

The American athlete is evidently well able to hold his own against all the world.

Several communities in lower Italy have recently petitioned the king for the abolition of compulsory education because of its cost.

The wire clothesline was the cause of at least a dozen deaths last year. That number of women were struck by lightning and killed while removing clothes from the line.

The American army mule is to change the seat of his activity to China. There are those who will deplore the fact that inability to write a book of travels is one of the army mule's few defects.

The Chicago Tribune, which keeps a statistical eye on wickedness in the United States, foots up the total of Fourth of July casualties for 1900 at 125 persons killed and 1325 wounded. This is a horrible blood sacrifice to lay at the feet of Liberty.

In the days of small things, 50 years ago, a merchant gave \$25,000 to a college. The college gave the merchant the degree LL.D. The vulgar interpretation was that the merchant bought his degree. Probably it was a mere coincidence that the one followed the other, otherwise we might call attention to the vast moral progress we have made. \$250,000 would not buy a degree from any respectable college today, says the Christian Register.

A statement made by the secretary of the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard, is worth the attention of young men who have not chosen a career: "I should say that were are not one-half enough professional graduates in engineering today. I do not think there is the slightest fear of overcrowding. In mining, civil, mechanical and electrical engineering I know of no difficulty that our graduates have had in getting started. The average student who is in earnest makes a living and few leave the profession. The secretary of the Institute of Technology also said there was abundant room in it. Less than 10 per cent. of the graduates gave it up. He thought there were perhaps too many naval architects at present, 'doubtless due to recent naval exploits, the great increase in ship-building, etc.' There had been a rush into this branch.

Effectual methods of arousing the interest of school children in matters of practical value have been devised in Minneapolis. Thirteen improvement leagues have been organized among the children, who are thus banded together to keep clean and orderly their own premises and the streets in the neighborhood. They burn or bury refuse, and are a valuable adjunct to the city's street-cleaning force. Their activity has also been directed towards the cultivation of flowers and vegetables. Seeds were distributed to 11,000 of the children last year, and those who showed special interest in gardening received free transportation from the street-railroad company to the Agricultural college, where elementary instruction was given them concerning the preparation of the soil, proper planting, succession of crops, and the best methods of conquering weeds.

It is suggested that a competent government commission should investigate the use of borax, boric acid, salicylic acid and other preservatives in food products, as there is reason to believe that the failure in the health and digestive organs of many people is attributable to the insidious effect of the continued use of food products in which such drugs have been used. Eleven samples of preserved fruits and vegetables recently analyzed at the North Carolina agricultural experiment station were all found to contain preservatives. Nearly all were charged with salicylic acid. Twenty samples of vegetables were examined, and of these 12 contained salicylic acid or sulphurous acid, or a mixture of the two. The provision dealers claim that their goods cannot be kept in condition without preservatives. On the other hand, it is stated that much of the alleged necessity for preservatives arises entirely from slovenly and careless methods of preparation, and from avoidable delay in placing the articles on the market, and that if string-of-laws were enacted on the subject the various trades concerned would speedily find methods of accomplishing what they now declare to be impossible.

IMMORTAL.
Once we have loved we never lose
That is not love which can forget,
Through loss and loneliness and grief
This gem is as its coronet,
That true love never can forget.

That is not faith which drops its hold.
Once we have trusted, in our clasp
Forever lies life's changeless gold,
Nor withers in our loosened grasp;
True faith through all time keeps its hold.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.

BROWN BESS!



"My dearest wish is that I could sell Brown Bess," said Susy Ross, rinsing the dishes she had just washed.
"Oh, Susy!" cried her brother.
"What in the world do you want to sell Brown Bess for?" her mother asked, looking up from the dough she was kneading.
"I could go to the academy, mother, for two more terms," was the answer.
"Then, perhaps I could—get the school at the corners."
"Nonsense, Susy, I need you to help me," her mother said. "Keeping school is a thankless business."
"It's money," said Susy, "and I do long to help myself, and you, too. Money will do everything that needs to be done."
"Yes, that's a fact," spoke up Tom, "and there's lots wants to be done. I'd like to clear that five-acre lot for potatoes and corn, but I can't do it."
"And the house wants shingling," her mother said plaintively, her careworn countenance taking on another shadow.
"The front door's got a crack all the way across," Tom spoke up again, "and there ought to be a fireplace in granny's room. Then there's the barn; it's all that we can do to keep the hay dry."

