

THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

M. V. THOMAS. On the stage the acts are changing, Scenes are shifting to and fro; And the drama—never ending— Makes strange faces come and go.

TWO DOZEN SNAP SHOTS.

John Beech was developing a kodak film in his dark-room, and whistling softly to himself as he worked. He was happy—that is, as happy as a man with a secret can be when he knows that the revelation of that secret to the prettiest girl in town, of whom he has lately become such a firm friend, will knock everything down to the level of mere commonplace friendship.

Of course he wasn't ashamed of his little finance at home, who was so proud of her big collegian and looked forward so eagerly to his graduation, when they were to have such fine times, with her mother as chaperon, and small musical and all that sort of thing. He was really and fully proud of Alys, and had taken the greatest pleasure in showing her off "Prom," week, and then, when she had gone and he had felt lonely and miserable, he met Estelle Compton.

Their friendship grew and matured without his ever mentioning Alys, and yet, somehow, he felt he ought to say something about her, as he began to suspect that Estelle was growing unconsciously interested.

A part of their conversation on the lake that morning had made deep an impression on him, and he was thinking it over now as he developed his negatives, whistling to himself.

They had come to the upper part of the lake, where it narrows into a small stream, the overhanging bushes and trees on either side being mirrored in the smooth water with startling distinctness. She looked very fair indeed as they paused for a moment to drink in the lovely scene.

"How beautiful," she whispered, "it looks like heaven as I expect to find it, all green and cool and placid." And she looked at him with reverent eyes. He had the camera leveled at her, and as she looked up snapped it. It broke the spell.

"You prosaic mortal!" she cried. "Don't you take in the beauty of this place?"

"Entirely," he replied, calmly, as he put down the camera and took up the ears. "I have her right in there, and if I'm not mistaken I intend to have eleven more of her before I stop."

"I know a man," she began, meditatively, again turning her eyes to the scenery, "who took twelve shots at a girl, and then proposed to her. Said it would not be proper for any man to have twelve pictures of one girl unless she was his fiancée."

"And did she accept him?" asked John eagerly, leaning forward.

"She did," she replied, turning those lovely eyes on him.

"He shivered—positively shivered, and with an effort tore his eyes away from her face."

"How foolish!" he remarked, and looked at his watch, which had a picture of Alys inside the cover. The sight reassured him.

"We won't be such idiots," he continued, cheerfully, "so here goes for some more," and with great deliberation he aimed and snapped his kodak several times, getting some very fetching pictures of Miss Compton and the leafy background. Meanwhile he was keeping up a train of mental complaints to himself, in which "idiot" and "coward" figured conspicuously, trying to get up enough "sand" to turn the conversation back, and mention his engagement. But it was no use. They talked of the base ball, the commencement game, the boat race, and a thousand other themes of college life, and finally turned and got home just in time for luncheon.

"God! that was a close call for me!" thought John, as he sat in the dim red light washing his film. "I nearly lost my head, and no mistake, but a man might be pardoned, under the circumstances, that place and that girl are enough to fuddle any man. If I didn't know Estelle was simply friendly in her feeling toward me, I might begin to think—say, that was an all-fired soft look she gave me—but I know her too well to suspect anything of that kind. She was simply impressed with the place, not me. But supposing she is growing fond of me? By Jove, I'll have to tell her—it's the only course. Alys will be coming down to commencement—wouldn't miss seeing me graduate for anything—and I am sure Estelle expects me to ask her to go, and I'll be in no end of a mess. I must tell her, and very soon, too."

Here the pictures began to appear, as he held them up to the red light, and his attention was all on them for a moment, when suddenly he broke out:

"God! there's that one with the look! Such a look! Why, that girl's dead in love with me, and again he shivered. "This is awful, and there's only one thing for me to do." He hurriedly finished up the films, pinned them to a board to dry, and rushing out with his cap pulled over his eyes, tore off to Estelle's.

"What a fool I am," he suddenly reflected, as he neared the house and saw Estelle and a fellow on the porch together. "They'll think I'm daft if I tear in like this," and he was about to pass when Estelle ran down the walk to the gate and called him back. Her eyes were radiant, her cheeks aflame, and her gown just the very prettiest one she owned.

