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Boys Wanted. Boye of spirit, boys of will, Moys of muscle, brain and power, Fit to cope with anything-

These are wanted every hour. Not the weak and whining drones That all trouble magnify; Not the watchword of "I can't," But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do With a true and carnes; zeal ; Bend your sinews to the task, Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard, Look not on it as an ill : If it be an honest task, Do it with an honest will.

At the anvil or the farm, Wheresoever you may be, From your future efforts, boys, Comes a nation's destiny.

HE STOOD THE TEST

"Who ever heard of such a beastly provision?" Valentine Thompson was asying, savagely ." I tell you, Stephen, I won't marry the girl if I never inherit a shilling of Uncle Hervey's money. I don't propose to be victimized merely for the gratification of an old man's whim, and it's nothing but a whim you

whim, and it's nothing but a whim you know very well—some cranky notion he'r, got out of his everlasting novels.'

"Steady, my boy," his Cousin Stephen observed, with a quiet twinkle in his eye. "Perhaps you wouldn't consider yourself victimized if you were to see Miss Lulu. By Jove, Val, a fellow might be proud of such a wife."

"Not if he had been coerced into marring her," was Val's hot-headed re-

marrying her," was Val's hot-headed re-joinder. "That is one thing in which will not brook interference. I shall marry whom I choose. I may as wel say so first as last."

Stephen whistled softly to himself for a few moments, and then said :

"You absolutely refuse compliance-"You absolutely refuse compliance—is that what I am to understand? Rather than marry Uncle Harvey', protege, you will forfeit your prospective inheritance, eh?"

"Exactly," replied Val, with scornful indifference. "When you go back to town you can tell himso."

"Don't be too hasty, my boy," Stephen remarked. "Hadn't you better see Miss Lulu before you make up you

"No," Val answered, without hesita tion. "The conditions attending sno! a marriage would make it disagreeable under any circumstances. But I say Stephen, you seem to have been quite struck with Mies Welwyn; why don't you marry her yourself?"
Stephen's face flushed slightly, and

he moved uneasily in his chair. Oh, I'm a confirmed bachelor, Val. he said, with an awkward laugh. "You

know I am not a marrying man." "That is no reason why you shouldn't become one," Val said, stoutly, quite carried way by this new idea. "You could bear her off in triumph, and I've no doubt Uncle Harvey would be all the better satisfied if you were to be her husband. I'm a kind of a seamp, you know; but you, my dear Stephen, are a man of responsibility."

"Thanks; no, Val !" Stephen said, in his dry, humorous way. "You know I never did get along with the women and I'd sooner be shot than court one !' "Nonsense!" Val answered, enthusiastically. "I'll help you. Nothing easier, Stephen."

Stephen shook his head.

"That's one of the things in which there can be no co-operation, my dear

boy," he observed.
"That's what inexperience says," Val rejoined. "I'll prove the contrary Just let me see Miss Lulu. I'll make you the burden of my praises. I'll paint you as a little god on wheels. I'll extol you to the skies, till you present yourself to her mind as a hero of romance. Young girls are very susceptible to that sort of thing, Stephen. Just say the word, and I'll open the campaign at once."

"She won't have me, Val," Stephen said, but he was obviously wavering, and his cousin came down with several other reassuring arguments which won down."

"If I really thoughtshe would marry me look like a scoundrel; but, before me," he said at last, "I might ask her. God, Stephen, I didn't mean it." But I swear, Val, I'd sooner walk up to a cannon's mouth than have a woman

say 'No' to me." "Follow my advice," Val answered, onfidently "I'm an old stager, confidently "I'm an old you go Stenhen. For the present, just you go back to town, and tell Uncle Harvey that you have concluded to take the contract off my hands. By Jove! You're a brick, Stephen. You'll save me from penury, my dear fellow, for I swear I wouldn't marry Miss Welwyn under any consideration, though I have no doubt

"You will go down to Redner right away then?" Stephen inquired, when they were parting.
"To-morrow," Val replied, and he

she is an angel."

kept his word. The next day at noon he found himself in the little library at Welwyn Woods, chatting with his hostess and one of the prettiest girls he had ever Val was a connoisseur in beauty,

"Your uncle told us," Mrs. Welwyn observed, cordially, "that your Cousin Stephen might be down with you. I am sorry he couldn't come,"

"He hopes to get away after awhile," I replied. "At present he is so entangled in engagements that he hasn't a moment's leisure. I never saw such ritality as his. He is perfectly indefatithough I know there isn't an-

other man in town so much sought

"It seems strange," Mrs. Welwyn remarked, "that he should never have

"He is not easily charmed," Val said, with a laugh and a suggestive look at Miss Lulu. "The woman who wins him will have a great triumph."

