WHAT A CHILD DID WITH GOD'S

Eben E Rexford, in the Household Gem, tells the following pathetic story, which should be read by all our little folks

"Go 'way! We won't play with u. Your father gets drunk!" A group of children had gathered by the roadside to play. The speaker was a girl of about twelve years. The one addressed was a girl of about the same age. Her eyes filled with tears, and cheeks flushed with shame and wounded pride at the cruel words.

"I know father drinks, but I ain't

to blame for that," said she.
"Well, we won't play with you any
way, will we girls?" said the first

speaker.
"No," answered the others

"There! you heard that, didn't you; ?" said she to the child of the drunkard. "I hope it satisfies you that we mean to have nothing to with you. My mother says it is a disgrace to have such children in school.'

The girl covered her face with her hands and began to cry. Somewhat ashamed of what they had done, the others stole away and left her. When she found she was alone, she turned and went back slowly to the little, miserable house she called home.

What's the matter with my little girl?" her mother asked, noticing her tears.

"I went out to play with the girls, and they wouldn't let me, 'cause father drinks," she answered, burying her face in her mother's lap, and sob bing as if her heart was breaking.

"Poor child!" was what her mother said. She had no words of comfort to give, and she had learned from a long and hard experience that tears were of little avail

"Mother, do you s'pose father'll ever stop drinking?" Mary asked, by

and by.
"I don't know," her mother answered with a sigh. "I hope so. have prayed he might, but if God heard my prayer, he has not answered it. We can only hope and pray, and leave it all to Him."

'I can't go to school, and the children won't play with me, 'cause father drinks, and we can't do anything like other folks," Mary said with such a sigh as is always most sorrowful when

coming from a child. "My poor little girl," Mrs. Deane said sorrowfully, with her hand upon her child's head. "It is very hard to see your life darkened in this way. Oh, if your father only would leave off that terrible habit!"

The words held the pathos and sublimity of a prayer. What makes Mr. Strong sell

liquor?" asked Mary. "Because he can make money by doing so, I suppose," her mother an-

"I wonder if anybody ever asked him to give up such wicked business?"

Mary asked. "Maybe he dosen't think how much sorrow he causes.

A facetious correspondent of the Oil City Derrick asks why the dress of a bridegroom should not be described Do you think he'd stop if we asked

"I'm afraid not," her mother replied. Then she got up and went about her work. Mary sat and thought for some time. Then she made up her mind as to the course she should pursue, and without saying anything to her mother she started down the road.

When she got out of sight of her she turned off the road, and knelt down among some bushes and prayed. It was a simple little prayer, but there was something very touching in it, for all that.
"Dear Jesus," said she, "please

help me. I'm going to try to save father. I don't want to be called a drunkard's child, I want to go to school, and mother wants to go to meeting, and we can't if father keeps on drinking. Please, Jesus, help me, and make Mr. Strong stop selling liquor. Amen." Then she got up and went on.

on she met, when she reached the village, was a merchant of whom they often bought things.

"Are you going to the store?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered Mary.
"All right then," said he, "I didn't know but you came after something. I I thought I'd tell you that you couldn't have any more till your father pays what he owes us. He drinks up enough in a week to pay his debt to us."

She went on until she came to the place where, in great gilt letters, she

SALOON.

This, then, was what people called "Strong's Hell." Here was where death and ruin to the soul was sold over the bar at five and ten cents a

She went in. A man was standing

behind the bar.

"Are you Mr. Strong?" she asked,
half frightened at what she had at-

tempted.
"Yes, that's my name," he answered pleasantly. "Did you want anything of me." "You don't look like a man bad enough to sell liquor," she said, someway beginning to lose her fear of

"Had a liquor-dealer ought to look

"Had a liquor-dealer ought to look like a very bad man?" he asked.
"Yes, I think they had," she answered. "Oh, Mr. Strong"—clasping her hand pleadingly, and lifting a face full of beseeching to his, "I come down here to-day to ask you to give up selling liquor. You don't know what awful work you're doing, I guess, scribers and editor."

