MIDDLEBURGH, PA., AUG. 24, 1803.

The prison population of India is only thirty-eight per 100,000 population, or less than half the ratio of Great Britain.

Admiral Belknap, of the United States Navy, thinks that in these days of steam and electricity seamanship will soon become a lost art.

Fifty-six years ago the block on which the Chicago Postoffice now stands was sold at auction for 3505. It is now worth \$5,000,000.

Siam is a country which will sooner or later have to fall to either France or England, and the probabilities are that France will get it, in consideration of her consenting to the British occupation of Egypt. "Thus," muses the New York Mail and Express, "the robbery of the weak by the strong ever goes on."

The Vanderbilts are planning to reproduce the extended English estate in North Carolina. A residence is being put up at Asheville which, it is said, will be the most magnificent private residence in the world, and recently 20,000 acres of land in the near vicinity has been purchased, of which it is proposed to make one of the finest game preserves in the world. Every farmhouse has been torn down and gamekeepers are already in charge of the property.

It will no doubt surprise many persons, thinks the New York Sun, to learn that three-quarters of the best known physicians of New York City were born south of Mason and Dixon's line, and are consequently only New Yorkers by adoption. This statement is made upon the authority of an eminent physician on Madison avenue, who had an oceasion to investigate the subject. The class of physicians referred to are those whose incomes are from \$20,000 a year. upward. They are men who have attained rank in the general practice of medicine. Many of them have distinguished themselves by important discoveries in medical science and sur-

The Textile World, in its semi-annual compilation of statistics relative to textile industries, shows that the growth of cotton manufacturing has been greater in the North than in Dat' " --- and that there is no redemptett r States r aller at

the expense of the former; that there is a decrease of total productive capacas of the country also a marked quite as bright and pretty in its way tendency towards the addition of looms as the more pretentions sitting room, at of proportion to new spinning : that there has been rapid yet solid growth of the knitting goods industry, and a tendency to finer goods; and that there is a tendency toward concentration in well defined centres where skilled help in each line is most plontiful. This would seem to indicate her a "most interesting girl;" her that in the location of new plants, the plentiful supply of skilled help is considered by manufacturers to be a more important factor than cheap rent or

According to the St. Louis Republic "Gone into a receiver's hands" is a to flight. sign so constitutionally displayed as to make it no longer a navelty around the World's Fair Grounds. The balloon company, the great Spectatorium, the Columbian hotels, the Casino within the grounds, and a hundred or more greater or less enterprises come under the above list. So far as outside busis ness has been concerned the Fair is a failure and the many thousands of dollars which it was thought the people would be compelled to spend for subsistence and lodgings, as well as the extortions which it was intended should be practiced, have failed to materialize. The people who attend the World's Fair are not a spending crowd; they do not come here to spend their money, and if any of them have put off buying articles of clothing, dry goods or the like until they reached Chicago, they find that the prices on all goods have been advanced to meet the times, and they do not buy. This is right; if money is to be spent for articles it should be spent with the design at home, especially when such articles can be bought as cheap; and I ven are the assertion that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they can be purchased cheaper. The Chicago merchants subscribed liberally to the Fair, and they want to get their money back and they will do it, too, if people are foolish enough to deal with them. Patronize home trade and home merchants and you will save money. Price things before you go there, then compare them, and you will learn this is true.

LAUGHING PHILOSOPHY. If nature deigns to charm the eye With flowers of every hue, Bejoicing, though at night they die, Why not be happy, too? Why not-why not-Wry not be happy, too?

A thousand ereatures frisk and fly, And seek, and spend, and woo Shall we the common law deny? Why not be happy, too? Why not-why not-Why not be happy, too?

Equirrel and bee with rapt re ply The arts their fathers know ; If these rejoice, why so may I! Why not be happy, too? Why not-why not-

Why not be happy, too? The bendy brooks go laughting by. The birds sing in the blue, The very heavens exult, and ery . Why not be happy, too? Why not-why not-

Why not be happy, too? -Dora Read Goodale.

AFTERMATH.

