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 costatio, Anything to soothe our pains, It is dozing, gentle dozing. In the morning when it rains,

All the sky is gray above us. And the daviight on the town Rises heavy with its burden As the rain comes pouring down Not awake, and still not alsoping. We can hear the beating rain. In a far off dreamy murmur. Thropping on the window pane

Thoughts of day and all its doings. With a basyhalo, crown Thoughts of night and all its dreaming Of the gray clouds hanging down. Consciousness is faintly breaking Through the drowsy silken chains, And we catch a glimpsy of Horven. In the morning when it calm-- [Dotrojt Free Press.

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 Sau Francisco avadicate of bankers. I was simply in charge of it on a moderate salary and under heavy bombs, and I had the credit of being a capitalist where no credit was due. The syndi- never closed before 6 o'clock in the este crected a one-story building for eviding, and was often open until 7. the bank. The front of this was railed As a rule, all persons who wished to off in the namel way, and the rear way the file safe over night came in be-divided into two rooms. One was taken 6 and 7. I gave each one a reused as a private room in which which for whitever he deposited, but business appertaining to the bank made no charge whatever. Many and was transacted and the other was muny a night that safe held \$25,000 single, and I had not only to act as opendons I felt a bit provid at the conpresident, eachier and teller during fidence report in me. the day, but as watchman at night, The only help I had was a bookkeeper, and he was only with me strangeently one evening at 6.30. A three hulf days per week. The respondent was by no means a rare sight mainder of his time was put in with a in texu, though they were none too shipping firm in the same town.

you a dozen of them in the territorial here that I had a jumping of the heari lowns of to-day conducted on the at sight of her, and that when she ing business with one six weeks ago as a bay caught dealing eggs. She left the meat frying on the stove to but hidrayst viewaly disappeared. She come in and cash a check for me. Alongside the burglar-proof safe was a trundle bed, and on top of the safe itself. was a smoked ham and a sack of floar. It was banking and housekeeping combined.

It was figured that I had only on danger to guard against. A tough man might drop in some day and rest the muzzles of his guns on the ledge of the window and order me to pass out the money in sight. The safe was always kept locked, and it was seldom that I ever had more than \$200 out. light I was clean gone. Regular case side. To prevent any experiments, of love at first sight on my part, and I tered a shout and clutched at the air however, I gave out that I had ar. have no more excuses to offer. I wrote ranged a shotgun battery just where it would do the most good, and that by for the missing brother was well bepressing a lover I could blow the heaty gun. of any bad, bad man through the front window and clear across the street. and that he would be dead at the end of his voyage. Everybody believed this fiction to be a fact, and some people were so timid that I had to do business with them away from the win- he would be down from the mountains dow. It was expressly stipulated in about 8 o'clock in the evening. He my contract with the syndicate that if I received anything for safe deposit it must be at the risk of the depositors, and they must be so warned in advance. I had scarcely opened for business before a dozen people in town wanted the use of our safe. As we were to do more or less business with them, I could not refuse to take temporary charge of valuable papers and various sums of money. The bank had been running about three months, when my brother Tom. who mad been telegraph operator at Big Head, 250 miles away, was transferred down to Grand Crossing, only tou miles away, and he seized the first favorable opportunity to come down and see me. I may tell you that Tom was a mechanical and electrical genius, and is now living on the royalties paid him for half a dozen good things. When he had visited for a couple of hours, and he had looked things over, he said

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 fect. 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 tran door in front of the safe, brought in the safe, and I'm going to have it at 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 iny droway senses.

