

LATE SUPPERS.

It is better to eat moderately before going to bed. The old tradition that to eat anything before going to bed is sure to produce indigestion and render sleep impossible is now happily exploded. It is not good, as a matter of fact, to go to bed with the stomach so loaded that the undigested food will render one restless, but something of a light, palatable nature in the stomach is one of the best aids to quietude and rest. Some physicians have declared, indeed, that a good deal of the prevalent insomnia is the result of an unconscious craving of the stomach for food in persons who have been unduly frightened by the opinion that they must not eat before going to bed, or who have, like many nervous women, been keeping themselves in a state of semi-starvation. Nothing is more agreeable on retiring for the night than to take a bowl of hot broth, like oatmeal gruel or clam soup, and induces peaceful slumbers. This is especially the case on cold winter nights, when the stomach craves warmth as much as any other part of the body. Even a glass of hot milk is grateful to the palate on such occasions, but a light, well-cooked gruel is better, and in our climate, during the cold months of winter, should be the retiring food of every woman who feels the need of food at night.

How Titles Are Prized in England.

A correspondent of the London Truth writes that there is in the Anglo-Saxon nature that makes Anglo-Saxons the prize snobs of the world? Other races have their weaknesses, but this weakness they do not share with us. We snore at foreign titles, yet in no country are titles so openly sold. We look with lofty disdain at some Italian or German Count, whose ancestors have been Counts for unnumbered generations. Yet we grovel before any loan-monger or brewer who has bought a peerage, as though he was little less than an archangel.

The latest development of this craze has been the eagerness which towns are showing to secure a nobleman for their Mayor. I always felt a contempt for the London County Council, since it elected a Peer as its Chairman, entirely unconnected with the metropolis, and utterly unversed in municipal matters. This was the work of men calling themselves Radicals! And now various towns are goveling at the feet of some Peer resident in its neighborhood and imploring his Lordship to do it the honor of allowing himself to be nominated its Mayor.

Why? Simply and solely because he is a Lord, for were he a neighboring Jones it would occur to no one to press the post on him. Municipalities ought to consist of men, not only townsmen, but men who have shown themselves useful townsmen, and if one man more than another ought to be a permanent resident in a town, it is its Mayor.

In Italy, during the middle Ages, a town used to invite some Baron to be its patron. This was because he was a man of war and commanded men of war, and therefore could defend the burghers against their enemies. But Barons are not needed in England to defend towns against hostile raids, and to select a nobleman as a decorative Chief Magistrate of a town is the very climax of rampant snobbery.

He Needed Air.

He was sick, or at least said he was, and the other day he entered the office of a well known physician, and sank into a leathered covered armchair in the ante-room awaiting his turn on the list. At last it came, and the doctor examined his tongue critically, felt of his pulse, inquired as to the symptoms of his illness and then began to look wise.

Taking a pad from the table, he wrote a prescription calling for bread pills and distilled water or something of that sort. Then turning in his chair the physician said:

"I cannot see that anything serious is the matter with you. What you need is plenty of air—"

The patient smiled a broad, bland smile, but said nothing.

"Take this prescription regularly every night, but above all things get plenty of air. Good, wholesome outdoor atmosphere, that is what you need more than anything else."

"Ha! ha! ha! I need air, do I?" shouted the man. "Well, that is funny."

"Why, what do you mean?" inquired the doctor.

"Mean? Why, I am a street car driver."

Accounts Balanced.

Tailor—Can you pay me the five shavers you owe me?

Student—No, not to-day.

"But I must have the money to pay my landlord; I owe him five shavers."

"That's all right. You owe him five shavers and I owe you five shavers. That just makes us even all around."—Texas Sittings.

The Obliging Poet.

"I wish you would put your name down for ten dollars to this subscription," said the lady to the poet.

"Certainly," he said. "I'll put it down for nothing." Then he wrote his name. "Keep your ten dollars, Mrs. Patkins," he added, as he blotted the signature. "I would not charge the charity for so slight a service."—Harper's Bazar.

