

SURRENDER COMPLETE.

Long ago to thee I gave
Body, soul, and all I have
Nothing in the world I keep

All that in return I crave
Is that thou accept the slave
Long ago to thee I gave—
Body, soul, and all I have:

Had I more to share or save
I would give as give the brave,
Stooping not to part the prey;
Long ago to thee I gave
Body, soul, and all I have;
Nothing in the world I keep.
—New York Post.

How Madge Tilton

Lost Her Lover.

BY RUTHELLA SCOUTLIZ.

"This will do, Jane."
Madge Tilton took from the hand of her maid the article indicated by her words—a white skirt, fresh from the laundry, and threw it on the bed.
"But it is torn, miss," objected the girl, holding to view a large triangular rent.
"Never mind; the ruffling is lovely."
"Mayn't I mend it, Miss Madge?"
"No; I've kept Mr. Waterbury waiting too long already. Make haste and button my boots."
But the girl was dissatisfied with the decision of her mistress. Button-hook in hand, she rose from her knees, and throwing open a wardrobe, said in a deprecating tone: "Please, miss, these are all in order. Wouldn't you be after wearing one of them?"
"Jane! I cannot allow you to dictate to me in this manner. When your advice is asked you may give it—not before. I am partial to the trimming on this skirt and shall wear it. The fact is, you should have repaired it as soon as it came from the wash."
"I hadn't time, Miss Madge—"
"No more, Jane. Don't talk to me of time. Here, clasp my bracelet. Now, bring my gloves, and see to it that there isn't a stitch wanting in my wardrobe when I return."
With these words Madge Tilton swept from her boudoir and descended to the drawing-room, where Clarence Waterbury had been waiting her appearance for the last half hour.
Now, there were some ladies of that young gentleman's acquaintance—his sisters, for instance—who would have incurred his severest displeasure had they committed a like breach of politeness. But on this occasion, and indeed, very generally when he called on Miss Tilton, a detention of thirty or more mortal minutes was much less disagreeable than he would have had his sisters believe. In fact, I think he enjoyed it. Do you wonder at this? You need not. He was in love.
On that particular afternoon in early June he was abundantly compensated for his long waiting, when she entered the room and extended her two fair hands to greet him. She looked so neat, so sweet, so trim, and, withal, so airy and graceful in her snowy pique trailing on the blue velvet floor; her dainty jacket to match; her white chip hat trimmed with forget-me-nots; her jet ornaments and little black parasol. If he had ever suffered a doubt to dwell in his mind, it was now banished. He resolved that the fortunes of that day should seal his fate.
A picnic, composed of about twenty young friends, was to be held a few miles distant from the city. The day was one of June's loveliest, and the drive through the suburbs, and out into the country, was to Madge one of unusual interest.
She saw in every glance of her companion's dark eyes, and heard in every tone of his rich voice, that she was loved; while he, regarding her earnestly, could not fail to see and rightly interpret the varying color of her cheeks, the downward sweep of her long lashes, and the soft cadences of her voice.
Arrived at the place appointed, they found their companions awaiting them—just as all picknickers and others ought always to wait for the tardy—enjoying themselves to the beat of their ability.
Time passed in the pleasures usual to such gatherings, and when the rural feast was over the company dispersed in couples through the woods. How many low vows were whispered in the still solitudes, and how many fair faces blushed beneath the shadows of the green wood on that golden day in June!
Only Waterbury and Madge remained near the edge of the forest, under a large oak. The former leaned against the tree, silently regarding his companion, who seated in a campchair was wreathing a chain of wild flowers. Gradually she became conscious of his steadfast gaze. Blushing, she rose and tossed the garland over her head, letting it fall upon her shoulders and descend in festoons over her dress. As almost every woman, at such a moment, knows that the supreme hour of her youth is at hand, Madge knew that this hour had come to her. She turned, and taking the garland from her shoulders, hung it on a low branch of the tree and said, "Where is the view you promised me?"
"On the other side of the hill," he replied. "We shall have to go to the top, though not to the highest point of the hill. The walk is very pleasant, but you must gather up your dress, for the path is thickly intersected with briars."
Madge, accordingly, lifted the heavy trail of her skirt, and threw it over her arm. No sooner had she done so than Waterbury changed color, and turned away. She flushed scarlet. There was no room for apology or explanation. It was of little use to let the folds of her dress fall over the hole that was staring like a great reproachful eye into her

