MIDDLEBURG, PA. FEB. 4, 1802.

re strike of Philadelphia comtors serves to remind the world at there are newspapers published ere.

E admission of Jay Gould to the four nundred seems to put watered stock on a parity with aristocratio family stocks.

SEVENTY bables are born every minute. Oh, Malthus, where is thy sting? Oh, Bradlaugh and Besaut. where is thy victory?

MESSES. SLAVIN AND MITCHELL evidently belong to the peripatetic school of pugilists, because they do nothing but walk around and talk.

A goop many artists who make money in art and spend it in whisky think the man who made his money in whisky and spent it in art a vulgar Philistine.

You occasionally hear of a young girl who is too proud to wear patches on her shoes, but did you ever hear of one who was too proud to wear patches on her face?

WHEN it is remembered that 37, 000,000 babies are born every year the extraordinary discrimination of the Astor baby in its choice of parents becomes more awe-inspiring.

New postal cards for ladies' use are to be a delicate shade of pearl-gray. Men of mathetic tastes must content themselves with the seal-brown taste of the mucilage on the stamps.

AND now all the work of the anticorset people has to be done over again. A Philadelphia woman was saved from the bullet of her crazy you come to me! husband by her trusty corset steel.

WHEN your family skeleton gets put and dances for the amusement of your neighbors, you will always find it was your intimate friend who un- ested in the face, voice and positive ways locked the door and is pulling the of his young visitor.

THE case of Edward M. Field. diagnosed at this distance, seems to be one that will yield readily to the member you now. Well, why didn't proper treatment. He is just about your father come?" insane enough to be sent to the penitenti, ry.

I by the English divorce courts, but an "You saw your pony this morning?" he mitatempt to compute the value of the decrease, process as core company the already entract and the resolution to appoin the insane asylumns.

delegate nos in Iowa lynched a Swede acshould Mos in lowa lynched a Sweden to Pomes may look v suggested the Squire. county recently died, and on his mitted this crime, should be brought with black points, a star on her fore-Thi to book.

It remained for a New York paper Detroit to Windsor. It tells of a plaint and the description. medical student who dressed a skeleton in female attire and drove right ucross the line with the customs offl-

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COR SION WE are not so sure about the correctness of the code of ethics which torbids lawsers and doctors to solicit business or to advertise themselves as specially well qualified to handle a minedly, and without a moment's hesicertain class of cases. If a man instation, tends to build a house and lets it be known, contractors and builders can rall on him by the score and solicit the job and nothing is thought of it. And yet "they are all honorable men." Merchants are, as a class, men of gress i brains and intelligence and stand The about as well in the community as do their fellows who practice law and medicine. Imagine, if you can, the absurdity of merchants having a code of ethics which forbade them to insert anything in the newspapers save the simple announcement of name and place of business. At this point, too, It might be well enough to pause and reflect on the effect such a code would have upon the newspapers themselves, The builder who seeks the job of building your house points with pride to such and such ediffees as samples of his handiwork. They stand as eloquent witnesses to his assertions that he is a skilled and capable workman. Docsors and lawyers, however, cannot do this, at least not openly, and if done at all subjects them to professional shame and disgrace. Seriously, we have no sort of sympathy with char-

latans, quacks and pretenders in any

of the callings of life; but we fail to

see wherein there is anything inher-

ently wrong in either doctors or law-

in the same manner. The mere an-

mands our respect and fealty than on

account of any inherent merit the

The Poss Revolutionary times butter sold possessing to the possess

custom itself may possess.

"LOVE IS ETERNAL"

the Squire.

"When?"

"Three years ago."

flamed with indignation.

I'll surrender the pony."

another warrant.

laughed.

purpose.

her.

sked.

ribs with her nose.

cheek with her nose.

swayed her whip.

"Now pray."

her haunches.

demure.

castically

"Sit up," cried Rosie.

"Shake hands, my lady."

The pony thrust out one foot,

"Get up," was the next order.

Rosie struck her lightly on the foot.

here," he ordered.

man.

