

Dreams.
When the balmy days grow long,
Love, I dream of thee the more,
And I weave into my song
All the sweet, sad thoughts that throng
Of the golden days of yore.
If to dream of thee be wrong,
Then I have offended sore.
Love, I dream of thee the more,
When the balmy days grow long.
—(Boston Pilot.)

A SOLITAIRE.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

Brice Rutherford stood, at the wide stone gateway of a pretty old English homestead. The bright moonlight was gleaming upon the trees, the shrubbery and the fountain, and upon the massive buildings with their towers, balconies and quaint architectural conceits. It was such a picturesque view that the young American tourist gazed upon it with rapture.

The stillness was broken by the dipping of an oar near by, and he was made aware of the fact that close to the left of him a brook flowed through the shrubbery into the river behind him. He turned his face thitherward, and waited.

Presently a boat shot out into the river, and he saw that the occupant was a young girl with a pliant figure, a bright face, and exquisite grace in her movements.

He was as plainly defined in the moonlight as she was, but she did not happen to glance toward the terrace. She was in such a happy mood that she gave voice to it in song:

"Was there ever maid more fair,
Or a truer lover,
Seen beneath the moonlight rare
On the Downs of Dover?"

A second verse followed, and the young man stood spellbound. Never had he heard a voice so sweet, so flexible, so distinctly articulate. The melody was fresh, pleasing, vivacious. She disappeared beyond the trees which lined the river, her voice dying pleasantly away.

He had just turned to depart, when several wild, piercing shrieks came to his ears, and he knew that the fair singer had met with some disaster.

He ran swiftly along the path which skirted the shore, reached an opening among the trees, and saw her struggling in the water, the overturned boat drifting away from her. He plunged into the river and rescued her, carrying her along the path to the terrace.

She was able to stand upon the latter, and had entirely regained her consciousness. She cast a rueful glance at her wet and dragged attire, and then lifted her handsome eyes to the face of the young man who had so gallantly rescued her.

"Sir, I am extremely grateful to you," she said, a sweet tremor in her voice.

Her screams had been heard at the house, and her father and a male domestic came hurrying to the spot. The former was a burly man, crisp of speech and stolid in his manner.

The daughter told him of the mishap and rescue. He bestowed a sharp glance on Brice Rutherford, and said: "Send me your address and I'll compensate you."

The haughty tone and the unappreciative glance angered the young American.

"You don't owe me anything," he coldly said, as he turned upon his heel.

"Sir, I repeat it—I am extremely grateful!" cried the young girl, with a fervent glance and an impulsive grasp of the hand.

Her father walked with her up the terrace, the footman followed at their heels.

The fair English lady had left something in Brice Rutherford's hand when she pressed it. It was a valuable solitaire, very unique in its setting.

"Humph!" he ejaculated, as he strode toward the highway which led to the adjoining village.

Six years later found him at one of the celebrated watering-places in this country.

A handsome, intelligent, vivacious young English heiress was attracting the attention of the beaux, and he soon became as worshipped as the rest of them.

He fell violently in love with her. He proposed to her in an impetuous way, but, much to his chagrin, he was rejected.

His pride was deeply hurt, and yet he hardly felt like blaming her. She was no flirt; he had simply miscalculated the extent of her preference for him.

A few evenings later as he strolled to and fro on the veranda, he glanced in at the open window and saw her seated at a piano, with several young men by her side.

She was certainly very much at home on the instrument; her playing was as faultless as it was brilliant.

Suddenly he stopped opposite the window, his lips parted, his eyes brightening, a gleam of intelligence lighting up his face.

She was singing a ballad, and her sweet, clear, flexible voice filled the room.

"Was there ever maid more fair,
Or a truer lover,
Seen beneath the moonlight rare
On the Downs of Dover."

"Ah!" he ejaculated, under his breath. "Miss Clifton is the English girl I fished out of the river. Perhaps—"

He turned on his heel and dismissed the train of thought that brought with it new hopes and probabilities.

The next day the pretty heiress came upon him as he sat alone in one of the pavilions. He arose to go.

"Pray, Mr. Rutherford, do not let me cause you to retire," she pleasantly said, as she fluttered into one of the rustic seats.

Instead of replying, he looked steadily at her, with an expression upon his face that puzzled her.