face. Yet she did so, with a vague sense of relief which forsook her again when she saw the expression of shame and disappointment that filled his eyes, and the painful constraint of his manner as he turned and offered his arm. She accepted it with some slight remark, and a forced laugh. But he could not respond in the same spirit, and little was said. By the time they reached the hill-top his manner had so chilled and distressed her that she was unable longer to assume a careless air.
"I am tired," she said, sinking upon a fallen tree; "let us go back."
Something very like a sob followed her words; and Waterbury, overcome with tenderness and pity, seated himself beside her.
"Sit here and rest," he returned, but could say nothing further. Though her face was averted as if some object in the distance had fixed her attention, he saw that she was very pale. And when, almost as much agitated as herself, he took her hand from the moss on which it lay, he observed that it trembled violently. But he forbore, even by the slightest pressure, to give expression to the tenderness flooding his soul.
How different the scene he had pictured to himself! "I will lead her here," he had said only the day before, when on that very spot he had viewed the romantic beauty of the scene. The rock-browed, pine-crowned hill; the brook rushing to meet the river in the valley; the summer sky above, and the song of birds, and whisper of the breeze around him; the wild flowers blooming in every nook, and the mossy trunk of the fallen tree—he had regarded them all as contributors to his happiness. But the flowers, the birds, the overshadowing trees and prostrate oak; the deep solitudes, the blue dome of heaven, and the river-gemmed valley—all were there—even she was by his side; yet with what different feelings from those he had anticipated did he look upon the scene!
That he deeply loved Madge was never more evident to Waterbury than at that moment. But an untidy wife! The thought appalled him. Not, indeed, that he had judged her to be untidy from the circumstance of the afternoon. Unfortunately—or, perhaps, fortunately for him, he had on a previous occasion seen one or two plaits of her dress fastened to the waist by a pin. At the time he supposed her unaware of the fact; but it came forcibly to his mind at sight of the torn, white skirt, and at the same moment, he remembered having once seen the soiled spring of her crinoline protruding from beneath her dress. His conclusions, of course, were inevitable.
"No, never!" was his mental exclamation; "never, though I loved her madly, could I marry a woman whom I knew to be—"
At this moment a gay group came bounding through the shrubbery in search of Madge and Waterbury. The party proposed returning home, some of the more weather-wise having predicted a storm. And as storms are the usual accompaniments of pleasure excursions, the point was readily conceded; Waterbury and Madge joined the party in the valley, whence they all departed for their several destinations.
The bitterest moment Waterbury had ever known was that in which he bade Madge Tilton farewell. But it was soon over. He was gone, and she did not know, she could not suspect, how he strove to keep the light from shining in his eyes; or how, when his hand touched hers with fashionable formality, his heart ached to clasp her in his arms.
To her it seemed a cold, calm parting, she neither fainted nor dimmed her lustrous eyes with tears. As in the case of that animal which submits to the shears only when compelled by the vise, the loss of her lover was for a time unheeded in the torture of her humiliation.
"All for the gratification of an idle whim!" was her first bitter reflection. But, upon mature deliberation, she came to a different conclusion. It was this: To her besetting sin of carelessness, she had sacrificed her fondest hopes—her dearest joys.
It was a hard task—this standing in self-judgment—discriminatingly and unmercifully laying hold of her darling folly, and exposing it to the impartial and penetrating eye of an awakened conscience. But, with the help that is never lacking to those who seek, she performed it; and, though the ordeal was painful, the effects were salutary and lasting.—*Pictorial Monthly.*

Electricity and the Farmers.

