

The Sweetest Things of Earth.

What are the sweetest things of earth?
A fragrant rose that hides no thorn;
Blossoms of gold untouched by scorn;
Lips that can praise a rival's worth;
A happy little child asleep;
Eyes that can smile, though they may weep;
A brother's cheer, a father's praise;
The minstrelsy of summer days;
A heart where anger never burns;
A gift that looks for no returns;
Wrong's overthrow; pain's swift release;
Dark footsteps guided into peace;
The light of love in lover's eyes;
Age that is young as well as wise;
A mother's kiss, a baby's mirth—
These are the sweetest things of earth.
—Centenary Magazine.

Miss Marvale's Danger.

"But I tell you, Dode, I heard it!" said Bessie Winship, with her blue eyes very wide open.

"You heard your own breath," I answered, negligently.

"You know, Dode, my room is the last in this part of the house. Well, I always thought it odd that the folks should be so stiff about the south wing, and I have kept my eyes open to what went on there. I have found out that there certainly is some one up stairs, whom they are keeping sly. I have heard noises from the upper floor, and I have seen both Mr. and Miss Markham go up there. They won't go if they see any one looking, but I have seen them go. Then, yesterday, when I didn't come down to breakfast, I heard after a while a step in the hall and a rattle of dishes, as if some one carrying a tray had stumbled. I opened my door, thinking that somebody was bringing me my breakfast, and there was Miss Markham and the old hired man, Jacob, going toward the upper stairs, she carrying a waiter with breakfast and he with a coil of rope in his hand."

Bessie stopped in her low-voiced recital and glanced apprehensively about; but there was no one within hearing. Miss Markham was off attending to household affairs. Mr. Markham was out in the fields moving with his men, Miss Marvale was sitting under a tree in front of the house, her arms thrown up over her head as she leaned against the great bole, her eyes half shut in some delicious summer reverie; Frank was off trouting and Mr. Alford was in his room.

Bessie drew a little nearer to me.

"I got up very early this morning," she said. "It was hardly light, and must have been about three o'clock. I felt nervous and could not sleep. All night I had been thinking of who and what might be up in that story, and I had got myself into a perfect fever. I wanted to go to Clara's room, but was afraid of disturbing her. I thought that I would try and find out if she were asleep, and if not I might venture in. I opened my door and looked out, and, glancing up the hall, saw that the door at the foot of the upper stairs was open. I had before thought it was left open at night. Well, frightened as I was, I couldn't help creeping along up the hall toward that door. I trembled lest some of them should hear me as I passed their doors, but all was still. But as I came near the stairs I heard a whisper from the upper story. I stopped and listened, for I dared not go a step nearer, and I dared not at first retreat. It seemed to be some one whispering to himself, for there was only one voice, and no answer. It was an awful whisper, sharp and as though the person wanted to be heard at a distance, but deep-toned, too. And, Dode, it said as plain as plain could be, 'I will kill them! I will kill them!'"

"Well, what did you do?" I asked.

"I crept back to Clara's chamber and went in," Bessie said. "She was awake, and I told her the whole story. But you know Clara is cold, though she is splendid. Her theory is that we should never try to find out what people try to keep from us, unless it is more our business than theirs. So, of course, she only cautioned me to go no more beyond our own hall, and to try to think nothing of the matter. She was good, though, and let me lock her door and get into bed with her, and when she found that I was really shaking with fear she invented all sorts of plausible explanations to soothe me. Clara is an angel; but the plain fact is, Dode, I am afraid."

I considered. I really was a little impressed by Bessie's story. I had noticed some trifling things which made me think that our host and hostess had trouble on their minds, though I did not doubt their honesty.

"What do you think, Dode?" Bessie asked, after waiting a while.

"I think I don't know anything about the matter," I said. "Of course we can't pry into their affairs. The best thing to do is to keep quiet, have as good a time as we can and fasten ourselves into our rooms when

we go to bed. If you get frightened in the night, just knock on the wall between your room and mine, and Frank will go to see what is the matter."

Bessie sighed and remained silent; and at that moment Miss Marvale rose with a languid grace, and sauntered toward the house.