"I bought her in Michigan," said the

It was such a bold lie that Rosie's face

"She gives a very minute description

"There are plenty of dark bay ponies

ten hands high, and slashed with white,

was the man's dogged reply. "Anybody

could look at her scross a fence and then

describe her," he added with a grin.

"Squire Barlow," she asked, her

strong voice filling the room, "to whose

satisfaction must I prove that the pony

is mine? To that man's satisfaction, or

decided the Squire with a broad smile.

"For whom!" asked the Squire.

"For Dollie," replied Rosie,

against all comers and goers."

We are going to have a circus."

journed to the pasture lot.

"To the satisfaction of the court,"

"All right," Rosis exclaimed with a

"Oh, you want the pony arrested, ch?"

"I want her brought here and turned

asked the Squire, whereupon everybody

into this pasture lot," pointing out the

window. "I'll prove that she is my pony

The Squire caught a glimpse of her

"Constable Finn," bring the pony

Rosie beckoned the constable to her

at the house and get my riding whip.

In half an hour Constable Finn ap-

peared with the pony, and the court ad-

"Poor Dollie, how she has been

The pony scampered across the lot and

"Here, Dollie," she cried. "Come

then returned. Rosie stood still, the

whip in her hand, all eyes resting upon

The pony flung up her head, looked at

walked up to her and poked her in the

"Do you love me, Dollie?" she asked.

"How much do you love me!" Rosie

"How much do you love me!" Rosie

sharply repeated, with a peculiar move-

ment of her whip.

The pony kissed her by touching her

Rosie was so overcome that she flung

than one sturdy man drew his sleeve

across his eyes. The gypsy started at

growing darker.
"Kneel, Dollie," ordered Rosie as she

Down went the pony on her knees.

In a moment more the pony was on

In response to that, the intelligent

head upon them, and looked comically

When the pony was on all fours again,

"Why, you poor child, you!" she

The poay limped around, bobbed her

head and looked so dejected that every-

body laughed except the gypsy. Con-

stable Finn grinned at him, and said sar-

"You must a-spent a power o' time

The gypsy muttered something under

"Go away!" Rosie angrily cried to

The pony ran to the rear of the pas

ture lot, and then came back at a fearful

rate of speed, her mane streaming, her

"Look out, girl!" several of the spec-

Rosie felt no dismay. She stood still.

her arms folded, her whip in her hand.

stopped directly in front of her, and

"Mr. Pinn," Rosie said, "please cov-

The constable did so, while Rosie

walked to the fence and dropped her

handkerchief. Then she came back and

times in front of her, "I have lost my

handkerchief." The pony snuffed about

"Dollie," she said, in a tore of deep

learnin' the pony all that are."

jaws apart, her teeth gleaming.

tators cried in alarm.

stroked the peny's nose.

somewhere. Go look for it."

tirely too smart."

brought it to her young mistress.

harge you with stealing the pony."

commiseratingly said. "You are dread-

The pony nodded her head.

The pony made no response.

of the pony," reminded the Squire.

Love is eternal! so she sings, And the lute breatnes forth a sigh; Lightly her fingers touch the strings, Softly the echoes die;

But just as long as the wind has wings Will the low plaint go where the breez blow.

And banish the cares that the rude world brings.

Love is eternal! sweet the strain, Tender the words of the song; Across the vale, the grassy plain,

The twilight shadows throng; And just as long as the stars shall reign. When fair eastles rise in the sunset skies. Will the sound of her voice come back again.

ROSIE'S CASE

. Flave Scott Mines, in Harper's Bazar.

BY PRANK H. STAUPPER.



QUIRE BARLOW was fast asleep in his office, his head resting on his desk. lie was excusable for sleeping. He was well advanced in life, the day was a hot one, and he had tired his brain in an effort to untangle the accounts

of township assessor.

"Hallo, Squire," some one said. "Hallo, yourself," cried the Squire, flinging up his head, rubbing his eyes and adjusting his glasses.