"I am sorry for what happened the other day," she softly said.

"You were the arbiter of your own fate," he replied.

"Why, that sounds funny!" she said, with an odd little laugh. "I fancied that you had made me the arbiter of yours."

"Of course, Miss Clifton, if you have reconsidered—"

"But I haven't," she hurriedly interrupted.

She blushed consciously, for she knew she had not been entirely truthful. She might not have reconsidered her refusal, but she had made sundry mental admissions; one that he was the most worthy of her admirers, and the other, that she at least liked him.

"That was a pretty ballad you sang last evening," he said with a sudden change of topic.

"I sang several," reminded she.

"But only one ballad," rejoined he.

"I refer to the 'Downs of Dover.'"

"Were you within hearing?"

"I was on the veranda," was his reply.

"You did not think that I had decamped, in my disappointment and—dispair?" he added, with a slight grin.

"The air is very catly, as we say in this country. Did you compose it?"

"Yes. And the words."

Then she laughed, and added:

"I haven't perpetrated anything like it since."

He was silent for a minute, seemingly deeply wrapped in thought.

She watched him covertly, admiring his handsome face and manly bearing.

"Miss Clifton, I did not run away last night," he slowly said. "But I am going away today."

"Ah!" she ejaculated.

"Yes. And I wish to return your ring."

"What ring?" she asked, with puzzled look and tone.

"The ring which you gave me," he replied.

The puzzled look changed to one of amazement.

"I never gave you a ring," she declared, with considerable vehemence.

"Oh, you didn't, eh?" he said, with a crisp little laugh. "I wanted to return it to you at the time, but you did not give me the chance to do so. It is such a unique bit of workmanship that you cannot fail to recognize it."

He took from his wallet a ring and handed it to her.

She stared at it in a dazed manner, the color coming and going in her face.

At first she looked very sober, and then a soft smile came to her lips, for she recalled the occasion, and the wet, dragged appearance she had presented.

"I remember the awkward episode—awkward on my part," she said, shyly uplifting her superb eyes.

"Yes, I gave you the ring. I cannot permit you to return it. When I gave it to you it ceased to be mine."

"But I did not accept it," replied he.

"You left it in my hand. Until now I have had no opportunity to decline it."

"Tell me," she said, looking fairly at him, new interest in her handsome eyes—"tell me, how long have you known me as the luckless one you once placed under such obligations?"

"Oh, do not call it that!" he rejoined.

"Did you know in the evening you—you proposed to me?" persisted she.

"No, Miss Clifton. I did not know it until last evening. That ballad identified you; you were singing it when your boat upset."

"Was I?" she asked, merely to control her embarrassment, for she remembered quite distinctly.

"I had intended to send you the ring by mail today, without explanation or comment," he said. "I ask no advantage now."

"I cannot say that I understand your last remark, Mr. Rutherford," she replied, slightly flurried.

He was standing with his arms folded, his eyes fixed upon her, watching, intensely yearning look in them that made her heart beat faster.

"You are going away today, did you say, Mr. Rutherford?" she nervously asked.

"Yes, Miss Clifton."

"From—from dire necessity?" she asked, in a queer tone, covertly watching him.

"From choice," he crisply rejoined. He waited a few moments and then significantly added:

"I have lost interest in everything here."

"Even in me?" she asked, with a faint blush on her cheeks and an encouraging smile on her lips. "Perhaps some of that interest can be revived."

"Ah," he quickly rejoined, with a catch in his breath, "yes, it can! One little word from you will be sufficient."

"Then it would not be kind in me to withhold it," she softly said. "I might be cruel to myself. You must keep this ring. I will feel hurt if you decline to accept it."

"I will accept it on one condition."

"And what is that?"

"If you except one from me in return."

"Oh," she exclaimed, the red in her face deepening, "that sounds fair enough! Still, it might involve—"

"It not only might, but it would," interrupted he, with a smile.

"I am to consider this as a renewal of your proposal, I suppose?" she said. "If I didn't, I would be stupid, wouldn't I?" she added, laughing sweetly.

"You are never stupid," rejoined he, with heartiness.

And then their eternal bond of union was sealed.—(Saturday Night.)

Florida Moss and Its Preparation.