"O, Bessie! have you been telling that story again?" exclaimed Miss Marvale, looking reproachfully at her friend.

"Certainly," said Bessie; "I had no idea of keeping my terrors to myself; and, Clara, they all think more of it than you did. When I scream out in the night I want them to know what is the matter, and if they only half hear me, I don't want them to turn over and go to sleep, but to start up and think 'that's Bessie being carried off by a burglar or a ghost.'"

"You must be very careful not to let the family suspect that you think of such things," Miss Marvale said, gravely. "It would be a very poor reproof of their courtesy."

"You have no fear, then?" Mr. Alford said, addressing her for the first time that day.

"No!" she answered, quietly looking up to meet his eyes for an instant.

I was struck by the expression of their faces. I can only describe it by saying that it was at once inquiring and guarded. The tone and manner of both were quiet and gentle, and even a little softened, but whether it was the self-control which veils dislike with a mantle of courtesy, which is all the more scrupulously considerate because it has to be considered, or whether it was that calm mask which covers deep and troubled love, I could not tell.

That evening at tea Mr. Alford announced that he should return to the city the next day.

Bessie exclaimed, and so did Frank, but Miss Marvale said not a word, only went on with her sapper and never looked up. I saw him look at her and color at the apparent indifference she displayed. But she didn't eat another mouthful of supper, although she trifled with her teaspoon and broke her cake to crumbs.

After tea she went up stairs to her room and stayed there an hour. When she came down we were all out in the moonlight, walking up and down, Bessie on Mr. Alford's arm, Fred and I with our cigars.

"Clara," Bessie called out, "come and help me coax Mr. Alford to stay another week. Frank says that if he will stay a week longer we might shorten our stay a week, and so go all together."

Clara Marvale snatched slowly down the walk, the moonlight full and white on her face and dress.

"I could not hope to succeed where you fail," she said, carelessly, pausing as she met the two. "Besides, I don't see why we should interfere with Mr. Alford's business. If he prefers going immediately, I should not ask him to stay."

There was an awkward silence for a moment, then Mr. Alford proposed that we should all retire, since we were to see him off at six the next morning. But I saw that after we had gone up stairs he went out again, and from the parlor window I heard his step pacing to and fro in the garden. I wondered if Miss Marvale heard it too. It was one o'clock when he came in and went up to his room. Then I dropped to sleep.

How long I had slept I know not, but I was awakened by a loud scream that was repeated before I was out of bed. There was a confusion of sounds as I opened our door—Mr. and Miss Markham were coming out of their rooms, the man Jacob was looking from his and Mr. Alford, fully dressed, was standing in the hall.

"What is it?" he asked, for there was silence.

"Where is he?" cried Mr. Markham, running down the hall with a light, his gray hair streaming back, his face full of affright. "My God!" he cried, seeing Miss Marvale's door open.

Mr. Alford was at his side in an instant, and Frank and I followed them into the room.

The sight we saw was one calculated to justify the old man's exclamation. Miss Marvale, in her night dress, with her hair streaming down her shoulders was standing against the opposite wall of the room, her face perfectly white, her hands clasped on her bosom and her eyes riveted in a gaze of terror on a man who, half-crouching, was slowly approaching her, moving softly and warily as a cat, watching her every motion, ready to intercept any step of flight.

This man was evidently of tall and powerful frame, his hair was long, black and shaggy, and his clothes were in rags. As he heard our steps in the

door he straightened himself up, and turned his face for a backward glance. That one look was enough. The wolfish eyes, the haggard and working face, could only belong to a maniac. This glance was but momentary, for, as we all rushed toward him, he gave a cry, and sprang to grasp Miss Marvale.

"I'll finish her!" he cried with a fiendish laugh.

There was not a word said among us, but as he grasped her, four men were upon him, tearing his hands away from the white throat they had grasped, clapping his own throat with a strong grip, tugging at his waist, tugging at his legs. It took all that we could do, and even then Jacob had added his strength to that of my fingers on the madman's windpipe before he let go his hold. They had a rope and bound him hand and foot, and carried him howling like a demon away. But as I paused to take breath after letting go my hold, I saw a picture suggestive rather of heaven than hell. Miss Marvale was leaning still against the wall, catching her breath after that half strangling, and standing before her was Mr. Alford, glowing, hesitating.

