NEWS IN BRIEF.

Fresh Tips from the Wires Carefully Culled.

In a wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio road, near Connellsville, Pa., Henry Bush Lewis Burcher and John L. Lindsay were seriously injured.

At Dermott, Ark., Peter Joyce, John Quinn and Matthias Tevedt were instantly killed in a railroad wreck.

A two-thirds interest in Forepaugh's circus has been sold to an English syndicate. The show will remain in this country.

The minority report of the house of representatives on the new rules states the objections of the Democratic members to the proposed new code. The names of Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Randall are signed to the report.

Cardinal Pecci, brother of the pope, is dead.

Washington hall, at Paterson, N. J., burned Feb. 8. Loss, $300,000. The armory of the First battalion, National Guard of New Jersey, was on the second floor, and 300 rifles and a Gatling gun belonging to the state were burned. Several adjoining buildings were also destroyed.

Dr. Ball, of Buffalo, will carry his libel suit against The New York Post to the court of last resort.

That the notorious organization known as the Mollie Maguires is still in existence is believed by the authorities of Chester county, Pa.

Conrad Jordan has been elected president of the Lenox Hill bank in New York. Ex-President Claassen, of the Sixth National, has been released from Ludlow Street jail on $30,000 bail.

By an explosion of a gas retort at St. Paul Minn., Daniel Desmond, Henry McMahon and Michael Mahoney were killed and several others were severely injured.

Alfred Andrews, who murdered Clare Price at Karthaws, Pa., Nov. 27, has been sentenced to be hanged.

Garret Murray, Chalkley Leconey's farm hand, gave damaging evidence against Leconey at the trial Saturday. He heard the sound of some one choking in the house, then Leconey came out and washed his hands. He soon thereafter changed his clothes.

A Big Chicago Hotel Sold.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10.—It is reported that a deal has been quietly concluded on the part of Mr. Leiter, formerly of the firm of Field, Leiter & Co., whereby, for the sum of $400,000, he has secured possession of the Grand Pacific hotel. The deal, it is understood, only included a building and leashold, as Mr. Leiter already owns the ground on which the building stands. Mr. Leiter will have the hotel torn down and erect in its stead an office building. Landlord John B. Drake, of the Grand Pacific, in an interview said: "Our lease on the Grand Pacific runs until 1895. No matter who buys the building or any part of it, and no matter who owns the ground on which this building stands, our lease is good for five years more, of that we are sure, and as long as the hotel makes money the way it does now there is going to be no 'tearing down' until our lease expires."

Mrs. Cleveland's New Church.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—The Central Presbyterian church, on West Fifty-seventh street, will henceforth number among its members ex-President and Mrs. Grover Cleveland. Pew No. 90 in the church was bought by Mr. Cleveland about five months ago at his wife's request. They were formally admitted to membership last Sunday, but owing to the inclemency of the weather Mrs. Cleveland did not attend the services on that day. Yesterday morning she went alone. The pastor of the church is the Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, once famous as a Princeton college pitcher. He is achieving phenomenal success in the city and is adding to the fame he has won in Elmira and Cleveland. The story of how he preached one Sunday in Elmira and captained a baseball team during the week is often told of the muscular minister. The Rev. Mr. Smith is but 32 years of age.

Bowen Beats "Johnson."

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 10.—Andy Bowen, the local lightweight, and Charley Johnson, of Minneapolis, fought to a draw with skin tight gloves at Abita Springs for a purse of $100 and gate receipts. The fight lasted 3 hours and 12 minutes, both men being badly punished. The arrival of the excursion train for the city put an end to the affair. Bowen's manager, who was also stakeholder, awarded the purse to Bowen, and the gate receipts, which amounted only to $16, were equally divided between the two men. Johnson, it is claimed by some, is a well known northwestern lightweight, and by others that he is Jimmy Collins, of St. Louis, who is wanted in connection with the barge fight there in which one of the fighters was killed.

The Mississippi Raging.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Feb. 10.—Much alarm is felt by the planters and residents of the low lands adjacent to Memphis at the rising river. They fear that the water coming from the Ohio, Tennessee, Cumberland and their tributaries will cause a disastrous overflow, and are moving their stock to places of safety. Pecan Grove levee, at East Carroll parish, La., gave way Saturday morning and much property was destroyed. Men and material have been dispatched to the scene of the break. Much excitement prevails here and at Vicksburg. The river is falling here, but is rising rapidly at points above and below.

