THE DAY OF

What of the day, my brother? What of the day of peace? When the dripping sword turns

sward and the dull, dread noises coase-The christ of the angry shell—
What of battle that shall pierce the night
Of battle—is it well?

What of the dead, my brother?
What of the dead and dumb!
Who shall pay at the Judgment day
When the Messenger shall come,
Come in the light and glory,
Come in the fire and flame,
Whose the strain of the blood and pain,
My brother—whose the blame?

What of the grief, my brother, What of the grief and woe? What of the tears shed o'er these biers These stricken hearts brought low? Low in the day of terror, Low in the night of gloom, Whose the weight of this curse of Hate? Whose the pain of Doom?

What of the blood, my brother? What of the blood that flows In a crimson stream where the lances glean And the bugle blows and blows? Shudder and start and cry, When the battles' cost by God engrossed In blood on the brazen sky?

Hasten the day, my brother, Hasten the day of peace, When men not slain for greed of gain And the dull, dread noises cease! When shell shall shriek no longer, When shell shall shaway, When Hatred slink away, The breath of God the blood-stained sod The breath of God the blood-stained sod Make clean—and Peace shall stay!
—Bismarck Tribune.

# MISS FERGUSON.

Indiana Ferguson impatiently awaited the evening. For a week she had been visiting her cousin, Silas Beck, and his wife, and this evening Robert Scruggs was to come. she known that Mr. Scruggs was expected she would not have dared to visit her consin just at this time, She was here, however, and now that he was coming she did not deceive herself by saying that she was sorry.

Miss Ferguson felt that she been unkind to Mr. Scruggs. He had offered her his heart, and he was a sincere man. She had answered coldly: "Mr. Scruggs, it is impos-sible." How heartless it seemed to her now. But there had been Prof. Edward Cantwell Reed, and it seemed different then.

Miss Ferguson was a mathematician. Not that she ever did much in a practical way, but she loved the science for its own sake. She and Professor Reed had sat by the hour discussing problems in which they were interested. But for these meet ings her answer to Robert Sgruggs would have been different,

She now sat in meditation before the bright fire. How stupid she had been, she thought, to suppose that she could enjoy sitting forever drill-ing away at her mathematics! Do people ever marry for that? What had Professor Reed done? Married that veritable chatterbox and mischief lov ing Tomboy, Sadie Moore. As for herself, did she ever really love Professor Reed? Well, perhaps. Anyhow, she was very stupid - she was sure she was stupid.

And now-certainly fate had thrown her in the way of the man whom she rejected. He believed in woman's intuition, and that intuition told her that this was fortuitous. She was almost happy.

When at last she heard Mr. Scruggs stamping the wet snow off his boots outside the door she felt that she turned a little pale. She was certainy nervous—an unusual thing for her. When he addressed her as "Miss He used to call her "India,"
"So you're acquainted!" exclaimed

Mrs. Beck, as they sat about the fire, her face radiant with amiability. 'Now, I'm afraid we'll have to watch you two. But then, if you'd a-been marrying people-too such people as you-you'd a-been married, both of you, long ago."

"You may trust Miss Ferguson, answered Mr. Scruggs. "I'm an answered air. Scruggs. I'm an andacious scoundrel, you know, but you will find Miss Ferguson as rigid as the North pole.

Miss Forguson could not have felt more uncomfortable than she did now, To conceal her confusion she turned to arrange some grasses in a vase, which, as soon as she touched it, tumbled to the floor, breaking into a dozen pieces. Stooping quickly to pick these up, now blushing very red, she awkwardly upset a large easel and its painting. Then she rose up very quickly and left the room, mortified to the verge of despair. She won lered if she would ever dare to see Mr. Seruggs again.

The following morning she had her breakfast sent to her, complaining of a headache, and did not venture downstairs until she heard Mr. Scruggs footsteps going out of the little gate and down toward a cabin where one of his queer fancies took him at every opportunity to converse with an ignorant but self-important and garrulous woodman settler. Then she crept softly down and entered the parlor—and there sat Mr. Scruggs looking into the fire.