"Oh, Winthorpe!" she said, stretching her hands out to him.

I heard the full, deep breath he gave as he took a step and gathered her closely to his heart, and then I knew that Winthorpe Alford loved that woman as he loved his life.

There was no more sleep for any of us that night. After a while we all gathered in the parlor, Miss Marvale, dressed and blushing, seated on a sofa with Mr. Alford beside her, and glancing at her every movement with his fond and shining eyes. Bessie had me on one side and Frank on the other, and even then was not sure she might not be carried off. Presently Miss Markham came in and seated herself, facing us all, the gray light of early morning shining in her pale face.

"We owe you a full explanation," she began, "and a humble apology also. I will make both as short as I can. The man you saw tonight is my brother's only son, John. He has been crazy off and on for years, and his father hated to send him to an asylum. We thought that we could keep him here just as well, and this is the first time he ever broke out. No one knows about him, and we didn't want them to know. Poor John always said that if people knew he had crazy fits they would never trust him. When he has been so the people of Dover have thought that he was always at sea. It wasn't right to take any one into the house; but we made up our minds that John must go to an asylum, and my brother couldn't well afford to send him without sending something to increase his income. I hope you won't think hard of us. We feel badly enough. My brother and Jacob are going to carry him away this morning."

Of course we pitied and assured her, and offered to do anything in our power to help them. Mr. Alford was so happy he was upon the point of telling the distressed lady that the young man's being a maniac had been a most fortunate circumstance for him, when he was interrupted by the sound of their bringing the poor fellow down.

The rest of us went to the window to see them get into the carriage, but Miss Marvale hung back, covering her eyes from the sight, and her lover leaning toward her, was whispering something that changed her pallor to blishes.

A Considerate Dog.

W. A. Halsey tells a neat dog story which he says will be verified by Architect G. A. Staehlin. One breezy morning recently they were riding down Market street upon the rear of a trolley car when the car passed over a nice, light, soft hat, which had blown between the tracks. The hat was not injured, but the wind gave it a little flit after the car had passed and dropped it fairly upon one of the rails. A big New York car was coming, and ahead of it a big mongrel pointer dog was trotting along.

The dog glanced at the hat, looked back at the car, and then, picking up the hat in his teeth, ran over to the curb and deposited it upon the sidewalk near a group of pavers who were working alongside of the court house. After putting the hat in a safe place, the dog loped after the big car and took his place in front of it. Mr. Halsey did not see the owner of the hat nor did Mr. Staehlin, but they passed several remarks about the sagacity of the dog, and it is believed that they agreed that it would be better not to speak of the incident except to people who knew them well.—Newark (N. J.) Sunday Call.

REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION.

SPORT AFLOAT.

A Boat's Crew Has a Morning's Recreation From War's Labors.

Early in the Spring of 1864 the United States gunboat, Forest Rose, was steaming down the Ohio River on her way from Paducah to Cairo, Ill. It had just struck three bells in the morning watch when the Quartermaster on duty sighted an object floating across the river from the Kentucky to the Illinois shore ahead of us. The officer of the deck and the Captain, by the aid of their glasses, soon made it out to be a big deer.

Hastily calling away a boat, Capt. Wright, Ensign Gibson and Mate Athering jumped in. They were each armed with one of the Spencer rifles, which had just come into use. The boat crew consisted of four oarsmen and a coxswain, the writer pulling the bow oar.

"The deer had already struck bottom and made one lerp toward life and liberty, when a shot from the Captain's rifle disabled him, and a blow from the boathook settled him. Passing a rope around his horns we towed him back to the gunboat, and all hands had vesper for dinner that day.—S. J. CAPPE, CAPT., COLO.

OLD SOLDIERS ORGANIZE.

The Pennsylvania Association of War Veterans' Clubs Formed.