"John," she called, "come here just a moment."

He turned and came back. The sun was shining brightly, and oh, how that Con-

necticut sun can shine when once it gets started. He thought she had never looked prettier. His courage oozed out, and he feverishly drew out his watch and murmured something about an appointment. Alys looked at him placidly from inside the cover, and he straightened up a little.

"I want you to come in for a moment to meet an old friend of mine who has unexpectedly come up from New York for a day or two. I know you'll be good to him, for he has heard a good deal about you and likes you immensely. I know you'll be surprised when I tell you that he is the man who took those twelve pictures, and I am the girl, and—well, we're to be married before commencement, and so do come up and meet him now, there's a dear."

How John Beech ever got through that introduction and the subsequent conversation he never knew, but when he came to himself he was at home printing pictures with great vigor.—Washington Post.

Worthy a Crown. As a rule the country preacher is not supposed to be the child of luxury, but it is left for the Penfield "Press" to search out the two sides of the ledger, and show what the pastor of a Clearfield county village does to earn the salary paid him. For five years Rev. S. Ham has ministered to the wants of the little flock that worship in the Penfield Methodist church. In that same period the "Press" informs its readers, Mr. Ham also preached at Hickory, Winterburn, Mt. Pleasant, Mill Run, Tyler, Webb and Weedville. He married 24 couples, baptized 113 persons, attended 105 funerals, received into the church 186 probation members and 112 permanent ones. He paid a debt of \$750 on the church, paid \$800 on a new parsonage, raised \$300 for a new church at Hickory, and did it all for a salary of from \$600 to \$650 a year. The village paper says: "It is not wondered that his parishioners hate to see him leave a field where he has been of so great usefulness."

Mr. Ham is one of a great army of self-sacrificing men, who are devoting themselves to a work of bettering humanity, and no doubt he feels within himself that his reward is sufficient, or he would give the world over to its idols and turn his efforts to something less laborious and more profitable. But after reading these figures and this detail of the tasks assumed, the pastor of a typical village church, we can see how unequalled are the occasional gratuitous insults offered to the clergy in the remark that they work for money just the same as anybody else, and that they always go where the biggest salary offers. Possibly a clergyman does like to see his salary when the quarterly pay days come around, for he has never yet, with all of his anxiety for his race, found a way whereby the stomach of one of them, his own included, could thrive on the love one bears his fellow men. Self sacrifice and a solicitude for his congregation will never buy shoes for the parson's babies. As long as the soul of a good man is housed in a material body, from some source must come his bread and his black coat.

Mr. Ham has made no protest about his modest income. He has done the tasks set before him by conference, and done them so well his people are sorry to see him leave. They have done for him what they could, for they are a small community, and not buried under the good things of the world. Possibly some of his income has been paid in farm produce, maple sugar, or cordwood. Such things pass current in the small communities.

A few preachers are known who receive large incomes, and are allowed a vacation in summer with a fat purse to go to Europe or the Holy Land. They are pointed out as the type of a class that is pampered, well fed, and asked to do little in return. But they are not the type. The typical parson is the man like Mr. Ham, who, though he is expected to do, and while his salary may be a small one compared with the average, the average is by no means large.

An old legend is the authority that every good deed done on earth means a star in the wreath that shall cover the head of the faithful in the world that is to come. If such be the case the pastor of the village church, whether in Penfield or in the multitude of other small places that provide him plenty of work and modest income, should find a crown so spangled with stars that its radiance will eclipse that of any other benefactor of his race.

Up To Date Cities.

Nearly Everything Done by Electricity.

The most modern cities of the world are Great Falls, Mon, and Spokane, Falls, Wash. They are entitled to the distinction because nearly everything is done by electricity. Not only are the street railways and all the manufacturing establishments operated by the current, but even the houses are lighted and the cooking done by the same agency. Elevators, sewing machines, house heaters, dental chairs, church organs, pianos, burglar alarms, door bells, chafing dishes, water heaters, hair curlers, sad-irons, washing machines, printing presses, the telegraph, telephone, and in fact, every piece of mechanism that requires external force to propel it is dependent on electricity for motive power.

