

Scholars Down With Typhoid Fever—Road Supervisor Arrested—Smallpox Scars Costly.

James Maloney lies at the Shenango Valley hospital, New Castle, with his skull crushed and one side, paralyzed from the effects of a blow delivered by his son John, with a baseball bat. Maloney has been drinking heavily of late and, it is said, has put his family out of the house three times within a week.

Following pensions were granted last week: Lazarus H. McElheny, Carbon Center, \$8; William Hays, Ligonier, \$15 to \$17; Jeremiah Hartzell, Uniontown, \$8 to \$10; Fletcher Benford, Mt. Pleasant, \$8 to \$10; Hiram J. Willey, Unity, \$6; Morris H. Sage, Carnegie, \$6 to \$8; Charles DeLozier, Coalport, \$6 to \$8; Frederick Leseimer, Bennett, \$8; Leonard L. Kunkel, Apollo, \$12 to \$17; Amariah Cook, Warren, \$8 to \$10; Lavinia Foster, West Newton, \$8; R. C. Avison, Greensburg, \$6; David Croty, New Castle, \$6; Thomas Musselman, New Mahoning, \$6; David Reese, Leechburg, \$6 to \$8; W. W. Kope, Evans City, \$6 to \$8; Frank W. Clark, New Castle, \$6 to \$8; William H. Shantz, Altoona, \$6; Monroe Amour, Bellefonte, \$6; Robert W. Teest, Warren, \$6; Aaron J. Edsall, Evergreen, \$7; James Watson, Lock Number Four, \$14; Jonathan Albaugh, East Hickory, \$4; Joseph W. Shaw, Tyrone, \$12; Daniel S. Smith, Floyd, \$20; Samuel L. French, Latrobe, \$6; Elizabeth Fowler, Crab Tree, \$12.

What nearly matched the story of "The Old Arm Chair" happened at a sale of the personal effects of the late Jesse Baughman, near San Patch, Saturday afternoon. An old chest, worth probably a dollar, was put up for sale and bidding was slow. A prospective purchaser, turning it over, a secret drawer slid out and over \$500 in coin and currency rolled out upon the ground. The money was turned over to the administrator of the estate. It is supposed the treasure was secreted there by a son of the late Jesse Baughman, who was accidentally killed while working about the distillery of his father several years ago.

Articles of incorporation were filed for record at Butler Thursday by W. C. McDowell, Butler Fisher, L. C. Wick, A. M. Reiber, W. H. Miller and W. C. Thompson, of Butler, for the Butler Silk mill, limited. The company has leased the old Witherspoon institute building and will manufacture silk fabric, employing about 50 hands.

W. J. Flinn, of Pittsburg, of the United States secret service, has arrested Clarence C. Kimble, a photographer of Coudersport, and George Austin, a woodman of Tamarac, on the charge of counterfeiting. The detectives found plates and notes in Austin's house. Ten dollar plates were on the First National bank of Hornellsville, N. Y., and five dollar plates on the Galatin bank of New York city. Tools, paper and photographs were found in Kimble's house.

William Stein, aged 76, was found dead in the watch house on the Pennsylvania railroad at Jacobs Creek. Hugo Scott Lusk, a farmer, was found frozen to death in the stable of John Gaul, near Washington. Lusk had been drinking.

Mrs. Burns was awarded \$96.50 damages against the borough of Greensburg for injuries received through a defective sidewalk. She claimed \$100.00.

Andrew Cook, road supervisor of Green township, Indiana county, has been arrested for failure to turn over \$100 he collected for road tax. Cook alleges that thieves broke into his house and stole \$140 from his hiding place, and thus he was unable to meet the claim against him.

Westmoreland county's smallpox attack will cost the taxpayers about \$3,000. This includes a bill of \$500 by Allegheny authorities for a case where a man was allowed to leave Larimer and go near McKeesport before the quarantine had elapsed.

Morris H. Wagner, aged 32, a grocer of Salisbury, was crushed to death in a stock car in a wreck on the Connellsville branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Saturday. Many cars were destroyed and several car loads of cattle were burned or mangled.

The decimation of Dairyman Nicholas J. Spohn's family, near Butler, by typhoid fever, is attributed by physicians to a new railroad embankment, which dammed up the foot of a ravine and caused stagnant water to collect.

According to the borough solicitor of North Washington borough, James Wilson, the newly elected Burgess is eligible to succeed himself and the office will not go to a colored man who received a few votes at the recent election.

