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BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Pastoral—A Woman's Definition—The Reason—Answered—Dodged—Sanctum Pleasantry—A Land-lubberly Explanation, Etc.

Now dips and sways the laden grain,
The haycocks dot the mead,
Thro' leafy shades a golden rain
Sprays fern and lissome reed.
One snowy cloud, like ermine rug,
Floats calmly o'er the scene,
While yet the sleek potato bug
Doth browse on Paris green.
—Atlanta Journal.

ANSWERED.

Brown—"How often have I told you not to play ball in the house?"
Johnny—"Every time you've caught me at it."—Judge.

A WOMAN'S DEFINITION.

Ethel—"Emma, what is a stag party?"
Mrs. Knowitall—"A party where a lot of men get together and stagnate for the lack of women, dear."—Puck.

DODGED.

Briggs—"What did you tell your wife when you got home so late Tuesday night?"
Briggs—"I told her she was the sweetest woman in the world."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE REASON.

Jasper—"I understand now why there is an eagle with outspread wings on so many of our coins.
Jumpumpe—"Why?"
Jasper—"It is to teach us that money flies."—Truth.

LANDLUBBERLY EXPLANATION.

"What do nautical people mean by 'tacking'?" said one girl to another.
"Don't you know that?"
"Not exactly."
"Why, tacking—er—tacking is sailing on the bias."—Life.

SANCTUM PLEASANTRY.

"So this is your idea of wit, eh?" said the editor, as he read Waggs's jokes.
"Yes, it is," said Waggs.
"Well, the idea is certainly original," said the editor.—Puck.

IN TRAINING.

"Charley proposed to me last night, and I accepted him."
"Why, he proposed to me yesterday."
"Indeed? Well, he did it so prettily that I was sure he had rehearsed several times."—Puck.

IT TAKES NERVE.

"I can't pay this bill, doctor. It's exorbitant. I'm no better than I was either."
"That's because you didn't take my advice."
"Ah—well—of course, if I didn't take it, I don't owe you for it. Thanks. Good morning."—Tit-Bits.

WORSE THAN AN EPIDEMIC.

"When your practicing friend across the way has learned how to play the coronet he will entertain the whole neighborhood," said Mrs. Brown.
"Yes," said Mrs. Jones, "but by that time there won't be any neighborhood here."—Texas Siftings.

ENLIGHTENED.

Jones (doing a little preliminary sparring before announcing his approaching marriage)—"Now, Brown, you're a friend of mine. Tell me candidly, why did you get married?"
Brown (savagely)—"Because I was a dod-rasted, half-baked, idiotic lunk-head!"
(Jones decides to say nothing.)

TRANSFERRED.

Park Lane—"What do you think of this ready-made suit, old man? Since I got married, you know, I have got to be economical."
Baxter—"Of course. 'But you don't mean to say you have given up your tailor?"
Park Lane—"Oh, no. My wife has him now?"—Clother and Furnisher.

THE HORSE KNEW.

Watts—"I tell you, old man, I saw the most remarkable exhibition of animal intelligence to-day that could be imagined."
Potts—"What was it?"
Watts—"A bridal party started from the house across the street from where I live and one of the horses attached to the carriage threw a shoe. Now, what do you think of that?"—Mercury.

A CORDIAL GRIP.

Stokes—"The president of your company seems to take quite an interest in you now."
Clarkly—"What makes you think so."
Stokes—"I notice he has fallen into the habit of shaking hands with you when he comes into the office in the morning."
Clarkly—"Yes; he thinks it's cheaper than raising my salary."—Life.

ANTICIPATING THINGS.

The youth approached the father with more or less trepidation.
"So," said the old gentleman, after the case had been stated, "you want to marry my daughter?"
"Not any more than she wants to marry me," he replied, hedging.
"She hasn't said anything to me about it."
"No, because she's afraid to."
"Aren't you afraid sir, more than she is?" said the father, sternly.
The youth braced up.

"Well, perhaps I am," he said, "but as the head of our family, I've got to face it and set the pegs," and the old man smiled and gave his consent.—Detroit Free Press.

WHAT AILED SMITH.