All this looks as though the spirit of progress had arbitrarily taken up her abode in Great Falls and Spokane, but this is not strictly the case. The modern greatness of the two cities has in a measure been thrust upon them. They could not employ any other motive power if they wanted to. They were so situated that all other sources are unavailable. Coal, for instance, is hardly to be had at any price. The waters of Great Falls and Spokane Falls have been pressed into service and made to operate turbines, which in turn operate electric generators. From these, sufficient electricity is obtained to run every piece of mechanism and light every light in the two cities.

Hit Him With a Shovel.

Foreman Chides a Workman and Gets a Fractured Skull.

Joseph Bopp is in the Memorial hospital at Johnstown with a fractured skull, his assailant, Casper Stephania is in the city prison. Friday evening, while the men were at work in the Cambria yards, Bopp, who is employed as foreman, chided Stephania for not doing his work properly. The latter hit the foreman over the head with a shovel, fracturing the skull so badly that the physicians were compelled to remove a large portion. Bopp is not expected to recover.

Facts in the Case.

"It is said we shall all pass away as a tale that is told."

"That sounds all right; but tales that are told don't pass away—they are forever being told over again."

The Appendicitis Scare.

Why Grapes Now Rot on the Vines Explained by a Horticulturist.

Mr. Cyrus T. Fox, of Reading, chairman of the general fruit committee of the State Horticultural Association, made an astonishing and no doubt true statement before the recent meeting of that association in this city. Mr. Fox is an authority on fruit culture and his words, therefore, have the weight which always attaches to the utterances of an expert. It is, therefore, with amazement that we learn that while the grape crop last year was abundant the consumption was greatly decreased on account of the "appendicitis scare."

Can such things be! In truth they must be else Mr. Fox would not say so, and he says so because he knows it is so. Truly in knowledge there is sorrow and in wisdom misery. In vain does the purple of the grape appeal to the eye, and stimulate the appetite. No more will artists depict in wondrous colors fair and lovely maidens plucking the rich clusters of grapes from among their leafy lovers. It used to be so in the days of old, but this is a wonderful age, and change is the order of the day. "True that the blush of the grape still gladdens the eye and its dark purple glints in its bed of green, but the merry maiden—where is she? Does she with tapering fingers press the luscious meat within her rose-tinted lips? Nit! She recites to the grassy banks and reads a treatise on "Appendicitis," while the grape falls a prey to the worm and the frost.

Years ago nobody knew that man possessed such an inconvenient appendage as an appendix vermiform and therefore nobody suffered from appendicitis. But as society became more fashionable—the good old-fashioned stomach, which was no longer permitted within the social circle of the Four Hundred. Where there is a demand there is always a supply and from out of the innermost convolutions of a man's anatomy the surgeon's knife revealed the new and fashionable disease—appendicitis—and the healthful and refreshing grape no longer lingers lovingly in the palate of man's friends, but is the cause when it is it, which may produce hair on the teeth, but never appendicitis. The grape has produced many a jag, but it should not have other sins saddled upon it for which it is not responsible. A pain in the neighborhood of the stomach after eating about a basket of grapes is not always a sign that a man has this fashionable disease—appendicitis.—Allentown Chronicle.

A Family Doctor Says.

That the hot pastry and iced drinks of this country have much to do with the thickness of people.

That disordered digestion in adults is often the outcome of being compelled or allowed to eat rich food in childhood.

That the time to pay strict attention to bodily health is during the vigorous portion of life.

That up to middle life most people are careless regarding their physical condition, and thus people who ought to live long lives have their days curtailed.

That it is a great mistake to follow the common practice of dosing infants with teas, oils and sweetened waters when any real or imaginary ail is upon them.

That for those who hurry to and from their meals soup is recommended as a preparatory agent for the reception of solid food. For a man to rush hurriedly to his meals and gulp down meat, vegetables and pie without a short interval of rest for the stomach is nearly akin to suicide.

That toasting bread destroys the yeast germs and converts the starch into a soluble substance which is incapable of fermentation; that dry toast is more healthful, will not hurt the stomach, and produce any discomfort and is, therefore, more agreeable to a weak digestion than any other bread.

