom," she cried. "You're a brave old fellow, but between you and Tige you've given us quite a fright."

Tom looked around two or three times, then walked leisurely up to the house, came in and allowed himself to be petted. But he did not have all the honors. Mrs. Winslow and her mother both hugged and kissed Kathie and called her a brave little girl until she was utterly bewildered, for she had never thought it was a brave thing not to leave the baby in the presence of a supposed danger.

That night when she had gone to bed Mrs. Winslow said:

"That settles it. I shall keep Kathie with me as long as she wants to stay; so perhaps, after all, our scare had a purpose."

"I was sure you wouldn't let her go," said her mother.

A few days later the papers stated that the hyena had been shot, and Kathie breathed freely once more. But when they told her she could stay with them just as long as she wished—could be one of the family, it took several pretty hard pinches to make her sure that she was awake.—Chicago Record.

Steering By Echoes.
An interesting peculiarity of Alaskan navigation is thus described by Mr. La Verne W. Noyes in the Chicago Times-Herald. He extols the beauty of the scenery and the smoothness of the water—by the inland steamer route, and says:

"The channel is tortuous and full of rocks, and whenever a fog is encountered, every movement of the ship is fraught with danger. I was awakened about three o'clock one morning by a long blast of the steamer's whistle. This struck me as unusual, for vessels are rarely met on that trip, and there are comparatively no settlements. A moment later I heard the captain and the pilot on the bridge over my state-room in a lively colloquy.

"I tell you it's right there!" said one of them, excitedly. "It must be, or we'll be on the rocks in a minute!"

"That was enough for me. I tumbled out of my berth and, half-dressed, rushed on deck, just as the whistle gave another unearthly screech. It seemed to be answered immediately by another whistle near by, and I imagined we were meeting a steamer."

"What did I tell you?" cried the pilot. "There she is, all right!"

After waiting ten minutes or more, hoping to be able to catch a glance of the strange craft, I accosted the captain and asked him where the other steamer was. My question nearly gave him an epileptic fit. We had run into a dense fog, and our pilot was guiding us in that crooked channel and among those treacherous rocks by the echoes sent back from the mountains which here and there rise precipitously from the water's edge.

A whisk broom made with the edge slanting, so that one end is longer than the other, is much better than one with a straight edge for brushing the dust out of the corners of the room and from the edge of the carpets. This broom is particularly adapted to brushing down stair carpeting.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

AMERICAN HOLLAND.

DIKES IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON, TO PROTECT THE LAND.

The Horses Wear Mud Shoes When Plowing and the Soil is Tremendously Rich—Tide Gates Along the Sea Shore.

In this great western country, where there is so much wild land, where millions of acres of soil have never felt the touch of the ploughman's share or the keen edge of the woodman's ax, it does not seem that it would be necessary to reclaim land from the sea to obtain acres for civilization. But that has been done, and in Skagit County, almost in the very northwest corner of the state, can be found scores of the finest ranches in the world, lying behind dikes built to keep out the sea and the overflows of the Skagit river, the largest stream that empties into the sound.

This is the veritable Holland of Washington. In Skagit county are situated the famous Swinomish flats, the Beaver marsh, the Olympic marsh and the Samish flats, all surrounded by dikes ranging in height from 2 to 15 feet. There are tide gates along the sea shore which act automatically, and which drain the land so perfectly that crops are raised on land below the sea level with safety. And such crops!

For ages the big river has been bringing down the hills the richest sediment, and there is really no bottom to the soil. If a farmer in the East plows a little too deep he turns up clay or rocks; if the Beaver marsh rancher holds his plow handle too high he simply digs up more of the rich loam that raises every year without fail such crops that the old ranchers of other sections cannot believe the stories. One hundred and twenty-five bushels of oats to the acre, a ton and a half of hops or five tons of hay, are common yields while all sorts of root crops give equally large results.

In order to plow his land, which, of course, is soft and spongy, the ranchers often put "tuley" shoes on their horses, the shoes consisting of wide, wooden blocks, to prevent the animals from sinking into the loam.

There are at present eight diking districts in the county, and nearly every ranch of any size is in one or another of these districts. Fully 100 miles of dikes are in use in the county, and many of them are used also as roads. Very picturesque are these embankments, in many places, as they wind around through the trees. When the Skagit is having a freshet the people turn out to watch their dikes, and by repairing them, save their lands from inundation. Sometimes a very high tide will go over a dike and cover a number of ranches with salt water. If the water does not stand too long, this does no particular damage.

As there is nothing but sand and black loam to construct the dikes of, no permanent work has ever been done and cannot be until the river is so improved that it has a reasonably straight channel to the sea. Five or six forks or mouths discharge the water into the sound, and the delta thus formed is excellent farming land. If the water should be confined to one channel thousands of acres of land would be reclaimed, and the danger of overflow reduced to a minimum. By this improvement a magnificent navigable river, teeming with fish and flowing through a wealth of timber and mineral land, would be opened up and would provide employment for countless numbers of people.