The valuable moss of Florida, says Harry Bomford, abounds in the hummocks and back lands. It is gathered chiefly by colored people. In its natural state it hangs in festoons from the limbs of trees in strands from one to five feet in length. The moss is gathered by pulling it from the trees with long poles, or by cutting the trees down and then removing it. The moss is buried in the earth for about a month, after which it is dug up and is dried and shaken and sold to the local moss dealers for one dollar per hundred pounds. It is then run through a machine called a gin, which is nothing more than a cylinder covered with three-inch spikes revolving between a roll of similar stationary spikes. The action of these spikes is to knock out some of the dirt and trash, but it does not complete the job. It is then shaken over a rack formed of parallel bars, after which it is pressed into bales of about two hundred pounds each. Some of the moss mills do all this work by hand, except the grinding. The moss, after having gone through the above process, brings from \$2.50 to \$3 per hundred pounds.

If, instead of allowing it to remain in the earth for one month, it is left there for three months, the entire bark of the moss is pulled off and there remains a beautiful black fibre almost exactly like hair. The hair moss brings from five to seven dollars per hundred pounds.

Mr. Bomford suggests the treatment of this moss as a good field for invention. He thinks a machine could be made which would take off the bark, leaving the fibre, without the necessity of burying the moss for so long a time in the earth.—(Boston Transcript.)

Hauled Out the Fish by Horse Power.

A gentleman who resides on Bolivar reports that a large sawfish was captured a few days ago near Roll-over which measured eighteen feet in length, three feet eight inches length of saw, six feet wide, and two feet thick from dorsal to ventral fin. It got inside the bar that runs parallel with the peninsula, and, not being able to get out, was caught, and, after being made fast with a hawser, it took two horses and four men to pull the fish ashore.—(Galveston News.)

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

A BRAVE SOLDIER.

The Recovery of the Body of a Soldier Killed at Cypress Creek, Ark.



The recent encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Washington, D.C. brought to light many facts not heretofore known by the surviving relatives of a soldier killed in the war for the defense of the Union. An unarmored soldier, named Scott, from Eureka Springs, Ark., was shown to two strangers an old canteen that he got from his brother, who, while a member of a New York regiment, had found it hanging on a cannon. Scott, without knowing it, was exhibiting the relic to a brother of an officer who gave his life to preserve his country from disunion and destruction. From Scott was learned the quarters of Lieut. C. M. Greene, formerly of Co. B, 3d Ark. Cav., who, with Maj. T. S. Clarkson, recovered the brother's body from the hands of the enemy, and from Lieut. Greene it was ascertained where Major T. S. Clarkson, Postmaster at Omaha, Neb., Junior Vice Commander of the Grand Army, could be found, both of whom gave some particulars not previously received in the letters to the family from Col. Ryan.

William Hotchkiss Ritter, son of Nathan and Elizabeth Ritter, and brother of N. T. Ritter, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and D. A. Ritter, Washington, D. C., was born in New Haven Sept. 19, 1838, and previous to enlistment had lived in Hartford, Boston, New York, Saugerties, and Brooklyn, and resided at the latter place when the war began.

At the first call of President Lincoln for 75,000 men to aid in the defense of the Nation's Capitol, Lieut. Ritter joined April 19, 1861, Co. D, Capt. Otiswell's company, 12th N. Y., under command of Colonel Daniel Butterfield, and served with the regiment at Washington and in Virginia until its return Aug. 5, 1861. With a few friends he enlisted again, to join Gen. Fremont's Body Guard at St. Louis, but before their arrival at St. Louis Gen. Fremont was recalled, and Ritter, with his friends, joined the famous Merrill's Horse of Missouri, a cavalry regiment, 1,000 strong, under command of Capt. Lewis Merrill, a Captain in the Regular Army, who was soon promoted to Brigadier-General. The regiment was organized at St. Louis in September, 1861, and was composed of three companies recruited in Cincinnati, three in Northwest Missouri, two in Michigan, one in St. Louis, and one of men from Michigan, New York and Missouri.

