

Applying the Principle.
 "The trouble," said the anarchist, "is that there are too many inequalities in this world."
 "That's right," admitted the practical man.
 "We must remedy matters," went on the anarchist. "No man should have any advantage over another; all should be equal."
 "Right again."
 "But where shall we begin?"
 "Well," said the practical man, thoughtfully, "you're a much larger man than I am, which gives you an unfair advantage, of course, and this is decidedly antagonistic to the theory you have elaborated of complete equality in every detail of life. We might begin by cutting you down to my size."
His Quick Retort.
 The lady—Yes, it is only men that turn tramps. Why aren't women idle?
 The tramp—Because most of them are busybodies, mum.

MISS BONNIE DELANO

A Chicago Society Lady, in a Letter to Mrs. Pinkham says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Of all the grateful daughters to whom you have given health and life, none are more glad than I.
 "My home and my life was happy



MISS BONNIE DELANO.

until illness came upon me three years ago. I first noticed it by being irregular and having very painful and scanty menstruation; gradually my general health failed; I could not enjoy my meals; I became languid and nervous, with griping pains frequently in the groins.
 "I advised with our family physician who prescribed without any improvement. One day he said, 'Try Lydia Pinkham's Remedies.' I did, thank God; the next month I was better, and it gradually built me up until in four months I was cured. This is nearly a year ago and I have not had a pain or ache since."—BONNIE DELANO, 3548 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

Truworthly proof is abundant that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves thousands of young women from dangers resulting from organic irregularity, suppression or retention of the menses, ovarian or womb troubles. Refuse substitutes.

Poor Soils
 are made richer and more productive and rich soils retain their crop-producing powers, by the use of fertilizers with a liberal percentage of
Potash.
 Write for our books—sent free—which give all details.
 GERMAN KALI WORKS,
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WET WEATHER HATS
 MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
TOWER'S
FISH BRAND
OILED CLOTHING
 HAVE THE SAME POINTS OF EXCELLENCE AND GIVE COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

Wills Pills
 Lead the World.
 Are You Sick?
 Send your name and P. O. address to The R. B. Wills Medicine Co., Hagerstown, Md.
 Gold Medal at Buffalo Exposition.
McILHENNY'S TABASCO

150 Kinds for 16c.
 It is a fact that Nature's vegetable and flower seeds are found in more gardens and on more farms than any other in America. There is reason for this. We own and operate over 500 acres for the production of our choice seeds. In order to induce you to try them we make the following unqualified offer:
For 16 Cents Postpaid
 50 kinds of novel footstep radishes,
 25 magnificent marbled onions,
 15 superb varieties of cabbages,
 10 early glorious tomatoes,
 10 pretty lettuce varieties,
 10 splendid beet seeds,
 25 greenly hearted Swiss chard,
 10 all 150 kinds, positively furnishing business of clearing flowers and lots and lots of choice vegetables, together with our great catalogue, filling all about Potatoes and Peas, and all other seeds, sent, only need a 16c. stamp. Write today for 16c. in stamps. Write today.
JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO.
 La Crosse, Wis.

Gallantry of Americans.
 Americans have not the reputation of Europeans for gallant speeches, yet there are many occasions when they earn the envy of the people who are more given to saying pretty things. At a recent private dinner at which Seth Low and his wife were guests, one of the diners said to the new mayor:
 "You must be proud to be the husband of the first lady in New York."
 "I am proud," said the mayor gallantly, as he glanced tenderly at his wife, "to be the husband of Mrs. Low."
 On a similar occasion recently the American Ambassador to the court of St. James paid a graceful compliment to his wife.
 It was at an informal dinner, at which the guests were intimate friends. Someone proposed that each in turn should answer the question:
 "If you were dead and could come back to this world in another body, who would you prefer to come as?"
 When it came to Mr. Choate's turn, he said: "I would prefer to come as Mrs. Choate's second husband."

Why He Had Nerves.