These were the entering wedges, Val said to himself, and he deliberately laid in ambush for occasions to drive them deeper in.

It was not a"disagreeable task, he found, for Miss Lulu was a charming listener; and there was something so novel in it that it was more diverting even than flirtation. He did a great many things on Stephen's account which he wouldn't have dared to do on his

It was quite delightful, indeed, to ramble through Welwyn Woods with such a companion, for he felt so much at ease in her society, having already set her apart in his mind as Stephen's wife. And there was a peculiar charm in the long afternoons on the lake, when he looked so persistently at the fair face under a broad Legborn, and reflected that this was to be his cousin.

So the days went gliding by, and Miss Lulu was courted, as Val said, "by proxy." He had kept his promise to Stephen, pouring into her earsthe most glowing accounts of his merits, the most piquant recital of his doings, the most winning reviews of his wit.

Miss Lulu listened apparently in wide-eyed wonder, and Val wrote at last for Stephen to come down to Redner. Of course it was understood that after that he was to leave his cousin in full possession of the field, but somehow he was not at all pleased when Stephen made the very reasonable suggestion that he should go away from Welwyn Woods altogether. In short, he went back to town in a very unamiable mood.

Everything was exceedingly dull just then, and Val was like a fish out of water. There was nothing to do but "sit around," as he said, and when-ever he undertook to do that he fell to thinking of things that made him unaccountably savage. He began to wish he never had gone down to Redner, for it was evidently there that he had absorbed the germ of this unrest. It was ome time before he knew what was the na'ter with him, and when he did he continued to oppose the conviction.
It was too—too too much like retribuion that he should have fallen in love with Miss Lulu.

He went about in a very miserable rame of mind, though, haggard and etulant, cursing everything and everybody, but Fate and himself most of all. It had rather a startling effect upon nim when Stephen burst into his room one day in a very ruffled state.

"Confound you, Val !" he exclaimed. "I knew you'd get me into difficulty!" "What's the matter?" "Why, I followed your advice to

the letter, and what was the consequence?" "You're engaged to Miss Lulu, I

"Engaged? The deuce! She refused me on the spot. And-and some confounded meddlesome old busybody

has gone and told her about Uncle Harvey. I haven't the ghost of a chance !" "Thank God !" This fervent exclamation rather stag-

gered Stephen, you may suppose. He started at Val's white earnest face, as though it had been a phantom. "Well," he said, slowly, "I—must—say—you're a fine fellow!"

Val had jumped up hastily. He went

toward his cousin, and laid one hand heavily on his shoulder. "I say, old fellow," he said in a

husky voice, "you're not hard hit-are you? Because I am, you see. I wouldn't for the world go back on you, you? Stephen. You know that. If it makes much difference to you, I won't think of it, but-I love Lulu Welwyn with

Stephen stared hard at his cousin, but not unkindly. "If I didn't know you so well, Val." he said, presently, "I'd knock you

"I know," Val replied, "it makes

Stephen took several hasty turns up and down the room, and then grasped his hand.

"It's all right, Val," he said cordially, "She wouldn't have me, any-how. It don't make so much difference to a man of my age. God bless you, boy! Go and win her."

Val needed no second bidding. He was back at Welwyn Woods in two days' time. But he was bent upon a new purpose. He would win Lulu for himself-yes! But only on condition that he could not win her for Stephen.

She met him in the library, but not with her old cordiality. "I have a singular errand, Miss Welwyn," he said, hurriedly, striving to conceal his emotion. "My cousin tells me you have refused his offer of

marriage. Lulu flushed slightly, but gave a dignified assent.

