

### THE DREAM SHIP.

When the world is fast asleep,  
Along the midnight skies—  
As though it were a wandering cloud—  
The ghostly dream-ship flies

An angel stands at the dream-ship's  
helm.  
An angel stands at the prow,  
And an angel stands at the dream-  
ship's side  
With a rue-wreath on her brow

The other angels, silver-crowned,  
Pilot and helmsman are,  
And the angel with the wreath of rue  
Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams they fall on rich and poor;  
They fall on young and old;  
And some are dreams of poverty  
And some are dreams of gold.

And some are dreams that thrill with  
joy,  
And some that melt to tears;  
Some are dreams of the dawn of love,  
And some of the old dead years

On rich and poor alike they fall,  
Alike on young and old,  
Bringing to slumbering earth their  
joys  
And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do  
The deeds of mighty men,  
And drooping age shall feel the grace  
Of buoyant youth again.

The king shall be a beggarman—  
The pauper be a king—  
In that revenge or recompense  
The dream-ship dreams do bring.

So ever downward float the dreams  
That are for all and me,  
And there is never mortal man  
Can solve that mystery.

But ever onward in its course  
Along the haunted skies—  
As though it were a cloud astray—  
The ghostly dream-ship flies.

Two angels with their silver crowns  
Pilot and helmsman are,  
And an angel with a wreath of rue  
Tosseth the dreams afar.

### MIRIAM'S DREAM.

"You won't really go at this time of the year?" "Rather! I'd go in December if Dick were at the end of the journey."

"Well, I would not cross the Atlantic in the middle of November for a dozen sweethearts."

Miriam laughed gleefully. She and Dick had been separated for three years, and now he had fallen into a good berth in Toronto, and had written to her to decide whether they should both spend their winter in loneliness or whether she would go to him and settle down at once as his wife.

Miriam did not hesitate a moment, she set aside the shortest time possible for winding up her affairs in England and arranged to sail in the "Sovonlan" from Liverpool to Halifax.

"But you'll have a dreadful overland journey after that; it must be a long way to Toronto," said her friend Nora. "I don't know how you'll get through, all by yourself."

"Ah! but I'm not going to. Dick has been sent by his firm to New York on some business, and he intends to take a berth in the "Meldrum," a coasting steamer which will bring him to Halifax about the same time that I get there."

Miriam was in a fever of joy, and was altogether oblivious of such small matters as intense cold, a pitching, rolling ship and battered down hatches. The good ship fought gallantly through a stormy sea-threatening sea, and at last a morning broke, when the sun shone fair, and the waves sank into a comparative calm. Passengers swarmed on deck, congratulating each other on their escape from prison, and the anxious captain sighed with relief to think that the worst was over. He was upon his bridge, stamping up and down to keep the blood circulating in his feet, when ahead of them he saw a strange speck dancing on the waves.

As it drew nearer he found it to be an apparently empty boat; and he sent off one of his boats to tow the stray to the steamer. When it reached the side, however, the limp form of a sailor was lifted from it. Under care and good treatment the blood began to run again through his stiff veins, and he was able to tell what had befallen him. But before that happened his boat had been hauled on deck, and the name upon it, "Meldrum," made known.

"How funny!" cried Miriam. "A steamer sailing from New York to Halifax is named 'Meldrum.'"

"Ay! Missie," said a sailor, ominously, "and this is one of her boats."

"But how can it be? How could it have got loose out here?"

"If that poor chap lives he can tell us that, and no one else perhaps."

After some time the sailor's words began to beat into Miriam's stupefied brain; she tried to speak to some one standing near, but her tongue would not move, only her knees shook so much that she nearly fell. Her neighbor drew her to a seat.

"Is the 'Meldrum' wrecked?" Miriam asked with tragic eyes.

"I do not know; but I hope not; that poor fellow will tell us if he lives."

That evening it was known that the "Meldrum" had collided with another vessel in the storm, and that though all boats had been lowered they had, one after another, been swamped. The rescued sailor had just jumped into one

when its ropes snapped and he was therefore, the only person saved.

The stewardess took the tidings, with a cup of tea, to Miriam, as she lay inert and despairing on her sofa, and she let the woman gossip out her news without uttering a sound. At last, the stewardess went away, and Miriam lay still, not thinking, only suffering.