Three Thousand Mormons Parade.

SALT LAKE CITY, Feb. 10.—When the Mormons held their closing demonstration in the city election 3,000 men participated. The election occurs today, and the Liberals are confident that they will carry it by nearly 1,000 majority. The Mormons are also confident of success, but make no estimates as to majorities.

Mr. Randall's Condition.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The condition of Representative S. J. Randall is announced as much better than any time during the past week. Mrs. Randall stated that the alarming reports recently published respecting her husband's condition were greatly exgerated.

An Army of Men for Repairs.

ROSEBURG, Ore., Feb. 10.—It is estimated by the Southern Pacific officials here that it will take 1,500 men one month to repair the railroad track damaged by the flood between here and Ashland, a distance of about 140 miles. Six miles of track was completely carried away.

Rube Burrows, the Outlaw, on a Farm.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Feb. 10.—Rube Burrows, the noted Alabama outlaw, murderer and express robber, has been positively located near Milton, Fla., where he has been working as a farm hand. Burrows recently became alarmed and fled to the woods, where he is now being pursued.

Weather Indications.

Generally warmer, and from partly cloudy to fair, preceded by cloudiness and followed by clearing, colder weather.

Police Station Dots.

Jacob Tulleners, a resident of Richmond, was put off the south bound Norfolk express train at 12 47 this morning. Conductor Sweeten said that he had attempted to jump from the train. He was taken to the Police Station, and as he appeared perfectly sensible and self-possessed, he was released. He took the next train home.

The latest development in the "drunken policeman" case is that the drunken man was not a policeman. This view is very satisfactory to the Police Department.

LIFE IN THE STEERAGE.

HOW A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN WAGERED AND LOST A BET.

Bunking in with the Emigrants—Uninviting Surroundings—Some of the Noises, Smells and Other Discomforts the Steerage Affords.

"My dear chap, you'll never do it. I'll wager you a fiver you don't."

Such was the emphatic consolation vouchsaved to me by my old college chum when I confided to him my intention of crossing the Atlantic like an ordinary emigrant in the steerage.

How very like a friend! You pride yourself on being a stoic. Does he credit me? Not he! With brutal cynicism he laughs your pretty conceit to scorn and denounces you to your face as a rank epicurean.

"Well," I cried easily, though not a little mortified, "I'll take you, if only to punish you for your skepticism by collaring your £5."

I may here explain that I was crossing from merry England to the United States on pleasure bent, and the idea of traveling in the steerage pleased my fancy as being a novel and I flattered myself a somewhat plucky experiment. "Nothing like seeing life in all its varied phases," said I to myself.

A week later saw me at Liverpool. There was hurrying to and fro and trampling of heavy feet. Porters skurried hither and thither, bearing huge bales and "all sorts and conditions" of merchandise. Hoarse shouts rent the air and there was much jostling and more profanity, and little respect was paid unto the corns of man. But as I cast my eyes along the approach which led to the stage they alighted on a procession which flooded my soul with the most dismal foreboding. A nondescript moving mass—which to call a wagon were to flatter it preposterously—compared seemingly of a heterogeneous collection of bundles with here and there a projection which somewhat resembled a box, was advancing cautiously in our direction. By the side of it marched a number of persons who might have been moving advertisements for a faded rag shop. They were indeed the sorriest crew I had ever set eyes on. Could this be the company I was to enjoy intimacy with for the next ten days? Alas! my apprehensions were but to well founded. For the first time I felt a pang for my £5 note.

The city clocks now announced that it was 10:30 and with that all of us were speedily shipped aboard the tender. We soon hove alongside that gallant ship, the Crafty, which was to be our home—or our coffin, for aught we knew—on the wide, wide sea.

At 2 o'clock the medical officer came aboard and held a levee, attended by all the crew and all the emigrants. We all filed by him in solemn procession. Now and then there would come a halt, while a man or woman, whose appearance suggested some lurkish disease, would be subjected to rigorous examination.

