

WHEN LIFE IS DONE.
 When life is done avaleth naught
 The pleasures that we dearly bought,
 The wealth we risked our souls to gain,
 The honors won through toil and pain,
 The titles coveted and sought,
 No world-wide fame avaleth aught,
 No name, no marvels science taught,
 When earth and earthly objects wane,
 When life is done.
 The kindly deeds for others wrought,
 The patient word, the generous thought,
 The effort made by hand or brain
 'Gainst might for right, though made in vain,
 Shall be by God forgotten not
 When life is done.
 —Magdalen Rock.

"SOME INJUNS."
 THE TRAPPER'S STORY OF A SIOUX'S GRATITUDE.

ONCE in his life old Thad Griffin, the trapper, did a very foolish thing; at least, that was what he called the act, when he thought of it all, for a long time afterward. Two young Sioux braves having attacked him, Thad had killed one and wounded the other. But he took the wounded man to his cabin, dressed the wound, nursed the Indian back to health, and then restored his gun and canoe, and told him to go home to his own people.
 But the Indian did not lead a scalping party back to the trapper's camp, as Griffin had half expected he would. Nothing more was heard of him. Three years after, when Griffin left Fort Snelling at the end of September, and started up the Minnesota River to begin his fall hunt, the incident had almost faded from his mind. He paddled to the headwaters of the Pomme de Terre, and camped a few days in a little thicket of scrub oak, while he looked round to see what the prospect was for furs—and for Indians. He had kept his eyes open all the way up river, for the Sioux were reported to be on the warpath. This, however, was somewhat in the trapper's favor, for they would be likely to travel in big bands, and with care he might be easier avoided than.

There were "slathers of fur signs," but no traces of Indians in this region of rolling prairie, broken at the eastward by a belt of heavy timber. So one day Griffin set out with his gun to try for a saddle of venison. When the afternoon was almost over he found a good sized buck, and presently started for camp with the hide and saddle slung to his back.
 Clear sky and bracing atmosphere and the promise of a successful season made the blood fairly bound through the trapper's veins, and he strode along feeling as though he would like to sing. Indians were far from his thoughts just then. The greater was his dismay when, just as he had reached the top of a low ridge half way between the woods and his camp, he saw a band of forty Sioux coming up on the other side.
 Griffin had had many a "fuss" with these same Indians, and he recognized them instantly as belonging to a village that wintered in the Ottertail woods, away off at the northeast. Evidently they had been out on the Dakota prairies for a big buffalo hunt, for they were on foot and leading their ponies, which were loaded with hides and dried meat.
 Flat in the grass dropped Griffin, but not soon enough to escape the sharp eyes of the Indians. Raising a terrific whoop, they left the ponies to look out for themselves, and came on in a body, while Griffin slipped the venison from his shoulders and started at his best pace toward the belt of timber.
 The Indians were not more than two hundred yards away when Griffin sighted them; but in running he had the advantage of going down hill, and he had almost doubled the distance before they reached the top of the ridge and began to shoot at him. None of the bullets happened to hit the moving target.
 Griffin glanced over his shoulder. As he expected, a dozen of the swiftest runners had thrown off their blankets and, knives in hand, were approaching at a rate that meant mischief for a man who must cling to a twelve-pound gun. But the trapper had been in worse places than this, and he felt that if he could once get into the woods, with night falling, he could dodge the Indians.
 He was still a half mile from the timber when he looked back once more. One of the braves was now far in advance of the others, but all his pursuers were gaining, and Griffin began to fear that he might lose the race, tired as he was from his hunt and handicapped by the weight he carried.
 That foremost Indian must die! Griffin slackened his pace a trifle, that he might get his breath before trying to take aim. The Indian put on an extra burst of speed.
 When Griffin was close to the timber the leading Indian had come so near that the trapper could hear the patter of his footsteps. Thinking it must be now or never, the trapper wheeled and was about to pull trigger when his adversary made a movement that caused Griffin to hesitate from sheer surprise. The Indian waved him toward the woods.

