

HUMAN LIFE,
BY AUBREY DE VERE.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away, beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing,
In current unperceived because so fleet:
Sad are our hopes, for they are sweet in
sowing,
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the
wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they are sweet in
blowing;
And still, oh! still, their dying breath is
sweet.
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft
us
Of that which made our childhood sweet-
er still;
And sweet our life's decline, for it hath left
us
A nearer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to
prize them
Not for their sake, but His who grants them
or denies them.

Silas Norris'
Brave Start.

A woman and a boy cannot do much with fifty acres. Mrs. Norris knew it, because she had tried. Her husband had left her the farm, 120 acres, and she had done her best with it. She had kept her boy Silas at school, she had planted berries, trimmed vines, cared for the orchard, milked her own cow and tended the chickens, but somehow she didn't get ahead much. She had watched her boy grow from a wizen, freckle-faced child into a great hulking, stoop-shouldered "man" of 20. Year after year she had seen his patrimony diminished till the 120-acres were reduced to fifty. He could read, write and figure and he was "handy" with machinery. Sometimes she believed that the farm was "holding him back" and that she should send him to the city to "make his way."

But she loved him now even as she had loved him when he was all that and less to her of company, of affection, of hope. He looked as his father looked when they were married. He had been born in the cottage in which his father had been born. The berry patches, the orchard, the five-acre meadow, the rickety henhouse, the river which ran past the pasture lot, were in her eyes transfused by the knowledge that they were his, that some day he would own them in his own right and make his home there for all his days. And so she struggled along, doing her own work, making, mending, planting, herself the foremost and the swiftest of the berry pickers, the first in the field in the morning, the last to bed at night.

She was thin now, with whitening hair and hollow cheeks, hands browned and hardened with the work, shoulders stooped with bending over the earth and the wash-tub. Silas, the boy, was big and red. There were freckles and pimples on his wide, expectant face and he had been shaved a dozen times. He was commencing to take on the ways of a man, for he went to the Saturday night dances at King's Landing, bought an occasional pint of beer from the steward of the steamerboat May Graham, and smoked his cigar with the confident assurance of a person of affairs. When he went down to the landing with his load of berries he hailed Captain Fykes as "Cap" and called the amiable clerk "Charlie." He had a personal acquaintance with John Egan, the first mate, and had no hesitation in slapping him on the back and asking, "How's traffic, John?" The widow had seen and admired these evidences of broadening character, and deep in the fond recesses of her heart she knew that her boy Silas was "cut out" for a man of business, that he had a future before him and that the narrow environment of a small fruit farm were "holding him back."

Silas had been to St. Joe and Benton Harbor more than 20 times. He had done a "heap of trading" and the town atmosphere was the breath of inspiration to his nostrils. He had seen each year the incursion of smart "resorters" from Chicago, and seeing, yearning to look, to feel, to act as they did. Full of this ambition he talked to his mother about "taking boarders." It was easier than farming, he said, and more profitable. The Joneses had done it and made money enough to buy twenty acres of the Norris farm. It would give him a chance to get acquainted, who knows but it might give him "an opening" an opportunity to settle in Chicago? The boy's eyes widened at the very thought, and Mrs. Norris, eager to help her boy along, yet dreading the prospect of losing him, stifled her selfish hopes of having him "all to herself" and advertised for summer boarders.

The widening hopes of the possibilities of converting the little farm into a "popular resort," they planted only enough for the maintenance of a few boarders. They figured on cutting the empty barn into halves and making cottages of it. June, July and half of August came and went, and they had many letters of inquiry about the place, the water, the mosquitoes, the bathing, the terms, the roads, the fruit, the beds, and the "general accommodations," but only one boarder disembarked from the wheezing steamer, and the widow's heart was downcast in spite of the happy smile she gave him, and the thrill of pride she felt when she heard him call Silas, her son "Mister Norris."

He was a bookkeeper for the commission firm which had handled their berries, and showed all the hall marks of the strenuous and cultivated life of a great city. He had drop-stitched stockings and patent leather "low quarters." He wore a singular sort

of muffler, which he called "a stock," and when he saw the wheat stacks looming brown upon the yellow hills he said he "supposed those were bee hives." When he saw Silas milking the cow he wondered why somebody hadn't invented an automatic cow milker; he didn't know beans from buckwheat in the fields, and he couldn't bait his own fish hook because, he said, the "worm made him feel creepy." But he took a marked liking for Silas, and the widow began to think that he was a very capable and even brilliant young man. In exchange for innumerable courtesies he told the farmer boy that if he would come to Chicago "he would never leave it."