Representatives of the Republican Veterans of the civil war completed the organization of the Pennsylvania Association of War Veterans' Clubs at a meeting held in the course of the evening of the War Veterans Club of the city, which has been in existence since 1872. It was attended by delegates from about one-third of the counties of the state. Col. R. B. Beath presided at the meeting and William J. Gray was secretary. They were elected to their positions presently and the other officers chosen are as follows: Vice presidents, Thomas G. Sample, Allegheny; W. S. Lytzenberg, Allentown; Capt. F. M. Yeager, Reading; treasurer, Maj. G. C. Wallace, West Chester; executive committee, Hugh Morrison, Pittsburg; W. H. Hunsicker, Allentown; Samuel Lech, Schuylkill Haven; P. D. Hems, Pottsville; Milton S. Lytle, Huntingdon; H. H. Cummings, Tidoute; J. Cunningham, Gen. J. W. Miller, West Chester; Charles L. Leiper, Philadelphia; Dr. F. L. Delgour, Philadelphia; C. M. Kisthaber, Harrisburg.

Resolutions were offered and referred to the executive committee requesting Maj. McKelvey, when he becomes President, to make the service regulations as regards the age qualifications, so that they will not bear so hard upon the veterans; also recommending for places in his cabinet Gen. Alger, of Michigan, and Major William Warner, of Missouri.

Sheridan's Ride.

Editor National Tribune: I wish to ask you a question, and hope, if you can, you will answer it by mail. It is as follows: Where did General P. H. Sheridan start from when he rode his ride? How far did he ride, and what was the time he was made in? I have heard several persons give their views on the subject, yet none seem to know much about it. So I thought I would write to you about it, believing you would know as well as anyone I can think of. The ride was made in 1862, and was at Winchester, Va.—ESOPH COLTON, Adams Center, N. Y.

Sheridan's own account says: "We mounted our horses between 8:30 and 9, and as we were proceeding up the street which leads directly toward Winchester from the Logan residence," where he had spent the night, he rode forward "at a regular pace," stopping from time to time to learn the news and give orders, until he came to Mill Creek, when he learned the full dimensions of the disaster from Colonel Wood, his chief commissary. He then took two of his aids, Major Forsyth and Captain O'Keefe, and started forward on a gallop. He says that he "arrived not later, certainly, than 10:30 o'clock." The distance was eleven and one-half miles.—Editor National Tribune.

A DOUBLE EXECUTION.

Two Men Hanged for Murder, in a St. Louis Suburb.

Two men met death on the gallows in the jail yard at Clayton, a suburb of St. Louis, Mo., on Tuesday. The first to pay the death penalty was Peter Schmidt, a pale-faced, eighteen-year-old lad, and the other was Samuel Foster, colored, aged about thirty years.

On the evening of January 23, 1896, Bertam A. Atwater, an artist, whose home was in Chicago, was waylaid and murdered in Webster Grove, St. Louis County, Mo. Peter Schmidt conspired with his cousin, John Schmidt, and Samuel Foster to rob Atwater. Peter piloted Atwater into the ambush where he was assaulted. Atwater shot and wounded John Schmidt, but was shot dead by Peter Schmidt. All three were convicted and sentenced to death. John Schmidt will be hanged on March 10.

Greece Defiant.

A British gunboat turned back a Greek transport carrying reinforcements to Crete. The act caused great indignation in Athens. The Greek Government persists in its defiance of the Powers. Berlin newspapers announce Great Britain for its refusal to blockade the Piræus. The rumor of a massacre of 2000 Moslems at Sitia is confirmed. Lord Salisbury has sent a note to the Powers favoring the granting of autonomy to Crete. The Greek Government called out army reserves and the National League threatened to foment revolution in the Balkan States if Crete should be taken away from Greece.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

February 17.—Pittsburg's theatre hat bill called a little breeze in the house to-night when it was on second reading. It passed, 66 to 54, but there was plenty of evidence that it will have rough sliding when the final test comes. The galleries were filled with ladies and some of the members played for their favor.

Mr. Berger, of Philadelphia, termed it a crank measure, placing it in the same class with the anti-foul and cigarette measure. Mr. Pitzer defended it by saying that it was prepared by the Woman's club of Pittsburg, and was endorsed by all the theatrical managers of the Smoky City.