That toothache caused by a cold in the facial nerves may often be relieved by wringing a soft cloth out of cold water and sprinkling it with strong vinegar. This should be laid on the face like a poultice, and will often be followed by refreshing sleep.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness, sealed up until you are dead, but use them while they are sweet, now, speak approving and cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you will say after they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, bestow now, and so brighten and sweeten their earthly homes before they are buried.

If our friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over our dead body, we would rather they would bring them now, in our weary and troubled hours, and open them that we may be refreshed and cheered, while we need them and can positively enjoy them. We would rather have a plain coffin without a flower and a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to announce our friends beforehand for their burial—flowers upon the coffin shed no fragrance backward over the weary way by which the loved ones have traveled.—Es.

Got Drunk on Wood Alcohol.

Terrible Death of a Colored Man While Celebrating the Birth of His Child.

On Saturday morning Charles Stevens, colored of Central Valley, near Milford, died of delirium tremens. He married a white woman two years ago, and at the birth of a child ten days ago he celebrated the event by drinking wood alcohol and benzene, and would have swallowed a quantity of varnish if his wife had not prevented it.

He expired in agony, with the words, "I'm going to hell."

How Sheriffs Can "Proclaimate."

HARRISBURG, Jan. 25.—Deputy attorney general Elkin has advised the secretary of the commonwealth that the sheriff's election proclamation need not be a fac simile of the official election ballot, but may be printed in the form agreed upon by the county officers, providing all the nominations are given.

Distress Among Miners.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 31.—Great distress prevails among the river miners, almost all of the 10,000 diggers in the Monongahela Valley being out of employment, because of the bad condition of the coal business and because of the freezing up of the river.

He Hasn't Been Answered Yet.

Tommy—Oh, paw! Mr. Figg—Well? "How can a solid fact leak out?"

Cameron on Silver.

Great Financial Disaster Will Ensnare if Silver Remains Demonetized.

The following is a letter written by Senator J. Donald Cameron, of this state, to Andrew B. Humphrey, of Denver, secretary of the National Republican League. The letter is a strong portrayal of the evils that will attend a continuance of monometallism and an exposure of the forces that caused the demonization of silver.

UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C. June 13, 1894. MY DEAR SIR: The gold standard seems to us to be working ruin with violence that nothing can stand. If its influence is to continue for the future at the rate of its action during the twenty years since the gold standard took possession of the world, some generation not very remote will see in the broad continent of America only a half dozen overgrown cities, keeping guard over a mass of capital, and lending it out to a population of dependent laborers on the mortgage of their growing crops and unfinished handiwork. Such sights have been common enough in the world's history; but against it we all rebel, rich and poor alike; Republicans, Democrats, Populists; labor and capital; railroads, churches and colleges—all alike, and all in solid good faith, shrink from such a future as that.

This agreement is the best part of the situation. At least we can be sure that no one is deliberately conspiring against our safety. Even on the burning ground of silver and gold we agree in principle. No party and no party leader has ever approved of the single gold standard. Not one American in a hundred believes in it. We are more unanimous in hostility to it than we are on any question in politics. A vast majority of our countrymen agree that the single gold standard has been, is, and will be national disaster of the worst kind. What is still more strange, almost the whole world sympathizes with us. Nine-tenths of mankind are hostile to the single gold standard. Our 70,000,000 people are unanimous against it. Most of the great European nations and their government dislike it.

So strange a spectacle has never been in our history. Argument, and even the compulsion of proof brought by world-wide ruin seems to be helpless against this astonishing power. What is the use of argument when we are all convinced, and when at least nine-tenths of the civilized and uncivilized world agree? England holds us to the single gold standard by the force of her capital alone more despotically than she could hold us to her empire in 1776. The mere threat of her displeasure paralyzes mankind.

The most instructive point of all is that our great majority consists of the interests in the world which have been from time immemorial reckoned as the safest and most conservative.

The whole agricultural class; the whole class of small proprietors, the farmers that make the bulk and sinew of our race; the artisan whose interests are bound up in the success of our manufactures; all those joint hands with what is left of their old enemies, the landed aristocracy of Europe, to protest against a revolution made for the benefit of money lenders alone.