"It's the only place," exclaimed the resorter. "Why, a fellow that knows as much as you do about farm machinery, crops, fruit and farming in general would be snapped up right away. The agricultural implement trust is looking for men like you all the time. I wish I knew as much as you about such things. You wouldn't catch me slaving away for \$25 a week."

And Silas not only believed it, but in long talks with his mother at night after the boarder was gone to bed he drew such roseate pictures of his hopes, his ambitions, and such gloomy, desperate predictions of "his finish" if she kept him there to vegetate on the farm, that she agreed to the step, though the decision cost her many a sleepless hour and many a blinding tear.

I saw them standing in the knee-high, golden meadow by the river the day he left her. She wore an old-fashioned calico wrapper and the blue sunbonnet upon her head was rusty and limp. The little steamboat, which will stop anywhere, wheezed and chortled up to the green bank, and a mob of inquisitive tourists crowded to the rail to watch them. He was dressed in his bravest Sunday clothes, with a red necktie, his shoes brightly polished and his moon face shaven and blushing. I saw her hold him an instant to her flat bosom and kiss him, and I saw him draw away from her, ashamed of the senseless cloakings, and eager to be off. He came aboard the narrow gangplank, bustling and looking as though this trip were a matter of course, but it was not a matter of course to the lonely woman standing there in the gray twilight watching her boy's departure.

A lone blue crane came sweeping down-stream out of the shadows, the little steamboat puffed and steamed away, the dark green waters of the old St. Joe tinkled a dream-song against the lush banks, and the woman, her hands behind her tired back and her sad eyes fixed on the vanishing steamer, stood all alone in the dim light of the crooning river.—John H. Rafferty in the Chicago Record-Herald.

CAUGHT AT THEIR TRICKS.

Two Parties of Anglers Had Been Playing the Same Game.
Rochester, N. Y., is laughing at the ludicrous outcome of a fishing trip taken by a dozen well known young society men to the Manitow waters the other day. The bass and pickerel were running well, and large catches had been made. These twelve sportsmen resolved to take a try at luck. They divided up into two parties, six in a boat, and each side put up a bet of \$10 that it would return to the hotel at a given hour with the larger catch. There was a bit of a gale on the lake, and the fish were striking poorly, when one boatload saw an aged angler pulling for shore near by them. He was hailed, and held up a fine catch of pickerel, weighing altogether with several bass and perch, about forty-five pounds. There were several big fellows in the lot, and the eager occupants of Boat No. 1 hit upon a brilliant expedient. Dickering followed, and finally the veteran fisherman exchanged his catch for six one-dollar bills, each member of the party putting in the same sum.

"Wait," they whispered excitedly when the old man had pulled away. "We'll make those jack spots in the other boat feel like thirty Canadian pennies."

The aged fisherman, knowing the waters thoroughly, instead of departing for home, sought a sheltered cove and caught five more pickerel, which weighed about twenty-five pounds. By chance he met the party in boat No. 2, and, fate hovering around with suppressed laughter, they had a flash of genius like that which animated boat No. 1, and the old fisherman sold the catch for \$2.50. Then he went back and fished for an hour longer and caught a nine pound pike.

"Wait," said boat No. 2, "wait, and we'll make the other gang feel like a counterfeit note in the fist of a treasury expert."

The two boatloads met on the hotel piazza, and boat No. 1 crowded loudly and exuberantly with joy. They had forty-five pounds of fish. Boat No. 2 was chagrined; it had only twenty-five pounds. Just then the aged angler appeared around the corner dragging a nine pound pike. He was a just and square man, and he went up to the spokesman of boat No. 2.

"Here," he said, "the string I sold to you fellers wasn't quite so good yet that I sold to the other fellers, so I'll throw to you this here nine pound yellow pike for half a dollar."

And then there was a tableau. As for the aged angler, he is wondering yet, "what in thunder made them durn dudes all holler ter wunst fer?"—New York Tribune.

Merely a Suggestion.
Miss Thirtynodd—I want to give my fiancé a surprise on his birthday. Can't you suggest something?
Miss DeFlymp—Well, you might tell him your age.—Chicago News.

WHY FOOD PRICE IS HIGH

AN EXCESS OF SUPPLY PREVENTED BY COLD STORAGE PROCESSES.

Immense Stores of Commodities Held for Times of Scarcity—Prices Kept Almost Even the Year Round—Law of Supply and Demand Seems Overturned.