His visitor was a sturdy, brown-faced girl of fourteen, with fluffy, black hair, bright eyes, and a resolute mouth. She was very self-contained in her manner, and, while there was no resentment in her composition, it was evident that she was one who would stand up for her

"What do you want?" asked

"Law," was the crisp reply, whereabused!" Rosie said with a vibrating upon the Squire struggled to repress a voice, her tears very near. "Mr. Finn. hand me my whip, and then turn the pony loose.

"I want my pony!" the girl added. "Your pony!" repeated the Squire. "I haven't got your pony. Why do

"You're the Squire, are you not?" the piri asked. "My pony was stolen last here, Dollie!" fall. The gypsies have her in their The pony flung up her head, looked at camp at Cove Creek. I saw her there Rosie, whinnied her delight, and then this morning."

Squire Barlow suddenly became inter-

"What is your name?" he asked. "Rosie Watson, sir," she said.

"O, you are the blacksmith's daughter," observed the Squire. "Yes, I re-"It's my pony," the girl said, "And

my-my-case."
"Yes," admitted the Squire. Miss Florence Sr. John, the act-laughed softly to himself, spread out his her arms around the pony's neck and tess, may have been roughly handled official docket, and made a few entries. laughed and cried hysterically. More

> covered bridge, just outside the gypsy camp. She was grazing on the banks of the stream," stated Rosie.

"Ponies may look very much alike,"

"Ah, but I'd know Dollie among a flerer. "The best citizens," who com- brown face aglow. 'She's a dark bay, head, white fetlocks and a faint dash of white on her breast."

The Squire was busy writing. He animal folded her front legs, rested her to discover a direct buggy road from stopped and read sloud to her the com-

"Can you add anything?" asked Rosie. "Why, of course, little dear," replied the Squire, in his fatherly way. "Then add," suggested Rosie, "that

the pony is ten hands high." That was promptly interlined, and fully lame!" then the Squire gravely asked: "Rose can you swear that you know the pony to be yours, and that you believe the

"Yes, sir, I can," Rosie said deter-

"Take this book," the Squire said. out is the Holy Bible. Suppose you his breath, a baleful look in his eye

swore to what is not true?" "I would be a perjurer," was Rosie's the pony, with a flit of the whip.

"And what would be the conse-

"My soul would be lost, unless God

forgave me the dreadful sin." "Yes, child," the Squire said, with

moistened eyes. "You seem to know what you are about."

He admistered the oath, and then said: The pony did not run her down, but "Kiss the book." She looked at him with a wondering whinnied, and thrust out her head to be

glance, and then pressed her lips to the caressed. book in an awed, reverential manner. "What will it cost?" she asked, in her matter-of-fact way.

"Don't bother your head about the cost," the Squire said . "Wait a bit," he added, seeing that she was about to go. He hurriedly filled up a blank summons, folded it, handed it to her and said: "I suppose you know where Constable Finn concern, and she passed the whip three

"O, yes," replied Roste.

"Take that to him at once," the Squire | her dress. "It isn't in my pocket," said. "It is a warrant for the head gypsy's arrest. The hearing will be held at 2 o'clock this afternoon. As you are the complainant, you must be present at that hour.'

The time and circumstances of the hearing were noised about the village, a quizzical look on her face, and when 2 o'clock came, the Squire's office was crowded. The gypsy sat on a pers advertising in a modest, sensible rough bench, with an unlighted clay way, nor in their soliciting patronage pipe in his mouth. He was dirty, un shaven, sullen-looking. He did not wear a vest, and his corduroy breeches siguity of a custom more often comwere fastened at the waist by a greasy leathern belt, behind which the haft of a scowl,

> "The plaintiff here, this little girl, claims that you have a pony which belongs to her," Squire Barlow said, his eyes on the gypsy, who replied: "She hasn't any claim on" it. It

"Well, I'm going to give the pony good-by, anyhow," the man said.

"Where did you get the pony?" asked grasped the halter and pressed closely

But Rose had her eyes about her. She gave a loud scream, and dealt the pony a stinging blow on the nose. The animal sprang back and the gypsy fell flat on his face. When he rose to his feet, he had an ugly knife in his hand.