February 18.—Speaker Boyer called the house to order promptly at 11 o'clock this morning. When the reports of committees were called for Chairman Heidelberg, of the law and order committee, recommended affirmatively the bill of Representative McElhenny, of Pittsburg, known as the salt-trait bill.

At the conclusion of the reading of the bills in place, there followed what is considered the most important action of the state legislature thus far, namely the final reading of bills. This is an act to provide for the pay and mileage of coroners for viewing a body when no inquest is held. The bill was passed by a vote of 157 to 19, and is the first measure made a law by the present body.

February 17.—A score or more of resolutions of more or less importance were presented.

Many committees reported bills also. Among those recommended affirmatively were those authorizing the purchase of un-surveyed lands for the non-payment of taxes for the purpose of creating a state forest reservation. Another bill recommended affirmatively was that providing that all material and furniture for constructing and furnishing the new capitol building be purchased from Pennsylvania firms and individuals.

About forty bills were given first reading by the clerk. As no action is taken on first reading this portion of the session was purely a matter of form. In addition to the government contract with certain steel makers in Illinois to furnish armor plate to the Government for \$240 per ton or less. The bill was referred to the House naval committee.

The senate was in executive session most of the day, but the open session afforded sufficient time for a sharp controversy over proceeding with Mr. Morgan's resolution to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

The bankruptcy bill, which is the unfinished business of the senate, was taken up, and the measure read at length. Mr. Nelson (Rep., Minn.) offered an amendment for the entire senate amendment and then the bill went over.

The conference report on the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill was agreed to. A further conference on the agricultural appropriation bill was directed.

The senate then turned to private pension bills and twenty-four bills were passed, including the pension act for Gen. S. J. Roberts at \$50 per month.

In the Senate Mr. Sherman, Republican Ohio, gave notice that he would move to go into executive session Thursday on the arbitration treaty, and that he hoped then to get final action on it.

Mr. Chandler, Republican, New Hampshire, spoke in support of his resolution declaring that the United States should not permanently acquiesce in the single gold standard.

The bankrupt bill was taken up, but no action was reached.

The house refused to pass a bill granting a pension at the rate of \$30 a month to Nancy G. Allabach, widow of Peter H. Allabach, in the later years of his life captain of the Capitol police, which President Cleveland vetoed.

By the very close vote of 34 to 31, the Senate today passed the amended immigration bill agreed upon by the conference committee. As the House has already agreed to the report, the bill now goes to the Senate.

The Corliss amendment directed against alien laborers who return to their own country after working here, Canada being that especially aimed at, had much to do with taking votes on the bill among Senators whose States border on the Dominion. As retaliatory legislation by Canada is probable, it is feared by some that this country will gain many American citizens of border States being temporarily employed in Canada.

The House to-day by a vote of 167 to 91, reversed the finding of a majority of the elections committee, and decided the contested election case of T. N. Hopkins vs. J. M. Kendall, from the Tenth Kentucky district in favor of the Republican contestant, Mr. Hopkins. Eleven Republicans, including Adams and Leonard of Pennsylvania, and three Populists, voted with the Democrats against unseating Kendall.

In the senate Mrs. (Dem., Wis.) secured the passage of a bill to extend the use of the mail service by using a patent card and envelope, with coupons attached. The senate then went into executive session, though Mr. Quay (Rep., Pa.) wanted to go on with the bill for a commission to look into labor problems.

Senator Sherman gave notice that he would to-morrow move an executive session to consider the arbitration treaty alone and that he would ask that the session be continued until its fate should be known.

The Senate was in executive session from 12:30 to-day until 8 o'clock to-night on the arbitration treaty with Great Britain, and adjourned without having accomplished anything. Mr. Nelson, Republican, Minnesota, advocated his position to do with the treaty in the treaty until after March 4 because of the pressure of other business at present. Mr. Platt, Republican, Connecticut, and Mr. Frye, Republican, Maine, urged immediate action. Mr. Teiler, Silver, Colorado, spoke for postponing the treaty but did not protect American interests, and as the State Department had been four years at work on it, the Senate should not be asked to vote upon it in a few weeks.

