

In the case of boy criminals it is hard to draw the line between new-fashioned, pseudo-scientific degeneracy and old-fashioned viciousness.

It is estimated that at least one-half the acreage of the western counties of Iowa will be given over to the raising of sugar beets the present season, if the outcome of tests be favorable, as soil chemists think it will.

Germany is keenly alive to the necessity of knowledge of the languages of the countries in which they foresee advantages for trade. German commercial schools have asked the Russian ministry of finance to aid them in procuring teachers of the Russian language.

Whatever anyone may think about the feasibility of abolishing corporal punishment, there is no one in the country who does not think that a school that is orderly without whipping and scolding is vastly better than one in which order is secured by either. What more is needed? asks the Journal of Education.

The San Francisco Call, speaking of the prejudice in France and Germany against American fruit, remarks: "That prejudice will be weakened if not wholly overcome by the effects of the object lessons of the exposition, and throughout the civilized world there will be a widening demand for the rich and luscious products of California orchards."

The fad of writing letters from the first to the third page of the paper and then back to the second page, making the third the second page and the second the third, has its dangers, for a will written in this fashion has come to grief. The law provides that a will shall be signed by the testator at the end thereof. What is the end is a question raised by this new-fangled way of writing. In a case which has just passed through the highest court of New York state the testator wrote the will on three sides of a folded paper, commencing on the first page and continuing on the third page, at the top of which was written "second page," and completing and signing the instrument on a page marked "third page," which in fact was the second page of the sheet. The judge held that the will was not signed at the physical end as required by the statute. The law does not contemplate going backward in order to get forward, and the will was refused probate.

The school children of Utica, N. Y., have been enlisted in the good work of collecting for destruction the eggs of the brown caterpillar, which worm worked havoc last year on the foliage of the trees in the city and vicinity. Incidentally the children are learning something about insect life. The eggs of the destroying worm are found in rings on the ends of twigs. These twigs are broken off by the children and carried to the schools for enumeration, the committee on economics of a local club having offered a prize of \$5 to the school destroying the greatest number of these egg rings. A better stimulus, in its appeal to the pocket sense of the young collectors, is the offer made by one of the teachers to her pupils to pay ten cents per hundred for the rings brought in. Each ring is estimated to be capable of hatching out 200 worms, and in one month the work of the children resulted in the destruction of some 10,000,000 of the pest. The work will be continued up to the hatching time.

A decision of considerable importance was rendered on appeal at Rochester, N. Y., by Judge Sutherland. The circumstances were as follows: The inventor of a gasoline carriage was sued by a tradesman for damages, due to a runaway caused by the horseless vehicle. Judgment was given to the plaintiff, and the defendant appealed the case, with the result that the judgment was reversed. The court said: "If one should find it desirable to go back to the primitive methods and trek along a city street with a four-ox team and wagon of the prairie schooner variety, it would possibly cause some uneasiness in horses unused to such sights. Yet it could not be actionable, in my opinion, if a runaway should result, provided due care were shown not unnecessarily to interfere with the use of the highway. Bicycles used to frighten horses, but no right of action accrued. The temporary inconvenience and dangers incident to the introduction of these modern and practical modes of travel upon the highway must be subordinate to the larger and permanent benefits to the general public resulting from the adoption of the improvements which science and inventive skill have

THE CHANCES OTHERS HAVE.

"I might be rich, I might be great," I heard one sadly say.
"Could I have had my master's chance to start upon the way,
Had he been placed where I was placed, men would not praise his name;
Had I been favored as he was I would have greater fame!
They that ignore me now would all be sycophants, to dance
Attendance on me here if I had only had his chance."

The wires whereby men's messages are sent through the seas,
The gleaming rails o'er which men speed what time they loiter at ease,
The graceful domes that rise until they seem to pierce the sky,
The mighty ships that cleave the main as fast as eagles fly,

The disks and tubes through which men see o'er space's broad expanse,
Are not the works of him who signed to have some other's chance.

The songs that live through centuries are not the songs of men
Who longed for favors others knew and tossed away the pen;
The names upon the noble arch that makes the artist glad

Are not the names of men who yearned for chances others had!
Of all the wonders of our age that rise at every glance
None came from him who might do much had he some other's chance.
—S. E. Klasee.

—THE— Errand Horatio Forgot.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"Him—Horatio Mixer—married? No, he hasn't ever been, quite!"
"Quite married?"
"Yes, not quite."