Later she crawled into her bed, where through the night, visions of Dick, as a boy, as a youth, as a man, rushed through her mind. Sometimes she saw his face shining through the darkness, but when she clasped him round the neck he was cold as ice and wet with salt water.

When she woke she was out on the upper deck and not alone. By her side stood some one, a huge man, a giant, who seemed to reach to the sky. His clothes changed their color; from light to dark, from black to brown. His great body undulated all the time, and when he put his arm round her he seemed to be surrounded with dry, suffocating warmth. Then he pointed a long arm to the northeast, and seemed to slip farther away, though he still stood by her side; the monster lengthened into miles. Miriam followed him with straining eyes, when a flash of lightning lit up the sky and sea. It played for a moment round a distant spot at which the giant was touching, and in that moment she saw a picture which she never forgot.

In the little circle of light a boat rocked helplessly upon the waters; under a sail were crouched some dozen people, trying by huddling together, to keep warmth in their bodies. She knew that Dick was there, and called his name shrilly; there was a sudden movement in the human heap, a white face peeped out, and then the vision passed.

Miriam lay in her berth, the new dawn already lightening the sky. Then feverishly she got up and went on deck, to see nothing but the gray sky and grayer sea, to hear nothing but the throbbing of the engines and the sigh of wind and waves. Breakfast time came, but she heeded it not; for hours she stood immovable, gazing to the northeast over the bulwarks. What did that dream of hers mean? Was Dick floating somewhere helplessly, with other passengers?

It was noon when the wind, veering, sent a cloud of smoke over her head and a shower of black smudges upon her hands; with them came a passing sensation of warmth. This slight incident awoke some vague memory connected with her dream.

The black column of smoke changing at its edges to brown, thinning out until she could see the gray sky through it, starting ever from her side, and yet reaching far into the distance, caught her eye.

Inspiration followed quickly. The smoke was the giant of the night before, and where it pointed lay Dick and his companions! Sight danced into her eyes, hope beat strongly in her heart. She turned a glorified face to the ship. What could she do? How save them?

She saw a foot surmounted by blue cloth moving methodically on the deck above, and in a moment flew up the stairs leading to the captain's bridge. The captain turned round sharply at the sound of strange footsteps and peremptorily ordered her down. Clutching his arm she cried:

"Captain! They are out there under the line of smoke! A dozen survivors of the 'Meldrum'!"

The captain glanced in the direction indicated. How should this frantic young woman have seen what his practiced eye could not discern? Then he guessed that she was the person who, they said, had lost her lover in the wreck.

"My dear," he cried, patting her hand, "go to your berth and lie down. You are in great trouble."

But the haggard hopeful eyes stared brightly at him.

"For the love of humanity, captain, use your glass. You will see them. I know you will."

To humor her he took a careful survey of the horizon, upon which the sun was shining. At first he shook his head, then he stood for a long time examining the spot under the thin edge of the line of smoke. He rubbed his glasses well and looked again, then said quietly:

"Something is there! Sit down in that corner and wait!"

The course of the steamer was altered slightly, a boat lowered once more to gather in the ocean's drift. To his intense surprise the captain saw that the distant object was really a boat without sail or oar. How could this girl have known it? Then the group of people became visible, all evidently in the last stage of exhaustion, and he went over to Miriam and told her to look through his glass, and see if her friend were there.

She took it from his hand with a wild sob, and gazed long and steadily at the coming boat, then gave the glass back, in the midst of a passion of weeping, nodding her head to signify that she had seen Dick. Then she set herself to regain self-control by the time the boat came in. When it did she was waiting in the hospital for her beloved.

For the next twenty-four hours she shared the duties of nurse with one of the stewardesses, and saw Dick's eyes open with the first gleam of consciousness in them. With a contented look at her he fell asleep and on the ship's arrival at Halifax he, with all those who had been saved were well enough to be moved to more comfortable quarters on shore.

The captain made friends with Miriam during those few hours, and learned how it was that she knew the boat was afloat. He could hardly believe it, and he could not explain it, but was contented to accept the fact as it stood, and to be present at the simple ceremony which made Dick and Miriam man and wife.

### CONGO CANNIBALS.

Victims Led About that Purchasers May Select Choice Cuts.

