

DAWN AND SUNSET.

At dawn,
A modest trill heard,
A signal from some unseen bird,
Some trusty harbingers of morn;
Then from the tiny, swelling throats
A halloo of rich notes
In greeting to the day just born.

At sunset,
When the rosy light
Is fleeing from approaching night,
And woodland shades are growing deep;
A chirp, a flutter here and there,
A beat of wings upon the air,
And night has hushed the birds to sleep.
Frank H. Sweet.

THE PHONETIC WILL.

That Roy Fethergill was an eccentric man no one residing in the neighborhood of his residence could deny. Being a chemist, however, and an ardent worker in that profession, the purpose of many of his strange doings was seldom questioned and was merely ascribed to his interest in science.

Fethergill was the possessor of a most thoroughly equipped laboratory, which he kept secretly guarded and in which a great part of his time was spent. He was in possession of ample means to gratify his most elaborate whim, and aside from the time and money which he spent in his laboratory, he reserved sufficient of both for the proper devotion to his home and family, as well as to the society in which he was a central figure. He never allowed a member of the family to cross the threshold of the apartment which he held so sacred.

One morning Mr. Fethergill cast a feeling of depression over the family circle at the breakfast table by opening a conversation on the subject of death.

He reasoned that every man must die—this from a scientific standpoint. He had read of one man who did not die, and he did not believe that.

He left the table with the remark that he was going to prepare for death and repaired to the laboratory leaving his wife and three daughters in a flurry of muddled thoughts.

A telephone order brought to the house the skillful and famous Peter Vandebroek, whose great works of sculpture had brought him fame and recognition from the remote parts of the country.

The sculptor was admitted to conference with Fethergill in his laboratory. On the following day he returned with several boxes of paraphernalia and instruments of his art.

For the ensuing month Fethergill and Vandebroek were closeted in the laboratory, but to what purpose Mrs. Fethergill and her inquisitive daughters could not even surmise, and a thought of entering the scientist's sanctum none of them dared to entertain.

At luncheon one day the sculptor, whose presence had graced that noonday meal for the previous month, was absent. Mr. Fethergill said that he had finished his work.

Mrs. Fethergill, whose curiosity had been restrained until now it was at the bursting pressure, asked for the first time what the sculptor had been doing. She received the reply that Vandebroek had been preparing her husband's will.

Why a sculptor instead of a lawyer should have been employed to draw up a will Mrs. Fethergill could not imagine, and her curiosity was how more than doubly aroused, and in spite of a conference held with her daughters she could not discover a clew which might throw light upon her husband's strange intentions.

Mrs. Fethergill was in anything but a pleasant mood as she sat in the parlor reviewing her husband's recent and strange remarks about death and wills. Glancing out of the window a scene confronted her which sent her with a loud scream into a violent fit of hysterics. Her daughters rushed to her assistance, and were equally horrified upon seeing two men bearing into the house a coffin from the wagon of an undertaking establishment in the city. The bell rang, and Mr. Fethergill personally received the men and conducted them with the casket to his laboratory.

"Why did you bring that coffin into the house?" asked his wife, her voice controlled almost mechanically rather than by her own will. "There is no telling when I might need it," replied her husband, calmly. "But if you object to its being here I will have it removed tomorrow."

True to his word, on the following day Mr. Fethergill had the coffin removed, but in a decidedly different manner than that in which it had entered the house.

On the day before the casket was handled carelessly and easily by two men, but now it was carried carefully by four men, who staggered under its weight. This peculiarity was not overlooked by Mrs. Fethergill and her daughters.

Their curiosity, rather than being satisfied, was more deeply aroused when they were informed by Mr. Fethergill in answer to their questions regarding the contents of the casket, that it contained nothing but his will. It was beyond them to conceive of a will drawn up by a sculptor and deposited in a coffin.

The casket was delivered to the office of Frank M. Adler, Mr. Fethergill's attorney and bosom friend; there deposited in his vaults for safe keeping, and to be opened after his death.

This peculiar circumstance had no effect upon hurrying Mr. Fethergill's departure from this mundane sphere, and the strange incident had quite been forgotten when Mr. Fethergill

was killed by an explosion in his laboratory, his features being most horribly mutilated.

After the funeral of his beloved friend and client, Mr. Adler returned to his office, and looking through a bundle of large official envelopes selected one upon which was written:

Frank M. Adler,
To be opened after the death of
Roy Fethergill.