By and by things began to assume a more settled aspect and to indicate that the hour of our departure was nigh at hand. Presently the saloon passengers arrived alongside, and with them an army of friends, who accompanied them to their cabins. No sooner had they arrived there, however, than the bell rang and they came forth again like a rushing torrent and streamed into the tender. A waving of handkerchiefs, a crying of "good-by," the welling of tears to tender eyes, a little huskiness of the throat and their adieus were said.

The bar was safely passed late at night, and as we stood away from land we got clear of the fog and the Crafty was enabled to forge ahead rapidly.

On the morrow we glided into Queenstown harbor, which some mariners claim to be the finest natural harbor in the world. Bumboat women here boarded us and until we weighed anchor often became a thing of misery by reason of their persistent attention. Once at sea one's lungs expanded more freely. It was at this period that I first began to study my fellow passengers. The respectable folk of the steerage numbered about twenty or thirty, and these were English, American and Scandinavian. All belonged to the poorer class but were cleanly and neat in appearance and of orderly behavior.

A marked contrast was afforded by the other emigrants. For the most part their personal aspect suggested the idea that the wells of their country had run dry and that soap was an offense to their nostrils. Animalism was stamped on each man's face, and there was scare an intelligent creature among them. A certain concession in my favor was made by the steamship company. Instead of being berthed forward with the single men, I was allotted a cabin aft such as is given to every emigrant married couple. This indeed was a liberal concession, for the single wretches were—well, they were not reveling in luxury. In some cases they slept six in a large bunk, with bunks to the right of them, bunks to the left of them, bunks below them, and bunks above them. The sense of compression was well nigh intolerable. The single women endured a like state of things. The married couples were thus well off in comparison.

All went well for a day or two. The meals served were plain, but the food was good, and there was an abundance of it.

But Scripture saith an ending
To all good things must be.

And so on the morning of the third day Neptune began to get a trifle uneasy, and as the hours wore on his disquietude increased so alarmingly that the Crafty was unable to maintain her equilibrium and began to stir "with a short, uneasy motion." This set me thinking that it was advisable to prepare for all contingencies, and so I betook me to my bunk, and there I remained a night and a day. The cabin opposite to mine was occupied by a patriarch who might have sat for Moses. With him was his family. Nor I doubt not that they were an agreeable family, but they developed a habit of moaning in unison which was not altogether pleasurable to my unmusical ears. Then my next door neighbors were a family and rejoiced in twins of stentorian lungs. One might have judged that it was the life long object of this pair to sustain a continuous howl. Each seemed to vie with the other as to which could reach the highest note, and they would sing it out most triumphantly. Doubtless the parents had much reason to lay their hand on their offspring and—bless them, but my own savage breast would not be charmed by their duet.

Many other harrowing sounds, too, were borne in on my ears, which made me regret my acute hearing and served to undermine my resolution to stick to the steerage. But I said in my strength, "I will remain where I am." Vain is the word of man! I had hardly made this mental ejaculation ere the last straw was laid on and the camel's back broke.

There had already been a curious odor of oil floating about, but now the pitching and tossing of the vessel caused a condition of things from which there sprung a most evil effluvia. It was a sort of effluvia that besieged the nostrils and clung to them even when you rushed far from its domain. It was an effluvia that might be felt. All too soon I became aware of it. It was too much. Moved by a sudden impulse, I crept from my bunk. A few bounds took me to the deck and the purser's cabin, and the next minute I was transformed into a saloon passenger.—W. B. C. in Kansas City Times.

Orphans' Court.

Commissions in partition were issued in the Orphans' Court on Saturday, in the estate of William Cook and Charles Parry.

Thomas J. Carroll of Philadelphia was appointed guardian of Mary Mackin of this city.

This morning, Alfred W. Young was appointed guardian of Edward W. Barr.

An order for the sale of part of the estate of the late Joel B. Bryant, was granted.

Also an order to sell part of the real estate of Aiden S. Barr.

GARRICK AND DIBDIN.

The Former Knew the Value of Money and Did Disagreeable Things.