A plainly dressed man, who introduced himself as Mr. John Smith, walked into a doctor's office in a Texas town and, having explained his symptoms, asked the doctor how long it would take to cure him. The doctor, who had treated the visitor with every possible courtesy, replied:

"You will require careful treatment under my personal supervision for about two months before you are able to resume your labors in the bank."
"Doctor, you are fooling yourself. I am not Smith the banker, but Smith the street car driver."

"Is that so? Well, my good fellow, I don't see what you came to me for. There is nothing the matter with you except that you are not a banker."—Texas Siftings.

HARDLY EQUAL TO IT.

"You say you can write shorthand?" said the city editor.

"Can, sir," replied the applicant for a job. "When it comes to shorthand I don't knuckle down to anybody."

"Have you had any experience in reporting a meeting?"
"Lots of it. I can take a full report of the proceedings in shorthand and put it in shape for the printers afterward. That's child's play for me."

"Report any kind of meeting, can you?"
"Yes, sir."
"H'm!" said the city editor, "there is a sort of convention at Saddle's Hall in the next block. You may go and report the proceedings. Write the speeches out in full."

The applicant for a place on the city editor's staff took his note book and went away. And he never came back. When he got to Saddle's Hall he found he had been sent to report the proceedings of a convention of deaf mutes.—New York Mercury.

Some Quaint Epitaphs.

In an article on quaint epitaphs, the London Funeral Directors' Journal says: The following in Penrith Churchyard is refreshing in these days of deceit, on account of its candor:

"Here lies the man Richard and Mary his wife.
Their surname was Pritchard, and they lived without strife.
The reason was plain—they abounded in riches.
They had no care nor pain, and the wife wore the breeches."

The owner of this inscription, now resting in Hebburn Churchyard, was probably a democrat, and had some little opinion of himself:
"This humble monument will show,
Here lies an honest man;
You Kings, whose heads are now as low,
Bide higher if you can!"

John Dale was a courageous man. This is the epitaph over his remains in Bakewell Churchyard, Derbyshire:

"Know posterity that on the 8th of April, in the year of grace 1737, the rambling remains of John Dale were, in the eighty-sixth year of his pilgrimage, laid upon his two wives:
This thing in life might raise some jealousy;
Here all three lie together lovingly."

One epitaph in Ilfracombe Churchyard shows faith:

"Weep not for me, my friends so dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
My debt is paid, my grave is free,
And in due course you'll come to me."

Not far from this we have an example of quiet self glorification:

"Here lies a kind and loving wife
A tender nursing mother—
A neighbor free from brawl and strife,
A pattern for all others."

Evidently marriage was not a failure in this case.

What follows was formerly on a tombstone in St. Thomas's Churchyard, Salisbury:

"Here lies three babes dead as nits.
God took them off in a night's time,
They were too good to live w' us,
So he took 'em off to live w' us."

Who dares to utter the foul slander that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman? Let him or her cast an eye over the following, and then sit silent forever. It is on a gravestone in Stonehaven Churchyard:

"The place whaur Betty Cooper lies
Is here or here about;
The place whaur Betty Cooper lies
There's neen an' fit to foot;
The place whaur Betty Cooper lies
There's neen an' earth can tell,
Till at the resurrection day,
When Betty tells her tale."

Cold Snaps the Optician's Trade.

Cold snaps are a great thing for opticians. Sudden changes in the temperature from heat to extreme cold often causes the glass in spectacles to crack, as if trodden upon. Then it also has a bad effect upon the frames, and wearers of aids to the eye-sight are often startled by having their spectacle frames suddenly fall apart at the bridge. A man accustomed to wearing glasses is utterly lost without them; he becomes dizzy after a short while, experiences nausea and suffers any number of inconveniences. Of course the minute his glasses break he rushes off to the nearest optician.—New York Journal.

About the Koran.

The Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans (usually spoken of by Oriental scholars as the "Alcoran"), was composed by Mohammed (Mahomet), and is said to have originally been written upon the bleached shoulder blades of sheep. The first edition contains 6000 verses, the second and fifth, 6214; the third, 6219; the fourth, 6236; the sixth, 6226, and the seventh, or "Vulgate" edition, 6225. The words and letters are the same in all editions, viz.: 77,639 words and 323,015 letters. The George Sale (common English translation) is divided into 114 chapters.—St. Louis Republic.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

THE NEW MUTTON-LEG SLEEVE.