Ritter joined Co. G, and was promoted May 1, 1863, from Corporal to Battalion Sergeant-Major. Co. G was the escort or body-guard of Gen. Davidson, who, with his 14,000 cavalry, alone captured Little Rock by crossing the river ten miles below and fighting his way to the city. Ritter described in a letter dated Sept. 12, 1863, the part he took: "As our army advanced on both sides of the river I took an American flag, with six of the escort, on the bank of the river to show Gen. Steele opposite how far our men had got up the river. We kept on a line with our skirmishers, saw hard fighting, and heard bullets and shells whistle about as close as they generally go and not hit. Two of our cannons were captured and again recaptured within 20 feet of me, while I did nothing but sit on my horse and keep the flag all right. I think the rebels didn't like the Stars and Stripes, for they sent their lead very thick at me; but no one of our party was killed. Our regiment has been in the advance for two weeks, and Gen. Davidson thinks there is none like it. We have lost many killed and wounded, and I have seen brave boys die, whose last words were worthy of the greatest heroes of the world."

Feb. 14, 1864, Ritter joined the 3rd Ark. Cav., and was mustered in as First Lieutenant of Co. I. This was a regiment being formed of Arkansas refugees, a rough and brave set of men who had done much harm to the rebels. At the same time protecting their families and avoiding being forced into the rebel service. After six drills these rough men drilled so splendidly as to call forth the highest praise from Gen. Steele.

From Maj. T. S. Clarkson and First Lieut. C. M. Greene were gathered some facts not previously received concerning Lieut. Ritter's last conflict with the enemy.

On the morning of the 14th of May, 1864, when the regiment was encamped at Lewisburg, Ark., Lieut. Ritter, with about 30 of his men, rode toward Cypress Creek, about eight miles south of Lewisburg. They arrived at the rough log bridge about 11 o'clock. On the other side was an open space, and beyond were numerous cypress trees. As the men were advancing they were suddenly fired upon by a portion of Shelby's cavalry (who were 1,000 or 2,000 strong in that vicinity), who hid behind the trees. Not knowing that the enemy were so numerous, Lieut. Ritter and men continued fighting. He received a wound in the leg early in the engagement, but gave no attention to it. The men were finally compelled to retreat across the bridge leaving Lieut. Ritter, with his bleeding wound, in the hands of the enemy. He was stripped of his uniform, which was

donned by a rebel officer, who afterwards was shot within an inch of the place where Lieut. Ritter was shot.

Maj. T. S. Clarkson, then in command of the regiment, with Lieut. Greene and a large force, returned the same afternoon, drove the rebels from the place, and recovered the body of Lieut. Ritter. His wound received no surgical treatment, and consequently caused his death two or three hours after he was shot. A lady who lived in a house a few rods away gave him water and was with him in his last moments. She said that he passed away as one falling asleep.

The abstract returns was as follows: "First Lieut. Wm. H. Ritter fell while leading his men into action eight miles south of this place (Lewisburg), May 14, 1864, and was buried here."

His remains were afterward removed to the Little Rock National Cemetery, also the remains of Capt. Marlon Gates. In the roll of honor of soldiers buried in 1874 at Little Rock, 25 names of men are given who served in the 3d Ark. Cav. There are about 6,000 buried there, several hundred of whom are unknown.

At Fort Smith National Cemetery there were buried 19 of the Ark. Cav. and possibly others unknown.

In a letter from D. B. Russell, Quartermaster of the regiment, dated Oct. 3, 1892, is the following: "At one time we established a G. A. R. Post here (Morrilton, Ark.) and called it Ritter Post, but as they had but few members here it went down. I mention this to show the kind feeling his old soldier-friends had for him."

From the additional information lately received from Maj. Clarkson and Lieut. Greene it is hoped that the sash, and possibly the sword, which were left at the camp in Lewisburg (Lieut. Ritter at the time was armed only with revolvers) may be recovered.—D. A. R. in NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

Commodore Vanderbilt's Dollar.

J. L. Martin of Toccoa, Ga., has in his possession a silver dollar with an interesting history, which is told by the Atlanta Constitution. Sixteen years ago an English sailor was stranded here in that extremely unpleasant condition popularly known as being "strapped." He wished to reach Chattanooga, Tenn., and had no means of getting there, so he unrolled his tale of woe to Mr. Martin and offered to sell him his watch and his last dollar, which he prized beyond its intrinsic value on account of the following circumstances connected with his receiving it: Old Commodore Vanderbilt was once a passenger on the same ship on which this sailor was employed, and happened, while leaning over the side of the vessel to drop his tall silk hat into the water. The sailor, witnessing the accident, immediately jumped overboard and rescued the tile from the watery grave. The commodore heartily expressed his thanks to the mar and gave him a dollar, which the sailor had kept ever after as a souvenir. He finally parted with his watch and the cherished dollar to Mr. Martin in exchange for a pair of shoes and his railroad fare to Chattanooga, requesting Mr. Martin to preserve the dollar, as he wished, when able, to redeem it. Sixteen years have passed, and Mr. Martin faithful to his promise, still has the coin, the poor sailor never having returned to claim it.