A SAN FRANCISC lating a mining acciman and twelve Chin a Chinaman would samee!"

"MONEY," says an "is the missing link is scribers and editor."

or you'd stop. Have you ever thought GENERAL WAYNE'S TWO GRAVES. of it? I can't go to school, for I don't have clothes like other children. I could if my father didn't drink, but you sell him liquor, and he can't stop when it's sold right here in the place. Mother can't go to meeting. She used to before there was a saloon here, and she wants to now so much! as much as I want to go to school, I guess And the children won't play with me, 'cause I'm a drunkard's child. You don't know how much trouble comes from this place. Father ain't a bit like what he used to be, before he got to drinking. And we ain't the only ones who suffer so. It's all through the neighborhood, mother says. Ever so many men drink, who didn't before you came here. I thought I'd come down here and ask you if you ever thought about it. Didn't any one ever tell you? Oh, I don't wan't to be a drunkard's child, Mr. Strong. It's the worst thing in the world, I Does your mother know what

you're doing?".

She asked the questions abruptly. It startled him, for he turned pale.
"If she knew, I'm sure she'd feel very bad about it," Mary went on. Please don't sell any more. Let us have father back a sober man. Won't

There were tears in the man's eyes. Her words had struck home, and the heart of the liquor-seller, which was not all bad, smote him keenly. That question, "What would your mother say?" touched its tenderest place. His mother had been dead years, but her memory was green. If she had lived, he might have been a different man. Since her death, he had been drifting hither and thither, and the good impulses of his nature had been choked in tares and brambles.

"Child," he said, and there was a quiver in his voice, "you're giving me the best temperance sermon I ever heard, and you've converted me!" And then he went out, before she fully realized the truth, and took down the sign that had hung over the

"There," he said, "You see by that, that I mean what I say. I won't stand between your father and his chance of being a sober man.

"I wish you'd let me kiss you," she "I love you, and I always like to kiss folks I love.'

He bent down and she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. As she did it, some warm tears fell upon her face. They were promises

This all happened years ago. Yesterday I saw Mary in her pleasant home, with her own child at her knee, and she was telling her the story I have told you, and the little eager listener was learning a temperance lesson that I wish could be put before every boy and girl in the land to-day.

WHY NOT DESCRIBE HIM?

as well as the trosseau of the bride and then gives an example of his idea, as follows: He wore a coat of dark material, opening in front, with collar rolled back, terminating in lappels on either side, and skirt bisected. This was worn over a waistcoat of san material, cut low in front, the folds gracefully caught up behind with a steel buckle; beneath was Warn sutta, with bosom of plain linen, white as the driven snow, terminating upwardly in a detachable collar, pirant; lower garment, also detachable, of doeskin cassimere, dark as the driven soot, and terminating downward in two perpendicular cylindrical sections, scamed on the inner side, from the bottom of each of which emerged a foot: shoes of black leather, quantum suf.; hair parted on one side; ears worn to correspond, one on either side; ornaments-studs, a white necktie and smile worn plain. That's the way any groom ought to look, when au fait and en regle and that sort of

Ages of Great Men .- A writer in the Philadelphia Press, who discusses old age in the genial spirit of a healthy old man, reminds his readers that Victor Hugo, in the latter part of February, entered upon his 78th year; Lord Beacousfield is in his 74th year: Gladstone is over 70: Gortschaoff is in his 71st year; the Emperor William is in his 82d fear; Carlyle has entered on his 84th year; Thiers was over 80 at his death; Palmerston died in statesmen harness at 81 years of age; the Duke of Wellington lived to 83; Lord Sidmouth, ex-prime minister, lived to his 87th year; Longfellow has passed his 72d year. These are good examples of longevity and of healthy minds in healthy bodies. It is observable, however, that only one

A VIRGINIA paper gives the following advice to the bumptious Californians who want to secede: "Don't go. Be warned by several who have been there, and don't, for there's nothing secedes like secession.