"I know all that," said Susy. "I know the house is getting to be a scarecrow, and the barn is worse, and that's why I want to be earning. As for the shingles, I should think you could put them on yourself, Tom; yes, and mend the door."
"Where's the shingles?" Tom asked, in his matter-of-fact way. "Where's the nails? Where's the hammer? The old one is broken past mending. And where's the money to get them with, I should like to know?"
"Sure enough," said Susy, "unless I could earn it. That's why I want to sell Brown Bess."
"And if you do sell her you won't get much," Tom said. "She's so full of her tricks—the craziest colt I ever saw."
"I'm more and more afraid to have you ride her," her mother said. "But if you should sell her, there's the mortgage to be paid in October."
"If I sell her," said Susy, quietly, "it will be to finish my education."
"That's always your cry," her mother went on, in plaintive tones; "no matter what's needed; but I s'pose we must give in. Bad as the roof is, it shelters us. What would we do without a house over our heads?"
"I'd sell the cow, too," put in Tom.
"And then grandma would just about starve," the mother supplemented.

Susy turned away from the table, angry and grieved, but she said nothing, only ran upstairs to her own room.
"They don't see it!" she sorrowfully murmured. "They can't understand that it's for their good and comfort I want to get that school. I'm willing to wear old clothes and to walk three miles and back every day for the sake of finishing my education. Let the roof leak awhile—if Tom don't patch it. Let granny sleep downstairs, where there's a fire. I'll help them all in a year or two—but they don't see it—they won't see it. If I can only sell old Brown Bess! I'd go and beg time for the mortgage, or I'd borrow money—or, maybe I can get enough to repair the house and go to school, too. If only Brown Bess wasn't such a little vixen! It will go hard to part with her though; it was my father's last gift."

Tears rushed to the dark eyes, but she repressed them and went downstairs.
After helping her mother about the house she donned her sunbonnet and ran in to the barn. Tom was rubbing down Brown Bess, whose bright, glossy coat shone like satin.
"Much as I can do to take care of her," said Tom. "She wants a regular groom who would break her of her nasty little tricks. See how she throws her head up, and look at her eyes flashing fire! Are you going to the store? Mother wants sugar and molasses, and vinegar—and I've got to go in the field."

"Yes, I'm going," said Susy, "though I dread it, the bill's so large. If I sell Brown Bess, that's the first thing I'll pay."
"That and the mortgage," said Tom. "Well, I'll saddle old Dick."
Susy mounted to the back of the slow old cart horse with gloomy forebodings. It was a warm September day. Even in the midst of her anxiety the beauty of the ride to Hillston soothed and delighted her. Every detail of the way was familiar to her, yet when she came to Silver Ledge Falls, and saw the white spray leaping over granite rocks and dancing among the islands, she stopped old Dick and sat enjoying the scene as if she had never beheld it before.
"Good morning," a voice said behind her.
"Oh, Charlie!" she exclaimed, with a start. "I didn't hear you coming."
"No? The falls are so loud. I saw

you at the bend and followed. Going to town?"
"Yes, Charlie," she made reply, and in spite of herself her voice held a curious tremor.
"You're worried over something," he said, the keen lover's eyes noting the shadows.
"Yes, Charlie, a little—the same old trouble. I want to set things to rights—and it's hard work," she said, in a low voice.
"I knew it. Why won't you leave all these matters and come with me? The house is waiting for you—and so am I. Susy, darling, make up your mind."
He held out his hand a look of unutterable love making his rugged face beautiful.
"If father had only lived," she said, "but you know it is impossible now, Charlie. I can't leave mother—not yet—and I must finish the course at the B—Academy, and keep school at least a year before I get things straightened out."