Lucretia adjusted her sewing glasses and sorted out two or three patchwork squares. The suggestions of a story were in her face. Then she was rocking gently, and the rocker gave forth its familiar creak which was a suggestion, too. When Lucretia's chair creaked in that way, her hearers settled into their chairs and waited. It was only a matter of waiting.

"Well, there's them that are absent-minded and there's them that are absent-minded," Lucretia said. "I suppose you've noticed that? Horatio Mixer's the lattermost kind—land, yes! I have not been to the North Pole nor to the South Pole, but if I had 've, I shouldn't ever have run across his equal anywhere on the way—not for absent-mindedness."

She tried a pink triangle with the chocolate and then a blue one. Neither exactly met her ideas of harmony, and finally, with a sigh, she substituted a vivid green.

"Yes?" some one said, suggestively.
"He was never entirely married, you said, Lucretia?"
"The green'll do," she decided, and then returned to her story. "No, but he got pretty near it—as near as the postoffice!"

The creaking waxed a little tremulous, as if the chair were laughing with Lucretia. Of course every one else was. There was something contagious in Lucretia's silent mirth.

"To this day I haven't got over it!" she gasped. "Nor I guess Cicely Gove hasn't—nor Horatio. He hasn't been to the postoffice since. My little Jerry gets his mail."

She threaded her needle slowly. "Poor Horatio!" she smiled. "No, he hasn't been since he came so near getting married. Land, yes, I suppose I might as well up and tell the whole story! I've got your appetites whetted up!"

"I should say so! Mine's as sharp as Uncle Nehem' Cast's scythe!" Polemia Dunn exclaimed.

This was a neighborhood pleasant, but Lucretia's mind was on Horatio's narrow escape from matrimony, and she let it slip by unappreciated.

"It was this way: nobody but Horatio Mixer could 've done it, Land, no! But Horatio's equal to anything absent-minded under the light of the moon! He and Cicely concluded to get to the parson's and get spliced. Cicely'd got all her fixings ready, and there didn't seem any use putting it off any longer. So Horatio harnessed up. It was a good two miles to the parson's. They started along about two o'clock, so as to get there betwixt hay and grass, so to speak."

"Well? Well, Lucretia?"
"Twarn't well," chuckled Lucretia, unfeelingly. "Horatio's unlucky star rose early that day and scared! I calculate 'twas right up overhead by the time they got to the postoffice. Cicely said she guessed they might as well stop and get the mail—poor Cicely!—as 'twas weekly paper day. So Horatio went in and shut the door of matrimony behind him. Cicely heard it slam, but she didn't realize what it meant. She set out there holding Horatio's horse and waiting. She waited two mortal hours!"

"Lucretia!"
"Two—mortal—hours. Then Cicely she climbed over the wheel and went home. The horse kept on waiting—land, he'd have waited till crack of doom-day! He was acquainted with Horatio."

"But Horatio, Lucretia?"
"Horatio? That's what I say! Well, you see he'd run across Hannibal Bunnay, and that reminded him of Hannibal's yoke of steers. He'd been planning, off and on, to swap his mowing machine for them. They got arguing, and argued themselves out of the back door, as 'uss lots, to Hannibal's. It was two hours or so later that Horatio came back, towing the steers. He hitched them on behind his wagon and eluded in, as self-congratulating as you please. He was real tickled."

"Some of the neighbors were out on the lounging seats, and they spread it round what Horatio did next. It made a good story, after they'd found out about Cicely. Horatio took up

the reins, looking kind of puzzled, they said: 'Warn't there something else I was going to do?' he ruminated, out loud. 'Seems to me there was an errand. Now where was I going to from here?'

"He scratched his head considerable and then he looked relieved.
"The parsonage! That's it! I was going to the parsonage on an errand. Get up, Molly! and he rode away, with those two steers capering along—he'd forgot them!"

Lucretia's bright bits of patchwork drifted to the floor in a rainbow stream. She glanced across at Polemia, and began to laugh again.

"Land!" she gasped.
"Land!" echoed Polemia. "Well!"
"Well!" I'm glad you think so. You're the only one! What do you suppose that man did then?"

"Went to the parsonage and— and—" But imagination failed.
"That's just what he did! Went to the parsonage—and set there in his wagon, with them steers gasping behind, trying to remember what his errand was! Well, after a spell of racking, he—remembered. I guess there's where we'd better draw the curtain, my dears. The sun's got behind the meeting-house, and it's time to 'bile the kettle for supper."