Adler opened the envelope and read as follows:

Frank M. Adler, Attorney: Sir—Not later than a week after my death, in the presence of my wife and those of my children who at the time of my death may be living, yourself, two competent stenographers and four such reputable citizens as you may select for witnesses, place the casket left with you on December 1, 189—in a vertical position and remove the lid by unfastening the screws, then follow the directions that you will find in the casket.
Roy Fethergill.

Upon the following afternoon Mr. Adler's office was the scene of a most unparalleled experience.

Seated about the room were Mrs. Fethergill and her daughters, dressed in the mourners' garb, and in accordance with the deceased husband's request, four gentlemen, mutual friends of both Adler and the late Mr. Fethergill, together with two stenographers completed the assembly.

The gentlemen gently removed the casket from the vault, and as directed, placed it in an upright position before the awe-stricken assembly.

The lid of the casket was slowly removed, and there confronted them Mr. Fethergill in all the likeness of his former self, perfect, natural, though motionless. In his hand was an envelope addressed to the attorney. The lawyer opened it and read:

"Adler: Under my left arm you will find a string. Pull it and carefully watch and closely observe the result."
"R. F."

Though dumbfounded with such an unparalleled experience, Adler knowing these to be the requests of his late friend, obeyed.

A deathly silence fell upon the audience, broken only by the rumbling of miniature machinery in operation, issuing from the casket.

Every eye was intently riveted upon the strange likeness of the man recently departed. As they gazed upon the figure its eyes seemed to gain expression and its features assumed the animation of the living; its arms slowly raised and extended. The figure took the position of an orator, and in a clear voice, unmistakably that of the deceased husband and father of the mourners in whose presence it stood, spoke to the silent, expectant and grief-stricken audience.

"Hear ye!" the image said. "In the presence of God as my witness, I, Roy Fethergill, of rational mind, do make the following disposition of my property, to be in effect immediately after my death:

"To my wife I do bequeath all of my real property in this, the city of San Francisco, together with all improvements thereon, and all furniture therein, except the furniture and fixtures in my laboratory.

"All moneys which I may have on deposit in the First National Bank at the time of my death and upon this declaration are made payable to the order of my wife, and she shall issue checks immediately upon this hearing to the following persons and in the following amounts:

"To each of my children living at the time of this declaration, \$20,000.
"To each stenographer and witness to this declaration \$1,000.
"To my attorney and friend, Frank M. Adler, \$2,500.

"To each and every servant in the family employ \$100.
"To my friend, Ambrose Harris, I do bequeath all stock and shares held by me in the development syndicate.

"All other property, both real and personal, which I have not heretofore made disposition of, shall be sold and the proceeds be devoted to the erection and maintenance of a school of art and science, and I request that Peter Vandebroek be appointed to the chair of sculpture at a salary of \$12,000 a year.

"And I earnestly charge all present, as sponsors, that they will harmoniously work to the fulfillment of these my last requests.

"This in the city of San Francisco, State of California, on the thirteenth day of November, 189—"

At the conclusion of the oration an explosion occurred within the casket, converting what was a most beautiful piece of sculptor's art to a shapeless mass of debris.

In removing what almost seemed the mortal remains of his client, Mr. Adler discovered a phonograph, but an examination of the cylinder showed that the chemist had arranged a knife which followed the diamond point of the instrument and had permanently crased all impressions on its surface.

"Fethergill was a man," remarked Adler, "who never did repeat anything which he said."—Robert H. Jones, in San Francisco News Letter.

An Exception.

"Everybody is more or less ambitious to have the good opinion of his neighbors."
"Maybe so," said the sceptical person, "but it seems to me that after a man has a food trust under way, he doesn't care two pins what the neighbors think, so long as they give up their money."—Washington Star.

Meander.

The word meander comes from the river of the same name, whose course was so devious that it furnished nearly every modern language with a new word.

HIAWATHA IN OJIBWAY.

AN INDIAN PLAY ACTED BY INDIAN CHARACTERS.

Unique Alfresco Performance at Desbarats, Ont.—First Produced to Entertain Post-Longfellow's Daughters—Revival of Redmen's Ancient Arts and Customs.