The dollar was coined in 1800 and is somewhat larger than the dollar now in circulation and quite different in appearance. The design on the obverse side is the bust of Liberty, facing to the right, above the word "Liberty" and beneath the date, 1800, with six stars to the right and seven to the left, representing the thirteen original States. On the reverse side is the "bird of freedom" bearing the United States shield on its breast, and in its beak a scroll inscribed, "E Pluribus Unum," a bundle of thirteen arrows in the right talon and an olive branch in the left; above the eagle are clouds and thirteen stars, and about the whole, "United States of America." The denomination of the coin is given around the rim, like the tire of a wheel.

Caught by the Battery.

Once went up the Amazon and Orinoco Rivers on an animal capturing expedition for the late P. T. Barnum, said Dick Cowper, an old showman. "I got quite a collection of snakes, birds, and monkeys. I hit on a novel plan for the capture of the latter and it worked like a charm. A monkey is a greater imitator than a Chinaman. He will do anything he sees done, and that is what gets so many of his kind into the cage. I rigged up an electric battery and attached it to an apparatus that would allow a score of the Simians to get hold of it. I then took a party of natives and went into the forest where there were troops of monkeys. We put the apparatus down, attached the wire, and removed the battery to a considerable distance, the natives then took hold of the apparatus, danced and yelled, then retired. The monkeys made a dash for it. Half a dozen caught hold and I turned on the current. They began to shriek and squirm, but the others thought their performance a part of the program and fairly fell over each other to get hold of the machine. I could have stuck the whole troop if they could have got hold of the concern. We then made a descent on them with sacks and soon had a score of them corralled. But it would only work ones. We tried it a month afterward at a point fifty miles distant, but not a monkey came off his perch in the trees. They viewed the proceedings with evident curiosity, but without any apparent desire to imitate our war dance around the machine."—Globe-Democrat.

PENNSYLVANIA PICKINGS.

SOME IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS

Of Interest to Dwellers in the Keystone State.

EFFECTS OF THE DROUGHT.

GREAT INCONVENIENCE OCCASIONED IN THIS SUBURBIAL VALLEY.

The extent of the inconvenience caused by the great scarcity of water at points north of Reading can hardly be imagined, and it is said that at some places beyond Port Clinton it is actually necessary to guard the tanks of the locomotives to prevent the people from carrying off the water. It is also reported that on one of the divisions of the Lehigh Valley the water to supply the locomotives is transported for quite a distance by engines. Reading is one of the few cities in the Schuylkill Valley whose water supply has not been affected by the drought. Owing to the drought mountain fires have broken out in several places.

CRAZED BY BURGLARS.

A WILKESBARRE WOMAN RECEIVES A SHOCK THAT BOYS HERD OF HER HORSES. Burglars broke into the residence of Joseph Diskl, Wilkesbarre. Mrs. Diskl heard their footsteps in the house. The husband jumped out of bed, when the burglars fired upon him, two bullets being lodged in his body. Mrs. Diskl never recovered from the shock. She is now a raving maniac. She was confined for safety, and her husband lingers between life and death.

TAMPED THE POWDER TOO HARD.

By the premature explosion of a blast in a cut at Rock Glen, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, Anthony Girard was instantly killed and Frank Pasolo and Vincent Correlow fatally injured. It was just before quitting time and the men were anxious to get home. Evidently, in their haste, the bar used in tamping the giant powder was struck too heavily, causing the explosion. Girard's body dropped 200 feet away. Pasolo was found under a mass of debris horribly mangled.

A RESAWAY HORSE KILLS TWO.

While Peter Richardson was driving a one-horse team down Twentieth street, Philadelphia the animal took fright and ran away. By a collision with the curb Richardson was thrown out and killed. The frightened horse continued on down the street where 2-year-old Andrew Boston was run down and killed. The horse was stopped before further injury was done.