A great deal is being said and written just now about the general unrest in the labor world, the signs of which are taken to be the numerous strikes and troubles reported from various places. A recent article that excited wide attention pointed out that while the increase of wages was about 28 percent, the increase in the cost of living was about 34 percent over that of several years ago and the tendency was upward. Without going into the details of the subject it may be said in a general way that the law of supply and demand is today no longer to be regarded as an arbitrary settler of vexed questions. In a word as regards the domestic commodities the statement that "the increase of demand though in the beginning it may sometimes raise the price of goods never falls to lower it in the long run" hardly holds true now; certainly not to the degree it did when Adam Smith lived and wrote.

"There is no law of supply and demand today," said a wholesale dealer recently, "and never again will luxuries be within the reach of those in poor or moderate circumstances as they used to be in the seasons when the market was glutted. Markets do not get glutted today. Why? Because the excess is immediately gobbled up for cold storage to supply the early demand of a future season. Thus prices very little throughout the year and last season's food becomes a delicacy when it is placed upon your plate in advance of its arrival from the farm, or the field, or the sea. The fish you eat today with such gusto may be last year's fish, the eggs last year's lay, the beef, squab, chicken all twelve months old. Thus there is no such excess as will make prices go down; no such scarcity as would make prices go up. In times of great production the poor man no better can afford to purchase luxuries or delicacies than he could in times of scarcity."

Time was when prices solely depended upon supply and demand; plenty of wheat meant cheap bread and a draught meant no grazing, hence no sheep, and consequently high prices for mutton chops. The application of the principles of thermo-dynamics to the business of preserving food products has changed all that. The advent of cold storage has served in a great degree to nullify the effects of the once inexorable law of supply and demand. As hunger suffers no noticeable fluctuations, the demand is also an established quantity, and a perfect equilibrium is thereby established by which almost immutable prices in all the food products of the world, in all seasons, will eventually be secured.

Whereas in former years, for instance, a too bountiful supply of eggs caused the price of that necessity to drop to within the reach of the very poorest class, today there is no longer any possibility of a recurrence of the conditions which made this reduction in price possible. There are 100,000,000 eggs in cold storage at present awaiting the pleasure of the public. While in former years these would have been almost given away to save them from going bad, today the science of refrigeration permits of their being kept "fresh" for months and even years. The eggs produced in the United States during 1899 numbered 1,293,819,186 dozens, representing a value of \$144,286,158, so that the importance of that item in the food list is not to be lightly thought of.

But while cold storage precludes over-supply and thereby excessive low prices, it must be conceded that it also prevents famines in one or another of the food necessities. Eggs have frequently been cornered in years when the supply was small and prices raised as high as the public would stand them. Today there is the unknown quantity of eggs in cold storage to contend with and the yield from poultry yards is no longer a criterion. Eggs will never again be sold at ten cents a dozen, but if they ever sell as forty cents a dozen, as they have in the past, it will be because the supply of the whole world has been cornered and not because of a short supply.

The possibility of an international egg trust is too far remote to be discussed, for another effect of the development of the cold storage business has been to obliterate distance. For a number of years France has been supplying the British market with fresh eggs. The egg exports from Cherbourg to the United Kingdom in 1900 aggregated 373 tons, but at present the refrigerating plants with which modern ships are equipped permit the distant colonies of Great Britain to compete with her next-door neighbors. It is only a question of time when New Zealand, Australia and Egypt will supplant France as the egg suppliers ordinary to the British public. Already last year the exports of eggs to Great Britain through Cherbourg had fallen off 57 tons, while the exports from Egypt had increased by 43 tons. The modern methods of refrigerating now permits New South Wales to land its egg products in London in first-class condition, even after travelling half-way around the world. For this reason any attempt to establish a fictitious price on eggs in New York would be followed by shipments of eggs from Europe. This was demonstrated a year ago with beef. The American "big five," the packers who together constitute the beef trust, with

an invested capital of \$159,198,264 and an annual product of \$785,562,433, violated a rate agreement into which they had entered with the Australian cattlemen for the British market and attempted to undersell them. The Australians retaliated by cutting their prices, and a rate war ensued that brought down the price of beef to a level which meant a loss of \$1,000,000 a month to the American exporters. In order to make up this million which they were presenting monthly to the British public the American beef trust deliberately advanced the price to American consumers a million a month.

