Through intervening time and space, As if swift pinions bore me, I journey to my native place, While memory flies before me. Again before me lies spread out Green hills and woodland alley, Again resounds the joyous shout That echoed through the valley

Again to early vows of faith My inmost heart is thrilling. Again before affliction's breath My aching eyes are filling.

With joy my brother's voice I hear, Feel sister's fond caressing, I smile to see my mother's tear, I hear my father's blessing.

Anon, where leafless locusts wave, And wintry winds are blowing, Above affection's lowly grave, My bitter tears are flowing. Ah, me! what scenes of joy and grief Are waked by memory's power. Like blossom bright and faded leaf, The sunshine and the shower.

Here, like the garlands of the spring, Shine joys that once delighted. There hopes lie strewn and withering, Like leaves by winter blighted. But, from the earth on which they lie, Behold bright faith is springing. And to the fadeless bowers on high, Her angel flight is winging.

eyes were sharply concerned in his em

"And who'll keep their eye on you. Mahoney?" demanded the timekeeper, with a laugh, and walked away. Ma-

Thereafter, for several days, Corny

cossing.
"Don't you ever laugh, youngster?"

he asked one day, stopping beside him

boss was usually very circumspect.
To oversee the various gangs of men and plan the work a man's head should be clear all the time. Corny was im-

pressed by this fact, for at first the bustle and confusion—the steam drills going at several points along the ditch where veins of rock had been found, the rattle of the trolley overhead, and

he shouting of the underbosses and

the shouting of the underbosses and laborers—seemed quite overpowering. He began by being afraid that he should transmit the signals wrong to the engineer; but that individual told him before his first week was up that he was the best signal man they had had on the job. Perhaps the engineer, who was a good-natured fellow, said a word in Corny's favor to the time-keeper, and that is the reason he was

allowed to keep his position.

Everybody seemed to like the time-keeper but the boss, and when Manoney, as the men said, "had the drink

in him," he was ugly to everybody. One afternoon the half-tipsy overseer sent the man who stood on the plat-form above the end of the ditch where

listance was too far for audible con

ourse the boss blamed all the mistake

upon the flagboy.

But when he had gone back to the

further platform the timekeeper stopped beside Corny. He had been not the engine house and had seen the

whole occurrence from the window.

"Don't fret yourself over what that brute says to you," he said, seeing the tears running down Corny's pinched cheeks. "He iso't so big a man as he thinks himself, if he has got a brother in the City Hall and a pull in Fourteenth street."

eye on him.'

.. The Boy With the Flag .:

I was rather a responsible fellow, who usually had a joke for the position for a boy, but Boss
Mahoney looked at the
pinched, old-fashioned face
of the applicant and decided that this boy, at least,
rould not skylark, and he saw a
through of clearing a good three dollars T was rather a responsible report of the man who assany had a joke for the position for a boy, but Boss men, and he was known to be a relative of the contractor himself. McAdo was the name of the man who had of the applicant and decided that this boy, at least, trembled. "He's no good, an' I've fired him."
Mahoney declared, belligerently. He
never seemed to like the timekeeper
perhaps because he feared the latter's chance of clearing a good three doilars on the weekly payroll. So he offered Corny half a dollar a day, and the latter took the place of the "dollar-a-day man," who drank too much to hold his

job, and accepted the offer and the red flag with an eagerness that almost made Mahoney wish he had knocked off an additional half dollar. might happen."

"Now, you let the lad alone," Mahoney blustered. 'He's all right. B'sides, he tells me he needs the place; there's a raft of young uns to home and no father nor mother. I'll keep my Corny's place was at the narrew

crossing at Blank street, where a plat-form of heavy planks had been built over the deep ditch of the subway works. At one end of the excavation was the hoisting engine house, and overhead the heavy wire cables carried the 'trolley car' of earth or broken stone from the further end of the ditch to the dumping platform near the engineering.

Beside the engineer was a window and through this aperture he could see the boy with the flag at the cross-ing, a long block away. He governed the speed and the raising and lowering of the car according to the signal

Corny received his signals from the where the men were excavating, and who guided the swinging box among the great pipes and drains and conduits which seemed to hang in a perfect network above the heads of the labor-

Besides keeping a sharp eye on the man, Corny was expected to be on the lookout for vehicles that wished to cross the ditch and to allow none to cross while the loaded trolley was running overhead. A bit of rock might fall from the car, or a horse might become frightened by the rattle of the

The flagboy certainly earned his half dollar. There was no time for sky-larking, even had Corny been so in-clined. But Mahoney had been quite

clined. But Mahoney had been quitecorrect in his judgment of Corny's
face; life was altogether too serious
to him for the flagboy to enjoy himself as did other boys.

