

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

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The Indian office in Washington has decided to introduce kindergarten training and materials as a part of its school system.

"In the last ten years," says the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, "Georgia has nearly doubled the value of its taxable property. Who says the South is not going ahead? None of the older Northern States can make as fine a showing."

A curious feature of the last two years, muses the Atlanta Constitution, was the emigration of colored people from the Carolinas to Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas. In the two years it is estimated that not less than 100,000 colored people were shifted from the Piedmont region to the lower Mississippi valley.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star sends forth this warning: That is a rather absurd story, telegraphed from Indiana, that Kansas men are sending to that State for wives. Kansas is not lacking in fine, robust specimens of intellectual womanhood, enough to go around. If a Kansas man sends East for a wife the girls may well beware of him, for depend upon it he has been weighed and found wanting by the girls at home.

A complete list of embezzlements in the year 1890 is published by the Chicago Tribune, filling two newspaper columns. The most notable month for events of this nature was November, the misappropriations revealed then amounting to \$1,550,800. The total amount for the year is \$8,622,956. Pennsylvania leads in the greatest amount of funds embezzled—\$2,326,837. New York comes second, with \$1,920,270; Missouri is next, with \$596,584, while Illinois ranks fourth, with a total of \$466,938. The treaty abolishing the Dominion as a harbor of refuge for embezzlers and other defaulters was ratified last March, yet the total of \$8,565,956 for 1890 is greater than in any one of the many past years, the single exception being 1884, when the aggregate exceeded \$22,000,000.

The last census bulletin issued containing statistics of the areas of States and counties exhibits some interesting facts.

In the gross area Texas is as large as all the Gulf States combined, with Arkansas thrown in for good measure. The area of Louisiana, 48,720 square miles, is only a little over one-fifth the dimensions of Texas. Florida has a greater water surface, 4444 square miles, than any other State in the Union, Minnesota being next in order, then North Carolina, Texas and Louisiana, the water surface of the latter State being 3300. The largest county in Alabama is Baldwin, with 1620 square miles, and in Arkansas Union County, which has 1138. Perry County, with an area of 1116, is the largest in Mississippi, the smallest being Adams and Quitman, which have 400 each. Calcasieu has the greatest area of any parish in Louisiana, that is 3410 square miles of land surface, and is larger than the States of Delaware and Rhode Island, whose combined area is only 3045 square miles.

Professor Rodney Welch declares in the Forum that "the rural districts have not shared with towns the recent great improvements in the postal service. In the country the postal facilities are hardly any better than they were a century ago. There are no money-order postoffices, except in large commercial and manufacturing towns, and no free collection or distribution of mail matter. If a farmer wishes to mail a letter he must go to the postoffice, perhaps ten miles away, to do it. No good reason can be assigned why money orders should not be issued and cashed at every postoffice in the country. As to the free collection and free delivery of postal matter, the people in the rural districts are as much entitled to it as town people are, although the service could not from the nature of things be performed so often in a sparsely-settled region as in a thickly populated one. The general intelligence of any class largely depends on the facilities for learning what is going on in the world. Favoring one class gives it a special advantage, which in time will produce marked results. Depriving country people of the postal facilities that are enjoyed by those who live in large towns, tends to lower their intellectual standing and to keep it below that of those who live in cities. In nearly all European countries the postal facilities are as good in the rural districts as in the large towns. In several of them country people have the advantage of the parcel post and of savings banks. They are not kept in the dark because they cultivate farms and vineyards, or raise cattle, sheep and fowls."

TRANSFIGURED.

The night was dark and cold, and as I paced the open, to my heart there came a chill. Life hath but sorrows, brother, to be faced—It nothing holds, though I, that is not ill. Then through the clouds the morn's fair light Came forth to bathe the a ward wherison I trod, And then all things were changed; surpassing bright They seemed beneath the kindly eye of God.

A GOSPEL CHILD.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKER.

Hope was not the name at all; it was really Huldah Elizabeth Ann; but the child was from her birth such a spark of gaiety and brightness, such an indomitable bit of fun and cheer that she earned her nicknames. Her father died before she could remember; her mother lay dying for years; poverty beset the house; Charity, with cold half-filled hands, kept Clarinda Ames and her baby alive; but nothing daunted the laughing child; she grew up in an atmosphere of cloud and, but she drank in every scarce sunbeam. "I haven't a hope in this world but my baby!" said the emaciated woman to Parson Pitcheer, on one of his professional visits of consolation.

