

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Will Deve'op Rich Coal Lands in Blair and Cambria Counties—New Electric Line for Uniontown.

ADD PA

Pensions have been granted the following persons: Christopher Hutzen, Duquesne, \$12; Joseph P. North, Punxsutawney, \$10; Frederick Byers, Turtle Creek, \$8; David Craft, Philipsburg, \$10; Marsellus Noss, Coraopolis, \$8; George Keyes, Pleasantville, \$8; Harvey Coburn, dead, Uniontown, \$17; William J. Jamison, Chicago, \$12; William Harper, Bellefonte, \$12; Christian Lowry, Bellefonte, \$8; Joel Concast, Elizabeth, \$8; William Bice, Mount Union, \$8; Susan Coburn, Uniontown, \$8; John Q. A. Wageley, Wilkensburg, \$6; Thomas E. Barnes, McKeesport, \$6; Nelson T. Hicks, Blairsville, \$10.

Five missionaries left Mercer county Tuesday for foreign fields. Miss Mary Williams and Mrs. W. J. Brandon will go to the famine-stricken districts of India. Miss Lucy Powell will work among the Japanese, while Mr. and Mrs. Coventry, who were married a few weeks ago, will go to Egypt. All are graduates of Grove City college.

A mortgage for \$500,000 in favor of the Land Title and Trust Company, of Philadelphia, and against the Clearfield Coal and Coke Company, of the same city, has been recorded. The mortgage covers 6,532 acres of the richest coal lands in Blair and Cambria counties, and also the entire town of Frugality, which is owned by the corporation. The lands will be greatly developed and many coke ovens will be constructed by the Philadelphia capitalists who control the company.

The machinery to be used in the construction of a stretch of sample road in North Strabane township, Washington county, has arrived. For nearly a month ten jail prisoners have been quarrying stone for road making purposes. T. H. Musson, an expert road builder, has been on the ground for several days. There is enough material now ready to build about one-half mile of macadamized road.

While workmen were engaged in grading on Pleasant street, Rochester, a chain about 12 feet long was dug up fully 10 feet from the original surface at that place. A few days ago a petrified head of some huge animal like an elephant was exhumed near where the chain was found.

Mrs. Cynthia Hawkins, widow of the commander of the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment in the war with Spain, whose husband died while the regiment was en route home from the Philippines, has been granted a pension of \$30 a month, the regular rate for the widows of colonels.

The Tennis Construction Company of Philadelphia, has been awarded the contract for building the new electric road of the Uniontown & Monongahela Valley Railroad Company. The tracks will extend through the new Mason town coke fields, making from 16 to 20 miles of track.

Mrs. George Speer, of Franklin, aged 38, a widow, committed suicide by shooting herself twice above the heart with a revolver. No cause is assigned for her act, and after the fatal shots had been fired her nerve evidently failed her, for she begged people to save her life.

A deal has been concluded for one of the largest tracts of timber land ever sold in Westmoreland county. Judge A. V. Parker, of Cambria county, purchased 1,951 acres in St. Clair township, for \$25,000. The price is regarded as very high, as the land had been assessed at \$1 per acre.

The New Castle Electric Co. has secured a preliminary injunction against the city, restraining it from contracting with the Citizens' Light, Heat & Power Co. to light the streets. Collision between the latter company and council is alleged.

Postoffice officials are investigating the mysterious theft from the New Castle office of \$1,000 worth of revenue stamps from the box of the Standard Brewing Company. The stamps were in a package, which was placed in the box late at night.

Attorney John A. Emery, one of the best known members of the Allegheny county bar, was instantly killed at the Ft. Wayne Railway station near his home at Sewickley at 8:07 Tuesday morning, while on his way to his office in Pittsburg.

Andrew Carnegie has presented the Parnassus United Presbyterian congregation a handsome pipe organ for use in the new church. The instrument will be installed within the next few weeks.

In North mountain, near Roxbury, Lee Hull, a farmer, aged 25 years, was mistaken for a wild turkey by Wilson Spoonhoer and shot dead. Spoonhoer gave himself up to the authorities.

Edward Matthews, a New Castle tin plate worker, was given knockout drops by a stranger and narrowly escaped death.

Jeannette P. Dummire, of Altoona, committed suicide at Kittanning by taking carbolic acid. The girl was about 21 years old, and had only been there for a few days, being employed as a waitress in the Nulton house.

The Pittsburg and Buffalo Coal Company, which began operations in Cambria county, Washington county, has reached coal in a slope just completed and will erect a tippie at once.