Certainly the suburbs have benefited in quite as large a measure as the cities in the modernizing influence of the trolley and electric light. It is the farmer's turn next. Already several very successful rural electrical installations have been made in Germany. Another is proposed at Ochsensfurt, Bavaria, for the benefit of an agricultural district. Hoellriegesgerer was an insignificant village near Munich, but the establishment of an electric power plant at that point has completely revolutionized the community. Available cheap water power has drawn many old established manufacturing concerns from the large city to the village, and the power that is furnished for agricultural purposes has transformed the district. Twenty five farms and ninety premises of various kinds, according to the *London Electrician*, are now supplied with light and power and so many are the new industrial establishments that have sprung up where once there was nothing but a quiet family village, that an electric plant four times the capacity of the present one is about to be installed.

Demand For Bicycles in Greece.

It seems that bicycles are coming into use very largely in Greece, but they are chiefly imported from Germany, as the natives cannot afford to pay the high prices charged for American machines in that part of the world.

STANDARD OF MEASUREMENT.

Variations in Different States and in Different Countries of the World.
"The establishment of the bureau of standards authorized by the recent session of Congress means ultimately, though not immediately, the adoption of a standard United States bushel, ton and every other weight and measure," explained a gentleman who has taken great interest in the legislation. "At present some states have what is called a 'short ton' and a 'long ton,' the former 2,000 pounds and the latter 2,240 pounds, though nearly all the states which have legislated on the subject in recent years have adopted a ton of 2,240 pounds as the standard. The United States government has no standard ton, though in all contracts when made there is a provision stating that the ton shall be 2,240 pounds, even in states which have a standard of 2,000 pounds for a ton. The same is true in regard to the bushel. There are a lot of instances in which in the same state the various counties have a different weight stated as a bushel. It is to remedy all these conditions and seeming contradictions that a national standard is found to be necessary. Of course the federal government has no power to provide a standard of anything for a state without the consent of the state, but it is understood that, as the federal government is to provide a standard, there will be little or no objection to the adoption of that standard by the various states. It means a work of some years, however, for each state will have to accept the federal standard by an expressed statute. It will be a good thing for all concerned.
"When the standard weights and measures have been adopted, copies of the same will have to be distributed to each of the state capitals, so that the pound, pint and yard will have to be absolutely identical in each and every state and all portions thereof. The fact that the United States have adopted a standard will have a great influence in securing the acceptance of the same in all the states, but it cannot be legalized in the states unless the states themselves legislate on the subject. Strange as it may appear, the British government, though it has a standard yard, pound and gallon, has no standard acre, and an acre in many parts of the British empire means considerably different from what it means in other parts.
"The term 'foot' has but little meaning, though as a rule there are twelve inches in every foot. The inch, however, is not always the same. The American inch, by common consent—for there is no law on the subject—is identical with the English inch. One hundred German feet make 103.6 American or English feet. The French foot varies from ours also, though it is the same practically. Though the gas companies charge so much for every hundred feet, and the electric light companies so much for every hundred watts used, there is no standard gas foot or electric watt in this country—that is, a legalized standard. The gas company foot is an arbitrary thing settled to suit the gas companies in this country being absolutely identical. To standardize such things is the eventual work of the bureau of standards. There is no standard whatever in connection with electrical measurement, every electric company working out its own salvation and profit."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

The Baby and the Man.

When a man is the father of but one baby, and it is only to months old, some allowance must be made for what he claims for the youngster. But in this instance the precocious offspring deserves better than can be framed in language.
It has a three-story head and the face of an incipient statesman. But its eyes are its distinguishing features. They suggest nothing else so much as a pair of X-rays. A man in Detroit who is known as hard in his dealings, disposed to fight when he is crossed, and totally incapable of blushing, called at the house the other evening to talk with the father of the baby. Of course the baby had to be put on exhibition. To have omitted this would place paternal love and pride under suspicion.
The visitor snapped his fingers, made a blind stagger at baby talk, tried to play peek-a-boo, called himself "Uncle Jake" and exhausted his resources at being agreeable. But that baby never smiled. On the other hand, it assumed a look that was startlingly judicial. Its unblinking eyes seemed to read the man's unaccredited with the iron nerves. For once he found himself unable to return a good, straight look. His ingratiating remarks became hesitating and lame. Finally he studied a picture on the wall and blushed.
At the front door he stopped with the father. "That's the blamest little rascal of a baby I ever saw," he declared. "Did you notice how it held that pair of derringers on me? By the long-horned spoon, I never saw anything like it. I'll give you my word that your 10-month-old baby made me blush for the first time in twenty years. Say, I haven't chick or child, but watch my will."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Climate Healthy, People Live Long.

