

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

His Sixth Birthday.

He has given up his cradle and his little worsted ball. He has hidden all his dolls behind the door. He must have a rocking horse. And a hardwood top, of course. For he isn't mamma's baby any more.

He has cut off all his curls, they are only fit for girls. And has left them in a heap upon the floor. For he's six years old today. And he's glad to hear them say "That he isn't mamma's baby any more."

He has pockets in his trousers, like his older brother Jim. Though he thinks he should have had them long before. His new shoes laced to the top. 'Tis a puzzle where they stop. And he isn't mamma's baby any more.

He has heard his parents sigh, and has gently wondered why. They are sorry when he has such bliss in store. For he's now their darling boy. And will be their pride and joy. Though he cannot be their baby any more. —Georgina E. Billings.

The Faithful Puppy.

Ten years ago Prince was a puppy, and his little master was nursing his first birthday. The baby and the dog began life together. Before they had journeyed far, cataracts appeared on the child's eyes, and grew gradually, until he was left in total darkness. Prince then became his constant companion. After he learned to walk the dog led him about and watched over him, often keeping him out of harm's way.

Four months ago the boy was sent to Philadelphia to be operated upon by an oculist of eminence, but his eyesight could not be restored. Then he was stricken with diphtheria and died, and ever since Prince has been gloomy and sullen, and cataracts have appeared on his eyes. Unless something can be done for his sight he will soon be blind, and his little master was. —New York Tribune.

The Chickens' Adopted Mother.

Nellie's grandma owned a hen that wouldn't sit. Grandma put her on the nest of eggs many times, but she always flew off.

So grandma took the eight nice eggs, wrapped them up and put them in a basket. Then she put the basket near the fire to keep the eggs warm.

Nellie went to the basket many times to see if the eggs had turned into little chickens. One day she heard a "peep, peep," and raising the cover looked in to see—what do you think—five little chickens.

Grandma had another hen that was very good and very fond of baby chickens. She tried to help the other mothers care for their chickens, but they flew at her and pecked her.

She ventured to coax some of them to follow her when the broods were large, but that didn't suit the mother hens either.

Grandma thought this hen would make a splendid mother to little chickens that hadn't any mother to scratch for them. When the chickens were hatched she brought the kind old hen and put her down on the grass by them, and then dropped some corn for them all to eat.

The old hen began to "cluck, cluck," which was her way of talking. She showed them how to eat the corn, and really adopted them at once. Indeed every one could see how proud and happy she was to have some chickens to scratch for.

Two Little Heroines.

Betty and Dora were two little Colorado girls who lived in an adobe cabin—a queer-looking cabin, built partly below the ground, so that one had to go down three steps to get into it.

All around the cabin were great fields of alfalfa clover, as far as the little girls could see, and the only trees in sight were the cottonwoods growing along the side of a broad, muddy stream that the children called the river.

One night Betty and Dora awoke to find it raining so hard that it had worn a hole in the miserable roof over their heads, and the rain was drip, drip, dripping in upon them in a very unpleasant fashion.

"Oh, dear! dear!" cried Dora. "I don't like this; I am going to call papa."

Betty pulled her back into bed. "Stop, Dora," she whispered; "he is so tired making fences."

"I want to go into mamma's bed."

"Oh, Dora! you don't want to wake poor mamma, when she is so tired taking care of six chickens!" exclaimed Betty. "I think it is rather jolly to have it rain in one's bed. Put your head under it. See how funny it feels!"

"It is so wet," complained Dora.

"Never mind," answered Betty, cheerfully; "let's play we are ducks."

It was quite an entertaining play for a few minutes, and then Dora began to complain again.

"It's growing wetter; we cannot sleep here."

"Yes, we can if we are ducks," persisted Betty, "ducks like water."

It was not long, however, before the rain came dripping in so fast that it was too much even for Betty.

"We must tell mamma," said Dora.

"No," said Betty, "I know what we can do."

Slipping out of bed she ran into the sitting room to return with a big umbrella which she opened above their heads.

Dora laughed aloud.

"An umbrella in bed!" she cried.

