

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Farmer Missays \$2,000—Thinks He Has Discovered a Copper Mine—New Mail Service in Washington County.

Pensions granted last week were: Daniel McLane, Apollo, \$6; Alexander P. Zimmerman, Bakerstown, \$6; Samuel T. Dougherty, Reynoldsville, \$6; Jacob Nez, Houtzdale, \$8; Solomon Smith, dead, West Brownsville, \$12; Jacob L. Brallier, Lewisburg, \$30; Philip S. Barrett, Pentfield, \$8; David Fink, Beaver Valley, \$10; John D. Branton, Oceola Mills, \$8; David W. Sutherland, Pleasantville, \$12; Isaac Prescott, Etna, \$12; William C. Lowry, Indiana, \$10; Alexander Berwick, Dravosburg, \$8; Robert B. Womersley, Freeport, \$8; John Grayson, Carnegie, \$8; Edward Sheltersburgh, Girard, \$8; Joseph Otto, Beaver Falls, \$12; William Boyd, Smiths Ferry, \$10; Robert M. Musser, Philipsburg, \$8; Benjamin F. Cook, Beaver Falls, \$8; Wilson J. Harrison, Indiana, \$12; John M. Shirk, Meadville, \$10; Frederick Weigel, Zelienople, \$10; Sarah E. Feter, Lewistown, \$8.

The insurgent faction of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics is gratified with the action of the Dauphin county court in the matter of the proceedings in contempt against the officers of the State council for violating an order of the court regarding the enforcement of the per capita tax. The court ruled that the State council officers were guilty of contempt, and added: The court, however, taking into consideration the circumstances under which the same was done, does order and adjudge that the respondents pay all the costs incurred in this proceeding within ten days, and that thereupon the rule be discharged.

Frank Simmons, a resident of Conneville, owns a small piece of land about a mile southeast of that city, at the foot of the Chestnut Ridge, at which, when attempting to open a coal vein, an ore was found which is thought to be that of copper. The owner is reticent regarding his find, and is having assays made with a view of determining the value and quality of the ore. The location is near what is supposed to have been a mine operated for metals in the early days of Fayette county by the Indians.

Harvey Henderson, a farmer of Franklin township, Fayette county, drew \$2,000 from a Dawson bank and stuck it in his pocket. He forgot about the money until some time after he got home, and then it was missing. The lost money was sought for all over Dawson, Vanderbilt and the roads traversed. Henderson went home and found the money where he had laid it for safe keeping.

An automobile in the service of Uncle Sam for the carrying of mail on the old National pike between Washington and Brownsville promises to be the latest innovation in Washington county, as a result of the rural free mail delivery service. Congressman E. F. Acheson has made application to the postoffice department for an automobile for this county and he is confident that he will be able to secure it, having been assured of the fact.

The Waynesburg (Pa.) school board has sold \$40,000 worth of bonds to the Citizens' National bank of Waynesburg at a premium of \$2,980. The balance of the borough bonds, \$8,000, have been sold to Farson, Leach & Co., of New York, at a premium of \$1,274. This makes a total of \$88,000 worth of 4 per cent. borough and school bonds, sold at a premium of \$5,600.

Berry pickers found the badly decomposed body of an apparently middle-aged man in the woods just north of Scranton Sunday. A letter found in the coat pocket bore the address: "William P. Lukens, Crumlyne, Delaware county, Pa." The advanced state of mortification indicated that the man had been dead about two months.

At 11 o'clock Sunday night a parol was found on the edge of the Ontario & Western trestle at Dickson City, and 30 feet below were discovered a man dead and a woman dying. Before death came to the latter she mumbled that her name was Jane Edwards, of Olyphant.

W. P. Mitchell and a force of men are now running the exterior lines of the lands recently purchased for forestry purposes and which said tracts are now known as the Hopkins reservation. The lands are in Clinton, Centre and Cameron counties. The work is being done under the directions of the State entry reservation commission, which require four or five months to complete the survey.

The farmers of Canal township, Washington county, are much alarmed at the presence of a panther in that neighborhood. The animal, which has been seen by several persons, has been carrying off sheep for a month past. Residents will not allow their children to venture off their farms. The animal lives in a dense wood.