A SAN FRANCISCO newspaper, relating a mining accident, says: "man and twelve Chinese killed." "One a Chinaman would say, "It's all

"Money." says an American editor, "is the missing link between our sub-

MAD ANTHONY'S BURIAL PLACE-A CURIOUS STORY OF GENERAL WAYNE'S BONES. From the Buffalo Express.

General Anthony Wayne is one of the

few famous men who have two graves, each equally entitled to commemora-tion. He died of gout at Erie, Pa., then Fort Presque Isle, in 1796, when he was on his return from his successful In-dian campaigns in the Northwest. He was buried at the foot of the flagstaff in the fort, and there lay undisturbed for nearly twenty years. Then there came through the woods from the other end of the State, in a sulky, his son, Isaac Wayne, in seach of his father's bones. He engaged Dr. John C. Wallace, who had been through the Indian wars with had been through the Indian wars with General Wayne, to exhume his bones and pack them in a box, that they might be strapped to the sulky and taken through the woods and over the mountains to the family residence in Chester county. When Dr. Wallace opened the grave he found to his surprise, the body in an almost perfect state of preservation. The flesh had not decayed. But it was impossible for not decayed. But it was impossible for young Wayne to carry the coffin and contents in his sulky. So Dr, Wallace— who seems to have been as devoid of who seems to have been as devoid of feeling as one of the Indians whom he fought—decided, on his own motion and without consulting Mr. Wayne, to separate the General's bones from their enveloping flesh, and thus enable them to be removed. To accomplish this to be removed. To accomplish this, boiling had to be resorted to, and was resorted to, and the bones were then denuded of the flesh by the use of knives, and were packed and carried away by young Wayne, and buried near the homestead in which General Wayne was born and in which his descendant

still live.

The account of the ghoul-like pro ceedings of Dr. Wallace has an incredible sound, but it is literally and strictly true, and will be corroborated by any true, and will be corroborated by any old citizen of Erie. Young Mr. Wayne knew nothing of Dr. Wallace's operations until many years after. He was then greatly shocked, and declared that he would never have permitted such treatment of his father's remains, but would have returned them to the grave. would have returned them to the grave and postponed their removal to a more convenient season. Yet there is no reason to doubt that Dr. Wallace, who was a useful and prominent man in his day, thought he was doing severything for the best, and meant no disrespect to the mortal part of his old friend and patient and army comrade, General Wayne.

Over the General's bones in Chester county a monument was raised; but his flesh was returned to its grave at the floot of the flagstaff in Fort Presque Isle by Dr. Wallace, and was forgotten. The fort—a mere stockade—crumbled away, the flagstaff decayed, and the preaise location of the grave was lost.

Some four years ago, however, a dig-ger for relics on the site of the old fort unearthed a coffin cover, into which brass headed nails had been so driven as to form the initials "A. W.," with the figures of Wayne's age, date of his death, etc. This determined the locadeath, etc. Insidermined the loca-tion of the grave, and there has since been in Erica feeling that it should be marked by a monument of some sort. It has, in fact, been surrounded by chains supported by four pieces of su-perannuated artillery and also marked by a flagstaff; but something more per manent is desired, and will doubtless b built-if not by legislative aid, then by local subscription.

SOMETHING ABOUT FRIDAY.

Americans, at any rate have no reason to be airaid of Friday. Mr. Timbs gives us this catalogue of fortunate circumstances occurring on that day. On Friday, August 21, 1492, Christo-pher Columbus sailed on his voyage of

iscovery. On Friday, October 12, 1492, he first liscovered land.

discovered land.
On Friday, January 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he did not reach in safety, the happy results never would have been known which led to the discovery of this vast conti-

On Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived Palos in safety. On Friday, November 22, 1493, he ar-

rived at Hispaniola, on his second voy-age to America. On Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though

unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 6, 1496, Henry VII. of England, gave to John Cabot his commission which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American state paper in England. On Friday, September 7, 1563, Me-lendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States by more

than forty years.
On Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower, with the pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown, and on the same day they signed the august compact the forerunner of our glorious Constitution.