With an effort Miss Ferguson controlled herself.

"Good morning, Mr. Scruggs," she id, "I thought I heard you going

"Not I, this day," he replied, "I am disposed to mope. I have sent Silas down to bring my woodman friend to see if he cannot cheer me up. Are you ill, Miss Ferguson? I imagine that you used to look

"I no well now," she answered, "I have changed since you saw me last."
"I believe you are more beautiful,"

"Dou't flatter me," she protested. "I, flatter!" he exclusioned. "When will you learn, Miss Ferguson, that I

am incapable of the art? You have not changed so much, then, after all, " "You are cruel if you contradict

she replied. "And were you never cruel?" he "Perhaps," she answered. "But I

repented."
"Repentance means sorrow," he said, "Will you be sorry for me now? I have the blues."

At this moment Silas Beck came in, followed by the woodman, and when Mr. Sernggs turned to introduce his

friend to Miss Ferguson she was gone. On the following day Mr. Scruggs put on his overcoat and left the house as soon as breakfast was over. this meant to Miss Ferguson she would not acknowledge even to her-self. It was a louely day—the loueliest that she ever passed. Mrs. Beck, to be sure, never ceased to chatter, but what woman's talk can fill the emptiness of a woman's lonely heart? When Miss Ferguson put on her arctics to walk down to the village postoffice Mrs. Beck spoke of Robert Scruggs, and she sat down to listen, Directly Mrs. Beck's gossip diverted itself to a neighbor who claimed to have a cousin who married a niece of General Grant, and Miss Ferguson rose to go,

"There goes Robert now," Mrs. Beck, "with Ida Gates. If that girl don't talk him to death it won't be her fault. She's a tur'ble gab."

Miss Ferguson looked out. road ran near the house, and she saw that Mr. Scruggs looked perfectly happy. He was leaving back in the sleigh, and Miss Gates was driving, chewing gum and talking all at once, Miss Ferguson did not speak. She

went to the fire, removed her arctics, selected a book from the table and read. She read determindely. She told herself that she was going to read, and what Miss Ferguson willed to do she usually did.

When she had been reading about half an hour Mr. Scruggs came hurriedly in.

"I am sorry," he said to Mrs. Beck, "but I have to return to the city. I have just now received a dispatch. Good-by, Mrs. Beck—and Miss Fer-guson, I don't know when I shall see see you again. Good-by.'

'Good-by, Mr. Scroggs,' she said naturally, extending her hand, He took it, pressed it mechanically,

and in another moment he was gone. Miss Ferguson sat down by the fire. She admitted to herself that she was disappointed. Mr. Scruggs no longer for her. He was happy with Miss Gates, who chewed gum. But then why should she care? She was determined not to care. She made it a practice to take things philosophically, and there was little that ever disturbed her. She liked Mr. Scruggs, but he was nothing to her. She had been foolish-stupid-and she would try to forget it. Picking up her book she resumed reading where she had left off and spent the rest of the day

with the novel. Notwithstanding, that night her pillow was wet with tears. They were foolish, she said, but they would not last, and she could put it from her easier after a little feminine cry. After that she was determined to have no regrets, and what Miss Ferguson willed to do she nearly always did. The next day she seemed as fresh as

she had been for a year. Two days later she received a letter

from the postoffice. It read:
"Dear Miss Ferguson:—I once asked you to marry me. What I said then I now repeat with twofold vehemence. Does the change in you extend to your heart or is your answer the same?

"Robert Schugge," The answer she wrote read simply: "Dear Robert:-I have changed. The answer is yes.

INDIA F."

## AN EXTRAORDINARY CRIME.

The Victim Put Where Her Story of It Was Taken for Insane Talk.