When a person of fifteen feels the
responsibility of forty-five resting on
his shoulders skylarking is a long way
from his thoughts. The pitiable three
dollars a week Mahoney allowed him
was expected, with what Johnny could
earn doing chores for the local storeearn doing chores for the local store-keepers and Ben could make selling papers to clothe, feed and house seven hungry, active growing boys and girls.

It had not always been so. Six months of trial and privation had made a very "old-fashioned" boy indeed of a very "old-fashioned" boy indeed of Cornelius Harney. The Harneys had only lived a year

and a half in the city before the father died. They had come from "the old country," and after "her man" was taken, the mother pined more and more for the old English village where she had been born. She could do but little to help support the family, and soon the orphaned children saw her laid

Cornelius was the oldest boy. Mary Cornelius was the oldest boy. Mary, who was two years his senior, kept house for them and tried to keep the garments of the younger children decently patched. Nobody seemed to want a boy of Cornelius' age until he had, drawn the attention of Boss Mahoney at the underground works.

Those three dollars looked big indeed to Corny until he hegen to try to an

to Corny until he began to try to apportion them out—so much toward the rent, so much for food, and such y very little for clothing, and nothing at all for extras. Johnny's and Ben' incomes were not to be depended upon for they varied according to the number of errands Johnny could run and the number of papers Ben sold.

And to make sure of those three dol. lars Corney had to be up at 6 every morning, rain or shine, warm or cold and he did not get back until 6 a night. There certainly was no though of play in the flagboy's mind. The re sponsibilities resting on his young shoulders spurned Corny to do his best He quickly learned the signais by

he was never inattentive when th

trolley was in motion. Malhoney admitted that "the kid" was a good ind for him; but he still appropriated the other three dollars in Corny's envelope on pay day.

The timekeeper, who came up from the contractor's office every afternoon to get the details of the day's work from Mahoney, gave poor Corny a serious fright the very first day.

"Where's McAdo?" asked the time-keeper, triskly. He was a lively young to the car came down on the run and tendence in the City Hall and a pull in Fourteenth street."

Then, he went on to the end of the ditch. Mahoney was bellowing at the men in his usual aggressive style. The timekeeper stood near-by and watched him unobserved.

Just then the empty car ran along the cable and stopped over the platform on which Mahoner stood. The boss motioned for a "quick drop," and the car came down on the run and bot's my vife!"—Harper's Weekly.

struck squares on the piatform instead of entering the mouth of the shaft.

The chains loosened and fell off, and of entering the mouth of the si The chains loosened and fell off,

he great steel hook swung loose.

Instantly Mahoney leaped up, show-ring his curses upon the poor flag-loy's devoted head. ooy's devoted head.
"Hold on, Mahoney!" interposed the

"Hold on, Mahoney!" interposed the quiet voice of the timekeeper. "That's your fault. You signaled for a quick drop—and you got it. You'd ought to send that car down steady, or you'll break some of the men's heads." "I'll break your head!" roared the boss, turning his passion-inflamed face upon the young man.

But the timekeeper smiled sarcastically, and stepped gingerly down upon

ally, and stepped gingerly down upon the platform. "You ain't fit for this place," he said, in disgust. "Let me place," he said, in disgust. "Let me catch that hook, if you're not going to it'll do some damage to those pipes."

The heavy hook was swinging to and The heavy hook was swinging to and fro across the pipes, banging from one to another. Mahoney rushed at the nervy young timekeeper; and had the latter not stepped aside he might have been thrown from the platform.

"What are you about?" he demanded, seizing the swinging chain with one

izing the swinging chain with one PROBLEM STORY OF THE PROBLEM SECTION OF THE P

But Mahoney was not to be held now. He picked up the nearest implement to his hand-a heavy shoveland came at the other a second time The timekeeper could not pass him and reach the street; and behind was the shaft nearly thirty feet in depth.