"The coward was going to kill pony," cried Rosie, in terror.

Stoutly built though the miscreaut was, Constable Pinn seized him by the collar and shook him until his teeth chattered. The crowd surged down upon the gypsy, to do him further harm, "The girl must bring better proof before but Squire Barlow interfered.

"Look here, you scoundrel, he said Rosie looked out of the rear window in a great rage, "if you are not out of the Squire's office, and saw a small the township in half an hour, your whole pasture lot close by. Her face fairly beamed with an idea that occurred to gang, bag and baggage, lock, stock and barrel, you'll find yourself in the county prison. Now be sharp!"

The gypsy sneaked sullenly away, Constable Finn following closely at his

The bystanders congratulated Rosie, and cheered her heartily as she vaulted unaided upon the bare back of the pony and rode home with it. For weeks Rome's case before the Squire was a topic quick, pleased gesture. "Make out of conversation.-Yankee Blade.

Spoiled His Pucker.

Felix Nickel, a French horn player, valued his ability to pucker up his lips at just \$2000, and because his lips will not pucker up as they used he has sued Ries Brothers, grocers, of First avenue and Eighth street, for that sum.

Of the 4000 musicians in New York City there are only thirty-five French born players, as the French horn is a particularly difficult instrument to play well. Mr. Nickel until last November was one of the best of the thirty-five. He was employed at Amberg's Theatre, and whispered to him: "Mr. Finn, stop and the sweet notes that he would draw from his beloved horn pleased Leader Nathan Franko of the orchestra mightily. Mr. Pranke paid Mr. Nickel \$35 a week for his services, and did not consider that that he paid any too much for

On November 24, as Nickel, with his French horn under his arm, was crossing Second avenue and Eighth street, Ries Brothers' grocery wagon ran into him and knocked him down, and he was injured severely. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital, and the next day to his home, where he was ill in bed for a week.

From being a strong, hearty man before the accident, he became the very reverse. When he went back and took his seat in the orchestra at Amberg's, he found that his old-time skill had departed from him. His lips would not pucker as he wished them to, and the sweetness of his notes had gone. Try as he would, he could not get the melody out of his horn that he did before the accident. Leader Franko found fault with his playing, and from being a highly-prized member of the orchestra, Nickel soon began to be considered as of little value as a musician. Leader Franko and several musicians examined Nickel and his playing, and they said unanimously that he did not play as melodiously as he did before the accident. the firm of Ries Brothers for \$2000 .-New York Sun.

Care of Country Roads in Germany.

The highways of Germany are built not surpassed anywhere. In addition to the main road there is a sidewalk for foot passengers, and another path for horseback riders. All along the sides trees are planted as soon as the roads are fluished. Usually these are fruit trees, the crops of which furnish a part of the income of the men who take care of the road, or of the toll gatherer. For every vehicle, a small toll is collected for a given distance, except farm wagons, which are free. Heavily loaded trucks have to have broad tires on their wheels, The cost of building and maintaining these roads is not put on the rural population alone, but the cities, desiring to ocure the rural traffic, assume the argest share of it. The principal highways are macadamized and are built by the State, which has also the control of them .- American Agriculturist.

How to Extinguish Oil Fires.

In an article from Edward Atkinson in our paper, writes a correspondent of the Scientific American, he recommends sand to extinguish oil fires. It is good, if nothing better is at hand; but sand is too heavy and settles to the bottom too juick. Common wheat brau or any sind of mill feed is far better, as it is a better absorbent and lighter and spreads easier. Oil burning in a vessel or on the surface of water cannot be extinguished by sand, as it sinks too quickly; but if a andful of bran be thrown on, it will smother out the flame before it gets er my pony's eyes, so that she can't saturated and sinks.

In manufacturing places, where the floor is saturated with oil, there should be kept handy a barrel or more of bran. Even wood ashes or bran dust is better than sand. I have had twenty years' experience with carbon oils, and I know what is best with me.