"Oh, Betty, how funny!"

"Now we are all right," Betty whispered in great glee. "Cuddle up closer and we can hold it together."

Just listen to the banging of the rain drops.

"But we are not ducks any more," said Dora.

"No," answered Betty, "we are toads under a toadstool, I guess."

"I think you are my brave little pioneers," said their father, coming in to take care of them.—Christian Observer.

Cleopatra's Fishing Party.

E. H. House contributes to the St. Nicholas a series of papers on "Bright Sides of History." This is made up of bright and entertaining episodes in history, given in a story about modern boys and girls, showing that the ancients were just as fond of fun and frolic as their latter-day descendants. House relates the following story:

"When Antony first went to Alexandria as a mighty general, Cleopatra thought it necessary to keep the conquering hero in good humor by offering him all sorts of diversions and pastimes, which he tried to repay as well as he could. One day he gave orders for a great fishing expedition, very much to Cleopatra's delight, as fishing was one of the sports she excelled in. Antony was either unlucky or unskillful on this occasion, for he brought up nothing, while the Egyptian queen never dropped her line without catching a prize worthy of an expert. He was so disgusted at his failure that he tried to make matters look better by playing a trick on his companion. He secretly sent some divers down into the water to fasten fish upon his hook, and then pulled them in with a fine show of triumph, calling everybody to observe how successful he was. Unfortunately for him, Cleopatra had observed more than he wished. She kept quiet, however, and pretended she had never seen so skillful a fisherman in her life. She said so much in Antony's praise, and held him up as such a master of the sport, that when she invited him to go out again the next day, he tried to excuse himself, fearing that he certainly would be detected. But she insisted, and he was obliged to take the risk, or confess that he was not so clever as he seemed."

"He might have tried the same game once more," interposed Harry, who considered that the tale was for his especial benefit, and told particularly to him.

"That is what he meant to do," continued Uncle Claxton, "but Cleopatra was too bright for him. She had a diver of her own on board, and sent him into the sea with a big salted fish, like those which are now sold in the market. This was hung upon Antony's hook, and as soon as he felt the weight, he began to dance about, crying that he had a bite before anybody else, and hauling in his line as proudly as if he had won a battle. You can imagine his dismay when the dead fish, split open and salted, bobbed out of the water, and all his followers shouted with laughter."

"Good for Cleopatra!" exclaimed Harry. "I'd like to try that joke myself, the first time I get a chance."

"How did Antony like it?" asked Percy Carey, the oldest of the boys and his uncle's namesake.

"He didn't like it at all. He was red hot with anger. But Cleopatra, who was always quick-witted, contrived to pacify him with compliments and flattery, saying that his strength was in capturing provinces, kingdoms and cities, and that after winning all the glories of war he ought not to grudge a poor African queen her humble exploits with the hook and line. Then he forgave her as he always did, no matter what trick she might play."

"Is that story true, uncle?" inquired Harry's sister Louise.

"As true as most history of the kind, my dear. Ancient writers believed it. There is no reason why it should not have taken place."

Civilizing the Dog.

The domesticated dogs preserve their intelligent propensities only by careful breeding and selection. Cross them, and those abilities fade away. If freed from man's control and association, the dogs will immediately proceed to found a new race of their own and degenerate rapidly to the old primal stock from which they were in remote ages derived. The best place to study the undomesticated dogs, to compare them with the sixty or more artificial varieties recognized on the bench, is in their most natural habitat today—in the circumpolar world. It is claimed by science that if all of our dogs—the grayhound, mastiff, spaniel, terrier and collie—were turned adrift in a country where they would be entirely exempt from all the restraints and associations of man, all typical identity would gradually be lost, and they would assimilate one to another in form and color. The slim, rounded tails would become thick and bushy, the ears would grow short, erect and pointed, the bodies would become uniformly tawny, gray or brindled. A composite feral tribe of dogs would result that is best represented today in North America by the mongrel Indian dog. Climate would have something to do in moulding the colors and characteristics of the untamed brutes. For instance, the prevailing color of the Arctic belt is white, and consequently of a great proportion of the wild and semi-wild dogs of the circumpolar region are white, while the North American Indian curs are of a tawny or grayish color.—North American Review.