But Corny, from the crossing half a block away, saw the overseer's mad

'Hang to the hook!" he shricked, and ployer's interest.
"I don't believe Mr. Butterworth will stand for a boy to flag. Something might happen." his shrill voice rose above the noise of the steam drills and the rattle of

ngineer to draw up the hook. Fortunately, the timekeeper was a young man of quick brain as well as action. When he felt the chain tighten under his hand he realized what Corny's words meant, and slipping his test litte the least he calls. foot into the hook he allowed himsel to be literally 'snatched' up out of the range of Mahoney's shovel. But the enraged boss flung the im-

with a laugh, and waised away. Mahoney's fondness for liquor was pretty well known among the men, and on several occasions the boss had been within a narrow margin indeed of losing his lucrative and responsible position. But the enraged boss flung the implement after him, and then began throwing pieces of rock at the swinging figure in the air. Another signal from the watchful Corny, however, sent the timekeeper sailing along under the trolley cables toward the pumping platform, and as he whirled above the flagboy's head he actually waved his hand to him.

As for Corny himself, he almost fainted from the fright of it all. A shook in his broken old shoes whenever the timekeeper made his visit to this portion of the works. But the young flagman was not molested, and it even seemed that the jolly clerk took a liking to the solemn-faced boy at the crossing.

fainted from the fright of it all. A boy who ate as little as he did wasn't able to stand many such shocks. He couldn't even run when Mahoney scrambling for the ditch, and still seek ing to vent his fury on some one, ap ached him

he asked one day, stopping beside nim for a moment.

Corny looked confused, and blushed furiously. "I—I don't see anything to laugh at," he stammered.

"I dunno," said the other. "Most boys of your age would laugh if they got six dollars a week," and he went on leaving Corny dumbfounded, for he didn't know that Mahoney was ex-tracting an extra generous "commisproached him.

However, a couple of brawny policemen, summoned by the excited shouts of the spectators, quickly overpowered the madman, and he was marched away to the nearest station. That end-ed his career as overseer for Contractor Butterworth, and in the general straightening out of affairs the time tracting an extra generous "commission" from the pay envelope of the flagman.

But collecting a tax upon the wage of the laborate keeper learned how Corny had been cheated out of half his pay every week

But collecting a tax upon the wage of the laborers employed on his section of the work was not Mahoney's only sin. The man was a good workman when he let liquor alone, but he grew both reckless and abusive when he drank, and as the contractor himself seldom visited the piece of ditching there was nobody to report Mahoney's lapses unless it was the timekeeper. When that individual was about, the boss was usually very circumspect you," the timekeeper declared. "I've been telling my uncle about you, and if you want you can have a place at eight dollars a week down to the office. I've told you I need an assistant, and you're just the sort of a fellow I want.

And although that was all the time-keeper ever said about being grateful for the service Corny's quickness had rendered him, the flagboy was amply satisfied.-Classmate

The Value of Laughter.

If more women realized the saving grace of laughter there would be fewer tragedies and heart breaks in this

If you, dear madam, were able to

If you, dear madam, were able to make your lover laugh, you might consider yourself clever indeed. But if you can keep your husband laughing you should be enrolled among the seven wonders of the world.

You see, a man's life is usually full of duties and cares that you, possibly, cannot realize. If you could, perhaps, you might try to chose the leavness. you might try to chase the heavines sitting silent and grieved at his want

of cheerfulness. Sometimes you feel that so much merriment may be beneath your dig-nity. Don't believe it; men often long for the joyous spirit that so charmed

hem in sweethearting days. It seems a little thing to provoke aughter, does it not? Somehow you have drawn for the conduct of a wife

the shovellers filled the trolley car away on another job and took his place for a time. At once things be-gan to go wrong, for Corny not always understood the boss' signals, and the But it is a saving grace, you may de-pend; a man rarely reaches a period of life when there is no more of the boy left in his nature; the mischiev-ousness is still there—or, rather, the spirit of it—and you need but give the mand to be repeated.

Once Mahoney walked over to the boy and gave him a tongue-lashing which very nearly paralyzed him. Of opportunity to bring it forth, wit great benefit to the family generally.

A Joke on the Doctor.

A Baltimore physician says that re-cently he boarded a Charles street car that was sadly overcrowded. He soon observed a big German sprawled over an area sufficient to seat two persons at least, while just in front of him stood

Matters

Bath Rugs.

The bath bags can be used very nicely for face and body. Following is the recipe: Take four pounds of fine oatmeal, two quarts of clear bran, one and one-half pounds of the best powdered orris root, one and one-half pounds of almond ment, one pound of best white castile soon (nowdered) and est white castile soap (powdered) and three ounces of primrose sachet. Mix and keep in a glass jar, filling little cheesecloth bags as needed.

Care of Silverware.

