

A properly arranged, personally conducted tour around the world could be made to include glimpses of five or six wars.

The Scandinavian element in this country numbers nearly a 1,000,000 souls. They are located principally in four states—Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Mr. Ward, the Persina advance agent of progress, with his porcelain bath, his electric lights, his telephone and his hansom cab, all in Teheran, reminds us how rapidly the whole world is being assimilated by trade and commerce.

The Philadelphia Ledger says: "The proposition to do away with the objectionable secret features of the grand jury is surely worthy of consideration, but it is questionable whether the time has yet arrived for abolishing the grand jury entirely."

Under favorable conditions of peace the mortality among soldiers is practically the least known, with a death rate of only five in every 1000. Compared with a soldier's life, the placid days even of a clergyman are full of danger, for his death rate is 11 in 1000, or more than twice as great as that of his militant brother.

By the conditions of a new fellowship in sociology established at Harvard, the holder will have to make his residence in the tenement district of Boston in a reading-room and general resort maintained by one of the students' charitable organizations. The fellowship is called the South End House Fellowship, after the name of the institution.

The novel question whether counsel, in an argument to the jury, has a right to shed tears has been decided by the supreme court of Tennessee in the case of Ferguson vs. Moon. The court holding that if the tears be available it is not only the privilege but the duty of counsel to shed them on the appropriate occasion. The weeping was done in a breach of promise case by the counsel for the plaintiff.

The Kansas City Star, discussing the growth of newspaper importance says: "In spite of occasional statements to the contrary, there has been a constant improvement in the accuracy as well as in the celerity of news gathering. The day has passed when a newspaper may hope to gain by making a practice of falsifying. In this, as in other matters, an enlightened public opinion is the chief corrective."

In accordance with his own wish the name of the Prince of Wales did not appear in the published list of those who gave wedding presents to Lady Randolph Churchill, lest he should seem to abet a marriage of which his judgment disapproved, but the prince did not forget his long and kind acquaintanceship with the bride, and on the day before the wedding he personally gave to her a little gold pig, set with jewels.

Apropos of the fact that many Americans visit Europe every year to see sights which are discounted by those at home, a western paper says that tourists express great wonder at the cog railway up Rigi Kula, which runs a distance of four and a half miles, while by going to Pike's Peak they might ride on one eight-and-three-fourths miles long. The ascent of the former is 4072 feet and that of the latter is 8100 feet—an average of 846 feet per mile. The steepest grade on the Pike's Peak railroad is an ascent of 1320 feet to the mile.

Washington recently had a most suggestive exhibition of the industrial Indian schools throughout the country, which, besides the regular school work, included drawings, paintings, fancy work, plain sewing, patching and work in wood and iron. This was undoubtedly the best collection of Indian work ever brought together, and reflects credit upon those who originated the idea and carried it out. Many of the names of the exhibitors were odd, but little Dog Hand, Windy John, Ben Bushyhead and Viola Black Thunder do as clever work as their white brothers and sisters of the same ages. The drawings are said to possess merit, and the maps evidence skill. One of the notable features of the exhibit was an assortment of fine point lace, made by the Indians of Leach Lake, Minn., from which they derive a considerable income. The most practical things shown were neatly made calico and gingham dresses, bonnets, aprons and girls' uniforms. There was also a great variety of forge work and a number of well and stoutly built shoes.

**WHEN WE'LL ALL BE GOOD.**  
 I don't know when the day will come,  
 But you and I, we know  
 That after awhile our good resolves  
 Will into being grow.  
 Some day, when we both have the time,  
 We'll cast our faults away,  
 And you'll be good, and I'll be good—  
 We'll all be good, some day.  
 We'll run our business affairs  
 With thought of fellow-men,  
 For we will let our good intent  
 Go into action then.  
 We'll make our friends all happier,  
 And life will really pay;  
 For you'll be good, and I'll be good—  
 We'll all be good, some day.  
 Some day—of course, it's 'way ahead—  
 But I know, so do you,  
 That some day we will take a turn,  
 And try the good and true.  
 We'll do our best for other folks,  
 The world will be more fair,  
 And you'll be good, and I'll be good,  
 When we've the time to spare,  
 —Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

**The Mand Glass.**  
 By Charles S. Hathaway.

UPON the door was a sign conveying the information: "This office closes at 3 p. m. on Saturdays."  
 This stipulation did not ever Mary Macklen, however, for here it was after 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon, and alone, locked in the office, she had just completed copying a score or more of letters dictated to her shortly before closing time, by her employer.