BY EDITH MABY NORRIS.



passers and the smn smote fiercely upon the not too clean bricks of the pavement. She paused before one of a row of dingy brick houses, unlocked the door with her latchkey and passed in and up three flights of narrow stairs until she reached the topmost story; here she opened the door into a new world from that of the stairs and hallway, which were no fitting ladder to such a para-

dise as this -- a paradise made by her own little capable hands, aided by gratitude deep-lying in her loving A churl would have forgotten his humors in the pleasant surprise of finding at the top of the dusty stairs little home of four attic rooms. walls were papered with the lightest and gayest of papers, because, do as one would, one could hardly make too bright a house on the shady side of this narrow street; for the same reason the windows were draped rather than shaded with the whitest of scrim. tied back with bright ribbons, flowers in boxes, and pots were in bloom on the window sills; there was a causey hanging over one of them in a pretty

white enamel. The furniture was oldfashioned, and probably shabby, for the easy chairs and longe were alike angred with nowered chintz, and the ree-ply carpet was covered by

brass cage, and the pictures, though

only cheap German lithographs, were

joying her afternoon nap.

Annice passed into the kitchen, and as she stood by the table, covered with neat oil cloth, on which she put two or three parcels suggestive of groceries, she made a picture fair to look upon-a picture of innocent, graceful garlhood. Not only was she one of the very prettiest girls that ever blossomed in a dingy street, but she had the air which made people pronounce very presence exhaled the idea of purity and nobility which is so marked in some young women and is so strangely fascinating.

For a moment she was lost in if you take her.' thought as she stood to take breath after her ardnous climb, but the striking of a near-by clock put her revery

'Five o'clock," she said, with the habit of speaking aloud engendered by long hours of solitude, "and uncle will to her. be here at six; I shall have to hurry.

Hastily removing her hat and cape, arations for the evening meal. worked methodically and daintily and the supper that presently was set upon the white draped table would have satisfied one hard to please,

Annice having put the finishing touches to her arrangements, vanished into her own room and emerged therefrom looking perilously charming in a dainty gown of pale pink cheese cloth, which contrasted well with her rich brown hair, and gave the needed suggestion of color to her too-delicate cheeks, just as a hand touched the handle of the door and its owner entered the room.

A tall, strong-faced man in humble garb-a working man, industrious, anguish and despair. horny of hand and tender of heart, such was William Crump, the best, the only friend that Annice had

He it was who had taken the motherless child in his strong arms when the mother lay dead, her heart broken by the cruelty and desertion of the

man she had chosen for her husband. Twenty years before the date of our story, in a New England village, a girl and boy had grown up togetherplaymates, friends, lovers; then in an evil day, ambition entered the heart of the girl, and she left the safe seclusion of her country home to dwell in that great hive of workers, a big

A worker herself, bright, modest, intelligent, she had made friends, many of them doubtless more polished than her boy lover in the distant vil- arose-and felt that life was ended for lage, but none more honest and true him as the stranger came in at the of heart. Once or twice she had writ- door-

ten to her old friend, telling him of her life in the city, the the letters ceased, and later came wedding cards and cake. Then he heard nothing it on the back of a chair and she, more for two or three years, when a divining trouble, gazed intently on the whisper reached him that "Mandy Jones" had been descried by her husband, who had gone to California, "I am a very near relative," said

leaving her in Boston. Crump heard these tales and made no comment, but he gave up his work at home and sought employment in Boston, hoping that he might be enabled to help his old playmate, whose parents were long since dead, and who had no near kin to lend her aid.

This, the only hope of his life that was to have fruition, was fulfilled, but Mandy was dying when he found her, and her last hours were soothed by the knowledge that her little girl had found a new father in her old friend. "Don't look for her father, William,"

the poor girl had implores him, "he don't care for her, and likely he'd let her drift. God knows, she may be a blessing to you by-and-by."

A blessing she was from that moment to the solitary man, who loved her worn woman, whose tears and rewith the intense affection which was a part of his nature. He got board for them both with a woman who was willing to care for the child, and he loved which began to wail, and he slunk to come at night and feel the clinging

So the little one had grown, knowshe left school she had coazed him to take these four rooms, and had made for him such a home as he had never dreamed of possessing. Truly, his blessing in its fullest measure had

But, alas, for human hopes! It is when our happiness is at its fullest that the serpent enters our Eden, marring the fair scene by his hideous

Such a serpent had crept into poor William's Eden on this summer afternoon, taking the form of a well-fed, well-dressed and prosperous business man, with white hands and diamonds and soft persuasive speech. Yes, by some unforeseen chance the renegade father had learned that his child, instead of perishing in infancy as he believed, had been reared to womanhood by William Crump.