Wholly apart from the spectacular attractiveness of the play, there is a significance in the performance of the Ojibway Indian drama "Hiawatha," presented daily at Hiawatha Camp, Desbarats, Ont., which renders it worthy the interested attention of all who view the Indian as a romantic figure or systematically concern themselves as to his welfare, writes Wm. E. Brigham in the Boston Transcript. Of all American Indians, only the Ojibway is increasing in numbers, yet his contact with the white man has cost him his nationality and his dominion, which formerly included the lands as far east as the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Western Massachusetts. His ancestral home, however, was the country about Lakes Superior and Huron, where the tribe concentrated early before the advancing whites. "At present most of the Ojibways live on the Canadian side of the lakes. The tribe has attained a considerable degree of civilization and the Ojibways doubtless are the best types of the aboriginal American in existence. A peace-loving folk, their family relations are singularly pure, most of them are devout Christians and, in a word, they utterly belie the commonly accepted estimate of the Indian as a petty thief and a loafer. Unfortunately for romance, however, the Ojibway learned the arts of the white man at the expense of many of his own, and it is a gratifying fact that the presentation of the Indian play, under its peculiarly happy auspices, is destined to revive among the Indians a knowledge of their own ancient customs, ceremonies, arts and style of dress, which stood in grave danger of passing away forever.

The idea of the play originated with L. O. Armstrong of Montreal, for more than 20 years a professional explorer—if the term be permissible—who had built a neat summer house on one of the Desbarats group of islands in Lake Huron, which for centuries have been the summer playground of the Ojibways. Mr. Armstrong, himself an ardent admirer of Longfellow's poem, was delighted to find that the Indians were familiar with it. Sympathizing with the desire of their leading men to preserve their traditions, he suggested that they should be embodied in a dramatic representation of the chief episodes in the career of Hiawatha. The Ojibways took to the idea with enthusiasm, and, under Mr. Armstrong's direction, they made their first attempt at a national drama, when the three daughters of Longfellow visited Desbarats, the nearest village to the tribe's playground, in 1900.

When this memorable journey was made, the visitors were treated to a spectacle which, as Miss Alice M. Longfellow afterward wrote, "possessed an indescribable charm." The presentation was exceedingly crude, from the present-day point of view, nevertheless its very simplicity and the manifest seriousness of the Indians charmed the guests exceedingly and Miss Longfellow described the play as "a most unique and interesting drama of the forest, with the broad stretch of lake in front and the forest trees closing in on the scene." The interest aroused was so great that other representations followed as a matter of course, until the performance of the national drama became an annual fixture at Desbarats, and performances are now given daily from July 10 or 15 to Sept. 1, and a comfortable hotel and picturesque tepees afford ample accommodations for visitors.

The reason for the crudity of the original performance is worth noting. Most of them, as a matter of fact, had forgotten what the ancient garb of the tribe was, and such of the older generation as remembered lacked either the materials or the skill to make the proper costumes. As the Zunis excel in pottery and the Navahos in blankets, so the ancient Ojibways were masters of that most beautiful of aboriginal arts, bead and porcupine quill work, yet these Indians from the Garden River reservation (near Sault Ste. Marie) had not the slightest idea of artistic embroidery. Their leggings and moccasins were, in many cases, destitute of any but the most commonplace ornamentation, and their general appearance was far removed from that of the gorgeous personages of their tribal history and the Longfellow epic.

The indefatigable Armstrong, now heartily in love with the project, visited the Smithsonian institute at Washington and returned with drawings, photographs and objects-lessons which, to make a long story short, have been the means of restoring to the Ojibway the imposing dress in which his ancestors made love and war, hunted and danced. The drama is now "staged" upon a small island just out from a natural amphitheatre on the mainland at Kensington Point—Hiawatha Camp, as it has been christened—and it is "costumed" with the greatest skill and with absolute fidelity to originals.

It is apparent that the national pride of the Ojibways has been greatly stimulated by the attention their performances have attracted, and they enter into them with much of the reverent spirit attendant upon the presentation of the Passion Play. Visitors are quick to note the analogy between the two dramas and frequent reference is made by them to Desbarats as "The American Oberammergau."

A drum used in the drama was once the property of Shingwauk, the most remarkable Ojibway of his time, and saw service at Queenstown Heights in the War of 1812.