If any resident of Washington has never seen the verdant fields of the Skagit flats, let him go up and take a look at them. It will pay him if he wants to know all about the resources of his state. If he cannot afford to take that trip, and wants to see some of the products of those diked fields, let him go down among the commission houses in Seattle and look at the hay and oats which are brought from that favored region in steamboat loads.

The only failure of crop ever known there is when the dikes break and the growing grains are ruined with water.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Sagacious Wolves.
Everybody knows what formidable foes a pack of wolves may become, but just how sagacious an enemy a wolf can prove himself is not as well appreciated. It is not an easy task to rid a ranch of such pests, as an instance lately given in the Macleod Gazette sufficiently proves.

A colt belonging to a Mr. Warnock having died, its owner thought to make use of it in clearing off a few wolves. He accordingly took ten strychnine tablets and inserted them carefully in various parts of the body, which he left to be a prey to the marauding beasts.

For two days Mr. Warnock abstained from going near the spot, but when he did go he expected to find some execution had been done. To his surprise, not a wolf was to be seen, dead or alive.

Not that the colt had been neglected. The skin had been neatly stripped from the body, and nearly every particle of flesh eaten, as well as the ribs and all the smaller bones. The fore and hind legs had been wrenched off at the knee joint and carried some distance, where everything mashable had been properly mashed. And yet, within a radius of a mile from the spot where the colt had been, there was not a dead wolf.

Mr. Warnock returned from his survey and spread out the skin of the colt, hair down, upon the ground. Then he saw, with some surprise, a small bunch of flesh untouched, and still adhering to the hide. Inclosed in the flesh were the strychnine tablets.

A closer examination showed that every one of the ten pellets had been carefully left alone by the wolves. Every shred of flesh around the spots where the tablets had been placed was eaten away, but that which enclosed

the poison was left.

The explanation lay in the fact that Mr. Warnock had, before inserting the pellets, picked them up with his fingers, instead of with a pair of forceps, as was his custom. The wolves had scented danger.

A JOLLY TINNER'S MISHAP.

The Outcome of His Practical Joke on a Wandering Pig.

Theodore Mowen, a Clarksville, (Mo.) tinner, is confined to his home with a broken arm and badly bruised body, as the result of a peculiar accident.

One of Theodore's friends called on him to repair a leaking waterspout. The jolly tinner got his ladder and climbed up, carrying his little stove, iron and stick of solder. He proceeded to his work and was making good headway, when a moving object on the ground below caused him to stop.

In Clarksville, as in many other country towns, there are numerous pigs walking the streets and fields, feeding on the surplus provisions of the community. It happened that when Theodore Mowen was plugging up holes in the damaged spout, one of the numerous family of mud-loving quadrupeds came snorting and wobbling under the ladder. Mowen couldn't resist the temptation to have a little fun. He is a good lover of roast pig. He also enjoys a hog race, and nothing delights him more than to see one of the fat animals putting on speed and uttering shrill cries as he travels.

Consequently, when the pig in question sauntered under the ladder, Mowen thought it would be a capital joke to drop a bit of molten solder on his back and see how fast he could run and how loud he could yell. He did not notice the direction in which the pig was moving.

"I'll just put my iron in the fire, get it red hot, and touch it to the solder. Then I'll let the hot stuff drop on that chunk of grease. Oh, it's a daisy idea," and, suiting the action to his thoughts, the joker poked his iron into the stove, got it hot, applied it to the solder, and a little stream of molten metal poured on the animal's back.

The pig uttered a piercing squeal and made a dash forward. Mowen laughed loudly enough to perforate the spout with joy. The idea had worked like a charm.

The pig hesitated a moment after starting off; then, as if understanding the situation perfectly, he walked through the lower rung of the ladder. His head got through all right, but his body was too big. The result was that ladder, Mowen, solder, and pig fell in a heap to the ground.

The pig escaped uninjured, but Mowen's arm was broken, and he sustained severe bruises on the head, face and body. Friends heard his cries and came to his assistance. He was picked up and carried to his home, and his condition is regarded as serious.

The pig's burns are not dangerous, and the revengeful creature again is rolling in the mud of Clarksville.

Mr. Mowen doesn't think his trouble is any "laughing matter." He has forewarned joking when engaged at his trade, and everybody who talks to him about "the pig in the poke and the ladder that broke" receives a cold response. He bargained for just a little fun, he says, but did not reckon on having his good intention reciprocated.

The incident is known in Clarksville as the "pig accident," and the animal that caused the disturbance has the right of way in every street, field and house in the city.—St. Louis Republic.