I had to run my bank to suit the convenience of the public, and it was my bedroom. I was a young man and out allo of back money, and on such

> Tom's trup had been working for a mouth or more when I received a unmercore, but this visitor of mine was

You will say this was a curious way a country would, defined, and of running a bank, but I can find as practy as a prach. I'll admit right same primitive principles. I was do- smill from most was as hally flastered where the family kitchen was directly was from St. Louis, she explained, and in the rear of the cashier's window, had composit in search of a brother and a woman who was cooking dinner who was inforested in a silver mine. would be at the hotel for a week or two and wished my to safe deposit. \$100 in growthacks. She gave me the name of Miss Nellie Hainesto insert in the reachit, and you will of course smile in contempt when I admit that I had to count that money three different times to make it come out straight. I of course offered my assistance in the search for information, and of course also sweetly thanked me and said she'd come in again. She did come, and when I saw her by day.

cash. It's a combination, I see, but | looking, but had a wicked look in his if that can't be hit it can be drilled or 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 uttempt any foolishness. I've come for the boodle any cost.

"But you'll get it without any help from me."

He looked at me a moment with an evil eve 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 :

"Siator 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 boodle, 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 liston 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 gazged 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 oan 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, chart

"I'll admit that, even though she vorked this job on me."

"Y-e-s, good looking girl and sharpr 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 ot 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 utas 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. He had brought two revolvers and a knife into the bank, but he had taken them off and laid them on a chair. I picked up these and left the place to give the alarm, and I have still another confession to make to you. I knew that it was a put up job all the way through, and that "Miss Nellie Haines" was a "pal" of the man under the bank floor. She was consequently a wieked woman and deserved no mercy Call me a fool if you will, but I said not a word to anybody when I got outside and made a bee line for the hotel. She was in the sitting-room ready dressed to ride down to the depot when it was time. She was alone, and when I entered the room she uttered a little shrick and almost fainted. "W-where is-is my brother?" she finally asked as I stood before her. "Safely trapped in the bank," I anwered.

"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 jugged 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.

Polar Bears Keep Cool.

"It will surprise most people," said Superintendent A. E. Brown, of the Philadelphia zoological garden, to a Record man, "to learn that the polar bear stands the hot weather of the dog days in this locality better than the African lion. On hot days the lion will get off his feed; the polar bear will not. The tropical animals in the garden," continued the superintendent, are the ones mostly affected by the extreme heat of midsummer, strange as it may appear. I suppose the reason of it is that the heat here is more moist than that of the tropics, and, as it were, of a different character. Whatever mortality occurs among our animals during a heated term is mostly among the tropical animals, especially the African. In hot weather I have watched the polar bear go into his tank, and then, instead of lying in the shade, extend himself in the direct rays of the sun, where the water on his skin would evaporate. He found out for himself, I suppose, that evaporation causes a lower temperature. Again, it is somewhat astonishing, at first, that our polar bear should suffer sometimes as he does from the severe cold of winter. I have seen him shivering on one of those bitterly cold days, when the sky was overladen and the air full of moisture. The moisture was evidently what affected him. In the Arctic regions it is so cold that the moisture is frozen out of the air. Birds do not like the heat. It makes them perch with drooped wings. Heat affects not only the animals in the garden but the finances of the garden itself. A difference of ten degrees in the thermometer, say if it is ninets-

"You Don't Get the Clock."

An old custom once prevailed in a remote place of giving a clock to any one who would truthfully swear he had minded his own business alone for a year and a day, and had not meddled with his neighbors. Many came, but few, if any, gained the prize, which was more difficult to win than the Dunmow flitch of bacon. Though they swore on the four Gospels, and held out their hands in certain hope, some hitch was surd to be found somewhere; and for all their asseverations the clock remained stationary on its shelf, no one being able to prove his absolute immunity from uncalled-for nterference in things not in any concerning himself. At last a young man came with a perfectly clean record, and the clock seemed as if it was at last about to change owners. Then said the custodian, "Oh! a young man was here yesterday, and made mighty sure he was going to have the clock, but he didn't." Said the young man seeking the prize. " And why didn't he get it?" "What's that to you?" snapped out the custodian; 'that's not your business, and, - you don't get the clock." - [New York Dispatch.



Array accessible We had to keep ourselves an d equipment in good order and carry ourselves whether a straight when riding behind the General that it made our backs ache one of the Infantry boys of that bri-gade the writing of those times, even accurs us of wearing paper collars. Array ourselves may sarliest recollections of per-timation of the context of the straight about 4 of clock as a senity. It was a beau for the therming. Hardly a sound was to be whence issued the melodious notes of one melo

Is this Gen. Crawford's tent?"