On the other hand, that revolution is even more radical than any which has been accomplished by professed revolutionists. Had all the despotic governments that have existed in a thousand years united their intelligence to set class against class, to breed corruption, to stimulate violence, and to utter the foundations of society, they could have invented no device more effective than this decree which at one stroke doubled the value of capital, destroyed the value of industry, and swept the small proprietor everywhere into bankruptcy.

The task before us is to restore normal activity to our industry—to break down the barriers of sectionalism—to check the increasing tension between rich and poor—to relieve agriculture, and to save the small farmer and manufacturer—in a word, to smooth away the threatening dangers of social discontent. Very truly yours, J. D. CAMERON.

Smokers Face a Crisis.

Weyler's Tobacco Edict Beginning to Pinch Them—Mexican Tobacco Coming in Many Dealers—Speculate the Smoker Regarding the Quality of His Cigar.

According to trustworthy reports, now is the crucial time with the smokers' cigars. The thin edged wedge of Governor-General Weyler's edict, prohibiting the export of tobacco from Havana, is now to be driven home. The stocks of fine Vuelta Ajo tobacco are about exhausted and several conscientious firms of manufacturers have so informed their customers, and gone out of business, and the receipts of large quantities of Mexican tobacco for well-known leaf tobacco importers of this city tell their own story, just as do the large importations of what is known as Remedios tobacco hitherto used only in seed and Havana cigars, by some of the largest manufacturers of all Havana cigars in this country.

It is estimated that the total importation of clear Havana cigars amount to about 37,000,000 a year. In this country they were made of imported Havana tobacco and industry appears to be threatened with extinction unless there is some change in Weyler's policy. The heavy duty of \$3.50 per pound, and 25 per cent, ad valorem imposed on imported cigars causes the Cuban made cigar to cost nearly double in the stores of this country, and it is hardly likely that the average smoker of clear Havana cigars will want to pay the difference between what he paid for his old brand and the imported goods, which he may not like so well.

For nine days William Harman, a Philadelphia tramp, has subsisted on a crust of bread in a barn in Dingman's township, Pike county.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A child should literally be intelligently let alone. It should not be handled, or rocked, or amused, nor should its attention be attracted in any way. For the first five or six months it should lie quietly in its bed or basket, be regularly fed, and as regularly encouraged to sleep. It will of course get tired. Therefore it needs occasional turning, care for change of position, and a gentle rubbing of the limbs or back.

A good rule is to stroke the little body for a few minutes, and to change its position every time the baby needs to be made dry. The natural rapid growth of infancy makes the flesh tingle and the limbs ache, and frequent rubbing with the palm of the hand promotes future health as well as present comfort.

In order to preserve for a young babe the proper conditions of light, warmth and air and yet to lift and carry it as little as possible, it is necessary to have for its first nest a movable bed. Any basket with the sides and bottom carefully protected and padded will serve, but the most convenient is the regular dog-basket, with a hood on one side. This when properly draped, serves to exclude draught, while the drapery may easily be readjusted to vary the degree of light. If a child occupies a stationary crib, it must be moved from its bed whenever its room is aired or cleaned, or is needed for other purposes. But when such a basket is used, the child and bed together may be changed from one room to another, or from one corner of the room to a darker or lighter corner, or to a warmer or warmer one, as convenience or comfort may suggest. Most important of all, a mother, without confining herself to the nursery, can keep the infant under her own eye, while engaged in her ordinary daily occupations. Even though she does not personally feed and nurse the baby, she can thus superintend and criticize the nurse's efforts.—From Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. McKee, daughter of ex-President Harrison vouches for the perfection of a recipe for making pecan cake. Beat together a cup of butter and two of sugar, adding a little beaten white of egg; then put in a cup of flour, half a cup of sweet milk, then another cup of flour. The last flour must contain two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add the whites of eight eggs (allowing for that which has been taken from them to mix with the butter and sugar). The filling and icing is made as follows: Two cups of nuts should soak awhile in a gnat pineapple, after chopping them fine. Now mix them into the whites (beaten stiff) of six eggs and powdered sugar. Put whole pecan kernels over the top of the cake while the icing is still soft.