Thousands of Frogs Shipped Abroad.

Rosie said. "I must have dropped it Some notion of the enormous quantities of frogs consumed in Europe may be got from the fact that they are fetched The pony went around the lot, found the handkerchief, picked it up, and continually to Vienna, Austria, from the country in batches of 30,000 to 40,000. "Is the court satisfied," asked Rosie, At the Austrian capital they are sold to great dealers, who have conservatories "The court is satisfied," Squire Barfor keeping them. These conservatories low said. "In fact the court is overare big holes in the ground four or five whelmed. Rosie Watson, the pony befeet deep, the mouth of each covered longs to you. Take her home, she is enwith boards, or in stormy weather with straw. In these pits the frog never "But ain't I to be compensated in any becomes quite torpid, even during the way?" asked the gypsy, with a fierce hardest frosts. As if by instict they get together in heaps and thus keep themselves wet by preventing evaporation, no "You are getting off cheaply enough as it is," was the Squire's comment. water being ever put with them. New You ought to be glad that she did not York City consumes 60,000 pounds of frogs' legs annually, which retail at thirty cents a pound. Recently attempts have been made to can the legs for

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

PIES WITHOUT AN UPPER CRUST. When you make a pie without an upper crust, it is always desirable to have very heavy edge; make this by wetting the edge and laying on a narrow strip; pinch it up together, or when cutting the crust around the edge of the pan, holding the knife well under the outer edge of the pan and pinch it beof the pan .- New York Journal.

BUTTON BOX.

The best kind of button box we have ever seen is made as follows: Paste together six pasteboard boxes,

such as druggists use in preparing prescriptions for powders. These boxes slide out like little draw-

ers, and a button is sewed to the outside to indicate its contents.

A white pearl, bone, fancy or shoe button is placed on the drawer designed for holding these particular buttons, while a hook and eye and a safety pin sewed to another will readily explain the

A yard and a quarter of satin ribbon two inches wide is tied above the whole, with a bow at the top, forming a neat little case, which some people will prefer to button bags. - Home Quees.

BOOSONT IN SWEEPING.

The advisability of giving every apartment a vigorous "broom cleaning" at least once a week has been so strenuously insisted upon by some notable house-keepers that it has by many been converted into an imperative duty. But looking at the matter in an unprejudiced light, one cannot clearly see why a drawing-room, inhabited, perhaps, only for a few hours of the afternoon and evening, or an unoccupied guest chamber should require the same amount of purification demanded by a sewing, sitting or dining room. The dustpan and brush are labor saving machines that do not receive due appreciation. By their aid in removing a little dust here and a little there, the business of sweeping a whole room may be deferred at times, when at the first glance anything less than a complete routing out of furniture and dirt together would seem impossible. -New York Recorder.

HOW TO LARD A BIRD. Not every one understands how to lard a bird successfully. Two articles are necessary, a good larding-needle of proper size and good larding pork. pork should be white and very firm, and should be cold when it is used. It is a good plan to have a bowl of broken ice at hand and to lay the lardoons on it after they are cut. Put the strip of pork in the top of the needle, pressing it in firmly. Thrust the point of the needle through the flesh of the bird or in the meat to be larded, upward. About half an inch of the lardoon should show on each side after it is put in. The larding should be inserted at intervals of about an inch apart and in even systematic rows. When a bird is rich in fat like a fuck, it would be absurd to lard it. One would not think of larding a sirloin of beef. A fillet of beef, however, is always larded, because it has little natural fat, Game birls of all kinds, except ducks, are improved by larding. Domestic roast of yeal is usually much bette larding; and most braised meats are larded because lean pieces of meat are usually selected for this kind of cooking -New York Tribune.

RECIPES.

Peach Pie-Line pie dish with pastry; fill with sliced peaches and half a cup of sugar; cover with crust with opening in the top. As canned peaches must now be used, add a little flour.