While running about the kitchen, Joseph, the two-year-old son of Peter Wagoner, of East Titusville, fell into a tub of boiling water and was scalded to death.

The engine attached to the Greensburg express ran away after being cut loose from the train at Greensburg, and before it was stopped ran to Manor. The crew had jumped from it just as they were about to put it in the round house. No damage was done.

The teacher and 14 pupils of the Millville township school, near Greensburg, are sick with typhoid fever, resulting from drinking water from an infected well.

After being blind for nine years as the result of an explosion, C. O. Corman, of Bellefonte, has recovered his eyesight without medical aid.

In the recorder's office in Indiana county during the last week there have been filed 38 deeds, representing 2,000 acres of coal lands, valued at \$85,000.

It has just been discovered that the record book of the sums paid by Street Commissioner Jacob Fleming to John Blevins, the murdered city treasurer of New Castle, is missing.

The residence of C. W. Davis, near Oil City, was destroyed as the result of a daughter attempting to start a fire with oil. She was badly burned.

The English-Americans of the Fifth ward, New Castle, have raised \$700 for the benefit of widows of soldiers killed in the Boer-Boerish war.

Pittsburg capitalists are interested in a proposed 10-pot tin mill at Sharon, Pa.

FARM TOPICS

Secure the Hen a Good Nest.

No doubt the best way to make a hen an ideal nest is to get a few spadefuls of soil and thoroughly work through it a little lime that has been slacked, and if you have on hand any kaint a small quantity of this added to the mixture will be an added improvement. Over this you should use a cover of fine hay, straw, chaff, excelsior, or anything of this sort. This will be one of the best ways of keeping lice out of the nest, which is the cause of keeping the hens from taking a pleasure in laying the eggs they want to.

If possible arrange the nests so that the hens will think they are "stealing" it, or at least stealing the nest of another hen, for there is probably nothing that stimulates egg production as to have a hen imagine that she is doing this.

Colts Need Exercise.

It seems strange, but nevertheless it is a fact, that the majority of colts raised on the farm do not have sufficient exercise; they are shut in too much.

Exercise is essential in order that the young muscles may be developed, and if muscles in any animal on the farm should be developed it is those of the colt.

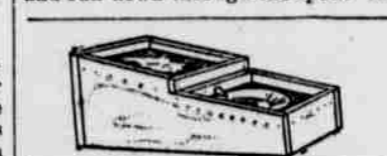
While this exercise business is good and positively necessary it does not go that the animal should be ever exercised, as this causes over-exertion, which is about as detrimental to the animal as anything could be. We see along the road any number of animals that are ruined for life simply by being put in harness too soon. Let the animal have a chance to mature before putting it to any strain either in the field or on the road.

To Properly Skim Milk.

In order to properly skim shallow pans of milk one of the teachers at the dairy school at Guelph, Can., recommends the taking of a thin-bladed knife and running it around the sides of the pan; then lift the pan to the cream crock, hold back the layer of cream with the knife, so as to let a little of the skim milk run over the first to wet this outer edge of the pan. Then, with the knife glide the thick sheet of cream down. It will all run off into the pan, probably carrying with it considerable skim milk, but the cream is so thick it is just about what is required in churning. Now, if you have done this carefully, you will find that you can skim milk just as well and have no greater loss, than by setting it in the deep setting system. One disadvantage of setting in shallow pans is, you have such a surface of milk exposed to the air, and, unless you have pure air, you are going to have "off" flavors.

Rendering Wax.

I melt and cake all my wax in a sun extractor of my own invention, which is illustrated below. It is made of two compartments, both of which have glass lids. The wax to be melted and renovated is put into the top or large compartment. There is a slatted frame placed on the bottom of this upper box and a burlap sack is placed on top of this slatted frame. The wax is placed on this sack. The glass lid is then put on, and as the wax melts it will strain through the sack and run down through the spout into



the lower part. A common dishpan sets under the spout to catch the wax. There is a little water in the pan. The glass will keep the wax hot all day. If any dirt gets through the sack, it will settle at the bottom of the hot wax in the pan, and when the wax is taken out, next morning, it will be in the shape of a beautiful cake, while all the dirt will remain in the water. By this method there is little bother and no danger of the wax getting on fire and endangering the house. The wax is entirely free from foreign substances, and is first class in every respect.—F. E. Brown, in the Epitomist.

Best Way to Preserve Eggs.