He had come to Boston to see her. so quiet and pleasant a place as this and unknown to her had seen her; his pride had been inflamed by the idea that this beautiful girl was his daughter. His suddenly sequired fondness for her was a species of personal conceit, a feeling which is too often believed by its possessors to be the much maligned parental affection.

Had Annice been described to him as plain, ill-educated and ill-mannered, his search for her would never have taken place, and poor William Crump would have been welcome to bear his burden slone. As it was, George Wilson had been urged to this search by well chosen and neatly framed in his second wife whom he had married in his prosperity, but who had given him no children. She had grown tired of her pugs, and having rather more than she knew how to spend, she had thought it would be pleasant enormous gray cat was peacefully en haps, too, the maternal longing which lurks in every woman's breast was strong in her.

At any rate, Wilson had made it his business to seek Mr. Crump at his place of business and had there made large offers which were indignautly rejected by the proud, honest man.

'It is true that Annice is your daughter; you have given me un oubted proof of your identity. It is true that you are a rich man, and that I am a poor one; I will not stand in the child's way, nor influence her in any degree against taking the better fortune that is offered her-I love her too dearly. I want no recompense for what I have done in the past; you cannot recompense me for what you take from me

This was William Crump's answer, and it had been arranged that Wilson should see his daughter for the first time, to her knowledge, that evening ; and William, in the meantime, had promised to say nothing of the matter

So William's step was slow and heavy as he climbed the familiar she busied herself in lighting a kero- stairs, and his utmost effort could not sene cookstove and making other prep- make his greeting cheerful as he entered the room. For once he was glad to escape her caresses and made his way to his rooms to change his clothing, as had been his invariable custom since he had felt himself unfit in his oil-grimed garments to nurse the baby girl in her dainty white raiment. As he entered in his cool clean seersucker coat, Annice led him to the table and waited on him deftly, chatting merrily the while, for she had noticed that he was not in his usual good spirits, and thought that the heat and his work had wearied him.

So she lavished caressing attentions upon him, unwitting that each dear way but added to the sum of his

Yes, despair, for never father loved child better than he did his sdopted niece, and in his care for her he had allowed himself to form no other ties. Separated from her, he would be like a tree blasted by lightning, like a ship denuded of its rudder and mast and forced to complete a journey over rough seas.

At last supper, which had seemed an eternity to him, was over, the dishes put away, and then Annice brought her violin, and heaven'y strains filled the garret room. To William, the music-lover, the rapturous strains sounded like a requiem; strange he thought-for feeling had made his brain strangely benumbed and cloudy -that Annice should play her own requieth-or was it his? Then came the dreaded knock at the door; he

the stranger in a suave voice, in answer to her look; "in fact, the nearest that you could have. Can't you guess who

"I don't know. I didn't know that I had any relations, except Uncle Will."

"Did you never hear your father spoken of?

"My father!" exclaimed Annice in amazement, "no; I always supposed that I was an orphan.'

"Would you have wished me to tell her what I knew of her father?" asked William slowly.

As he spoke a picture rose before George Wilson. A bare, miserable room, himself-sh, was that disreputable-looking loafer really George Wilson as he had been -a shabby, proaches half maddened the wretch, until he forgot his manhood and struck her, awakening the sickly infant, from the room-forever.

of her tiny arms, the kiss of ber dewy lips, and to hear her happy infantile dered and put forth his hands as if to

push something away from him:
"No, no, no!" he reiterated, "1 ing no love or care save that of her thank you, sir, as much for your re-"Uncle William;" and when at last servations, as for your care of my-of my daughter."

As Wilson attered the last word, do what he would, William could not repress a groan, that one word meant to him loss-the deepest, the most irreparable loss that he could know; for it meant that his one ewe lemb, his blossom of love, plucked by him from the gutter of poverty and neglect and worn in his bossom these many happy years, was his no longer, but had passed into the possession of another. Annice, as the sound fell on her cars, was at his side in a moment.

"Uncle, dear uncle!" she cried, forcing him into a chair as she spoke. "This will make no difference to us; no difference at all."

"Dear child, it must-it will. You must go with your father. He is rich, influential, he can give you what I cannot-make a great lady of you,

"A lady uncle! I would rather be working woman than an idle fine lady. Do you think I could be happy in the midst of all sorts of gateties, if meanwhile you, who have been mother, father, brother to me, were here alone, toiling for your daily bread with no one to sweeten it for you?"