Candor.

"What is your opinion of the popular songs of the present time?" asked the young woman.

"Oh," replied Willie Washington, "I guess I'm like most people on that point. I enjoy 'em, but I don't like to own up to the fact in the presence of my musical friends."—Washington Star.

GETTING OUT AN EXTRA.

A READY-WITTED GIRL SCORES A BEAT ON NEWSPAPER RIVALS.

Exciting Scene in a Printing Office When News of Dewey's Victory Arrived—Margaret Clyde, the Proofreader, Rose to the Emergency and Made a Record.

Isabel Gordon Curtis contributes a story to St. Nicholas called "Margaret Clyde's Extra," telling how a young girl who read proof on a morning paper scored a beat on the rival journals. The girl was left alone in the editorial rooms when the night's work was over.

Margaret read column after column of the news from Cuba, Key West and Washington. It seemed to her as if she had read it all before, and she put away the paper while she ate her meager luncheon. Then she tidied up the desk and laid her head on her arms. She was growing drowsy. She wondered if she could take a short nap. Her train would not leave for an hour and a half yet. It was growing lonely in the deserted composing room.

She woke up suddenly, thoroughly dazed for a moment. She imagined she heard a noise. The presses were still rumbling downstairs, and the gray dawn was stealing lazily into corners of the composing room.

It was 5 by the large clock. The noise came again. Somebody was beating and shaking the outside door. Margaret was frightened, and for a moment she turned to run to the press room.

The noise grew louder. It was an impatient, determined pounding, first of hands, then feet. She flew to the door. Through the glass she saw the dim figure of a boy in a blue messenger uniform. He thrust a yellow envelope into her hand, cried excitedly, "News from Manila!" turned to mount his wheel, then disappeared down the dim street.

Margaret felt stunned. She knew something ought to be done, but what? It was so far to Phillips' home; Mr. Schell lived in a suburb three miles from the office, and there was nobody in the pressroom who could set type. She wished the boy had not left so quickly.

Margaret hurried to the proofreader's desk, where an electric light glowed. She tore the yellow envelope open and read the fifty or sixty words on the thin sheet of paper.

"All well at Manila! Not an American lost!" She felt as if Dewey had sent her the message direct, and an excited "Oh!" echoed through the empty room. Margaret glanced at the clock. It was five minutes past five. Time was precious, and she felt she must do something. A few days ago she had worked on an extra.

Some important news had come in when Phillips and she were alone. She had helped him to set the story in large type and stood by while he filled it in the upper part of the front page. There were a few exciting minutes and Margaret had worked breathlessly. Phillips had said some kind words afterwards about her efficiency, and it made her happy for all day long.

She flew to the case where the large black letters were kept that had adorned the first pages of the "Gazette" recently. She was working as if life depended upon her movements. She learned to set type with wonderful deftness during two years' work, and in ten minutes she was standing over the words that later that morning sent a wave of relief and thankfulness through America. She hurried down to the press room. The regular edition was nearly ready. The men were running off the last thousand, and the nimble folder stood beside gathering the papers into bundles.

Pomeroy, the foreman of the pressroom, looked up in mild surprise when Margaret dashed in.

"Well, what are you doing here?"

"Come," she cried excitedly, "come upstairs with me at once!"

"The place isn't on fire, is it?" he asked, half seriously.

"No! It's the news from Dewey," she answered, hurriedly.

"Here, Thompson," he shouted to a man at the other machine, "I must go upstairs a moment—you take my place."

He followed Margaret up the steep stairs to the table where a gleam of light fell on a half form of large type, headed by block letters. He read the type almost at a glance:

DEWEY IS ALL RIGHT.

Revenue-Cutter "McCulloch" at Hong-Kong.

300 Spanish Killed and 400 Wounded.

Not an American Killed, but 6 Slightly Wounded.

Entire Spanish Fleet Destroyed.