"A dentist's chair is not a popular retreat," says an F street practitioner, "but I occasionally find persons who like to linger. I have just finished a job for a youngster who is a Harvard freshman. He came in Saturday, and contracted to have his teeth fixed, but said that hard study had undermined his nerves and he could only stand two sittings a week. He looked as healthy and hearty as an ox, but I did not mind. Three days ago his father dropped in and asked:
 "Doctor, can't you hurry up on Fred's teeth?"
 "Certainly," said I, "if his nervous system will stand it. He said it made him nervous, and that he could only stand it twice a week."
 "Nervous system be blanked," shouted the old man. "At home, Fred said that twice a week was all the time you could give him. He is playing his teeth to put two weeks more on his vacation."
 "I finished that job in the next twenty-four hours, and the young man didn't have any grin coming to him after the first five minutes in the chair."

Insurmountable Difficulty.

A Scotchman who had been employed nearly all his life in the building of railways in the Highlands of Scotland went to the United States in his later years and settled in a new section on the plains of the far West. Soon after his arrival a project came up in his new home for the construction of a railway through the district, and the Scotchman was applied to as a man of experience in such matters.
 "Hoot, mon," said he to the spokesman to the scheme, "ye canna build a railway across this country."
 "Why not, Mr. Ferguson?"
 "Why not!" he repeated, with an air of effectually settling the whole matter. "Why not! Dae ye no see the country's as flat as a floor, and ye dinna hae any place whatever to run your tunnels through?"

How a Crowd Laughs.

"The features of the human face," said Mark Twain the other day, "can readily be compelled into a kaleidoscope of contortions, running the gamut from the expression of intense delight to the expression of excruciating agony. You will never wholly realize this, however, until you have the opportunity of watching a humorist in the throes of turning out a 'side-splitter.'"

Spiking His Guns.

"You," sneered the Angry Man, "are very small potatoes, indeed."
 "At the present price of potatoes I am compelled," said the Other Fellow, "to consider your remark a compliment."

His Life-preserver.

Miss Madison Avenue—And to what do you attribute your long life, Uncle Subberbs?
 Uncle Subberbs—To quinine, my dear quinine—Judge.

Dyeing is as simple as washing when you use PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

The fellows who say that it costs no more for two to live than for one evidently never had twins.

Send to Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., for samples Garfield Tea and Headache Powders—two invaluable remedies.

California has over 17,000 acres in grapes.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY, make oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1895. A. W. GLASCOY, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

No matter where a man was born, he swells up and claims to be proud of it.

Garfield Tea, the herb medicine, cures constipation, sick headache and liver disorders. It's the disagreeable things that we ought to remember to forget.

Many School Children Are Sickly. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all druggists'. 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Some fellows draw on their imaginations when they have no bank accounts to draw on.

"Is Worth Its Weight in Gold." "Had Eczema for three years; tried three doctors and every advertised remedy, without effect, till I tried Tetterine. Half a box of Tetterine removed all signs of the disease."—G. H. Adams, Columbia, S. C. 50c. a box by mail from J. T. Shaptrine, Savannah, Ga. If your druggist don't keep it.

Chatterton, the poet, had a passion, amounting to mania, for studying old manuscripts.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOXER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

From a mother's point of view the naughty child takes after its father.

Garfield Tea cures constipation. Is an invaluable person always a questionable character.

THE BACHELOR.

Behold the bachelor! His hair That once was brown is gray; No laughing loved ones claim him Nor charm his woes away. He has himself alone to please, No other's fingers search The pockets in his clothes, and he's Ne'er dragged away to church.
 "Ah, poor old man!" I hear you say; "Somewhere the grass grows o'er Some one to whom his heart today Turns sadly as of yore. He merely lingers here as one Who is a transient guest; His joys are fled, his work is done, He longs to be at rest— He longs to bid the world adieu, To cross the river where He is to meet the loved one who Is waiting for him there."