"White man no shoot!" he shouted. "Me him friend! No stop; injun no ketch me!"
 The white man took a good look. This—yes, this was the same young brave he had spared and nursed! Realizing that, Griffin grasped the meaning of the words, and instantly he faced about and made for the woods again.
 "White man saved injun, now injun save white man," the savage called as soon as the trees and bushes hid them from sight. "White man bid me,

heap quick. Injun run by; no ketch um. Bimeby dark, white man run off."
 Griffin shaped his course for the nearest clump of brush, and put his last atom of strength into a leap that landed him fair in its centre. He spread himself flat and clung close to the ground. Yelling like mad, to lead his mates away, the young Sioux kept on into the woods.
 It was so contrary to the trapper's training to trust an Indian that his first movement was to slip out with his knife. He meant to be prepared in case the Sioux should pounce on top of him.
 But the Indians tore on into the forest, and after him went the others. They passed so near the place where Griffin lay that they might have heard his hard breathing had they not been running so fast and yelling so lustily.
 But a fat old fellow who brought up the rear gave over the chase at the edge of the forest. He leaned against a tree not twenty feet from Griffin's bush, evidently intending to wait until the others came back with the white man's scalp.
 The young braves kept up the search until after dark. All that time the old fellow lingered by his tree, and Griffin dared not even stretch for fear of being heard.
 He hardly knew what action to take. It seemed that the young brave had meant him to get away as soon as the crowd passed; and it would be easy enough to shoot the old Indian, and then make his escape in the darkness.

But the trapper finally decided that the right thing to do was to be still. The old fellow might be his friend's father for all he knew. To kill him there might throw suspicion upon the young man. And Griffin knew that if the Indians discovered the trick that had been played upon them they would kill the perpetrator.
 "I won't do it," said Griffin to himself. "Not if I lose my scalp for it."
 By the time the band returned from the fruitless chase the trapper had got his breath. He wasted none of it, he may be certain, in the course of the impromptu council that the Indians held before they left the timber. Probably the talk lasted less than five minutes. But that seems a long time to a man who feels enemies crowd around his hiding-place and dreads that any instant they may fairly fall over him.
 But finally they did leave, and Griffin crept out of the bush and fetched a wide circuit to reach his camp. He did not feel any appetite for supper just then. What he would do, and did, was to load his belongings into his canoe and, heading down stream, put a wide stretch of river between himself and the redskins.

Griffin never saw or heard of the young Sioux again; but the trapper had a better opinion of the tribe and the race from that time forward.
 "Sure enough," he used to say, when he told the story, "most of 'em are bad, and others of 'em are worse; but I tell you, boys, sure enough, some injuns are folks!"—Youth's Companion.

Ant Hypnotists.
 That ants doctor their sick by hypnotism and magnetism is proved by observation. An ardent student tells how he witnessed what may be termed a séance in medical science among ants. He saw several of these little creatures emerge from the hills and noticed that there were some among them which were weak and emaciated—invalids, in fact. They were accompanied by healthy members of the community, and all made their way toward a distant mound.

On following their movements through a glass the observer saw on this mound a big and sturdy ant which made some motions in the direction of the advancing invalids. The latter went up the mound, one by one, and submitted themselves to treatment. This consisted in the physician ant passing his feelers over the head and body of the patient in a manner distinctly suggestive of the hypnotizing of nerves and muscles practiced by human doctors. Every one went through the treatment, then the patients went back, and the doctor marched off in the opposite direction.

Recruiting Men For the Navy.
 In order to assist in the recruiting of men for the navy, the Navy Department has prepared large lithograph posters for display in all the principal cities and towns in the country. The navy is in great need of able-bodied seamen and is using extra exertions to secure them without delay. These posters are the most elaborate bids for men the navy has ever made. They are highly decorated and picture life on a man-of-war in the most alluring colors. The centerpiece is a picture of the battleship Kearsarge, with a happy, contented-looking jackie of heroic dimensions as a companion piece. These pictures are highly colored and can scarcely fail to attract attention. The text gives practical information regarding ratings and pay, and shows the advantage of naval service. To make the words more impressive, they are printed in red with a profusion of capital letters. Over 150,000 of these posters, which are of immense size, have been distributed among recruiting centers.—Washington Star.

An Opportunity For Some One.
 Here is an advertisement that was published lately in an Italian newspaper: "An agreeable young man, of most distinguished family, good, serious, honorable, hard-working, finding it out of his power to effect a most remunerative business plan, proposes to a wise father of a family to marry his daughter, if only she be agreeable and have a dowry exceeding 100,000 lire—Alfa, 1444, Postia, Firenze."—Boston Journal.

Black Adventure.