On Friday, December 22d, 1620, the pilgrims made their final land at Ply mouth Rock.
On Friday, February 22d, 1732, Geo

Washington, the father of American freedom, was born. On Friday, October 7th, 1777, the sur-

On Friday, October 7th, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made which had such influence in inducing France to declare for our cause.

On Friday, September 22d, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare which saved us from destruction.

On Friday, October 10th, 1781, the surrender of Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occurred.

On Friday, July 1st, 1776, the motion was made in Congresss by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

er by rains nor drought. But what is to shape his English for him thinks that ANOTHER WONDERFUL INVENTION. the most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors and different pieces of mason work. Under this is found a soft oozy earth, made up of vegetable mat-ter, and at twenty six feet large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts sticking to the stems, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and the bed is elever feet thick. Under this, vegetables are found again.

THE CLEAN NEWSPAPER.

From the Boston Herald. There is a growing feeling in every healthy community against the journals which make it their special object to minister to perverted taste by seeking out and serving up in a seductive form disgusting scandals and licentious revel-ations. There is good reason to believe ations. There is good reason to believe that the clean newspaper is more highly prized to day than it was four or five years ago. It is also safe to predict that as people in all ranks of life, who protect their own at least from contamina tion, become more conscious of the per-nicious influence of a certain class of journals, called enterprising because they are ambitious to serve up dirty scandals, they will be careful to see that the journals they permit to be read in the family circle are of the class that never forget the proprieties of life. Already men and women of refinement and healthy morals have had their attention called to the pernicious influence of bad literature, and have made commendable efforts to counteract the same by causing sound literature to be published and sold at popular prices. These efforts are working a silent but sure revolution. The best authors are more generally read to-day than at any previous time. The sickly, sentimental story books are slowly yielding the field to worthier claimants. To the praise previous time. of the decent newspaper, it may be said, that where it has a place in the family, and has been read for years by young and old; it has developed such a healthy tone and such a discriminating faste that the literature of the slums has no admirers. Fortunately, the number of such families is increasing in the land, and as they increase, the ournal that devotes itself to sickening revelations of immorality will be com-pelled to find its supporters solely among those classes who practice vice or crime, or are ambitious to learn to

EARLIEST PRINTING ... ENGRAVED BRICKS.

From the Model Printer's Guide

Engraved stamps are of very early origin, and may be regarded as the first process of every method of printing. Three thousand years ago the en-graving of forms for impressing seals and coin was practiced with a skill scarcely surpassed in these modern days. There are coins which were made in the days of Pharaohs, stamped in relief as well defined as the pieces in cir culation to day. The first printing—as such—in the history of the world was probably upon bricks. An illustration represents a brick taken from the ruins of ancient Babylon, and is really a piece of the literature of that far away time, which probably could have been preserved in no other form so well The letters or words are placed in par-allel rows, separated by lines, and are no doubt intended to be read from top-

In old Egypt bricks were made by a method of stamping, but not so elaborately as in Assyria. We have been ately as in Assyria. We have been able to procure cuts showing the face and back of an old Egyptian stamp, found is a tomb of Thebes, which was probably used in "printing" bricks in those early days of the world's history. This stamp is about five inches long, two and a half inches wide and half an inches thick with an early days of the world half an inches thick with an early days. two and a half inches wide and half an inch thick, with an arched handle. The characters are engraved into the face of the wood, so that the impression on the clay would show the letters or characters in relief, and have been translated, "Amenoph, beloved of truth." We have it stated by some authorities that Amenoph was a ruler of Egypt at the time of the endlern. the time of the exodus of the children

of Israel.

