

THE EGOTIST.

I am the man who runs them all! I stand in conscious power Upon my home-made pedestal, The hero of the hour.

Decrees of kings or words of wit Which mighty minds reveal, Can never hope to make a hit Until they hear my seal.

I do not toil. I but compile The scroll that tells renown; Men cool like children when I smile And tremble when I frown. 'Tis thus the lordly egotist sings While earnest workers strive And find the joy that doing brings, Nor know that he's alive.

IN WARD FIFTEEN.

WILLIAM PARSONS, Company E, Eighteenth United States Infantry, was the entry in the hospital register. He occupied a cot in Ward 15, together with thirty other wounded soldiers, representing nearly every regular regiment in the Fifth Army Corps. Many of them were seriously wounded, one was shot through the neck, several through the body, while others had been mangled by the terrible shrapnel. But of all the wounded, Bill Parsons was the only one who could not live. At least, so the surgeons and nurses said, and as the regulars, through long experience, had learned to put faith in what the surgeons told them, they not infrequently forgot their wounds and looked over toward the white screen which sheltered Bill's cot, and muttered something which sounded like "Poor Bill," or remarked that it was a blank shame that such a good soldier should be obliged to give up his life to the bullet of a miserable dago. And Bill was a good soldier—a good regular—and when you have said that you can say no more. His bronzed face, with its deeply marked lines, bespoke dangers and hardships and his hair and beard were grizzled. Fighting was an old story to Bill Parsons. He had hunted Captain Jack and his Modoc Indians; he had fought the Utes, Geronimo and his Apaches, and he had been with Miles at Pine Ridge. Thirty years in the regular army was his record and private was the only title that had ever been affixed to his name. If he lived, however, and decided to stay in the army, he would stand an excellent chance of being called sergeant, for his Colonel had seen him when he seized the colors from the dead sergeant's hand and carried them far out on the firing line on the hillside of El Caney. He had had but few conscious moments since leaving Siboney. They did not think he would live to make the voyage, but as he was breathing when the Seneca began to load with wounded for the first trip north he was put aboard with the rest. And in due time he was in the cool, clean ward at Bellevue. It was a hard fight for life, but Bill was a good fighter, and he won. Weeks passed. The wound in the head had healed, but the terrible Cuban fever and the shock of his wound weakened his body and sapped the little that remained of his great strength. His bunkies had already begun to leave their cots and to gather on the sunny balcony where they smoked their corn-cob pipes and swapped bandage and stories, but Bill still sometimes and moaned on his cot. Sometimes he would open his eyes and look about him in amazement. He wondered where he was, and thought it might be the Port Custer barracks until he looked through an open window and caught a glimpse of the slate colored waters of the East River and the green stretch of the hospital grounds sloping down to meet them. Maybe it was fairyland or heaven. He wondered who the sweet-faced woman standing by the next cot could be, and he marvelled that she should spend so much time in feeding its occupants with fruit and ices. If some one would only feed him. He seemed to have a vague impression that something had softly stroked his forehead while he slept. He thought that possibly it might have been some of the angels whom he used to believe guarded over those who sleep, and then he smiled foolishly and told himself that he had probably dreamed it. And then the windows darkened, the sky grew black, the ward and its occupants faded away, and he sunk into the first sweet sleep since he was wounded. Meanwhile the regulars and nurses had come to look for the arrival of a stout, sweet-faced woman with spectacles and gray hair. "Yes, ma'am," they would say, "he's a little better to-day." And then she would smile and go over to Bill's cot, and if he was asleep she would sit down on the edge of his cot and smooth out the rumpled hair and bathe his temples with ice water. If his eyes were open she would pass by. But whether he was asleep or awake she would always leave a jar of jelly or some fruit on the little table by the head of his cot. She left jelly with the other soldiers, too, but she never sat beside them or bathed their temples—perhaps it was because Bill looked so sick and so old. Bill never slept so soundly as now, and he often dreamed that some beautiful being guarded over his slumbers. And once his dream seemed so real that he awoke, but he did not open his eyes because a soft hand was passing over his aching forehead. It was not the surgeon's hand nor the nurse's. He was familiar with their touch. He knew it was a woman's hand or an angel's. Quite as likely one as the other, thought Bill. He did not open his eyes until the hand ceased to bathe his forehead. It was early in the afternoon, he knew, because the sun's rays shone in neither the eastern nor the western windows. Thereafter he always kept awake at that time, although he never opened his eyes. And then the surgeon shook his head, and decided that Bill was not improving—he slept too much—but Bill knew. "When I get well," he told himself,