"Yes, sir." "Can I see the General?" "He is asisep. Don't you hear him snoring." My!" said be, "he's a going it, sin't

After listening to the music awhile, ha add: "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."

rations." So, thin'ing it a shame for one man to sleep while thomsands waited for ford. I considered the occassion sufficiently urgent to venture on waking him up. I took the requisition in my hand and entered the tent. There hay the General on his cot, his big nose showing up in bold relief as he lay on his back.

none showing up in bold relief as he lay on his back. I called him gently, "General! Oh. Gen-eral" 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 shake that nearly insided him on the floor, and succeed-ed in bringing ham 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 out there was end disgnel. Up came his long, bony finger, and in a very impressive voice he delivered himself thusly. "Young man, never shake a Bri

Young man, never shake a Bri-neral. If any more officers come gadier General sce me, rup on the tent-post until I say

to see me, rap on the tent-post until 1 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 got well up, and pacing up and down in the sun in front of the tent was warm work. My finnuclined jacket was buttoned up tight, with my asher-belt buckled on ounde, and every bit of heat in my body bottled up tight and heid in. It occurred to me that by buckling the belt around my hips under the jacket and leav-ing the jacket open that it might make it slightly more endurable. But I had it en-joyed the cool breeze under the jacket long when I canght the old General's eye and maw that he was beckoning me with his long bony finger. I promptly stepped up with a fine military salue, and was told tog back to my quarters and return pro erly equip-ped, which meant to button up my jacket and buckle the belt outside, which I did and sweat out head to make the fine military salue, and was told tog back to my quarters and return pro the solution to button the and buckle the belt outside, which I did and sweat out the balance of my two hours the heat any Lend de contribute accuration to solve with a

to my quarters and return pro-erly equip-ped, which meant to builton up my jacket and buckle the belt outside, which 1 did, and aweat out the balance of my two hours the best way locald, counting every minute when I was to be relieved. Imagine how happy I felt when the Corp-oral of the guard was coming to relieve me to hear the General say to him: "Corporal let this man carry a rail through the next relief." The Corporal was a real good fel-low, and selected the lightest one he could find; but I tell you it was heavy enough be-fore I laid if 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 ieaving my jacket open while on duty or for shaking a Brigader.—E. M. Watson, in "National Tribune.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN BHARING A BRIGADIER. Why Leasting One's Jecket Open Be-came a Serions Offense. IN the spring of

"What's the matter with the people this morn-ing." "Why, Sister Johnson, Zollicoffer is killer and his regiment all cut to pieces." She added. -I was so stimmed I dropped my basket and broke several dishes." Nolice 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 sutheutic news that their boys, though hadly whisped, were mostly able to make good time to the rear. Every veteran knows how long the boys will continue to repeat some word or prhase that has no historical significance, such as "Grab a root," or "Here's your mule," but one expression heard every day after Mill Spring in our part of the army was this. "What's the news?" "Oh! Zollicoffer's killed."-C. Woookure, in National Tri-bune. bune.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

HREP-KILLING DOOS

On Cirry-Two dogs killed eight sheep outright and mangled twenty-three more in less than an honr 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 belouzed to James Singleton and Sherman Deets.

MORE CORE OVERS SHUT DOWS.

Unioniown-Seventy more ovens were closed down at the Redstone works of the R.C. Frick Coke Company. Two months ago the entire 40 ovens at this works were in blast Now but 200 are burning, and these are liable to be blown out at any time.

Sour time ago the Bellefonte council decided that cows could no longer toan the streets. Since then, according to the "Watchman." predestrianism is much pleasanter. The only trouble now is that persons can hardly get along on account of the crows of perty girls. The intimation is plain that the girls were afraid of the cows.