Compared with modern typography this method of printing on clay was crude and imperfect in the extreme. How easy it would have been to have coated the stamp with ink and impress-ed it upon paper; but alas, there were yet discovered neither ink nor paper, and instead of this practice bei proved and developed, it gradually fell into disuse, and had been almost wholly neglected for more than twenty-five hundred years, in the very land where it originated.

LITERARY CAPACITY.

From the Philadelphia Ledger

The truth is, that literary capacity is a capital assistant to a practical man, and learning is a good "crutch," but not a foundation to stand upon. Scott's immortal Dominie Sampson is a type, scarcely exaggerated, of a large class. As an assistance, literary capacity gives a broad horizon and a clearer view to the professional man. To the mechanic a broad horizon and a clearer view to the professional man. To the mechanic and business man, it opens a wider range for his transactions. To the man of leisure, it gives opportunity for self-culture and for generous usefulness. In these ways, and in these only, literature cover as given partner, so to steak—not pays, as silent partner, so to speak—not the head of the business. If chance or good fortune brings a literary man's services into such public demand that he must be employed, he will find his reward; or if a book is to be prepared for the press, he can make terms for that

he pays enough for the service he asks in admitting that anybody can do bet-ter than himself. And that compliment is-literary wages.

A SINGULAR STORY.

HOW A MARRIAGE IN WESTERN PENNSYLVA NIA WAS BROKEN OFF. From Correspondence of Philadelphia Tim

NORTHUMBERLAND, March 24 .- On the

ANNIHUMBERTAND, March 24.—On the arrival of the 15.45 P. M. train over the Lackawanna road to-day it soon became evident that something unusual was on the tapis. The centre of attraction was a stretcher, which had been removed from the train to the waiting room and the ball trains to the waiting room and the ball trains to the ball trains a stretcher. upon which was the half-unconscious form of a young man, apparently about twenty-one years old. Inquiry from his attendant elicited the fact that this young man is M. D. Falkner, of New Orleans. His parents died of the yellow fever in 1873. Since he left Princeton, m 1876, he has led a raying life. he has led a roving life. Last summer he made the acquaintance of a woman in London, England, who has brought him to this. When he left her she followed to this country, and found him ten days ago in Western Pennsylvania, on the point of marrying a respectable young lady. Von Eida, the Englishoung lady. Von Eida, the English-oman, determined to ruin Faulkner woman, determined to ruin ranking in that locality, and by a well-laid and executed plot succeeded, for the present at least. They both went to New York on the 15th instant and remained over Sunday. Faulkner left on Monday night for St. Louis. Von Eida followed him. He stopped off at Port Jarvis; so did she. The next morning, as he came out of the breakfast room, she met him at the door and began firing upon him with a heavy calibre aulkner drew a pistol and fired once, he fell, shot through the breast. aulkner has a dangerous wound in is left long. His physician, R. H Mott, is trying to get him home to New Or-leans, where he thinks he will recover.

A STRANGE PEOPLE.

Dr. E. R. Heath, in a paper on "Peruvian Antiquities," describes a strange people living in a town called Eten, in even degrees south latitude and about two miles from the sea. They number about 4,000, and they speak besides the spanish a language which some of the ecently brought over Chinese laborers understand, but there is no other larities between the two peoples. intermarry uncles, neices, brothers and sisters, nephews and aunts, promiscu-ously, with no curse of consanguinity; but they will not permit any intermar-riage in their number, or with the out-side world. They have laws, customs and dress of their own, and live by braiding hats and mats, and weaving cloths. They will give no account of the place whence they came, or of the time they settled at Eten. History does not mention their existence before the Spaniard arrived. Among them there are no sick or deformed persons, their custom being to send a committee to each sick or old person, and those who are reported past recovery or past use-fulness, are promptly strangled by the public executioner. Eten orders it, they say, and with Eten's orders there is no