"she won't come any more. I don't know but I'd just as lief die." But the next time he heard the familiar rustling of the dress he opened his eyes and found a sweet-faced woman standing near his cot, and she blushed and turned away when she saw him looking at her. And then Bill wished he had kept his eyes closed. He began to feel very funny about it all. There was something about her face that puzzled him. As one pauses and listens to the strains of some old forgotten melody, wonders where he heard it before, remembers and then recalls the associations with which it is linked, so Bill gazed at that gentle, peaceful face, the faded blue eyes with the crow's feet in the corners and thought of a girl he used to know in a little town in the hills. Bill had loved that girl. That was why he went into the army. It was all so long ago that it seemed like a dream, and yet the light which still lingered in the eyes of that kindly woman illumined his dream to a semblance of reality and in mind he followed the light down the devious grooves of change until the face of his old love shone vividly through the veil of years. Bill was puzzled to know why that should be. She came back the next afternoon bringing with her a long pipe and several bags of tobacco. "The doctor says you may smoke to-morrow, and maybe I'll come and read to you." "Thanks, lady," said Bill, who felt as one must feel to whom an angel has stooped. And she did come, and she came the day after, and although she visited many soldiers it was Bill to whom she used to read of the doings at Montauk Point, or listened while Bill in his simple way told the story of his campaigns. Once she told Bill of her little home in the hills, where she hired a girl to milk the cows and man to do chores and help raise garden truck for the market ever since her husband had died. And when she told him this the light of Bill's dream became light indeed. He knew now why she had been kind to him. Strange thoughts began to fill his mind, and oftentimes he blushed behind his grizzled whiskers. The woman began to be known as Bill's widow, and they made mild sentimental jests at his expense, but Bill smiled. "I used to know her when she was a girl," was his only reply. But there was one thing of which Bill's bunkies were certain, and that was if her kindness to him was due to the fact that he had known her when she was a girl, the same explanation could not be applied to her kindness to the youngest soldier in the ward. Merely a boy he was, and he had blue eyes, too, much like the widow's. A shell had taken off his foot at the ankle and he spent most of his time talking of the pension and the two cork legs a year that Uncle Sam was to give him. He had been brought into Ward 15 only recently. But he had not been there a day before every one knew that Bill had a rival. There were some who had seen her cry and kiss the boy when she first saw him, and some had said that the boy cried, too, although this was not generally believed. One day she sat beside the boy, talking earnestly the whole time, for nearly an hour, and she stayed with Bill only ten minutes. For she was in a hurry, she said. Then it was that Bill realized, as had his comrades long before him. And then he blushed again and felt very foolish. Just a little bitter, too, he felt, and in a dull way it struck him that this was not the first time she had made him feel this way. But the first time was many, many long years ago. The next time she called Bill made believe that he was asleep, and so he did the next time after that. It was hard, though, and after she had gone a tear trickled down Bill's furrowed cheek. But the third time he pretended to be asleep again. This time, however, the steps lingered by his cot, he felt warm breath against his cheek, but he kept his eyes closed. Then came a softly whispered sentence and then Bill opened his eyes very wide. His comrades were out on the balcony, and the nurse was in another part of the ward, so no one can say authoritatively what followed. At all events Bill did not feign sleep any more, and often he glanced protectively at the little crippled rookie. Of course he could understand why she did not want him to know at first, although she never told him why. He should not have cared if she had three sons. When Bill said good-bye to his bunkies and told them he was going to re-enlist they slapped him on the back and seemed glad that he had not fallen down to the "Jersey widow." And Bill did enlist. The United States Army was not aware of it, however, for his enlistment papers were filed in the archives of a little country church back in the Jersey hills, and Bill often declares that it was the most satisfactory enlistment that he ever made—all the more satisfactory since the crippled rookie has learned to call him father.—New York Sun.

Most Fertile Soil.

Egyptian soil holds the world's record for fertility. Its best 10,500 square miles support 928 people to the mile.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

WHAT THIS OLD SEAT OF LEARNING IS LIKE.