"If twasn't for her I'd had 'died long ago; she's turned of six now, and it isn't in nature I should live much longer, and I've got to leave her to Aunt Melindy; there isn't another livin' soul that's kin to her and me."

"Well, well, my friend, try and be thankful for that resource. The Lord is good to the fatherless; little Hope will be prospered no doubt. You must have faith. Yes, yes; according to your faith it shall be."

All this fell like hollow sounds on the sick woman's ear; she was worn and anxious to the last degree; her faith had failed her, for the flesh was exceedingly weak; she made no assent to the Parson's official remarks; a few slow tears trickled out of her eyes and a shallow despair invaded her tired face, but just then Hope's clear laugh came in through the window, and she smiled.

Parson Pitcheer was at a loss what to do, so he took up his hat and came and said good bye.

"Be'n to see Mrs. Ames, have ye?" asked Deacon Tucker, whom he met as he turned from the green yard where Hope was building an oven of stones and mud, with shouts of laughter every time the edifice fell to the ground.

"Hope you found her spiritual state satisfactory?"

"Well, Deacon, she is in straits, no doubt; yes, in straits; she is in the depths, the spirit may be willing, I can't say but the flesh is weak, exceeding weak. I do not think she is struck with death, however, and she will be more reconciled in time; the Lord doth not give us dying grace to live by. I trust she will be led through the valley in peace."

Parson Pitcheer was right. Almost four years went by before Mrs. Ames did die; years when she seemed to live by pure force of will, and her chief help was Hope's unflinching gaiety and sweetness.

"Her pa hadn't any wuddly goods to leave her," said the anxious mother to Mrs. Tucker, who had called to bring her "some blue mangle and lemon jell."

"No, Charley, hadn't a cent, and this house isn't much; it's mine, but I've had to raise money on't but he left Hope his own sunshine nature and that's worth everything to her; she'll always see the bright side. My! don't I remember when he fetched in all broke up after that sea-fiddin' giv' way; how he was whiter'n writin' paper, but he looked right up in my face and smiled as pleasant; he died a smilin', and Hope is 'sactly like him."

"Well, Mrs. Ames, it's a proper good thing that kind of disposition; ye know what Scripture say—'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine'; and 'tis so. Eh she'd been peaked, pinin', whinin' child like Mrs. Larabee's Juliet, I don't know what you would have done."

"Yes, I've got a deal to be thankful for; she'll get along a sight better without me when she has that sort o' spirit. I'm afraid she'll need it all to Melindy's."

But tears and grief overtook Hope one day, as those hunters of men overtake us all sooner or later; she cried herself ill when her mother left her forever, and she knew that the dear tender face would never greet her again.

ped a thin, wiry, sallow female, who did not see Hope, but proceeded at once to exhort the melancholy woman in the window.

"I wish't you'd kind of spunk up, Mrs. Nichols. This wuld's a wuld of 'fiction, and you've always said 'twas, and sort of lotted on it, so to speak, and now you don't bear up a mite. Why! Who's this? Who be you, child?' suddenly catching sight of Hope.

The rosy face laughed all over.

"Well, I'm Hope Ames. I guess you're Aunt Melindy, ain't you?"

"I expect I be. I never did! I didn't think you'd come to-day. Come by the Meddyhem's stage, didn't ye? Look a-her Loriny Nichols, here's a mate for ye! Stop a clawin' of your ma's gown'd an' look at my gal!"

Hope, with her happy instinct, held out her hand to the forlorn child; Lorena let go of her mother, looked up at the newcomer's sweet, sunshiny face and faintly smiled. Hope's unconscious mission in Slabtown had begun.

It was a queer place; just on the edge of the great Maine forests; a place almost snowed under in winter, and all barren fields in summer, for the men were lumberers and farmed their cold clay land only enough to raise hay and corn to feed their cattle though the short summer.

They had hard lives, these men; but the women's lives were harder; left all the long winters to care for themselves and the two or three old and infirm men who were useless for lumbering; forced by poverty and climate to labor for daily bread, and do the work of men in and about their houses; always lonely and anxious through those long winters about the husbands and brothers who were far away engaged in the dangerous and severe toil of chopping and logging, it was small wonder that the women were sad and severe in manner and aspect.