Household Economies in France.
An article on "French Wives and Mothers," written by Miss Anna L. Bicknell, appears in the Century. The author says:

The pot-au-feu, or meat soup, is in fact a festive meal; more often the mother has made soup with dry crusts soaked in the water which has boiled vegetables, and the addition of pea pods or some such delicacy. If they live near the Halles Centrales, or principal markets, the mother goes there late in the afternoon and looks out for articles of food which would not bear a day's delay, and pounces upon these because they are sold at any price. In the case of old bachelors or widows, "lone and orn," who are not so expert at bargaining, there is the characteristic resource of what are called technically les bijoux, namely, the remnants sold by cooks of large establishments and by first class restaurants. These are collected from door to door, and tumbled together in no very appetizing fashion; but the retailer sorts and arranges the various articles, which are then properly adorned (pares), scraped, and cut into neat pieces, nicely garnished, and set out on clean plates. Customers who are brave enough to forget the antecedents of such dainties may thus purchase for a trifle portions of the choicest game or the best fish served on high class tables, with many other delicacies of tempting appearance. Many old retailers, so call, living in garrets, and sunning themselves all day on a benches in the public gardens, where they talk politics with their fellows, get really good dinners in this way.

Neal Dow's Libby Prison S-s-ooches.
A man with a specialty is never at a loss for a subject for conversation. When the late General Neal Dow was in Libby Prison, during the civil war, he would stir up his fellow prisoners with patriotic addresses.

In the midst of his eloquence, if any of the guards appeared, he would quickly take up temperance as his theme, much to the delight of his hearers, and the guards would only hear the familiar remark:

"Yes, gentlemen, we must put down the grog shops with a strong hand."—Youth's Companion.

A woman has far more chance of marriage at 23 than at 21.

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Gleaned from Various Parts.

BLEW OFF HIS HEAD.

Both Eyes Blown Out—Awful Injuries Result From Premature Explosion—Suicide Mania Conquered—Disaster at Dubois Mines May Lead to Strike—Outlook for Glass Trade Very Bright.

James Sweeney, aged 19 years, met with an awful death in the parlor of his home at Tamaqua.

He was handling an old musket, when the weapon was accidentally discharged, the load blowing off the top of his head.

His mother, hearing the shot, entered the room and found his unconscious form. He lingered three hours before death came to his relief.

A large flouring mill, sawmill and frame barn belonging to Woodman Bros., at Safe Harbor, was destroyed by fire. Three hundred barrels of flour and a large quantity of grain was burned. The fire was of incendiary origin. Loss, \$15,000; insurance, \$5000.

The Willow Glen Hotel, near Bligen, owned by John J. Cope, was destroyed by fire through incendiarism. Loss \$6000; partly insured.

The Flint glass factories throughout the country started up Monday after the usual holiday period.

The start this year was made rather earlier than usual, and the glass industry is in line with the iron and steel business in this respect.

The market for tableware is in such a condition that factories will have to be kept running steadily for some time to supply the demand, and the prospects are that the market will grow still better.

A tramp giving the name of John Nowien was committed to the County Prison by Justice Lyle, of Columbia, charged with being implicated in the trolley car holdup near Norrisstown, which resulted in the murder of Conductor Galloway.

The police refuse to give any particulars, but claim to have strong evidence against Nowien. Nowien refuses to say anything on the subject. The Norrisstown authorities have been notified.

Mrs. Kate Palshack, of Mahanoy City, who is charged with the murder of her husband, was placed on trial at Pottsville. It is alleged that while her husband was drunk she seized a lighted lamp from the table and threw it at him. It struck Palshack squarely on the head and he died a few hours later.

Robert Johnston, aged 25, a farmer of Mars Station, while prospecting for coal on his land, had both eyes blown out by a premature explosion of dynamite. He will recover, but will remain totally blind. By a freak of the explosion Johnston was not much injured otherwise.

Mrs. Wentzell, wife of James C. Wentzell, of Greensburg, cut her throat with a razor. She will die. She has been in ill health for several months.

To her brother-in-law, she said, a few days ago, the idea of committing suicide had long been entertained by her. She was fighting against it, she said, but she was afraid it would overcome her.

While Frank Corringor was attempting to take a gun from Frank Sonner the weapon was discharged, the ball passing through Corringor's heart, killing him instantly. Sonner gave himself up.

A coroner's jury which investigated the case charged Sonner with involuntary manslaughter. The accident occurred at Carlin south of Altoona.

The Rochester Mine, at Dubois, was closed indefinitely. The miners claim that the shut-down is due to the operators' desire to get rid of a number of miners who have been active in organizing since the recent strike.

The dissatisfaction apparent is also noticeable at Reynoldsville, where the mines are operated by the same company. A mid-winter strike may be inaugurated before long. Over 600 men are affected by the shut-down at Rochester. At Reynoldsville about 1000 men are idle.

The suit of the Dryden heirs against the Warrior Run Mining Company came up in court at Wilkes-Barre, when a modified judgment was handed down. In the original judgment Judge Bennett found for the heirs to the amount of \$42,166.77, with interest from November 1, 1896. The Supreme Court reduced the amount to \$29,445.89.

A rumor was circulated in Hazleton that the Central New Jersey Railroad Company was going to build a branch road from Tamaqua to White Haven, a distance of twenty miles. It is said to be the intention of the company to touch all the towns in the Lehigh region.

Work at the Franklin Colliery, of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, has been suspended indefinitely owing to the restriction in the coal trade. This throws 500 men and boys out of work.

A toll gate war in Lancaster county was ended by the Willow Street Turnpike Company announcing the abandonment of the toll