Cecil Rhodes' bold plan of furnishing Scholarships to Students from the United States, the British Colonies and Germany makes this article timely.

Cecil Rhodes' bold plan—provided for in his will, as recently chronicled—to send each year to Oxford University a number of select students from the United States, the British colonies and Germany, with a scholarship provision of \$1500 each for expenses—this far-reaching benevolence has naturally called forth much discussion; and the occasion is ripe for asking what one of these scholarships at illustrious Oxford is like to mean.

First then, the details as to how the candidates are to be chosen, what is to be required of them, etc.—all this is still undetermined. The matter will be worked out with deliberation by boards of administrators yet to be chosen. Rhodes never concerned himself with ways; all he did was to supply the means of doing things. His scholarship endowment plan involves many difficulties in practice and it will take time to assimilate a scheme of procedure.

The University of Oxford differs from any educational institution in this country. It is not a single, compact university, like Harvard or Yale, but a collection of independent colleges under a form of confederacy somewhat analogous to that by which the various states of the Union are bound. It is a sort of pluribus unum. But in Oxford the power and influence of the colleges predominate over the university.

Cambridge University, in England, is the only other school that is like Oxford. The other English universities and the German and French universities are more like ours, though there are of course radical differences between such institutions in the different countries.

It would take years of residence at the university to understand the peculiar relations which exist at Oxford. The institution is the growth of six or eight centuries of time, and its history is as complicated as that of a nation. Yet a little inquiry will show us its distinctive characteristics—little understood as they generally are by the average American.

Oxford University was not turned out virtually complete at one operation like Stanford. From the earliest times the place was a seat of learning. There was a nunnery there as early as the eighth century, and Pope Martin II in 802 spoke of the town as an educational center. Vacarius lectured there in Latin, on law, in 1149. There were by that time a number of monasteries and other religious houses there, to some of which schools were attached, where students were bred up for the church.

In course of time the teachers of the various schools came to meet together in a sort of "institute," to discuss methods and adopt general rules. From this association, distinct from and of higher authority than any particular school, the University of Oxford sprang. The word "university" (universitas) was first applied in a statute of King John, in 1201.

Walter de Merton, in 1264, first gave the institution the character it was destined to develop. He founded Merton college; and from time to time during 400 years other similar colleges were founded until there were 21 in all. These exist today, and beside them there are some collateral schools also, sustaining special relations to the university.

The original purpose in founding the separate colleges was to give the friends and townspeople of the founder a place to live and study together. The various colleges are by no means uniform. Each has its own character, its own customs and rules, its own supporters.

Originally the students lived where they pleased in the town of Oxford, but under the college system they were required to take up their residence in the college buildings called Inns, hotels or halls—some as our college fraternities have their own quarters—where they lived in common—the meals and the rooms being called "commons."

Out of the college funds certain sums were laid aside to pay for the support of a limited number of poorer undergraduate students, and these provisions were called scholarships. Then other funds were established for the support of post-graduate students, called fellowships, and the possessor of one of them was a "fellow." There are now—not including the Rhodes scholarships—several hundred scholarships, worth \$400 to \$600 each, and about 30 fellowships worth about \$1500 each. The bequests of \$1500 a year each will therefore put the Rhodes scholars on a footing, financially, with the most honored class of residents at the university.

When a young man goes to Oxford he is not, as at our American colleges, assigned to classes where he has to study text-books, recite, listen to lectures, and take frequent examinations. There is no university examination at entrance, but all the best colleges have an entrance examination, varying in standard with the college. The colleges do the teaching, what there is of it, but always with a view to the honors and degrees conferred by the university. The university itself provides certain lectures, notably in science, law and theology—though science is not put to the front at Oxford. But as a rule the university lecturers talk to empty benches. The students is not really required to at-

tend any lectures, not even those given by his own college; but he may attend any he likes, even those in other colleges. In recent years the lectures have taken a somewhat more practical and definite turn.

Formerly the favorite colleges at Oxford were filled up several years in advance, but for the last generation students have been allowed to live in their own lodgings, instead of in common, and now a student can enter any college on short notice. It is hard to say just how many students are in attendance, as such statistics are not made prominent by the university. The number runs from 1600 to 2000 perhaps—or much below that at a number of the German, French and American universities.