Of the numerous instances that might be recorded in illustration of the organized traffic in human beings which exists in Africa, reference may be made to the conditions which hold in the district through which the Lu-lungu river passes. This river, which constitutes a considerable affluent of the Congo, empties into the latter river on the south bank of a point some eight hundred miles from the Atlantic coast. Within a short distance of the confluence is to be found a series of strongly fortified villages, representing the headquarters of the Ngombi, wherein numbers of slaves are imprisoned pending the periodical visits of traders from the Ubangi country, which is situated on the opposite side of the Congo. A visit to one of these slave depots at the mouth of the Lu-lungu river reveals a condition of savagery and suffering beyond all ordinary powers of description. At the period to which these remarks bear reference, it was no uncommon experience to witness at one time upward of a hundred captives, of both sexes and of all ages, including infants in their wretched mothers' arms, lying in groups; masses of utterly forlorn humanity, with eyes downcast in a stony stare, with bodies attenuated by starvation, and with skin of that dull gray hue which is always indicative of physical distress.

In cases when a suspicion existed of an individual captive's intention or ability to escape, such unfortunate creature was doomed to lie hobbled with one foot forced through a hole cut in the section of a log, while a spear-head was driven into the wood close beside the limb, rendering it impossible to move except at the expense of laceration. Other means to insure the prisoner's safe custody consisted in binding both hands above the head to the kingpost of a hut, or in binding the arms and plaiting the hair into a braid, which was made fast to a branch overhead. At intervals these villages were visited by the Ubangi, who came in large dugout war canoes, and the process of barter commenced, elephant tusks being the medium of currency used in the purchase of the slaves. Upon the conclusion of this unnatural transaction, the visitors retired, taking with them as many of the individuals as had been transferred to their possession in the tedious process of bargaining. Upon reaching their destination the captives were, in most cases, subjected to many further ordeals, being exchanged into other hands, until eventually, after having been deliberately fattened, they met their tragic fate, and their bodies were consumed.

There is a prevalent belief among many of the riverine tribes of the Upper Congo that the flavor of human flesh is improved by submerging the prospective victim up to the neck in the water for two or three days previous to sacrifice. Indeed, upon two separate occasions it was my privilege to release several poor creatures who were bound hand and foot to stakes in the river. In certain native market places, notably in the vicinity of the Ubangi, it is an ordinary occurrence for captives to be exposed for sale, in most cases with the sinister fate in view of being killed and eaten. Proportionately, a greater number of men than women fall victims to cannibalism, the reason being that women who are still young are esteemed as being of greater value, by reason of their utility in growing and cooking food. This rule does not, however, hold good throughout, for in the vicinity of the Arumi river our observations revealed a contrary order of custom.

Probably the most inhuman practice of all is to be met with among the tribes who deliberately hawk the victim piecemeal while still alive. Incredible as it may appear, the fact remains justified by an only too abundant proof; captives are led from place to place in order that individuals may have the opportunity of indicating, by external marks upon the body, the portion they desire to acquire. The distinguishing marks are generally made by means of colored clay, or strips of grass tied in a particular fashion. The astounding stoicism of the victim, who thus witnesses the bargaining for his limbs, is only equalled by the callousness with which he walks forward to meet his fate. In explanation of the extraordinary indifference thus displayed it can only be assumed that death is robbed of all terror, life under conditions of slavery offering so little attraction.

### Mania for Automobiles.

It would appear from the data now in our possession that in Europe there are at present well over 7,000 owners of automobiles. Many of these own more than one vehicle, so that perhaps the number of vehicles could be put at 10,000. Of the 7,000 no fewer than 5,600 are in France. The general idea has been that in France the interest was centered in Paris, but this is erroneous, there being of the 5,600 no fewer than 4,541 scattered all through the departments. For the remainder of Europe the figures are far from complete, but it would appear that there are 268 owners of automobiles in Germany, 90 in Austria-Hungary, 90 in Belgium, 44 in Spain, 304 in Great Britain, 111 in Italy, 68 in Holland, 114 in Switzerland, and 35 in Russia, Denmark, Portugal, etc.

As to the investment, if the 10,000 automobiles in Europe be averaged at \$1,000 apiece, they have cost the purchasers \$10,000,000. In this country at the present time, the like investment, averaging the automobiles at \$2,500 apiece, would only be \$1,250,000, but the orders and contracts now in hand represent perhaps ten times that amount, while the companies with a

nominal paper capital of about \$400,000,000 have announced their intention of building automobiles. The American output the coming year ought to be worth \$10,000,000, and it will be largely electrical at that.—Electrical World and Engineer.