In 1768 Dibdin transferred his services to Drury Lane, where he had the usual disagreements with Garrick in regard to money matters. One would hardly be justified in applying the term "unscrupulous" to Garrick; but he undoubtedly knew the value of money better than those who served him, and it was not his fault if he got the worst of a bargain. Dibdin signalized himself at Drury Lane by his writing of the music for "The Paddock," and yet for his share in the work he received only £45, while Bickerstaff, the author of the words, got £1,700.

As he says himself, however, he was of an easy and credulous temper, and, as we may say for him, he was also extravagant and improvident, being indeed a kind of Goldsmith of his profession. He parted with most of his early writings without proper agreements, and in consequence got handsomely cheated. His renowned song, "The Waterman," he sold for two guineas; "Nothing Like Grog," for half a guinea, and so on. Thus, while he was always working hard, his existence for the greater part of his career was little better than the hand to mouth one of the third rate professional.

Garrick seems to have found him of signal service at the Stratford jubilee, as well as at Drury Lane, yet they do not appear to have at any time pulled well together. The young composer had become indebted to the actor to the extent of £50, and he tells us that Garrick made him slave at song writing for the Shakespeare celebration till "he had better gone to a Jew for the money." On one occasion the actor said to him apropos of his debt, "I can take down the pegs that make this music;" to which Didbin replied, "Yes, as honest as you are."

At another time Garrick, having previously failed to satisfy Dibden with some verses for music, produced the words of the rondeau beginning, "Sisters of the tuneful strain," and asked Didbin if the piece would do. "Yes," was the reply, "it is tuned so musically that it sets itself. It is certainly the best you have ever written." The rondeau turned out to be by Jerningham, and if Dibdin was unaware of this fact he, at any rate, got credit for knowing it, for the famous actor never forgave him the honestly expressed opinion.

Garrick seems, indeed, to have been a tiresome taskmaster, and with the consciousness of superiority in his own line, at least, Dibdin must have felt intensely annoyed at the constant mutilations to which his literary and musical work was subjected by the manager. This, however, may have had its good effect, though not exactly in the direction intended by Garrick. Irritated beyond measure by the frequent "improvements" made on his productions, Dibdin resolved to rely on his memory only in composition, and never to put his work on paper until all alterations had been agreed upon. Feeling certain that Garrick "scarcely knew one matter from another, and that his criticisms were mere affectation, he was accustomed to pretend to adopt them with a good grace. Then, waiting till next morning, he would play over the air exactly as it stood before, and receive great praise from Garrick for the docility of his supposed improvements!" Not a bad plan, say we; there are, we suspect, quite a number of modern Garricks upon whom a trick of the kind might well be played, and with perhaps good results.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Not Dead, but Stranded.

"Drummers are capable of doing some slick things when they want to." The speaker was an ex-drummer, and he was speaking to a Savannah News reporter. "I knew a young member of the 'profesh,'" he continued, "who played a good one on a tobacco house in Savannah on one occasion.

"A severe hurricane passed over the southwestern portion of Georgia, and the young drummer happened to be down in that section at the time. The firm here knew that he was there, and they were alarmed. They wired but were unable to get a reply to any of their dispatches, as the lines in that section were on the ground. The tracks were washed, and trains did not move for a week. The young drummer, failing to get word from his house, and, being unable to leave where he was stopping, fell in with a company of young men, and had a royal big time.

"He had some prize sample cigars, and he opened box after box, and they were smoked up. He had a good deal of premium chewing tobacco, and the country boys helped him chew it. When the week ended he was without samples. During the excitement he did not stop to think in what a predicament he would be when he would start out with a score of empty grips. He 'stuck' by the town, enjoying himself with the boys until toward the end of the week, when he received a dispatch from the house reading like this: 'Are you killed? Wire particulars.' It flashed in his mind to put up a pitiful story, and he sent them this: 'Not dead. Escaped with my life. Samples gone; send more.' It was a great hit. The proprietors replenished the sample cases, and, in addition, sent their representative several boxes of fine Havanas for his own use."

The young man made his rounds on the extras, and came into the city as fresh as you please, receiving the congratulations of friends and the firm.

Chemical Sugar.