Judge Miller, of Mercersburg, has ordered Sharon justices not to send short term prisoners to the county jail. He says they should be made to work on Sharon streets.

Angus Tibbs, known as "Eatabite," who spends most of his time in jail, escaped from jail at Uniontown recently, and is still at large. He is a negro, about 30 years old.

Germany is not free from typhoid. The malady is actually spreading in Prussia, in the district of East Prussia, to the Russian border. It has been discovered that in 1906 cases have been discovered at Burg-Schwerin on the Baltic.

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Miss Canary's Legacy.

BY F. L. BACON.

The wind was blowing in high and from the sea. It always sounded with that peculiar wail when it came sweeping over the foam-touched waves as they lashed up against the beach. It was very strong tonight, and there was a dash of sleet with it. Miss Canary had drawn her striped shawl closer about her shoulders and stirred the fire into a brighter glow.

She was a thin, angular woman, of 60 or more. Her face was hard with many lines of care. She had not taken life easily; though, living alone in the little cottage, her simple, uneventful life had had seemingly few grievances. Miss Canary tended her flowers, kept her house in order, and owed no one. What cause had she then to worry?

Tonight she held in her hand a letter, and more than once settled her spectacles to re-read it. Joel Canary, her only brother, was at the point of death. How she had loved him! It seemed, tonight, that she could see him so plainly—a little lad, when she was already a woman grown, running to her for everything, his sunny curls tossing brightly over his white forehead; could see again his laughing eyes.

She had loved him with all the strength of her heart. But she had not forgiven him for loving and marrying as he had done. She had opposed it from the beginning. A pink and white doll face, that was all! It had been a grim satisfaction, when the news came that the foolish little woman had run away from home to join some opera company, deserting child and husband.

That was what the story had been. She had not cared to investigate it further. It was nearly five years ago, and she had not forgiven Joel. He had but met his deserters, she had said sternly. Now he was dying. He had not prospered, the letter said, and there was nothing to leave, "nothing save the little lad—Joel." And the writer begged in her brother's name, that she, his only sister and kinswoman, would care for the child. She, Eliza Canary, who had no dealings with children, who dreaded their approach as some unknown species of untamed animal! She had suddenly the care and responsibility of one thrust upon her!

Her untrasted tea stood on the little round table. Moussey, the big Maltese, rubbed herself against her mistress's dress, vainly desiring notice. Miss Canary had indeed forgotten that she had no tea, and that Moussey's saucer of milk had not been poured. She sighed heavily and folded up the letter.

"It's got to be, I s'pose," she said. Much living alone had given Miss Canary the habit of talking to herself. "I s'pose I know my duty; the Lord's always made it plain enough for me, whatever folks may say 'bout not knowing what the Almighty wants 'em to do. That's just shiffin' the responsibility, I'm thinking. Joel's child!—I almost wish I'd seen him afore he went; but I told him I'd never speak to him again if he married that girl, an' I never broke my word yet, an' never intend to—but oh, I wish to mercy the child hadn't pever come! How ever I'm to keer for it, I don't know. There'll be dirt over everything—my carpets an' clean floors; an' noise like the Fourth of July all the year round. An' he'll be certain to tease Moussey."

This last was evoked by the fact that Moussey had put up her paw and was gently patting Miss Canary's lap. The old woman rose mechanically, and with hands that trembled a little, poured the milk. The wind outside blew the curtains at the windows. It sounded like a voice of distress afar off.

"I never knewed the wind to blow that way and bring anybody luck," said Miss Canary; "an' it sure has brought my share of trouble," she added with a groan.

For the next few days Miss Canary held herself and home in readiness for her new charge. She had repaired a little white bed in a small but spotlessly clean room. She carefully laid pieces of drizget by its sides for the bare feet. She baked an overwhelming number of pies, and even made doughnuts. She had not made any for so long that they were rather a failure. "But boys' stomachs can stan' most anything," she said, "an' Joel used to love 'em so."

When finally the boy arrived, having come in charge of a comparative stranger traveling in the same direction, Miss Canary was not prepared for him. She was in the back yard hanging out her modest array of washing, when the vehicle stopped, and a tiny—such a tiny—little figure was lifted out, and then the driver whipped up his horse and was off, leaving what looked like a bundle of rags at the gate.