A TERRIFIC TRAGEDY.

Superintendent Levi Mundorf was instantly killed, and one of the large buildings at L. N. Foust & Co.'s sand works, blown to atoms at Huntington by an explosion of 100 pounds of dynamite and 50 pounds of powder. The terrible shock was felt in all parts of the town. A dozen workmen had miraculous escapes.

A FARMER FOUND DEAD.

Wm. Powell, a prominent farmer of Newlin township, Chester county, was this morning found lying dead under his wagon, which stood in the public road some distance from his home.

A DOUBLE-BARRELED PREVENTION SOCIETY.

At Bethlehem, a society has been formed for the prevention of robin shooting and of starting forest fires. The society offers \$2 reward for information leading to the conviction of either class of offenders.

MURDERER KECK MUST HANG.

The Board of Pardons refused to commute the sentence of Murderer William K. Keck, and he will be hanged at Allentown November 10.

EX-GOV. HOYT STRICKEN WITH PARALYSIS.

Ex-Gov. Hoyt suffered a serious stroke of paralysis at Wilkesbarre and is in a serious condition.

TWO YEARS AGO AN HONEST, HARD-WORKING YOUNG IRISHMAN NAMED ROBERT ARMOUR, WHO HAD SPENT SEVERAL YEARS IN NEW BRITAIN, RETURNED TO IRELAND, WHERE HE NOW IS. HE HAD MANAGED TO ACCUMULATE \$350. THIS HE LEFT WITH HIS BROTHER, JOHN. JOHN AND HIS WIFE WRAPPED IT IN A CLOTH AND PLACED IT IN A TIN BOX, AND PUT THE BOX IN AMONG THE FILLING OF A BED. THERE IT REMAINED UNDISTURBED, AND WAS GRADUALLY FORGOTTEN. ONE DAY LAST WEEK IT WAS DECIDED TO REEIL THE TIE, AND ITS CONTENTS, INCLUDING THE BOX, WERE DUMPED OUT AND SET ON FIRE. LAST SATURDAY A SMALL BOY WHO WAS TOILING AMONG THE ASHES FOUND THE BOX. THE BILLS WERE PARTIALLY DESTROYED, BUT CAN BE REDEEMED, AND THE COINS WERE FUSED.

THE contract for printing the election ballots for Fayette county has been let to the Jeffersonian Democrat. There will be 42,000 of the official and 2,700 of specimen ballots. The contract price for the official ballots is \$12 per 1,000 and \$10 per 1,000 for the specimen ballots. The ballots for Fayette county will therefore cost \$78.

TYPHOID FEVER IS ALARMLINGLY PREVALENT IN BUTLER.

Mrs. O'MARA, 80 years old, was run down by the street cars at Greensburg and will die.

W. J. Wilson, a prominent citizen of Bergetown, Washington county, was killed by the Eastern express as he was walking on the Panhandle tracks there. He was on his way home from a neighbor's, and had only a short distance to walk on the track.

The large abattoir of the Huntingdon reformatory was burned to the ground and 50 hogs in a pen near by narrowly escaped cremation. The fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary, and it is thought that some of the discharged inmates of the institution who haunt the town instead of returning to their homes were responsible.

FIRE AT HUMPHREYSTOWN DESTROYED FIVE RESIDENCES, THE COACH SHOP OF DAVID BENDER AND THE STORE OF JOHN SHOEMAKER. LOSS, \$50,000.

ROBERT H. WILSON, of Saltsburg, had one of his arms torn off by being caught in a rope in a mill.

THERE was a \$20,000 planing mill and lumber yard fire at Oxford, D. W. Chaudler was the sufferer.

SAMUEL STEWART, a carpenter residing on Brunot's islands, near Pittsburg, died of lock-jaw, caused by stepping on a rusty nail about two weeks ago.

WILLIAM STARK was killed and David Hillinger probably fatally injured by the taving in of a clay bank at a Lancaster brickyard.

DAYTON WILLIAMS, a carpenter, took a fall, and fell from the top of a three-story building at New Castle, receiving fatal injuries.

HEAVY damages from drought are reported in the Beaver Valley and Fayette and Somerset counties.