It is generally known that chemists can produce in their laboratory from rags a substance very similar to sugar and having the same sweetening property. The Germans are, however, hard at work trying to produce artificial sugar on a large scale, and although its production for practical purposes has not yet been realized, considerable advance has been made, and a step has been taken toward successful results. Herr Emil Fisher has succeeded in obtaining a true sugar, which is capable of undergoing alcoholic fermentation by means of yeast, just like ordinary sugar.

There is only one thing wanting in this new chemical sugar which causes it to differ from the natural sugar, and that is that it is optically inactive; it will not rotate a beam of polarized light either to the right or left. They call this sugar "acrose." Glycerine, that sheet anchor of so many recent investigations, is the starting point in the preparation of acrose, which must not be confounded with "saccharine," which is not a sugar and can never take its place as an article of diet. The discoverers of acrose are sanguine of making a perfect sugar at no distant day, and their work is watched with interest by the scientific as well as the industrial and commercial world.—Detroit News.

How to Sleep.

Up to the fifteenth year most young people require ten hours, and until the twentieth year nine hours. After that age every one finds out how much sleep he or she requires, though, as a general rule, at least six to eight hours is necessary. Eight hours' sleep will prevent more nervous derangements in women than any medicine can cure. During growth there must be ample sleep if the brain is to develop to its full extent; and the more nervous, excitable or precocious a child is, the longer sleep should it get, if its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature standstill, or its life cut short at an early age.—The Analyst.

ALL fish stories should be weighed in their own scales.

"WHO killed the fair?" "I," said Tom Platt, "with my little bat, I knocked it flat."—New York World.

"I'D rather be a wild turkey and live on the prairie," said a little boy, "than be a tame turkey and be killed every year."—Youth's Companion.

THEY are talking of establishing a public bath in Chicago. As a good many strangers visit Chicago in the course of the year, a public bath will be a useful thing there.—Cuticle.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

CHOLLIE—"I say, Fweddie, I see by the papahs, that there is a womwn out West who cannot say anything except yes or no." Fweddie—"That's nothing at all Chollie, old boy. I met one lawst night who couldn't say anything except no."—Washington Star.

IF you have catarrh, you are in danger, as the disease is liable to become chronic and affect the general health, or develop into consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by purifying and enriching the blood, and building up the system. Give it a trial.

WHEN the banks of a river break they generally go into liquidation with the water.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's restaurant, Sixth and Shipley.

Ivers & Pond's, and Newby & Even's pianos, in new and beautiful cases, only at Robelen's, 710 Market street.

MRS. BLOODGOOD—"What! not an open fire place nor a stove in the house? How does your father warm his slippers, Willie?" Willie (ruefully)—"Warms 'em on me, ma'am."—Burlington Free Press.

TRUNKS at Yerger's.

TED—"Why don't you take your girl skating?" Ned—"She doesn't know how." Ted—"Lucy fellow! That's where all the fun comes in."—Life.

FINE "Lynn Haven Bay" Oysters, at Steele's, 119 Market street.

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders or syringes because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

"I HEAR that Harold asked you to marry him in the conservatory last night. How was it?" "It was a go, papa." "Indeed?" "Yes, I told him to go."—Time.

WE are now receiving some of the finest Prime Oysters that come to this city, at Dolan's, 6 West Third street.

Perhaps the biggest bore of all,
Who most our temper sours,
Is he who says "he has no time"
But talks for three long hours.
—Terre Haute Express.

Closing Out Sale

Of Dry Goods and Trimmings. We will continue to sell our entire stock regardless of cost, to quit business. Every piece of goods must positively be sold by the 25th of March. Small store keepers and purchasers will do well to call, as we have a great many bargains to dispose of. Store for rent. E. T. STROUD & CO., No. 109 West Second street.

Behning pianos, Emerson pianos, Hale pianos, only at Robelen's, 710 Market street.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's restaurant, Sixth and Shipley.

GENTLEMAN (to tramp)—"What, you here again? It hasn't been a week since I gave you a half dollar." Tramp—"Just a week, sir; but, great heavens, you don't expect a man to live on fifty cents, do you?"—Washington Star.

The largest selection of all the first-class makes of pianos and organs on easy terms and on easy monthly payments, at Robelen's, 710 Market street.

Meals at all hours at Sixth and Shipley.