As the result of discouraging intercourse with a lot of aches and pains in her shoulders and back Mary had taken a position at an open window and being ten floors above the street level, she looked out upon a far reaching area of the city's upper plateau.

"What a grimy, angular, hard surface it is," she thought, as she studied the hills and valleys, the promontories and ravines of the aerial geography, decked here and there with clouds of smoke and swift rushing flights of silver white steam. "Truly, tired as I am, I feel it is a good thing I am privileged to eat and sleep next to the surface of the earth. Down there is an abundance of ugliness, of course, but the people are there, the show windows, street cars and noises are there, there it is companionable, while away up here the loneliness is appalling; even the flies and the dust decline to associate with us and—"

Then Miss Macklen started suddenly, and, giving a vigorous scream, seized the telephone receiver at her side and rang up the central office. "Give me police headquarters, please," she asked, and after a brief wait:

"Police headquarters? It is? Well, send officers immediately to the top floor, rear, of the Security Trust building. Man there trying to commit suicide! For God's sake, hurry, or you'll be too late!"

And then, so strangely potent is the power of the horrible, Miss Macklen again turned and was looking out of the window. She saw, nearly a square away, and standing in the top balcony of the Security Trust building's rear fire escape, a young man who, bare-headed and in shirt sleeves, looked carefully up and down the narrow alley so far below him; then he moved to the rail of the balcony, and, placing both hands upon the rail, seemed about to leap over to an awful death. Again Miss Macklen voiced an appealing shriek, but this time it was not only deliberate and intentional, but it carried a quality of humanity that was heart-rending, so eager was she to attract the attention of the would-be suicide.

But he was too far away, or, perhaps, he purposely avoided heeding her. "If he would but look!" she cried as, seizing a chair, she stepped upon it and raised the window to its full height, "perhaps a realization of the fact that I am witness of his desperation would cause him to pause."

Her effort, or something, she knew not what, caused him to step across the balcony and disappear through an open window, and for an instant she felt relieved. The relaxation was only for an instant, however, for almost immediately he reappeared and this time he carried a rope. Mary, certain that she would faint, steadied herself by placing her hand on top of the letter cabinet at one side of the window. She saw the young man as he tied one end of his rope securely to the balcony post; she saw him place the other end of the rope around his neck, a look of desperation covering his face, and then she realized that under her hand on the cabinet was a small mirror, her own property.

Instantly she seized the mirror, and, holding it so that she concentrated thereon the long, slanting rays of the declining sun, she threw a blinding reflection full in the face of the man she was trying to save.

He started violently, rubbed his eyes and, looking straight at Mary, gave a fiendish smile, and, shaking his poor head negatively, again resumed his horribly deliberate preparations.

Again she threw a shaft of overwhelming light full in his eyes, and, when the self-destroyer looked at her in reply, she was violently gesticulating, begging him in pantomime to come to her. But again that fiendish smile and again a refusal.

At this juncture Mary saw a man in blue uniform step out upon the platform, and, as she had received five years of thorough business training, Mary fell to the floor in a swoon.

**Mary listened.**  
 "It's a fate all around. That's what I think," was uttered in the deep voice of an angry man, and it contained: "The boy was to get a dollar for hanging in a sling just under the end of the balcony long enough to tighten up a single nut. He probably finished the job by this time and never dreamed of suicide."  
 "But the hurry call was turned in from this office," argued a second voice.  
 "O, you're nutty!" responded the original wise man. "Can't you see this sign says, 'This office closes at 3 p. m. on Saturday?' Come on."  
 And it was fully fifteen minutes after Mary had heard the last faint foot-falls of the croupiers of the peace, before she dared to sneak out of the office and away.—Detroit Free Press.