"Mr. Crump shall be well provided for; he will have no further need to toil," interposed Mr. Wilson,

Annice turned with flashing eyes: "He will be alone!" she said; "do you think your money will pay for that!'

"Don't you think a daughter's right place is with her father?" asked Mr.

Wilson, persuasively.
"Then," said she, "I have been in the wrong place for a good many years; so that now I feel it to be the right

"Hush, denr," said William, gently, 'you will go with your father, I shall do very well. You can write to me, you know, and tell me of all your gay doings, and I shall have my books and my pipe, and I shall sit here and think anny days here in the when wealth and parents were unknown to you. Oh, I shall do very well, dear; very well, indeed!"

But Annice stood by the side of his chair stroking his gray hair, and the teers were running down her white

"Uncle, you break my heart," she said. "What have I done that you should send me from you? Don't you know that no place, however splendid, would be home to me without you? Sir," she added, turning to her father, 'I cannot go with you. I am of age to choose, and I am his by right of all the years of care and tenderness he has bestowed upon me. He has denied himself a thousand things that I might have the best; all that I am, I owe to my Uncle William; I shall stay and work with him and for him until death

parts us Within the room a deep silence had fallen; without, were all the signs of the common, shabby life of the neighborhood-clumsy steps upon the stairs, children playing and shricking about the doorways, a late huckster crying his stale berries. William and Annice were upon the heights, and even George Wilson, whose thoughts more commonly ran to real estate and dollars, caught the light from their transfiguration. He was the first to open the book of speech after this sacred silence.

"It is right; it is just," he said, slowly. "I am disappointed, of course, but I am not mean enough to grudge you the daughter you have fairly won, Mr. Crump; you and I are both reaping the aftermath of the seed we have sown. Annice, you will write to me sometimes. I am to blame, bitterly to blame, in this matter; I treated your mother, as good a woman as ever lived, shamefully, and this is my punishment. As a proof that you have no hard feelings against mc, you will accept the allowance I shall send you, daughter? Some day, perhaps, we shall meet again; till then, good-by." He shook hands with William, and then turned to Annice.

"Good-by, dear father," she said, clasping his neck and kissing him. shall love you, too, though my place is with him now."—Yankee Blade.

In the early years of this century there were thirty-three tons of silver to one of gold in circulation.

The Romans issued private or consular coins, which bear the names of every leading Roman family.

MOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

TO MEND LINER.

The best thing with which to darn table linen and towels is thread drawn from them in their early days and kept wound on a spool against the day of rents and tears. When these threads have not been saved, embroidery cotton or floss is the best thing to use.

TO CLEAN AND NURACH.

Here is a never failing removal of mildew from white goods: Dissolve chloride of lime in hot water and strain it through a fine cloth. Dilute it with cold water. This will also bleach unbleached cotton or underwear which has grown yellow from poor washing or lack of use. Wet the goods thoroughly before putting it into the solution. Allow it to remain in the solution over night.

A BATH APRON.

Any little schoolgirl who can sew can easily make a pretty present to her mother for nursery use to be worn when the small toddlers of the household have their baths. One yard of canton flannel should have a two-inch hem on either raw edge. The selvage sides need not be touched. The hems should leave the woolly side of the flannel at the right side.

Around three sides of the apron, about an inch from the edge, work a feather stitch in pale pink or blue washing silk or flax thread. Extra ornamentation in chain stitch may be added in the word "splash" across one corner, and if the young needlewoman can embroider, a little flight of birds or a duck with her ducklings may be worked in outline or chain stitch across the other corner.

A yard and a quarter of ribbon, 1; inches wide, may be slipped through the hem at the top; tie the apron about the waist.

This not only makes a good protective covering for mamma's dress, inexpensive and easy to wash, but it serves as a soft, warm wrap for baby fresh from his dip. -St. Louis Republic.

TO RESTORE SILTS.

If you want to be always prepared o deal with grease spots on your silk gowns, keep the following preparation at hand: Powdered French chalk wet with soap suds, pressed into cakes and dried in the sun. Then when your attentive escort drops a cup of chocolate down the front breath, smite amiably and go home happy in the consciousness that you can repair the damage.

Lay the stained piece on clean cotton cloth, the right side down. Scrape your somp on the spot. Cover with folds of tissue paper and press witenessiot iron for a minute or so, Rate diffe aper. Scrape off the chalk. Rub the place with a torn piece of pasteboard to restore the gloss.