The new mutton-leg sleeve is larger, rider and fuller than ever below the shoulder. It is not only plaited at the arm size, but also at the elbow on the outside and inside of the arm to give it new additional volume. It is used in all sorts of fabrics, from gingham to Lyons brocade, and for gowns of every description, from practical utility dresses to toilets designed for the most elaborate occasions.—American Farmer.

WRINKLE RULES.

If you would avoid wrinkles, care not only for your skin, but for your nerves; control your temper, and do not try to have a too expressive and vivacious countenance. Sleep nine hours a night and an hour a day. Decline to worry. Wear smoked glasses instead of scowling fiercely at the sunlight and the water. Refuse to try to distinguish things afar off. Wash your face in warm water with pure soap once a day, and rub it softly with lannel after the washing. Feed it with pure cold cream. Don't be afraid of occasional sunburn. It smooths the face wonderfully. But, above all, be motionless.—New York World.

A HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

A novel case, for the dressing table or bureau, is made for containing handkerchiefs. For foundation, a square of pasteboard a little larger than a handkerchief when folded is covered on both sides with light blue satin. Then a bag is crocheted of knitting silk, and made just wide enough to fit easily around the square, where it is sewed on with small stitches. The bag is made in a simple crochet stitch, that is, somewhat open; it should be six inches in length, the outer half being of light blue silk and the upper half of pink. The top is finished by a row of shells or scallops, and drawn up by a pink and blue silk cord and balls. This holds a square pile of handkerchiefs in the most inviting manner, is easy of access and extremely pretty as an ornament.—Brooklyn Citizen.

WIFE OF A GREAT INVENTOR.

Mrs. Thomas A. Edison is one of those rarely beautiful women whom to see is to admire. If "looks" may ever be classified, she ranks as a "brun-blonde," as she possesses all the piquant charm of coloring attributed to that type. As her father, Lewis A. Miller, is President of the Chautauqua Assembly, a part of Mrs. Edison's summers are always spent at that resort of learning, where she and her two lovely children may be seen driving about in a foreign-looking little pony cart, raftering on the lake, or luxuriating on the broad veranda of the picturesque half-house, half-tenement that is known to the students at the Summer School as the "Miller Cottage."

An aunt of Mrs. Edison is Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller—the one-time editor of that successful child's magazine of long ago, the Little Corporal. Mrs. Miller is the present principal of a thriving girls' college in Indiana, and also the head of the Chautauqua Woman's Club, an organization that meets daily during the Summer School session for the purpose of discussing all affairs of Church and State that are of special interest to its members.—New York Times.

ETIQUETTE OF ROYAL WEDDINGS.

I may mention, says the Marguerite de Fontenay, that the practice now in vogue in England and in certain other foreign monarchial countries of having royal princes invariably attended by equerries and gentlemen-in-waiting is of relatively recent origin and was not customary during previous reigns. Old King William IV., Queen Victoria's predecessor, and her other uncle, King George IV., were frequently in the habit of strolling about in the neighborhood of Piccadilly and St. James, quite alone and without attendance, both before and after their accession to the throne. Shortly after Queen Victoria's marriage, however, her good looking young husband was made the object of marked and offensive demonstrations of admiration by certain female cranks, and it was likewise brought to the Queen's ears, whether with justice or not, I am unable to say, that efforts were about to be made to inveigle the Prince Consort into certain feminine entanglements, with the object, if not of securing in due order him, at any rate of compromising him. It was with the object of preserving her husband from any dangers of this kind, and for the purpose of avoiding even the slightest pretext for any breath of scandal or gossip, that the Queen arranged that the Prince should never set his foot outside the palace precincts unless attended by one or more gentlemen-in-waiting.

STYLISH WOMEN THE ARTIST DRAWS.

The face and figure that C. D. Gibson has made so popular in his clever pictures in Life and elsewhere are those of Miss Minnie Clarke. Mr. Gibson describes her good qualities as a model thus:

"To be a good model a woman must lack all self-consciousness. Beauty, of course, is necessary, but beauty alone is not sufficient. Miss Clarke's face contains more expression than that of any woman I have ever seen; besides, posing is second nature with her. For instance, a few days ago I needed a model for a poor, lone woman, who would suggest awkwardness and stupidity. Miss Clarke put on an old salico dress, pulled her hair over her ears to make herself look old, assumed

an expression and attitude befitting the character, and she looked not only stupid and awkward, but actually hungry. Half an hour later I wanted the picture of a debutante just entering a drawing room. She changed her tatters for an evening dress, coming into the room with the air of a duchess. She is simply all women in one, and that one a very useful one to an artist. She can laugh or cry, be awkward or graceful, look stupid, pensive, amused, interested or clever in as many minutes, and all at will.

