Perhaps there ought to be some sense of satisfaction over the fact that the seventeen-year locust does not come oftener.

There seems to be no good reason why a steam, gasolene or other engine should be permitted to traverse the common streets and roads more rapidly than any other vehicle.

Tennessee now has 1445 names on its State pension roll of old soldiers, and the total amount paid to them in the last year was $149,220. No more names can be added unless the Legislature increases the appropriation. The pensioners are divided into three classes: the first receive $300 a year each, the second $200, and the third $100.

In all but eleven of the fifty-two States and Territories the male outnumbers the female population. These eleven States are along the Atlantic seaboard. California contains the greatest excess of men, the recorded number being 156,009; Minnesota comes second, with 113,583; Texas third, with 109,000, and Pennsylvania fourth, with 103,087.

The order recently issued by the Canadian authorities forbidding Chinamen or Japanese from cutting shingle bolts or logs from the crown lands will, it is thought, drive hundreds of the Mongolians into the United States, despite the Chinese Exclusion law. The Chinese had been extensively employed in cutting timber in Canada, and it alleged that white men are now making $100 a head by smuggling them across the border into the State of Washington.

Senators Frye and Proctor are enthusiastic anglers, and every year the latter goes trout fishing in Vermont at sunrise on the 1st of May. The other day Mr. Frye was sitting in his chair in the Senate, gazing at the ceiling, when he was handed the following note: "Dear Frye—How can you sit there when the ice is out of the lake? Proctor." Senator Frye is said to have sighed so loudly upon reading this missive that his colleagues felt sure he had received bad news.

British Consul Wyndham at Chicago has found it necessary to explain that he never said that all Englishmen coming there are lazy and worthless. He says that in a report to his home Government there was a paragraph to the effect that many Englishmen that are lazy and worthless come to America and create bad impressions, and he naively adds: "Consuls are brought into contact with the worst of their people in a foreign country, and I am in a better position to know about the lazy and worthless ones than the successful Englishmen in Chicago."

Australia has, it seems, more members of Parliament per head of population than any other civilized community on earth. The mere statement that, excluding New Zealand, Australia possesses no fewer than fourteen houses of Parliament, counting 751 members, for a population of less than 4,000,000, is, the Antipodean Review of Reviews remarks, a bit of arithmetic calculated to "make all sober Australians sigh, and the rest of the outside world grin." Germany, with a population of 50,000,000, has 459 members of Parliament; Australia, with less than 4,000,000, has 751 members of Parliament.

This is the years of the seventeen-year locusts. A hint comes from Tunis which may be valuable to the Agricultural Department. A plague of locusts has descended on that colony of France, and the French Government once more shows its possession of the national trait of thrift. It has informed the natives that locusts are very good eating, and that they make up for the lost grain by eating the insects. To help out this work and add to the tastiness of the dish the Government has made large shipments of salt to the affected districts for distribution among the tribes that dwell there.

It is admitted by the Medical Record that an American whose ancestors have lived in the United States for several generations is "inclined to be a nervous, excitable, energetic and somewhat dyspeptic individual." Were it not for the fresh blood taken in by immigration the standard of our population, the writer apparently thinks, would fall below that of Europe. This is by way of answer to the charges of Dr. James Cantlie, an English physician, who holds up the typical citizen of the United States as a horrible example of "a tall, gaunt, dyspeptic-visaged man, with hollow cheeks," and hopes that such "objects" will not become common in Great Britain. Between the British detractor and the American apologist the ordinary American seems to fare poorly.

TREASURE ISLAND.

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

On that white Caribbean Key,
Uncharted, lost these hundred years,
Rests in the keeping of the sea
The secret of the buccaneers.

Tarnished and soiled with rust and mold,
Heap jeweled poignards, musketoons,
Silks, sacramental cups of gold,
Ingots and pesos and doubloons.

A fathom deep beneath the sand
The live gems, blood-stained, beam and burn,
And wait the lost adventurer's hand,
The midnight hail, the crew's return.

Remembering the torches' flare
When Blackbeard brought the chests ashore,
Landmarked the spot and sunk them there,
Beat back to sea—and comes no more.

Unless, maybe, at black of night,
Up from the phosphorescent sea
A phantom craft makes for the bight,
And anchors off the ghostly Key;

And all the fierce dead fighting men
From deep-sea grave or gibbet-chain
Riot upon the beach again,
As when they bled the Spanish Main.