And Lucretia went out and left her guests sympathizing with poor Horatio.

"Didn't Cicely ever forgive him, Lucretia?" Polemia went to the door to call out.

Lucretia's voice came back to them, plaintive with the softening effect of distance. "Cicely? No, she didn't. She said she'd find a man that could get as far as the parson's front door. She said if ever she died, Horatio Mixer'd forget to bury her. Poor Cicely!"

"Poor Cicely!" Polemia echoed, but her heart was with Horatio.— Youth's Companion.

THE THUNDERBOLT'S CRASH.

An Up-to-Date Romance at the National Capital.

"Do not be angry with me, father," pleaded the beautiful young girl in the striped shirt waist. "I know I am your only daughter, and all that, and for many years you have been both father and mother to me, but you ask me what is impossible."

"Then you have come to defy me?" sternly demanded Monas Moneybags, as a scowl darkened his face.

"Not to defy you, father, but to ask you to be reasonable. You desire me to marry Henry White because he once jerked you out of the way of a trolley car."

"I do. He is a jerky young man, and I want him for a son-in-law."
"But, think, father. He is simply a clerk and his salary is about \$17 per week."

"I know, but I have promised him your hand. Any time you are out of soap and clothes pins you'll find me ready to chip in."

"I cannot do it, father," said the daughter, as she looked into the glass to see if the powder was all wiped off her chin. "I love Count Kollinsky, and if I cannot marry him I will never, never wed. He is a man of millions, and as his wife I can have every wish gratified."

"Daughter, do you forget that I am your father?"
"I do not—but—but—"

"You will marry Henry White. But for him I should now be buried."
"Father, I won't do it!"

"Grr!" hissed the father. "I am worth \$3,000,000. I should have left it all to you. Now you do not get a cent. Here is a new will which leaves every dollar to charity. I will sign it and then drive you out to do second work for a living. Behold!"

But as he drew the will toward him and dipped his pen into the ink, the nine weeks' drought which had hovered over Maryland and Virginia and burned the crops to tinder was suddenly broken. There was a flash of lightning—a crash of thunder—a sudden downpour, and as the girl looked around at her father she found him dead. A hunk of thunderbolt weighing 51 pounds 5 ounces had hit him on the jaw and knocked him out with the new will unsigned.

Two weeks later she became Countess of Kollinsky, and on her marriage day the jerky Henry White was sunstroked, and died without recognizing his washerwoman.—Washington Post.

Cats on Ocean Liners.

Every large ocean liner carrying passengers always has on board from six to ten cats, these being apportioned to various parts of the ship, as well as appearing on the vessel's books as regards the rations they draw.

And, even beyond this, on most of the great liners, particular employes are instructed to feed daily as a part of their duties certain cats in their part of the ship. And there is promotion for pussy as well, for any cat that is particularly amiable, clever and interesting is permitted to enjoy the run of the first or second or third class saloons, according to the popular vote. In this way certain of the first class saloon pussies have become quite celebrated, especially on the long voyage boats that go to India and Australia, and the stewards of the various classes are quite commonly eager to push their own favorite cat into first place. Of course, says Tit-Bits, there are amazing favorites with the staff of the ship that are fine hunters and do not seek "society."

When the ship is in port a certain man has the duty of feeding the cats at regular hours, and of entering the rations in a book, but every cat on the ship that has been long there seems to wait with eagerness for, and to recognize at once the professional rat catcher who always goes to work in the hold of every passenger liner when it comes to dock, and who lives by ridding ships of rats.

FEAST OF THE POPPIES.

Beautiful Annual Ceremony at a Church Near the City of Mexico.

Among the beautiful customs of Mexico, which, it is to be hoped, will never pass away, is that of the "Feast of the Poppies." It comes on the Thursday following Easter day, hence is called "Jueves de Amapolas," or "Poppy Thursday." The celebration service is confined to very few churches, the favorite one near the City of Mexico being Our Lady of Carmel, in the town of San Angel, a few miles away in the valley.

In the churchyard at the last celebration were devout Indians, who had brought of their treasures. Poppies with oak leaves in wreaths and bunches, decorated the walls and facade of the quaint old building in which converts were made before the first colonists had arrived in New England. There were poppy-laden booties, and Indian folk, men and women, young people and babies, sat on the ground with their brilliant wares spread around them. In each corner of the yard was a pretty flower-decked altar to Our Lady of Carmel, and to these the Indians lovingly brought more of their fragile offerings. There seemed to be scores of thousands of poppies, red, pink ones and white.