"Lay off your things, child," said Aunt Melinda, without a word of welcome or an attempt to embrace the newcomer. But Hope, nothing daunted, rushed at Melinda, threw her arms about the spinster's neck, and gave her a hearty kissing that brought a strange new light into those faded eyes, and a tinge of color to the deep-lined cheek.

"Mercy me!" cried Aunt Melinda, "if you ain't 'I well; take off your bonnet and I'll help ye lug that trunk up chamber. You set still Mrs. Nichols, till I come down."

Mrs. Nichols was looking hard at Hope, instead of staring suddenly into space. That "wasn't Slabtown manners," as she afterward said; a spark kindled in her hopeless eyes, she had a vague feeling that it must be pleasant to be hugged and kissed like that, but Loreny wouldn't do it! Miss Melinda stopped as she set down Hope's trunk in the bare clean loft, beside a cot spread with homespun blankets and a patchwork quilt, to say, in a lowered voice: "You no need to mind Mrs. Nichols; she's heered from the woods that her Jim has be'n on a drefful spree and come nigh to break his neck. He'd jist as good have did it, for he ain't no use to her, but she seems to set by him quite a little. Thank the Lord, I hain't never been no man's fool!"

With which pious aspiration Melinda turned back and went down the stairs, leaving Hope to arrange her possessions as best she could. A call to supper soon put an end to her work, and she went down smiling and hungry, finding Lorena and her mother had stayed to tea. Hope was so merry and the food so savory that Mrs. Nichols really smiled once, and when Hope insisted on clearing the table and washing the dishes Lorena volunteered her help, and her shrill little laugh came back from the sink-room now and then to her mother's great surprise.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Nichols, "if Loreny ain't a laughin'! That girl o' yours is as chipper as a robin, now ain't she? I wish't mine was that make up; but she ain't, not a mite."

"Maybe she would be if you was more cheery," answered Melinda, dryly.

So Hope began her new life; she soon made acquaintance with the village people, and was like a ray of sunshine among them. To be happy had not entered into their scheme of life; to work, and wait, and endure was all they tried to do; that life could be easier and better for meritment and kindness had not occurred to them, but this happy, unselfish little creature was a real social gospel to the dreary folks of Slabtown. She taught the children games, she sang the cheerful hymns her mother had loved to the old and sick people; she gathered the gay blossoms of the woods and hills, and showed her playmates how to brighten up their dull houses with the vivid or delicate colors of the flowers they had always disregarded; and in the school, that even Slabtown children were blessed with in summer, Hope was like a perpetual June day. There was among the scholars a great stupid boy of eighteen, a cousin of Lorena Nichols—Jesse Brown; one of those boys whom other children cannot assimilate with; a grown-up boy with a child's slow comprehension. All the girls shrank from Jesse, and considered him a fool; while all the boys derided him, sure that his strength would never be used in revenge. Hope pitied the great dull fellow with all her heart; he, too, was an orphan, without a home; in winter, the drudge of the lumber camps, in summer the unwelcome guest of drunken Jim Nichols, his uncle, who was not quite unwilling, however, to give him his board for the chores he did about the house. Kindness had never come near Jesse till Hope showed it to him in a hundred little ways. She helped him with his lessons, she coaxed him to join in the games at "noon-spell," she asked him to go after wild flowers with the rest, and to join their berrying parties. Jesse knew where all these wild things grew, and the children, following Hope's lead, soon began to respect him for such respectable knowledge. His pale eyes grew lighter; his heavy face began to light up too. Three years went by, and Hope grew tall and pretty in her flight. Jesse was no longer called the Slabtown

fool. He worked winters with a better will, for he wanted to earn more money, having a purpose in his mind that he told no one.

Slabtown too was changed; this "little candle" of Hope had indeed thrown its beams far and wide. Kindness, cheerfulness, friendly words and deeds made life brighter to the women of the village.

The fourth winter of Hope's life with Aunt Melinda set in, but Jesse did not go to the woods with the loggers. He appeared at Miss Melinda's door one morning in a new suit of rough clothes, having the rest of his goods tied up in a silk handkerchief swinging at the end of a stick over his shoulder.

"I come to say fare-you-well Miss Melindy," he explained, staring past her at Hope's dimpling face. "I'm goin' for to seek my fortun' down the country. I feel in my mind that I'm wuth more for somethin' else than lumberin'!"