Daring English Equestrians.
 ONE of the most extraordinary feats of horsemanship ever performed in this or any other country was that of Mr. John Leech Maling, at the White Hart Hotel, Aylesbury, nearly three-quarters of a century ago. He rode his horse upstairs into the dining room, and while the meal was in progress jumped the animal clean over the table. Describing the incident not very long ago, Mr. Maling said: "Nothing was removed from the table. In fact, the dinner was actually going on. I jumped the horse bareback, without a bridle, before more than forty gentlemen, who were dining after the steeplechases."
 Seven or eight years ago a number of German officers stationed at Metz performed an extraordinary equestrian exploit—or perhaps escapade it ought to be called. Shortly after 12 one night six lieutenants of the Thirteenth Dragoons dashed out of the barracks on their charges, clad in nothing but their shirts. Without pausing they charged an adjacent café, breaking the doorways and windows and leaving their horses over the heads of the terrified customers. Two of them actually rode around the large hall of the café, the others contenting themselves with leading their horses round by the bridges. The police were at once sent for by the proprietor, but as one constable who ventured to expostulate was brutally maltreated for his temerity, the others thought it prudent not to interfere. A few minutes later the rowdy officers remounted their steeds and rode off again at a gallop. It is hardly necessary to add that their outrageous conduct created quite a sensation in the town.

For the sake of a wager a remarkable feat of horsemanship was some years ago accomplished by a sporting nobleman in a certain West End mansion. He made a bet with a friend that he would ride his pony from the ground floor of the house to the top and down again. His steed required a good deal of persuasion to attempt the task, but it was finally performed, though the damage done to the stair carpets and other things amounted to £50, which had to be paid by the winner.
 The foregoing performance was paralleled by the exploit of a Lincolnshire farmer who, at Kirton Lindsey, in that county, succeeded in riding a pony up two flights of stairs into a room and to the ground floor again. The scene of this equestrian feat was the George Inn at Kirton Lindsey, and it was considered all the more remarkable because the weight of the rider was as much as twelve stone, while that of his mount was under thirty stone.

A marvelous feat in the hunting field was reported a few months since from Warrnambool, Victoria. During a run of the local hounds a horse known as Handy Andy, ridden by Mr. M. J. Dickson, approached a stiff four-rail fence in the neighborhood of Grasmere. Another horse, bearing Dr. MacKnight, stopped within a few feet of the obstacle, and running down the fence, got in the way of Handy Andy. The latter then jumped the obstructing horse, rider and fence, just touching the doctor with his hoofs. The feat was superbly done, but, unfortunately, Handy Andy stumbled on landing and unseated his clever and intrepid rider.

Some extraordinary equestrian exploits have taken place in New York. At a costly banquet, given some time ago in the carriage room of Mr. W. H. Clark, an American millionaire, his favorite horse was ridden round the table by one of the forty guests, after it had enjoyed a poetical "feed" of flowers and champagne. Afterward Shetland ponies were ridden into and about the room by others of the guests, the revels being prolonged into the small hours of the morning.

Some volunteer officers in Wales rode their horses at full gallop at midnight over the rocky declivities of a neighboring mountain without mishap to men or mounts.—Tit-Bits.

Fighting For Life in a Net.
 Tangled in a big fishing seine after the capsizing of their boat one mile from shore, Charles Beck and his son, George Beck, two Evanston firemen, struggled for their lives for two hours yesterday morning in Lake Michigan. Not until the imperiled men had cut the net, which was 300 feet long, in two, were they able to extricate themselves. Then, thoroughly exhausted with their efforts to keep afloat while they were escaping from the death trap, they battled again with the waves and, by aiding one another, swam to the beach in safety.

The Becks, who live at 2146 Maple avenue, Evanston, had gone out early in the morning to take in the seine, which they had set off Grosse Point Lighthouse. They were engaged in hauling in the netful of fish when a squall arose. Their boat, a flat-bottomed scow, swung into the trough of the sea and filled with water. While they were bailing out the water with their hats the scow capsized, throwing both its occupants into the lake. Immediately the arms and legs of the men became entangled in the seine and rendered them powerless to swim.