Ah, well! Perhaps 'tis so; He may have loved and lost; His breast may be the haunt of woe, His soul be tempest tossed; But though his heart is buried deep Below some slanting stone Where some one long has lain asleep. If he could be alone For just about an hour or two With just the one, I'll bet He'd fire up and learn to do Some fancy stepping yet.
 —Chicago Record-Herald.

FROM FAR RHINGEN.

The Chinese Legation was the most popular one in the capital. It always put people in a good humor to go into those beautiful rooms and be greeted by the affable minister, with his volleys of questions, and his pretty little wife, who seemed to have stepped off a fan and never said anything but "How do" with the greatest cordiality. No one ever attended their receptions as a matter of duty, seized something to eat and hurried away. Every one came early, enjoyed the warmth and hospitality of the genial Oriental, and stayed as long as the proprieties would permit.
 The crowd was very large, one late winter afternoon, when two young men entered the mansion.
 "I don't see why you said I must come this afternoon," growled one of them.
 "You haven't seen half the pretty girls in Washington yet, and they'll all be here."
 "Where are they?"
 "Let's speak to the minister and then we'll find them. For pity's sake what's the matter? Sick? See a ghost?"
 "No, not a ghost, but something that looks like one. Who is that girl in gray down there—the one with the large black hat?"
 "That's Senator Harrington's daughter, but she doesn't look like a ghost. She's the prettiest girl in Washington."
 "Will you present me?"
 "Hit already! You Germans are impressionable. But say, old man, she's not in your line. You foreigners with titles should be struck with heiresses, not beauties. Miss Harrington's father is the cleverest man in the United States, but I don't think he has much beside his reputation and his salary."
 "Are you not talking foolishly? I want to meet her."
 "Of course you do. I only wanted to warn you."

After that day Washington wondered and gossiped. Several people were present when Jack Roberts presented the German attaché to Miss Harrington, and they told amusing stories. They said that the poor fellow was so impressed that he blushed and stammered and could hardly speak, and that Miss Harrington smiled pleasantly at him, and had not been at all overwhelmed.

Everywhere the beautiful Miss Harrington went, the German nobleman followed. At receptions he stood all the evening in her train. At parties he danced with her as often as he could, and the rest of the time held her fan and glared at her other partners. They were often seen riding together over the beautiful roads in Maryland and Virginia. They sat in the Senate gallery through long and tiresome speeches, and did not appear bored by their dullness.

The feminine portion of society was exasperated. Every one admired Gertrude Harrington, but they did not like to see her win such a prize without an effort. The German was young, handsome, very rich, titled and clever, and his absolute and unwavering devotion to the Senator's daughter was provoking. They bore her no malice, however, for she never looked triumphant.

The men respected his judgment and envied him his prospective happiness.

Society expected the announcement daily, but it did not come. Time passed and the waiting ones grew impatient. They could not understand the delay. There was no waning of the nobleman's devotion, and no indications that his ardor was anything but delightful to Miss Harrington. People gossiped more than ever. Some one hinted that Mrs. Harrington sometimes wore a worried look, and Senator Harrington's secretary insinuated to some confidential friends that his employer was developing an outrageous temper.