"May I ask," he went on earnestly, "whether you have fully considered your decision? My cousin is a man that any woman might be proud to win for a husband. He is a noble fellow. He will be rich some of these days, and he certainly is fine looking enough to suit the most fastidious taste. You cannot have fathomed the depth of his nature, Miss Welwyn, or you must have esteemed him more highly."

plied, coldly, "that I do not appreciate your perfect men. I never did."
"Stephen does not profess to be anything of the kind," he said, hastily

"You know yourself that he is the son. of modesty. I am speaking of him as I know he is, from long acquaintance with his obsracter. From my heart I honor him, Miss Welwyn, and, as your best friend, might urge you to regard his suit with favor."

"Your cousin has an ardent champion, Mr. Thorne," she said, with the same frigid calmness; " but it is quite impossible for me to marry him. In the first place I do not love him; and, in the second, I would not marry any man who sought me as his wife only as a means to securing a fortune to his friend. Your cousin's conduct is most magnanimous so far as you are con-cerned, Mr. Thorne; but I must decline the honor he would confer on me."

"Upon my soul, Miss Welwyn," Val said, eagerly, "Stephen would not have lent himself to such a scheme if he had not cared for you. Nothing could have induced him."

Then, seeing the scornful smile that played about her lips, his own love leaped beyond all barriers of restraint, and he cried:

"You would not make that tell against me, too? I love you! Hear me! I refused to accede to my uncle's proposition, though he threatened to disinherit me if I would not marry you. I refused; but Stephen had seen you. He knew you as I did not, and he offered to take my place. Then I came here, and without intending it, I learned to love—to worship you. For Heaven's sake, believe me! What do I care for the money? It is you I want!
If you will not marry Stephen, will you marry me? My happiness depends upon it, for I love you with my whole

She trembled from head to foot, but she evaded his touch, and said, with studied indifference:

"I am sorry, Mr. Thorne, but I cannot accept all you say on faith. Confess yourself; it does seem as though the money were behind the persistent pursuit of my hand. Luckily, some of my friends had heard of your uncle's singular exactions. I appreciate the honor his preference does me; but I must decline it. There is no necessity, however, of your suffering in con-sequence. You have done your part, and your uncle must know that you

can't marry me against my will."

Val stood before her with a pale, im-

"You do me a great wrong," he said hoarsely. "I love you as truly as ever a man loved in the whole wide world. I swear it! You must believe me, for this is God's truth. Tell me-is there any way?-there must be a way in which I can prove it to you."

She paused a moment. There was something in his voice and manner which thrust conviction upon her, and her whole attitude changed. turned toward him with sudden im-

petuosity. "Yes," she cried, "I will believe you, Mr. Thorne, if-if you are willing to renounce your uncle's fortune for my

"I will do it gladly," he answered, seizing her hand and covering it with kisses. "My darling, my sweet little

"But are you willing, Mr. Thorne," she asked, in a voice that trembled in spite of her efforts to control it, "are you willing to formally make over to your cousin your share of your uncle's money? There is pen and paper. I will marry you only upon condition that you sign such a contract.'

Val had seized the pen while she spoke. In a few moments he had written

and signed this: "I, Valentine Thorne, do hereby formally renounce all claim upon the estate, real or personal, of my uncle, Harry Thorne, and do make over, unconditionally, to my cousin, Stephen R. Thorne, any bequest or inheritance that may accrue to me upon the death of the aforesaid uncle. This act to go in force upon the day of my marriage with Miss

Lulu Welwyn. " (Signed) VALENTINE THORNE. He put this into her hands, saying: "This will leave me nothing but my

love to give you." "It is quite enough," she said, softly "Go and procure a witness," he said;

I want it perfectly legal." She turned and went toward the door, but she paused on the threshold. The next instant, before he knew it, she had torn the paper in pieces and thrown it at her feet.

"I believe you, Val," she cried. holding out her arms toward him, "I believe you!" He drew her to his heart with a face

that shone. " I will give up anything for you, my love," he said, in a low tone. is nothing in this world half so dear to me as yourself, my own little treasure !"

But he gave up nothing, in fact, for old Mr. Thorne, whom they agreed not to inform any better, supposed his dutiful nephew was merely acting in obe dience to his expressed wish, and a handsome bundle of stock and bonds was forthcoming on Val's wedding day.