The colleges hold certain examinations at intervals, and students are generally expected to pass these up within a stated time. Specially difficult examinations are held for honors. Finally the university conducts the examinations leading to the degrees—the main purpose being to make Masters of Arts.

There are four terms each year: Michaelmas, from Oct. 10 to Dec. 17; Hilary, from Jan. 14 to Palm Sunday; Easter, from Wednesday of Easter week to Friday before Whitsunday; and Trinity, from Whitsunday to the first Saturday after the first Tuesday in July. The ordinary academic year is about 26 weeks. Twelve terms of residence are required as a minimum for the degree of B. A., and 27 terms for M. A. It is seen, therefore, that to be a "Master of Arts of Oxford" is something to be justly proud of, as it means at least about seven years faithful work.

It is customary for students to "read" with a private tutor, who helps them over the rough places. These tutors generally get about \$50 a term, for three hours a week. They are usually upper classmen, or post-graduates working for higher degrees. The cost of tuition paid to the colleges averages about \$325 for the whole three years—not including tutors' fees. About £200, or say \$1000, a year is the amount generally accepted as a liberal allowance for all expenses of a young man studying at Oxford. The very minimum would be half this. The professors draw salaries up to \$4500 a year, the average being hardly \$2000.

The official title of the university is: "The Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Oxford." The university is mostly self-governing, and is a republic in itself. There are four representative bodies that manage its affairs. There is the Hebdomadal Council or weekly meeting, which is a sort of ways and means committee; the House of Congregation, a sort of upper house or revisory board, which grants degrees, etc.; the Convocation, consisting of all the Masters of Arts or graduate alumni of the university, which elects the two members to parliament that the law of James I gives to the university; and the Congregation of the University, which passes laws for the government of the university, etc. Two procurators—a sort of police—have authority over the department of the students—one of the university bug-bears, as will be recalled by those that have read "Tom Brown at Oxford."

The town of Oxford has about 45,000 people. It is situated in a beautiful rolling, pastoral country in one of the sweetest and most romantic sections of England—about 55 miles up the Thames from London, though the little river here is known by its more classic name of Isis. The High street or principal thoroughfare of the town has often been called the finest street in the world. This does not mean that any particular building is architecturally finer than those in any great city; but the vast number of massive, hoary and impressive structures makes the whole sublime.

Oxford stands for a kind of education not much cultivated now in America, where everything takes a practical turn. But Rhodes was a practical man and he knew Oxford; and he was convinced that the influence of that great institution, operating on young men of energy and resource, from newer countries, would be a powerful lever for the betterment of the world. Men of broad culture such as Oxford can produce he knew would be in increasing demand in the coming time. And it may be that these students from other lands will in turn be a powerful element in the evolution of a newer Oxford, which shall thus exert increased influence on the progress of mankind.—The Pathfinder.

How to Address Diplomats.

In view of the numerous and frequent applications for information respecting the proper designation of individuals of the diplomatic body in Washington, the state department has prepared the following representative forms of title for the introduction of officials:

- His Excellency the Ambassador of Italy. The Minister from Costa Rica. The Charge d'Affairs of Venezuela. The Secretary of the Siamese Legation. The Military Attache of Turkey. In conversation Signor Mayer, the Nalkan Ambassador, should be addressed as "Your Excellency" or "Mr. Ambassador;" the ministers in each case as "Mr. Minister," and Senor Pulido as "Mr. Charge d'Affaires," or "Mr. Charge." The secretary of the Siamese Legation should be addressed simply as "Mr. Loftus."—Washington Post.

The Good Boy.

There are bad boys and less bad boys, but there never yet was a good boy that was well and hearty.—New York Press.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Great boaster, little doer.—French proverb. A fool sometimes gives good counsel.—Spanish proverb. An angry man heeds no counsel.—Portuguese proverb. The most learned are not the wisest.—Dutch proverb. He who knows but little quickly tells it.—Italian proverb. Sleep over it and you will come to a resolution. Spanish proverb. He who would relish his food must not see it cooked.—Italian proverb. Love without return is like a question without an answer.—German proverb. A man is in general better pleased when he has a good dinner than when his wife talks Greek.—Johnson. It is easy, in the world, to live after the world's opinion. It is easy, in solitude, to live after your own. But the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson. Good manners are the settled medium of social as well as of commercial life; returns are equally expected from both; and people will no more advance their civility to a bear than their money to a bankrupt.—Chesterfield.