In the church was a wealth of the same flowers. In the dome over the altar were men and boys, and when the first notes of the "Gloria in Excelsis" rang out a fairy-like cloud of pink and white and red petals floated from dome and choir gallery. It was like a snowstorm of exquisite beauty, and the effect was enchanting. The rich coloring of the walls and altar—red, blue, gold and white—took on added richness as seen through the poppy cloud. The showers were repeated at intervals through the service.

At the close of the service the bells began to ring and a procession marched from the church. A cross-bearer came first, with the altar boys, who carried candles twined with poppies. A deacon and sub-deacon with the priest walked under a canopy of silk, the pallium and custodia being held before the eyes of the priest. A long string of people carrying poppies and other flowers and lighted candles followed. All knelt at the four altars to pray, and the "Tantum Ergo" was intoned by the priest. Bells pealed and music from trumpets and many other instruments rang out, while through it all fell more fairy clouds from the church roof and walls of the church yard.

Every train and car was loaded with visitors to the lovely village, and all were eager to gather a handful of the "shower of blessings" to take home.

The funds for this unique and beautiful annual ceremony are provided by Senora Carmen Rosas Landa de San Juan.—New York Times.

An Egyptian Stern Wheeler.

An Egyptian stern wheeler is built to float over the shoals and rapids of the Nile. There is no going down long slippery iron ladders to her engine room, for she has no hold, everything being carried above water line—cabins, stores, and engines; indeed, the steam cylinders lie exposed one on either side, and a little forward of the very primitive-looking stern paddle wheel, which looks more as if it belonged to some agricultural implement than a steamship. The reason for this is that, although nearly a 100 feet long, she only draws about one foot nine inches of water, consequently she has no downstair. Probably those engaged in the engine rooms of some of the great liners which ply to the far East would only be too glad if, when going through the Red sea, they could bring their engine room on deck, too, instead of seething below in a temperature which sometimes exceeds 100 and 30 degrees! What wonder they at such times faint away, and are brought up and laid on deck, where they are brought round roughly but effectively by the free application of pails of water drawn from the tepid sea—Chambers' Journal.

Doz "Pointed" Chickens.

A dog detective is something new to Knoxville, but an able one has come to light. Ike W. Lovejoy is the possessor of two setters, which are known by their pedigree and general ability throughout the country. While strolling the other morning near the Fountain City dummy depot, Mr. Lovejoy and his dogs made a peculiar find. On nearing a small brush pile one of the dogs suddenly "pointed." As there was no chance for flushing quail in the city limits, Mr. Lovejoy was surprised, and prepared to whip his dog for "lying," when the animal leaped into the brush and came out with a large sack full of leghorn chickens. The fowls had evidently been stolen and hidden in the brush. Mr. Lovejoy left the fowls on exhibition at the residence of N. A. Fitzgerald, near the depot. Parties owning the chickens can get them by calling at the place mentioned and identifying them.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Sentinel.

Globe-Trotting Students.

German students are returning to the medieval notion of wandering about the world. The modern Goliards, however, are personally conducted and know beforehand precisely what their journeys will cost them. Last year they visited Italy; this year 1500 of them will go to Constantinople and to Asia Minor. On the way they will fraternize with the Roumanian university students, who are preparing a big frulschoppen for them in Bucharest.

A caid in Morocco who does not furnish the Sultan's officer the expected amount of tribute is promptly sent to prison, and his place disposed of by auction to the highest bidder.

FARM TOPICS

A Cure For Milk Fever.

The following is given as a sure cure for milk fever, and with many it has never been known to fail: "Get your cow to a nice, level, smooth and shady place, and as soon as possible give twenty-five drops of tincture of scouite, and follow as soon as you can with a kerosene drench, made of one and a half pints of fresh lard and half a pint of kerosene oil; melt the lard, stir in the oil, and give in new milk. Repeat in two hours."

Magnesia is Valuable.

In recent tests at the Rhode Island Experiment Station a gain of about seven per cent. in the crop has resulted from the use of magnesia and it is not improbable that its use, particularly in connection with certain crops, may yet be found to result in more general benefit than is customarily supposed. Let us, therefore, divorce our minds at once from the unfortunate and fallacious idea that we must apply to our soils only the three so-called essentials, potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen.—Professor H. J. Wheeler.

Combinations on Small Farms.