Miss Canary's hands were wet, she wiped them hastily upon her apron as she hurried forward. Two grave blue eyes—Joel's had been blue—met hers. But what a baby! Surely she need not fear dirty carpet and general destructiveness from such a child as this. She gathered the little bundle of clothes, as she called it, into her arms and carried it swiftly in from the keen east wind.

The child was indeed very small for his age of nearly six years. As he sat eating thick slices of bread and butter and drinking rich, sweet milk, the like of which had never before been his share, Miss Canary looked at him in a sort of stupefied amazement. To speak to him, to expect a reason-

able reply, did not occur to her. He continued to eat bread and butter as his requirements seemed to call for it, and with great satisfaction she watched the mouthfuls disappear. When Joel had finished he got down from the tall chair very gravely, and came to her, folding his little hands together.

"I fluk I'll say my prayers now, Aunt 'Liza." "Mercy, child!" gasped Miss Canary, completely overcome by this familiarity and the startling announcement. "Who told you to call me that?" "Papa; he tol' me how you loved little boys, an' how you were goin' to buy me a rock'n' horse an' a sailboat, an' a canary bird an' white mice; an' now, Aunt 'Liza, I'll say my prayers."

"But it isn't time; it's not night yet." "Oh, that's nothin'," responded Joel, cheerfully. "Papa always let me say 'em in the daytime—God'll hear."

Miss Canary was mute while the little face buried itself in her apron, and a smothered voice gabbled over. "Now I lay me," and added, "P'ease b'less mamma, papa, Aunt 'Liza, an' little Joe." Then the tightly closed lips relaxed and Joel sprang to his feet. "Now let's play horse, Aunt 'Liza!"

So the days went on, and Miss Canary's charge thrived and grew like the pink and white hollyhocks planted against the kitchen wall. But things did not go exactly as she had expected. For instance, the very first night Joel had flatly refused to occupy the little white bed arranged with so much care.

"I allus slept with papa," he pleaded; and Miss Eliza found nothing to do but let him crawl into bed with her, where he slept soundly and his head resting constantly against her arm. She found herself counting over her scanty hoard, to see what might be spared for a rocking horse. She would compromise upon that; the sailboat would keep her in endless terror, and how could she insult Moussey by installing white mice and a bird in her domain?

Joel was very happy. As the spring advanced he spent hours down on the beach collecting treasures hitherto unknown to him. Miss Canary was silent when he showered jellyfish and "fidlers" on her parlor floor. Nay, she even permitted the building of a "pond" for his "family," as Joel called them, in the corner of her sitting room—a pond formed of a dish pan surrounded by bits of stick, rocks, and sand. She used to pause every now and then in her baking or cleaning, to go to the front window and look for him on the beach.

"I have to do my duty by the child," she said, apologetically. So time passed on, and Joel had been an inmate of the little cottage nearly two years. It was a day bright with the May sunshine, and Miss Canary had set herself to work at cleaning the cellar. "The brighter the day the better to see the cobwebs," she said, as she tied up her head and drew on a pair of cotton gloves.

Joel was playing. He had put prepared glue on Moussey and his own hair was sticky with it. Miss Canary did not know that. Suddenly she heard his voice calling her name excitedly. What was the matter? She scrambled up the steps, not waiting to remove her gloves. She hastened to the front of the house and flung open the door, drawing back in horrified amazement.

Just outside, bending over the child, the long plumes of her hat mingling with his curls, was the slender, almost girlish figure of a young woman. The rich silk of her gown glistened in the sunlight; there were bright colors in her hat, and the soft hair under it shone like gold. Joel's arms were round her neck, and he turned, saying with an air of pride. "Aunt 'Liza, this is my mamma; I've been 'spect'n' her so long, oh, ever so long, 'cause papa said she'd come."

Joel's mother unfastened his arms, but still clasping the child, turned her pretty, half-defiant face to Miss Canary. "You are surprised to see me," she said, looking gravely at the other's bewildered face. "I have known my child was with you. I love you a great deal. I was with my husband when he died, but I could not take Joel then. I came up from Boston this morning to get him. You will no doubt feel glad to be relieved of him; you are un-used to children; Joel must be a trial to you."

Miss Canary was still silent. She felt as though a sudden paralysis had seized her. She tried to speak, but the words choked her. She put out her hands as though to ward off a blow. "My position has not justified my taking the child before," continued Joel's wife. "Now I have an assured one which will enable me to amply care for him. Oh, my baby, my baby!" she cried, smothering him with kisses, "how I have hungered for you!"