In the month of December last an elegantly dressed man presented himself to the governor of the district in which the City of Mexico is situated, and solicited the admittance of his aunt, a lady whose name he said was Mrs Aurelia Granados de Jaimes, into the insane asylum for women in Canoa He said that she had lost her mind and that, as there was no one at home to look after her, he was afraid that some accident might happen to The governor issued the permit and the lady was admitted into the hospital.

but she complained to the doctors of a pain in her head and she was constantly saying that a man had driven a nail into her head. The attendants of the asylum paid no attention to this statement, as it was thought to be a

part of her ravings. The lady gradually got worse and

on a recent Sunday she died. Dr. Alberto Los ez Hermosa, director of the asylum, and Dr. Francisco de P. Echeverria, assistant director, be-lieving that the lady's case had been a peculiar one, examined her cranium after death and made a sort of preliminary autopsy. To their astonishment they found in the region of the right temple the head of a steel wire nail, which proved to be about eight centi-metres in length. The flesh had almost c'eatrized over the nail's head and the latter was hardly visible.

The doctors i nmediately informed the governor and the judicial authorities. An investigation has been started of which the immediate object is to find the man who first brought the lady to the governor. The lady apparently was about 35 years of age.

A lecturer before a large audience at an impressive moment exclaimed: "All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the footprints of an unseen hand."-Tit-Bits.

TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE TRYING TO FIND WHETHER HENS PAY.

Contest From Which Mach Valuable In formation is Expected—City Men in It as Wellas Farmers—Value of the Poul-try of the United States.

T EARLY ten thousand persons in this country have recently entered a contest the object of which is to answer three apparently very simple little questions, The questions are: Do hens pay? If so, why? and how? The man, woman or child who can answer these three questions and demonstrate the correct ness of his answers in the briefest yet completest fashion will on April 1901, be entitled to something like \$500 in gold and may also obtain some of about two thousand special prizes offered by various individuals and firms that have become interested in the contest. The conditions of the contest have been arranged so that the city man who keeps hens in his back yard has an equal chance for first houors with the man who makes his living by raising poultry on a farm. In fact, under the conditions a man with three birds may compete on even terms with the man who owns 3000, and furthermore a man who loses money on his chickens during the time he is competing may still win the cash and special prizes, providing his system of recording his methods and the results of putting them in operation is better than that of some other man whose benefits have been greater.

The contest is one of a series havng to do with the various phases of the farmer's life that have ducted by the American Agriculturist. A few years ago the proprietors of this paper undertook some statistics that would give an adequate idea of the number of fowls in this country, the number of eggs produced in the course of a year and the value of both fowls and eggs. The figures obtained were rather startling, but there was no reason to doubt their accuracy, for they were the result of statistics sent in by thousands of correspondents in hundreds of different localities and were compiled with the greatest care. The figures showed 383,000,000 fowls in this country in the year 1896; the number of eggs produced, reckoned in dozens, was 1,-141,000,000, and the value of it all in was \$343,000,000. These figures showed an increase of about 33] per cent, over 1890 and of almost 200 per cent. over 1880. At the present time they figure the number of fowls at 500,000,000, which, with their produet for the year 1900, represent a to-tal value, it is estimated, of more than \$400,000,000. The figures given for the year 1896 were reached on the basis of an average valuation for chickens of fifty cents each; for turkeys, ducks and geese of 31 each and for eggs of twelve cents a dozen. Considering the large amount of money invested in breeds of fancy strains throughout the country, which do considerable to bring up the average value of barnyard fowis, together with the relatively higher values of both poultry and eggs in producing regions adjacent to large cities, these figures are regarded as conservative.