An excellent wash for dark silk droses is made of a cup of cold water, a julf tenspoon of honey, a half tenspen of soft soap and half a wine glass of deohe). The silks that are spe

wrong side while damp. To restore its pristine smoothness to wrinkled silk, sponge it on the right side with a very weak solution of gum arabic and press on the other side, -

WASHDAY HINTS.

New York World.

Even washday may be robbed of some of its terrors by a little forethought. Remove all stains from linen before putting it to soak. Rub the soiled spots with soap. Soak in soft, cold water, but not in suds or with washing powders. Wring the clothes out of the soaking water into the rubbing water, a few at a time. Rub the coarse articles on the board and the fine ones with the hands. Wring and turn into the second rubbing water. In both these tubs the water should be warm.

To every two pails of water for boiling add a tablespoonful of kerosens and to the whole boiler a half bar of soap scraped and melted in hot water. Put in the clothes and note the time when the boiling begins. Let them boil about seven minutes and then remove, preparing a new boiler full of water for the next lot of clothes. Let each lot as it comes out be put into a tub with the water from the boiler over it. Do not boil colored goods. When all have been boiled, rinse in clear tepid water, then in cooler clear water, and then in blue water. Starch very lightly those things which require starching and dry. Colored cottons, if dried out of doors at all, should be taken in as soon as possible, for the sun fades them. -New York World.

Custard Toast-Bring a quart of milk to the boiling point, season and add two eggs well beaten. Boil one minute and pour over six slices of buttered toast. Put in the oven until the custard is set.

Fruit Blanc Mange-Stew strawberries, raspberries or currents and strain off the juice and sweeten. Place over the fire and when it boils stir in one tablespoonful of moss farina to every pint of juice. Let it boil and pour in a pint of milk. Set on the ice to cool and serve with whipped cream and sugar.

Steamed Bread Pudding-Take onehalf cup of sugar, one-third cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, one teaspoon of cream tartar, one-half teaspoon of sods, one tablespoon of moasses, one-half cup of raisins, and onefourth tesspoon of cinnamon, allspice and clove. To these add one cup of milk, with all the bread crumbs or stale cake it will absorb, and flour enough to make stiff as soft gingerbread. Steam in a one-quart tin pail, three to four hours, covered tightly. To be caten with liquid sauce.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLIN

PENNSYLVANIA FARMS.

THE NUMBER IN EACH COUNTY ACCOUNTS.

THE CENSUS OF 1890. HARRISBURG .- Secretary Edge of the board of agriculture received from the sus bureau at Washington a tabular atatement showing the number of farms counties according to the census of in Lancaster county heads the list with 94 while the smallest number is in Came which has but 330. The number in other counties of the State are given as lows:

lows:

Adams 3,336; Allegheny 5,347; Armers 4 127; Beaver 3,672; Hedford, 3,220; Be 6 552; Bisir 1,440; Bradford 6,445; Be 8,364; Butler 5,364; Cambria 2,241; Carb 932; Center 2,180; Chester 6,119; Clarional Clearlield 2,812; Clinton 1,462; Colums 2,15; Crawford 7,786; Cumberland 2,5 Dauphin 2,677; Delaware 1440; Elk 730; B. 5,485; Fayette 3,320; Forest 941; Frank 3,205; Fulton 1,304; Greene 2,929; Hundadon 2,394; Indiana 4,644; Jefferson 12, Juniata 1,600; Lackawanna 1,579; Lawm 3,583; Lebanon 2,401; Lebigh 3,378; Lium 3,583; Lebanon 2,401; Lebigh 3,378; Lium 3,583; Lebanon 2,401; Lebigh 3,378; Lium 3,583; Lebanon 2,401; Lebigh 3,378; Montour 714; Northhampton 3,502; Mifflin 1,143; Monroe 1,767; Monten ery 5,361; Montour 714; Northhampton 3,502; Mifflin 1,143; Monroe 1,767; Monten Songuehabna 4,746; Tioga 4,556; Unit 1,224; Venango 3,034; Warren 2,881; Waington 4,514; Wayne 3,659; Westmorelm 6,339; Wyoming 1,732; Yora 7,730.

PENNSYLVANIA CROPS.

DROUTH REDUCES THE YIELD OF CORN, POS TOES, APPLES AND PRACHES.