"I shall do my courting by myself next time," was Stephen's observation: and he carried it out with the best of results. Twelve months later he married a charming girl whom, as he said, Providence had been keeping for him all the

A trade journal gives directions for 'preserving harness." Preserved harness may be considered very palatable by those who like that sort of thing, "I'm afraid, Mr. Thorne," she re- but we don't want a bit in our mouth

JAPANESE PESTIVALS.

Legend of the Sun Goddess Ten-Sio Dai-Zin .- In the City of the Dead.

A Yokohama correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle writes: The San Francisco Caronicis vitus festival 15th of May is a grand religious festival day in Japan. On that day, from one end of the land to the other, the patriot ir m and religious devotion of the people are made manifest. The flag of the empire is given to the breeze and the temples are thronged with worshipers. The festival is in commemoration of the creation of their first parents. The legends of Japan tell of this sun goddess Ten-sio-dai-zin, the favorite daughter of Iza na-gi-mikoto, creator of the earth. Iza-na-gi-mikoto was the Columbus of the gods. He conceived the idea that beneath the heavens—under the boiling waters—there must be a habitable sphere. To think with him was to set. He plunged his spear into the waters, and upon withdrawing it the drops falling from it were congealed, and so the world was formed, the largest drop becoming the islands of Japan. He then created the ten thousand things known to men, and placed his favorite daughter to reign over his creation. After lapase of over two mil-Hon years, without counting the odd thousands, one of her descendants married a mortal, and from her union sprung the race of the mikado and his people. The 15th of May is a festival day in honor of the sun goddess Tensio dai-zin. So patriotism, loyalty and religion are inextricably involved and joined in the minds of the people Through the mikado they claim lineal descent from the creator of this world and all that therein is. In the near past the sun was worshiped by the Japanese, and at this time very many of the un-learned are sun worshipers, this being especially true of seamen. As the sun rises they bow their heads and invocate the god of day. There is a romantic regend connected with the reign of the sun goddess Ten sio-dai-zin as queen protec-tress of the earth. It appears that she had numerous brothers and sisters, and that one of the brothers was wild and made it very troublesome for his sister. At last she became so much afraid of him that she secluded herself within a deep cave in the mountains, the entrance to which was securely closed. Owing to her absence the world was wrapped in continual darkness. This state of affairs became intolera-

ble, and the gods, meeting in conclave, determined that Ten-sio-dai zin must be prevailed upon to reappear, they agree-ing to assure her that her troublesome brother should be banished to some far away realm of space, to trouble her no

more. They proceeded to the cave where she had immured herself, and by great efforts opened the entrance a little. when the sun goddess gave a peep out; and seeing the vast multitude of her fellow gods and goddesses, whom she anew as her friends, she came out from her seclusion. The brother was duly banished, but after a time it was thought that if he was allowed to return to his old nome the experience he had gained in his banishment would deter him from further troubling his sister, whom he knew was under their protection. He came back among them, but the devil was still in him. It was the fashion in those ages of the gods for all female deities to always have with them a mirror, and to this day a mirror is considered an emblem of purity, and to be found in every Shinto temple in the land. As this wicked brother met his sister he tried to kill her with his flaming sword, making a deadly cut at her, which she warded off by interposing her mirror. From the meeting of the sword and mirror another god was created, who proved to be as vicious as his father. The fate of both father and son are not authentically established. Probably they became first-class demons

in the infernal regions. The festival in honor of the sun goddess is celebrated with due ceremony at a temple especially dedicated to her worship in Yokohama. The temple is situated upon one of the sightliest elevations of the place, and looks toward Tokio. The busy city lies far below it, and a complete bird's-eye view can be had of the city and its environments; and the whole expanse of the beautiful bay of Yokohama, with its fleet of shipping, is before the gazer from this spot. I am told that it is only upon this anniversary day, during the entire year, that this temple is open for cere monial worship, the devout all the rest of the year praying before the closed doors. On this day the Shinto priesthood array themselves in their robes of office and perform their sacred functions during the day, and also in the even-The temples devoted to the worship of Buddha and his disciples, who have been sainted and deified, are always open for business to be transacted, though there are days set apart for peculiar ceremonies befitting ex-traordinary events connected with the lives and death of their peculiar object of worship. Some time last year the god who has charge of the thunder machinery of heaven was placed in a new abode that was prepared for him. From the temple where he had been enthroned he was taken in a sacred traveling-box at the head of a long rocession of worshipers, and placed in the new house, where he is now sup-posed to abide. There was no idolatry in all this, only a spiritual conception of the faithful.