Hiawatha of the poem is the Hiawatha of the play, and it needs only a reasonable familiarity with the poem to follow the action of the play understandingly, even though it is given in the Ojibway tongue. The scene is an island fronting a natural amphitheatre on the mainland. On the right of the stage, from the log seats of the spectators, is the tepee of Nokomis. On the left, across a short stretch of water, rises the point of a high cliff, thick with trees, and a little further to the left the hill which terminates at the cliff also forms a watershed down which the Falls of Minnehaha dash in a green and white spray. This representation is finely done in oil by Francis West, and is the only departure from nature in the whole setting. At the left again, beside the falls, the Ancient Arrow Maker and his fair daughter Minnehaha sit at the entrance of their tepee. Across Lake Huron about half a mile, looking directly over the open stage, is the gap between Campment D'Ours and Copper Islands, with St. Joseph's Island in the distance. At the right, a mile or more away, the main ship channel runs through the Devil's Gap—a reduced counterpart of the Palisades of the Hudson. Directly west of the stage, half a mile distant, are two miniature islands. That with the two trees sticking up is Woman's Face. It was a waste of words to comment upon the exquisite beauty of such a scene.

A column of smoke arising from the peak of the cliff is a signal fire lighted by the Great Spirit to call all the nations that they may smoke together the pipe of peace, the Pukwana. Brave in feathers, robes and weapons the warriors assemble; some in canoes, some rushing down over the hill from the forest, some picking their way along the margin of the lake. They glare at each other with looks of hatred—your average Ojibway is a good simulator—and strike at each other with their tomahawks. Suddenly the voice of the Great Spirit is heard lamenting the quarrels of his people; and, moved by a common impulse, the warriors rush to the water's edge, throw down their garments of deerskin and their weapons, and, dashing into the water, wash off the war-paint. Sitting in a circle, "Indian fashion," then they smoke the pipe of peace.

The wedding feast is made the very appropriate excuse for the introduction of a series of dances and songs in which steps and melodies which have echoed through the great northern forest for uncounted generations are reproduced.

The insult to old Nokomis and Minnehaha by Pau-Puk-Keewis, in the absence of Hiawatha and the braves, and their angry pursuit of him now constitute the most thrilling details of the play.

Omitting mention of several other noteworthy incidents, which there is not space to describe, the drama is ended with the mystical departure of Hiawatha.

"Realistic" is a word inadequate to describe the effect of this remarkable scene. It was the real thing which the spectators of the Indian drama at Desbarats witnessed and the picture will remain in their minds until the magic spell of the poem shall have been broken. As a bar of purple and bold sunshine sparkled westward across the lake from the island of the Woman's Face to the ledge of the Indian prophet, Hiawatha came forth and raising his hands to the blue sky above him, chanted to his people his sad farewell. The refrain was caught up and repeated by the sorrowful men and women, and a wave of melody floated across the waters as tender, as solemn, as thrilling as the noblest song of Wagner. It lifted this wonderful performance above the plane of a mere exhibition and made it an event. With the majestic stride of a chieftain, Hiawatha placed himself at the shore and with hands uplifted, touching neither paddle nor canoe, and voice chanting the melancholy farewell, the Indian actor passed slowly from view until when he had become only a speck in the splendid path over which he glided.

He disappeared wholly at last in the shadow of the Woman's Face. There could be no finer piece of stagecraft.

Trouble in Selling Safes.

A young salesman of one of the big safe-manufacturing companies who was telling his troubles to his roommate the other evening, said among other things that the increasing number of modern skyscrapers was injuring the safe-makers' business in this city.

"The average firm that supports a big suite of offices in any of the new buildings," said he, "wants a roomy, fire and burglar-proof safe, that necessarily weighs some pounds. Well, you sell your safe and send it down. Then the janitor says that he hasn't an elevator in the place to lift it. The superintendent upholds him, and we have to make a contract with a wrecking firm to lay a block and tackle and swing the thing up on the outside and through the window. That costs money, and eats up profits. The refusals to admit heavy safes on elevators is growing more common with each new building."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Excuse.

Farmer—What do you mean, you young rascal, up there in my apple tree?

The Young Rascal—The apples on the ground are all wormy.—Boston Transcript.

SHORT-LIVED FIRE HORSES.

Impossible to Keep Them in Seasoned Condition for the Hard Strains.