### CURIOUS HABITS OF THE BEAR.

When He Comes Out of His Winter Den Is as Fat as Ever.

"The time of the year when the bear holes up depends on the weather and the food supply. As soon as the snow gets deep the bear is helpless so far as finding food is concerned. He is also obliged to den, whether the snow is deep or not, as soon as nuts and other vegetable food gets scarce. He will sometimes den as early as the middle of October, but the latter part of November is the usual date. Old settlers stay out as long as they can find anything to eat. A captive bear seldom wants to den, so it is plain the wild one only does so from necessity. He will sometimes search for weeks to find a suitable place for his winter home. Then he will choose a hollow log or tree, a leaning stub or root, the weather side of a cedar swamp, or even the shelter of a bush. While there is little snow on the ground he may wander about a good deal in the day time, returning to his den at night. Even in midwinter he is apt to come out when the weather is soft and ramble around, and perhaps shift his quarters."

"Dat's because he was drowned out," said Joe. "Sartin, bear no likim dat wet bed."

"Maybe so, anyhow. I have known him to gather up new moss and bark for the purpose of repairing his bed. As a rule, he appears to pick out a dry place for his den."

"Is it true?" asked Fred, "that after a bear has picked out his den he will back-track to it in the snow for the purpose of fooling any one who wants to find it?"

"I never noticed that," replied Henry, "but I have trailed them on the snow, late in the fall, and had them come back on their tracks and jump out sideways, the same a deer will do."

"Yes, and I have noticed that a she-bear takes far more pains than the male in picking out a secluded spot for her den. That, of course, is for the protection of her young from the black cat and lynx, as well as other bears."

"When does the bear leave his den?"

"In early springs I have known them to come out as soon as the 10th of April, but the latter part of the month is the usual time. They travel very little at first, sometimes frequenting warm, open spots, where they can take a sun bath during the day, returning to their dens at night. When the bear comes out of his den in the spring he is fully as fat as when he went in, but he loses weight rapidly for the first two or three weeks. The first move he makes is for some spring hole or water course, where he can gorge himself with mud and grass. I think it is fully a fortnight before he will touch solid food. I have never known one to take a bait until he had been out of the den at least two weeks.—Outing.

### How Willie Was Fooled.

A woman in Harlem has a daughter 17 years old who is a natural flirt and sometimes shocks her parent's sense of propriety, says a writer in the New York Tribune. A mischievous young man who has a propensity for kissing calls on her, and the mother thinks it not wise to leave them alone together. On a recent evening when the two were in the parlor it became necessary for the mother to leave the house for an hour, so she told her son, 8 years old, that she would give him a nickel if he would go into the parlor and see Mr. Brown and stay there till she returned. When she got back the three were merrily playing the game of blindman's buff. When Mr. Brown had gone Willie was rewarded with the nickel. "Did you have a good time?" asked his mother. "Yes," said Willie, who did not suspect that he was being employed as a watchdog. "But they are pretty hard for a little fellow like me to catch. They kept me blindfolded most of the time."

### Cement of the Ancients.

Samples of cement used in the antique water conduits about Ephesus and Smyrna were recently subjected to chemical analysis and the various samples were found to be quite similar in composition. The water works from which the samples of cement were taken were constructed from a period several centuries B. C. to 300 years later. The chief constituent of the samples was carbonate of lime, but mixed with it was from two to eight per cent. of organic materials. This was ascertained to consist of a mixture of fatty acids. Experiments were made with a cement consisting of burned lime and olive or linseed oil, but it was not found to be permanent. On the other hand, a mixture of two-thirds air-slaked lime and one-third olive oil hardened readily and possessed great endurance, leading to the belief that this was the composition of the ancient cements which were analyzed.

### Who Paid the Bills?

A reflection not altogether without value to such feminine scribes as have not yet found their public is contained in a remark made at a recent dinner in London, where two hundred literary women met one another.

As the extremely well dressed crowd surged and swayed round the platform after the recitation which followed the dinner, a young woman ventured to remark to one of the "old hands" upon the exceedingly prosperous appearance of several of the literary women.

"Bless you!" was the quick response, "That is not literature—it is husbands."

### BAPTIZED BY FIRE.

A Religious Sect that Brands Its Converts with a Hot Iron.