But when the dawn wind gives the sign
Back to the dark the shades retire,
Trailing along the shuddering brine
A wake of evanescent fire.

And silence on that haunted shore
Renews her endless reign alone,
Pulsed by the long tide's rising roar,
The surf's withdrawing monotone.

—Youth's Companion.

HER MOTHER'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

BY HONORA.

"MIRIAM," said Mrs. Oldfield, "there is just one more letter to write. I have left it till the last because it will let you into a family secret; a very happy one, dear."

The mother smiled fondly at the handsome daughter, who sat in a low chair at her side. The girl's face flushed, she bent her head over a notebook which lay in her lap, and turned a pencil nervously between her fingers. The soft autumn breeze from the open window blew her brown hair into tendrils, and it clustered softly about her white neck. The mother sat for a moment, watching a rosy flush ebb up to the white forehead.

"Is there no chance for Arthur, Miriam?" she asked gently.

The girl lifted her head with an haughty gesture—it was an odd movement which characterized her as a child. The mother had often laughed at it in the little girl; now the pose seemed to belong superbly to the tall, splendid woman. Miriam looked into the loving eyes bent upon her and shook her head with perfect decision. Mrs. Oldfield smiled.

"Well! to the letter, dear," she said. "Address it to Robinson W. Hawley, Esq., 242 St. James Building, New York."

Miriam's fingers moved quiveringly across the paper.

"My Dear Mr. Hawley."

Mrs. Oldfield paused and put her hand across her eyes as if she were thinking.

"This is not an easy letter to write, Miriam. It is hard to give away one of your own, no matter how much you trust a man."

The girl sat gazing into the sunshiny garden.

"It is just like one of mother's droll, original little tricks to break the news to me in this fashion," she thought. "Mother never does anything as one would expect her to." A smile hovered about her lips while she put into rapid shorthand characters her mother's dictation.

"I can assure you, my dear Mr. Hawley, of the complete surprise your letter brought to me. Of course, I say yes, since the happiness of one so near and so dear to me is bound up in such an answer. No one so well as I can tell you how wisely you have chosen a wife. The loss in our home of one who is so dearly loved I cannot yet realize, but I know that when I give to you my sister Elizabeth, I——"

Miriam dropped her pencil and gazed at her mother with a whitening face. She sprang suddenly to her feet. The notebook fell to the floor.

"Mother!" she cried, with a long, sobbing breath, "do you mean Elizabeth—our Elizabeth——?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Oldfield, "hadn't you guessed it?"

"My—aunt—Elizabeth?" The girl's question was a piteous whisper.

"My daughter!" cried the mother, "what is the matter?"

Miriam had sunk upon the low chair. The mother drew her gently to her arms as if she were a child again and caressed the ripping brown hair.

"Doesn't it make you happy, Miriam?" she asked. "I think it would, dear, if you knew him as well as we do."

"He is—he is not worthy of Aunt Elizabeth!" cried the girl passionately.

"Miriam, what do you know about Mr. Hawley? You have never met him."

"I know—but nobody is good enough for Aunt Elizabeth. Mother, please excuse your private secretary. I'm going for a tramp. I've got to be used to being left alone in the family."

Mrs. Oldfield sat gazing down the country road after the retreating figure of her daughter. Miriam was a creature of moods, occasionally thoughtful, but oftener merry and radiating sunshine. "Was it jealousy?" thought the mother wonderingly. Her sister, Elizabeth, who was only two years older than her own daughter, had come into her home at their mother's death and the children had grown up together with such a bond of affection as exists between few sisters. Mrs. Oldfield had rare wisdom in the training of children. In Elizabeth she found one temperament. The child cared for nothing but music. So every advantage had been given her. Her own daughter had shown such a wonderful love of housekeeping that in her training the mother carried out some thoroughly original ideas. As soon as the little girl learned to write intelligently she had proudly taken the place of her mother's private secretary. When invitations had to be sent out they were written in a big, bold, childish hand. The housekeeping accounts were balanced each week in the same unformed chirography, but with the neatness of an experienced bookkeeper. Social notes and family correspondence were frequently trusted to the enthusiastic little girl. Before she went into high school she had begun to make herself indispensable to her mother, from whom club circles and society exacted large dues. In school the girl added eagerly to her other studies a portion of a business education and a domestic science training. Her one thought was how to make herself as valuable as possible, her mother's private secretary. She had returned from her four years at college with a poise of manner and an executive ability in household and social affairs which astonished even the mother. Her nature was a large, generous, gracious one, and Mrs. Oldfield felt puzzled over the girl's strange outburst of feeling. She was sure she was too great-hearted for jealousy; it could not be that. It must be the thought of parting. She wished now that she had broken the news more tactfully. She had imagined Miriam would accept it with delight. She turned to her desk to write the letter to Mr. Hawley herself. She sighed while she folded the sheet and put it lingeringly in the envelope. It hurt her to think of the breaking up of the home circle and of Miriam's grief.