He gave a long, low whistle, then urged his horse, but stopped again till Susy came up with him.
"You know I'll wait for you, Susy, as long as you say, but it's rather hard on me, as I'm forehand and ready to marry. Susy, come, make up your mind. My house is a large one. I'll take your mother and granny. Tom can run the farm, and—"
"What! Let you support me and the family too? Never!" and her eyes flashed. "I would never permit it."
"Well, Susy, I've declared my willingness to help you, if only you would let me," said Charlie, "but since you won't, don't look so sad and worried, my darling. It's worth serving and saving for seven years if I can only win you at last for my wife."
"Oh, Charlie!" she said, brokenly, "your love is priceless. Only be patient."
"I'll try and keep on hoping," he said, and they parted at the store.
The grocer met her with a smile. Everybody liked Susy. No girl more genial than she under ordinary circumstances, but to-day her face was clouded, her manner preoccupied.
"Mr. Lee, I've made up my mind to sell Brown Bess," she said, after getting the things she needed. "Do you know anybody that wants a horse?"
"Dear me! Going to sell Brown Bess! Well, I was thinking of buying a horse for my Alice. Is she safe for a girl of ten, do you think?" the grocer asked.

Susy grew pale. She had not anticipated a question of that sort, but she answered after a moment's indecision.
"She is fond of taking her own head sometimes. No, Mr. Lee, if I find it hard to manage her she would never do for your little girl."
"Ah, I'm sorry for that, Miss Susy," said the storekeeper. "But I know a man who wants a spirited horse. What would you sell her for?"
"I leave that to the purchaser," Susy made answer. "Papa paid \$75 for her more than a year ago, and I wouldn't want to take less than that, for I need the money very much," she went on, "and if you will be so kind as to take an interest in the matter—" She stopped, her eyes wistful.

"Why, of course I will," the grocer responded. "I'll send my boy to your house with the groceries, and he can bring the horse back with him. If anything is done in the way of a sale I'll let you know at once."
Susy thanked him and went on her way home. As she came in sight of the house, an old-fashioned, two-story building, where dilapidation was rendered picturesque by a profuse growth of ivy that covered the front porch and much of the exterior walls, she felt more comfortable as she thought over her prospects. In imagination she had her mother quite reconciled to all her plans, her school life assured, and all things going on swimmingly. For who knew but Brown Bess might bring her \$100, she was so spirited and handsome?

Work and home seemed brighter. The grocer's boy came for the horse, and though it was hard parting with the pretty creature, Susy, in expectation of results, bore the separation bravely.
"Can't we take a little of the money you get to shingle the roof?" her mother asked as the horse was led away.
"I hope so," Susy replied, blithely.
"And you still think of going to school. Ain't you too old?"
"I'm not eighteen yet," was Susy's answer. "Many girls go to school till they are twenty."
"And there's clothes to think of, dresses and bonnets and shoes."
"Oh, they'll be provided," Susy said, with a little laugh.
"An' winter's comin'—an' it's two or three miles to the 'cademy," her mother went on, each time throwing a more plaintive cadence into her voice. Tom's clothes are terrible patched, an' mother needs flannels. I ain't so young as I was once, but I ain't sayin' anything about myself, only it's kind of hard to spare you," and the lines in her mother's weak face deepened.

"Mother, I wish you could see it as I do. I must go to the academy," Susy made reply. "It's the opportunity of

my life. But I tell you what I will do. If I get a hundred dollars for Brown Bess I'll divide even. Fifty dollars would go a long way, wouldn't it?"
"Well, yes, fifty dollars would get everything we need," was the reply. "But you're never goin' to get a hundred dollars. You'll be more than lucky if you get fifty."
"Well, mother," said Susy, desperately, "if I only get fifty I'll divide even. It will be thirty dollars coming in every month if I only get the school."
"I don't see there's any chance of that," said her mother, with woe-begone face.
Day after day Susy waited, but no word came about Brown Bess. Tom declared that he believed there was no prospect of selling her, but one day Charlie Grant drove up to the house, his face fairly beaming.
"I thought I'd bring you the news," he said, as he came in the bright living-room.
"Have they sold Brown Bess?" Susy asked, her voice trembling in her excitement to hear.
"Well, yes—that is, if you'll take the price they offer," Charlie made answer.
"Oh, I hope it's a hundred," said Susy.
"A hundred!" laughed Charlie. "Is that what you valued her at? Lucky for you that I was in at the bargain. That horse will be worth thousands of dollars before long. The man who bought her trains horses for the trotting course. He has discovered remarkable qualities in Brown Bess as a trotter, and is willing to give you a thousand dollars for her."