Divesting themselves of their rubber coats and boots, the father and son, with a fishing knife, began cutting the cords from their hands and ankles. When once they had cut themselves free and had started to swim toward shore they again became entangled in the big net. The son's strength began

to give out after a half hour's struggle, and the double burden of helping the boy to keep afloat, and freeing both himself and his son from the impending meshes fell to the father.
 The latter's endurance had nearly given out when he succeeded in separating the last strands of the seine. Both fishermen were so prostrated when they reached shore that they had to be assisted to their home.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Bull Tripped Up the Tents.
 A new rendering of the old story of the bull in the china shop is told by P. J. McCook, a nephew of General Anson G. McCook, and himself a veteran of the Spanish-American War.
 "During the Porto Rico campaign," said Mr. McCook, "my company was camping in a field not far from the town of Adjuntas. A barbed wire fence separated the camp from another field, in which were a number of cattle. The fence was taken as guard line, and sentries were posted along it. During the night a frisky bull in the adjoining field took it into his head to charge the fence, with the idea of getting at the sentry on the other side. The sentry naturally resented the intrusion, and when the bull got within range prodded him sharply in the nose with his sword bayonet. The bull retreated with an angry roar.
 "Evidently the injured nose troubled the animal, for presently he made another rush for the fence. Again he met a vicious stab. By this time the infuriated animal was roused. He upset the sentry, snapped the wire fence and was in the midst of the camp in a second. The scene that followed beggars description. The company was sleeping in the little 'pup' tents used in the field. As the angry animal rolled through the field he tripped and stumbled over the tent ropes, and in a few minutes dozens of men were struggling to get loose from the canvas and howling in pain as the feet of the animal landed on them. A 'strike' in a bowling alley is not more complete than the way in which the indignant bull demolished the company street tents. There was little sleep that night in Company A."

Lost Life Rather Than Retreat.
 Among the interesting figures at the recent naval maneuvers at New London was a signal corps sergeant named Ackers, who lay claim to one of the most remarkable war records in the Army. At Manila, in China and in the West he has seen service. At the time of the Chinese campaign he was chief telegraph operator of the American forces. During the battle before Tientsin Ackers was sent with a message to Colonel Liscum of the Ninth Infantry, whose regiment was under heavy fire. The orders were to retreat.

"I brought the word to Liscum," said Ackers, in telling the story. "Liscum's fighting blood was up and he was mad at the idea of retreating. Turning to me he gave me the worst wiggling I ever received. There we stood out in the open, with the bullets flying in all directions, and the Colonel sailing into me for fair. Of course, I had to stand up to attention, and it wasn't the most comfortable position in the world with about 50,000 Chinese shooting at us."
 "Well, Liscum had just about finished with one tack and was beginning another when all of a sudden he doubled up and went down in a heap in front of me. I think that was the first time I ever regretted the end of a wiggling. The sheer nerve of the man to stand up there and call me down as if we were in barracks while bullets were whizzing on all sides was wonderful, but it cost him his life."—New York Tribune.

Saved From an Alligator.
 While a number of passengers were waiting for the morning train at Pablo Beach, Fla., they heard the wail of a child, Jerry Delancy, Deputy Sheriff and a former Cincinnati policeman, headed those who hastened to search for the cause of the cry. A short distance away they saw a big alligator dragging a child away, having secured hold of its dress in its mouth. The child was shrieking. The posse rushed to the rescue, and the gator redoubled its efforts to get to its bayou nearby. A big dog belonging to the child came running along and dashed at the gator's head. The gator whacked its tail round with great force, dashed the dog into its mouth which it opened with a gulp, taking in the dog and swallowing him with ease. The gator dropped hold of the child's dress in the struggle. The posse at once killed the gator. It was fifteen feet long. It is thought to have been made fierce by hunger, as it is seldom that they will attack human beings and especially so near a habitation. The child was unharmed.

She Got Two Cougars With Two Bullets.
 Mrs. A. E. Dobrowsky, the young and pretty wife of a jeweler, killed two mountain lions on Sunday at Bear Mountain. The man and his wife go every Sunday into the woods, but last Sunday she killed her first mountain lion. She was alone on the mountain-side when she was attracted by the baying of her hound. She found he had a large lion up a tree. As she prepared to shoot at it she saw a second lion looking hungrily at her through the thick foliage. Just then her husband came up, attracted by the noise of the dog. At the count of three two rifles rang out and two tawny brutes fell to the earth mortally wounded. As they rolled in their death struggles Mrs. Dobrowsky saw a third lion higher up in the tree than his fellows had been. She killed it with one ball. The smallest lion measured five feet.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE FIRST EVICTION.
 A Magyar Version of the Old Story of the Garden of Eden.