For many years the editor of the American Agriculturist has invited correspondence on the subject of poultry raising. The best methods of raising fowls and the easiest ways of making them pay, have been discussed at length in the columns of the paper, and of course there have been conflicting opinions. The Western farmers have pointed out methods their brethren in the East, which have caused the Easterners to write humorous letters about the farmers of the West. The Westerners have said things about their Eastern critics, while Southern poultry raisers have taken falls out of each. And in the meantime each man has raised his fowls in his own way, satisfied that that particular way was the best. The present contest has grown out of this discussion, and although April 1 was decided upon as the the time for the beginning of records, more than 3000 poultry raisers had entered the contest on March 1. Some idea of the amount of interest taken in the contest can be gathered from the fact that there are now about 10,000 contestants, and more names are being entered every day. Among them are city and country raisers in every State in the Union, in all parts of Canada, and even in Mexico, Porto Rico, the Philippines, England and Australia. The greater number of contestants are farmers, but among those who are striving for prizes are many poul-try specialists, who raise fine birds for amusement and with no idea of profit. In speaking of the contest and what led up to it one of the editors of the American Agriculturist

"Poultry is raised on every farm, on most village homesteads and on countless city lots, to say nothing of city cellars and back yards. So great is the interest in it and so vast the amount of money invested, that we regard the industry as one of the great American industries. Now we have an idea that it pays to raise poultry. But we don't know how profitable it is, and we want to know. Still less is the general knowledge of how to manage poultry on either a large or a small scale, so as to get the biggest profits with the least trouble and expense. This is a problem which we are going to try to solve. We expect that the inducements that we have offered will result in one grand effort on the part of those ingrand effort on the part of those interested in poultry raising, to find out how much profit there is in the business, and how the profit may be increased. On our part we have headed the prize list with \$500 in gold, and in addition we have set aside \$2500 for the expense of running or the right focus on yourself, that you may not seem too small in the shoulders, and too big in the head.—New

GREAT POULTRY CONTEST | the contest and for colfating and publishing the result. Hundreds of other prizes have been contributed by individuals and firms. Some are money prizes, but for the most part they are articles of value to persons interested

in poultry raising.

"The first prize will be awarded for the record that shows most clearly and accurately just how the contestant has managed fowls during one year, the product obtained and how disposed of, the cost of making and marketing such product and the re-sulting profit or loss. The prize is not for the biggest profit. It is for the most accurate record of methods and results. A report that shows a loss may win over a less carefully kept one that shows a profit. is no incentive to lie, to misrepresent or to be eareless and every reason for a contestant to be absolutely trutin-

"We are greatly pleased by the character of the contestants. We made a special effort to get city raisers as well as farmers in and have met with great success. Among the con-testants are dozens who raise poultry in the most crowded localities in large cities, others who keep hens in their cellars or back yards and one man who raises his birds in an old horse ear that he bought for \$5 and converted into a hen house. When all of tuese poultry raisers got through telling us their experiences, we will be able to give the world some valuable contributions to poultry literature."

In addition to the \$500 in gold, which the contestants are to strive for, there are these other incentives to energy on the part of the poultry raisers—2167 prizes of cash, birds, eggs, poultry food books, subscrip-tions, etc., valued at \$3000, and a sweepstakes price of \$200 in gold. The regular prizes are \$100, \$50, \$25, \$15, \$10 and twenty prizes of 25 each,-New York San.

Getting Even. "I know how to get even with those pickpockets that have been 'touching' the street car conductors," remarked a Crosstown bell-jerker, in a confidential tone. "It may be an old ruse," he continued, as he passed along in search of fares, "but I'll bet the 'dips," as they call them, won't try it on me

"What is your scheme?" asked a

curious passenger. "Simple enough, and it has never been known to fail," replied the conductor. "In this outside pocket I carry a nice assortment of fishhooks, so arranged and attached to the lining of the pocket as to form a network warranted to eatch all kinds of suckers and other worthless game. Oh, I'm

At the next corner an unobtrusive, quiet-looking young man alighted from the car, and in the middle of the next block an expression of surprise and disgust might thave been observed upon the face of the conductor. The cause of his change of countenance was soon explained in sundry incle-gant and forcible remarks. When he placed his hand in his unprotected pocket to make change for a patron on the platform, no merry jingle of coin responded to his touch, and all .that the depths of his fare receptacle reyealed were bunches of transfers and