A thousand dollars! Susy stood for a moment like a statue; then she flew into the kitchen, where her mother was making the daily batch of bread, exclaiming:
"A thousand dollars, mother! We're rich! Brown Bess is sold for a thousand dollars. You won't have to work hard this winter. Tom can get two suits of clothes if he wants them, and buy the five-acre lot. Grandma can have all the fire she needs; the roof shall be shingled, the mortgage paid off and—"
"What am I to have?" Charlie asked, as she stopped out of breath, he having followed her into the kitchen.
She turned round, and, blushing beautifully, held out her hands. He clasped them both and drew her to his bosom.
"What do you think of this, mother?" he asked of the glad-hearted woman at the bread-pan. "Susy is to be my wife."
"Why, I think it's a good deal better than keeping school," she said—Waverley.

A FORTUNE IN BEETLES.
1000 of a Species Worth \$25 Each Secured by a Kansas Professor.
Lawrence (Kan.) correspondent of the Kansas City Star writes: When legislators are stingy, and the cause of higher education is threatened by reason of financial depression, all Chancellor Snow of Kansas university has to do is to swap beetles for dollars. He is the only living man who ever ran a corner on a natural product and made it hold good for a decade. It was in the spring of 1878 that professor Snow refused to be stampeded. He wore students at the time in his department went in search of tiger beetles, known to entomologists as *Amblychila cylindricornis*. At this particular time specimens of this species of beetles had a ready sale in the open markets of the world at \$25 each. There was a clamorous demand from Berlin, Heidelberg, Edinburgh, Paris, London and New York which no one could supply. There was a suspicion in the scientific mind that this species of beetle ought to be found in Western Kansas. Professor Snow made a confident of two favorite students, promised them one-third of all the beetles they could catch, and the expedition set forth in the summer of 1878. It was in Wallace county that the expedition finally landed. Here it remained three months. So many beetles of the rare species were captured that the young men sold their third interests in the collection to Professor Snow for enough money to pay their way through college for two years. And at that the wily professor drove the best bargain of his life. With more than a 1000 beetles of a rare species, which entomologists all over the world were clamoring for, in his possession, Professor Snow sold a sufficient number to make good his payment to the students, pay all the expenses of the expedition, and complete through an exchange a collection of 8000 species of beetles, the largest collection in the world. The chancellor of the state university still has beetles of this species left, and they are the only available ones for the collection in the world.

Never before nor since this famous trip has the *Amblychila cylindricornis* been found save in the rarest cases, when one at a time would be captured. He is the head of the tiger family of beetles, and until 1878 many of the finest entomological collections could not secure a specimen. The price had gone higher and higher up to 1878. But the harvest reaped by Professor Snow had such a baneful effect on the market that *Amblychila* were quoted as low as silver bullion. But Professor Snow refused to be stampeded. He withheld his product temporarily from the market, and beetles of the head tiger species jumped back to \$2 each and began to soar again. Others sought beetles in Western Kansas, but had a loss of time and money for their pains. Wallace county had lost either her beetle population or Professor Snow had captured it entire.