The girl returned from her tramp in time for luncheon. The bracing fall air and wind had blown a magnificent color into her cheeks and whipped the rebellious strands of her hair into clustering curls, but there was a new thoughtfulness and a shade of trouble about the glowing face which the mother felt rather than saw. She did not speak again of the prospective wedding, tactfully setting it aside for other topics. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Oldfield drove to the depot to meet her young sister, who was returning from a few days' visit in Boston.

"Do not speak to Miriam of the engagement," said Mrs. Oldfield, while the horse jogged leisurely homeward.

"Why?" asked Elizabeth, with surprise.

"She feels the breaking of sisterly ties far more than I had any idea she would. I have seldom seen her give way so completely as she did to-day. Let her come to you to talk it over when she feels like it."

That night Miriam came. Elizabeth sat curled up in a big chair before a crackling wood fire. She was a luxurious creature, who loved warmth and color and beauty. She had tossed a few sticks of driftwood among the glowing embers. Long tongues of blue and green flame shot up like a weird illumination. Miriam drew a low chair in front of the hearth and wrapped her arms about her knees. It was another childish pose which had clung to her. Elizabeth smiled when she noticed it.

"I suppose you are very happy, Elizabeth?" said the girl slowly, "and I ought to say all sorts of lovely things to make you—happier. That is the custom, is it not?"

"Yes, only I want you to feel your congratulations, Miriam. You will, I think, when you come to know Robin—as well as I do."

"Tell me all about it—where you met him, when you were engaged and—everything."

Elizabeth smiled happily.

"I met Rob two years ago in Switzerland, when your mother and I were coaching with the Hamiltons. I went back to my studies in Paris. We corresponded in a friendly sort of way until last spring. One afternoon when I left Marchesi's he was waiting for me on the sidewalk. I had fancied him in America; I could not believe for a minute it was Robin. That evening he asked me to marry him. We agreed to keep it a secret. He is associated in business with an old uncle who does not want him to marry, and I——"Elizabeth laughed blithely—"well, I had talked so idiotically for years about being wedded to my art that I—well, I did not feel like announcing our engagement immediately. I did not tell even sister Anna."

"When did Mr. Hawley go to Paris?" asked Miriam slowly.

"Early in April," said Elizabeth.

"It was in March, wasn't it, that the papers told of your inheriting Grandmother Weirs's fortune?"

"Shame on you, Miriam!" cried the elder girl, angrily. She jumped from the chair and drew herself to a full, slender height.

"Elizabeth, do not be angry!" pleaded her niece. "I want to be quite sure the man who takes you away from our home is worthy of you."

"He is," said Elizabeth decidedly. "My money does not come into Rob's consideration. He will be a wealthy man himself at his uncle's death. There is no need for him to marry a rich wife."

"Forgive me!" pleaded the girl by her side. She laid Elizabeth's white hand against her cheek and patted it gently.

"I'm forgiven, am I not?"

"You're an uncomfortably exacting person," cried Elizabeth; "besides, it is so unflattering, you know; don't you imagine a man could find something about myself to love as well as my money?"

"Yes," replied Miriam decisively, "there is so much about you to love that I should wish him to quite forget the money."

"Rob does," said Elizabeth.

"I want to tell you something of a little romance of my own."

"Oh, I'm so glad! Is it Arthur?"

"It is not Arthur," said the younger girl resolutely. "I do not think it ever will be Arthur. It was—somebody else—years ago."

"How many years ago?" Elizabeth laughed gaily.