Slaw-Chop half a head of cabbage, put in a deep vegetable dish and sprinkle with salt. Beat an egg, mix with half a teacupful of vinegar, a tablespoonful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of mustard and a little pepper; set on the stove, stir until thick, pour over the cabbage. Se' aside to cool.

Sugar Taffy-Three pounds of brown sugar, one pound of butter, enough water to moisten the sugar; boil until crisp when dropped into cold water, then pour in greased tius. This often requires from thirty to forty-five minutes to boil. It does not require stirring un less there is danger of boiling over.

Chicken Salad-Boil a fat, wellgrown chicken; when done and cold, remove the skin and cut the meat fine (do not chop). Wash and cut the white stalks on celery in pieces; to every pint of chicken allow two-thirds of a pint of celery and a pint of mayonnaise dressing. Mix well, set on ice and garnish with white celery tips.

Apple Dumplings-Take light bread dough, and shorten with a little butter. Roll and cut into balls the size of dumplings. Drop these into boiling water, with a little salt added. Boil one or 14 hours. Have ready a dish of apple-sauce, break open the dumplings and spread with the sauce. Put the dumplings together again, and serve with sweetened milk. In this case you know that the apples are done.

Steamed Squash-Select Hubbard or other good winter squash, wipe clean, then with a batchet cut in pieces, scrape out the seeds and inside, place in a steamer over a kettle of boiling water, when done take off steamer cover and let the steam dry off. With a large iron spoon scrape the squash out of the rind into a hot pan, mash and add plenty of butter, a little salt, and if pretty dry, a little sweet cream improves it.

Coffee Rolls-One pint hot milk, onehalf cup butter and lard mixed, one teaspoon salt, one-half cup yeast, one egg, flour to mix. Mix with a knife as soft as can be handled, and cut it thoroughly. In the morning knead well, make into large balls, then roll each ball between the hands into rolls six inches long. Place them so they will not touch in the par after rising. light bake in a hot oven.

PENNSYLVANIA NOTES

A Few Condensations of Events Coourring Throughout the State

Jacob Reikal, aged 65, while working in a sawmill at Kremis, a small village near Mercer, was caught in a belt and drawn between a fly-wheel and boiler, where he

was crushed into a shapeless mass. He leaves a wife and four children. Miles Bradshaw, of near Beaver Falls, on Monday night had 70 sheep, valued at \$400,

killed by dogs.

Before leaving for work Friday morning an oil driller named Stoner, living at Callery Junction, turned on the gas in the stove, leaving his will and child sleeping in bed. Shortly after fire broke out, and before the neighbors could subdue the flames, both mother and babe were burned to death. They were found lying in bed, with the child death in its result of the store of th clasped in its mother's arms.

The Pain ertown oil field, about nine miles southwest of Greensburg, is being developed succe-sfally. It is known now that an exceptionally fine grade of lubricating oil has been found on the Fu ton farm. Indications point to a good flow when the well is completed. Great secracy is maintained by those is cheefed. tained by those is charge of the premises. The oil, in its crude condition, is valued at \$6 a barrel. A lad named Michael McCloskey, aged 5

years, residing in Philadelphia, secured a bottle containing about a quarter of a pint of whiskey and drank the contents. He had been a sufferer from valvular disease of the heart, and the whiskey so stimulated the action of that organ as to cause death. Alfred James, a missing Washington boy, is supposed to have perished by freezing in the woods.

License court convened at Clarion. Judge Clark granted license to 38 out of 44 appli-cants, with an order that bars should be closed by 10:30 p. m.

A wire nail over an inch in length was found imbedded in the liver of a chicken kille. at Rochester.

Bert Rush, a young man living at Farm ington. Fayette county, was thrown from a pony Sunday and Islany injured.

John Wentzell, of Greensburg, was attacked and fatally injured by a feroclous

John Watkins, of Kamerer, Washington county, accidentally shot himself through

TI • 3-year-old son of James Montgomery of Washington fell into the fire and was burned to death. Oliver Mackin was killed while felling a

tree within a mile of Johnstown, the tree crushing his body. Senator Cameron has introduced petitions in the U. S. Senate from over 200 towns in Pennsylvania favoring the passage of a bill subjecting o comargarine to the laws of the several States.