"Well, by thunder!" he exclaimed. his amazement at first overwhelming his power of speech; "I s'pose one of those 'dips' was on the car when I was telling about my plan to fool 'em. I can't have hooks in both pockets, and I guess I'll have to think of something

When the victim counted up he found he was just 84,10 behind in his

The shirt is made of rings, every ring from a piece of steel inches long and about one-sixteenth of an inch thick. The ends of the piece of wire are flattened out, holes are punched through them, one end is turned on to the other, and they are fastened together by a small rivet. Every ring connects four others. The wire differs somewhat in thickness, not by design seemingly so as to make one part of the shirt stronger than another, but from material of uniform thickness running short. In parts where the rings are free to jingle together they are worn very thin. Round the neck is a band of three thicknesses of red leather, stiff like the stock worn formerly in our army; it is 24 inches high, and on the outside is decorated with ornamental lines like toolings made by a bookbinder. -Notes and Queries.

In the Good Old Days. "I don't believe," said the young man, 'that any man ever courted a woman without telling her lies."

"There was such courtship once," said the middle-aged man.

"When you were young?" "Huh! I'm young yet. I meant back in the early days of the race. In those dars, you know, when a man loved a coman, he sneaked up and knocked her out with a club and took her to his lonely home, and they lived happy ever after." — Indianapolis

Holder For Rubber Stamps. Handy is a holder for rubber hand stamps with a series of spring metal plates attached to a fixed back, with the sides of the plates formed into Y-shaped slots, the stamps being provided with T heads at our end, which are slipped in at the tops of the slots and pulled out at the bottom for use.

Get the Right Fogus.

### FARM TOPICS δοσοσοσοσοσοσοσοσοσοσο

Planting and Irrigating. The garden, after being plowed and harrowed was ridged by running the shovel plow every three feet. Each ridge was then gone over with a gar-den rake and the top thoroughly raked and leveled. Two rows of seeds were then planted on each ridge and the water was turned into the ditches between the rows and left to run until the ridges were thoroughly soaked. This is done to help sprout the seeds, which otherwise would lie in the ground a month fore sprouting. The same method of irrigation is followed throughout the season as often as necessary. In set-ting cabbage and tomato plants the ground is prepared in the same way, but the plants are set near the bottom of the ditch. Water is then turned on and allowed to flow around the plants, setting the soil around the

them .- F. C. Teller, in New England Bulky Food For Poultry.

are boad and cultivated down around

As the plants grow, the ridges

Poultry need bulky food as much as any of the domestic animals. Life be sustained for a time upon highly concentrated food, and it might be possible to prepare a globule for man which could be swallowed, digested and nourish the system as much as the usual hearty meal. But with a long diet of such concentrated food, digestion must become impaired simply by atrophy or wasting away of the nunsed digestive organs, hen finds this bulky food in the summer in the grass and other green fodder she gathers, but in winter she can get it in no better form than from early cut clover, cured in the shade so as to retain its tenderness and nutritive qualities. It contains more of the elements that go to make up the egg than any green food we have, much more than does the cabbage. while at the same time it is bulky enough to allow the use of concentrated food with it. We think if such clover is fed every day, there is little danger of the fowl getting too fat, even when corn and corn-meal form a large part of the daily ration.

The Position of the Apiary.