After arraigning a motion to stay sentence and for trial because of insufficiency of evidence, and because of misconduct of jurors in the case of William Horner, of Steubenville, who was found guilty of murder in the first degree for killing his wife, Judge J. A. Mansfield sentenced Horner to the penitentiary for life this evening.

The Dauphin county court has granted an order that the Commonwealth rebuild the bridge across the Clarion river, in Clarion county, the viewers having recommended its erection, charter of the structure, and the estimated cost of the bridge, \$40,000, which was confirmed by the court.

Work has begun on a Westmoreland county trolley system to connect the towns of Conneville, Uniontown, Scottdale, Mt. Pleasant, West Newton and McKeesport.

The Venango Fracture Company, of Franklin, has been chartered to build an electric railway eight miles long in Franklin. The capital stock is \$50,000. Directors, John B. Smithman, Lewis M. Davison, James H. Forbush, L. Milton, and J. S. Coach, of Oil City.

George Casteel, 10 years old, a son of James F. Casteel, of Conneville, a Baltimore & Ohio conductor, was Tuesday, rescued from a gang of tramps, who kidnapped him last Sunday.

An order has just been received from Honolulu, Hawaii, by the Baldwin Automobile Manufacturing Co., of Conneville, for an automobile for Queen Liliuokalani. The machine will be shipped within a month.

FARM TOPICS

Destroying the Weeds. If weeds cannot be cut down with a hoe after they have made growth let the mower or scythe be used. Never let a weed bear seed. If seeding is prevented all annual weeds will be cleared out in a year, and if considerable labor is required this year to get rid of weeds less work will be necessary next season.

Eggs For Hatching. First, put one-half inch oat hulls or wheat bran in the bottom of the box, then put in a sheet of thin paper, place the eggs, wrapped in cotton or soft paper, a little distance apart, and sprinkle bran into the spaces, filling up with bran. Shake down well, and place a piece of pasteboard next the cover. The cover should slide in a groove, and be fastened with screws, not nails.

Let the Hens Tackle the Insects. Chickens are very fond of asparagus beetles, and some farmers, by reason of this, allow their hens to run about in the asparagus beds for a short time every day when the beetles are out in full force. They claim to get rid of a good many beetles by adopting this scheme. A few hens, even if they didn't lay an egg, would be worth the cost of their keep any year if they were kept so that they could put in use their ability to exterminate insects.

Putting on Wagon Tires. A handy and effective device for putting on wagon tires is by selecting a horseshoe with long heel calks and a stick one or two inches in diameter, about three feet long. Place the tire on the wheel as far as it will go, then place the heel calks against the edge of the tire so as to get the end of the stick between the felloe and the loop in the horseshoe. With one hand pry with the lever and with the other drive with a hammer. Care must be taken to keep the shoe well raised on the stick in order to pull up on the tire and push down on the felloe.

Feeding the Colts. A handy device for feeding grain to colts in pasture is here illustrated and described by Dr. J. C. Curryer, of Minnesota. A small yard or pen is fenced in with one rail or plank on each side, high enough for the colts to run under and still high enough so the mares will not get over. Put the box or trough in the center of this yard and place some grain in it. The colts will soon go through and learn to eat. In this manner they are kept growing and when weaning time comes are accustomed to grain feeding and will keep on growing without any falling off. If the pen is covered, the grain is kept dry and the colts have a shady place during the warm part of the day.—New England Homestead.



FEEDING PEN FOR COLTS.

Remedy For Grub in the Head. It is very important to farmers who have any sheep whatever to learn in a practical way what to do with those that get what is known as grub in the head. This is claimed to be a first-rate way of dealing with the trouble: "Feed them corn spread on a floor where powdered lime has been sprinkled, to which may be added a little powdered black pepper. The sheep will begin to eat the corn with avidity. But as they do so the lime and pepper will induce such violent sneezing that the grubs will be expelled through the sheep's nose, and may be found on the floor. The grubs should be destroyed to prevent them from remaining entrance to the nostrils, and also to make sure that they will lead to no further damage."