A HOMESTEAD man drew his savings \$6% A HOMESTAD man drew his saving, see from the First National Bank of Hom stead when a ran was started there by so Hungarians. He kept the money at hom until a thief found it. The thief has it no and the bank is still sound. Home-

CATHERINE SHANNON was buried last week in Bold Eagle cemetery, Blair county. She passed her 9th birthday about two months ago. For years she had been using her third set of teet.

NEAR Huntingdon, a team ran a way with a reaper after striking a bornets' nest. The aged driver, John G. Smith, was thrown in front of the machine, beheaded and hor-ribly mutilate I.

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 bandsome busi-ness blocks that will cost \$200,000.

CALVIN HAMMIN and Reuben Campbell, of Stahlstown, Westmoreland county, claim to have the record on cradiing oats. They cut a 10-acre field in one day.

JAMES THOMES, an employe of the Lee-tonia Rolling mill Greensburg, was grind-ing a link, when the emery wheel burst, kiding him instantly.

Erner, Joxes, aged 11 years, was drowned in Pymatuning creek, at Orangeville. near Sharon, while backing with some young girl companions.

Ix digging a well at Connellsville, ployes of the Coumbia Brick Comp discovered a human body and a canoe Company, cance both petrified.

ROBERT ATRINSON'S barn near West Over-ton, was burned with all his crop, argregat-ing a loss of \$1.500 with no insurance.

BUEBLARS broke into the home of Fred-erick Long in Mechanicsburg and after ransacking burned it to the ground.

five instead of eighty-five, means a loss of several hundreds of dollars in our gate receipts for the day."

"You steep here, and you are loaded for bear, but it wouldn't be any trick at all for a sharp man to clean you out. It won't be another three months before somebody will try it on."

"How!"

"Well, you'll get a callor in the evening probably, and the first thing you know you'll get a rap on the head, please and evidently waiting for me to and before you come to he'll have

several letters for her, and the sourch

For a week Miss Haines dropped into the bank daily in search of news, and one evening during the interval I paid her a call at the hotel. Saturday afernoon she sent me a note saving she had news of her brother, and that should be very anxious to go East by the 10 o'clock train, and would I mind if the two came to the bank at 8,15, While she had to draw out her money it was more than likely that he would have a large deposit to make. If she hadn't mentioned this latter circum stance I should have taken her money to the hotel, and perhaps declared my love. Saturday evening was always a big evening with the bank, as a score or more of outsiders wanted the use of the safe over Sunday. This Saturday evening I had fully \$30,000 to take care of. I got rid of the last customer by 8 o'clock, locked the safe door just two minutes before Tom sprang the trap-door, and then sat down to wait for Miss Haines and her brother.

Promptly on the quarter hour there was a knock at the door, and I opened it and the pair walked in. Miss Haines began saying how greatly obliged they were as I turned to shut the door, and she was still talking when her "dear brother" fetched me a clip over the head with a sandbag, and I knew no more for fifteen minutes. When I opened my eyes again I had been

dragged around to the safe, was tied hand and foot and "Mr. Haines" and I were alone in the bank. He sat on a chair smoking away as cool as you

come back to carth. He was a man forgotten about that. I will bring it opened the safe and skipped with your about thirty years old, rather good to you."

"And you have come to arrest me?" "No. I have come to warn you that you may save yourself. Have you any money?"

"Not more than three or four dollars."

"You have \$600 in the safe. I had

Early Mention of Niagara Falls.

The first historical notices of Niagara Falls are given in Lescarbot's record of the second voyage of Jacques Cartier, in the year 1535. On the maps published to illustrate Champlain's discoveries (date on maps either 1613 or 1614) the falls are indicated by a cross, but no description of the wonderful estaract is given, and the best geographical authorities living to-day doubt if the explorer mentioned ever saw the falls, Brinson's work to the contrary notwithstanding. Father Hennepin is believed to have written the first description of the falls that was even penned by one who had personally via ited the spot. The editor of "Notes for the Carious" owns a map, dated 1657, which does not figure either the Great Lakes or the falls. - [St. Louis Republic.