Miss Canary's grim face did not relax. "Then why did you desert him?" trembled on her lips. Words of passionate reproach, of hate, of anger, arose within her. Still she stood silent, the wind blowing the skirt of her dimy dress and the straggling locks of her gray hair. With it all came her stern sense of justice. "This was the boy's mother, who had the right to him; how dare she question it? But she made one last desperate effort.

"Joel," she said, and her voice trembled and shook. "Would you rather go with this lady, or stay with me an'—an' all your things?" She clung to the last inducement as to a straw of hope.

The child looked at her with his grave, questioning eyes, and, not loosening his hold on his mother, put out a hand to her. "I loves you an' my family very much, Aunt 'Liza; but you see, this is my mamma—my truly mamma; I couldn't help goin' with her."

Mrs. Canary showered kisses upon him, and Miss Eliza turned away with a sickening sense of defeat and misery at her heart. "I'll go pack up his things," she said. The waves were rolling inward, and the wind was blowing high and from the sea. The air was full of its wail, as she stood and watched them as they went.

She went about like one upon whom some heavy blow had fallen. The people missed her from the church. They missed her active figure in the village, and on the sands. She performed her duties mechanically. It seemed to her she had grown so old. How empty the bed seemed! How doubly empty the room! The "pond" was undisturbed. A jellyfish sprawled on the floor beside it. Miss Canary did not remove it. To herself she dealt her words sternly.

"It's retribution. I wouldn't forgive Joel; I vowed I never would an' now the Lord's punishing me." At the end of the third month, the moon, looking down, one night might have smiled to see Miss Canary stepping cautiously out of her front door. She was not wont to venture out at night, and felt a certain sense of awe and looked around half fearfully. She locked the door and put the key in the little worn satchel she carried. Every window blind was drawn at front and back. Without doubt, Miss Canary was going away, but there was only the sea and the wind to know it.

It was quite early the next morning that she found herself in Boston and at the door of the house to which, after much inquiry, she had been directed. A neat maid admitted her, and with shaking limbs and trembling lips she sat stiffly on the high carved chair in the hall. She was conscious that she was squeezing a jellyfish or two, which she had put in her pocket, but she felt incapable of moving.

There was the soft rustle of a woman's skirts, and then a graceful figure in a pretty morning gown came leisurely towards her. "The servant told me," she began—then stopping short, "why—why if it isn't Miss Canary—Sister 'Liza, I mean—why how do you do?"

She held out both hands, but Miss Canary rose up solemnly. "Wait er minute," she said. "I want to tell you something. I didn't forgive Joel for marry'n you; I said I wouldn't, an' I didn't, an' so the Lord punished me by lettin' me have Joel's child, an' then, when I mos' depended on it, taking him away. Joel's dead, an' I can't tell him, but meby his spirit 'll know it, if you forgive me, an' I can live here—jus' as—as er house, ap'er—or somethin'—My salt rize bread is good, an' jus' lemme—lemme see the child." She broke down sobbing, her withered hands covering her face.

"Joel, Joel," called his mother softly. There was a patter of little feet, a sound upon the stairs, a glad cry, and a curly head rested upon Miss Canary's breast; her tears fell upon it. "It wasn't a-fall-th-ras you thought," Mrs. Canary said, as she poured hot, fragrant coffee for Miss Eliza, while Joel smoothed and patted his babby and flattened fish. "I didn't desert Joel—" her eyes filled with tears—"we couldn't make ends meet, and I—I had talent and could sing; he was willing I should go, and when he died, we both wanted you to have the child until I could take him. I didn't mention that when I wrote, because—well, because we were not friends then, and felt you would not understand. And now I have a place assured me in a large church here, and I do not have to be away from home. Joel, tell Aunt 'Liza she's never to go away any more—except in the summer, when we'll all go to her home and spend it there on the beach, with all the jellies and the nettles—and—what else?"

"An' my family," said Joel.—Good Housekeeping.

The Birds' Morning Toilet. There is no prettier spot in Greater New York on a summer morning than the center of Union Square park, where the fountain plays and pond lilies float in the cool waters. The little circular lake is bordered with a bed of brightly blooming flowers and the water's surface is nearly covered with pink and white lilies and their smooth, round leaves. But this is not all. On almost every one of those green leaves is perched a sparrow.