"Years and years and years ago, it seems to me." Miriam spoke in a low voice. "I was very young then and very credulous and very unwise. The year mother took you to Europe, when I was a junior at college, I was left, you remember, at Uncle Sperry's. At a picnic one day I met a young man from Boston. He was handsome and fascinating and—different from anyone I had ever known. I thought it was romantic to have a secret. We got engaged. I had only seen him twice since that time—when I have been at Uncle Sperry's. We have corresponded regularly. I had a letter from him two days ago. He said he was coming to see my mother next week. I was so happy. Then—yesterday mother dictated a letter to me—for him. At first I thought it was her droll way of doing things, giving us lovely surprises as she sometimes does. Then——"

Elizabeth had risen to her feet again. She was looking down with frightened wide-open eyes at her niece.

"Who was he?" she asked in a whisper.

Miriam put her hand to her throat. She drew out a slender chain and slipped from it a gold locket. She opened it and handed it to Elizabeth.

"Robin!" cried the girl in a choking voice. Then she sank back in the chair and covered her face with her hands. The locket tinkled to the floor. Miriam stooped and picked it up, then she tossed it into a little cave of red embers. Around it the blue and green flames of the driftwood leaped gleefully.

* * * * * * *

Last June I was a guest at a beautiful church wedding. I arrived early. There was a long wait in the flower-adorned church. I could not help hearing a conversation close to my ear.

"Miriam ought to be one of the most beautiful brides who ever entered this church," said one woman.

"And one of the happiest. Still, I never fancied she would marry Arthur Rutledge. He simply waited devotedly, determined she would marry him."

"She loves him to-day, I believe, as he does her. She will make a remarkably good wife, her mother has given her such a splendid training. She ought to be a power socially in Albany, where Arthur goes to the Senate this fall. There is nothing in the way of home affairs that Miriam is not thoroughly familiar with. She has a way with servants that makes them adore her. I once had a girl from the Oldfield house who quoted Miss Miriam to me constantly. She has all sorts of traits that make servants love her. She is considerate of their comfort, and always looking out to give them a bit of pleasure or an outing when she can, yet I think from something this Ellen of mine once said, half their respect and adoration of Miriam is because she knows as well or better than even her servants do how every kind of work should be done; that, I suppose, came from the training she took in domestic science."

"Yes, and partly from her mother's fine common-sense upbringing."

"That's true. What a different future Miriam has from her pretty little aunt, Mrs. Hawley. You never knew her, did you?"

"No."

"She was a little beauty, and had a magnificent voice which she had cultivated in Paris, and her grandmother left her a fortune. Mr. Hawley—the New York man she married—spent her fortune and then treated her badly. She left him and went on the concert stage. Last winter her singing made a sensation in the West. She is——"

"Sh-h-h-h! the bridal party is coming!"—Good Housekeeping.

Net Weight.

A story that might be true of purchasing agents in more than one city is told by the Brooklyn Eagle. One need not question its verity too closely, for it has enough of humor to make it worth retelling.

A physician on the city health commission ordered five pounds of sponges. In the course of time he received two sponges that together weighed less than a pound. Later he received a voucher for him to sign in order that the contractor might get his pay from the city. The physician refused to sign it.

"Why won't you sign?" asked the contractor.

"Because the order calls for five pounds, and the sponges you sent me don't weigh more than five ounces."

"Nonsense, man! I weighed them myself."

"So did I. If you don't believe my figures, there are the sponges. Weigh them yourself."

"What!" cried the contractor, looking at the shrunken sponges. "You don't mean to say you weighed them dry!"

A woman's negative is usually positive.

DE CLICKIN' OB DE REEL.

I's heard the bullfrog bellow,
De fatty 'possum squeal;
But dat's no music like unto
De clickin' ob de reel.

I's heard de locus' singin',
De killdea's noisy peal;
But dat don't wake de heart up
Like de clickin' ob de reel.

I's heard de farm bell ringin',
De call fer fiel' han's meal;
But dat don't hab no 'traction
Like de clickin' ob de reel.

I's heard de foxhoun' barkin',
He'd scent de rabbit's heel;
But dat were mighty dulness
'Gin de clickin' ob de reel.

Is yer eber bin a-boatin'
In de ship widout de keel,
En seen de rod a-bendin'
To de clickin' ob de reel?

De trow dey call de "castin'",
En when de "strike" ye's feel
De line she go a-sizzin'
To de clickin' ob de reel?

Yer begin ter wind 'er in den
Wid all ye's nigga zeal,
Fer ye's like ter cotch'd er bass, sah,
Wid de clickin' ob de reel.

From abery nook en connor
Natur's mel'dries roun' me steal,
But nun ob dem am in it
Wid de clickin' ob de reel.