Brown-"I hear you have been at the Fair. I suppose you brought home a souvenir?' .Jones-"You bet I did and a rar

one, too." Brown-"What was it?"

Jones-"A dollar I took out with me."-/Puok

National Tribune.

GEN. ZOLLICOFFER'S DEATH

Personal Reminiscence of the Adjutant of the 64th Ohio.

A few days after the battle of Mill Springe 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 neutration, ky, when a man stopped over night at the same place. He was dressed in citizen's cloths and sept himself somewhar sectoded. I noticed he carried a crocked root five or aix feet long into his room, ad-joining mine, and in doing so concealed it with his cloak from those about him.

with his cloak from those about him. He saw my curi sily was awakened, and to forestall any further suspicions, asked me into his room and we struck up an agree-able friendship. Learning that I was from morthern Ohio, he said he lived in Franklin. Tenn. and had a partner in dentistry from my own County, with whom I was well se quainted before the war. He told me his name was Cill; that he was a Surgeon in Zolitooffer'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 the dthem

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 is what he told me, as he feared relic-hunters would give him trouble. It was at the house of this same Dr. Cliff that Gens. Schofield and Stanley took a short map and a good dinner on the 19th of November, 1964, just before the desparate battle of Franklin opened, and, as Dr. Hild-reth, his partner, has said, was as good a Union man at heart as either of his guests that day. that day. Zollicoffer stood very high in the estima-

tion of the citizens of Nashville, had re-sented them in Congress, and for years name had became familiar to the rea name had became 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 most-ly in his own city, and it was composed of the very best of young men-the elite of the town.

the very best of young men-the elite of the town. A Mrs. Johnston, one year after, related to me in very graphic languagethe effect the news of the battle had on the people of Nashville. It had been reported to them that their boys were in used of warmer clothing and better fare. They therefore decided on a grand festival to be held at the market house on the public square, where every body was urged to bring in liberal con-tributions. Everybody was enthusiastic. The ladies were particularly efficient in getting the long tables tastefully decorated with Confederate emblems and flags. Never before had there been so much spirit and good-will shown as on this occasion. Mrs. J. mid alse started soon after sun-up on the day set with a basket of dishes to belp com-plete the arrangements. She had about four equares to go. She noticed that there were

fue mother of negro West, who murdered the Crouch family in Washington county,

THE Lebanon Trust and Safe Derosit Bank failed. It is a State institution with a capital of \$55,000.

The Scranton lace factory has ten arily suspended operations, throwing about 400 people. tempor

JESSE HENT was crushed to death under a red hot damper in the Arethusa Iron Works at New Castle

UNIONTOWN is taking on city airs and in talking about putting up a \$20,0.0 nata-

FARMERS hear Oil City, are turning hogs into their blackberry patches to rid out the nakes.

HUNTINGTON county is overrun with grasscoppers which are playing havon with the

GRASSHOPPERS have done great damage to rope around Erie.

WEEKLY CROPREPORT.

The General Drouth Hard on Vegeta tion.

The weekly crop report issued at Washing ton, 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 Wiscon. sin, Minnesota and the Dakotas.

sin, Minnesota and the Dakotas. Upon the whole it may be stated that the acather conditions have been beneficial to crous in New England, portions of the Mid-die Atiantic states and generally throughout the Southern states, while throughout the contral valleys, Northwest and lake regions the week has been unfavorable owing to ince of moisture. The week was generally favorable on the Pacific coast, although in a fallornia the warm weather over the in-terior of the state caused fruit to ripen too rapidly.

rapidly. In Pennsylvania-In most places drouth

In Pennsylvania—In most places drou remains unbroken; all crops will be sho ened, especially tobacco and potatoes in West Virginia—Corn improved co-siderably; plowing for fail wheat progre ing, weather favorable; tobacco, buck whe and stock doing well. In Onio—Corn, potatoes tobacco and pa-ures suffering from drouth; wheat and of threshing continues; good vield; ground to hard to plow.

A Rare World's Fair Souvenir.