**THE HOMING FACULTY.**

**Men Who Live in Wild Countries Always Know Where Camp Is.**

"The mysterious faculty that enables cats and pigeons to find their way back from remote points is one of the greatest puzzles in nature," said a New Orleans educator who has made a specialty of zoology for many years. "We speak of it as 'sense of direction,' 'homing instinct' and 'brain compass.'" he continued; "but as far as explaining it is concerned, nobody has ever been able to offer a theory that was even plausible. It used to be thought that the memory of landmarks had something to do with the phenomena, but that is exploded by the fact that the animals always take the shortest cut home, regardless of the circuitous route by which they may have been carried away. That such powers should be highly developed in creatures so different in other respects as cats and pigeons is in itself one of the most baffling and extraordinary features of the whole problem; but I am convinced that the faculty, whatever it may be, exists in a rudimentary state in nearly all animals, including man himself, and may be easily sharpened by circumstances and surroundings.

For nine or ten years I used to spend part of every summer in Minnesota and Wisconsin, living in the woods and studying animal life. I became well acquainted with many native hunters and trappers, and have known several who showed clear evidence that they possessed the 'brain compass.' No matter where they went, how they twisted and turned, or what happened to distract their attention, they always knew the direction of their cabins and could return unhesitatingly in a bee line. They were all ignorant men and absolutely unable to explain their power. The only thing they could say was that they 'felt it.' Other trappers were remarkably expert in finding their way through the forest, but they were simply adepts at woodcraft and went by a thousand signs and tokens to which they had unconsciously turned their eyes. The two faculties were entirely distinct, and while the skilled trapper was invariably alert and feverishly observant, the brain-compass fellow was unusually dull and sleepy and paid no attention to his surroundings. The men themselves recognized the existence of the homing instinct, contented themselves by saying that it 'came natural to Pete or Pierre, or whatever his name might be. It is certainly a fascinating problem, and I have long believed that its solution would uncover some tremendously important secret in regard to the relations of man and animal life."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Stephen Girard's Start.**

Stephen Girard, the great benefactor of Philadelphia, was born in Bordeaux, France, was left an orphan at ten and put on a ship as cabin boy. That was his first trip to America. He could not read or write, but he worked hard to make up deficiencies in early training, and soon set up a shop in Walker street, New York City. Here he married Polly Lum, daughter of a calker, against her father's wish. The marriage proved unhappy, and Girard went to sea again before, at forty, he found his real vocation as a merchant in Philadelphia. When in 1793 yellow fever broke out in the city Girard proved himself a true hero, and organized the public hospital. His magnificent bequest to the city is famous the world over. In one room are kept his boxes and his bookcase, some of his papers, his clothing—a pair of homely old knitted braces bespeaking his plain and frugal habits.

**Where Suits Are Lost.**

Once when a certain well-known English judge was trying a case he was disturbed by a young man who kept moving about in the rear of the courtroom, lifting chairs and looking under things.  
 "Young man," said his lordship, "you are making a great deal of unnecessary noise. What are you about?"  
 "My lord," replied the young man, "I have lost my overcoat, and am trying to find it."  
 "Well," said the venerable judge, with a grim smile, "people often lose whole suits in here without making all that disturbance."

**Great Appetite of a Cow.**

The enormous appetite of a champion cow is shown by the amount of food eaten daily during a test of the Holstein cow, Rosa Bonheur 5th, which died recently. She held the world's record of milk production of 106.75 pounds in one day, and 720.25 pounds in one week. She ate daily 114 pounds silage, twelve pounds corn meal, nine pounds oat meal and twenty-seven pounds roots, or a total of 174 pounds, of which 52.43 pounds was dry matter. She weighed 1750 pounds.

## FARM TOPICS

**Sowing Seed in a Moist Soil.**  
 Sowing seed in dry weather may result in but few of the seeds germinating if the ground is very dry it will take moisture from the seeds, but if the soil is damp the seeds draw moisture from the soil. The lack of moisture is the cause of seed being slow in germinating unless when covered too deep, which causes the seed to be longer in pushing through the ground.

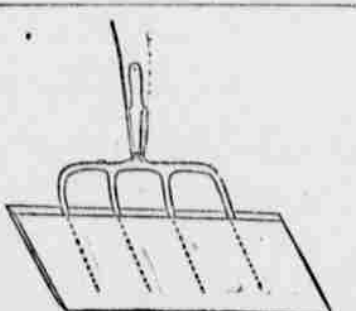
**Keeping Eggs For Higher Prices.**  
 To keep eggs for higher prices place them on racks in a cool place and turn them twice a week. An important point is to have no males with the hens, as they will lay without the presence of males. An egg which contains no germ will keep three times as long as will one that is fertile. For this reason all who desire to keep eggs must select those laid by their own fowls, as it is a risk to procure eggs promiscuously from various farms.

