

The Morning Rain.

W. J. LAMPTON.

If there's anything delightful in this fleeting vale of tears; If there's anything that's equal to dispelling doubts and fears; If there's anything ecstatic, Anything to soothe our pains, It is dazing, gentle dazing, In the morning when it rains.

Miss Haines's Brother.

Although the bank at Valley City was called "The Valley City Bank" and was supposed to be a private institution, it was really one of the seven branch banks belonging to a San Francisco syndicate of bankers. I was simply in charge of it on a moderate salary and under heavy bonds, and I had the credit of being a capitalist where no credit was due. The syndicate erected a one-story building for the bank. The front of this was raised off in the usual way, and the rear was divided into two rooms. One was used as a private room in which business appertaining to the bank was transacted and the other was my bedroom. I was a young man and single, and I had not only to act as president, cashier and teller during the day, but as watchman at night. The only help I had was a book-keeper, and he was only with me three half days per week. The remainder of his time was put in with a shipping firm in the same town.

cash. It's a combination, I see, but if that can't be hit it can be drilled or blown open. I think I'll make things a little safer for you." The bank had no cellar, but as stone was plenty and cost only the labor of quarrying, the walls were built two feet thick. To get below the frost line they had to be sunk nearly five feet. The space enclosed by the walls was flinty soil, so hard that a pick could scarcely disturb it. The floor of the bank was a little more than four feet above the earth. Tom was about a week, working at odd times, to get things in shape. He cut out a trap door in front of the safe, brought down wires and a battery, and when we had finished we had a contrivance which he alone had power over from Grand Crossing. By means of a switch up there he could spring the bolt of the trap door, and the door worked on a spring to close the opening again. A staple in the door and another in the frame permitted the use of a peg, so there might be no fear of accident during business hours. The understanding we had was that Tom should drop that door every hour between 8 o'clock at night and 7 the next morning and the scheme worked as easy as rolling off a log. For the first few nights the click of the bolt woke me up as the door fell, but after a time it failed to penetrate my drowsy senses.

looking, but had a wicked look in his eyes. Even before he spoke I had figured it all out and realized how I had been played for a chump. It was just 8.30 by the clock when my visitor said: "Come to, have you?" Well, that's what I was waiting for. I want you to open this safe." "I'll see you in Halifax first." "Going to get mad about it, are you? I've got your keys, you see, but, of course, I don't know the combination. You'll save me a heap of trouble by working the machinery. I'll loosen your hands, but don't attempt any foolishness. I've come for the bundle in the safe, and I'm going to have it at any cost." "But you'll get it without any help from me." He looked at me a moment with an evil eye and then took from his pocket a gag made of a pine stick with a string tied to each end. He rose up as if he meant to apply it, but changed his mind and sat down and said: "Sister Nell said you were a soft one, but I hope you are not a fool. What's the use of forcing me to extremes? Not a dollar of this money belongs to you. If you open the safe we'll make an even divide of the bundle, and I can leave you bound and arrange things so as to make it look straight to outsiders." "And I won't." "Then I'll compel you by torture! After I have held a lighted candle to the soles of your feet for five minutes I think you'll listen to reason. It is now 8.45. I'll experiment on the combination for fifteen minutes. If I hit it, all right; if not, I'll find a way to make you open the door!" He knelt down in front of the safe door, and, of course, it was my object to keep him there until the hands of the clock pointed to 9 and Tom shot the bolt. Neither one of us uttered a word for five minutes. Then I noticed he was getting impatient and said: "No doubt you'll hit the combination in time, and that will be bad for me!" "How bad for you?" he queried. "Why, even if you leave me bound and gagged people will be suspicious that it was a put-up job. If you had been obliged to use powder and drills it would have been different." "So you think I'll strike it, do you?" "I hope not, but you go at it like a man who has been there before. Where is Miss Haines?" "Miss Haines? Ha! ha! ha! Miss Haines left her kindest regards and said she might call again! Good-looking girl, eh?" "I'll admit that, even though she worked this job on me." "Yes, good looking girl and sharper than a steel trap. She thinks a heap of that missing brother, Miss Haines does! There! I think I've—" He thought he'd hit it, and he was not far out of the way, but it wasn't the hit he was looking for. Brother Tom was just a minute ahead of time in shooting the bolt. The robber uttered a shout and clutched at the air as he went down, and his heels had scarcely disappeared when the door swung back and I was making tremendous efforts to get my hands free. They were tied at the wrists, and before I had loosened them I had rolled over and over on the floor to reach the staples and the peg and make the door fast. Three minutes later I had a free hand to cut the ropes binding my ankles. It wasn't much of a fall through the trap, but the robber struck on his head and was stunned for a minute. When he came to he began cursing in a way to make my hair stand up, but I paid no attention.

"And my—my brother?" "He will keep until you are gone, and then we'll take him out and send him to jail." I returned to the bank and got her money. I saw her take the hotel bus to the depot. I waited until the train had come and gone, and then I gave the alarm, and got the robber out and juggled him. Later on he was sent to prison for eight years, and the woman I have never heard of since. Why did I let her escape? Well, she was a handsome woman. That's the only excuse I ever had. — [Chicago Times.]