Old age creeps along in easy fashion in the health-giving county of Bucks. In one village alone, that of Waddesdon, where the late Baron Ferdinand Rothschild erected his palatial mansion, now presided over by his sister, Miss Alice de Rothschild, there are eleven men of over eighty years of age at the present time. One veteran has just completed his ninetieth year. Four members of one family, two brothers and two sisters, have reached eighty-eight, eighty-seven, eighty-five and eighty-four years respectively—a total of close upon three and a half centuries between them.—*London Telegraph.*

A square meal is as broad as it is long.

ORIGIN OF PETROLEUM.

SCIENTISTS ARE NOT ALTOGETHER AGREED ON THE SUBJECT.

Some Claim It is of Vegetable Origin—Another Theory is That Oil Comes From Animal Remains in the Earth—Still a Mystery.
By the discovery of large quantities of petroleum in California and Texas within the last few months, the question is again raised how such accumulations in the earth originated. Oil is sometimes found very near the coal deposits, and it is somewhat akin to coal in composition. Hence it has been inferred that it had a vegetable origin. No doubt is entertained as to the nature of coal. This is universally attributed by experts to wonderfully luxuriant vegetation of bygone ages, when the atmosphere was hotter and damper than now and contained more carbonic acid. Then, too, in Russia, the oil contains such substances as benzole, or carbonic acid, a product of coal tar.
Another theory which is entertained is that the oil came from animal remains stored away in the earth. There is plenty of evidence, from fossils, that quantities of fish lived in the shallow seas that once covered parts of the American continent, though one only finds their bones, not the flesh. And it is well known that some species of fish which are exceedingly abundant to-day contain a good deal of oil. The menhaden fishery is conducted largely for the purpose of obtaining this substance. It is asserted that as long ago as 1888 a product very much like kerosene was derived by Engler from menhaden oil by distillation. The Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* remarks:
"Sixty per cent of the stuff consisted of saturated hydrocarbons, from which Engler isolated and identified a number of oils usually contained in the products of certain oil fields. He also purified the product and made good kerosene oil. Not satisfied with this he went further, and showed that other fats, such as olein, will yield petroleum, so that fish oils are not essential. Ordinary fats, through simple heating, break up so that the oxygen unites with part of the hydrogen to form water, leaving the carbon and part of the hydrogen in about the proportion to form paraffine oils. Considering the ease with which petroleum oils can be obtained from fats and the plentiful supply of such fats in the animal remains, of which there is evidence in many oil rocks, it is not surprising that the opinion has gained ground favoring the animal source of the limestone oils of Ohio, Indiana and Canada."
The composition of petroleum in one country differs from that in another. Indeed, the oils of California and Texas are somewhat unlike those of Ohio, which, again, are not the same as those of Pennsylvania. Crude oil is really a combination of several kinds of light and heavy oils in varying proportions, and in certain localities there is an admixture of sulphur. The Pennsylvania oil yields the highest percentage of naphtha and kerosene, while the Texas oil (or most of it) is fit only for fuel. The authority above quoted adds:
"The theory has been advanced that the petroleum of Pennsylvania owe their origin to the effect of heat upon the underlying limestones and shales of the Silurian Age. It is claimed that the same force which caused the Appalachian chain to uplift, passing through the limestones and shales of the Silurian Age at a modified temperature, distilled the oil already contained in these shales and conglomerate sands of the Devonian Age, where it was condensed and filtered, and found its home in the open, porous conglomerates which characterize the Catskill, Portage and Chemung periods of the Devonian Age."
Limestone contains a good deal of carbonic acid in combination with lime. A chemist named Bethel has advanced the idea that at a red heat this acid would be freed and unite with water to form hydrocarbons.
It will thus be seen that the real source of petroleum is still far from being generally recognized.