On the hills of Yokohama—here termed the "bluff"—are to be seen the elegant homes of the city. Here, too, are the marine hospitals of the English, German and American governments, and here live the missionaries who have left their homes in New Eng- floating island going down the river.

land to come to this land of sun and flowers, that they may sow the seed of their different religious sects. On the "bluff" also is the home of the resting-place of those who have learned the secret of the hereafter, and who have no further need of priest or physician. On the most elevated plateau of the reservation dedicated to the dead, is a granite obelisk, about six feet square and some twelve feet in height, standing on a granite base eight feet square and four feet high. On its four sides is told the story of the loss of the United States steamer Oneida, with all on board. On the east side of the obelisk is this inscription :

In Memory
of the
Officers and Men Who went down with the U. S. S. Oneids When that yessel was sunk While homeward bound, By the steamship Bombay, In Yeddo bay, Japan, Jan. 24, 1870 . _

The other sides of the monument contain the names of the officers and crew who lost their lives. It stands on a plat, inclosed with cable chains attached to anchors, set with the stocks upright, at each corner. Outside of the chain is an evergreen hedge, nicely kept and trimmed, and on the inner side are growing beautiful cedars and

camellias.

Tomioka is the place where the wealth and beauty of Yokohama resort during the heated term. Tomioka is distant from Yokohama about eight miles. The road thither is one char-acterized by the same diversity of scenery so peculiar to all roads in Japan, hills and dales vying in the attractions they offer to the eye of the traveler. The village is a picture que one, as it nestles among the hills, which come down to the sea in all their pride, showing high bluffs, in many places their bases washed by the waves, with here and there quiet nooks and reaches of hard, clean, sandy beaches. It is a charming place for sea-bathing, the clean sand insuring against any torpid condition of the water, which is at the ebb and flow of the tide as clear and transparent as old ocean gives any coast. There are many Ine old trees at Tomioka offering ample shade to all comers. The usual para-phernalia of the fishing village is here not encountered, as the absence of facil-ities of running boats upon the beach where they may be left in security, are wanting. Its elevation secures fine views, and the fresh, uncontaminated breezes from off the water are grateful to the senses. There are three temples here that are occupied during the summer months by parties renting then rom the priests. Many of the native houses are utilized, and there is plenty of room for camping out. It is a delightful sail from Yokohama to Tomioka by Sampan, and during the season there are regular trips made daily by many small crafts for the accommodation of those visiting there. Somehow, it seems to be the more favorite method of bathing with the Japanese to take theirs hot. The hot bath is an institution patronized at all sea-sons, both males and females indulging as often as their means will allow. The cost being in the neighborhood of one and a half cents at the more ordinary institutions, not many are debarred the luxury of the hot bath. Formerly, and until very late years, bathing establishments were open to all of both sexes, without discrimination. All bathed in

In the Hacone mountain range are many wonderful medical springs, flowing in large volume and of very high temperature-much hotter than the hot springs of California, and perhaps more highly charged with sulphur. As these springs are at an elevation of between 5,000 and 6,000 feet above the level of the sea in a mountain range, they are visited by very many who desire to escape the sultry heat of the lower levels, while at the same time they may benefit their health by using the waters to bathe in. I have listened to the relation of the wonderful curative properties of these hot springs by those who have visited them, and have been delighted by the descriptions of the grand and majestic scenery that is pre-sented to the adventurous tourists who have penetrated into the fastness of this pile of everlasting peaks that nestle around old Fuliyams, but I have yet to Messiah: visit them in person.

the presence of each other and in view

of the passing public. At the present

time the males are segregated from the

female bathers, and the resort is no

longer open to the public gaze.

How a Hill Traveled.