Most everyone has his or her favorite location for the apairy. Some choose the most shaded point possible. After experimenting for several years we have determined that, in our locality at least, the most exposed place possible is prolific of the best results. In the country between the Missouri River and the mountains the nights are usually cool, and we find that the mercury falls two or three degrees lower in the shade than on the open ground; that it requires a much longer time to warm up the hive in the shade in the morning than those not shaded; and, besides this, the sun comes out so warm in the morning that often pefore the colonies in the shade are warmed up the sun has evaporated a great portion of the nectar. It is with the bees as with the farm hand; the fellow who gets out early in the morning is the one who usually accomplishes the greatest day's work. experimenting with this matter of location, we find that the colony located the nearest the shade gathers the least stores, while those located on the most exposed ground gather most. One case in particular was a colony shaded by a small plum tree. As the tree grew the colony produced stores, until it barely gathered suffi-cient to winter itself. We moved this colony out into the sunlight and it went back to its old record in honey making.—The Epitomist.

Device For Feeding Calves.

It has been often said of the farmer that he sends his best produce to market and eats the refuse, and on many dairy farms the new-born calf finds itself confronted soon after its birth with this principle. It is de-prived of the rich milk of its mother and fed with a chalky substance as early as it can be taught to lap the liquid from a pan. Iphus H. Hall, of Lyndon, Vermont, has utilized the idea of the baby's bottle and made a feeder for the calf by which its weaning will take place at a much earlier



NURSING BOTTLE FOR CALVES.

date than by the old method, and by this device the calf absorbs the thin blue substitute fed to it in a way so entirely natural that it remains in ignorance of the deception being practiced upon it. A bracket of support-ing device for the milk receptacle is first provided, and to this frame a horizontal bar is attached, carrying at its extremity a rubber nipple of am-ple proportions. Connected with the nipple is a flexible tube extending into the liquid in the pail. Inside the nipple there is a rubber tubular re-enforcement, having cross-slits in it, which acts as a valve. With this device the calf may be fed liquid nour-ishment, receiving it slowly and by natural sucking.

## KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSEL

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Forest Fires in Warren County-Boy Strikers Close Pittsburg Glass Factories Hosiery Factory Goas to Philadelphia.

The following pensions were granted last week: Jacob Fair, Turtle Creek, \$6; Henry A. Johnson, Cambridge Springs, \$0; John Zeh, Enon Valley, \$8; Willis Every, New Castle, \$3; Joseph McElwee, Dayton, \$16; James M. Patterson, New Kensington, \$10; George W. Kinnear, Warren, \$17; Thomas R. Jamison, Horatio, \$14; John H. Hill, Claysville, \$8; Manassa Haw, Waynesburg, \$12; W. A. Phillips, Leechburg, \$10; John Patterson, Taylorstown, \$8; William Goff, Alexandria, \$8; William Klingensmith, Indiana, \$8; Robert Ford, Grove City, \$12; Henry Barnhart, Braddock, \$10; John Henley, Towanda, \$17; Christian Shively, Bellevse, \$8; John S. Trimble, New Castle, \$12; Thomas Maitland, New Castle, \$8; Henry W. Barkielt, Monongahela, \$8; Henry W. Barkielt, Monongahela, 88; Robert Donaldson, Blairsville, \$10; Elijah T. Penrose, Belivar, \$17; Luther Barnes, New Brighton, \$17; James A. Brown, Burgettstown, \$30; William H. Bardes, New Brighton, Sao; William H. Marsh, Johnstown, \$12; Uriali Marsh, Johnstown, \$12; Uriali Marsh, Johnstown, \$8; Edwin W. Lawrence, Carnegie, \$6; Alexander Harbaugh, Mc-Kees Rocks, \$6.

The Armstrong Cork Company, of Pittsburg has booked an order for 480,000 pounds of cork to be furnished to be Auberser-Busch Brewing Company, of St. Louis. It is said to be the largest order of the kind ever placed. The cork is to be cut and prepared for use in bottling pint and quart packages. The order is worth about \$480,000 at the Pittsburg factory, and delivery will cover a period of two years. This tremendous bulk of cork will cut upwards of 100,000,000 bottle stoppers.