THE engagingly frank history of Re-

publican campaign operations given to the Wallace committee by Mr. Gorham, late Secretary of the Senate and secretary of the national Bepublican executive committee, is chiefly interesting in view of the Federal statute and the Execu-tive general order which Mr. Gorham confesses to have defied with the connivance of several members of the Cabi-net. It is not news that this was done, but it is official confirmation that Secretary Gorham now makes matter of record. The false position of the administration on the question of civil service reform is beautifully illustrated by the calling for contributions for political purposes from nearly every officer in the civil service below the grade of labinet Minister and sending solicitors through all the departments, save one, to make collection of these assessments. How effective the scheme was is shown by the astonishing fact that of the \$105,000 used under the auspices of this committee in the late campaign all but \$13,000 came from those in the civil service of the United States. The contributions may have been voluntary in one sense, but they were none the less a fund raised by placemen as the price of their places, and it shows how little whatsatial interest any but placements. abstantial interest any but pla had in the success of the cause upon which Mr. Hale and Mr. Gorham would have us believe the very life of the na-tion was hanging. -Philadelphia Times. THE following postal changes were

The following postal changes were made in Pennsylvania last week: Established—Goodell, McKean county, George L. Martin, postmaster; Mervin, Westmoreland county, Alpheus A. Bush, postmaster; Shelly, Bucks county, Emil W. Haring, postmaster. Name changed—Moyer's store, Fücks county, to Blooming Glen. Postmasters Appointed—Abraham Snyder, Alsace, Berks county; Daniel Szeifrit, Beckersville, Berks county; Philip S. Schurr, Kantz, Snyder county; Samuel McKehan. Berks county; Philip S. Schurr, Kantz, Snyder county; Samuel McKehan, Mount Rock, Cumberland county; M. R. Lewis, New Milford, Clearfield county; John B. Kern, Landisville, Lancaster county; H. S. Thompson, Reed's Gap, Juniata county; Charles E. Strauss, Strausstown, Berks county; James Bothel, Tannery, Indiana county; Robert Thompson, Templeton, Armstrong county; Charles B. Fulton, Upper Providence, Deleware county; William S. Cart. Wenk's, Adams county; William S. idence, Deleware county; William S. Cart, Wenk's, Adams county; William Fowler, West Middletown, Washington

ought to be, free and independent.

Curiostries of the Earth.—At the city of Medina, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, when the workingmen arrive at a distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills the newly-made well, which is affected neith-REUTER's advices from Cape Town to

Jalena Corr. Sigourney (Iows) News.

I desire to give your readers a partial description of a recent invention of a steam engine by a mechanic of our town, steam engine by a mechanic of our town, which bids fair to supersede every steam engine now in use. The inventor, Mr. Fisher, is an ingenious German mechanic, who owns the machine shop near the Rock Island depot. Those of your readers who have ever notices his shop have never seen bim or any hands and the statement of the state apparently at work. Fisher is an inventor and dreamer, and for years his ventor and dreamer, and for years his hours by day and by night have been devoted to this idea, to the neglect of his business and family. His grand idea was a "rotary engine." The advantage he claims over the ordinary one is the continuous application of the expansive force of steam, utilizing all its power. force of steam, utilizing all its power. Then the mechanical simplicity of construction—no steam-chest, no piston, no crank. It is simple, compact and of great strength, and will not cost more than one-third per horse power as much as the old style. He brought his model over to the elevator, last week, and at tached it to the boiler, and away it went at a 2:40 whirl. A slight move of a lever and the motion is reversed, and away it goes on the other tack. Fisher is poor, and may not be able to push his invention, but if parties having sufficient capital will take hold of it and work it

A Senator Caught Napping.

