

DEATH OF A FORMER STUDENT.

George R. Johnson, oldest son of Hon. J. C. Johnson, died at his father's residence, Friday morning, October 10, aged 22 years, after a brief illness. The death of this promising young man is particularly sad, and our citizens not only extend their warmest sympathy to the afflicted family, but they keenly feel the loss. Deceased was unusually bright and possessed abilities of a high order, and we were all proud of him, knowing he would make his mark high up, and his brilliant and useful manhood would reflect great honor on his birthplace. He was eminently good, his manly qualities making him a favorite in all circles of his acquaintance.

The funeral last Sunday was largely attended by our citizens generally, and large delegations from abroad. The fire department, of which deceased was a member, turned out in a body with the Emporium Band. The funeral services were conducted by Revs. Denison, Rue and Davies.—Cameron county *Press*, Oct. 6, 1890.

CONTINUE THE PRESSURE.

Together we sat, my darling and I,
Our hearts in sweet unison beating;
As fondly we looked the love that is felt,
While in kisses our lips were oft meeting.
As my arm stole around her neat little form,
Her bright little eyes were sparkling with pleasure;
And she whispered to me in sweetest of tones,
"My darling Continue the Pressure."

There are many bright days in the course of a year,
From New Years to the last of December;
But the brightest to me is Thanksgiving Day,
For it I have much to remember.
And why have I not? for the bliss that was mine
On that day I never can measure;
For closer she clung at every caress
And let me Continue the Pressure.

Oh, swift are the wings of Old Father Time,
To lovers absorbed in their wooing,
So sweet are the things that by them are done,
That no one could wish their undoing.
Of all the events that make up my life,
There is one I shall carefully treasure;

When tightly I held her locked in my arms,
And was told to Continue the Pressure.

There is much in one's life to make him feel sad,
And often of living he's weary;
Too few are the days that are sunny and bright,
Too many are the cheerless and dreary.
Exactng and hard is often one's lot,
And rare are his moments of leisure;
But who would not labor as labors the slave,
For a chance to Continue the Pressure.

The lapsing of years must make me infirm,
And the hair which now crowns me will whiten;
But I leap in my youth to find me a mate,
A companion my pathway to lighten.
'Tis the dream of my life that we may be joined,
By a bond that none can e'er sever;
When I as a husband and she as my wife,
May Continue the Pressure forever.
By a Former Student of P. S. C.

LOCALS.

Nelson M. Loyd, alias Anthony.

Wellie W. Bohn, alias Brackett.

Atherton, before playing a class foot ball game:

"Shall we have any signs?"

"Judy," "Certainly. We want to play a significant game."

Taylor is doing a humming bussiness just now. He sings constantly while at his drafting table.

What made Dagon blush when Mr. Sayford spoke of fire escapes?

Although you don't hear much from the Halogens this year, they are there just the same.

Hamilton (since his promotion to Captain)—
"I've shouldered arms for three years and now 'be gad' I'll shoulder blade."

The LANCE went to press just too late to publish a detailed account of the foot-ball game which was played on our grounds on Saturday, November 15th. Our opponents were the P. R. R. eleven of Altoona, composed of old college players. The game was rather uninteresting, owing to its one-sidedness, and but thirty minute halves were played. The score resulting: P. S. C. 68, Altoona 0.