—Washington Times.

PITH AND POINT.

"What caused Puffleigh's failure?" "He was a victim of overconfidence." "In——" "Himself."—Puck.

She—"I had an uncle who was killed by lightning." He—"How very shocking! Trolley car or electric chair?"—Chicago News.

"Is Cholly really looking for a job?" "Oh, dear, no. He's looking for an opportunity to consent to accept a position."—Chicago Post.

De Style—"Have you ever heard of ping-pong?" Gumbusta (innocently)—"Oh, yes; I frequently take my laundry to him."—The Smart Set.

"I've so much work I do not know
Which way to turn, alack!"
"In that case," ventured Lazy Joe,
"Why don't you turn your back?"
—Philadelphia Record.

Maggie—"Mame's stuck up 'cause she's a ping-pong champeen." Lizzie—"Humph! No wonder she can play ping-pong. She slings sinkers in a quick-lunch restaurant."—Judge.

Sea Captain—"Waiter, what do you call this?" Waiter — "Bouillon, sir." Sea Captain—"Well, well, I must have sailed on bouillon all my life and did not know it."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

If love is simply a disease,
As scientists assure us,
Then marriage is, though it displease,
The only thing to cure us.
—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Battles—"How silly Martha acts about that baby of hers!" Mrs. Waters—"I know it; it's perfectly disgusting. She couldn't think more of the thing if it were a dog."—Boston Transcript.

Visitor—"So you go to school now, do you?" Tommy—"Yes, sir." Visitor—"And what part of the exercises do you like the best?" Tommy—"Why, the exercise we get at recess."—Philadelphia Press.

"Well," said the magazine poet, "I have one comforting thought left, any way." "What's that?" his wife asked. "My poetry hasn't been found to be bad enough for any Congressman to quote in a speech as yet."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"The larger the city the greater the cost of living," I remarked, just to show that I was informed on matters of social economy. "Yes," said the tired looking man with the memory of green fields and running brooks, "and the less there is of it."—Brooklyn Life.

Parvenu—"I was raised as genteel as you was, an' I'll bet you a hundred on it. Come on, now; 'money talks.'" Kostique—"If your money talked the way you do you'd be bankrupt pretty soon." Parvenu—"What do you mean?" Kostique—"It would give itself away."—Philadelphia Record.

Surprising the Teacher.

They have an amiable custom in some of the Brooklyn schools of giving the teachers what are termed "surprises." When a class has been with a new teacher a reasonably long period and she hasn't developed any disagreeable traits, such as a passion for "keeping in" or writing notes to parents, it is agreed among the pupils to give her a "surprise." It is customary to call on the principal for "aid and comfort" in carrying out the scheme. The first thing is to levy a per capita tax on each member of the class. Then the nature of the gift is determined on, and lastly the principal is waited on. At a given hour she is requested to send for the class teacher on some pretence. While the teacher is out of the room the gift is placed on her desk. Presently the teacher returns to the class with a consciously unconscious look on her face. At the moment of her entry she is greeted with the cry of "Surprise!" uttered simultaneously by the whole class. Of course she is properly overcome and life is "one grand sweet song" in that room for the rest of the afternoon.—New York Sun.

Where Tips Are Expected.

Everyone who has traveled in Europe knows that it is almost necessary to pay one's way twice over. A traveler pays his fare from place to place, and in addition tips the guards and the porters; he pays his bill at the hotel, and scatters small change right and left among the waiters and chambermaids. Even when he is visiting at a private house he must fee the servant—at least, it is expected that he will. The traveler does not always know it, but it is nevertheless true, that some one or another nearly always receives a commission on his purchases at the shops—his guide, his courier or his hotelkeeper. Tips are open, the commissions are secret.—John Gilmer Speed, in Lippincott.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Water Closes Mines—Escaped Murderers Captured—Fatal Explosion—Smallpox Quarantine.

Among the new names placed on the pension roll during the past week were Robert W. Brownlee, Washington, $12; Henry Pfant, Brunnersville, $8; Jacob Sipe, Neshannock Falls, $10; George W. Zeth, Claysburg, $10; Leonidas E. Power, Claysville, $10; Henry F. Brandt, Somerset, $12; Joel Martin, Vandergrift, $8; George W. Reeder, Lack, $12; Mary E. Byerly, Carlisle, $8; Sarah Knapp, Aleppo, $8; Elizabeth Stoke, Aleppo, $8; James F. Cafferty, Blanket Hill, $24; George A. Kennedy, Avonia, $10; William Sperow, Carlisle, $10; Alsalom Osman, Bellwood, $10; William F. Stine, Huntingdon, $10; Agnes H. Cook, Blairsville, $8; Hannah McFarland, Tyrone, $8; Mahala Heeman, Towanda, $12; Appeline Bannon, Oil City, $12; Samuel Suther, Reynoldsville, $10; William Patten, Meadville, $10.