New York, May 7.—The "Gazette" in an extra edition just published, prints the following special despatch from Hong-Kong: "I have just arrived here on the United States revenue cutter McCulloch with report of American triumph at Manila. The entire Spanish fleet of eleven vessels was destroyed. Three hundred Spanish were killed and four hundred wounded. Our loss was none killed, but six were slightly wounded. Not one of the American ships was injured."

He grew wildly excited and a shout rang through the deserted building. There was not a man in the "Gazette" office more patriotic or better posted on the war situation than the foreman of the press room. He had spent his youth in the navy during the civil war, and his shout of triumph was heard downstairs above the din of the rumbling press.

"Who set this up?" he asked, and he looked curiously at Margaret.

"I did."

"All alone?"

"Yes."

"When did the dispatch come?"

"Fifteen minutes ago," she said, with a glance at the clock.

"Well, you're a brick, and a girl at that!" he cried. "But we've got to rush this out," and, hurrying to the tube, he shouted, "Hey, Bill! don't let that stereotyper go!"

Margaret helped him while he divided the first page of the morning paper and filled in the upper part with Dewey's memorable message.

She followed him down stairs and listened to the cheers from the grimy men by the presses when he told the news. In less than ten minutes the second edition was being thrown from the news press and eagerly gathered up by the men, who realized that glad news this would bring to Riverpoint.

"Three cheers for Dewey!" cried Thompson excitedly.

The presses rumbled on, and mingled with their din, rose hearty applause for the hero of the Pacific. Pomeroy turned and laid his blackened hand on Margaret's fair head.

"And now, boys," he said, "three cheers for Margaret Clyde. It isn't every girl of sixteen that could have done this sort of job in fifteen minutes. She didn't lose her head for one second, and I have an idea we'll beat the Times on this story."

RHEUMATISM MAKES LIARS.

The Last Remedy Tried Is the One to Win the Prize.

"Rheumatism makes more liars than any other disease," said a physician to a Washington Star reporter, "though the people most affected by it are unconsciously affected, as far as their lying is concerned. Ordinarily an attack of rheumatism, coming and going, lasts about three weeks. The second week is generally the worst as far as pain is concerned. The first week the sufferer devotes to his or her own cures. They failing to quiet the attack and the consequent pain, the second week is taken up with trying various remedies suggested by friends and acquaintances. As the third week enters, the sufferer in the meantime having about made up his or her mind to let the disease have its own way, having given up the hope of trying to cure it, the patient is ready to try as many things and remedies as come along, and generally does so, it matters not how nonsensical they are. One says wear a pewter ring on the second finger of the left hand, another to drink great quantities of water, another to consume a half dozen lemons a day, another to carry horse chestnuts in your pockets, and so on. By the end of the third week the rheumatism has passed away, and praises are sung to every ear in favor of the last remedy tried. The entire credit is given the last thing tried and while it may not have done any more good than if the patient carried a brick in his overcoat or dress pocket, if that was the particular thing last done it will be for all time heralded as a cure certain and reliable. Here is where rheumatism makes liars of people. It is rare that a sufferer from rheumatism is ever told to consult a physician. That seems to be the last thing thought of in cases of rheumatism, though nearly the first thing in nearly all other attacks of disease. Curiously enough, in nearly all the springs, medicated baths, and other sure cures the patient is told that twenty-one baths or twenty-one days of drinking the water is necessary. Here comes in the three weeks again, and I suppose it is necessary. It is at best a troublesome complaint, and it rarely yields until it has run its course, to return on the slightest provocation."

Characteristics Revealed by the Hands.

"A large hand is always better than a small one," writes Blanche W. Fischer in the Ladies Home Journal on "Easy Reading of the Hand." "It indicates a person of some unusual powers. The possessor will be a good worker, principally as to details; he will be careful not to make any promises, but will keep the few he makes to the letter, even at a loss to himself, he will be easily offended, very quick to imagine slights, and not ready to forgive either real or imagined offenses. The possessor of a small hand will attempt almost anything, rarely, however, finishing anything he undertakes; is easily satisfied both with himself and the world in general; is fond of gayety and excitement, makes and loses friends with the same easiness; is impressionable and inflammable to a high degree; is religious, but not deeply so; will make promises and break them without compunction, and will be unable to bind himself to details."