A Perfect Right to.

Sandford—Say, Wheeler's pretty badly gone on Miss Bloomer. I just saw him putting a ring on her finger.

Merton—What of it? A man has a right to ring his bicycle bell, hasn't he?—Truth.

Among the Amateurs.

Etta (in the wings)—Why do you abolitionists call yourself readers? You don't read.

Anita—Why do you call yourself a singer? You don't sing.

STONEWALL AT MANASSAS.

Personal Appearance of the Great Confederate General.

Mr. George R. Wendling of Washington, in a lecture on Stonewall Jackson, incidentally gives a personal description of Jackson.

"Let us pause for a moment," he said, "and look at this college professor. He is about 5 feet 10 inches in height, with an angular figure and broad shoulders, and so far from being graceful that one would first say he is a clumsy man; but if he will uncover his head we shall see a broad, white forehead, betokening in its lines the firm intellect and the powerful will. His eyes are bluish gray and very mild in expression when undisturbed, but full of volcanic sparks when aroused—they say the piercing eye of an eagle.

"His clothes are common, with just enough simple braid to show his rank. All through life his external seeming, taken together with the heart, the soul, and the brain of him, forms a paradox. He mounts his old sorrel horse, and we laugh at him. Stirrups too short, knees projecting upward, heels projecting outward, and chin hugging his breast—in sober truth, an awkward man in his saddle. He wears a cadet cap, and looks from side to side beneath its low rim. He is a reticent man; his air is thoughtful and abstracted. His bearing is stiff; he loves to be alone; he consults no one. His lips move often in prayer, and he has a way of looking long and steadily into the sky.

"What sort of a man is this? Shall we set him down for a hypochondriac driven by fate into short-lived prominence? Is he anything more than a mere routine professor, ill-balanced when out of his groove? Is it safe to put thousands of men into his hands? We shall see presently; meanwhile it looks doubtful."

The lecturer digressed to give what he called the philosophy of the tremendous conflict, characterizing it as a struggle between two civilizations, one originating at Plymouth Rock and the other at Jamestown.

"Nominally," he said, "we were one people, but in fact we were two; we were Old England on American soil, and the problem was to construct one 19th century American out of two 17th century Englishmen. All honor to the Cavalier and all honor to the Puritan. But there is a new man and one better than either at the door. To-day there are neither Yankees nor Southerners, and in their stead we find an American."

In conclusion the lecturer said: "Summing up his career, the muse of American history may write: 'Here was a man who gave soul, and heart, and brain, and at last life itself, to his duty as he saw it, and humbly trusted all to God.' I doubt not that when Stonewall Jackson passed behind the veil and saw the things that are and are to be, he said again, as upon his dying bed, 'It is all right!' One day, in the delirium of his illness, he softly murmured: 'Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees,' but the last rational words that fell from his lips were: 'It is all right!'"

"And when the sad and careworn face and loving heart of Lincoln were touched by death, and his great spirit went up to the same God before whom Jackson had so often knelt, and when later on there came the noble soul of stately Lee; and by and by there came the hero of the Union cause, the great commander, Grant, I doubt not that, one and all, with Sidney Johnson and Hancock and Thomas and McClellan and with a million of brave men who wore here the blue and wore the gray, all looked with clearer eyes over the past and into the future, and beheld a great nation where there had been great States, saw one people where there had been two, and then, with divine approval, said, with one voice: 'It is all right!'"

How Grant Got a Customer.

Capt. U. S. Grant used to drive through Southern Wisconsin selling leather. A young German opened a shop at Lancaster. Grant called upon the German. After trying in vain to make the young man understand, he asked a friend to direct him to some one who could talk German. A Mrs. Cox was named. Capt. Grant, reinforced by Mrs. Cox, renewed the attack on the young German, and made a good customer.

Mrs. Cox is still living, and delights in talking about the times when she was Gen. Grant's interpreter.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Her Error.

"I see that you have been buying a bicycle," he casually remarked, as they sat side by side on the sofa.

"Yes."