The inter-society contest between Allegheny and Philo-Franklin Literary societies, of Allegheny college, at Meadville, resulted in a victory for the former, which won nine points to Philo-Franklin's one. Frederick Stockton, of Meadville, was the successful essayist; H. L. Smith, of Meadville won the debate; Robert G. Freeman, of Edinboro, Scotland, the oration contest, and J. Gayle Nelson, of Conneaut Lake, the declamation.

Adjt. Gen. T. J. Stewart held a conference with officers of the commissary department of the National Guard as to the fare to be furnished at the annual encampment at Gettysburg in July, and it was decided to relieve the austerities of soldier fare. Cocoa will be served and green cabbage and other modifications of the fare will be allowed.

At a meeting of the Monroe county bar a resolution was adopted declaring that the escape from prison of the murderers Gerther and Aiello was due to the continued and gross negligence of Sheriff V. O. Mervine and requesting the sheriff to tender his resignation forthwith.

Two furnaces, the National and Stewart, resumed operations at Sharon. The employes at the former plant received an advance in wages of 10 per cent., but the latter went back at the old rate of wages. The Alice and Claire, at Sharpsville, also went into blast.

Bert Anderson, a stonemason, was arrested at Scranton on suspicion of being the murderer of Mary Quinn, who was found with a crushed head in a lonely field in Keyser Valley. It was known that he was a rejected suitor for the hand of Miss Quinn.

Owing to the differences existing between physicians regarding cases reported as smallpox the Beaver county commissioners will apply to the state board of health to send an expert to diagnose each case and determine the nature of the disease.

Abe Rothchild, alais A. M. Graham, the alleged New York diamond swindler, who had, by assuming the name of George H. Stewart of Shippensburg, planned in that town a $500,000 diamond haul, was arrested in Harrisburg.

Two more men are dead at Johnstown as a result of the explosion at the Cambria powder mill at Seward, making six deaths in all. Frank L. Wakefield and Thomas Gordon died from burns received in the explosion.

A powder explosion that shook South Sharon and seriously injured two Italians occurred in a stone quarry near the town. The men were sharpening tools, when a spark flew into a keg filled with blasting powder.

The striking puddlers in four rolling mills at Columbia, although granted an increase in wages, refused to return to work because the management refused to treat with the Amalgamated association.

Charles Grether and Benjamin Aiello, the convicted murderers who escaped from the county jail at Stroudsburg, were captured, the former at Manunka Chunk, N. J., and the latter at Belvidere, N. J.

At Connellsville James Stewart, a railroader, and Annie Schleicher, aged 17, were found to be suffering from smallpox, and the entire district in which they live has been quarantined.

H. D. Buckley, controller of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, purchased the Pittsburgh & Connellsville railroad, the 12-mile branch between Connellsvill & Uniontown for $325,000.

The Rev. H. W. Temple, of the First United Presbyterian church, of Washington, has announced that he has decided to accept the presidency of Monmouth college, at Monmouth Ill.

Edward Bailey, of Harrisburg, and Gen. David McM. Gregg, of Reading, were reappointed members of the board of trustes of the Harrisburg insane hospital by Gov. Stone.

Owing to several cases of smallpox in Foxburg, a town located three miles south of Emlenton, all the barber shops and saloons have been closed by the board of health.

The station and freight buildings of the Pennsylvania railroad at Petersburg, near Huntingdon, were burned; loss, $9,000.

The tenth annual reunion of the Bedford county civil war veterans, was held at Hyndman.

The celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Methodist Episcopal church in the Big Sandy valley was held at Seaton's grove, near Franklin.

Jerry Fry and Thomas Cunningham were arrested at Irwin charged with stealing freight from the Pennsylvania railroad.

George A. Comfort, crier of Cumberland county courts in Carlisle, who was a prisoner in Libby prison, died in Carlisle.

Lewis Grassel was held up by a negro at Washington and robbed of $10.