The Little Sudan Warriors.

Standing by Westminster bridge I watched the first detachment of returning grenadier guards from the Sudan march past from the station to their barracks. They got, as expected, a boisterous and hearty reception from a crowd two miles long, but what struck me most forcibly was the extreme youth and undoubted exhaustion of a good many of these warriors. Hard by me, as the soldiers filed past, stood a brewer's cart, drawn by those huge horses so well known to London visitors, and driven by a burly six-foot-four drayman, three guardsmen in breadth. This gigantic critic watched, puzzled, for a while. Then, leaning over to his mate, he exclaimed:

"Why, they're only boys."

The drayman would have been still more awestruck had he seen the towering warriors of the Khalifa, whom these boys so lately laid low.—London Correspondence, in New York Times.

AROUSED THEIR SYMPATHY.

His Look Was Wan, but It Was Because of the Hired Girl.

"Poor fellow," one of them cried, "how wan he looks."

"Yes, and how sad," said the other. "You would think he had not had a meal for a week."

"And there is a wild look in his eyes that was probably left by the fever."

"Ah, it is pitiful! To think that we, the richest nation on earth, should treat our brave defenders in such a way."

"Really, it almost makes me ashamed of the land of my birth. My heart is touched with pity. I must speak to him, and offer him assistance if he will take it. Poor, proud fellow, I hardly know how to begin."

Then, relates the Cleveland Leader, she approached the unfortunate man, smiled sympathetically, and held out her hand.

He took it and looked at her as if trying to remember who she was.

"I hope," she said, in trembling tones, while the tears sprang to her eyes, "that you will consent to let me help you. I must do so. I should feel that I had been remiss in my duty if I didn't. Will you come home with me and accept of my hospitality, or would you prefer money, so that you may consult your own convenience and your own tastes in this matter?"

"Madame," he replied, "I—I am afraid I don't quite understand you."

"Poor fellow," she whispered to her companion, "he wanders in his mind. The fever has left him in a deranged condition."

Then addressing him again, she said:

"You have suffered much,—ah, I can see it in your face."

"Yes," he replied, "I admit it."

"What regiment were you with, and why did they send you away from the hospital before you had recovered?"

"Regiment? Hospital?" he echoed. "I haven't been in any hospital, and I wasn't with any regiment."

"What?" she exclaimed, "aren't you one of those unfortunate soldiers who suffered in the fever camps?"

"No, I suppose I look it, though. The trouble with me is that our hired girl left us suddenly about a week ago, and my wife's been trying to do the cooking since then. I appreciate—"

But he didn't finish. They were gone.

A Different Point of View.

"Does physiognomy amount to anything or doesn't it?" On a recent bright day a girl nature-lover came whirling in on her wheel from one of our beautiful country roads, laden with masses of golden rod; golden rod on her hat, in her belt, and a bower of golden rod borne before her on her wheel. Whizzing along—the happiness of a lovely afternoon in her face, she caught sight of a pathetic face at a gate; it was that of a hard-working woman whom she knew—a seamstress. The woman seemed to eye her wistfully as she passed and hastily bowed; so she turned her wheel, went back and alighted at the curbstone. Here was a chance to share the beauty of this bright autumn day with another nature-lover whose fate was harder; perhaps the woman had been a farmer's daughter, and in her city home pined for her old, free life, nearer to nature's heart. Perhaps the golden rod awoke in her heart some long silent, tender sentiment—who knows?

"How do you do, Mrs. Stebbins?" said the girl. "Isn't this a glorious day? It was too nice to waste in town, so I've been out in the country. Don't you want a big bunch of this golden rod? I saw you looking at it as if you liked it?"

"Golden rod?" repeated the pathetic-faced woman curiously; "golden rod? I never seen any of this yer stuff before—is it a yard? What is it good for?"—Detroit Free Press.

Checking System Applied to Babies.