"Ain't you ruther ventersome?" asked Melinda, sharply.

"Nothin' venter nothin' hev," he answered. Hope smiled from behind her aunt.

"Good-bye Jesse!" she said, slipping out to the step. "I know you'll do well. You're goin' to be a credit to Slabtown yet."

This was Jesse's accolade; now he could do or die since Hope believed in him. He wrung her hand and turned on his heel without one word to Aunt Melinda.

"Well! I hope that's manners!" was her only comment. Hope wore a grave face all day, but no one asked why.

Jesse had that indomitable will that makes its way; he found work at first in a saw-mill, then learned his trade in a carpenter's shop, and in five years had a good place in a builder's great workshop, and was earning steady wages. Now and then he was heard of in Slabtown; he sent a Christmas card every year to Hope, and once in a great while wrote to his cousin Lorena, who had grown into a stout, lively girl.

Hope was well past eighteen when Jesse came back to Slabtown; she had found lovers already, for the sweet wild flowers in the forest draw their bees even in its sunny solitude; but Hope did not care for lovers.

But Jesse appeared once more; a well-looking, brisk fellow, but in Hope's presence as shy as a trapped partridge. Yet he hung round her as one of the afore-said bees would hang about a comb of honey; gazing now and then as if about to say something, but never saying it. At last he fairly waylaid and caught her one soft August evening when she had stolen out of the shed door to get a pail of water from the spring; he stood in her path as she turned to go back with the dripping pail.

"Hope," he said, "I have thought about old times every day since I see you. I deno' where I should hev landed if twant for you. I kep' a thinkin' paper of the old sayin', 'if twasn't for Hope the heart would break.'"

He looked at her with his heart blazing in his eyes. Hope colored, choked, but rallied with a toss of her head and forced herself to speak, saying, of course, the wrong thing.

"I spose you don't call back the rest on't?—'Ef twasn't for fear, the fool would speak.'"

Jesse's face flushed—and the fool spoke.

So now they live in a little white house in Portland, and Slabtown is left without its moral sunshine; but Mrs. Nichols has forgotten how to whine; Lorena laughs, and Miss Melinda is as "hullsome as a Bald'in apple," Jim Nichols says, when he is sober; while Jesse still clings to his old sayin', and has written on his carpenter bench—"If twasn't for Hope the heart would break."

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

SOAP BARK.

Use soap bark for cleansing woolen dress goods. Soak ten cents worth overnight in a pail of warm—not hot—water. In the morning strain and add two-thirds of it to the water in which the goods are to be washed, and, if very much soiled, a teaspoonful of ammonia, also. Pour the rest of the water in which the soap bark was soaked into the rinsing water, wring well and hang out of doors where they will dry rapidly. When nearly dry, iron the wrong side. The soap bark not only cleanses, but gives a little body to material, such as new goods have.—Ladies' Home Journal.

BONASET TEA.

Bonaset tea is one of the best specifics for headache. It is also a fine tonic. If made very strong it is a first-class emetic. The proper proportion is about one ounce of dried leaves to a pint of water. It should be taken as hot as can be swallowed, and will in a very short time fetch the perspiration out of any human being. Therefore it is excellent to break up a cold. It will drive away the worst headache known, for it acts both upon the nerves and upon stomach. For ague and fevers it does the work of quinine, without any of the pernicious after effects of the baleful drug. If those who dose themselves with valerian, etc., would use bonaset tea instead, they would be infinitely the better for it.—Detroit Free Press.

FOOD AND GOOD LOOKS.

Food has almost everything to do with woman's good looks. I never saw a vegetarian yet who was comely in appearance, says Miss Allen. At best they look like badly cured invalids, gaunt, dull-eyed or with gutters below the eyes and faded complexions. Vegetarians allow and largely use the most difficult foods in the world for sedentary people, milk and eggs. The yolks of eggs are said by one physician to be hard to digest and a promoter of rheumatism. I think he can hardly be speaking of fresh laid eggs twelve hours from the nest and lightly cooked. But it is true that stale eggs, or those heated by carrying or kept in unwholesome contact, develop a poison as deadly as the tyrotoxin of impure milk, if not identical with it.—New York News.

WASHING BUTTER.