In committee of the whole the House took up the deficiency appropriation bill, and when an effort was made to limit debate, Mr. Grow, Republican, Pennsylvania, insisted on his right to speak as long as he wished. The committee by a vote of 32 to 125 refused to limit debate, so Mr. Grow cried his point, and spoke for forty minutes on the Oklahoma free homestead bill. A long discussion followed over an item to pay special attorneys for defending suits against the United States, and the deficiency bill was not finished.

The Senate adopted a resolution offered by Mr. Cameron, Republican, Pennsylvania, extending sympathy to the government of Greece in its intervention to free the people of Crete "from the tyranny of foreign oppressors, and to restore peace, with the blessing of Christian civilization, to that distressed island."

Representative Phillips' bill for the appointment of a labor commission was laid aside by a vote of 34 to 28 in favor of consideration of the Indian appropriation bill. The item of \$1,500,000 for schools led to a sharp discussion in which Mr. Lodge, Republican, Massachusetts, said that this amendment opened again the sectarian schools, which had been provided were to be discontinued after July 1, 1897. Mr. Hoar, Republican, Massachusetts, and Mr. Hawley, Republican, Connecticut, defended the Catholic church, which, it had been said, was the only one to be benefited by this amendment. No vote was reached.

The house devoted the day to the deficiency appropriation bill. There was a warm debate over an amendment by Mr. Hopkins, Republican, Illinois, to take out the item of \$12,200 to pay members of the Fifty-third Congress for amounts withheld from their salaries for absence, in accordance with a rule adopted by that congress. Mr. Hopkins said that Speaker Crisp had enforced that rule to hold a quorum, and Democrats should not apply to a Republican house for reimbursement. Mr. Hopkins carried his point—113 to 55.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED.

HELPING THE FARMERS.

The Pennsylvania Agricultural Station is Doing Good Work.

Secretary Morton transmitted to Congress the report of the several agricultural experimental stations throughout the country. That of the station of the Pennsylvania State college sets forth that the principal experiments there have been with fertilizers and feed stuffs, the latter with the special relation to the feeding of steers and dairy cows. There have also been experiments with field crops and especially tobacco. The Secretary says that the station is doing thorough and important work in practical and scientific lines relating to agriculture of the State. In addition to the government appropriation of \$15,000 a year, the station has received \$1,949 from the State, \$2,187 in fees for analyzing fertilizers, 9,857 from sales of farm products and \$79 miscellaneous, a total income of \$25,983 that has prospered and managed in a thoroughly systematic way.

Three Italians named John Fanleko, Pal Fureask and Pedro Pilpho, were run down and instantly killed Tuesday night at Tipton, a small station seven miles east of Altoona. The men were walking westward on the westbound track and failed to hear the westbound train approaching. The engine was rounding a curve at the time and Engineer J. E. Irvin did not see them in time. Fureask was hurled against an eastbound freight train and terribly mangled. Fanleko was ground under the wheels, and Pilpho was knocked 60 feet along the track and instantly killed. All three breathed a moment after being struck. Engineer Irvin is prostrated by the accident.

The unknown man who held up the Saltsburg banker is now in jail in Indiana. He was subjected to a bath, which revealed that he was not negro, but had blackened his face with cork, and when he came from the tub he was found to be very fair of complexion. He gives no name other than "Billy," and says he is half Indian, his father being a white man and his mother a squaw. He complains of a "cut" which he says he had met him at the Saltsburg bridge after the robbery, deserted him and escaped on a freight train. He evidently came to this section from Pittsburg, where he says he was once a porter in a hotel. He will be tried next month.

Judge Harry White filed an opinion in the case of H. M. Clapp vs. the borough of New Brighton for damages sustained by falling into an unprotected excavation made by the borough while grading a street, and was almost fatally injured. The case was commenced about five years ago. It was tried in '92 and a verdict given for \$3,000, subject to the court's judgment as to whether the borough was liable. The plaintiff moved a new trial, and this Judge White granted.