Frances E. Brant left her school in Ohio twelve years ago and invested the money she had earned as a teacher in a Kansas farm. To-day she owns 2500 acres of good land. For six years she has been a preacher, and for two years the pastor of the Universalist church at Hutchinson, Kan.

Skirts have to be fitted now more carefully than ever, and stand out at the back well, although they are not nearly so full at sides and front. There are many cunning devices in order to make such a desired result. Very flexible steels find a place at the hem of the skirt, and sometimes about a quarter of a yard below the waist. Indeed, wire and steel have many unaccustomed uses now. Not only are most of the upstanding collars wired, and a great deal of the lace and most of the bows but not a few of the silk bolero jackets are thus treated. Corling has come back to us once again, and a great many of the newest skirts have three corplings on the hips, which makes them set very flat below the waist, and stand out gracefully beyond.

A tailor-made, or, at any rate, a cloth dress of some kind, is an absolute necessity to every woman, and this season's styles present such lovely things to choose from. The up-to-date tailor costume does not necessarily consist of bodice and skirt of like material, but is shown with skirt and coat of contrasting stuffs, and this in splendid effect. Donnavon's gowns are always superb, but some of his latest tailor rigs are absolutely ravishing, and make one wish to wear nothing else. An especially striking one is a narrow, clinging skirt of a pale tan broadcloth, almost yellow in tone, and of a velvety softness.

It is entirely plain, with not even a hem in sight, though it is richly interlined with a beautifully rich shade of tobacco brown taffeta. The tiny little coat is a perfect wonder of chic, built as it is of tobacco brown broadcloth, bearing the same finish as the skirt. It fits like a glove, curving sharply at the waist, and full of flares and ripples over the hips.

It opens broadly across the bust with a coat collar and elongated revers decorated with tiny buttons of gold and false button-holes, and shows a softly folded scarf of plaid silk, crossed and fastened with a jeweled scarf-pin. With this is worn a linea collar and tiny black satin tie.

Small sleeves of the broadcloth, finished with a full puff at the shoulder, complete the coat, which, like the skirt, is lined with tobacco brown taffeta.

With this dashing model is worn a close hat in sailor shape, of white kid, the crown banded broadly with black taffeta ribbon, while at the sides are huge choux of green gauze from which spring tall ospreys of black.

Patent leather shoes require to look well they should be wiped with a damp sponge and afterward with a soft, dry cloth, and occasionally with a cloth dampened with a little sweet oil. Blacken and polish the edges of the soles in the usual way, but do not cover the patent leather with the blacking. A cloth moistened in a little milk may be used on patent leather with good effect.

Tucks abound on heavy materials quite as much as ever, and are very effective, even in nets or heavy broadcloths. They abound in black toilettes especially, sometimes forming the only trimming used. A fetching gown of hessian colored drapery is combined happily with clusters of green velvet. The tan cloth skirt has no decoration whatever, depending upon its beauty of cut for its smartness. The bodice is made of the green velvet, laid in broad, flat tucks, crosswise of the figure, over which is worn a tiny bolero of tan cloth, oval in shape, applied along the edge with heavy green silk cord. The coat sleeves have a dash of braid at the pointed wrists, and pleatings of the velvet to hang down over the hand.

The stock of tan cloth is finished in the same way with pleatings of velvet, and fills this most fetching gown is worn a pointed crown hat of hunter's green velvet also laid in folds and trimmed with a scarf of creamy lace and tall black plumes.

Several of the leading retailers are already leading their clear Havana customers gently by offering Sumatra wrapped goods when any complaint is made as to the fancied deterioration of the clear Havana. Some of the less scrupulous manufacturers of all Havana cigars, on running out of the leaf, have begun to use tobacco grown from imported Havana seed in Florida, and this tobacco, which a year or two ago was thought to have reached a maximum price at \$1 per pound for selected wrapper stock, is now selling at \$5 and upward a pound. Several houses are using clear Mexican, and it remains to be seen whether these goods will meet the approval of the clear Havana smoker or not. One thing is sure, they are totally dissimilar except in appearance, and in that they are a little too good, being too glossy, and without the modest appearance of the fine Havana tobacco. The prices at which they are offered are about 25 per cent. lower than those of the old high grade, clear Havana, and this is the magnet which induces the leader to try them on the consumer, who, of course, is asked to pay the old price for the single cigar.