"Cash or instalment?"

"Two dollars a week," she admitted.

And thus it was she unknowingly caused him to postpone his proposal for nearly a year.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Archer Fish.

The archer fish has a natural blow gun. This animal possesses the curious property of being able to shoot drops of water from its mouth with extraordinary accuracy to considerable distance. A fly or small insect passing over the water has very little chance of escape from the deadly aim of the archer fish.—Nashville American.

Ought to Fill the Bill.

"We have no use for bear stories," said the editor. Our readers demand something spicier."

"Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."

Lowell's Idea of Peace.

God give us peace! Not such as lulls to sleep.

But sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit!

And let our ship of State to harbor sweep.

Her ports all up, her battle lanterns lit, And her hoarse thunders gattering 'till their leap!

The Frontier Forts.

The legislature in 1893 passed a law authorizing the Governor to appoint a commission of five persons who should make inquiry as to the location of the forts erected in Pennsylvania prior to 1783 as a defence against the Indians. Capt. John M. Buckalew of Fishingcreek was appointed one of these commissioners and to him was assigned the district between the branches of the Susquehanna. The first volume of the report of the commissioners is before us. It includes the paper of Capt. Buckalew. His report is especially clear and shows much research and investigation. The Governor made no mistake when he appointed the Captain.

The forts in this section that are described in this volume as located in Columbia County are Fort Jenkins on the Jacob Hill farm, in Center twp. now owned by G. W. Creveling estate. This fort was probably the most pretentious and was built in the fall of 1777 or early spring of 1778. Fort Wheeler located near Shew Paper Mill on Fishingcreek in Scott township which was built by Lieut. Moses Van Campen in May 1778. Fort McClure or McClure's fort was situated on the Douglas Hughes farm in Bloomsburg and was constructed by stockading the residence of Mrs. James McClure in 1780 after the destruction of Fort Jenkins by Lieut. Van Campen after his return from captivity. A second volume of the researches of this commission is to be published. The legislature should go a step further and should appropriate money and authorize this commission to erect monuments or markers on the sites of these forts.

In a recital of the history of Fort Jenkins Capt. Buckalew incorporates the story of a massacre of a family opposite the Fort on the South side of the Susquehanna River in 1779 as related by Mr. C. F. Hill of Hazleton. We do not wish to take issue with Mr. Hill but if his story be true, there were two massacres about the same time within one mile of each other. As it is generally known, the editor of the Republican, is a native of Mifflin township and has a distinct recollection of men who were in turn personally acquainted with those who figured in that locality in those troublous times. From the lips of these old men, notably George Yohe and others he gathered the facts of a massacre which we here relate. In the year 1779, probably, a family named Wimpigler (as we recollect it) made an effort to settle on what has for more than one hundred years been the Brown homestead. The family came up from either the lower counties of Pennsylvania or from New Jersey and stopped at the present site of Catawissa. The father, mother and one son proceeded ahead of the remainder of the party by the hill road to a cabin that was located in the orchard field on the Brown farm and about two hundred or two hundred and fifty yards south of the buildings. The other members of the party with some furniture followed on from Catawissa the next day. When they came to a point of the hill overlooking the Mifflin flats, they saw the cabin in flames and divining the cause they at once retraced their steps to Catawissa. After the lapse of a few days a party was organized to go up to make an investigation. They found the father and mother dead and scalped near the site of the cabin and the body of the boy scalped and lying just on the edge of the woods. He had evidently made an effort to escape but was overtaken and killed. Their bodies were gathered together and buried in one grave and rude stones placed at the head and foot to mark the site. The writer has a distinct recollection of seeing this grave and the stones marking its location. They were maintained in place until the introduction of the modern mowing machine when they were not replaced when they fell down, as they interfered very much with the operation of the mower over that ground. This same band of Indians passed the night after the massacre in a cabin near where the Jacob Yohe mill was located while the owner of the cabin occupied a cave or potato hole in the bank some distance from the cabin. During the night he stealthily crawled up to a window and peeping in saw the Indians lying upon the floor. Our old informant George Yohe was acquainted with this man who thus escaped the cruel tomahawk. This story being related to us in all its minutest details we have always relied upon its accuracy and have adopted it as true.—Bloomsburg Republican.