Care in the Creamery. Constant care is needed at the creamery as much or even more than in the private dairy to see that the rules of cleanliness are observed not only within its walls, but by its patrons who bring milk and cream there. Many of them have a regular force of inspectors, who are liable to make unexpected visits to the farms, and to examine not only the condition of the animals and the stables where they are kept, but the food given them and the water supply. If in any particular reform is needed "they insist upon it at once. It is needless to say that these creameries have a high reputation for their products, and usually obtain the highest prices, while those which are less particular are often obliged to accept less, and thus do injustice to those who really furnish good milk. The price is really based on the poorest product, and to sell the butter made from the milk furnished by careless and slovenly farmers it is necessary to accept less than full value for the better goods.

A Mustful Fun. A young man named Sweet engaged to marry a young woman named Lowe. A few Sundays previous to the wedding the happy couple attended church together; and, as they walked along the aisle, the choir began singing the song "Sweet and Low," entirely unconscious of the mustful pun that was being perpetrated. "And all this happened in a city in Michigan."—The Choir Journal.

Midweek Restaurants. If the foreign custom of sidewalk restaurants, now coming into vogue here, can be properly conducted, it will, indeed, be a most pleasing innovation for the warm-weather months. It is the gayest of scenes, as well as the most charming matter of participation, the sauntering of tastefully dressed people to and fro on the broad sidewalk near some park or garden, or the waterside, while choice band or orchestra adds music in character with the scene, and ununiformed waiters are kept busy dispensing dainty lunches, refreshing drinks and delicious confections of sweets.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

But the cashier and bookkeeper, who was a sister of the absent ones, retained her place. Rachel had tried hard to make her sisters stay. "We've had hard work to get along with what money we could all earn. Now we shall begin to get in debt right straight off. I can't pay all the bills, even if I do have as much as both of you." Argument was useless. "We don't owe for debt for a little while," they said. "had you are a goose to keep dawdling away at that old store."

One night Rachel came home from work and half way up the walk she paused and listened. She went directly to the parlor and stood in the door confronting her mother and sisters. They looked at her guilty, Dora nervously fingering the keys of a shining new piano. "Have you bought that thing?" Rachel asked.

"Yes, ma'am, we have," said Sophie, pertly, "and what's more we have made one payment on it." Rachel made a gesture of despair. "I can't do anything with you," she cried. "Here it is less than three weeks since you left the store, and you have had new dresses, have bought a piano on installments, and I have had to pay out so much for running expenses that the next time I have to go to the city for Mr. Tillman I shall have barely money enough to pay my car fare and get lunch."

Rachel was the one who looked pale these days. Her pay had been increased and she had been given extra work. She had shown such good judgment and taste that Mr. Tillman had entrusted her with some of his buying, and it was on this errand that she went to the city a few days after the purchasing of the piano. On this occasion, when she returned, instead of going home she went to the store and had an interview with the proprietor in his private office. When she came away she walked briskly and looked so cheerful that people turned to look after her. All during tea she was gay and talkative, and the others thought that Rachel was growing more and more good-natured.

When they left the table she said: "Girls, and mother, I want to say something to you before any of you go out this evening. They went into the parlor and Rachel made herself comfortable in a wicker rocker, beside an open window. The others settled down and looked toward her expectantly. "In the first place, Dora," Rachel began, cheerfully, "I had a talk with Mr. Tillman, and he says he can find something for you to do in the store. Miss Durgin is to be married before long and you can have her place when she goes. In the meantime there are things you can do, so you will go to work on Monday."

Dora looked amazed. "I won't go to work Monday," she exploded, finally. "The idea of your dictating to me!" Rachel smiled. "Oh, yes you will," she said imperceptibly. "So that is settled. As for you, Sophie, I tried to get your old place back, but Mr. Tillman told me quite frankly that the new girl does better than you did, so he can't afford to make a change. So you will stay at home and help mother with the housework. She will need your help, for we are going to have two girls to board. They are friends of mine and are anxious to make a change, and I know I can get them, though I have not spoken to them yet."