Just below Saverton, Rail county, Missouri, is a very high, steep hill. Between the foot of this hill and the Mississippi river is a very narrow spaceonly a few feet. Along this space runs the Long Line railroad track. One day recently some tremendous power tore the hill loose from the balance of the range, and the whole hill, comprising several acres of ground, began to move slowly into the river, pushing seventy-five yards of railroad ahead of it. This tore the track up for several hundred yards on each side. The whole earth seemed to tremble, and strange noises were heard in the bowels of the earth. The spectacle is said to have been a grand one, and hundreds of persons flocked to see it. The hill moved at the rate of ten feet every twenty-four hours. Occasionally a small piece would break off and float down the river with large trees standing erect on it, presenting the strange spectacle of a miniature

My Little Neighbor. You came to live near us 'One bonnie spring day;

The next sunshiny morning-A morning in May-I heard you a-gardening Over the way.

But between, like Fate's battlement, Grim rose the wall, And you were so little, And I was not tall-

Should I shout?. Would you answer? What name could I call? Who had built the wall there. I climbed with the aid

A diminutive Romeo Scaling your stair. The ledge I laid over-Ah, such a wee thing !

Of a venerable chair-

Like a restless white butterfly Light on the wing : Hair gold as the primrose That blossomed in spring. Your rake dropped, your sun-hat slipped

Off your bright head, "Are you the boy next door?" You solemnly said. . I nodded, slid over the wall, Radiant and red. Oh, my wife, in Life's garden

We linger to-day; Many enows, many May-bldoms Have kissed gold to gray, Since I woodd my wee neighbor Over the way. -K. Temple More, in Our Continent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

One part of the baseball fever is catching.

Cannibals sometimes have their neighbors at dinner.

Hanlan has won \$80,000 by his skill with the cars. That is what we call good scullership.

Some traits run in families. Shakes-peare's father, being illiterate, made his mark. So did Shakespeare. "Great Pains Taken" is the heading of an advertisement in one of the dailies. Probably some gentleman has eaten a

whole watermelon. Jones says that he used to be pro-ficient in half-a dozen languages, but that since marriage he is not even master of his own tongue.

At the seashore, as usual, one wave from a woman's handkerchief will continue to attract more attention than hundreds of waves from the ocean.

A teacher was trying to make Johnny understand the science of simple divi-sion. "Now, Johnny," she said, "if you had an orange which you wished 'o divide with your little sister, how much would you give her?" Johnny thought a moment, and replied. "A suck."

The farmer in the grassy field, Doth make the fragrant hay, And as he pauses in his work Sings a roundelay. Oh, why does he behind the barn So suddenly retire?
A bee hath climbed his trouser's leg-He's putting e't the fire.

Scrambled snakes' eggs are the new dish, and as yet there seem to be no particular direction for preparing them in the cook books. We would suggest, however, that you go out into the country until you find a nest with eggs, and then, when the snake puts in its appearance, it will come natural to you to scramble some.

"Why, my dear," said poor little Mr. Penhecker, with a ghastly smile, "why would the world without woman, lovely woman, be like a blank sheet of paper" Mrs. P., who had just been giving the little man "a piece of her mind," smiled and "couldn't think." "Why, because, don't you see, love," said the long suffering one, "it wouldn't even

The Mohammedan's Messiah.

The Mohammedans await the coming of their Messiah. He is called Moul-Sas, the "Master of the Hour," or, as some will have it, "The Ruler of the Moment." The whole complex and intricately ornate edifice of Arabic faith and religious training is based upon three books: The Koran, the Conversations of the Prophet (collected by his disciples, the Sahaba), the Book of Sidi-Khelil, which is to the others what the Gemara is to the Mishna of the Talmud. It is in the second of these books, the "Conversations," that we find the prophet's words regarding the

"A man shall come after me, His name shall be the same as mine; that of his father the same as the name of my father, and that of his mother the same as the name of my mother. He will resemble me also in his character, but not in the features of his face. By bim he earth shall be filled with jus-tice and equity."

Two hundred and twenty millions of Mohammedans, from occidental Airica to farthest India, await the coming of

the Just One. The Mandy, or false Prophet, who recently smote the Egyptians hip and thigh at Kordotan, claims to be this

Sir Francis Lycett, of London, left by his will \$1,000,000 to built Wesleyan chapels in Great Britain, and the will being contested by a nephew it was, a few weeks ago, sustained.

The leading industries of Pittsburg required, last year, \$76,000,000 capital, employed nearly 57,000 hands, and turned out over \$84,000,000 of natura and manufactured merchandize.