English Weeds in New Zealand.

The plants and animals of the old world seem to have a special hardness and robustness of constitution which enables them to contend successfully with the natives of other countries. English weeds accidentally introduced into New Zealand are a striking example. Introduced animals have aided the weeds by destroying the native plants. Sheep and rabbits have eaten some districts almost bare, and all but exterminated the more delicate plants. The pig and the rat have eaten some districts almost bare, and all but exterminated others. A curious orchid (*Castrodia Cunninghamii*) with highly nutritious tubers has become very rare where the rat is plentiful. Thus the foreign weeds have the way prepared for them. In some cases such weeds plants as common home grass, docks, fleabane, catchfly and Yorkshire fog have taken possession of the sea beaches. Such robust plants as New Zealand flax, a coarse sedge known as toe-toe-whatu-manu, and a common fern have been overcome and ousted by grasses and clovers. Another interesting example of how a native plant can be overcome by an alien without the agency of man is afforded also in New Zealand. The seeds of certain species of *Eparcids* have been carried by atmospheric currents over the twelve hundred or fourteen hundred miles of ocean which separate New Zealand from Australia. These are replacing the native plants and spreading rapidly in the direction of the prevailing winds. In the same country furze, broom, sweetbrier, dogrose and bramble, by their rapid spread, are causing injury to pasturage and destroying the native plants.—*Chamber's Journal.*

WASHING ENGLAND AWAY.

Tight Little Island Growing Smaller With Each Passing Year.

"Stands England where she did?" queries the poet. Geographically, a considerable part of England does not stand where it did a few years ago, or even one year ago.
In fact England is disappearing—is being washed away by the sea. The "tight little island" is being propped up with timber and stone to save it from tumbling into the waves.
This erosion is assuming such serious proportions that, in the opinion of various authorities, the time has arrived for parliament to take steps to arrest it.
From Spurn Head to Whitby the sea is eating away the Yorkshire coast. Along the whole line the county of broad acres is disappearing at the rate of five feet every year, but between Bridlington and the Humber the coast has been worn back to less than ninety yards since the survey made forty-three years ago. The work of destruction continues unabated. Yorkshire is losing thirty acres of land annually.
Ravenspur was formerly a rival to the flourishing port of Hull. Every school boy knows that Ravenspur was the port where Henry IV landed to effect the disposal of Richard II; but that same school boy would search the map in vain for Ravenspur now.
Other places that have shared the same fate are Auburn, Hartburn, Hyde, Oathorne and Kilssea; but the two last named have been rebuilt further inland.
But Yorkshire is not the only county injured by the sea. The Isle of Sheppey is being wiped out. The church at Minster, now on the coast, was at one time in the middle of the island. With the recollection of the inhabitants the sea has eaten its way inland for a distance of 300 yards.
A similar story comes from Norfolk. One Cromer has gone under the German ocean; the inhabitants have retreated inland to their present situation, whence the sea again threatens to dislodge them. On the same coast Shipden, Wimpwell and Eccles have vanished entirely.
Reculver is another amazing example of the irrefragable onward march of the ocean. The church was not so very long ago a mile from the sea. It now stands on the edge of a cliff, from whose face human remains and coffins may occasionally be seen projecting. This, of course, was formerly the church yard.
Dunwich was once a prosperous town, with no fewer than twelve churches. Only one now remains; the other eleven are at the bottom of the sea.
Mathers, a village on the east coast of Scotland, has been obliterated. Nor has Ireland escaped the universal decay. Not many years ago travelers could see a tall, gaunt windmill pump standing up out of the sea a distance of fifty feet from the coast of County Down. The pump was formerly situated as far inland, and was used for drawing water out of a quarry.—*London Mail.*

SOMETHING OF A WHEAT KING.