George Smith, or "Big George," as he is called on account of his size, a Columbia colored hod carrier, fell thirty feet Saturday and landed on his head, without sustaining the least injury. He had taken a load of mortar to the third floor of a building and while distributing the mortar the elevator descended. Not noticing this, Smith stepped into the shaft and dropped thirty feet, landing on his head.

Benefit Payments.

Supreme Court Decision of Interest to Members of the Golden Eagle.

TRENTON, Feb. 21.—Among the opinions filed in the supreme court yesterday was one by Justice Garrison, setting a matter that will be of interest to all members of the Knights of the Golden Eagle. B. Smith was a member of Ocean Castle No. 11 in good standing and in receipt of weekly benefits on account of illness under a beneficial provision of the castle, which by an error in bookkeeping stopped payment. The court of common pleas established the right of Smith to the arrears of benefits, and the only question was now whether he could maintain this suit in the civil courts without first having had recourse to the tribunals of the association itself. By the syllabus the court holds that the members of fraternal benevolent associations may lawfully agree, as part of the scheme of the organization, to submit their domestic grievances, in the first instance, to the internal tribunals of the order; and, having so agreed, cannot against the protest of the association maintain a civil action against it until the condition precedent has been, in legal contemplation, complied with. The judgment below is reversed, the record remitted and a judgment of non-suit entered.

A Permanent Census Favored.

It may be surprising to many persons to learn that the eleventh census of the United States has not been completed, but promises to be soon. It required seven years to complete the tenth census, and as the eleventh will be completed in two years less time, some improvement has been made, but still it seems to take an unreasonable long time to make a census, and this seems to justify the demand, by many people, for a permanent census bureau. We engaged at all time in gathering facts, leaving only the numbering the people and statistics in connection therewith to be gathered at the decennial census. The cost of the latest census up to June 30, 1895, was \$10,531,000, and when printed in books makes 25 volumes of 22,000 pages.

This unique advertisement, with its alluring inducements, is published in last week's *Oral Ledger*. Perhaps the barbers in this city might get a pointer or two by reading it. Here it is:

"For a sleek shave or a neat haircut, go to Abe Gann, the old stand. You don't have to go in a private house, but a place prepared for the business. Shop open Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Cigar with every shave; two cigars with every haircut."

A Mother's Story.

SHE RELATES THE EXPERIENCE OF HER DAUGHTER.

Sick From Childhood—Given up By Physicians—She at Last Regains Her Health.

From the Herald, Titusville, Pa. Learning that the daughter of Mrs. J. J. Moore, who lives near Titusville, had been suffering with ill health for a number of years and had been fully restored to health, a reporter of the Herald was detailed to investigate the case.

The reporter accordingly drove out to the Moore residence and on inquiring regarding her daughter's health, Mrs. Moore said:

"Yes, it is true, my daughter who is now eighteen years old has been in poor health from childhood. About a year ago her meninges began to come but were very irregular and finally stopped altogether for three or four months."

"Later, in March of this year, she became very sick; her color all left her and she was as pale as a ghost. She was taken with a cough, with bleeding of the nose and severe hemorrhages. She became so weak that she could not leave her bed. Her cough became more and more aggravated and it looked as if consumption would soon take her away."

"Local physicians were consulted; numerous patent medicines were used, but she continued to get worse and was finally given up by the physicians, who said she could not recover, and all hopes for her getting up again were lost."

"My son one day chanced to pick up a book telling of Pink Pills for Pale People, and taking it home he handed it to his sister with the remark, 'here is something for pale people.'"

"She read it through carefully, and thinking it might possibly benefit her I procured a box at the drug store of Mr. T. W. Beuting, of Titusville, and after she had used them only three days we noticed a marked improvement in her condition, and after taking the contents of two or three boxes, she had entirely recovered, and is now the picture of health."