THE most vivid and startling pictures of the terrible tragedy in Washington, which resulted in the death of two of the members of Secretary Tracy's family, are found in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper this week. They are strikingly perfect. Other pictures include one in reference to General Sherman's seventieth birthday; a fine portrayal of the negro exodus from the Carolinas.

RATHER have expressed it differently. —Miss Amy—"And do you admire Miss Travers, Mr. Goslin?" Mr. G.—"Yes, awf'ly! She's so unlike other girls, don't-cherknow!"—Punch.

HARNESS at Yerger's.

ROAST Dinners a specialty, at Steele's, 119 Market street.

I thank my stars devoutly
That I'm a Ground Hog gray,
Instead of merely being
A Greely employe.
—Washington Star.

Oysters in every style at Mullin's restaurant, Sixth and Shipley.

B. & O. R. R.—Western Tickets.

The B. & O. R. R. offers the following inducements to purchasers of Western tickets: CHEAPER RATES, FASTER TIME, FEWER CHANGES than any competing line. No extra fare for fast time. Pullman's finest sleeping and parlor cars on all trains.

"TALKING of seeing life, I have been to three balls the same evening," and he sighed as he thought of the overcoat and watch he left there and might never see again.

The world-renowned Knabe pianos, the best pianos now made, only at Robelen's 710 Market street.

CRADLE and coffin are the bounds that inclose the world.—Texas Siftings.

FOR the finest glass of Old Ale go to Dolan's, 6 West Third street.

Roast dinners a specialty at Mullin's, Sixth and Shipley.

A SIGN on Tremont street, Boston, reads; "Fresh Eggs, 28 cents;" "Strictly Fresh Eggs, 30 cents."—American Grocer.

DR. DEHARDT'S Pennyroyal Pills, are the only genuine pennyroyal pills made. At druggists and by mail, $1. Office, 203 N. 9th St. Phila. Ladies beware of imitations.

Not One in Ten

Of the people you meet from day to day has perfectly pure, healthy blood. The hereditary scrofulous taint afflicts the large majority of people, while many others acquire diseases from impure air improper food and wrong indulgences. Hence the imperative necessity for a reliable blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which eradicates every impurity, and gives the blood vatality and health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, humors, boils, pimples and all other affections caused by impurities or poisonous germs in the blood. All that is asked for Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it be given a fair trial.

MARRIED.

DAVIDSON—VAIL.—In Port Penn, Del., on February 6, by the Rev. Rollin A. Sawyer, Harry Davidson and Margaret V. Vail, both of New Castle county, Del.

HAMPSHER—LEE.—In this city, on the 5th instant, by the Rev. H. W. Ewing, Lewis Hampsher of Coatesville, Pa., and Sallie L. Lee of this city.

JOHNSON—KLEBSATTEL.—On February 5, at the residence of Harry V. Easom, No. 709 Spruce street, by the Rev. D. H. Corkran, Gideon E. Johnson of Smyrna and Annie S. Klebsattel of Dover.

MCGINLEY—MCLAUGHLIN.—On February 4, by the Rev. John D. C. Hanna, Harry McGinley and Miss Ollie McLaughlin, both of this city.

DIED.

DEERY.—In this city, on the 4th instant, Ellen, wife of Philip Deery.

FORD.—On February 5, James C., son of the late John P. and Catharine Ford, aged 21 years.

HARTMANN.—In this city, on the 6th instant, after a lingering illness, John Hartmann, in the 69th year of his age.

MCKNITT.—In this city, on the 4th instant, Martha McKnitt, in the 86th year of her age.

MESSICK.—At Chester, Pa. on the 4th instant, Aloysius, son of Joseph H. and Hannah Messick, aged 5 years and 2 months.

SIMMONS.—On the 7th instant, near Newark, Del., George T. Simmons, in the 42d year of his age.

SHERWIN.—In this city, on the 6th instant, Willie, infant son of Edgar L. and Maggie Sherwin, aged 19 months.

SHORTLIDGE.—On February 4, at Media, Pa., Jennie J., wife of Swithin C. Shortlidge.

SPRINGER.—In Christiana hundred, on the 5th instant, Mary, widow of the late Levi Springer, in the 79th year of her age.

TALLEY.—In Brandywine hundred, on February 6, John R. Tally, aged 78 years.