A new method of washing butter has been patented in Germany. It is described as follows: As soon as gathered in the churn in particles of about a tenth of an inch in size, it is transferred to a centrifugal machine, whose drum is pierced with holes, and lined with a linen sack, that is finally taken out with the butter. As soon as the machine is set in rapid motion, the buttermilk begins to escape; a spray of water thrown into the revolving drum washes out all foreign matters adhering to the butter. This washing is kept up till the wash-water comes away clean, and the revolution is then continued until the last drop of water is removed, as clothes are dried in a centrifugal wringer. The dry butter is then taken out, molded and packed. It is claimed that the product thus so fully and quickly freed from all impurities, without any working or kneading, has a finer flavor, aroma and grain, and far better keeping qualities, than when prepared for market in the ordinary way.—Boston Cultivator.

RECIPES.

Banana Pudding—Lay in a pudding dish slices of sponge cake. Pour over boiled custard with sliced bananas. Cover with soft frosting, which may be made of the whites of the eggs used in the custard.

Lafayette Cake—Beat to a cream one cup of butter with a cup of sugar and a cup of molasses; add a cup of milk, a small, even teaspoonful of soda, a cup of raisins and spice to the taste. Bake this cake in a large loaf for two hours and ice thickly.

Excellent Gingerbread—One-half cup of butter filled up with warm water, one cup of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of ginger, one heaping teaspoon best cinnamon, one-quarter teaspoonful clover, if liked, finely powdered, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in one tablespoonful warm water, flour to make a batter not stiffer than for muffins. This quantity makes three thin jolly cake tin sheets.

Rye Muffins—One pint of rye flour, one-half pint of corn-meal, one-half pint of flour, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half a teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one tablespoonful of lard, two eggs, one pint of milk; sift the meal and flour together, mix in the sugar, salt and powder, rub in the lard cold, mix into a smooth, firm batter, two-thirds fill well greased muffin-pans and bake about fifteen minutes.

Chicken Fritters—Chop cold chicken, but not too fine, season with salt, pepper and a little lemon juice, mix all together well and let it stand about one hour, and make a batter of two eggs, one pint of milk, a little salt and flour enough to make a good batter, stir the chicken into this and drop it by spoonfuls into boiling fat; fry brown, drain well and serve hot; cold veal can be utilized in this way, and will be found nearly as nice as the chicken.

Sooth Pancakes—One pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, four eggs, two-thirds of a cupful of flour, one tablespoonful of baking powder, a little salt, sift the flour, salt and baking powder together, add the milk and beaten eggs, then the butter melted; mix well; well butter a small frying-pan and pour in one-half cupful of the batter; move the pan round so the batter shall cover it, and place over the fire to brown, then remove from the heat and the pancake will rise up; spread each over with marmalade or jelly, roll them up and serve with sliced lemon and sugar.

From 90,000 to 120,000 hairs grow in a human scalp.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

Harrisburg, Feb. 28.—The following bills were passed finally in the Senate. Authorizing courts to transfer wholesale liquor licenses to executors or administrators of deceased persons; to provide for the extension of corporate rights of corporations pending proceedings for renewal and extension of their charters; to permit growers of grapes to sell their wines to licensed dealers without paying a license. Need's bill to tax unnaturalized foreigners passed second reading. Adjourning until Monday evening.

In the House the following bills were reported favorably: Reducing the amounts to be paid by retail liquor dealers in cities of the third class from \$500 to \$300; fixing the minimum quantity to be sold by holders of wholesale licenses at one gallon of spirits and five gallons of malt liquors. The Senate amendment to the resolution creating a commission to revise the Anthracite Mining and Ventilation law was unanimously concurred in and the resolution is ready for the Governor's action. The eight-hour-day bill, which applies to public works in cities, boroughs, towns and townships, caused a protracted discussion. A motion of Donahue, of Philadelphia, to make the bill apply to all work was overwhelmingly defeated. The House adjourned without taking action on the bill.

Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 27.—In the House today bills were introduced: By Marshall, Allegheny, requiring foreign building and loan associations to deposit with the State a guarantee indemnity bond of \$100,000.

Leeds, Philadelphia, to prevent bond-investment and other companies which promise enormous and unnatural profits to investors from doing business in this State.