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

SHAKING A BRIGADIER. Why Leaving One's Jacket Open Brings a Serious Offense. IN the spring of 1902, Capt. H. Mich. Cav., was detailed as body-guard to Brigadier-General Crawford. We thought we were very fortunate, and that we were in for a soft snap. The duties were not very severe, and the commissary department was always accessible. We had to keep ourselves and our equipment in good order, and carry ourselves so stiff and straight when riding behind the general that it made our backs ache. Some of the infantry boys of that brigade in writing of those times, even accused us of wearing paper collars.

Among my earliest recollections of personal intimacy with the general was that of one morning when I was pacing back and forth in front of Headquarters tent about 4 o'clock in the morning. It was a beautiful morning. Hardly a sound was to be heard, except from inside the tent, from whence issued the melodious notes of one of the heaviest snorers that I ever came across. As the sky began to light up with the rising sun there was a little stir about the fires, for the cooks were getting to work. The mules, too, woke up, and by their tumultuous braying it was quite evident that they were ready for breakfast. An officer approached the general's tent and accosted me.

"Is this Gen. Crawford's tent?" "Yes, sir." "Can I see the general?" "He is asleep. Don't you hear him snoring?" "My! said he, 'he's a-going it, ain't he?" After listening to the music awhile, he said: "Well, this won't do for me. I have got to have the general's signature to this requisition before the brigade can draw rations. So, thinking it a shame for one man to sleep while thousands waited for food, I considered the occasion sufficiently urgent to venture on waking him up. I took the requisition in my hand and entered the tent. There lay the general on his cot, his big nose showing up in bold relief as he lay on his back.

I called him gently, "General! Oh, general!" but he was beyond calling. I put my hand on his shoulder and gave him a gentle shake, but he was proof against gentle shakes, so I gave him a real shake that nearly landed him on the floor and succeeded in bringing him to a sitting posture, with a look of eager expectancy, which was succeeded by a look of disgust when I shoved the requisition at him, saying that there was an officer outside who was waiting to see me, rap on the tent-post until I say, "Come in."

It makes me smile yet to think what a beautiful time I would have had waking him up by rapping on the tent-pole. But the old fellow got even with me later in the day when my next turn came for sentry duty. The sun had not yet set, and peering up and down in the sun in front of the tent was warm work. My flannel-lined jacket was buttoned up tight, with my saber-belt buckled on inside, and every bit of heat in my body bottled up tight and held in. It came to me that by buckling the belt around my hips under the jacket and leaving the jacket open that it might make it slightly more endurable. But I hadn't enjoyed the cool breeze under the jacket long when I caught the old General's eye and saw that he was looking me up with his long bony finger. I promptly stood at attention, and selected the lightest one he could find; but I tell you it was heavy enough before I laid it down at the end of my two hours, and I was in a brown study all the time I was carrying it whether it was for leaving my jacket open while on duty or shaking a Brigadier.—E. M. WATSON, in "National Tribune."

GEN. ZOLLICOFFER'S DEATH

Personal Reminiscences of the Adjutant of the 64th Ohio. A few days after the battle of Mill Springs I was under medical treatment at a hotel in Lebanon, Ky., when a man stopped over night at the same place. He was dressed in citizen's clothes and kept himself somewhat secluded. I noticed he carried a long rifle or five or six feet long into his room, adjoining mine, and in doing so concealed it with his cloak from those about him. He saw my curiosity was awakened, and to forestall any further suspicions, asked me into his room, and we struck up an agreeable friendship. Learning that I was from northern Ohio, he said he lived in Franklin, Tenn., and had a partner in dentistry from my own county, with whom I was well acquainted before the war. He told me his name was Cliff, that he was a Surgeon in Zollicoffer's regiment, and that the queer-looking stick standing near him he had dug up when the general fell from his horse, and that some of Zollicoffer's life-blood was on the root; that his remains were below, locked in a safe place, and that he had them in charge to take to Nashville.

His version of the general's death was substantially as several others have given it. He enjoined secrecy in what he told me, as he feared relic-hunters would give him trouble. It was at the house of this same Dr. Cliff that Gen. Schofield and Stanley took a short nap and a good dinner on the 19th of November, 1862, just before the desperate battle of Franklin opened, and, as Dr. Hildreth, his partner, has said, was as good a Union man at heart as either of his guests that day. Zollicoffer stood very high in the estimation of the citizens of Nashville, had represented them in Congress, and for years his name had become familiar to the reading public, for it always appeared at the foot of every recorded vote list in the House. He raised the regiment he commanded mostly in his own city, and it was composed of the very best of young men—the elite of the town.

but few persons on the street and these shot by her without looking up. It seemed to her that something was wrong and this apprehension increased every step so well convinced was she before she reached the market house that she observed several groups of sad faces, and she dared not listen to find out what was the matter. Weak and trembling, she approached an old Methodist minister, when she exclaimed: "Brother B— for God's sake tell me what's the matter with the people this morning?" "Why, Sister Johnson, Zollicoffer is killed and his regiment all cut to pieces." She added: "I was so stunned I dropped my basket and broke several dishes." Notice was given to everybody to take back what they had brought, and almost every family in the place went home to mourn for a dear friend; but before night they got more authentic news that their boys, though badly whipped, were mostly able to make good time to the rear.