Anthony S. Morrow, a prominent Central Pennsylvania banker and capitalist, died in Hollidaysburg of paralysis, aged 74 years. Mr. Morrow was a partner in the private banking firm of Gardner, Morrow & Martindale, and was president of the Williamsburg bank, whose recent failure is believed to have hastened his death. Mr. Morrow was the projector of the Cresson, Conipack & New York short route railroad, which was finally merged with the Pennsylvania system. He is survived by a widow.

The Homestead & Highlands Street Railway Company is preparing to complete its connections between McKeesport, Braddock and Pittsburg, the object being to secure a through line from these towns to the heart of Pittsburg. The fact was brought out by the placing of a mortgage upon the property to the Union Trust Company for \$100,000. This is the largest mortgage recorded in Allegheny county in many months and it was negotiated the first of this month.

Another big body of coal, three feet in thickness, has been found in the hills under the farm of Stephen Doughton, two miles northeast of Hubbard and five miles southwest of Sharon. Seven holes have been put down on different parts of the farm, and the same showing of coal has been found in each. The mine now 22 small mines in operation in the township.

Samuel Spencer, Jr., aged 75 years, and Samuel Spencer, Sr., aged 40 years, father and son, were killed at Wyalusing. Both men had been walking on the Lehigh Valley railroad track and were killed by the Black Diamond express. Their mangled remains were found on the track and were removed to their homes in Hollidaysburg, Wyoming county.

William R. Babcock has purchased the old Lytle property, on Allegheny street, Hollidaysburg, to erect a handsome residence. When the men began to make excavation for the cellar they unearthed the skull of a man, the rest of the remains had so crumbled that they could not be secured. The skull is supposed to be that of an Indian.

While C. D. Motz, of Woodward, was adjusting a belt to a pulley in his father's sawmill his coat was caught by a projecting nail and he was hurled around the shaft twice and then clutched a rat and held on for life. The clothing was torn from Motz's body, but, aside from a few bruises, he escaped without serious injury.

■ E. M. Huxett has just closed a deal with Daniel Fiehrer, of Center Hill, for 330 acres of virgin timber land in the seven mountains, from which he expects to take 5,000,000 feet or more of lumber. Operations will be commenced at once. A branch railroad will be built to Penn Grove to connect with the Lewisburg & Tyrone railroad.

Thomas L. Johnson, who was convicted by the January term of court of murder in the second degree for the killing of Dr. George S. Henry, of Cannon, was sentenced by Judge Lyons to twenty years' imprisonment. He attempted to kill his wife at the same time, alleging that she had been intimate with Dr. Henry.

While preaching from his pulpit in the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, Pittsburg, Rev. C. H. Fitzwilliams, the pastor, fell forward and collapsed. He was carried out and taken home, where he was restored to consciousness. His physician said the pastor's condition was caused by too close attention to his work.

The New Castle water company is about to begin the erection of a new pump station on Chestnut street, and also a reservoir on the McIlvenny hill. The improvements will cost about \$10,000 and will give a higher water pressure in portions of the city that have been lacking in this respect.

John Stewart was arrested by the sheriff of Indiana county, charged with stealing a horse from John McClaren fourteen years ago. He had been away all these years and thought it would be safe to return to his home. Sheriff Lusk, however, had a note of the indictment. Stewart gave bail.

A remarkable revival is in progress at the First Methodist Episcopal church, of New Castle. Twenty joined the church on probation Sunday and the total number so far is 115. The pastor, Rev. J. F. Handolph, has announced meetings for another week. John Carter, of Steyer, owner of the Central hotel, at Sandy Lake, Pa., has been arrested, charged by S. A. Davenny, the lessee, with breaking the locks of the doors. Davenny recently closed the hotel, and it is alleged Carter tried to reopen it.

William Vangelder was killed on the dangerous Mud Lick log slide, while working on the post where John Wilson was killed three weeks ago. As in the case of Wilson, a log jumped the slide and Vangelder's body was terribly crushed and mangled.

A large barn belonging to C. Boyd, near Jacksville, was fired by incendiaries and burned to the ground, the loss on the barn being \$1,000 and \$500 on the contents. Insurance, \$500. The fire is supposed to have been started by tramps.