The Magyar folk-story teller hits off the opinion of the peasantry with regard to their Roumanian and German neighbors in a tale current among them. It runs as follows:
 When Adam and Eve fell God sent Gabriel, the Magyar angel, to turn them out of Eden as a punishment for their sin. Gabriel was received most courteously, food and drink of the best being set before him. Now Gabriel had a kind heart and took pity upon the poor folk, and would not accept their hospitality, remembering his errand. So he returned and begged that some one else be sent to evict the sinners, as he really could not do it. Then Raphael, the Roumanian angel, was sent and was received as Gabriel had been. He, however, was very fond of a good dinner, and so he sat down and thoroughly enjoyed himself. The feast over, he told the erring pair his errand. They at once began to weep most piteously and beg for mercy. Their bitter sorrow so touched his after-dinner heart that he, too, returned, and asked that some one else be sent, as he could not possibly turn out the poor folk after accepting the hospitality. Then it was that Michael, the German angel, was sent. He was received as the others by the trembling pair and treated even more sumptuously. He sat down and enjoyed himself until the last morsel of food had vanished and there wasn't a drop of liquor left. Then he arose and, turning to his host and hostess, said: "Now then, out you go, and be quick about it." Most piteously did Adam and Eve beg at least for time, even reminding him that he had partaken of their bread. All in vain. Thus it was that our first parents were driven out of Eden.

Origin of Red Cross.
 In reading the record of work done by the Red Cross in South Africa one wonders once again that history should be so silent as to the treatment of the sick and wounded in the great campaigns of the past. Even the inauguration of the movement in 1863 at Geneva, which has enabled the world to realize the paradox of how in the midst of war to be at peace, created no more stir in Europe than to give rise to but a few lines in an out-of-the-way part of the Times. Yet fourteen governments had sent delegates and such aristocratic bodies as the Ancient Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and such authorities were represented as Miss Florence Nightingale, whose work in the Crimea had first in history stimulated the imagination on behalf of the wounded. But the immediate occasion of the convention were the awful battles of Magenta and of Solferino, in 1859, which left 52,000 killed and wounded on the battlefield, their blood giving the name to a new dye, magenta. To-day more than thirty nations are agreed to abide by the Geneva convention. Toward the conclusion of the Spanish-American war the parallel to our blue book was a big handsome gray volume, with a massive red cross on the cover and fully illustrated, by Miss Clara Barton, the American "lady of the lamp."—London Chronicle.

Disguised Dog as a Baby.
 The most prominent of the dogs at present in the public eye is that terrier which its owners attempted recently to smuggle across the Channel disguised as a baby in long clothes. It is attracting the greatest interest at Calais, where it is in charge of one of the officials at the buffet at the Gare Maritime, who, it appears, has been commissioned to attend to the dog until the owners' return to the continent. The dog's name is Bob, but we fear this is no more valuable as a means of identification than if it had been called Smith or Jones. It is said to belong to an American lady and gentleman, who are at present staying in London. The animal is a large Irish terrier, so large that it must have made an exceedingly fine child when dressed as a baby. The lady crossed from England to the continent in nurse's attire two days previously, and, it is stated, traveled especially to Paris to fetch the dog.—London Daily News.

The Way a Pocket is Picked.
 The easiest, safest and some of the most lucrative graft I ever engaged in was when I was a boy robbing women in the street or on the crowded cars. I was at that time what is called a moul-buzzer, a fly that buzzed about women. I worked with Zack and one or two other boys. Each of us had his particular job to look after. I was generally the pick, dip or tool, the boy that actually made the touch. My companions were stalls—i. e., they were to look out for the policeman, distract the attention of the victim and cover up my operations. As a rule one stood in front of the sucker, one directly behind him, and one was the lookout. Then, when we had the victim just right, I would do the dipping.—Autobiography of a Thief, in Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Measles and Ammonia.
 A Detroit woman who labors among the poor children of the city was telling her experiences.
 "One day there was a death in the neighborhood—a little girl died, and the children were visibly impressed. They told me about it in unison.
 "It was better for her, wasn't it, Missus?' one little girl said philosophically.
 "What was the trouble?' I asked.
 "'O,' another spoke up, 'she had measles and ammonia on the lungs and a lot of things.'
 "I was, of course, deeply impressed by the 'lot of things,' but more so by the 'ammonia on the lungs.'"—Detroit Free Press.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED
 PENSIONS GRANTED.

Independent Coal Company—Disastrous Fire—Generals Relieved. Mysterious Disappearance.