One evening, toward the close of the session, the baron and Miss Harrington sat alone in the Senator's library.
 "Your father told me this morning that you are making your preparations for leaving," said the German.
 "Yes, Congress will adjourn in a few days and we shall start West immediately. I thought I had told you."
 "You told me nothing of it, Gertrude, why do you like to torment me? Won't you tell me something tonight? The uncertainty is so hard that even a 'no' could not be worse."
 "Well, no."
 "Do you mean that?"
 "No."
 "Why did you say it?"
 "Didn't you ask me to?"
 "I want you to say 'yes.' Gertrude, you know how well I love you. You know that I have loved you since I first saw you. You are so accustomed to the devotion of the American men that you cannot understand how a German loves. He loves with a depth and strength which your practical American can never feel."
 "The American men love longer. You Germans love well while you love, but you are too fervent and romantic and have a thousand loves in a life. How many frauleins did you adore before you met me?"
 "Of course a man has some follies in the past—"
 "I know a strange romance of an American girl and a German nobleman. Do you want to hear it?"
 "I always want to hear everything you say."
 "You Germans pay better compliments than the French; they have a more genuine ring. But that doesn't concern my story."
 "Once on a time there was an American girl who went to Europe to complete her education. Her father was a public man, and some day she would fill a high position, so she much be fitted for it. She wandered around Europe for some time, but she was not contented. She was an eccentric girl and sometimes did strange things.
 "She was passionately fond of the German language and German literature and had studied both. She attended school in Berlin for a while, but that did not satisfy her. She wanted the romance of the German life, the center of their individuality. In fact, she wanted the folk life.
 "Far down in Southern Germany on the Danube there is a little village. It is very, very old and it is full of German romance. The American girl went there and lived with a peasant and his wife. She doffed her American clothes and wore the dress of the humble Germans of the village. The old peasants loved her, and told their neighbors that she was a niece who had come from the north to live with them.
 "She was very happy in Ehingen. She forgot that she was an American girl, and became a German in heart and soul. The big, yellow haired ladies made love to her, and she danced and sang with them and with the pretty frauleins.
 "To the village fair, one day, went a young nobleman. He had come to Ehingen to look after some property, and he went to the fair to see the peasants dancing. A girl in a red dress smiled at him over the foam in her glass. He asked who she was and they told him Gerda Heinrich, and she lived with her uncle and aunt in the village. They danced together all the afternoon, and when she went home he walked with her.
 "That summer he stayed in the village. All the long days he and Gerda floated on the river or wandered in the forest. In the evening they sat in the shadows of the old nunnery on the bank of the Danube, and listened to the students who went singing through the towns.
 "The summer passed and she did not tell him who she was. He still believed her to be a peasant girl. One evening, after it had commenced to grow cool in the moonlight, he told her that he must leave her for a few days. He had been summoned to Berlin, but he would soon return.
 "He left her, and in a week came back to tell her good-bye forever. He had been appointed attaché of a legation in a distant country. He was ambitious and wanted something besides his inherited wealth and title. This appointment was a great honor, and a stepping stone to still greater ones. He loved Gerda, but a rich German nobleman could not take a peasant wife to foreign courts.
 "After he had gone, Gerda realized how hearts can ache. The pain grew so fierce that she could not endure it; she must go back to her home. So she left Ehingen and went to America, to fill the place that was waiting for her in the great capital.
 "Nearly two years later, she heard that the fickle lover had proved so good a diplomat that he was to be sent to Washington on an important mission.
 "Soon after he reached this country he saw at a reception a girl who startled him, she looked so like a girl he had known. But the other girl was a little peasant who sat by the Danube weeping for a false lover, or lay at the bottom of the blue river, and this one was the daughter of a United States Senator and a member of the American official circle. He was confused when he met her; perhaps he was thinking of a summer in Ehingen.
 "He fell in love with the American girl, but the thought never came to him that she and Gerda were the same. He asked her to marry him, but she laughed at him. He asked her again and again, but she only evaded his question, and he loved her more desperately because she tantalized him. She enjoyed his sufferings, and after a winter's amusement of this sort she was ready to end the game."

She had told her story in German, and when she finished she rose and spoke in her native tongue.
 "Now, my friend, that is the end of the romance. You have asked me to marry you and I will do so if you still desire it. Gerda Heinrich loved you, blindly, but Gertrude Harrington does not. She is no longer a German; she is an American, with an American's sordid ideas. I will marry you, but only for your wealth and title."
 "Gerda, I thank God that reparation can be made! Take the money and the title, and if the love and devotion of my future can atone for—"
 "Oh, Wilhelm, I'd marry you if you did not have 'nen thaler."—Waverley Magazine.