Egg producers ought to be grateful to the Department of Agriculture for compiling in its official literature the various and the best ways of treating eggs that are put away during the summer months, when they are plentiful and cheap. Of twenty German methods of preserving eggs the three which proved the most effective are coating the egg with vaseline, preserving them in lime water and preserving them in water glass. There is a drawback to the water-glass method; the shell easily bursts in boiling water. This, however, may be prevented by piercing the shell with a strong needle. This objection having been conceded, the water-glass method heads the list, as varnishing the eggs with vaseline takes a great deal of time, and treating them with lime water is apt to give them a disagreeable odor. In most packed eggs the yolk, sooner or later, begins to settle on one side and the egg at once begins to depreciate. This does not happen when water glass is used and the eggs retain a surprising freshness. In one test it was found that a ten per cent. solution of water glass preserved the eggs so effectively that at the end of three and a half months eggs that were packed on August 1 appeared perfectly fresh. A gallon of water glass, which will cost fifty cents, will make enough solution to preserve fifty dozen eggs.



HOW TO CLEAN RIBBONS.

Two Methods That Should Appeal to the Busy Housewife.

Now that ribbons are so extensively worn it is quite worth while to know how to clean them successfully and easily.

The two methods here given have been put to the practical test many times over, so there need be no hesitancy about trying either one through fear of failure or of unsatisfactory results.

The first method is exceedingly simple and answers the purpose for all except white ribbons or those that are very badly mused. Fill a glass fruit jar about half full of gasoline—more or less, according to the amount of ribbon to be cleaned. Place the soiled ribbons in it—all colors, lengths and kinds may go in at once—and screw the cover on tightly. Shake the bottle occasionally and leave it closed for from two to six hours, or over night. Then take out the ribbons, shake each one well and hang it to dry in the open air. The ribbons will be clean, and the dirt will be found in the bottom of the jar. Of course the ribbons need a thorough airing and sun bath to remove the odor of the gasoline, but that is all. No pressing is required, as the gasoline does not affect them as water would.

The clear gasoline should be poured off without disturbing that at the bottom; then the dirt which has settled at the bottom should be emptied out and the clear gasoline put back, ready for use another time. Keep it tightly covered, and, of course, never use it near a fire, because of the danger of its igniting.

The gasoline will turn white ribbons yellow, so this method is not advisable for them. It also leaves the ribbons in the same condition that it found them as regards their being mused or crumpled, so those that are badly creased should be given the treatment that is accorded the white ribbons.

Prepare a suds of soft water and any pure soap, wash the ribbon in this, just as you would wash a fine handkerchief; rinse and let it partially dry. Take it down while still damp in all parts and roll it smoothly over a wide card or piece of pasteboard, rolling a piece of clean white muslin with it. Wrap the ribbon around last, so that the ribbon shall be covered, and place the whole under a heavy weight. A letter press is an excellent place in which to press it. Leave it until it shall have had time to dry. The muslin will absorb the moisture.

The ribbon will come out looking fresh and clean and will have lost none of its "life," as is the case with ribbons which are pressed with an iron.

If a good soap is used the colors will not run, and this process takes out the creases as well as removes the dirt.

Hints For the Housewife.

Rice should be washed in hot water, not cold. A quick morning bath is a good substitute for the strong coffee most folk drink.

Ordinary headaches almost always yield to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

If you want to ruin silver-back brushes wash them. If you don't, clean the bristles by rubbing them thoroughly with flour.

If at any time there is not enough batter to fill all the muffin pans, put a little hot water in the empty pans before setting in the oven.

Kitchen tables may be made "white as snow" if washed with soap and wood-ashes. Floors look best scrubbed with cold water, soap and wood-ashes.

To prevent rags from curling at the corners bind them on the under side with a piece of narrow webbing like that used to hold furniture springs in place.

Silk may be restored by sponging, and while quite damp it should be rolled on a broomstick and left until quite dry. Silk should never be ironed.

The brain worker needs comparatively little of carbohydrates—that is, starches and fats; much less, indeed, than one employed at manual labor requires.

A saddle of venison is the best for roasting. Lard it with strips of lard, fat pork, salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Roast in a hot oven, basting frequently.

A serviceable loop for hanging up heavy garments is made by cutting a strip of kid from an old glove, rolling it into a string, and sewing the edges together. This loop will stand any amount of pulling.

An orange frosting can be quickly made by mixing together the yolk of one egg, a tablespoonful orange juice, a half teaspoonful orange extract and enough sifted confectioner's sugar to make it thick enough to spread.