When cleaning day comes, dissolve a good soap in boiling water and wash the silver in the suds; rinse in clear the silver in the suds; rinse in clear not water, dry, and rub with chamois skin. Moisten pure whiting with alco-nol and apply with a soft rag, rub off hol and apply with a soft rag, rub off with another, brush to remove the dust from the chasing, polish with chamois skin, and set away to delight the eye of the beholder. For the many silver conveniences and necessities of the tollet and bedroom, prepared chalk, alcohol or ammonia, a soft fiannel rag, a brush and a piece of chamois are the necessary cleansers. A little paste of ammonia or alcohol and chalk applied with the fiannel, allowed to dry and with the flannel, allowed to dry and brushed out, will work wonders with even bits of chased silver, if followed by a rubbing with chamois skin.

There are times at almost every sea son of the year when any kind of foot seems repulsive to the appetite, when the eye wanders aimlessly over the menu in search of some simple entree that may tempt the jaded palate to for-get its lassitude, and it is more than probable that, after everything else has been discarded, the choice may finally fall upon the ever-present steak.
Of course, it must be admitted that
there is one thing which recommends
the juicy porterhouse. When it is properly cut, of the correct thickness, and has been decently broiled over a bed of coals, as the chop-house artists so well know how to broil it, it is never unpalatable, and yet, if the time should ever come when even the beautifully browned porterhouse seems cheerless and uninviting, dress it a la Frank Dodge and learn that there are joys in life which are deep enough to com-pensate one for such an undesirable

possession as a captions appetite.

Let your porterhouse be thick, of course—two inches is not too thick—and let it be brought to you unseasoned and let it be brought to you unseasoned but piping hot from the coals over which it has been broiled for so short a time that it is still rare and julcy throughout. Call for a four-tined fork, and with it stick the steak slowly from end to end until the julce oozes from the top over every portion of it. Over the top of the steak you must then sprinkle a little salt, the julce of a good-sized lemon, a very thin layer of dry mustard, and a generous dusting of paprika. Tip the platter and when of paprika. Tip the platter and when the juice of the meat gathers at one end of the dish mix it with a table spoonful of the best Worcestershire spoots of the best workershife sauce, and baste the steak with this gravy until it has been almost entirely absorbed into the tissue of the meat. Nearly every one knows Frank Dodge and his decorative work in the New York theatres, but those who try his

piquant sauce will well understand why he is more proud of this invention than he is of his most meritorious work as a scenic artist.—New York Globe.



the seed from four large ripe (yellow, but not soft) cucumbers; grate them, drain the pulp into a colander. When perfectly dry, measure, turn into a auce pan, add a quarter of a teaspoo ful of cayenne, half a pint of vinegar, teaspoonful of salt and four heaping tablespoonfuls of grated horse radish; mix well, bottle and scal. To be served cold meats

Peach Shortcake—To one quart sifted flour add by thorough sifting three times repeated three heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar. Into these ingredients rub lightly two tablespoonfuls butter and sufficient sweet milk or water to nake a dough just stiff enough to b make a dough just sim enough to be able to stir with a spoon. Bake in two tins in a quick oven. Spread both cakes with the best of butter and over the lower half put a layer of ripe peaches sliced thin. Sprinkle thickly with sugar, cover with the other half, dust the top with powdered sugar and serve with plenty of cream.

Hot Tomales-Boil chicken until very fine; salt and pepper to taste; moiste to the consistency of mush with the broth. Heat the remainder of the broth to boiling, and stir in cornmeal to make a little stiffer than ordinary mush and cook thoroughly. Take nice fresh corn husks, soak in warm wate until soft; then spread a half-inch layer of mush on each husk, put a good spoonful of the meat mixture on the layer of mush, roll so the meat is co and storm in the curst, and all by the husk turn in the cuds and tie with twin and steam half an how. Serve in th husk. Nice tomales may be made it the same way with nice fresh beef or pork, the neck of beef and the shoulder of pork being the best.

ROUGH ON STOKES. Story of a Dream That Proved No Con pliment to the Benedict.

Peter Stokes, who has been married only two weeks, has left his wife, says lit-Bits. Stokes is a little man, and his wife weighs 240 pounds, and was the relict of the late. Seth. Thompson About ten days after marriage Stoke was surprised, on waking in the morning, to find his better half sitting up is bed and crying as if her heart would

break. Astonished, he asked the cause of her sorrow, but, receiving no reply, he be-gan to surmise that there must be some secret on her mind which she withheld from him, and which was the cause of

from him, and which was the cause of her anguish; so he remarked to Mrs. S. that as they were married she ought to tell him the cause of her grief, so that, if possible, he might lessen it.