Kansas missionaries of the queer sect known as the Fire Baptized Association keep up their work in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, says the Philadelphia Record, and a furor in religious circles has been stirred up by them in certain districts. These people do not believe in the baptism by water, but the later method—by fire—as set forth by St. Paul in the Acts of the Apostles. This they regard as a personal privilege granted only to those who join their associations.

They also believe that one man should not have more of earthly possessions than another, but that all should share in common. In fact, they go a little further than this and take the thirty-second verse of the fourth chapter of The Acts literally, and say that their possessions are not their own, but are given to them by a Divine Being merely temporarily. They are seceders from the River Brethren denomination, and during the first few weeks of their stay here the missionaries concentrated their attacks almost entirely upon that church. Recently, however, they have turned their guns upon all religious sects, and declare at their public meetings that their faith is the only one which guarantees absolute safety in the life to come.

The Fire Baptized have located in Lehman's Grove, about six miles from Chambersburg. They hold two meetings a day—one in the afternoon and another in the evening. On account of the novelty of the affair, they attract large audiences, but their converts have been very few. One of these is Amos Musser, one of the most prominent farmers in that section of the county. The evangelists have been making their home with him. There are now about a dozen from Kansas.

Musser was baptized, a red-hot iron being used to brand him on the back. So earnest is he in his belief that while attempting to fly from a loft in his barn he fell to the floor, sustaining, however, but slight injuries. He has also disposed of a large herd of hogs, believing the assertion of the evangelist that hogs are unclean. A few days ago he was willed a farm, but he declined to accept it on account of "neither said any of them that ought of that which he possessed was his own." Musser, however, has not given an equal share in the magnificent farm upon which he resides to his brother evangelists.

The evangelists profess to be able to cure disease, and tell their hearers that anything can be accomplished by faith, but this doctrine was given a terrific shock a few evenings ago, when one of the number, to demonstrate their power, prayed that a neighbor would bring them a supply of buttermilk at once, which did not come. All sorts of attempts are made to prove their omnipotence; but, like the buttermilk, the things asked for have failed to materialize.

As the camp is established in close proximity to the Air Hill River Brethren Church, their opposition to that particular denomination is made more apparent. The converts so far obtained are former members of the River Brethren Church. That the latter body is determined to present a hostile front to the seceders is shown by the expulsion of a number of the members of the mother church who greeted the seceders with the holy kiss. There is a tacit understanding that the members of the old denomination are to have nothing to do with the new sect. For this offense several members of Bishop Martin W. Overholzer's church were deprived of their membership.

Were not the River Brethren an exceedingly law abiding people it is questionable if the seceders would progress very far with their work. Should they continue their tirades against other denominations trouble will likely follow, for already there is talk of driving them from the community in which they are located.

### Mother's Visit.

"The other day, on an electric car, a friend said softly: 'I want you to notice this man two seats in front, he evidently has his mother down to the city on a little trip and is showing her the sights. His care of the old lady is something beautiful; I have been watching them for some time, and, oh! how lovely it is to see a man so tender and kind with his old mother.' Straightway it became a fascination to watch in turn the pair, who were too much engrossed with the passing scenes—one in pointing out, the other in observing—to know or care anything for watching eyes. The old lady's shawl would slip a little too low on the thin shoulders, and her 'boy,' a man himself getting on in years, would carefully draw it into place. One arm was thrown protectively across the back of the seat, resting with a reassuring touch against her arm.

"And the pleasure and interest on the worn face! Well, it was a sight to warm younger hearts, and to make us wish that every good old mother might be blessed with just such a son, or with a kind, loving daughter, who, when skies are blue and air soft and balmy, would see that the dear old parents are taken into the midst of new scenes, that if welcome invigorating change might be enjoyed, and a little of the care and thoughtfulness of past years be given back in a direction where it is so richly deserved."—St. Louis Star.

A six-masted schooner is being built at Camden, Me., and seafaring men throughout are much concerned what name shall be given to the sixth mast. "Afterjiggermast" has been suggested seriously, and "Saturday mast" has its advocates. The schooner is to be nearly 375 feet long.

## THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Gleaned from Various Parts.

### LOVE LED TO MURDER.

Thomas Rohland, Who Shot His Wife Near Greensburg, Surrenders and Makes Statement—Italians Stabbed During a Carousal Near Stratton—Small-Pox Breaks Out at Jeannette—Other News.