Before going out upon a very cold or windy day rub into the face just a little cold cream thoroughly, afterward a dust of rice flour. It is almost impossible under this treatment to acquire a chapped face. Wear a veil in extreme weather.

Serpents are so tenacious of life that they will live six months or longer without food.

him again, offering to let their united labor go against his. But Ned would not do it.

A month later Kanadu sauntered lazily into the camp looking for Ned. He grinned widely as he saw the sailor at work.

"Find him, master?" he asked. "Some of 'em," said Ned. "How are you, old chap?"

"Me well," replied Kanadu, grinning again. "Me always well. S'pose you let me see what you find."

Ned produced the bag and showed the diamonds and Kanadu gave a snort of disdain.

"Look dis," he said, opening his hand. In the centre of his brown palm glowed a diamond of great size and brilliancy, the largest Ned had ever seen.

"You take him, Ned," he said. "Den you come out dat hole and hunt good deal."

"You give it to me?" cried Ned. "No want him. S'pose you gib me gun, dat all right," said Kanadu.

Ned eagerly accepted the offer and quickly had the jewel, fearing that other eyes might see it. Other eyes had seen it—those of Lascar Joe, and he was literally stricken dumb at the sight of the wonderful diamond. Ned was busy all that day, and in the night, with only Kanadu for a companion, he slipped away, and before morning was far away from the camp. He had bought another revolver at the mines and Kanadu had a beautiful rifle, the price of the big diamond. That night they camped beside a shining river, and the Hottentot kept watch while Ned lay down to sleep. He was tired and awoke after some hours as a cry of agony rang through his ears, and started up with his revolver ready, to see Kanadu lying on his face, his blood soaking the earth and two men springing at him, with knives and pistols gleaming in the moonlight—men whom he knew—Lascar Joe and Matt Fralick.

"Give up the diamond and you shall go free!" hissed Matt, as he leveled his pistol.

"Never!" cried Ned.

The pistols cracked together and Matt fell dead and Ned staggered back, with a bullet through the fleshy part of the arm. He fell over the prostrate form of the Hottentot and before he could rise the foot of the Lascar was on his breast.

Ned was weaponless, for his pistol had fallen from his hand as he received the bullet.

"Fire!" cried Ned. "I'll never beg for life from such as you; don't think it."

At this moment came a loud roar and a great hairy body passed over the prostrate man, sending the Lascar to a distance of 20 feet. Ned stared up and ran into the woods, leaving his enemy a prey to the lion, which had come to his aid so opportunely. Five minutes later he was joined by the Hottentot, who had been stunned by the bullet which grazed his skull, and the two kept on their way all night, and finally reached the settlements. Here Ned bade the Hottentot farewell and reached Cape Town. The diamond sold for \$50,000, and Ned owns a ship which runs from New York to San Francisco. But he never saw the African coast again, and probably never will.

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

All England Was Mad to Support This Surprising Delusion.

The advances in science lead to hopes of the sudden accumulation of gold, just as the discovery of new worlds led our ancestors to invest in many inflated enterprises of commerce and conquest. This older temptation has passed away, for there are no new worlds to discover, and this small globe has been practically staked out; but the mysterious domains of science are still illimitable, and afford vast opportunities for inflated schemes which have their prototype in the South Sea Bubble.

Let us refresh our memory of this surprising delusion. It arose in the reign of Queen Anne, nearly 180 years ago, and when we consider the extent of the speculation and gambling which it caused and the number of those who lost everything and who consigned their families to bitter poverty, we are tempted to class it with those other calamities which preceded it and which afflicted England so heavily—the great fire of London and the plague. The South Sea company claimed to have enormous sources of profit in certain exclusive privileges, obtained from the Spanish government, for trading in their possessions in South America and Mexico; and it may be well for us in these times of the flotation of schemes for obtaining gold from salt water and from sands, of power from air and something more ethereal than air, to be reminded of the many bubbles that came into existence and burst at the time of the collapse of the South Sea Bubble. The stock of the South Sea company rose from one hundred to a thousand, and an army of future victims crowded the offices of the company, anxious to invest in what they believed would suddenly enrich them. Indeed, all England seemed to go mad, and the craze of the time is reflected in the writings of Pope and Swift.—Prof. John Trowbridge, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

Two Definitions.

The humors of examination papers were illustrated by Dr. Haig Brown, who, speaking at the City of London college upon the responsibility which rested upon examiners in weighing fragments of knowledge, said that the question, "What are the Chiltern Hundreds?" once received the reply, "Small animals which abound in such numbers in cheese." The inquiry, "What is a cherub?" elicited, in its turn, the answer, "An immoral being of uncertain shape."—Assenat

WITH LOVE—FROM MOTHER.