After considerable coaxing, he elicited the following from her: "Last night I dreamed I was single, and as I walked through a well lighted street I came to a shop where a sign in front advertised husbands for sale. Thinking it curious I entered, and ranged ing it curious I entered, and ranged along the wall on either side were men with prices affixed to them—such beau-tiful men—some for one thousand pounds, some five hundred, and so or one hundred and fifty; and, as I had

not that amount, I could not purchase."

Thinking to console her, Stokes placed his arm lovingly around her, and asked, "And did you see any men

"Oh, yes," she replied, "lots like you; they were tied up in bunches like as-paragus, and sold for ten shillings per

A Tip From the Bench.
"When Judge McCay was on the bench for the Northern District of Georgia, the attorneyship of which the President has offered Representative Carter Tate," said a Georgia representative, "a young lawyer secured the attention of the judge and told him that he wished a prestrangent of a that he wished a postponement of a case in which he was to appear for the defendant. The case was one of simple moonshining, but the lawyer contended that it would take several hours

for the argument,
"'I can understand all you will have
to say in an hour's time," said the judge.

judge.
"I am satisfied I shall take fully eight hours in my argument,' contended the lawyer.
"'Very well; have your own way; but it will take the prisoner about

three years to tell why he employed you."—Philadelphia Ledger.

When the Londoner wishes to study John Chinaman at his leisure there is no need to go abroad for the purpose. He has only to take a cab to the causeway at Limehouse to find himself in little Chinatown. There he will see siant-eyed sons of the Orient, some with English names and some without —some even with English or more -some even with English or, more likely, Irish wives—and all looking as calmly picturesque as it is possible for a "hathen Chinee" to look. He will find several Chinese shops with Chin nese names on the doors and smug Celestials within waiting to overreach either a countryman or a Britisher in a bargain. They have been there nearly twenty years now, and they seem quite as clean and respectable as their neighbors. Strange to say nobody in that district has a word to say against John as a citizen.—London Mail.

Another of the subway experiments in ventilating the tube has failed to do in ventilating the tube has failed to do what the engineers thought it would accomplish, and has been abandoned. That is the installation of the big revolving fans at the Brooklyn Bridge and Fourteenth street stations.

After being in use for two months the four fans were removed last Sunday night from their positions at either end of the two stations, and a fresh experiment is being tried by placing one of the fans in the tunnel proper

one of the fans in the tunnel proper under the City Hall plaza, while the one at the north end has been moved up nearly to the Worth street station. At Fourteenth street the same thing has been tried of setting the fans above the tunnel walls.-New York Press.

Wooden Leg's Many Abuses.

A wooden leg can play a thousand parts. It is a hammer, as well as a club; a cricket bat on occasions; a hod for bricks; a camp stool; a support for the drowning; a jury mast for the ship-wrecked; a flagstaff for a rectived actions as a bright state. retired sailor; a soup ladle; a conties, such as gold, ink, pemmican, testimonials. No man with a wooden leg is ever wholly destitute; he has his leg.—London Punch.

Now here is a new view: A writer n the Cornhill Magazine says that in the Counhill Magazine says that the great problem of the day is not how we shall succeed in trade, but how we shall keep our soils alive; the problem of education not to teach a boy to earn his living but to show him how he may avoid spoiling himself while he earns his living. This is worth considering, anyway.

Registered Raufall.

A German scientific paper describes a new registering rain gauge, in which each drop falls on a balanced arm, which dips under if, closes an electric about and registers the fall. The number of drops in half a minute indicates the intensity of the shower, and curves the intensity of the shower, and curves of it can be drawn from them.

The Beer colony established in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, two years ago, is doing well.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

TUB OYSTER CRUSADE

Some Samples Secured by the Pure Food Agents Contained Boracic Acid.

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The greatest tub oyster crusade of the pure food department has been completed in the western part of the State under the direction of Division Agent James Foust, of Altoona. All told 500 samples of oysters have been lifted in Allegheny, Westmoreland, Washington, Cambria, Blair, Beaver, Lawrence, Venango, Mercer and Erie counties. The hundred or more samples lifted in the Pittsburg and Allegheny markets were found to be pure. The same is true of Blair, Cam-Allegeny markets were found to be pure. The same is true of Blair, Cambria, Westmoreland and Washington counties. In Lawrence and Eric counties the oysters were prescryed with boracic acid, and prosecutions will follow. Reports from Venango and Mercer counties have not yet been received. The crusade cost the State over \$1.500. over \$1,500.