THE BOY AND THE MERCHANT.

How, by Sundry Tests, an Employer Selected an Errand Boy.

A merchant party of this city, needing additional help, inserted the following advertisement in a morning paper: "Boy Wanted—\$4 a week; \$6 to the right one." A group of two or three dozen applicants awaited the merchant the next day in his office. One at a time they were admitted, and to each in turn the merchant said:

"Take this book and read on without pause or break until I tell you to stop."

The boy would take the volume and begin to read. The merchant, after a moment, would rise with a sharp exclamation and drop a heavy paperweight upon the floor, which would excite the curiosity of the reader, who would pause and raise his eyes from the text to see what was going on. But if he refrained from doing this, if he kept up a continuous flow of reading, the merchant would put him to another test by taking a puppy dog from a closet and beginning to romp with it.

All the boys but one fell before the test of the puppy dog. They stopped reading, they looked on at the romp with smiles, and some of them even went so far as to say:

"What's the dog's name, mister?"

Those who failed like this were bidden to depart. But the one boy who did not fail the merchant took by the hand. "I want you," he said, "for it is plain that you are master of yourself. I told you to keep on reading, and you kept on, though I test you I dropped an iron paperweight and played with a puppy dog. I'll take you, therefore, into my employ at \$4 a week, and if you do as well as I think you will your salary will be raised to \$6 a week within 9 months."

The boy, who had an honest, open countenance, said: "I thank you, sir. Mother will be glad to hear of this. I will report for duty at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning."

And bowing politely, he laid down, holding his cap in his hand. The merchant gave him, the next morning, \$5 in greenbacks to deposit in bank. "You are master of yourself," he said, "and without fear I give you a position of trust at once."

The boy set out for the bank, but never reached it. Neither did he ever return to his employer again. He disappeared completely. He was a scoundrel and a thief.

Thereafter, in engaging help, the merchant was guided by references rather than by tests.—Philadelphia Record.

Comical Fishing Contest.

A very amusing competition for fishermen has just taken place in Brussels. The contest, which was international, says the London Express, brought three fishing clubs from France. The prizes, which ran up to several hundred francs, were to be awarded to those who caught most fish in a given time. Hundreds of competitors appeared on the scene, clad in a variety of comical costumes.

Fishing took place in the lake in the Bois de la Cambre and the Tuelles ponds, all noted for their finny inhabitants. Round the banks the fishermen sat for hours under a broiling sun in a serried line, gravely watching their floats. All the rods had to go into the water at a given signal. Wherever a fish was caught, he it great or be it small, a gun was fired.

The first fish caught in each group was cooked for the feast and, minnow or whale, served on a bed of parsley. The dish was carried solemnly to the president, who rose and bowed gravely to the unconscious fish, after which it was paraded round the room and saluted by all the members of the club in turn. At the close of the dinner the president proposed the health of all fish.

Safest in the World.

The new breakwater forming the harbor of refuge in Delaware Bay is formed throughout the length of nearly 9000 feet of stones weighing from 12,000 to 16,000 pounds. It cost more than two and a quarter millions, but is the safest of the large harbors of the world.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Died From Lockjaw—Terrible Thunder Storm—Re-Union of the Tenth Regiment.

The following names were added to the pension roll during the past week: John Miller, Saxton, \$8; William M. Hunter, New Brighton, \$6; Cummings Sheets, Sharsburg, \$6; Hudson Denny, Willwood, \$6; Jacob C. Brillhart, Ord, \$12; Henry Lacey, Kersey, \$10; Conrad Bader, Russell, \$12; Martin Smith, Barlow, \$12; William E. Finefrock, Clarion, \$10; John Streightiff, Jessup, \$10; John Lane, Carlisle, \$12; Keasler Davis, Altoona, \$8; Robert Masters, Sigel, \$24; Robert S. Burns, Erie, \$34.50; Andrew J. Burleigh, Oil City, \$8; Henry Reger, Connelville, \$12; Ellen Hemminger, Newville, \$8; Sallie A. Gillespie, Butler, \$8; Samuel J. Williams, Bradford, \$8; Samuel Ward Lull, \$6; John Q. Rutherford, Harrisburg, \$6; Whitmer Selfridge, Tyler, \$10; Charles H. Cisco, Davan, \$10; George W. Charter, Harrisburg, \$17.