The rush of a fire engine along the street is something that will cause even the most biased citizen to stop and look. There is something inspiring in the sight of the great horses tearing along. The horses appear to be athletes of their kind, and many stories have been written about them and the keen perception they have of their duties. It will surprise most persons to know that these horses are not athletes in the meaning that they are always in condition and hard training, and also cause surprise that their lives are comparatively short. Jacob Durrenberger, the superintendent of horses, who looks after the fire horses of the city of Buffalo, says that most of these fine-looking animals are soft as girls. The very confinement they have to undergo in being ready for a call at any moment takes them out of training, and while they are good for a short spurt they are never as hardened as the average old hack that is pegging around the streets all day in front of some sort of a delivery wagon. The very best horses obtainable are bought for the service and many are rejected after being a few days in training. Speaking of these animals, Supt. Durrenberger said:

"It does not take long to teach the horses to discern just what is wanted of them, and many even get to know what calls directly concern them. But big and strong as they appear, and as they are, they are not the equine athletes many folks imagine. Down town they have many runs every month, and in the outlying districts the calls will not average a dozen in the same time. The animals in a suburban engine house have more chance for exercise than those in the heart of the city. The runs are always heart-breaking, and it is queer that most of the animals first break down over the back. The big engines are very heavy, running into the thousands of pounds, and even with three horses pulling them it tells across the back in a very few years. That is how most of them go, and when they are unfit for the fire service they may yet be most serviceable animals for lighter work.

"They know their business, and, as far as a man can judge, take a great delight in making the runs when the gong taps. One horse will teach another, and two old timers with a raw recruit will help him along and push him into place if he appears to be letting the excitement of the occasion get away with him. While the downtown runs are never very far, they are made at great speed, and the wrench, for instance, when a big engine slips from a car track is a greater strain on the horses than most people imagine. In the outlying districts the horses have longer runs, but fewer of them, and generally the apparatus is lighter. But whether in the outlying districts or downtown all of these animals are in confinement.

"When they make a run they run hard, but they do not get enough exercise to keep their muscles hard, and they are flabby. For instance, they are taken out and ridden up and down the block for half an hour at a time, but that is scarcely as much exercise as a man in prison gets daily to keep him in only average condition. These horses have the hardest kind of pulling to do when they are called on for work and a very lazy existence in between. The result is that the strain of their pulls and runs breaks them across the back after they have been but a few years in the service.

"Once in a while one hears of some old fire horse that has been years in the service, but the chances are that he has been a giant among his kind, or that, although working in the department, he has been doing some other labor than pulling a big engine. I know that the general idea is that the fire-department horses are the best athletes of their kind, but a little thinking over these facts about hard runs and no exercise will convince any one that they are using up their vitality every time the gong is rung. Then, again, they often have to make long, cold waits when a big fire is actually in progress, and that is not good for them. If a horse is fairly intelligent he will learn his lesson in a very few days, and anything a horse learns he is proud to do and show off. Hence the seeming avidity of the engine horses to jump at the tap of the bell. There are horses who can tell, almost before the harness has been snapped on them, whether the call is for their district or not, and the excitement will die away on them as soon as they know they will be returned to their stalls."—Buffalo Times.

Lion a Fly Catcher.

The keeper of the carnivora house at the Zoo led a group of visitors to the outdoor quarters of the lions. "Look at that fellow over there," he said. "It's interesting to watch him catching flies."

The lion lay beside a little puddle that the rain of the night before had made. He dipped his paw into the sticky mud and then extended the member and lay very quiet. The paw served as a flytrap. Flies lighted on it and stuck fast; buzz all they would, they could not get away. And the lion, after a dozen or two were collected, calmly crushed them and prepared his paw again.

"He does that every year," the keeper said.—Philadelphia Record.

Big Arizona.

Arizona exceeds in area the following ten states combined: Rhode Island, Delaware, Connecticut, New Jersey, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Maryland, West Virginia and South Carolina.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED.

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Boy Decapitated—Stolen Money Recovered—Electric Light Plant—Veterans' Re-Union.

The names of the following claimants were ordered to be placed on the pension roll during the past week: Joshua R. Pheasant, Mountain Eagle, \$10; John D. Michael, Ft. Hill, \$50; Annie E. Rossman, Clintondale, \$8; Olive C. Held, Altoona, \$8; Maria Hall, Beaver Center, \$12; Jane Davis, West Alexander, \$8; Anna C. Werly, Summit Hill, \$8; Benjamin F. Hamilton, Waynesburg, \$6; Forest E. Andrews, Canton, \$6; Edwin L. Sturtevant, Silvara, \$72; William Simms, Cambridge Springs, \$10; Amannal Gearhart, Yeagertown, \$12; Vernon Kelley, Waynesburg, \$10; Mary M. Nell, Mercer, \$8; Sarah Baird, Woodbury, \$8; Nelson P. O'Connor, Brookville, \$12; Susan Wilson, Washington, \$8; Sarah A. Clark, Chicora, \$8; minors of John P. Jennings, Garman Mills, \$14.