Every veteran knows how long the boys will continue to repeat some word or phrase that has no historical significance, such as "Grab your root," or "Here's your mule," but one expression heard every day after Mill Springs in our part of the army was this: "What's the news?" "Oh! Zollicoffer's killed."—C. WOODRUFF, in National Tribune.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

SHEEP-KILLING DOGS. Oil City—Two dogs killed eight sheep outright and mangled twenty-three more in less than an hour in Canal township Saturday night. These dogs travel together only at night, and then only on sheep killing raids, never having been seen together in the day time. They have cost the farmers of this part of the county hundreds of dollars. The sheep last killed belonged to James Singleton and Sherman Deets.

MORE CURE OWENS SLIT DOGS. Uniontown—Seventy more owens were closed down at the Hedstone works of the H. C. Frick Coke Company. Two months ago the entire 40 owens at this works were in blast now but 200 are burning, and these are liable to be blown out at any time. Some time ago the Bellefonte council decided the cows could no longer roam the streets. Since then, according to the "Watchman," pedestrianism is much pleasanter. The only trouble now is that persons can hardly get along on account of the crowds of pretty girls. The intimation is plain that the girls were afraid of the cows.

A HOMELESS MAN DREW HIS SAVINGS: \$300 from the First National Bank of Homestead when a run was started there by some Hungarians. He kept the money at home until a thief found it. The thief has it now and the bank is still sound. CATHERINE SHANNON was buried last week in Wood Eagle cemetery, Blair county. She passed her 90th birthday about two months ago. For years she had been using her third set of teeth.

NEAR Huntington, a team ran a way with a cooper after striking a loose nail. The aged driver, John G. Smith, was thrown in front of the machine, bisected and horribly mutilated. FRANK MILLER, a young farmer of Brush Valley township, Indiana county, was killed by the explosion of a gun while he was lying in wait for some dogs which had killed his sheep. THERE is any amount of building going on in Johnstown this summer, and among other structures are four handsome business blocks that will cost \$300,000.

CALVIN HARRIS and Reuben Campbell, of Staibstown, Westmoreland county, claim to have the record on crumpling oats. They cut a 10-acre field in one day. JAMES THORPE, an employe of the Leontia Rolling mill, Greensburg, was grinding a link when the emery wheel burst, killing him instantly. ERIC JONES, aged 11 years, was drowned in Pymatuning creek, at Orangeville, near Sharon, while bathing with some young girl companions. In digging a well at Connelsville, employes of the Columbia Brick Company, discovered a human body and a canoe both petrified. ROBERT ATKINSON'S barn near West Overton, was burned with all his crop, aggregating a loss of \$1,500 with no insurance.

BRIDGEMAN broke into the home of Frederick Long in Mechanicsburg and after ransacking burned it to the ground. The mother of negro West, who murdered the Couch family in Washington county, was found dead in bed. The Lebanon Trust and Safe Deposit Bank failed. It is a State institution with a capital of \$50,000. The Scranton lace factory has temporarily suspended operations, throwing out about 400 people. JESSE HUNT was crushed to death under a red hot damper in the Arcthusa Iron Works at New Castle. INDIAN is taking on city airs and is talking about putting up a \$20,000 natatorium. FARMERS near Oil City are turning hogs into their blackberry patches to rid out the snakes. HUNTINGDON county is overrun with grasshoppers which are paying havoc with the crops. GRASSHOPPERS have done great damage to crops around Erie.

WEEKLY CROP REPORT.

The General Drouth Hard on Vegetation. The weekly crop report issued at Washington, says: Drouth conditions are now general in the central valleys, northwestern states and in portions of the middle Atlantic states and lake region, and its effects are reported as more or less damaging in Illinois, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan and the Dakotas. There has been too much rain for cotton in portions of Alabama and Mississippi, but in South Carolina and Texas, except in southwest portion, the crop is greatly improved. Cotton picking is now progressing in Georgia and Florida. Spring wheat harvest is now progressing in Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas. Upon the whole it may be stated that the weather conditions have been beneficial to crops in New England, portions of the Middle Atlantic states and generally throughout the Southern states, while throughout the central valleys, Northwest and lake regions the week has been unfavorable owing to lack of moisture. The week was generally favorable on the Pacific coast, although in California the warm weather over the interior of the state caused fruit to ripen too rapidly. In Pennsylvania—in most places drouth remains unbroken; all crops will be shorted, especially tobacco and potatoes. In West Virginia—Corn improved considerably; plowing for fall wheat progressing; weather favorable; tobacco, buckwheat and stock doing well. In Ohio—Corn, potatoes tobacco and pastures suffering from drouth; wheat and oats threshing continues; good yield; ground too hard to plow.