In some of the New York department stores babies can be checked like so many umbrellas, while their mothers pursue the elusive bargain from counter to counter. A small boy is detailed to stand guard over a certain number of infants. The small boys and the infants have not been asked for an opinion, but the mothers are enthusiastic in their approval. In Brooklyn the checking system, as applied to babies, has appeared in a new form. Brooklyn being recognized as the City of Churches, the new development is along the ecclesiastical line. Rev. Dr. Willey of the Nostrand Avenue M. E. church is the originator of the scheme, and the mothers are once more the gainers. A large room has been fitted up with hammocks and cribs, perambulators and toys. Here a volunteer committee of young women assembles every Sunday morning, and here the mothers, who would otherwise be kept at home, leave their babies, while they themselves attend the regular church service. The plan is a novel one, but promises and deserves to be popular.—Harper's Bazar.

Alaska Furs Scarce.

The discovery of the Alaska gold fields, while it has added many millions to the world's gold supply, has caused a great scarcity of Alaska furs in the world's market. For many years the chief employment of natives of Alaska has been trapping, and they have supplied the chief part of land furs. Since the Klondike discovery and the great influx of prospectors and traders, the Indians have found it far more profitable to hire as packers, guides and woodchoppers. They have abandoned trapping almost entirely, and the export of furs from Alaska, which used to amount to \$750,000 yearly, last year only reached \$100,000. This has caused a scarcity of that class of furs in every market.—New York Tribune.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

AN UNSEEN HAND

Enemies Determined to Make Life Unpleasant for a Washington Blacksmith—Cut the Harness of His Horse and He Sustains Injuries.

While James B. Hamilton, of Washington, was out driving the other night, the harness broke and the horse ran off, upsetting the buggy, throwing the occupant out and seriously injuring him. An examination of the harness showed that it had been purposely cut in several places, so as to allow it to give way in a strain. Last September Hamilton's blacksmith shop was blown up and totally wrecked. A few weeks since his house was entered and all the valuables were taken. The same night his stable was entered and his horse cut and badly mutilated. Hamilton has no clue to the perpetrators of these outrages, as he does not know any one whom he has injured in any way.

The following pensions were issued last week: Charles T. Twitt, Pittsburg, \$12; Solomon Winnale, Sharon, \$10; George W. Whitehill, Church, Clarion, \$6; Amos Steel, Kaylor, Armstrong, \$8 to \$12; Charles W. Chappell, Portage, \$6; Pelig Burdie, Sharon Centre, Potter, \$8 to \$12; Lewis Stine, DuBois, \$12 to \$17; John A. Mikesell, Plumville, Indiana, \$8 to \$12; Stephen Andrus, Tloga, \$8 to \$12; Francis Johnson, Athens, \$16 to \$17; Anna Hutton, Rural Valley, Armstrong, \$8; Barbara A. McGoun, Sharon, \$8; Guyan I. Davis, Hollidaysburg, \$8; Andrew J. Tate, Lemont, Center, \$6; George E. Berger, Pittsburg, \$6; William H. George, Fayetteville, \$6; William T. McKee, Allegheny, \$6; John Voelker, Crafton, \$6; Peter McGarvie, dead, Titusville, \$4 to \$8; Josiah G. Evans, Brushvalley, Indiana, \$12 to \$14; David Dasher, Mexico, Juniata, \$6 to \$10; John S. Seylar, Foltz, Franklin, \$6 to \$8; Abraham Sheary, Mifflinburg, \$6 to \$8; Winfield S. Fort, Clarion, \$12; Margaret E. Douglas, McCance, Westmoreland, \$12; Jonathan Keppart, father, Eldorado, Blair, \$12; Flora McGarvie, Titusville, \$8; minor of Matthew Fentzel, Oakmont, \$10; Mary Conking, Oil City, \$8; John H. Raugh, dead, Altoona, \$12; Joseph Seyler, Port Allegheny, \$6; James H. Dobbins, Bellefonte, \$10; John S. Shaffer, Bellefonte, \$6; James C. Davis, Huntingdon, \$8 to \$8; Jacob Kline, Warren, \$6 to \$8; Samp L. Kopp, Saegertown, \$6 to \$8; Sam Gilkinson, McLane, Erie, \$6 to \$8; Lizzie H. Edmiston, Mill Hall, \$8; Florence A. Shern, Ligonier, \$8; Elizabeth Girts, New Kensington, \$8.