**Drinking Fountain For Poultry.**  
 For a practical drinking fountain, a stone jug with the bottom removed and a small hole in the side, about two inches from the bottom, set in a large dish, as a plant-pot saucer about ten or twelve inches in diameter, supplies the place of the more costly drinking fountains. The jug has a wooden plug driven in the top and when the jug is dirty it can be readily washed. In filling, the jug is taken out of the saucer and is inverted and then filled; the saucer is then placed over it and the jug is turned to the right position. This fountain prevents any contamination of the water and keeps it cool. A little stick sulphur placed in the jug will keep off many of the diseases prevalent in the poultry yard.

**Packing and Feeding Silage.**  
 The silage will have become settled and have reached its stationary stage within three weeks after filling. The silo may then be opened and feeding may begin. In packing whole earstalls into the silo the butts should be laid at the corners. If the butts mold, but little valuable feeding material is lost. Keep the edges of the silo about two feet higher than the middle when packing. It hardly pays to silo anything but the corn plant. The air contained in the hollow stalks of most fodder plants makes them hard to keep sweet in a silo. No need to hurry in filling unless the machinery is hired by the day. After opening the silo it is best to begin feeding gradually. The summer silo is a great help on dairy farms when the pasturage becomes scanty. It should be a separate structure or a part of the winter silo separated with a partition. It should be filled with fodder corn and left unopened until the next summer.—Orange Judd Farmer.

**Handy Scraper For the Stable.**

A very handy stable scraper is made of an inch board five inches wide and about eight inches longer than the width of a four-tined fork. In one edge of the board we bore a quarter-inch hole for each tine, running them in about three inches, the holes passing out upon the side of the board. The opposite or lower edge of the board is beveled behind, thus forming



a good scraping edge. After the coarse manure is pitched up the fork tines are inserted in the holes which are in the board and the scraper shown in the cut is at once ready for use. For a place in which to keep the scraper when not in use, we nail a cleat on the floor two inches from the wall and secure the scraper behind this cleat, then place one foot on the scraper and withdraw the fork. Notches may be cut in the edge of the board opposite the holes to assist in placing the tines.

**Benefits From Dairying.**

The benefits from dairying are so various that an experienced farmer does not recognize one-half their value. The grain or cotton farmer counts the cash in hand from the sale of his crops as so much profit, and never stops to figure whether his land is better or worse, and his implements by use depreciated in value, or his horses or mules one year nearer the final limit of usefulness. He lives only in the present, with no eye to the future, and under such a system no business, not even farming, will always pay a profit. Thus it has come to be "known and read of all men" that at least some intelligence and forethought must be shown even in farming, to reap success. The most successful farmer has always been that one who relied not on a single crop, but on a diversity of crops, so that if one fails another might make up the deficiency, and in that diversity dairying should occupy a prominent place, especially when there is a good market for the product.—B. J. Hillidge, in Southern Farm Magazine.

An American officer with Admiral Seymour's expedition says there were more arms and munitions of war in the Hai-Kiu (China) arsenal, captured by Seymour, than in the whole United States.

## A NOVEL TOW BOAT.

**Rock Deer Tows a Party of Fishermen on an Inland Lake.**

Every summer is productive of some surprising stories concerning the wild game of the Maine woods, particularly the deer, which are so numerous that they can scarcely avoid man if they tried, most of the bodies of water popular with fishermen being in game sections.

But perhaps as unusual a method of interviewing a deer comes from the Rumford Falls Times as was ever reported from the western part of the State, where they are most fertile in finding new ways of creating a sensation piscatorially.

Charles E. Fernald and Chester Bisee, of Rumford Falls, started June 7 for a few days' outing at the lakes. They met their guide, W. C. Holt, of Hanover, at Upper Dam in the afternoon and proceeded at once to Richardson pond. That evening they caught sixteen trout, one weighing three pounds. The next day they had good success, and on the morning of the third day took a five and one-half pound trout, which is one of the largest. They left with fifty-four fine trout to the credit of Richardson pond, and Saturday noon reached West Arm, where they took four trout weighing respectively four, three and one-half, three and two and one-half pounds. That night they returned to Upper Dam and next morning went over to the narrows, where they had good luck. From here they went to Middle Dam, thence to B. pond, where the sport with the deer took place. At B. pond they took eighteen trout, weighing over one pound each.