A jocular Senator from the West tells very good story about another Senator from a Southern State. The latter began life as a brakeman on a railroad, and by industry and foresight has accumulated a fortune and high political honors. Senator Thurman, while speaking, usually holds his eye-glasses in one hand and a huge red håndkerchief in the other. He blows a sounding blast on his masal organ in the midst of a Dawes looks up at the galleries every time he addresses the Vice President. It was an all night session. The Silver bill was under discussion. The Southern Senator referred to was quietly sleeping on a sofa in the cloak room.

Mr. Thursan was neeking the blow Mr. Thurman was speaking. He blew his nose with such vigor that the report could almost have been heard in the Secretary's office. The sleeping Senator was awakened by the noise, and leaping to his feet grasped a chair by the side of the sofa and twisted it around until the author of the story grasped him by the arm and brought him to a realizing sense of his whereabouts. It is now an unhealthy matter for any one to call 'down brakes' to the victim of the joke.

The Cincinnati Frauds.

THOROUGH EXPOSURE OF REPUBLICAN

VILLAINY PROVIDED FOR.
The memorial of Cincinnati elections,

which was presented in the House yes-terday by Mr. McMahon, charges: First—That there was a corrupt vio-lation of law in the appointment of United States Marshals who were designated to officiate in the Congressionelection last fall. Second-That they were not residents

or qualified vote inted voters.

rd—That they exhibited no badge

Fourth—That they held the tickets of ad solicited votes for the Republican candidates.

Fifth-That they procured and aided illegal voting.
Suth-That they encouraged repeat-

ers and prevented their arrest.
Seventh—That Butterworth and Young

Seventh—That Butterworth and Young Seventh—That Butterworth and Young were neither of them elected.

This memorial is signed by the following names: John F. Follett, John A. Shank, Wm. B. Cassilly, W. W. Sutton, W. P. Biddle, D. J. Mullaney, L. McHugb, J. Kramer, Wm. H. Pugh, Thos. McDonough, H. D. Campbell, Thomas Schweitzer, Alexander Long, Thomas Schweitzer, Alexander Long, Goodman, E. Thomas Schweitzer, Alexander Lon John G. Fratz, W. Austin Goodman, P. Bradstreet, Wm. E. Jones, Lewis G. Bernard, C. Hilb, N. Caldwell, C. H. Sargent, C. W. Danenhower, Jeremiah Mulroy.

Passengers by the Northern Central railway reported that on Wednesday last the depot at Harrisburg, Pa., was crowded with emigrants for Kansas, comprising Pennsylvania farmers and their families. In the morning a train of twenty-five cars, in two sections, left of twenty-five cars, in two sections, left with as many people as they could ac-commodate, and in the afternoon two more trains of ten and eleven cars respectively for the same destination. It is estimated that the emigrants numbered 3,000. They came from Lebanon, Cumberland, Fulton, Dauphin, Mifflin and other counties of the State, besides some from Western Maryland. Two carloads of people of the religious denomination of Dunkers were with the company. The emigrants propose to establish regular colonies in Kansas and will be joined by many others. The exodus of Pennsylvanians to the West this spring is described as almost unparalleled. bered 3,000. They came from Lebanon,

The coal operators of the first and second pools of the Monongahela Valley met on Wednesday last and decided to pay three cents per bushel. The mining operators of third and fourth pools will be obliged to follow suit, and in two days the whole Monongahela Valley will be at work again. The trike has been in progress for six weeks, though very little mining has been done since November. Three thousand men and boys have been idle during the strike. The strike in the Connellsville coal regions keeps spreading and be-tween five and six thousand persons are now idle. Between thirty and forty miners convicted at Washington, Pa, last week, were unable to pay their share of the costs, which aggregated \$3,000, and are now serving out their term in ail.

Shaffer, convicted of murdering his wife at Chambersburg, who was to be hanged Tuesday, March 18, was respited by Gov. Hoyt until April 17th.

Governor Nichols has signed the bill repealing the charter of the Louisiana State lottery.

The death of Count Joseph Valery, a member of the French Senate in Florence, Italy, is announced.