HARRISSURG-Secretary Edge, of the San Board of Agriculture, says of the cross "The crops of corn and late potatoes a sufficiently advanced to show conclusion that the recent drouth will greatly rein their yieldings. The same cause had creased the yield and size of apples a peaches. The crop of blaciberries a few that were picked were inferior in and ty and size.

"In many places the grape crop hashed very much decreased. In Southerne Pennsylvania dairymen have been un pelled to feed hay and grain to their a to make up for the great decrease in the amount of pasture."

CROPS BURNED UP

BY THE DESCRIPTION HAS PREVAILED B CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA. Jourstown-Reports to crop canvasse for Government information are that h country in this section of Pennsylvania in worse condition as the result of projection d drouth, than it has been from the cause in Hyears. There are large are this and adjacent counties where crop turing in these latitudes early in A and until the middle of September yield only 49 per cent of the average duction. These crops have been in burned up and rains now would not to restore them, authough it would of the damage to growths maturing later.

The corn grown in the North can in more drouth and higher temperatures it most other of the native crops, and yield will be next to nothing. The crop was not caught for so long a siege. it will be light and inferior. Potatoes he stopped growing in fields aggregating m thousand acres, and those that escape the dry rot will scarcely be fit for seed burness. Late berries have dried on the stacks, and in nearly the whole area of the Cate was of the Cate was of the Cate was of the countains the blackberry crop is

with this preparation should be rto get the mor prespects are that the fruit groves in clear, cold water and pressed of ! es and pears at this time are no cold water and pressed of ! cs and pears at this time are it. governments from their normal size. The crop it and less than their normal size. The crop it and six weeks ago has been reduced six graph fully 40 per cent. The argregate can only be approximated by comparise of returns from widely se arated distress but it will run into the millions of doing in the adjoining sections of Pennsylvana, Ohio and West Virginia. Many farmes, according to the reports of agents in a lostion to know, will be so crimpled financially sition to know, will be so crimpled financially that they will not recover for years.

Among the pensions issued at Washin ton, last week were the following for its sylvanians: Original, Andrew I. Swa., Albion, Erie county, Original, wide etc., Leah Frazel of Lone Pine, Washis ton county, and Eva Z. Ciark, of Bradie McKenn, county, Increase John McKean county Increase.—Joh Kough, Mt. Pleasant. Original etc.—Sarah Shearer of Leechburg. Taylor, of Leeraysville. Martha J. of Altoona, Haster A. Bradley, of Ellin Mary Moore of Erie, Christina Scheiterion of Pittsburg and minor children of Chas L Butterfield in Crawford county.

THE II year old son of J. H. Simmo a slope near the Tumbler works, started log rolling. He fell off and the log causa him and crushed the life out of him. ** ducing his body almost to a pulp.

RICHARD McCREADY, a well known farm er, was killed Thursday at Lawrence June tion, near New Castle, while working of the Pennsylvania railroad constructed train, from which he fell, being ground in

Is German township, Fayette locust trees are having their second bloom, which is represented as being as full as the first was. Old citizens say they never say FARMERS in Ligonier township, West-

covery of three veins of coal, the first, % feet below the surface, being 15 feet thick A GASOLINE stove exp'oded at the residence of J. N. Pursy, Meadville. Mrs. Pursy and a young daughter were frightfully burned. It is believed the former will die.

morland county, are excited over

Ar Meadville, the Farmers' Co-operative Bank has closed its doors. The stockhold-ers, who are individually liable, are able to pay all liabilities.

Swarms of grasshoppers are destroying the crops and even eating up the fences and agricultural implements of Lawrence county farmers.

By the discovery of tools in W. J. Kilne's cell, the authorities of the Washington county jail discovered a big plot to escapi-A CHILD of Frank Gill, of Trauger, West moreland county, was crushed to deat der the wheels of a neighbor's wagon.

Owing to the drouth the water company at Waynesburg has announced its inability to supply its patrons.

THE Aschman steel casting company, Sharon, closed down, alleging inability get money for wages.

A Ningyan girl, Mand Long, ate ice cress shortly after having 13 teeth pulled. She will hardly recover, A SKELETON of one of the flood victiss was found in the Cambria river at Johan

town yesterday. It is indignantly denied that the Roches ter tumbler company will shut down finitely.

GREENBRUES experienced the first frost of the season, on Wednesday night. THREE rich veins of coal have been sovered near Greensburg.