"Her cough has entirely left her, she has rosy cheeks and her menses now are regular, and she is a stout, healthy girl and all from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

"I do not hesitate in giving Pink Pills the entire credit, and have frequently recommended them to my neighbors, some of whom report equally as good results."

"My husband, who has been bed with kidney difficulty for nearly twenty-five years, found it necessary to get up a number of times during the night, has been using Pink Pills of late, and after only a few days finds the difficulty almost entirely removed."

(Signed,) LAYENA MOORE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this third day of December, A. D. 1895.

JOS. T. CHASE, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, vertigo, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



"Knocks Out All Others." Battle Ax PLUG The Large Piece and High Grade of "Battle Ax" has injured the sale of other brands of higher prices and smaller pieces. Don't allow the dealer to impose on you by saying they are "just as good" as "Battle Ax," for he is anxious to work off his unsalable stock.

Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

Edward B. Harper, Founder. Frederick A. Burnham, President. FIFTEEN YEARS COMPLETED—ANNUAL MEETING AND REPORT. The Largest and Strongest Mutual Premium Life Insurance Companies in the World.

\$69,000,000 of New Business in 1895. \$308,660,000 of Business in Force. \$1,084,075 of Death Claims paid in 1895. \$25,000,000 of Death Claims paid since Business begun. 1895 SHOWS—AN INCREASE IN GROSS ASSETS, AN INCREASE IN NET SURPLUS, AN INCREASE IN INCOME, AN INCREASE IN BUSINESS IN FORCE, OVER 105,800 MEMBERS INTERESTED.

The Annual Meeting of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association was held in the Association's Building, corner Broadway & Duane St., New York City, on Wednesday, January 22nd, and was attended by a large and representative gathering of policy holders who listened with keen interest to the masterly Annual Report of President Burnham.

Many policy holders evidently regarded this as a favorable opportunity to meet face to face the new chief executive officer of the Association, President Frederick A. Burnham, the man whose grasp of life insurance, whose keen executive ability and strong individuality have enabled him to take up the work laid down in death by the founder of the institution, the late Edward B. Harper, and make of the administration of his office of President, not an echo or copy of that of his predecessor, but a piece of finished work, characteristic of a man of independent views, and worthy to follow the work which had carried the Association to a position never attained in the same length of time by any life insurance organization in the world. It is rare, indeed, that a great institution like this passes, without check to its prosperity, through a change in the executive chief, for it is rare indeed that a chief like the late Mr. Harper finds so able a successor as President Burnham.

The record of the year 1895 speaks for itself, and shows the following gratifying results.

The GROSS ASSETS have increased during the year from \$5,536,115.99 to \$5,661,707.82.

The NET SURPLUS over liabilities shows a NET GAIN for the year of \$306,329.43, and now amounts to \$3,582,509.32.

The INCOME from all sources shows a gain for the year of \$631,541.97, and amounts to \$5,575,281.56.

DEATH CLAIMS to the amount of \$4,084,074.92 were paid during the year, an increase over the previous year of \$1,013,560.91.

The BUSINESS IN FORCE shows a gain for the year of \$15,293,265, and now amounts to \$308,659,371.

Counting three hundred working days in the year the daily average income for 1895 is \$18,584.27; the daily average payments for death claims, \$13,652.25, and the daily average gain in business in force within a fraction of \$51,000.

Persons desiring insurance, an agency, or any other information concerning the MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION may apply to

E. D. LUDWIG, Supt., 53 Downing Block, ERIE, PA.

FENCE BEST WOVEN WIRE FENCE ON EARTH FOR 13 TO 20 CENTS A ROD? Why pay 60 to 80c. a rod for fence when you can make the best woven wire fence on earth for 13 to 20 cents a rod? Horse high, bull strong, pig and chicken tight. A man and boy can make from 40 to 50 rods a day. Over 50 styles. Illustrated Catalogue Free. KITSILMAN BROTHERS, Ridgeville, Indiana.