"And you needn't bother to," snapped Sophie. "I don't propose to do housework for boarders. That does not make any difference," said Rachel, calmly. "I have seen the man about the piano. He is coming for it to-morrow, and he will make it right about that first payment. You see we cannot possibly pay for it, and besides, you won't have time to practice."

"Are you crazy?" demanded Dora, and the others looked at her blankly. "Not a bit. Not as near it as I have been the last three weeks or so. I will tell you something that happened to-day and then you can see that there is nothing else to do but what I have planned."

"Hurry up, then," said Sophie. "I was going down town this evening." Rachel clasped her hands behind her head. "I met a friend of mine in the city to-day," she said, slowly. "I had not seen him for some time. He took me to lunch and we had a good talk. He had been on a sea voyage and it had entirely restored his health. Not only this, but in mid-ocean he became acquainted with the lady who is to be his wife. She is very charming, of course, and I am to go with him to call on her the next time I am in the city."

RAINY DAY SONG. BY OLA MOORE. What is the rain that beats in the face of the sad, gray world, But the breath of fair green streams, that sweep among their rushing curled! Sweet mists that quivered once in waven jilys throats, Or over the rosy sunset sky drifted in amethyst boats. What will it one day be? But the green of the growing grass, Or the spring that bursts from the Oldenly hill To fill the traveler's glass, The pansy's purple hood, The heads of amber grain, The violet shine of the muscadine, Its lavish tangle of leaf and vine— But best of all the rain.

In Mid Ocean

By Susan Brown Robbins.

M R RANDOLPH CUMMINGS turned uneasily in his bed and groaned. The trained nurse came and stood beside him. "Is there anything I can do?" he asked. "What time is it?" "Half past twelve." "And we've got to be at the wharf at two?" "What made you let me sleep so long?" the sick man demanded, irritably. "Prop me up in bed and bring me writing materials. Didn't you know I'd got to write a letter before we start? And see that there is ink in the pen."

Slowly and carefully the nurse raised the invalid to a sitting position and brought him the things he had asked for. "Now you can go out and leave me for half an hour." The man left the room quietly, and Mr. Cummings took up his fountain pen with trembling fingers. Slowly and painfully he wrote: "Mrs. Eliza Cummings. Dear Sister:—I should have written to you before this, but have been too ill. Now I take this last opportunity to send you a few words. I do not wish to startle you, but time is short and my strength is failing. I am at death's door. You know of my abhorrence of post mortem ceremonies and burial, and that I always wanted to die at sea. I start for Europe this afternoon, and expect to die about mid-ocean and be dropped quietly overboard without any fuss. I have made my will and arranged all my affairs. You, as my only brother's widow, I have made my chief legatee. When you hear of my death your lawyer can communicate with mine. My strength is ebbing fast. Farewell."

"RANDOLPH CUMMINGS." He was breathing hard, but he addressed his letter, sealed and stamped it, then sank back with closed eyes. In a few minutes the nurse came in, and after going out again to post the letter, he began the final preparations for departure. At half-past one a closed carriage drew up at the door, and in a few minutes the sick man was brought down and he and the nurse were shut inside and driven to the wharf. The next morning the letter reached its destination. Rachel Cummings came into the living room to find her mother and older sisters with strange expressions on their faces. "What is it?" she asked, pausing to look at them curiously. "I should say from your faces that you were perfectly delighted over something, but were trying very hard to conceal your satisfaction. Do tell me; I am consumed with curiosity."

"Oh, Rachel! What a dreadful way you have of putting things," exclaimed her mother, and she began to cry weakly. Rachel took the letter which Dora handed her and read it through quickly. Her face grew pale, and when she raised her eyes they were glistening strangely. "I don't wonder that you are ashamed," she said, sternly. "You can't help showing that you are glad. I think you are just as horrid as you can be."

She walked out of the room, her head very erect, ran hastily upstairs, threw herself on her bed and cried bitterly. After a time Mrs. Eliza dried her eyes and looked at her two elder daughters. Before Rachel came in she had been feeling a little depressed because she had not cried. But now that she had really shed tears and made her handkerchief quite damp, she felt better and as if she could face the situation calmly. "I did not think she would take it that way," she said in a subdued voice. "But then, she was always his favorite among you. And she looks like him. Yes," with a little sniff, "she is all Cummings and bears a very strong resemblance to poor Uncle Randolph."