There's a letter on the bottom of the pile, Its envelope faded, sallow brown, It has traveled to the city many a mile, And the postmark names a little unknown town.

But the hurried man of business pushes all the others by, And on the scrawly characters he turns a glistening eye.

He forgets the cares of commerce and his anxious schemes for gain, The while he reads what mother writes from up in Maine.

There are quirks and scratchy quavers of the pen, Where it struggled in the fingers old and bent.

There are places that he has to read again, And ponder on to find what mother meant.

There are letters on his table that inclose some bounding checks; There are letters giving promises of profits on his "spices."

But he tosses all the litter by, forgets the golden rain, Until he reads what mother writes from up in Maine.

At last he finds "with love—we all are well."

And softly lays the homely letter down, And dashes at his heading tasks pell mell, —Once more the busy, anxious man of town.

But whenever in his duties as the rushing moments fly, That faded little envelope smiles up to meet his eye,

He turns again to labor with a stronger truer brain, From thinking on what mother wrote from up in Maine.

Through all the day he dictates brisk replies, To his amanuensis at his side, —The curt and stern demand and business lies —The doubting man cajoled, and threat defied.

And then at dusk when all are gone he drops his worldly mask, And takes his pen and lovingly performs a welcome task;

For never shall the creaking type or short-hand scribble profane, The message to the dear old home up there in Maine.

The penmanship is rounded, schoolboy style, For mother's eyes are getting dim, she writes;

And, as he sits and writes there, all the while, A bit of homesick feeling grips his throat.

For all his city friendships here with Tom and Dick and Jim, And all the ties of later years grow very, very dim;

While boyhood's loves in manhood's heart rise deep and pure and plain, Called forth by mother's homely words from up in Maine.

—Holman F. Day, in Lewiston Journal.

The Diamond.

A SOUTH AFRICAN EPISODE.

Ned Cummings went into Cape Town in an Indian steamer in the first year of the diamond excitement. He had never had as good a chance to get rich easily, and he was not going to let the chance slip by. So, one fine morning, with a knapsack slung over his shoulder, a good American revolver strapped to his hip, and a Hottentot as a guide, he tramped away toward the Vaal river.

Ned, swinging along under that southern sky, caught up with two men tramping in the same direction.

"Shipmates ahoy!" roared Ned in his jolliest sea voice, which he could raise above the sound of the tempest. "Whither bound?"

"For the mines, and be blowed to you," growled one of the men.

"Bet you a plug of navy you cut adrift from your ship without asking leave of the old man."

"What's that to you, you lubber?" was the reply of the man, a sulky, dark-browed fellow, evidently a sailor, but far from a pleasant-looking one.

"My name is Matt Fralick," said the man. "I deserted from the bark Assumption, bound to Ceylon. This man is a Lascar, named Joe, who cut away with me. Now, who are you?"

"Ned Cummings, able seaman; left the steamer Rajah at Cape Town, because I wanted to make a strike for these new diamond fields; for you see I've mined in California, Peru and Australay, and I don't want it said there's any new places, whether gold or diamonds, that I ain't had a hand in."

Days passed, and they were yet upon the way, holding a course by the skillful guidance of the Hottentot, who knew the way well.

They came down into the camp amid the barking of dogs, but scarcely noticed by the miners, who expected to see new men come into the fields day after day. Ned was an active man, and before night he had learned all the rules of the camp, and had marked off a claim for himself and his two companions. His Hottentot looked on in supreme disgust as he saw his friend mark out the ground and fall to work.

"That's so foolish," he said touching Ned on the shoulder. "You come hunt?"

"Ned showed him a small diamond, not larger than a common shot, which had been given him in Cape Town.

Kanadu uttered a snort of disgust. "You come hunt," he insisted.

But Ned refused, and Kanadu left the camp, and the man washed on under the burning sun. There was not much work in Matt Fralick or the Lascar, and the burden fell on Ned's shoulders.

"Let's quit without any hard words Matt," he said. "I want a man with me that can take a fair share of the work, and you and the Lascar are just about equal, you see. I'll strike a new claim, or buy you out."

They chose to go out, thinking he could do nothing alone; but Ned had made his plans, and after the two left him, he hired a half-breed Hottentot to hunt. From that time he did better, and found several stones of fair value. Two weeks of this work and the two came back and wanted to join