Small farms can be made to combine many advantages. Some poultrymen grow plums in the poultry yards, and also keep bees. Others grow early vegetables under glass and also grow two or three crops in the open ground. One gardener near Philadelphia makes a large profit on four acres, on which he grows only lima beans. Another makes peas a specialty, following the peas with late cabbage. To attempt to "farm" four acres in the usual way, with wheat, corn, oats, etc., would cause bankruptcy. The crops that pay best are those that require the most hard labor.

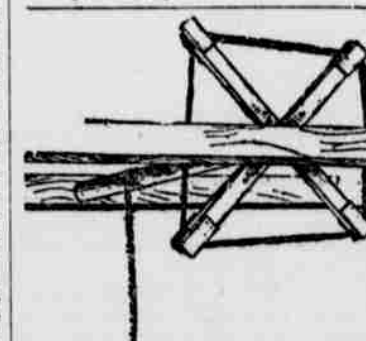
Long-Keeping Butter.

Keeping butter for a considerable length of time is not so much in vogue as formerly, and is practiced only to relieve a flooded market or to take advantage of a rise in price. The strongest demand is for fresh butter. The keeping quality of butter depends largely on the ripening of cream, and the skill of the butter maker in removing the buttermilk. If ripening and rousing are well done, butter tubbed carefully and covered with salt should not deteriorate much in several months' cold storage.

The use of preservatives other than cold is heartily condemned. Chemicals that promote keeping quality are dangerous adulterants. If the three Cs of dairying are observed, viz., cleanliness, care and cold, the keeping quality will be equal to any reasonable demand.

A Simple Hoisting Arrangement.

The wheel and shaft that is found in many farm buildings to aid in raising heavy weights is decidedly convenient; but a wheel is not easy to make. A simple substitute for the wheel in this hoisting arrangement is shown in the cut, where the wheel is replaced by four arms that have



A CONVENIENT HOISTING DEVICE.

guides at their ends, through which a rope will wind and unwind. The method of making is plainly shown in the cut. Such a device is of the greatest assistance where heavy articles are to be lifted for weighing or other purposes. The arms are just as convenient to use as they would be if doubled in number, and a rim put upon the outer ends, and are much easier to make. The longer the arms the greater the power, of course, but this form of lifting machinery is very powerful in any circumstance, and quite adequate for raising any ordinary weight.—New York Tribune.

Points in Shearing Sheep.

The best job of shearing is that which secures the largest amount of wool in the best condition for market without injury to the sheep. It is highly desirable that the sheep be closely shorn and that there should be no second cuts. The fleece should be kept intact, and torn apart, and the skin of the sheep should not be wounded. Nearly all the sheep east of the Mississippi River are shorn by hand, while many in the West and on the ranges are shorn with machines.

Those who have used machines do not recommend them for small flocks of less than 100. It takes two men to handle them and they are likely to frequently get out of repair. The knives become easily dulled and they have to be sent to the factory to be sharpened. For large flocks the advantages are all in favor of machine shearing. The machines get from half to one pound of wool more from each sheep and leave them nice and smooth and fit to put on the market in one-half the time of hand-sheared sheep. There is little danger of hurting the sheep, and inexperienced men can handle the machines. The gain in wool is not so great with the long-wooled smooth-skinned sheep as those which are heavier pelted and wrinkled, neither is there so much danger in double cutting the fleece.—American Agriculturist.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Latest Deed Ever Recorded in Greene County—Taking Up Thirteen Miles of Five Line—Other Notes.

Pensions granted last week:—Lewis F. McCroy, California, \$10; Henry Chase, West Alexander, \$10; Robert A. McDonald, Homestead, \$12; John Jacoby, Indiana, \$10; George E. Stailey, Everett, \$24; Abraham Irvin, Coalport, \$10; Jacob Gwimmer, Steelton, \$12; James Black, Canonsburg, \$10; Robert Q. Warnock, Larimer, \$8; Frederick Yockey, Kittanning, \$8; William Putnam, Stony Fork, \$8; Charles McMannis, Blairsville, \$10; Chill W. Hazard, Monongahela, \$10; Joseph E. Shomo, Monroville, \$12; Joseph Royer, Philipsburg, \$8; James Kenyan, Verona, \$8; John D. Neff, Lindsey, \$8; Clark Rannels, Oakdale, \$6; Matthew McClure, Duquesne, \$6; Frederick Desenberg, New Cumberland, \$8; Peter Hartz, Carnegie, \$10; Andrew J. Bollman, Freeport, \$8; George Ush, Lewistown, \$8; John Glendon, dead, California, \$4; William H. Rhodes, Martinsburg, \$10; William R. Wilkins, Coal Center, \$8; John Tate, Bellefonte, \$10; John Yoder, Lewistown, \$10; Solomon W. Fry, Bellefonte, \$10; Madison A. Timblin, Penfield, \$8; Henry Schnelburg, Indiana, \$12.