"Well, mother," said Sophie, "what are you going to do? Shall we keep on just the same as we have been doing?" "Why, I don't know. It does not seem as if you need to continue working so hard. You have both looked rather pale this spring, and I have worried about you, poor dears. On the whole I think you might give up your positions." "Good!" cried both girls. "We'll get through Saturday night. And can't we have a piano and take lessons?" Their mother smiled at their eagerness. "Well, see," she said, indulgently. So it happened that there were two vacancies in Tillman's dry goods store on Saturday night, one at the ribbon counter and one at the glove counter.

Business women not only make good wives, but they often make good husbands out of some mighty poor material. The solidity of the Russian empire renders its defence from invasion very easy from even the most powerful nations. The Duluth, Minn., board of education have decided that after teachers have been in the service of the city for five years, their employment becomes permanent and they shall be removed for cause only.

New Zealand sets the pattern with reference to the cure of pauperism. That government furnishes to every applicant work, and pays at the rate of eight shillings a day. Those who will not work voluntarily must get out or work under duress.

The London Times, dealing editorially with the South African situation, says: "First there must be an interval of military government, next a season of administration as a crown colony, and finally self-government, with equal political rights for all white men."

Mexico in the last nine years has doubled its revenues, doubled its exports, doubled the number of its factories, and multiplied by three its banking capital—and the continuance of this great prosperity is now as pronounced as ever during the decade.

It is suggested that a chair devoted to the laundry be endowed in each of the female colleges of the United States. A practical idea. A tub and washboard might also be assigned in the basement to each daughter of an American family without any danger of corrupting the morals of the young lady or injuring her health, thinks the St. Louis Star.

The amount of property upon which death duties have been paid in England in the past six years has exceeded \$5,000,000,000, and the sum received by the government in taxes upon estates exceeding in value \$5,000,000 each has in the past year alone been more than \$11,000,000. This source of revenue especially in war times, has become an important resource of the British government.

Japanese cheap labor threatens to drive Chinese cheap labor from the vineyards and wheat-fields of California, and would probably bring about that result if the supply of Japanese were large enough. Owing to the exodus of white men to Alaska and to other sections where mining offers more inducements than day labor on the farm, there is a dearth of labor to handle the fruit crop and to harvest the wheat. Hitherto, in like conditions, Chinese were employed, but now the farmers are sending their orders to the Japanese employment-offices. The reason is that the Japanese are willing to work for almost any sum offered, while the Chinese have learned some of the American ways as to wages. The present rate of wages paid to Japanese fruit-pickers ranges from 90 cents to \$1 a day, they finding themselves. The Chinese demand \$1.25 and 1.50 a day and find themselves.

The Kentucky court of appeals states that dogs are "irritable when eating," and that under certain circumstances, when they are teased or annoyed when at breakfast or supper, they bite the annoy without necessarily subjecting their owners to liability for damages. This appears in the case of Wolf and others vs. Lamann, Jenessa Lamann, an 11-year-old girl, sued Wolf and others for a bite inflicted by their dog. The defendants asserted that the dog was quiet and good-natured and was provoked into biting by the girl attempting to take from him a piece of meat which he was eating and otherwise teasing and annoying him; the argument being that the girl was a victim of her own negligence. The trial justice refused to leave it to the jury to say whether the girl was negligent, and she got a verdict for \$1000. In reversing this judgment for the error of the judge the court of appeals said: "It is a matter of common knowledge that dogs are especially irritable when eating, and that any interference with them at this time is attended with more or less danger of retaliation on their part, and to have attempted to take from the dog the meat which he was eating, or to otherwise have teased or annoyed him at that time, is such evidence of contributory negligence as authorized the submission of this question to the jury." There would appear to be no doubt as to the right, here asserted, of a dog to eat when he is eating, provided, of course, that he comes by the meat honestly.