When about ready to start for home, Monday, rowing from Gull Rock down toward the camp, about opposite Massachusetts club house, they saw two deer swimming in the pond. As the boat neared the deer the latter would head for the shore, then Holt would row out around them and head them off. This was kept up until the deer went off and Holt decided to pay his attentions to the buck, which was a good-sized one, with horns ten to twelve inches long in the velvet. In half or three-quarters of an hour Holt had tumbled the old fellow so he could put his hand on him. Next he rowed around and grabbed the buck by the tail and held on. This frightened the old fellow, and he struck out with renewed vigor, though he was panting heavily.

Finally the anchor rope was noosed and passed over the fellow's horns. This was an improvement on the former unsentimental arrangement of a tow line. After playing the captive some time, and being towed quite a distance by the buck in his efforts to get away, the boys let him go.—Maine Sportsman.

**The Oldest British Regiments.**

The first of the British line regiments, and, in fact, one of the oldest regiments in the world, is the Royal Scots. It is descended from those celebrated Scottish regiments of Cavaliers who, under Cromwellian persecution, attached themselves to both the Swedish army under Gustavus Adolphus, and also to that of the French, where they were known as the "Scottish Archer Guard." At the Restoration they returned amid general rejoicings to serve under Charles II, and have since taken part in countless campaigns. On their collars they wear the thistle as their distinguishing badge, and the letters "R.S." appear on their shoulder straps. Next comes the Royal West Surrey, or Queen's, who wear Catherine of Braganza's lamb upon their collars. The Royal Lancasters, or King's Own, have the British lion on their collars specially granted to them by William III. The white plumes tipped with red of the Northumberland Fusiliers are symbolic of their share in the capture of St. Lucia in 1768, where they plucked the white plumes from the helmets of the French killed, dipped them in blood, and went in to win.

**Bob White in Australia.**

Bob White is making his way around the globe. From New Zealand comes a favorable report of the work of introducing American quail into that country. The birds were sent from Kansas via San Francisco, and after a long and tempestuous voyage, which proved fatal to a large number, 430 of the first consignment reached their destination, but the death rate then proved to be very big. Subsequent shipments were more successful, and lots of from twenty to 200 have been distributed at a dozen different points. In its fifteenth annual report the Wellington Acclimatization Society notes that the quail are doing well in their new home. One serious drawback to the enterprise is found in the poisoning operations which are carried on extensively for the suppression of the rabbit pest. Large numbers of the birds are known to have perished from this cause.—Forest and Stream.

**A Useless Drink.**

Frederick Villiers, in his letter about Magerstonteln, relates this incident: After the battle he came on some of the wounded enemy. "The Scandinavian in command had a bayonet thrust through his stomach and was dying. He signed to me that he was thirsty. I lifted him up and gave him a cup of condensed milk. A wounded companion lying by his side said, in very good English: 'It's no use to give it him, sir; it only runs out the hole in his stomach.' This was true, but still the poor fellow had the sensation of the refreshing draught passing down his throat. It was his last drink. I can see his eager, hungry look even now, and, though an enemy, I wish I could have done more for him. A few hours afterward he was buried by the side of the heroes of the Highland Brigade."—London Leader.

## KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

**PENSIONS GRANTED.**

**Many Relics of Former Ages Discovered.**  
 Contract Let for Electric Line—Eraz-nell Mine Fire Boss Arrested.

Pensions have been granted the following persons: John F. Shawmon, Bellefleur, \$12; Christopher C. Gerhart, Brookville, \$12; John Getz, Beaver Springs, \$12; Lewis O. Barnes, New Brighton, \$17; William O. Simonton, Waynesburg, \$10; Randall Middaugh, Eldred, \$8; Isaac M. Grandon, Waynesburg, \$10; George A. Brown, Fayette City, \$8; Elizabeth Kesler, Beaver Falls, \$8; Herman Boeck, McKees Rocks, \$2; William Sarver, Braddock, \$12; Margaret A. Gilchrist, Indiana, \$8; John M. Graham, Bennett, \$6; Dorsey Peddicord, dead, Indiana, \$30; Catherine Peddicord, Indiana, \$12; Israel Freetz, Bellefonte, \$30.