"When I want to illustrate a story I first give the manuscript to Miss Clarke to read. After that she knows as well as I do for which characters in it she can pose. There is a picture in Mrs. Burton Harrison's story, 'Sweet Bells Out of Tune,' which represents a theatre box, in which is seated a party of ladies. Miss Clarke posed for every figure in that picture. One of them is that of a fat and elderly woman. I don't mean that Miss Clarke looked fat and old, but she managed to suggest the character to me."

FASHION NOTES.

A gold tape with a ball at the end is worn by some women like a watch.

The latest fad in jeweled ornaments for bonnets and the hair is a diamond bat.

A new skirt is made in four equal width flounces, the upper one being gathered in at the belt.

Sleeves continue to be full at the top, but in breadth rather than height. In fact, except for evening dresses, the shoulders are not often raised at all.

Some women prefer simple white gowns for the cloudy days, and the pure white pique suits are excellent if not intended to encounter a down-pour.

Lansdowne in changeable effects is especially popular this season, and it changes in soft, lustrous folds, wears well and is shown in a great variety of shades.

Sloped gores let into the back of a lounging gown produce a graceful bell effect, and an oddly-shaped sailor collar heightens the attractiveness of the garment.

Narrow-trimmed hats, somewhat on the sailor order, but with brim narrow at the back, are trimmed with solid wreaths of roses and chrysanthemums and other similar blossoms.

A belt skirt is five bias folds of graduated width, set equal distances apart. The lower fold is about three inches wide, and the others grow gradually narrower toward the top.

The dress parasols of the season are like small tents, and although in most cases made of tulle, lace, or net, their large size and ugly handles suggest the utilities rather than the ornaments of dress.

Both for trimming of bodices and skirts, lace is the most fashionable adjunct. The fashion of berthas and shoulder capelets of lace is at once pretty and gives width to the shoulders, and consequently makes the waist look smaller.

A new jacket is fairly close fitting, has leg-o'-mutton sleeves, very wide lapels running to the waist line, a turned over collar and pocket sections set on with a curved pocket lid into the front corners of the skirt of the jacket rather low down.

Bodices have waists fastening under the skirt, the top of which is concealed by a ribbon or fancy belt. Chemisettes are largely used. They are made in some light material in any sort or color. They are gathered, filled or plaited, as may be desired.

Clear white muslins are used for dresses which are worn over colored silk. The skirt is of three deep flounces, with wide hems and colored ribbon run in the hems, and the waist is of silk, draped over with muslin and a broad soft sash of the color at the waist.

A pretty blouse waist is three-quarter fitting, has a wide belt, very deep shoulder ruffles running in points to the waist line front and back, sleeves with two puffs above the elbows and plain and close fitting below, and a straight frill below the belt over the dress skirt.

A new fancy is a plain India silk, with very full sleeves and a single flounce at the hem made of figured goods with ground like the plain or in entirely contrasting style. A dress of black India, with sleeves and a flounce of gold and black stripes, was noted handsome but rather tigerish, especially when finished with a gold colored velvet belt, collar and cuffs.

A new Paris model is a dress the lower edge of which is cut in deep scallops; these fall over a mass of very narrow, very fluffy ruffles; the scallops are edged with a flounce of lace about four inches deep, set on full. The waist of this dress has a shoulder cape made of a wide band of velvet plaited into a puffed yoke; the lower edge of the velvet has a deep flounce of lace.

The newest hats are extremely simple, of course straw and a trimming of flowers and velvet, while the latest receipt for a stylish bonnet is "a little lace, a few jewels and much taste." A small square of guipure fitted to the head and trimmed with a panache of feathers is a new idea, and for dress toilets a simple wreath of flowers with a velvet bow in front is bonnet enough for a married woman.

The latest tea gowns have the bodice draped and crossed over at the waist with a V shaped vest of contrasting color. A pretty effect may be made with gray crape, lined with a rose-pink silk, and a kilted pink crape vest and flounces of pink on the sleeves to the elbow. Accordion plaiting is largely used for tea gowns, and when it is adopted they can be made very simply, falling in straight lines from the neck to the hem.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

IN A PANIC.

A Bit of a Story Which Instances How Men Lose Their "Grit."



"SAY, Corporal, you was in the war and did you ever share of retreating, I guess. Did you ever see a panic?"

"Well," said the Corporal, dryly, "I always managed the line of retreat so I never got taken prisoner. Did I ever see a panic? You know when Banks went up the Red River in '64? His boys had a picnic from the time they left Franklin, middle o' March, till they got to Natchitoches—Mackintosh, the darkeys call it. There was good foraging every day and big sugar houses every few miles. Did you ever drink any sugar house rum? Well, you don't want to."

"After we left Natchitoches we got into the pine woods; wasn't but one road through the hull State, I guess, and that was narrow—just about room for two teams to pass."
"Well, Banks had his hull army, about 30,000 men—they'd make a line more'n three miles long—an' I don't know how many batteries of artillery, an' about 10 miles o' wagons—had them along to fetch back the cotton he expected to get—all stretched out on this one road. But the wagons and the troops didn't get along first rate and some how or other the wagons got most ahead of the army. The regiment I belonged to was on wagon train guard one day—'twas the 8th of April—an' 'long in the afternoon we heard firing ahead. Us fellows in the ranks didn't know there war a reb around. Banks didn't ather, I guess."

"Well, we kept on moving up the road kind o' slow, an' doubling up the wagons thick till the hull road was chock full. We couldn't go ahead and couldn't turn out to get by, 'cause of the heavy woods on both sides, so there we was stuck, an' the fighting was getting hotter in front every minute. No use guarding the wagons any more—they couldn't get away; nobody couldn't get 'em; so we marched off toward the front."

"Just fore dark we come to a little clearing, and formed line of battle on the right of the road. There wasn't no fighting after dark, but we laid on our arms all night, an' could hear troops marching and wagons rolling the hull night long, though we didn't know what it meant."

"Soon it came daylight we got orders to move. There wasn't any troops in sight nor nary wagon. We started along back down the road we had come up the day before, scart, expectin' every minute the rebs would take us in the rear; but they didn't, an' after we'd marched two or three miles we got careless again, an' things seemed just as they had all the time."

"'bout 8 o'clock, when we got 'most back to Pleasant Hill, we heard a big noise behind us. A squad of cavalry came flying down the road, turning in their saddles and firing behind 'em fast as they could with their sever shooting carbines. They rode right into us, shooting and hollering 'The rebel cavalry is coming! Git out of the way! 'Fore we could realize what it all meant they had passed us as a gone on to the front. Then the' was a valley in the rear, and the bullets sung around our heads lively, an' then we skeddaddled. Less'n two winks the' wasn't a man in the road. Every one o' 'em took to the woods. The underbrush was so thick you couldn't see a rod, an' the bushes tripped us up, and every man that went down left everything behind him that wasn't fast to him. Then we begun to strip down to business. Guns we pitched away, then knapsacks, an' overcoats, an' haversacks, an' canteens, an' belts, an' straps."

"Well, we just cleaned ourselves, an' how we did run. We run for about a mile till we got to Pleasant Hill where there was a clearing. There we found our brigade in line o' battle. We went on to the rear of them, but it took us more'n an hour to git our wind and to gather our wits enough to know whether we was a regiment of soldiers or jest a lot o' scart Yankees." National Tribune.

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER.

A Uniontown, Pa., Shoemaker Lays Claim to the Honor. Was Fourteen and a Half.

Cyrus Halliday, a shoemaker of Uniontown, Pa., lays claim to being the youngest surviving soldier of the war. He noticed the claim of Patrick Sheenan, of Allegheny, Pa., and found that he entered the service three months before Sheenan. The latter enlisted at the age of 14 years and 9 months, while Halliday has the records to show that he was but 14 years and 6 months old when he enlisted as a private in Company H, Third Maryland Volunteer Infantry and carried a musket 16 months to the end of the war. Halliday is now 44 years and 13 days old and gets no pension.

A MASTER DILCHER had twins. He at once announced the fact to his parents as follows: "I write in great haste to inform you that my wife has just presented me with a couple of twins. More next time!"

CORN-BLOSSOMS are the fashionable flowers in Paris. They were a ways the rage in Kentucky and are worn on the nose.—Chicago Tribune.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

KILLED WHILE PLAYING INDIAN.
SCRANTON—Grand Griffin and Stephen Doyle were at the theater and saw a Western border act. The boys next day took a fober gun and battled with imaginary Indians on the outskirts of the city. Doyle accidentally fired the gun and Griffin was shot through the heart.

KILLED BY A BUSTING EMERY WHEEL.
ERIE—A new 75 pound emery wheel burst at Stearns & Co.'s boiler and engine house, killing Christian Schaeffer instantly, seriously wounding Fred Schmidt and slightly injuring two other workmen.

WHAT THE RECORD COSTS.
HARRISBURG—The final statement of the auditor-general with the publisher of the "Legislative Record" was made. The publication for the last session cost the state \$27,289.30.

THREE YEAR OLD CHARLES SNYDER fell into a 30 foot well at Moun ain Top, Huntingdon county. His mother descended the rope hand over hand, and found her child unconscious. Barring some bruises, he is as well as ever, but the mother's restoration will require time. Her hands are frightfully torn and the muscles of her arms are so strained and stiffened that she will be for some time unable to lift her hands to her face.

FIRE ON WEDNESDAY totally destroyed the large barn of Abraham Brown, near Woodbury, Huntingdon county, with seven horses and farming implements.

A 6 YEAR OLD daughter of Frank Sherbandy, of Mendon, was burned to death. She had amused herself by burning holes in a plank with a red hot poker.

AFTER CONFERENCE lasting more than a week the employees of the New Castle steel mill signed a scale in which their wages are put from 20 to 40 per cent.

WILLIAM, a 13-year-old son of James Martin, of Dunbar, accidentally shot himself through the heart with a revolver which he found in a drawer.

ATTORNEY GENERAL HESSEL has decided that the state factory inspectors have no jurisdiction in places where only men are employed.

ON account of the Washington electric road not paying expenses its receiver wants the court to permit him to sell the property.

BAD SEVERAGE at Export, Westmoreland county has caused an epidemic of typhoid fever and several deaths are recorded.

MCCLELLAN FETERMAN, a boatman at the park near Altoona, was drowned by the capsizing of his boat Monday night.

JOHN MILLER, of Connelville while on his way to Leisensburg to be married, fell from a car and was fatally injured.

WILLIAM F. WINGARD, of Altoona, fireman on a shift in engine, was struck by an engine and instantly killed.

A 3 year old child of William Henry, of Titusville, was so badly burned while playing about a fire that it died.

EDWARD T. HAGER died at Lancaster from the effect of a kick on the head, received in a foot ball game.

JAMES SHANER, miller, working at Smithton, was killed by being run over by a load of car.

REV. B. D. ZWEIFEL, of Reading, on Thursday united his 23.0th couple in marriage.

TEN thousand people attended the fair at Stoneboro, Mercer county.

Questions of Ammunition.
It is merely a truism to assert that guns, unless they have shells and powder, are of no more value to an army than market carts. To feed the voracious appetite of a great line of batteries belching forth shell and shrapnel is almost as arduous a task as to insure their accuracy of aim or their correctness of movement into position. To find them in projectiles is a part of the science of war as necessary and as difficult as to obtain food for the men or fodder for the horses.

A carefully planned and accurately working scheme of supply has to be arranged behind the fighting line, the closest connection between consumer and producer has to be established, and the caterer of bullets is every whit as indispensable as the caterer of bread. To keep the stream of plenty flowing without check through the various channels it is necessary that officers should be familiar with their size, extent, and construction, that each should have ocular demonstration of the accidents and obstacles that are sure to intervene, and practical experience of the best means of obviating or overcoming them.

The commander who directs and encourages the hot fire in front must keep a watchful eye on the ammunition columns behind, like the provident housewife who, while pressing hospitality on her guest in the dining room, does not leave the state of the larder out of her calculations.—The Saturday Review.

Silver Formation.
The process by which nature forms the accumulations of silver is very interesting. It must be remembered that the