A Hoodooed Car.
"This blame car is hoodooed," said the conductor of an F street car to his motorman the other day. "I am going to try and get a change to another car. Is there such a thing as a hoodoo car?" the conductor repeated, in answering the inquiry of a reporter. "Of course there is. I have seen many a car that was always going wrong and getting into trouble. More than that, queer things happened on them at different times. There are plenty of motormen and conductors who evade such a car when its reputation becomes known. Yes, it is true, this is a new car and has not been out often, but there have been some funny things happening around it. Did you hear that bell ringing at intervals all the way down? Well, a good many times here lately that bell has rung without a soul touching the button. We have tried to find the cause of it, but have not succeeded. The other day we had a hot box and the car has been in a number of accidents. We came within an ace of running over a child, and if the blame thing keeps on I wouldn't run it at any price."—Washington Star.

A Picturesque Character.
In all German settlements in the West a curious wedding custom prevails, which is said to have been transplanted from Hanover. When a young couple is to be married the elder brother of the bride or, if she has no brother, some other male member of the family, takes his place, starts out a few days before the wedding on horseback and distributes the invitations. He is called the "brautbeten"—literally, the "bride inviter." He is a picturesque figure, and in his trip about the country he is the recipient of many perquisites in money or gifts, which, by right of custom, are kept as his own, but, however small, the present is invariably expected and given. It may be a piece of money, a bill or a coin, or it may be only a ribbon or a trinket. Upon his return trip he decorates his person and his horse with his gifts.

Mexican Remedy For Oak Poisoning.
A correspondent, in the New York Sun, says: Persons going into the country may be interested in remedies for the effects of poison oak. I have tried with indifferent success many salves, prescribed washes and lotions, and finally got a hint from a Mexican guide that proved useful.
After exposure to poison oak, even to the extent of being enveloped in the smoke of the burning shrubs in a forest fire, bathing the hands, face and neck in strong brine made with table salt, which is always in camp, prevented eruption or any appearance of poison.

"Gems" From Fish Eyes.
A process for the production of artificial ornamental stones has been patented in Germany. The inventor produces these "gems" by boiling fish eyes, removing their skins and polishing the limpid, hard body resulting. For colored stones corresponding additions are made to the boiling water.

AMERICAN IMPORTERS are constantly in search of new delicacies for the American table, and with the establishment of several preserving and canning factories in Paraguay, and the institution of direct steamship communication with New York City it is probable that some of the unknown table fruits of Paraguay will be made luscious in the world. The guava, known mostly by encyclopedia and geography fame, is one of the most attractive. It is a yellow-skinned fruit, about as large round as a silver dollar, and contains many small seeds. The tree looks like our plum tree, and yields about one and a half bushels. Guava jelly is delicious and very palatable to American tastes. Naranjitas are small bitter oranges used chiefly for preserving. When properly put up they lose their characteristic bitter taste. The whole fruit, skin and plug together, is used. This orange preserves its flavor much better than the sweet orange. The agual, another favorite of the South American epicures, is abundant. It is a most delicious fruit, about the size of a plum, containing three shiny seeds. Abacaxus is a kind of Brazilian pineapple which grows abundantly in Paraguay. It is very juicy and sweet, and when preserved retains its flavor and remains fresh for years. Paraguayan oranges are a feature of the London market, bringing fancy prices.

Secret Societies in China.
L. J. Davies, a missionary who has just returned from Chi-Nan-Fu, the capital of the Shan-Tung Province, about 300 miles from Peking, says there are more secret societies in China than in all other countries combined. "The 'Boxers' is a secret society," said Mr. Davies, in talking of the present trouble. "Over there we know them best as the Great Knives, or the Great Swords, by reason of the cumbersome weapon carried. Now, when they approach an enemy they go through a series of movements that remind you of a boxer—side step, throw up their arms, duck their heads to this side and that, jump forward, jump backward. They have been called 'Boxers' for this reason. But the odd calisthenics that constitute their drill have a double purpose in their eyes. First, it makes them invulnerable, and second, their odd motions thoroughly confound the enemy, cast a spell over them, hypnotize them. And, being free from being hurt and fortified with the fact that the enemy is incapable of doing the 'Boxer' think their march is to be a series of triumphal processions."—New York Tribune.