The initial contract for a network of electrical railways to cover the western part of Westmoreland county has been let to Edgar A. Tammis, of Philadelphia, by the Creighton, New Kensington and Springdale Street Railway Company. The line under contract connects with the Tarentum and Natrona trolley line and extends south, with a loop across the Allegheny river at New Kensington to Aspinwall, where connections will be made with the Consolidated Traction Company's lines to Pittsburgh.

James Radcliffe who was fire boss at the Eraznell mine when the explosion of gas occurred there December 23, has been arrested and is in jail at Uniontown on information made by Charles Connors, mine inspector for this district. Radcliffe is charged with violating the mining law in not reporting to the mine foreman, as the act of assembly requires, that gas or firedamp existed in the mine on the morning of the explosion.

Thomas Harper, former curator of Carnegie museum, has returned to Pittsburgh from an exploring tour of three months in the lower Rocky mountains. He has brought with him corn which he claims was stored by people who lived 5,000 years ago, and many other interesting specimens, among them weapons of stone, flint and volcanic glass. The people who made these weapons were the Pueblos, or cliff dwellers.

An effort will probably be made soon to move the county seat from Mercer to either Sharon or Greenville. The matter will probably be put to a vote. Residents in some parts of the county complain of the difficulty in reaching Mercer on account of the poor railroad facilities and the roads leading into the town, which are at times impassable. The increase of population in the valley is regarded as sufficient to warrant the change of the county seat.

A 1,000 barrel oil well has been struck on the Aaron Stewart farm, in Economy township, Beaver county, about 3,000 feet from the Neely pool and the famous well on the Robert Wallace farm. The bit had gone but a short distance into the sand when the oil began to surge and spatter with such force as to prevent further drilling. Duff Bros., of Beaver, are the principal owners of the well.

Golden & Crick, contractors, have secured the contract for the New Grand Army home at Hawkins station, near Pittsburgh, at an estimated cost of about \$12,000. Work on rebuilding the structure which was destroyed by fire some time ago, will be started at once. It is to be plain in design, replete with all modern improvements and ready for occupancy about March 1, 1901.

John Rieber, 18 years old, a Slav employed at the Red Jacket furnaces, New Castle, was found dead about 100 yards from his boarding house. His shoes were gone and his legs were tied together. A bottle containing whisky and sherry wine was found beside him. It is believed that the man was murdered, although no wounds that would have caused death were found.

Mrs. Annie Kline, aged 35 years, wife of Rudolph Kline, a prominent farmer and citizen of Millin county, was burned to death near Granville. She was assisting her husband to remove a large kettle from over a fire when her clothing became ignited. Mr. Kline, in trying to save his wife's life, was, it is feared, fatally burned.

The home of "Daddy" Lantz, an German living out in Connelton township, Fayette county, was burned Friday. In the house he had \$2,000 in a sack, and the loss to the house was \$1,500 additional. He had any insurance. The old man is a destitute and neighbors are helping him. He had no faith in banks.

A stock company has been organized for the purpose of furnishing oil natural gas to Johnstown consumers. The company has already secured 3,000 acres of land in Westmoreland county and has several other large tracts in view. The necessary machinery for sinking oil wells will be purchased and operations will begin immediately.

The survivors of the Seventy-eighth regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, will hold a re-union at Kittanning on October 12, the 39th anniversary of the muster of the regiment. The Kittanning people are making arrangements to give the veterans a royal entertainment.

The American Tin Plate Company has ordered the shipment of all raw material from the Pittsburgh and Pennsylvania plants at New Kensington. This is interpreted as meaning that the plants there will not be started this year and may be abandoned.

Cornelius McCue, confined in the Indiana jail awaiting trial for the theft of two hams from a neighbor, was found lying dead in his cell in a pool of his own blood, with his throat cut, Sunday morning. At his head lay a razor.

Superintendent of Public Instruction Schaeffer fixed Friday, October 19, as the date for the autumn arbor day, and in his proclamation calls for a general observance of the day by the planting of trees.

Rev. Andrew G. Grinnan, pastor of the Episcopal Church at Point Pleasant has accepted a call to St. Paul's Church, Weston, and will enter on the duties of the fourth Sunday in September. A water tower, 90 feet high, erected on 12 steel columns, on which will be placed a tank that will hold 62,000 gallons, is to be located on College Hill to give better fire pressure to Beaver Falls, and also to provide the town College Hill with water.