Controlling, as it does, the beef supply of America, there is no limit to the price which the beef trust could exact from the American public were it not that cold storage permits the exporting of Australian beef to America.

The growth of the business of preserving meats fresh by freezing has caused a decrease in the curing or salting of beef of 70 percent in the last ten years. The amount of fresh mutton sold has increased from 267,353,738 pounds in 1890 to 404,183,501 pounds in 1900, or over 51 percent. The amount of poultry slaughtered since it was demonstrated that it could be kept fresh for five years has increased 50 percent.

English snipe, yellowlegs, plover, quail, mudhen, gallinule, surfbird, curlew, water chicken, jacksnipe and bay-snipe, thanks to cold storage, are no longer rarities, only enjoyed during certain seasons of the year. To be scarce, when they had all to be consumed within a certain restricted period it frequently occurred through oversupply that the prices fell much lower than those now artificially established by a regulated and even supply, but then the supply was not always in excess of the demand.

During the recent agitation against the beef trust it was asserted in some quarters that one reason for the high price of beef was that much of the supply was being held in cold storage. An attempt was made by a committee to get at the facts in this particular case, but no report was ever made of the results of the investigation. There is no doubt, however, that the choicer cuts are held in cold storage to supply the demand in restaurants of the first class, which is always largest when things are out of season.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

For a new play to succeed it must, according to William Archer, attract at least 50,000 spectators in the course of three months.

In England one of the functions of the Coroner, under a statute dating from the time of Edward I, is to hold an inquest on all treasure found in the realm. Recently at Colchester during the excavating for a bank foundation some 10,000 in silver coins were found. The Coroner's jury, after an hour's inquiry, decided the coins constituted "treasure trove," and the police thereupon claimed them in behalf of the crown.

The peculiar and freakish behavior of lightning is proverbial, and it is pretty difficult to foresee what will happen when it strikes. According to the American Machinist, lightning struck a factory in Ivoryton, Conn., during a recent storm at night, stunning the watchman and setting fire to the room. This latter set in motion the automatic sprinklers in operation by melting the fuses, and the sprinklers with cold water revived the watchman in time to enable him to give an alarm before serious damage was done. If it had not been for the stimulation of the cold water it is probable the watchman and the entire factory would have been destroyed.

On looking at the portraits of the English Kings from William the Conqueror to Edward VII one is struck by the fact that no monarch since Charles I has worn a beard until now, states Mainly About People. In the more homely and solid precedent of King Edward there is not to be found that mingling of knightly romance and plaintive melancholy which winds the passionate devotion of some and the compassion of all, as seen in Van Dyck's likeness of the ill-fated Stuart; but neither is there that indeterminate look of the temporizer, that hint of the final insincerity which made Stratford cry at his betrayal, "Put not your trust in princes."

Numerous conflicting estimates have been made of the height of the Tower of Babel, but one fact never has been denied, and that is that it was a skyscraper. St. Jerome, in his commentary on Isaiah, says that the tower was already 4000 paces high when God came down to stop the work. A pace is about two and one-half feet; therefore, 4000 paces means to be 10,000 feet; consequently Babel was 20 times as high as the Pyramids (which are only about 500 feet), says the New York Press. Father Calmet says the tower was 81,000 feet high, and that the languages were confounded because the architects were confounded, as they did not know how to bring the building to a head. Moreover, it is understood that the Chinese language of today was originally the same language as the high German.

Orientation.
"You say your next door neighbors make a vulgar display of their wealth?"
"Yes," answered Mr. Bickerson; "they left a ton of coal out on the sidewalk all day yesterday."—Washington Star.



Grouping Couch Cushions.
When care is used in grouping cushions on a couch so that the color scheme is harmonious, the result is ample compensation for the extra trouble. Thus green, yellow and golden brown make a good blending for a couch in a room furnished in weathered oak. Where Oriental rugs showing a touch of blue (as many of them do) are used for the floor covering or the wall covering, or draperies are of bluish tint, a cushion or two of blue combines well with pillows of brown and yellow.

To Tell a Fresh Fish.
"To tell a fresh fish," said a Fulton Market dealer yesterday, "always look at the gills and the eyes and feel of the body to see if it is solid. If the gills are gray and the eyes dull the fish is not fit for eating." This man is famous among his friends for the deliciousness of his clam chowder. Here is his rule, which is suggestive, if not definite: "Fry the fat from some salt pork and suet. Boil peeled potatoes, onions cut fine and canned tomatoes, until the vegetables are done. Drain off the water and save it. Fry the vegetables in the fat which was fried, with a lump of butter added and some chopped parsley. Then mash the potatoes fine and put in the clams, a third of the soft shell and two-thirds of the hard shell. Stir in the clam juice and the water in which the vegetables cooked. Season with celery salt, paprika and curry."—New York Tribune.