Among the bills reported from committee were the following: The Baker act relating to ballot reform to establish an additional Court of Common Pleas in counties having 300,000 population and less than a million; the Revenue Commission bill; to provide for uniformity of text-books in public schools; to prevent others than those directly interested to pay poll-taxes and fees for naturalization papers, with an amendment striking out the provision relating to taxes; to prohibit the sale of tobacco to persons under 16 years of age, except on the written order of a parent, legal guardian or employer.

Messages were received from the Governor announcing his approval of the bill providing for the appointment of a commission to revise the anthracite ventilation and mining laws and resolutions thanking all people who contributed toward the relief of the Johnstown sufferers and asking the United States Government to detail two engineers to examine the Lake Erie and Ohio ship canal commission report. Adjourning until Monday evening.

Harrisburg, Feb. 25.—In the House bills were favorably reported toward recovery of damages done trees along highways by telegraph, telephone and electric light companies. The bill to relieve clerks, laborers, etc., from prosecution for conspiracy passed second reading.

Bills were introduced as follows: By Tatbot, Chester, (by request), appropriating \$25,000 for the purpose of determining the quantity of the so-called hammer blow of a locomotive driving wheel.

By Coray, Luzerne, authorizing notaries public to perform the marriage ceremony.

By Brooks, Philadelphia, requiring inspection of passenger and freight elevators for the better protection of life and person against accident.

Harrisburg, Feb. 25.—In the Senate the following bills were passed finally: Providing for the commitment of inebriates to poorhouses; authorizing erection of morgues in counties containing over 300,000 inhabitants; to reimburse counties that have erroneously paid into the State Treasury collateral inheritance tax. Senator Thompson, of Dauphin, introduced a bill to regulate natural gas companies. It makes them liable to local taxation, as in the case of water companies, and provides that if exorbitant prices are charged the aggrieved person may appeal to the courts, which shall have power to fix the price.

PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.

A terrific gas explosion occurred at blast furnace No. 5, of the Cambria Iron works, Johnstown. The top of the furnace was blown off and the metal was scattered in all directions, but fortunately the workmen had a moment's warning and all escaped serious injury. The molten metal was scattered over the mill yard.

O. H. Jessup, conductor on the Sharpville railroad, was instantly killed at Lackawanna, Mercer county. He was coupling a car to the engine at Buchanan shaft and in raising up he struck a coal chute, became overbalanced and fell on the track, and was ground to pieces under the engine.

Judson Espy, aged 28, of Eigonier, struck into the Loyalhanna river while recovering from an epileptic fit and was drowned.

Michael Maly, a telegraph operator at Huntingdon, was struck by the Western Limited yesterday morning and instantly killed. He was 26 years old and engaged to be married shortly.

An Altoona stable burned down and with it Max Seigel, who was sleeping in the hay. The heirs of the late J. R. Andrews, of near Espyville, about a fortnight ago, discovered papers which proved that he had \$3,000 of bonds in the Treasury Department at Washington. A few days since they found \$17,000 of 4 per cent Government bonds in a small tin box on a brace in the horse barn, and they are now making a pretty thorough search in the hope of finding more valuable papers. The deceased left a farm of 800 acres, worth at least \$20,000, and yet he was always complaining that he was a poor man.

Harry Fetzeiger had a leg torn off in the Cambria works at Johnstown.

A 3-year-old son of Clare Peffer, of Beaver Falls, swallowed a tin whistle and will probably die.

A 11-year son of Robert P. Claybaugh, of Charleroi, was drowned by falling overboard from a skiff.

A JAIL DELIVERY AT DAYTON.

Four Prisoners Saw 15 Heavy Bars and Braces and Got Away.

Dayton, Feb. 28.—Four prisoners overcame Turnkey McNeely and escaped from jail at the breakfast hour this morning.

John Grabcock, under ten years' sentence to the penitentiary, and John McCarthy, a desperado, under life sentence as a habitual criminal, both for street car robbery; Edward Lock, burglar, under a three years' sentence, and George Moxham, a United States prisoner, awaiting trial for counterfeiting, sawed 15 heavy bars and braces, making a hole through which they crawled.

Given \$2,000 Damages.

Uniontown, Pa., Feb. 27.—About a year ago Louis L. Knott and John F. Rist were on a cage hoisting materials to charge the cupola at the Columbia Iron & Steel company's mill when the cable broke and they fell with the cage a distance of 50 feet, both sustaining serious injuries. They entered suits for \$10,000 damages each. Knott's trial ended last night, and this morning the jury awarded him a verdict for \$2,000.