The following names were added to the pension list during the past week: William Gerst, Bellevue, \$6; William H. Henry, Mifflintown, \$12; Samuel J. McConnell, Wertzville, \$12; George Fisher, Great Belt, \$8; John Alexander, Shipensburg, \$17; Anthony Souker, Dunbar, \$14; Hiram Baker, Somerset, \$17; Henry W. Hoak, Beaver Falls, Marcus Martin, Elizabeth, \$12; Charles Taylor, Phillipsburg, \$10; Gavin A. McLain, Indiana, \$6; Luther S. Collins, East Charleston, \$10; Thomas R. Luckhardt, Plumville, \$17; Elizabeth Morris, Indiana, \$8; Daniel A. Barnhill, Newville, \$10; Frank B. Koons, Huntington Mills, \$12; Jacob Barley, Carlisle, \$8; Perry Watts, Pottsville, \$10; Andrew J. Duryea, Eldred, \$12; Robert C. Hemphill, Tinsville, \$8.

One of the largest of the independent coal companies of the Pittsburgh district is now being formed for the purpose of mining and marketing coal from a plot of 3,000 acres in this state, near the West Virginia line on the Panhandle railroad. The company has applied for a charter under the name of the Pittsburg and Wheeling Coal Company. It will have a capital of \$300,000, and will issue \$100,000 in bonds. The bonds will be issued for the purpose of improving the property and opening a number of mines.

The Morgan Opera House at Sharon was totally destroyed by fire. The loss to the opera house company will reach \$100,000. Other losses were: W. E. Sloughenhand, \$10,000, partly insured; Scotch Woollen Clothing Company, loss \$12,000, insurance, \$3,500; Guy Steebs, drug store, loss \$8,000, insurance \$2,500; A. T. Brady, jeweler, loss \$5,000, insurance \$1,000.

John Rankin, employed at the Tindel Morris Company forge, at Ellwood, is mysteriously missing. Rankin was working night turn and, after eating his lunch, left the factory. When the men resumed work and he did not return he was searched for, but in vain. He had no money, and so far as known no enemies.

General Gobin, of the Third brigade, and General Wiley, of the Second brigade, have been relieved from duty by order of Major General Miller. Brigadier General Schall, of the First brigade, assumes command of the entire body of troops remaining in the mining region.

The workers at the Altoona glass plant are having trouble securing suitable boarding places. There are only a few hotels located in the vicinity of the glass works, and these are of a class that do not cater to boarders. Some blowers have left the city to get work elsewhere.

George S. King, the oldest resident of the Conemaugh valley, who had long been known as the "Father of Johnstown," and who for many years had been recognized as the father of the industry of the Allegheny mountains, celebrated his ninety-third birthday.

The Rochester Savings and Trust Company has been organized at Rochester. A number of the charter members are directors in the First National bank, and it is understood the two institutions will be consolidated.

The coroner's inquest into the death of Charles Clifford, murdered at Finleyville, was held at Washington. The jury decided that Clifford came to his death as a result of wounds inflicted by William Byassee.

Leroy Williams, a contractor of Dunbar, has mysteriously disappeared, and his friends are greatly alarmed. He left home to attend the U. S. A. R. encampment at Washington, but has not since been seen.

Lawrence county farmers are alarmed by an incendiary, who is burning barns. Those of Miss Martha Patterson, W. P. Kelso and James Russell, all of North Beaver township, having been destroyed.
 The Rev. J. A. Marquis, who is to leave the Westminster Presbyterian congregation at Greensburg, to accept a call to Redlands, Cal., was presented with a purse containing \$510 by his congregation.
 The officers who have been at work on the safe robbery at the Westmoreland Coal Company office have a man looked up at Irwin whom they believe to be one of the gang.
 Henry W. Weddige, an old Philadelphia & Erie railroad engineer, leaned from the cab of his engine near Erie and was killed by his head hitting a bridge.
 Chemist Ashman, of Pittsburg, has submitted to New Castle councils an analysis of water used in that place, which showed it to be unfit for drinking purposes.
 While celebrating in Carlisle the Dickinson football victory over the Naval Academy three students were seriously injured.
 Rev. Dr. George E. Reed, who is president of Dickinson college, resigned his position as state librarian.
 The general store of Joseph Stiglitz, at Wampum, Lawrence county, was robbed of \$400 worth of goods.
 Miss Georgia E. Shaw has resigned as postmistress at New Kensington, and a lively scramble is being made for the place.
 At Mercer Frederick Rawatzer, aged 18, was sentenced to Morgantown reformatory for an alleged assault committed at Sharon.
 The reunion of the Fifty-seventh regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, was held at Sharon Friday.
 Burglars blew the safe in a hotel at Jeannette, securing \$50 in cash and many valuable papers.