Among pensions granted last week were: Mary L. Bartley, New Castle, \$8; Sarah Batebaugh, Indiana, \$12; Edward S. Alexander, dead, Claysville, \$12; Eli Johnston Harold, \$17; John Smathers, Brookville, \$17; Anna Maria Alexander, Claysville, \$8; Peter Christian, Braddock, \$12; Joshua Voland, Mount Union, \$7; Robert C. Boiland, Renfrew, \$8; minor of Jesse G. Wood, Homestead, \$10; Mathias Bankert, dead, Wilkinsburg, \$12; Philip Stiffner, Berenger, \$8; James L. Smith, Evans City, \$8; Lorilla D. Lewis, Conantville, \$8; Henry M. Lane, Kittanning, \$12.

The large fire-clay works of the Dunbar Fire Brick Company, at Ambleside, has been sold to Frank Hamby. The purchase includes the minerals under 30 acres of ground.
The huckleberry season on the "barrens" east of Penfield, has closed and probably the largest crop yet has been gathered. For a month past teams and big wagons filled with pickers of both sexes and all ages, have daily visited the "barrens," and after picking a day or more have come away with wagon loads. At least 1,500 bushels have been brought out and found ready sale at 10 cents per quart. The banner load had 26 bushels, worth over \$30.

Wesley, Port Royal, \$10; Addison Wilson, New Brighton, \$8; William Bennington, Monongahela, \$12; Joseph McGregor, Manorville, \$10; Martin S. Sherwood, Edinboro, \$12; Julia A. Hoffman, Beech Creek, \$8; Joseph Goodman, Huntingdon, \$8; Ezekiah H. Blair, Philipsburg, \$10; Patrick Burk, Hollidaysburg, \$8; Margaret Walker, Apollo, \$8; Sabilla C. Lucas, Leechburg, \$8.
Stoneboro, Mercer county, was visited by a storm of terrible violence Monday evening. The property damaged amounted to about \$20,000. An icehouse of 2,000 tons capacity, at the side of the lake, was blown down and the elevators of the Chantanooga Ice Company are a total wreck. The coal shutes at the mines were destroyed and will have to be rebuilt.
The McKee Bros. glass works of Jeannette, operated by the National Glass Company, of Pittsburgh, is reaching out, the latest addition to the plant being an additional story which will be added to the mould shop. The contract was let to the Jeannette Planing Mill Company. The addition will be of brick and iron, and will cost in the neighborhood of \$2,500.

These charters have been granted: The Wellsboro and Gaines Telephone Company of Tioga and Potter counties, capital \$2,000; the Decarbonated Lime and Stone Company, Waynesboro, capital \$12,000; A. R. Cadia Coal Company, Clearfield, capital \$1,000. Haines Flint Bottle Company, Smethport, capital \$30,000.
John W. Burger, a well-known farmer, near Erie, was found dying in his buggy Saturday night from the effect of a pistol shot in the head. He had been shot while driving along the road and his body fastened to the buggy seat with a strap. He died without gaining consciousness. There is no clue to the identity of his assailants.

The Pittsburg Wall Paper Company, now located at New Brighton, is the largest concern of its kind in the world, and is a monument to the enterprise of Pittsburg capital. The firm occupies two buildings, each two stories high and 400 feet long. Over 400 men are employed. The capacity of the works is 20,000,000 rolls of wall paper annually.
Thirteen new coal mines are now being opened in Cambria county. The Berwind-White Company is opening a new shaft near Windber, the Webster Company is opening one at Ehrenfeld and the Stinemac Company is having two new shafts opened at South Fork. The remainder of the new mines are in the northern part of the county.

A street fakir narrowly escaped lynching at DuBois at the hands of a furious mob. He was working the "pretentious" game and cleaned up a large sum before the crowd "caught on." The mob pulled him from his wagon, kicked him about the street and might have killed the man but for the timely arrival of the police.
Thomas Ditteral, aged 18 years, employed at the Chevon lime quarries at New Castle stripping a cavein occurred and several tons of earth fell on him. He was dug out by workmen. Death had been instantaneous, for there was not a whole bone in his body.