Don'ts for Nurses.
Don't scold or slap a child before callers. It shows that you do not know how to manage a child properly.
Don't take an infant into great crowds or public noisy meetings or amusements. To expose a child to sudden noises and starts in no way improves its nerves.
Don't forget that regular habits, proper feeding, and long hours of sleep are necessary conditions to a healthy infant.
Don't put the feeding bottle nipple into your own mouth and then into the baby's mouth. This practice will often prove dangerous.
Don't feed the baby because it cries. Its restlessness may be due to pain, and it is hurtful to feed an infant's stomach at such a time.
Don't hang curtains around the cot. Children need plenty of air, especially when sleeping.
Don't place the cot in a position where the light will fall on the child's eyes, nor in a draught.

Use Less Butter.
The high cost of butter has necessitated the careful use of that article of food in many kitchens. One experimenter, bent on economy in this matter used for seasoning vegetables and broiled meats is, generally speaking, superfluous, and really injures the delicate flavor of the food. She says that she will make it a rule to her kitchen even when butter grows cheap again that either no butter at all shall be used, or the least possible amount, in the preparation of meats and vegetables. The fear of greasiness is done away with, the distinctive taste of the food is preserved, and she considers that no cultured palate will regret the absence of the butter. While on this subject, and while butter is still soaring in price, it is well to remind housekeepers that salt pork is an excellent substitute for butter in sauteing almost any sort of food where butter might be used. Don't forget, too, that a few drops of olive oil for delicate frying is far better than butter at any price.—New York Post.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Rice Surprise.—Boil one cup of washed rice in two quarts of boiling water until tender; then pour into a strainer; line a well-greased mould or bowl with the rice; fill with chopped cold cooked meat, well seasoned and moistened with a little tomato sauce or stock; cover with rice, having the surface perfectly level; steam forty-five minutes; turn out on a hot platter and pour around a tomato sauce.

Pineapple Mousse.—Heat one can of pineapple and drain; have soaking one-fourth box of gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold water; to one cup of pineapple syrup add the gelatine, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and one cup of sugar; stir over the fire until gelatine has dissolved; strain and cool; as the mixture stiffens fold in the froth from one pint of cream whipped, turn into a mould, pack in ice and salt and let stand four hours.

Potato Pome.—One quart of peeled and grated sweet potatoes, one level teaspoonful each of cinnamon, allspice and cloves, half a teaspoon of salt and the grated rind of half a lemon or orange, two level tablespoonfuls of flour, half a cup of molasses, fourth cup of butter; mix the flour with the grated potato; add the butter, melted; then the molasses, water and sugar; stir well together and add the spice, etc.; turn into a well-greased pan and bake in a moderate oven; let stand until cold; then it can be turned out and served.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Jail Breaker Captured—\$50,000 Endowment—Boys' Brigade Officers. Big Coal Deal.

The following names were added to the pension list during the past week: William W. You, Altoona, \$10; Benjamin F. Murphy, Marietta, \$8; John Riebel, Soldiers Home, Erie, \$8; William Ulrich, Harrisburg, \$8; William K. Myers, Tyrone, \$8; Geo. A. Allison, Allegheny, \$8; Edmund Shaw, Altoona, \$10; Mary E. Parks, Conemaugh, \$8; Elizabeth Robb, Bellefonte, \$8; Maggie E. Long, Altoona, \$8; Mary A. Fleming, Boston, \$8; Sydney A. Foster, Jeannette, \$8; John Moore, Allegheny, \$6; Charles Kern, Erie, \$6; David D. Lloyd, Apollo, \$6; Jessie J. Morris, Pittsburg, \$8; Newton Reed, Clearfield, \$10; Cornelius D. McCombs, Pittsburg, \$10; William L. McGuire, Conneautville, \$10; Solomon H. Myers, Beaver Falls, \$8; Jacob Replogle, Conemaugh, \$10; Solomon Bupp, McConnellstown, \$8; David M. Patton, Sharpsville, \$12.