Among the Western Pennsylvanians named by Governor W. A. Stone to represent the State at the National Prison Congress, in Philadelphia, September 13 to 17, are: T. B. Patton, Huntingdon; David McKinney, John W. Buchanan, Beaver; John F. Budke, A. G. Napper, William Denny, James McCallen, Washington; Rev. J. L. Milligan, D. D., William Hill, D. K. Imbrie, John Way, Hugh Kennedy, G. A. Kelly, Isadore Coblenz, W. B. Lupton, Charles W. Houston, James H. Reed, C. F. Newin, D. B. Oliver, W. J. Diehl, E. S. Wright, George M. von Bonnhorst, William S. McKinney, Alexander J. Pentecost and Thomas Wightman, Allegheny, and T. Iams, Greene.

Rev. C. C. Rumberger, of Emonton, who has been zealously working to discover the identity of the well-dressed unknown man whose body was found in the Allegheny river near Oil City, believes the body was that of Maurice C. Judd, a Pennsylvania railroad operator, at Emporium. Constable Campbell, of Smiths Ferry, and Detective Lazarus, of Rochester, arrested John Allison at Bridgewater, who is alleged to have stolen no less than four horses within the past week. Allison has served time in the penitentiary and different jails for the same offense.

D. D. Hammelbaugh, of Harrisburg, division councilor of the Sons of Veterans of Pennsylvania, installed a camp of over 50 members at Chambersburg. The name given to the camp is General Charles F. Miller, in honor of the major general of the National Guard of Pennsylvania.

During a terrible thunderstorm the residence of Frank H. White, St. Petersburg, near Emonton, was struck by lightning and completely destroyed. Mr. and Mrs. White were found lying unconscious on the floor, half suffocated by smoke, and were rescued with difficulty by neighbors.

The case brought in the courts at Kittanning against the G. A. R. band, of Monongahela, and the Carnegie band to restrain them from playing in the vicinity of mines has been continued to August 1 by Judge W. D. Wallace, of Lawrence county.

The big flywheel of the engine at the ice plant of the Beaver Falls Ice Company burst into five pieces, which flew in every direction, tearing one side out of the building and wrecking the machinery badly. No one was injured.

The theater at Conestoga, Pa., Lancaster, owned by the Conestoga Tractor Company, was struck by lightning and destroyed. All its contents were burned, including the costumes of the Columbia Opera Company.

David Miller, a veteran of the civil war, who lives at Edendale, 18 miles north of Tyrone, shot and killed his son-in-law, Robert Roach, because Roach interfered in a quarrel between Miller and his wife.

A man giving his name to the physicians as Hugh McDivitt was shot twice at the boarding house of Mrs. Omar Ewing in Scottsdale. McDivitt and Mrs. Ewing claimed the shooting was accidental.

The Providence Coal and Coke Company has purchased for \$18,700 the farm of J. J. Quigley, of Kellys station, on the Allegheny Valley railroad, near Kittanning. Options on several other farms here have been secured.

The annual reunion of the Tenth regiment, which did service in the Philippines, will be held in Uniontown July 31. A majority of the surviving members of the organization are expected to be present.

The Pittsburg & Lake Erie depot and freight house at Railston was entered by thieves and ransacked. No money was taken, but the robbers secured many papers of value to the company.

A syndicate of local capitalists have purchased the Mackey casket factory, which was partially destroyed by fire June 3, and will erect a modern market house. The consideration was \$20,000.

At the Rolling Mill mine disaster coroner's inquest at Johnstown, Chief Mining Engineer Moore expressed the opinion that some one with a naked lamp lit the gas that caused the explosion.

Several valuable cattle belonging to J. C. Somerville, near Kittanning, were killed by lightning Monday.

Mercer capitalists will make application for a charter for an electric light company to furnish light to the town and vicinity.

Ford City and Kittanning each have an additional smallpox case. It was supposed the disease had been stamped out in both places.

Luther A. Miller, 14 months old, at Altoona, fell face downward in a bathtub containing four inches of water and was drowned.

The Book house, a leading Beaver Falls hotel, has been sold by the proprietor, John Book, to J. J. Patterson for \$30,000.