With the seed and Havana manufacturers everything is not too rosy, as the Remedios tobacco they use is scarce, owing to the activity of Gen. Gomez. But little has been planted, and the price is becoming mountainous. This is a tobacco which years ago had very little wrapper, but of late has been improved; some of the wrapper stock will undoubtedly be used as a substitute for Vuelta in some all-Havana cigars.

Owing to the scarcity and increase in price the seed and Havana cigar manufacturers are beginning to look closely after their profits, especially those who have made cheap grade of cigar and had not too much capital to swing their business. In a number of cases the filler of Havana has been replaced to some extent with Mexican or Pennsylvania, and this will cause a slight change in the taste which the consumer will remark and the dealer will volubly explain. Here again the price to the dealer will be reduced, but the consumer will be asked to go on paying his cents, or whatever it may be, for a more cheaply made cigar and will see no remedy in sight for him. Of the Sumatra wrapper tobacco there is no scarcity, but it is increasing in price, and the astute Amsterdam dealers who control the world's supply, know that Uncle Sam must have it and are raising prices on one pretext or another. Their machinations, while not important when there was plenty of medium priced Havana tobacco for fillers, are a very serious matter now that Havana is almost unobtainable.

Such is the situation. The result has been that many brands of cigars have been changed of late, practically deteriorating in quality, not from any fault or wish of the manufacturer, but simply because Havana cigars are a product, artistically blended, of varying delicate sub-types of a tobacco grown in one particular section; owing to the scarcity these blends have had to be changed, and the best has been done with the material at hand. The change has unsettled the smoker and turned him in the direction of cheaper goods. The leading retailers state that while they did a big Christmas trade the average demand was for much cheaper goods, and if further evidence was needed, never before were there so many stogies sold. A few years ago stogies were sold almost exclusively to the men in the dry goods trade—a phenomenon which was never satisfactorily explained—and to see them displayed in a store was the exception. To-day they are to be obtained in almost all stores, and the red and yellow boxes of the popular brands are common sights.

The Cuban cigar manufacturers at Havana probably will see that the expected increase of imported cigars is not taking place for the United States, and they will get tired of paying the large sum of \$73,000 yearly to keep the embargo up, and will be willing to let the government export it and obtain its export revenue in the ordinary way, before the self evident evolution in the United States takes all value away from their tobacco in this market and all desire on the part of our manufacturers to use it. If the embargo is kept up another two years this loss of market will be the inevitable result, say the leading manufacturers in the business, many of whom in the seed and Havana ranks would heartily welcome such a state of things, coupled with heavy prohibitory duties on Sumatra tobacco, and a return of the smoker to the clear seed cigar of thirty years ago. The manufacturers say it is only a question of education, and that there would be heaps more money in it for the artistic, expert American manufacturer, who would then have a chance to adjust his prices once more to a better paying basis. They say that any one can roll a Sumatra or Havana cigar, but that it takes experience and skill to blend the various growths of domestic leaf and make the sweet cigar of the forerethers.

Frozen to Death.

A Woman Dies of the Cold and Privation in Altoona.

A woman by the name of Mrs. Margaret Brightbill was discovered dead in her humble cottage at Altoona from cold and privation. She lived alone and eked out a meagre existence by washing. Coroner Mc Cartney was advised that the deceased was the wife of a resident of Danville, Pa., named McLeod Miller. She disappeared from her home nineteen years ago, carrying with her her youngest daughter, Sarah, then 2 months old. Her maiden name, Brightbill, she assumed on going to Altoona.

The Anti-Spitting Crusade.

The crusade against the offensive habit of expectorating in public places, especially in street cars, has extended, and society women of St. Louis, Mo., are talking of forming an organization to put down the habit. It intends to enlist every woman of prominence in St. Louis in the work. Each member is to be constituted a committee to look for offenders. When she catches a culprit she is to remind him, in an inoffensive way, of the great impropriety of his conduct, and, if he will remain long enough to listen, present him with a pamphlet setting forth reasons why his habit is so objectionable.

For nine days William Harman, a Philadelphia tramp, has subsisted on a crust of bread in a barn in Dingman's township, Pike county.