The election committee of the The election committee of the Fernsylvania grand lodge, I. O. O. E., has decided in favor of these officers; Joe Fleming, Shippensburg, patriarch; Thomas F. Gross, Philadelphia, high priest; C. E. Millhouse, Pottstown, senior warden; James B. Nicholson, Philadelphia, seribe; J. Henry Bertel, Philadelphia, seribe; J. Henry Bertel, Philadelphia, treasurer; Howard R. Sheppard, Philadelphia, junior warden; Edward C. Deans, Scranton, representative.

The glass bottle factories of the D.-O.

The glass bottle factories of the D.-Q. The glass bottle factories of the D. G. Gunningham Glass Company, Cunningham & Co., limited, and Frederick Ling & Co., Pittsburg, have been closed indefinitely. The carrying-in boys of the three plants, numbering about 200, are striking for an advance in wages. The companies have so far been unable to get boys to take the places of the strikers, and it is stated operations may be suspended for the season.

An attempt was made Thursday night

An attempt was made Thursday night to blow up the home of Harry Pearsoll, with dynamite. Only Mrs. Pearsoll, with two small children, was at home, when there was a terrific explosion under one corner of the house. The floor was upheaved and the plaster fell from the walls. No one was injured, Mr. the walls. No one was injured. Mr. Pearsoll is a glass worker who has lived in New Castle for 18 years and does not know of any ot know of any enemy.

A slab bearing the mysterious inscrip-on "R. L. 2.00" was found by workmen while making excavations at River ave-nue and Pine street, Allegheny, about four feet below the surface. The mean-ing of the inscription is a mystery, but it is thought that the slab was placed by county commissioners half a century ago, to indicate the height of water of

The Greensburg, Jeannette and Pitts-ourg electric road has been sold to John B. Head, representing an Eastern syn-dicate, for \$25,000. The price paid rep-resents about one-eighth of the cost of building. The bonded indebtedness of building. The bonded indebtedness of the road is \$500,000. It is said the Eastern capitalists will thoroughly equip-

Operations have been suspended the East End hosiery factory, of Holli-daysburg, and the proprietors, C. and J. Gould, have announced their intention of removing their plant to Philadelphia. Scarcity of working girls is the cause assigned for the removal. The factory had a sufficient capacity for a force of 150 girls.

It is announced that Andrew Carnegie has promised the money for a fine pipe organ for the chapel of the West-ern Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind, at Pittsburg. The appeal for the organ was made by Col. William A. Herron, president of the board of trus-

Daniel Zimmerman, of Somerset, heads a syndicate of Philadelphia capi-talists, who have discovered a nine-foot vein of coal near Rockwood. The de-velopment of the vein will begin at once, entailing an expenditure of \$200,-000. The vein is said to be the largest ooo. The vein in this locality.

While Daniel D. Clarke of Contesville. who served three years in Company C. Seventy-ninth Pennsylvania volunteers. during the civil war, was signing his pension papers in 'Squire Myers' office, he dropped dead from heart disease. He was in his 70th year, and leaves a widow and six children.

Mrs. Asenath Pershing, wife of Rev. T. F. Pershing, pastor of the Metho-dist Episcopal Church, Uniontown, has lost her mind and has been taken to Dixmont for treatment. Grief over the death of her daughter, who died last August, was the cause of Mrs. Persh-

ing's mental breakdown. Edward Cropp, a farmer living be-tween Meadville and Sackertown, threw a number of horseradish roots into his barnvard, where eight of his cows ate of them. One sickened and died and several others had narrow escapes

Incressed attendance has determined the California State Normal school trustees to build an addition to the building to cost about \$5,000.

Charles J. Pedder, or Fittsburg, has closed options on 5,000 acres of coking coal property in Wharton and Stewart townships, Fayette county, and is organ-izing the Iron City Coal and Coke Company to develop and convert the

Counterfeiters are believed to be at work in Altoona, a number of spurious dollars having recently been put in cir-

The American Ax and Tool Company has purchased 18 acres at Glassport and will erect a \$500,000 plant the largest ever built. It is intended to centralize the plants of the combine there.