At Elymouth the other morning five men entered the book store of L. L. Davenport, which is situated on the main street of the town, and blew up the safe open with a heavy charge of dynamite, having first wrapped it in blankets. A. E. Williams, an undertaker, who lives near by, hearing the report of the explosion, rushed to the window and gave the alarm. A bullet whizzed past him. He put the window down in a hurry. The shot was fired by a man who was stationed on the outside to watch. After securing everything of value in the safe the thieves made their escape. Sixty dollars in cash, \$140 in express orders and \$150 in jewelry were taken.

Major Isaac B. Brown, chief of the state bureau of railroads, has completed an interesting report on operations during the fiscal year ending June 30 last of the 292 steam railway companies operating in this state. The total capitalization of these roads is \$1,112,409,142, or about one-fifth of the capital of all the steam railways of the United States. The bonded indebtedness of the corporations reported to the bureau is \$91,746,103, and the current liabilities \$26,330,099, or a total capital of \$2,320,545,244.

A vicious bull was tossing and going Jacob Mensinger, a farmer, and his barnyard in Union township, and had him completely helpless one day last week, when pretty Miss Sally Mummy, the village school teacher, happened to pass. She ran to the rescue, and a pitchfork and bravely fought off the enraged animal, which by the time she gave it battle, had Mensinger flat on the ground.

It has been decided by the county commissioners to have no formal corner-stone laying of the new court house at Washington. A special box, however, will be deposited in the corner stone, which will contain, among other things, a list of all the Washington county soldiers who enlisted and served in the late war with Spain either in the army or navy.

Fire destroyed the livery stable of David W. Roberts and the new Macca-bees hall at Renfrew near Butler last week. Five horses were burned to death in the livery stable. A fight was let come in contact with a load of hay which was driven into the barn. The Macca-bees' loss is about \$1,200, partly insured. Roberts' loss is \$1,600, with no insurance.

The will of Jerome Plummer, late of Independence township, disposes of a \$50,000 estate. After his wife's death the property is to pass into the hands of executors, who are to convert it into cash or securities, whose trustees are to use the interest for the promotion of temperance in Washington county and to prevent the licensing of saloons.

The large Swiss barn at the Berks County Almshouse was destroyed by an incendiary fire a few days ago, entailing a loss of \$7000, which is covered by insurance. The fire originated on the second floor of the barn, from which a tramp was seen running at full speed shortly before the flames were seen.

The grand jury at Franklin has returned true bills in the cases of Walter Wheaton and George McKay, charged with the murder of George Carter. One of the witnesses to testify in Wheaton's case was McKay, who was mum at the hearing on Saturday. The nature of his testimony is kept secret.

The farm house of William McGrew in Cross Creek township was destroyed by fire a few days ago. Loss, \$1,500. At the inception of the fire Mr. McGrew was on the roof to extinguish it, but he slipped off breaking both legs. He lay on the ground helpless watching his home burn.

William Reefer of Five Points, Mercer county, recently brought some gold dust from the Klondike, and the other morning discovered a burglar climbing into his house and scared him away.

Ross Duncan, while hunting in the vicinity of Greensburg, was shot in the side by the accidental discharge of his gun. The wound may prove fatal.

George D. Pringle of Wilmore, was found dead about one-half mile east of Portage by the track walker, George Enright, Monday. He was a constable and started to Bens Creek to serve a warrant. It is supposed he was struck by the Chicago limited.

Thomas Williams, foreman of the tan mills of the Canonsburg Iron and Steel Company, received injuries a few days ago from which he may die. He was caught in a pulley and carried upward, jerking an arm out of the socket, and was otherwise injured.

The jury in the John Byers vs. Jacob Byers case at Greensburg, involving coal land valued at \$100,000, returned a verdict