Adj. Gen. Stewart has issued warrants for the pay of the troops on duty in the anthracite coal region from July 31 to August 31, inclusive. The amount which the various organizations will receive follows: Gen. Gobin and staff, \$2,664.81; Governor's troop, \$3,435.28; Eighth regiment, \$2,350.56; Fourth regiment, \$6,640.84; Twelfth regiment, \$36,648.99; total, \$81,740.48.

The summer hotel at Grove House park, one of Erie's oldest summer resorts, was totally consumed with all its contents by fire. The inmates barely escaped with their lives and the most that any of them saved was their night clothes. Loss about \$15,000.

The grand jury ignored the bill against Captain James A. Loar, of Mt. Pleasant, charged in two counts with wilfully resisting an officer and assault and battery. The alleged offense was committed on the day of the reunion of the Tenth regiment.

Amos Thomas and others have sold to the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Coal and Iron Company a tract of 8,000 acres of coal land lying in White and Armstrong townships, in Indiana county, at an average price of \$25 per acre.

L. G. Durfee, a farmer living near Titusville, unearthed a large quantity of gold and silver wrapped in a rubber lap robe, which was identified as part of the \$5,000 stolen in the Townville bank robbery in March last.

A son of James Bush, a merchant of Kittanning, and a boy named Beale were playing with a flobert rifle. The gun was accidentally discharged by Beale, the ball entering the breast of the Bush boy, killing him instantly.

The First National Bank of New Castle demands the payment by that city of \$5,431 worth of debt certificates, which the city officials claim were once paid, but not canceled by the murdered treasurer, Blevins.

About 25 of the leading society people of Washington, members of the Washington County Golf and Country Club, were seriously poisoned by eating canned meats during a golf tournament on the local links.

While poling cars at the Punxsutawney iron works George H. Bright, a Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh switchman, was caught between the engine and cars and killed. He had been married but three weeks.

Thomas Smith, aged 18, son of Jacob Smith, near Delmont, was decapitated at the Jamison coal works, No. 2, and his headless body hurled down to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of 1,500 feet.

Charles White, while under arrest in New York for an alleged murder at Butler, will not be sent for, as officials at Butler say a witness to the murder, which occurred some years ago, are dead.

Chauncey Potter, of Gaysport, was found along the road near Loysburg, Bedford county, unconscious and with his skull crushed in. Potter was the driver of one of the Standard Oil Company's tank wagons.

The Johnstown saloonists petitioned Judge O'Connor to change the closing hour from 10 to 11 o'clock. Eighteen ministers met it with a counter petition, asking that 9 o'clock be made the closing hour.

A number of delegations from various mines in the coke region met at Everson, near Scottdale, and discussed plans for formulating a demand on the coke operators for an advance of 10 per cent.

Judge Miller at Mercer declared void an agreement between Grove City college and Grove City council for the joint maintenance of the Carnegie library at an expense of \$1,800 per year.

Still showing the scars of his accident in Massachusetts, President Roosevelt passed through Philadelphia Friday on his way from Oyster Bay, Washington, to the South.

W. B. Sutton's wagon factory at Clayville, adjoining Punxsutawney, took fire, and two buildings were partly destroyed before the flames could be put under control.

The Fulton County Veteran association held its reunion near McConnellsburg. George W. Skinner, former pension agent at Pittsburg, was one of the speakers.

State Treasurer Harris' report for August, shows a balance in the general fund of \$12,782,334.96.

The plant of the Nelson Canning Company, four miles south of Mercer, was burned. Loss, \$3,000.

At Uniontown, the union carpenters have struck against the employment of non-union labor.

Mrs. Angelo Walso drank poison at her home, near Butler, and died a few hours later.

William Lytle, of Freeport, was killed by a train on the West Penn railroad.

A case of smallpox has been quarantined at Greenville.

Scarlet fever is prevalent at La-trobe.