Daniel Weller died on his farm, where he was born, near Canonsburg, aged 91. He leaves 11 children, 27 grandchildren and one great grandchild,

John McCivmods and his daughter, of Darlington, were perhaps fatally injured in a runaway accident at Beaver Falls. Last week two children of the family of

Jast week two children of the family of John Cetz, a hotelkeeper at Landis Valley, died of diphtheria within half an hour of each other. Friday two more of his children died of the same disease. The first two children who died were buried at the same time and the two who died Friday also will be buried at one time. be buried at one time.

George R. Senter, employed at the coal and fatally hurt.

Mrs Davis, of Philadelphia, laid her sleeping infant on the open folding bed the other day, and went about her duties in another part of the house. While absent, her littleson loosed the latch and the bed closed. He did not know baby was in the bed. Later the mother returned and found her baby dead, it having been suffocated.

Two dwellings on the Adair farm, Washing county, were totally descroved by fire. The occupants lost all their effects. Total

John Barr, recently released from the fowls are not often treated this way. A Riverside penitentiary, was frozen to death roset of year is usually much better for near Enterprise Wednesday night. He had been drinking heavily and attempted to walk to the house of his sister. On account of business engagements, Cap-

tain John W. 'orrison, State-Treasurer-elect, has decided not to accept the cashier-ship of the treasury tendered him after him election by State Treasurer Boyer. Robert F. P. Pollock, of Marchard, killed himself by the accidental discharge of a gun,

while hunting. An insane man, J. J. McFee, was strangled to death by a fellow inmate, O. A. Williams, at the Dixmont, (Pa.) insane asylum. Peter Ryan, a prominent f rmer living

Miss Allie Born, ft anonsburg, fell on the slippery pavement and ractured her skull She is not expected to five. The bandsome 'attaclic church at Connellsville was destroyed by fire. The build-ing including contents, was valued at nearly

John Lafferty, aged 84 years, was found frozen to death in a field adjoining his residence at East Nottingham.

Anthracite coal has been found in Berks

toons yards, was run over and instantly killed by a shifting engine. George Leinbach, of Leesport, aged 40, and one of the wealthiest citizens in Berks county, was killed in his stable by a vicious borse. He was kicked on the temple.

Mrs. Edward Kensinger, of Altoona, was probably fatally burned Saturday evening b the explosion of a lamp.

According to the first official report of Hoskins & McClintock, assignees of the Mesers. Delamater, the general creditors of the insolvent bankers will not receive more than 8 or 10 cents on the dollar. Near Erie, fire destroyed the Lone Fisher-

man's inn, a widely known summer resort located on the bank of Preseque Isle bay. Loss, \$10,000; insurance unknown. An incendiary fire at Altoona destroyed A. C. Mercer & Co.'s brick works. Loss, \$6,000; partially insured.

A Very Old Bible.

Probably the oldest Bible in Philadelphia lies upon the bookshelf of Hugo Roeger, of No. 2560 Geiser street. The rare old tome was printed in Wittenberg, Germany, by Hans Sufft, in 1577, just a little over thirty years after the death of Martin Luther. Only the books of the Old Testament have been spared by Father Time, but these are set forth m good old German print, with elaborate illustrations. The record of its varied fortunes is inscribed upon its pages, where appear the signatures of the different owners through whose hands it has passed. As the first Bible printed in the German language was issued only about 1540, this old script is undoubtedly one of the earliest Bibles .- Philadelphia Record.

In an Anti-Gambling League, all bets are declared "off,"-Puck.

knife was visible.

He stepped quickly up to the pony,

TZEL, Deceased.

near connells vi le, while crossing a bridge on the Southwest Penn road, was struck by a train and instantly killed. He leaves a wi e and six children.

\$100,000, on which there was only \$25,000 insurance. The church was built in 1886, and the building, which was the finest church editice in the country, alone cost

Seymour White, a brakeman in the Al-