Former Clerk Who Bought Kansas Farm Land and is a Millionaire.
The wheat rentals of John T. Stewart of Sumner county will amount to nearly 100,000 bushels of wheat this year. In his home county he owns 115 quarter sections of land and about thirty quarter sections in adjoining counties. He rents the lands on the basis of half the yield, he furnishing all the seed and taking chances of securing a crop.
It is estimated that if all the wheat due him on rentals this year was shipped in one consignment it would require seventeen freight trains of fifteen cars each to take it to market. His rentals in wheat last year netted him \$45,000. In addition to owning about \$350,000 worth of land, every foot of it paid for, he has nearly \$250,000 worth of bank stock and \$300,000 invested in farm lands in Sumner county and Oklahoma.
About twenty-five years ago Mr. Stewart began life as a clerk in an obscure office in this city at \$60 a month. He slept in the office and was economical in other ways. He began loaning money in Sumner county about twenty years ago and has developed into a remarkable financier. It is said that his ambition is to finally own a railroad and he may gratify it, as he is still a very young man, not more than 45. He carries a small memorandum book in his pocket and it is said that he can take it out at any hour of the day when required and tell every debtor exactly what his account is. Indeed, it is said that accounts of his vast transactions are always kept in a book that fits his trousers pocket.
It is said that he lives on less than \$100 per month, and that outside of this his largest annual expense is \$300 to the Methodist Church his wife and large family attend. He is not fond of traveling, except to go to a Democratic convention, a diversion he is passionately fond of. He is a pronounced temperance man, and, it is said, believes in the prohibition laws of Kansas.
The people of Wellington insist that his success is due to luck, but it isn't. He has a genius for making money and nine-tenths of it is hard work. That luck attends him, however, is certain.
The great Wellington cyclone of 1892 picked him up and absolutely pasted him to the gable end of a big barn and kept him stuck to it for more than half a minute, as if he was the picture of a man instead of the real thing. When the tornado had passed, he dropped to the ground and landed on his feet without a scratch.
The same cyclone passed over his house without doing \$5 worth of damage, although it reduced every house for a block around him to splinters. It cut off two or three of his fine maple trees at the base as smooth as if they were sawed off, just to show him what it could have done if it had wanted to, and passed on to pick up a church across the street and make it turn a complete somersault in the air.—*Kansas City World.*

PENNSYLVANIA NEWS.

The Latest Happenings Gleaned From All Over the State.