The state convention of the Boys' Brigade at Lancaster elected the following officers: President, Major-General Spicer; first vice president, General H. P. Bope; second vice president, Rev. Dr. W. A. Credit; third vice president, Major Frank J. Wallas; secretary and treasurer, Colonel Joseph H. Cudlipp; trustees, Colonel Fred Gerhardt, Captain A. N. Hantzman, D. Miller, W. S. Linderman, Rev. J. Crawford, J. I. Kay and Rev. George Kleinhenz.

Harrison Hoover and his aged wife of Orangeville, near Sharon, were the victims of a brutal assault at the hands of three masked men. The old couple were awakened about midnight and were confronted by robbers, who held revolvers to their heads. One of the men procured a rope bound the couple and then gagged them. The robbers ransacked the house, securing about \$100.

Frank Goodwill, of Titusville, met death in a mysterious manner. His lifeless body was found on the sidewalk near the Lake Shore depot. There were several cuts and bruises on the dead man's face, which the physician who held the autopsy testified might have been made by blows having a sufficient force to cause death.

A block of 15,000 acres of coal land in Washington county was sold to Eastern capitalists for \$100 per acre. It is said that the fuel is being bought by English manufacturers. The sale will place a million and a half of dollars in the hands of the farmers.

The Allegheny County Military Rifle and Revolver Association, composed of members of the National Guard, is being formed. The object of the association is to increase the efficiency of officers and enlisted men in marksmanship with rifle and revolver.

Thomas M. Heckman, a merchant of Plum Creek township, Armstrong county, filed his petition in bankruptcy. His liabilities are \$29,658, and his assets \$35,420. Of his liabilities, \$15,508 is secured, and \$14,072 is unsecured.

Geo. Sovich, a Russian Polander, was arrested by Chief of Police Clayton E. Palmer, at Punxsutawney, on a warrant issued by his wife nearly four years ago, charging him with the murder of John Marinko, a Slav, but Walston.

Mrs. E. E. Miller, of West Jeannette, died from the effects of a revolver wound in her hip. She was shot by her husband at Burrell station. Just before she died she made affidavit that the shooting was accidental.

The 13-year-old son of Constable Harry Row, of Manor, near Jeannette, was run down by an empty engine on the Manor branch of the Pennsylvania railroad while on his way to school and instantly killed.

Braddock's First National bank, one of the oldest in the Turtle Creek and Monongahela valleys, of which Attorney General P. C. Knox was the first president, celebrated its twentieth anniversary.

The appointment of the following fourth-class postmasters have been announced: Nathaniel W. McBryor, Harrison City, Westmoreland county; John L. E. G. Spraggs, Greene county.

At a special meeting of the New Castle fire department ex-District Attorney William F. Moffat was endorsed as candidate for the vice presidency of the State Firemen's association.

A movement is on foot in connection with the coming centennial of Washington and Jefferson college, to raise a \$50,000 fund to endow a chair in memory of the late Prof. Alonzo Linn.

Joseph Allen, charged with the murder of Achanah King at Pittsburg July 23, was found not guilty in the Allegheny county criminal court and discharged from custody.

The National Association of Local Preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America will meet in Cookman church, Philadelphia, October 10 to 14.

Washington council has awarded an issue of \$150,000 bonds for street improvements to W. J. Hayes & Sons, of Cleveland.

Almost \$7,000 has been raised by the alumni of Washington and Jefferson college to defray the expenses of the coming centennial of the school.

Tuesday being the last day for final nomination papers at Harrisburg, there was a rush at the state department to get under the wire.

Burglars looted the general store of West O. Moorehead, at Youngwood, Westmoreland county, and stole \$200 in merchandise.

George Shontz, one of the men who escaped from the Ebensburg jail, was captured at Altoona.

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NEW

A man who had a political... the next... drien... go... b... lecto... ment... inven... neces... amou... knac... was... She... of m... most... powe... nam... enap... had... the... dem... the... Frien... aish... along... pay... lease... to the... birth... who... apart... savin... wom... furni... No su... able... that... new... such... sion... home... ment... ness... home... all th... satisf... her c... benefit... earni...

A cent... likely... atten... joyin... ride... to do... with... when... it a... then... the... grass... away... It... coun... lone... ago... thing... about... This... in bo... died... know... for s... enter... an ar... and... the... had... she... scien... she g... his li... from... inter... It... rash... a goo... pare... cases... Stray... wom... they... her... gage... took... carri... pock... the... could... had... W... matt... may... super... rema... man... have... beca... her... right... beca... and... wife... rule... may... The... her... child... died... husb... child... failu... assis... of th... To... short... Thos... lecti... necti... moth... if th... have... age... coun... that... blam...