BRAIN GUIDES THE HANDS.

Scientific Explanation of Why Some People Are Left Handed.

It is a well-known fact, says the London Optician, that the stronger activity of the nerves of the right half of the body (for not only the hand is concerned) must be ascribed to a preponderance of the left side of the brain, whose finer development, especially as the seat of the center of speech is a matter of common knowledge.
 In a paper by Dr. Luddeckens in the Allgemeines Journal Der Urmacherkunst valuable information regarding the causes of the unequal working of the two hemispheres of the brain is furnished. A sketch touching on the history of evolution leads from the original symmetry of the organism to a subsequent—symmetrical arrangement of the heart and the large blood-vessels from which it follows quite naturally that the two halves of the head are not placed on an equal footing, as regards the distribution of the blood, and consequently, of the blood pressure, and that, on the contrary, there must be under normal conditions a stronger pressure on the arteries of the left side of the head.
 This theory is borne out by well-known experience of anatomists and pathologists and a series of interesting observations. Of special interest is the effect of the higher blood pressure upon the left eye. Dr. Luddeckens found in the latter, as compared with the right one, in a surprisingly large number of cases, a narrower pupil in consequence of a more filled-up condition of the vessels of the iris, and upon closer examination a shorter construction of the eyeball. This furnishes reason for the fact that in a large number of persons the left eye is the better one. Thus the finer development of the left half of the brain is explained very simply by the fact that it is better supplied with blood, and the question why it is the seat of the center of speech and why most people are right-handed is solved in the most natural manner.

The Flower Business.

Many a fair lady receives a basket of orchids on Easter morning which cost the donor \$75 or \$100. The story has been often told of a flower dealer who, a few days before a certain Christmas, received the only four roses of the variety known as Jacqueminot that were offered in the city, and found a customer for them at \$60, or \$15 apiece, eight times the value of their weight in gold. Some idea of the magnitude of the New York flower trade may be obtained from the costliness of the floral decorations on certain notable occasions. A million dollars is spent every year in New York on wedding flowers alone. To decorate a church like St. Bartholomew's, even with a marked degree of simplicity, costs at least \$1,000. At Christmas and Easter the New York churches fairly bloom with lilies. One New York florist raises in his green houses 50,000 lilies for Easter decorations alone. At the balls given in New York the floral decorations are unrivaled in the world.

Thought-Saving Inventions.

Dr. Henry L. Brunner, head of the department of biology in the Butler University of Indianapolis, predicts that this century will be remarkable for the production of thought-saving inventions. The doctor also says that the man of the future will be without the vermiform appendix, but with physicians as busy as they are now that can hardly be called a prediction.

San Francisco is the leading whaling port of the world.

PENNSYLVANIA BRIEFLY TOLD.
 Condensed Special Dispatches From Many Points.
COLUMBIA COUNTY'S GOLD MINE.
 Company to Develop an Eighteen Inch Vein of Ore—Labor Leaders Arrested—Altoona Glass Works' Manager Charges Conspiracy State to Build Two Bridges—Soldiers Monument for Media.
 Pensions granted:—Jacob Metz, Oakland, \$6; Samuel Drane, Duke Center, \$6; Ray E. Ade, Liberty, \$6; Charles L. Benson, Ridgway, \$8; James Kelly, Erie, \$32; George Watson, Mainburg, \$14; Joseph H. Newcomb, Bedford, \$12; William Deyarmin, Indiana, \$12; William L. Danburske, North Hope \$14; Richard W. Jones, Braddock, \$10; John Sibert, Hackney, \$12; James M. Hughes, Washington, \$10; Leonard Porter, Cambridge Springs, \$6; Ephraim A. Adams, Punxsutawney, \$10; Wesley Long, Port Allegany, \$10; Oliver L. Temple, Newton Hamilton, \$12; Nicholas Ott, Allegheny, \$8; Mary J. Marshall, Dunbar, \$8; Mary E. Shaner, