ONE OF THE LOSERS.

I see her stand in the twilight there, Her hand and her temple gray; Her furröwed face it is marked with care, Kough is her garb and thin with the wear Of the work of the long, long day.

She turns her face to the distant skies-It is anxious and drawn with pain— And slowly she shakes her head and sighs, Sadly the tears course from her eyes As she enters her cot again.

Oh, the white road stretches across the Plain, And it's here that she comes each day, For she has not heard that her boy was slain And she does not know that she looks in yain

igh the twilight dim and gray. Thro



Meg's "wheel" was not one of those fascinating lady's bicycles. She did not spin airily over an asphalt pavement to park or bonlevard. Meg's "wheel" weighed several hundred pounds. She rode it out over the Nebraska plains. And, after all, it wasn't Meg's wheel anyhow, for it belonged to the North-ern Pacific railroad and was made of iron and painted red, and was a tricycle instead of a bicycle. Meg lived on a ranch, and the near-

est village where the trains sometimes deigned to stop for a panting moment was called Squaw Creek. Meg owned a sturdy little broncho pony, which she would ride on a swift lope down the long trail which lay like a the long trail which lay like a white ribbon over the prairie, and at the village she would visit at the "store" where Mr. Smith sold candy and saddles and flannel shirts and lariats and many other things. And then she would rattle her pony's heels, slipping and scrambling down the bluff road to the station where she bluff road to the station, where she would arrive in a cloud of dust and merrily hail the agent, Frank Graham. It was here Meg would ride her tricycle, which was a railroad "wheel" and provided by the company for the agent's use. And though it was heavy Meg's strong arms could make the handlebar fly back and forth while the wheel glided swiftly over the gleaning rails. Late one afternoon Meg rode to the

Late one afternoon Meg roue to the "store" and found some little excite-ment over a cattle train that had been ditched about two miles below the station. The accident was caused by spread rails, the men said, and nobody was hurt, but it would delay the ex-press which was due in two hours. press, which was due in two hours. Meg rode down to the scene of the accident where the train men were and they had built great bonfires to help them to clear up what they could while waiting for the wrecking train. Frank, the agent, had been to the wreck on the tricycle and had raced back to the little station to wire for the wrecking engine and warn the ex-press, as the road wound snake-like along the broad Missouri river in the heavy shadows at the foot of the bluff, and as it was the "flyer" it could hardly be signaled safely. It was quite dark when Meg finally turned her pony's nose toward the station and cantered slowly along to say "how-de-do" to Frank and get the neuers he promised Frank and get the papers he promised her to take home. Also it could not be long till the "flyer" would be due, and Meg loved to see the long, bright

and Meg loved to see the long, bright train loaded with passengers and flashing its gleam of the great world beyond the plains into her longing eyes for a brief moment. As her pony's heels thudded lazily along beside the track the station gradually came into view. And then Meg's heart leaped oddly in her breast and her eyes widened. For the sta-tion was in total darkness. Meg's tion was in total darkness. Mog's quirt came down with a swish on her pony's flank, and Teddy, amazed and indignant, bucked decidedly to ex-press his strong disapproval of such actions. For he and his young mis-tress understood each other and the quirt was never used except in gentle "love taps." Meg was not western raised for nothing, however, and she retained her place on Teddy's back. Finally his slender legs stretched out and his nimble heels skimmed the sage bush and sharp cactus till the station was reached. Then Meg flung herself from the saddle with a stiffed cry, for the agent lay face downward on the dark platform, and the closed doors and black windows of the sta-tion, together with the unlighted signal lamps, told a story that froze Meg's blood. She rolled Frank over, but he was unconscious from a blow on the back of the given by robbers. of the head, evidently 'And the flyer must be 'due!'' cried Meg, in an agony of despair. She knew nothing of the mechanism of the signal lamps and to return to the wreck for help would be hopeless, for they would be too late. they would be too more? What was to be done?

on the handles. The wheels spun over the track with a low roar that again and again, as Megswung around the curves, seemed the oncoming roar the the track with a low roar that again and again, as Megswung around the curves, seemed the oncoming roar the track with a low roar that again and again, as Megswung around the curves, seemed the oncoming roar the track with a low roar that the oncoming roar the track with a low roar that again and again, as Megswung around the curves, seemed the oncoming roar the track with a low roar that the oncoming roar the track with a low roar that the oncoming roar the track with a low roar that the oncoming roar the track with a low roar that the oncoming roar the track with a low roar that the oncoming roar the track with a low roar that the track with a low roar that the oncoming roar the track with a low roar that the oncoming roar the track with a low roar that the track with the track of the express. The frightened girl's mouth seemed filled with ashes, her lips were dry and stiff and the sharp particles of sand that swept up into her face and eyes stung like a storm of needles. Her back ached and pained and sharp knives seemed shooting down has arms and through her numbed and stiff hands that now hardly felt the handlebars. Suddenly the headlight of the ex-

Buddenly the headlight of the express (standing at the tank) loomed in the near distance. Franticially Meg tried to stop her machine, but the best she could do was to retard its progress as it approached the now blinding classics of the light. With the now t. With blinding glaring of the light. a shriek of agony and despair Meg reeled back in a faint. The helpless little hands fell from the bar and one crash swept her into a merciful obliv-

ion. But Meg was not killed. When she opened her eyes her face and hair were wet where the trainmen had dashed water over her, and many anxious eyes were looking down at her face. She had been in time, after all, though the engine was just about to start from the watering tank as she dashed into it. The bicycle was a wreck, and Meg's left arm was broken and her head cut and her body bruised. But she had saved the train bruised. But she had saved the train and was a heroine.Sympathetic women from the Pullman coaches and from the tourist cars and weary travelers from the emigrant cars together thanked the white-faced girl lying on the ground in the yellow light of the lanterns. While Meg was convalesc-ing slowly and being mended up generally her little brown-haired mother erally her little brown-haired mother hovered around her in an eestacy of thankfulness, and brawny ranchers rode in miles to see "that gal of Stan-nard's who saved the flyer." Letters arrived from the president and other high officals of the Northern Pacific road, containing beautifully printed pieces of paper bearing very illegibly vitten signatures and mysterious little holes punched through, and Meg discovered that she was a very im-portant young lady with a bank ac-

But, best of all to her, when she but, best of all to her, when she was well she went down daily to the "store" and to see Frank Graham, who was convalescing, too, after a very long illness, and she glided swiftly and happily on a "lady's wheel" of latest make.—Chicage Becord Record.

DUG A FELLOW PRISONER'S GRAVE. Experience of an American Under Lopez

in a Cuban Prison. Colonel B. F. Sawyer, a prominent Southern journalist and at present the chief editorial writer of the Rome (Ga.) Tribune, is one of the oldest and most picturesque characters in the land of Dixie.

the land of Dixie. When a boy of fifteen or sixteen his fiery spirit led him into our war with Mexico, and the youngster thorough-ly enjoyed it all the way through. After returning to his home in Ala-bama the lad didn't feel like settling down. He was fond of adventure, and the life of a soldier in a strange land suited him exactly.

land suited him exactly. It was not long before he became interested in the cause of free Cuba, and as one of the periodical insurrections in that country was then in prog-ress he joined the ill-fated expedition of Lopez. The capture and exe-cution of his chief left the boy and his comrades in a bad fix. The few his comrades in a bad fix. The few prisoners who were not put to death were chained in couples and placed on the public works. Sawyer was harshly treated, and it

looked as though exposure and hard work would kill him. He managed to send a note to the American consul, send a note to the American consul, but nothing was done for him. One of the Spaniards guarding him was rather clever, and the captive sent his letters through his hands. The half-starved young American awoke one morning to find that the prisoner chained to him was lying dead by his side. The survivor was ordered to bury him, and when the chain bind-ing him to the corpse was rudely only hin, and when the chain of hind ing him to the corpse was rudely broken he dug a grave for his late fellow-sufferer. There was no coffin. The grave was scooped in the sand by Sawyer's tired and trembling hands. The situation was desperate. Saw-ver then wrote a long latter to the yer then wrote a long letter to the British consul, telling his whole story —his youth, his pitiful condition, the neglect of the American consul and many other matters. many other matters. The very next day **a** big English-man visited the camp. He was very mad and very overbearing in his man-ner. He talked with the boy prisoner and told him to be of good cheer. How he did it nobody but himself and the Spanish authorities ever knew, but in less than twenty-four hours he

Subject: "The Hounded Keindeer"-Let Those Who Are Parsued by the Hounds of Persecution Run to the Glorious Lake of Divine Solace.

of Persecution Run to the Glorious Lake of Divine Solace. TEXT: "As the bart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."--Psa. xili., 1. David, who must some time have seen a a deer-hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The faschat-ing animal called in my text the hart is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roctuck, the bind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In Central Syrla, in Bible times, there were whole pasture-fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says. "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antiers jutted from long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's tract" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the dews, the showers, the lakes washed them as clean as the sky. When Isaac, the pa-triarch, longe af venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaich compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of millennial times to the long and quick jump of the stag, saying, "The lame shal disgust at a hunter who having shot a der is too lays to cook it, saying, "The sloth-ful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting." But one [day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and

hunting." But one [day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous si-lence of the forest the elangor startles him, and he says to himself: "I wonder what those dogs are after." Then there is a crackling in the brushwood, and the loud breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antlers of a deer rend tike leaves of the ticket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize the creature plunges into a pool or lake or river to cool its thirst, and at the same time by its ca-pacity for swifter and longer swimming to get away from the foaming harriers. David says to himself: Aha, that is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies with-out number after me; I am chased; their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, bark-ng after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there," says David to the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes its leathered flanks, and it swims away from the flance is leader that and the same sing leader in the flanks, and it swims away from the flance and set is leader flanks, and it swims away from the flance and the site at the site leader flanks, and it swims away from the flance and the site at the flance and the site at the site leader and set is lea But one day David, while far from the

into the cool wave that washes its leathered flanks, and it sims away from the flery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the watters of life and rescue! 'As the hart panteth after the water brocks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.'" The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Talking one summer with a hunter, I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they wore on the track of a deer. I said to one of the hunters in rough cor-duroy: "Do the deer always make for wa-tor when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh, yes, Mister; you see they are a hot and thirty animal, and they know where the watter is, and when they hear danger in the distance they lift their antlers and sniff the breeze and start for the flaquet or Loon or Saranac; and we get into our cedar shell-boade and ready to blaze awa?" My friends, that is one reuson why I like the Bible so much-lift salusions are so true to nature. Its partrides are real partridges, its ostriches real ostriches, and its rein-deer real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antiered glory of the text makes the hunter's eye sparkle and his cheek glow and his respiration quicken. To say noth-ing of its useluness, although it is tho most useful of all game, its fiesh delictous, its skin turned into human appare], its innews fashioned into bow-strings, its antiers putting handles on cutlery, and the shavings of its horn used as a pungont restorative, the name taken from the hart and called hartshore. But putting aside its usefulness, this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hum-dred lakes at subset! The horns, a coronal branching into every possible cuve, and alter it seems complete tascending into other projections of exquisiteness, a treeo heaving sides and lolling tongue and eyes swimming in death the stag leaps from the oliff into Upper Saranac, can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles, and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words of the text: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." Well, now, let all those who have coming after them the lean hounds of poverty, or the black hounds of persecution, or the spotted hounds of visissitude, or the pale hounds of death, or who are in any wisa

But many of you have turned your back on that supply, and confront your trouble, and you are sourced with your circum-stances, and you are fighting society, and troubles, instead of driving you into the ocol lake of heavenly confort, have made you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles, instead of driving you into the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all would, have done worse. But you are all would, have done worse. But you are all would, have done worse, But you are all would, have done worse. But you are all would, have done worse, and your are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer dones in February and March-it sheds its horns. The Rabbinical writers allude to this resignation of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises, he as woise as, next spring, will be all the door the world--not if in any assembly be-tween here and Golden Gate, San Fran-isco, it were asked that all those that had been sometimes badly treated should raise both their hands, and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present—I say many of you would declare: "We have al-ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignment, or invalidism, or mishap, its inscrutable." Wuy, do you know the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it. Hadtherco-buck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said. "Tshawl don't its proportions, and the more elegant its proportions, and the more elegant its proportions, and the more elegant its proportions, and the more slift-doff in mother direction for better game. So if there were a forler failure, you would be allowed to gou unisturbed; hut have fif they must

a drop of dew irom a bisde of glass, as to attempt to satisfy an immortal soul, "when dy-ing from trouble and sin, with hanything less deep, and high, and broad, and immense, and infinite, and elemant than God. His som of the second soul is the second soul with the past, and and in the second soul with the past, and and in the second soul with the second soul with the word "Empire," and when opened it was found to contain human blood. The second sou, making the next tholes, choose the vase of gold, on which was written the word "Empire," and when opened it was found to contain human blood. The second sou, making the next tholes, choose the vase of angle, and the word "Glory," and when opened it contained the ashes of those who were once called great. The third son took the second soul is contain human blood. The second soul is contain human blood. The second soul is contain human blood. The second soul is the was inserted the most of the wises there is the second soul is the se

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

DUG OUT OF A FRISON.

Burglars Leave a Note for the Jailer Saying They Were Bound for the Klondike.

Henry McVay and Fred Hawks, pris-oners in the Potter County jail at Cou-dersport, who were charged with burg-lary, escaped the other night by tun-neling under the jail yard gate. The digging was done with a pick, which had been smuggied in to them. They left a note on the outside of the prison gate, in which they bade good-bye to Sheriff Gillon, stating that they were headed for the Klondike. The following pensions were issued last week: David S. Crawford, Beaver Falls, 80: James A. Thompson, Storms-town, Center, \$8; Peter A. Miller, New Paris, Bedford, \$8 to \$10°, John W. Mil-ler, Conneaut Lake, \$6 to \$8; John B. Miller, Waynesboro, \$6 to \$8; James Conrad, Strongstown, \$6 to \$8; Jamas Conrad, Strongstown, \$6 to \$8; Jamas Conrad, Strongstown, \$8 to \$13', James Conrad, Strongstown, \$8 to \$15', James

Miller, Waynesboro, §6 to §8; Alexan-der Clark, Townville, §6 to §8; James Conrad, Strongstown, §6 to §8; Nathan-iel Zimmerman, Stoyestown, §8 to §17; minors of W. A. Varner, Callensburg, Clarion, S12; John Baptist, Allegheny, §6; John Madden, Towanda, §8; Abe Stint, Loveville, Center, §6; Joseph S. Bevan, Pittsburg, §6; Andrew W. Long, Locust Gap, §6; Hozekiah P. Blair, Philipsburg, §6 to §8; W. S. Tiffany, Kennerdell, Venango, §8 to §10; W. Daughtery, Hermine, §12 to \$17; Johan-na M. Muller, Allegheny, §8; Sarah A. V. Stern, Bedford, §8; Thomas J. Kee-nan, Pittsburg, §8 (special act); Chares E. Taylor, Franklin, §30; Robert Camp-bell, New Castle, §6; Silas M. Wherry, Ebensburg, §8; Daniel Kuhns, Youngs-town, §8 to §12; Judith A. Pratt, Smeth-port, §8; Mary Hammer, Alum Bank, Bedford, §8; Elizabeth O'Neal, Cop-nellsville, §12; William T. Meyers, Hawrun, Clearfield, §6; Charles G. Wi-liams, Westfield, Tloga, §6; William Gable, Shamokin, §8; William Edwards First, Soldiers' Home, Erie, §6; Daniel Pierce, Summit City, McKean, §12; W. A. Roush, Howard, Center, §6 to §10; Samuel Koons, Lindsey, Jefferson, §6 to §10; Samuel Koons, Lindsey, Jefferson, §6 to §10; Samuel J. Cloyd, Orbisonia, §30; Sam-uel F. Miller, Johnstown, §8. A member of a wholesale tobacco fur of New Castle was driving along the road one day last week when he saw a terrific struggle going on in the buakes. On investigation he found two blacksnakes, each over seven feet long struggling for the possession of a full grown chicken, which was still living. The two snakes had their talls around the chicken. The reptiles struggled for full ten minutes when they liter-

struggling for the possession of a full grown chicken, which was still living. The two snakes had their talls around the chicken. The reptiles struggled for fully ten minutes, when they liter-ally pulled the chicken in two. The spectator killed the snakes. Joseph Brown and Minus Delaney, accused of the Leonard murder, were given a hearing jointly before Mayor Black and Coroner T. H. Minshall at Chester a few days ago. Erown con-fessed that on the fatal Friday night he and Minus Delaney go up to get some of Peter Leonard's chickens, and while they were there Peter Leonard came out of the cabin and he struck him with a piece of wood. Delaney then 'strück Mrs. Leonard, who had also appeared. The defendants were held without ball. William Himmelrich, a brakeman, in a fit of jealousy, shot his wife at the Central Hotel, at Harrisburg, a few days ago, where she has been working. Albert Miller, the hotel proprietor, heard the shot, which was fired in the dining room, rushed in and was fired at. The woman may recover. Himme'-rich had evidently intended suicide, having a written a note of good-by to his friends. The woman was shot in her right side. In a Bohemian boarding house at Greensburg the other night Mrs. Mary Grubage, aged 21, mother of two chil-dren, was shot through the heart and killed. Peter Koker was examining a revolver. She wanted to see it, snatch-ed it from his hand and discharged it. James Carney of Apolo was riding on the bumpers of a freight car when killed. His brother saw him killed.

on the bumpers of a freight car when the train broke in two and he fell and was killed. His brother saw him killed. Westmoreland county thieves lately have been quite active, and several large hauls have been reported. It does not seem that the cubrits are overly particular as to what they take. A fine cow was stolen from the stable of Harry Haretey, at Harrison City, Pa., Sunday night, and, taking the animal to a neighboring woods, the neighboring woods, the thieves slaugh-tered it and carried away the meat. The animal was valued at 350. While Mrs. Joseph Balley was read-ing a paper at her home near the Wynne coke works, at Oliphant fur-nace, near Uniontown, recently the house was wrecked and half of it was carried down into the ground, caused by the ground caving in where the coal had been taken out. None of the family was hurt, but the house has to be abandoned. Women's coats and wraps, said to be worth \$1000 in the aggregate, were carried off the other night by theves from a Pennsylvania Ralroad freight car on the siding at Norristown. The goods had been shipped from Trenton, a local storekeeper.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR OCTOBER 30

Lesson Text: "Messiah's Kingdom Foretold," Isalah xi., 1-10-Golden Text: Isalah xi., 9-Commentary on the Lesson by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

"And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse and a branch shall provout of his roots." The title of our lesson is "Messiah's Kingdom," and if we can only get a somewhalt clear idea of what the shall be not observatives teach concerning this kingdom, whole earth. The throne will be the throng of David at Jerusalem, according to Isa, r, and Jer, iii. J, and the King Wilb be not observatives the shall be some of David, the Som of Jessen, and the Kingdom, there should be not of Abraham, of Math. 1, of whom dabriel said that fie would from Davids throng of Abraham, of Math. 1, of whom dabriel said that fie would from Davids through the observation of the Spirit's power to discern be manifest in the Kurse, there is here a secondoid fullness of the Spirit's power to the matine will do dat sincere adoration of Him. It pleased the Father that in Him alt fullness should dwell, all the fullness of the Godhead (Col. 1, 19; 11, 9). Fall of grace and truth (John Ju. 14, 14).
"And shall make Him of quick undertanding the father that in the father the full be in the four of the Eord." Other full the shull be in the four of the Eord is fargenee to there of the Mathematical for the Eord. Strangenee that full be the Eord is fargenee to the four of the shull be when such a King shall sit on the oportal from while bod the Is of Him (Pel.). To refresh Him in the shull be obtained from while bod the strangenee to the shull be showed the strangenee to the shull be when such a King shall sit on navid's thronel Conslet Jer. Him. 7, 18; Xuil, 5, 6, and compare Pa. Lixil, and let four be and the full counts of the shull be the first of the four the shull be when such a King shall sit on power and glory, and at that time all the situation. First, and the full be when such a full counser, the shull be the strangenee of the Godhead (Soll Jer. 11, 17, 18; Xuil, 5, 6, and compare Pa. Lixil, and let four be sold when shull be the strangenee of the Godhead (Soll Jer. 11, 18; Yuil, 18; Power the shull be co

xv., 1 10. of Jes "And in that day there shall be a root se which shall stand for an ensign of

As Meg moaned aloud Teddy whin-As Meg moaned aloud Teddy whin-nied uneasily in reply. She looked at him hopelessly. The flyer some-times stopped at a watering tank up the track, but there was a bridge to cross between and Teddy would be useless. Then her eyes fell on the tricycle on the main track, where it had been left when Frank was at-tacked. It was the only chance and It was the only chance and tacked. Meg leaped on the machine.

Meg leaped on the machine. In a moment Teddy and the un-opnscious agent were alone with the silent statior, while down the track the "click-click, click-click" of the railroad wheel grew faster and fainter in the distance. The only hope was to reach the water tank before the ex-press left. Meg's white lips parted with a sob, while her wide eyes with a sob, while her wide eyes strained before her through the blackness for that yellow eye of light that must surely be due.

"Waiting!" it seemed to cry, as the girl's hands tightened convulsively as hard as he could fight.

secured Sawyer's release and put him on a vessel bound for America. Sawyer devoted himself for a few

years to politics and planting in Ala-bama, but the first call to arms in the civil war found him ready. At that time he was a prosperous $m \cdot n$. He cared nothing for money, and when he organized his company he insisted upon equipping it at his own expense. He paid for uniforms, guns, canteens, knapsacks and everything out of his own pocket.

own pocket. He was a gallant fighter, and his men were imbued with his fearless spirit. Of course he was promoted. He rose to a colonelcy, and would have gone higher if he had cared for such trifles as rank and title. The war left very few of his men nlive or unscathed. They fought like tigers and nearly all of them were slain in battle. At the close of the war the colonel

At the close of the war the colonel "Click-click," went the machine. faced his new duties and responsibili-Vaiting!" it seemed to cry, as the ties and showed that he could work

The there has been bounds of poverty or the black hounds of vicissitude, or the pale hounds of death, or who are is any wise pursued, run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happened to know at different times, if not now, have had trouble after them, sharp-muzzled troubles, Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them; they depreciated you, you are particule them, sharp-muzzled troubles, or they overrace ded you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them; or you have had a terearement, and, instead of being submissive, you are fighting that bereavement; you charge on the doctors who failed to effect a cure; or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through while the accident occurred, or you are a chronie invalid, and you far, and whole while while while the active and a terearement; you charge on the back in the Adfrondacks, and from new height you can set thirty, and there are said to be over eight hundred in the great wilderness of New York. So near are they to each of the the boat from lake to lake, the small distance thewen them for that reason called a "carry." And the reason called a "carry." And the seame David describes them, and they see no are together that in three different places he speaks of the mink of unkey is whole chains of Jukes in the Adfrondacks, and they seame of the sole over eight hundred in the great wilderness of New York. So near are they to each other that sho are they are and they see so har to get when the in the place have been drinking out of them, they are full to the top of the green have have been drinking out of them, they are full to the top of the green that a the same David describes them, and they see so hart ogether that in three different places he speaks of them is a continuous river, saying: "There is a river, the stream where of shall make them drink of the rivers of Tay pleasures."</p

break and the shadows flee away, be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the moun-tains of Bether." A Japanese admiral receives, by a recent ordinance, 6000 silver dollars a year, a vice-admiral 4000, while first and second-class captains get 2496 and 2263 respectively.

and were consigned a local storekeeper.

a local storekeeper. Lawrence county teachers' institute opened at New Castle with 300 teach-ers present. Instructors, County Sp-perintendent Thomas Stewart, City Superintendent Cannon, State Superin-tendent Schaeffer, Dr. Athterton, Hon. Wallace Bruce and others.

Wailace Bruce and others. Jesse Walton, a telegraph operator at Greensburg, who came a few weeks ago from New Brighton, was killed on the Southwest branch ot County Home Junction, having been struck by an engine. He leaves a wife who is in ill health. An unknown man was struck by an engine on the Pittsburg & Western road at Butler last week and his skull crushed. He died at the hospital. Two railroaders identified the body as that of John Huston of New Castle. The first football accident of the sea-

that of John Huston of New Castle. The first football accident of the sea-son at Grove City'occurred a few days ago, when Alvadore Nightwine broke bis arm. He was running for the ball when he fell, striking his elbow, break-ing two small bones. As the result of a fierce brawl at a christening hend near Mt. Pleasant last week Mike Cubia is dead, and Al-bert Musine is under arrest

An immense eagle swooped down en a flock of sheep belonging to Farmer George Stambaugh, of Hickory town-ship, Mercer County, and carried off a lamb.

lamb. Raymond, aged 17, son of John Nelly, of Beaver Falls, fell the other morning while trying to board a freight train on the Lake Erie and was killed. Frank Leatis, of Duryea, stabbed his brother-in-law. William Matchoner, three times in the neck and body, kill-

"10" "And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse which shall stand for an ensign of the people. To it shall the gentlies week, and His rest shall be glorious." His drst game in the New Testament is Jesus Christ, the Son of David, and His last the Root and the Offspring of David (Math. 1, 1; Rev. xxil., 13). When He shall be King in Jerusalem, to Him shall all antions seek (Jer. iii, 17), and like the queen of sheba and the wise men from the east, they will bring their wealth to Him (Isa. X, 5, 6, 21). Now the glad tidings of redemption by His blood is carried to all nations shall bot to Him or to Israel because of Him, and there shall be peace on earth, and the matter shall be the queen of the and the wise the for the east, they will bring their wealth to Him (Isa. Y, 5, 6, 21). Now the glad tidings of redemption by His blood is carried to all nations shall fock to Him or to Israel because of Him, and there shall be peace on earth, and the nations shall learn war no more. See Isa. Hi, 3, 4; Zech. Yill, 22, 23. While we wait and work and watch for the coming of the glory of His kingdom we may have in heart and life a foretaste of the property which He has bought with His preclous blood. Whole hearted submission to Him, ready for any manner of service, with implicit confidence in His maagement, will surely bring this rest.— Lesson Heber.

The wild-looking man who stood up in an omnibus and lassoed an inoffen-sive old woman the other day in Paris, was not an American, though he may have been taken for a member of Col-onel Cody's "Wild West" company. He was a lunatic, and thought that he was in South America lassoing croc-odiles.