FARMER KILLED BY AN ITALIAN.
Dispute Occurred While They Were Riding Together on a Wagon in Cambria County—Trying to Foil a Kidnaping Plot—Girl Out of Work Through a Strike Ate Too Many Green Apples—Other Live News.
Pensions have been issued as follows: Wm. A. Moffitt, Pittsburg, \$6; Charles Engel, Rural Ridge, Allegheny county, \$6; George Gordon, Allegheny county, \$6; Conrad Gunnerman, Pittsburg, \$8; Charles A. Griffin, dead, Beaver county, \$12; John Felton, New Castle, \$6; John T. Burkholder, Mt. Jewett, McKean county, \$8; James P. Young, Canonsburg, Washington county, \$8; Daniel Snow, Pittsburg, \$6; Widows—Annie C. Casey, Pittsburg, \$8; Geo. E. Zeur, father, Pleasantville, Venango county, \$12; Sarah Vogus, mother, Boyers, Butler county, \$12; war with Spain, original, John Hroymiak, New Castle, Lawrence county, \$6; Oliver E. Cornelius, Allegheny, \$6; Wm. H. Simpson, Mahoningtown, Lawrence county, \$10; Nicholas Seitzenger, Erie county, \$8; Adeline Baird, Fairview, Erie county, \$8; Jane Love, Riddles Cross Roads, Butler county, \$8; Barbara Zimmerle, Pittsburg, \$8.
P. T. Watt, a merchant of Lancaster, who lives just west of Lancaster, several days ago received a letter written in correct English and fairly legible, demanding \$300 under a threat of kidnaping one of his children. The letter was mailed from Lancaster and demanded that the \$300 be deposited in the mail box in front of the home of J. R. Foster, which adjoins that of Mr. Watt. Believing the threat to be genuine, a letter was deposited in the box as directed and numerous watchers were placed on duty. The writer of the letter or his emissaries did not appear, however. Further investigation is in progress.
George Shaffer, a farmer of East Taylor Township, aged 25 years, was shot and killed several miles from Johnstown by an Italian. Shaffer, with James T. Stutzman, James Gillin and the Italian, who went by the nickname of Barber, were riding to Shaffer's home on a wagon owned by Shaffer, when a dispute occurred and the Italian got off the wagon and challenged Shaffer to come down if he wanted to fight. Shaffer did so and the Italian drew a revolver and shot him. When he fell Shaffer had his revolver in his hand, but had not time to use it. The Italian escaped and officers are searching for him.
The resources of Montgomery county, as shown by statistics compiled by Commissioners' Clerk Hittner, are as follows: Number of taxables, 39,897; value of real estate, \$8,040,305; number of horses, 18,026; value, \$945,570; value of occupations, \$3,751,325; aggregate amount of county tax assessed, \$65,101. The total number of persons liable for military duty is 20,193. Of this number Lower Merion makes the best showing of the townships, with 1494. Cheltenham is second, with 944, and Abington contains 602.
Judge William Butler refused the injunction asked for by the heirs of the U. S. Painter estate to restrain the Western Union Telegraph Company from running its wires into West Chester and establishing an office there. The Painter Company nearly half a century ago constructed a line from West Chester to Whitford, where it tapped the Western Union's main line. The business done has been on the partnership plan, but now the Western Union desires to open its own office.
The steel strike is blamed indirectly for a death at Connelville. Margaret Lewis, aged 13, daughter of Mrs. Hannah Lewis, who keeps a restaurant for the steel workers, has had no work in the restaurant since the strike has been on. She spent most of her time in an apple orchard and died from eating green apples.
Thomas A. Hall, W. H. Zimmerman, Wm. Reppard and E. O. Zuern, ex-councilmen, convicted of conspiring to defraud the borough of Shamokin, completed their sentence of four months in the county prison and were released. They were required, however, to give \$1000 bail each for their appearance should the Commonwealth decide to press the bribery charges.
Governor Stone reappointed Dr. J. J. Forwood, of Chester, a member of the State Quarantine Board. The Governor also reappointed the following managers of the Morganza Reform School: Thos. Wightman, Pittsburg; Alexander J. P. Pantoost, Wm. S. McKinley, Hay Walker, Jr., Allegheny; James McClellan, Morganza; John T. Lams, Wykesburg, W. D. Wallace, Newcastle.
A fight between girls occurred at the Blue Ridge canning factory at Luzerne. A number of the girls there are on strike, and they tried to get the other workers to join them. Blows resulted, but the strikers were outnumbered and were compelled to retire.
Thomas Murphy used up most of his clothing in three attempts to hang himself in the lock-up at Uniontown, and the police got tired saving his life and took everything from his cell, leaving him naked until morning.
Cornelius Gorman, of Olyphant, was instantly killed by falling from the unfinished Delaware and Hudson bridge which spans Eddy creek, near Olyphant. Gorman was one of the men employed in building the bridge.
Mrs. George Tunis, of Brooklyn, a mining settlement near Mahanoy City, discovered a burglar in her home. She seized hold of him by the coat collar with one hand, and with the other struck him in the face. The burglar struggled and finally escaped.
After being beaten by highwaymen, James McClune, mail carrier between Colemanville and Martic Forge, was robbed of \$45.
The large barn on the farm of Theodore B. Woodard, in Kennett Township, was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of \$5000.
A cave-in occurred at the Lance Colliery, Plymouth, which necessitated the suspension of work while repairs are being made.
Lightning struck a schoolhouse in Lower Pottsgrove and wrecked the walls of the building, but did not set it on fire.