The birds fly down from the trees, alight on their fairy boats, tilt their little heads daintily and lean over and take a drink. Then they consider whether they want a plunge or simply a sprinkle. If the former, into the water they go, flopping vigorously in their gigantic bathtub. If they feel they do not need an all-over bath, they find a lily pod which sinks just below the water's surface and perform their ablutions there. Then, shaking the bright drops from their dainty little shirtwaists, they fly to the grass which is warmed by the morning sun, and here flutter and lounge about until dry and ready for breakfast.

It is a pretty sight right in the hot, cobblestoned, steel-tram city, and well worth going a few blocks out of one's way to see.—New York Mail and Express.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.—Bovee. Charm strikes the sight, but merit wins the soul.—Poole. Culture and fine manners are everywhere a passport to regard.—Paley. He that may hinder mischief, yet permits it, is an accessory.—E. A. Freeman.

The way of the world is to praise dead saints and persecute living ones.—Howe. No man ever became great or good except through many and great mistakes.—Gladstone. The two great movers of the human mind are the desire of good and the fear of evil.—Johnson. He who is lord of himself, and exists upon his own resources, is a noble but a rare being.—Brydges.

Our bravest and best lessons are not learned through success, but through misadventure.—A. B. Alcott. Steady, patient, persevering thinking will generally surmount every obstacle in the search after truth.—Emons. Whoever is mean in his youth runs a great risk of becoming a scoundrel in riper years; meanness leads to villainy with fatal attraction.—Cherbuliez.

REMARKABLE BLIND MEN. One Can Go to His Postoffice Box, and Another Is a Jailor. "Two very remarkable blind men have come under my observation lately," remarked a citizen who has a penchant for the oddities of life. "One is an old gentleman who walks a distance of 10 blocks to the postoffice nearly every day for his mail. He lost his sight more than 20 years ago, and, instead of using a cane as most blind men do, he carries a small, light riding whip, which he holds slightly inclined to the front, with the tip just touching the pavement. His sense of touch has become so delicate that the whip is almost an artificial eye. When the point encounters anything he makes a few swift passes over the surface and generally determines the exact character of the obstacle. Few passers have the least suspicion of the old man's infirmity.

"When he reaches the postoffice he turns unhesitatingly, mounts the middle stairs, walks over to the lock boxes, and, without any feeling around, thrusts a key into the right aperture. That seems to me to indicate a marvelous sense of location. In order to fully appreciate it, just shut your eyes and try to walk across the room and put your finger upon a predetermined spot on the wall. The odds are a hundred to one you will miss it by at least six feet.

"The other notable case is that of an old negro jailer at Franklin, La. He is totally blind, yet he has had charge of the lock-up there for years and gives perfect satisfaction. One can hardly imagine a vocation less adapted to a blind man than that of keeping a jail in order, but the old fellow knows his establishment as a scholar knows his alphabet, and he guards it so closely that escapes are out of the question. The best evidence of his efficiency is the fact that he has held his job so long."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Snake's Predicament. A lady in Durban on getting up one morning heard a most peculiar noise in the pantry, says the Asian of Calcutta. She was astonished to find that a snake had its head and part of its body through the handle of a china jug. Both sides of the snake—that is, the portion on each side of the handle—were bulging out. Then she discerned what had happened. Some eggs had been lying on the shelf, and the snake, after having swallowed one, had crawled partly through the handle of the jug—that is, as far as the swallowed egg would allow—in order to get at another, which it had also swallowed. Naturally enough, it could not then go either forward or backward, through the handle. The lady was just going to call her husband, when the reptile gave a desperate wriggle, and in doing so fell on the floor with a bang, handle and all. But the fall broke both the eggs in its inside, and taking advantage of its release from the handle, it was out in the garden before you could say "Ware!"

Curious Cradles. In the palm region of the Amazon river there is a tribe which cradles their infants in palm leaves. A single leaf, turned up around the edges by some native process, makes an excellent cradle, and now and then it is made to do service as a bath tub. strong cords are formed from the fibres of another species of palm and by these their natural cradle is swung alongside a tree, and the wind rocks the little one to sleep. Long ago the Amazon mothers discovered that it was not wise to leave baby and cradle under a cocoa palm, for the mischievous monkey delighted to drop nuts downward with unerring precision. An older child is satiated near by to watch the baby during his siesta, and the chatter of monkeys overhead is enough to cause a speedy migration.

Two Birds in One Nest. The Zoologist notes co-partnership in the building of a nest, each with its own materials, by a hedge-sparrow and a black bird: four eggs were laid by each, making eight, some of which were crushed in the vain effort of the black bird to incubate them. The observer then benevolently intervened and saved for himself the nest.