Thomas Rohland, who shot and killed his wife at West Newton, surrendered himself to Constable Peters, of that town. Rohland, almost famished from hunger and exposure and bleeding from an awful gash in his wrist, caused accidentally, he said, by a piece of glass, is greatly distressed. "I loved my wife and children, and it was love unrequited for my good wife that urged me to fire the shot. My broken heart will be buried with her," said he, and then broke out into a paroxysm of grief. "Domestic trouble such as I have had would drive a man to do anything," Rohland is very penitent. His wife and he are disgraced nearly two years ago. Rohland says outside influence fanned the flame of discontent until he and his wife separated. "The thought of living apart from her worried me. My troubles bore down on me in an unguarded moment. Maybe I was crazy. I killed her for whose love I would have died. I was not drunk."

### Death of M. H. Goodin.

M. H. Goodin, one of the best known promoters of light harness racing in this country, died from inflammation of the brain. Mr. Goodin was for many years one of the leading lights of the Belmont Driving Association, and to his efforts many successful meets were due. Until a few weeks ago he was chairman of the Board of Directors. Mr. Goodin was proprietor of the Bingham House, at Eleventh and Market streets, Philadelphia.

### Captain Henry McKinnie.

Captain Henry McKinnie, one of the most widely known hotel proprietors in the United States, died suddenly of heart disease. At the time of his death Captain McKinnie was proprietor of the Hotel Anderson, Pittsburg, but for the past two years had practically left the management of the hotel to his son. He was 77 years of age, and for many years had been familiar to the traveling public, both as a hotelkeeper and as a steamboat captain on the packets plying between Pittsburg and New Orleans in the early days.

### Five Wounded in a Fight.

During a carousal on No. 5 Mountain, near Stratton, a fight started among a crowd of nine Italians. Anello di Santi was seriously wounded, and Paquali and Tony Volleli were badly gashed and stabbed, the first named possibly fatally. Joseph Stimpfinger, the proprietor, and his wife, sustained slight wounds in attempting to quell the disturbance. The lesser wounded of the Volleli is the only one of the belligerents arrested.

### Spread of Small-Pox.

Small-pox in virulent form has broken out in Jeannette, five miles from Greensburg, and its presence has caused great unrest. A 12-year-old daughter of J. E. Black has been stricken with the disease. The child returned home a few days ago from Amberso, Indiana County. Dr. Hammer, representative of the State Board of Health, also reported three new cases near Laughintown and one at Donegal.

### Typhoid in Williamsport.

The Williamsport Board of Health is taking vigorous measures to stamp out an epidemic of typhoid fever in the western part of the city. Eighteen cases are reported in one block. The board has ordered a general cleaning up in that section, and is compelling conviction to be made with city sewers. Owing to the large number of fever cases at the hospital the managers of that institution have been compelled to secure more nurses.

### Theft of \$2,250.

Nearly \$2,000 worth of negotiable paper and \$250 in money was stolen from the store of Abram Breck, of Ludwick, near Greensburg. The crime has been charged to Lee Good, aged 20, of Greensburg. A warrant has been issued for his arrest. He is missing.

### No War Labor Party.

At a meeting of the Central Labor Union held at Stratton, the matter of forming an independent labor party was considered at some length, and it was finally decided that the time is not yet ripe for such a movement and action was therefore postponed for the present.

### Dead Body on the Tracks.

The dead body of Frank Sabalesky, aged 30, was found horribly mangled on the Lehigh Valley Railroad tracks, at Shenandoah. Deputy Coroner Cardin suspects foul play.

### Killed at a Railway Crossing.

John Havers, aged 19, was struck by a train at the Brownstown Crossing and instantly killed. This is the second death at the Crossing within a week.

### News in Brief.

The Farmers' Union, of North Coventry, Chester County, held its annual picnic. Congressman I. P. Wanger delivered an address.

The Grand Jury, by a unanimous vote, approved the report of the viewers in favor of a free bridge across the Susquehanna River at Berwick.

Howard Steward, aged 33, while walking on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Coatsville at an early hour, was struck by a west bound passenger train and, it is believed, fatally injured.

In trying to separate two colored men who had been quarreling at the National Hotel, Chambersburg, William Miller, an employee, had his left ear nearly severed by a razor.

Frank McDonald, aged 18 years, attempted to board a Western Maryland freight train at Chambersburg, and missed his foot hold. McDonald was thrown to the track and his left foot was crushed, the amputation of a portion of the member being necessary.