Several thousand temperance workers of Lawrence county held a mass meeting at Walton park, New Castle, Tuesday, to devise methods of solving the liquor question. Addresses were made and resolutions passed declaring the intention of the organization of waging an active campaign.
At Rochester the banking house of John Conway & Co. was entered, but only about \$15 in pennies was secured. A hole had been drilled in the safe used by the bank and the combination broken. At this point the thieves seem to have been frightened away. The money secured had been left outside the safe.
About 700 people attended the Vogin family reunion near Sandy Lake, a gathering of one of the oldest families in this section. Conspicuous among the speakers were Frank Vogin, Prof. L. R. Eckles, of Sandy Lake, and Prof. J. C. Cannon, of New Castle. Four generations were represented in the gathering.

Owing to a quarrel over the proposed location of a schoolhouse, three school directors of Brownsville township, Fayette county, are on strike, leaving the board without a quorum.
Alexander Patrick and Frank Booth, who had charge of the Ellsworth mine at the time of the explosion there some time ago, in which one man was killed and several wounded, has been convicted of violating the mining laws and sentenced to pay a fine of \$5 and costs by Judge Frank Taylor, of Washington.
While Martin Rotterneck, of Claridge, was seated at a table playing euchre he became so excited over the game that he fell from the bench on which he was seated, his head striking the floor with sufficient force to break his neck, causing instant death.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Large Huckleberry Crop in Clearfield County.
Fakir Narrowly Escapes Lynching.
Via ated Mining Laws.

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John W. Burger, a well-known farmer, near Erie, was found dying in his buggy Saturday night from the effect of a pistol shot in the head. He had been shot while driving along the road and his body fastened to the buggy seat with a strap. He died without gaining consciousness. There is no clue to the identity of his assailants.

The Pittsburg Wall Paper Company, now located at New Brighton, is the largest concern of its kind in the world, and is a monument to the enterprise of Pittsburg capital. The firm occupies two buildings, each two stories high and 400 feet long. Over 400 men are employed. The capacity of the works is 20,000,000 rolls of wall paper annually.
Thirteen new coal mines are now being opened in Cambria county. The Berwind-White Company is opening a new shaft near Windber, the Webster Company is opening one at Ehrenfeld and the Stinemac Company is having two new shafts opened at South Fork. The remainder of the new mines are in the northern part of the county.

A street fakir narrowly escaped lynching at DuBois at the hands of a furious mob. He was working the "pretentious" game and cleaned up a large sum before the crowd "caught on." The mob pulled him from his wagon, kicked him about the street and might have killed the man but for the timely arrival of the police.
Thomas Ditteral, aged 18 years, employed at the Chevon lime quarries at New Castle stripping a cavein occurred and several tons of earth fell on him. He was dug out by workmen. Death had been instantaneous, for there was not a whole bone in his body.

Several thousand temperance workers of Lawrence county held a mass meeting at Walton park, New Castle, Tuesday, to devise methods of solving the liquor question. Addresses were made and resolutions passed declaring the intention of the organization of waging an active campaign.
At Rochester the banking house of John Conway & Co. was entered, but only about \$15 in pennies was secured. A hole had been drilled in the safe used by the bank and the combination broken. At this point the thieves seem to have been frightened away. The money secured had been left outside the safe.
About 700 people attended the Vogin family reunion near Sandy Lake, a gathering of one of the oldest families in this section. Conspicuous among the speakers were Frank Vogin, Prof. L. R. Eckles, of Sandy Lake, and Prof. J. C. Cannon, of New Castle. Four generations were represented in the gathering.

Owing to a quarrel over the proposed location of a schoolhouse, three school directors of Brownsville township, Fayette county, are on strike, leaving the board without a quorum.
Alexander Patrick and Frank Booth, who had charge of the Ellsworth mine at the time of the explosion there some time ago, in which one man was killed and several wounded, has been convicted of violating the mining laws and sentenced to pay a fine of \$5 and costs by Judge Frank Taylor, of Washington.
While Martin Rotterneck, of Claridge, was seated at a table playing euchre he became so excited over the game that he fell from the bench on which he was seated, his head striking the floor with sufficient force to break his neck, causing instant death.