Dr. Fred C. Johnson, chief medical officer of the state health department, was ordered by Commissioner Dixon to Berwick and Nescopec to investigate the outbreak of typhoid fever in that locality. There are more than 100 cases in the two towns, but Commissioner Dixon is confident that with the co-operation of the local boards of health it will be an easy matter to prevent the spread of the disease. F. Herbert Snow, chief of the engineering bureau of the health department, and Dr. G. H. Cox of Hummelstown, have been ordered to assist Dr. Johnson. Dr. G. H. Cox of Hummelstown, have been ordered to assist Dr. Johnson. The latest advices from Nanticoke, where Dr. Johnson has been in charge of the typhoid epidemic, are that the number of cases is gradually decreasing and there is no further danger of a spread of the disease. It is thought the epidemic at Berwick and Nescopec, both of which towns are below Nanticoke, is the result of the epidemic at the former place. There are also several typhoid cases at Archbald.

With his skull fractured and his face and head bruised from blows believed to have been inflicted by high-waymen, Justice of the Peace Daniel J. Kelleher, aged 43, of Beech View, Allegheny County, was found unconscious under the Banksville bridge over Little Saw Mill run late Saturday night. Without recovering consciousness he died at 2:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon at his home, South Sharon and Fifth avenues, Beech Sharon and Fifth avenues, Beech View. County Detectives Armstrong View. County Detectives Armstrong and O'Brien went to the scene, and while there is a possibility that Kelleher fell from the bridge, the officers believe he was a victim of foul play. At least one arrest is expected.

officers believe he was a victim of foul play. At least one arrest is expected.

Deputy Attorney General F. W. Fleitz furnished State Highway Commissioner J. W. Hunter with an opinion that the State funds may be used to put the historic old National Cumberland road in good condition and make such permanent repairs as may be necessary in connection with the specific appropriation, made by the last Legisiature for that purpose. Andrew Conoghan, 25 years old, of Crabtree, was killed on the Pennsylvania railroad, near Beatty. Henry Hays of Hempfield township was killed in the Radebaugh tunnel. He was 50 years old, and is survived by his wife and three sons. Paul Donato, 20 years old, of Ludwick, was killed on the Radebaugh branch.

As a result of an accident at the Franklin plate mill at Johnstown, operations there will be suspended for about two weeks and 300 skilled workmen thrown out of employment. The accident was caused by a break in the machinery. The mill was rushed with orders, many of which were for armor plate.

About 30 passengers were bruised and three people more painfully hurt in a head-on collision between two Logan Valley trolley cars at Hutchinsons curve, east of Altoona. Motoman Cogan and Conductor McKinney were cut by flying glass and had their legs sprained.

The receiver of the defunct City Savings and Trust Company of Lancaster filed his first account with the court. It showed a balance for distribution of \$237,491.05. The liabilities of the bank were \$900,000 and the State had a deposit therein of \$45,000.

State had a deposit therein of

While picking apples from a tree near the old stone house at Puckety church, Westmoreland county, Frank Sterling, 50 years old, a Bohemian, was thrown to the ground by the breaking of a limb and died from his injuries. He leaves a wife and four He leaves a wife and four

children.

Three masked men robbed the residence of Mrs. Margaret Wheeler and her sister, Mrs. J. M. Donaldson, at Henderson, Mercer county, after beating the women. The robbers missed \$350.

William Nesbit, 63 years old, was found dead in the office of Mayor E. W. Blackburn, of Latrobe. Mr. Nesbit formely lived in Pittsburg and

bit formerly lived in Pittsburg and leaves a wife and daughter.

A large glass works is to be erected near Masontown by capitalists of Uniontown, Masontown and Connells-ville.

A. G. Wilson, 50 years old, a retired farmer of near Hookstown, was killed by a train at Economy.

Rev. Dr. R. M. Russell, pastor of the Sixth United Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, has accepted the presidency of Westminster college at New Wilmington and will leave his New Wilmington, and will leave present congregation early in spring.

Jesse B. Sipes of Jeannette, died in the hospital in Greensburg from an overdose of laudanum. He was 46 years old and leaves a wife and

46 years old and leaves a wife and several children.

Miss Louise daughter of Mrs. Jennie Kennedy, of New Brighton, was seriously burned, her clothes catching fire from a gas burner.