The latest deed ever recorded in Greene county has been filed in the probatory's office at Waynesburg. It covers 62 tracts of coal land situated in Dunkard, Whiteley and Cumberland townships, in the eastern end of the county, and the deed is from Joseph E. Barnes to J. V. Thompson and others of Uniontown. The consideration is \$120,077.50, and \$120.50 worth of revenue stamps was required for the deed. It will take 15 days to place it on the deed book; it will occupy 65 pages and the recorder's fees will be \$40.

While fishing in the Ohio river the 11-year-old son of W. H. Breitenstein fell in the river. His father, sitting near, plunged into the water after the boy. Neither could swim. Two hours later their bodies were found a few rods below the point where they disappeared. Mr. Breitenstein was 42 years of age, and had been a resident of Economy since he was 12 years old. He came direct from Germany.

Work has been commenced taking up the old pipe line of the Philadelphia Gas Company between Murrysville and East Liberty. The entire line will be taken up and shipped to the Elizabeth gas field near Washington, Pa. The line is 13 miles long. Mr. Murryman, of the Philadelphia Company, is looking after the work. The contract price for the job is \$286,000 and it will require at least seven months to complete the work.

The Gordon Coal and Coke Company is being organized under a charter to be applied for at Harrisburg, to operate mines and coke ovens near Rimerlin, on the Allegheny Valley railroad. The men back of the company own a tract of coal land three miles in length and two miles wide, having a frontage on the river, as well as on the railroad. The head offices of the company will be in Pittsburg, and the capital will be \$300,000.

Gas has been struck on the Wilhelm farm, in Menallen township, Fayette county, at a depth of 22 feet. At that depth a rock was encountered, which proved so hard that the drills were broken to pieces. The well already has 50 pounds pressure, and it is believed it will be a "hummer" if put down deeper. The product of the new well will be utilized at the Thompson glass works, which is being put in order for operation.

Gen. James A. Beaver, chairman of the Center county soldiers' monument and Curtin memorial committee reports that since the last meeting, held in April, soliciting committees have been placed in every election precinct in the county, who have gone to work raising the necessary funds. At present there is virtually a fund of close to \$12,000, with promises and pledges for an additional large amount.

While chopping down a gigantic oak tree on the Cheat river along where the soldiers under Georger Washington trailed, going east and west, a hard substance was encountered, and when the trunk was split open an old-time flint-lock musket was found imbedded near the heart of the tree. It is thought the gun was placed against the tree by a soldier, and the wood grew around it.

Five thousand acres of coal on the east side of the Monongahela river, above Elizabeth, have been sold to the River Coal Company, the fuel department of the new Union Steel Company, of Pittsburg. The coal was owned by the Thompson-Barnes syndicate, of Uniontown, and the price was \$350,000. Ovens will be built for coking.

A new rival to the kissing bug is doing a lively business at Pottsville. The insect resembles the kissing bug in form, but is only about as large as a honey bee. A score of persons have been bitten within the past few days. The bite produces excessive itching and inflammation, followed by a great swelling of the injured part.

A tract of 4,000 acres of timber land near New Florence, Cambria county, has been secured by the new firm of Pershing & Horrell, who will employ about 100 men in taking out logs, ties and bark. A large sawmill is nearly ready for operation. It is estimated that five years will be required to market all the lumber of this extensive tract.

Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., has been nominated for Congress by the Independent Republicans of the Twenty-seventh district. He will oppose Joseph C. Sibley. Emery has already secured the nomination of the Democrats of the district, and the fusion, it is thought, will result in a bitter contest.

A herd of 27 cattle on the farm of Joseph Elliott, in Jefferson township, Fayette county, took shelter from a storm under a big tree. A bolt of lightning struck the tree and killed 11 of the finest of the herd.

The long established banking house of P. Bentel & Co., at Freedom, and the Freedom National bank, which was recently organized, have consolidated and the new organization will be known as the Freedom National bank.

Dennis Crowley, a farmer of Vienna, near Sharon, has received notice that by the death of a relative in England he inherits an estate worth \$50,000. Crowley is poor and his farm is mortgaged.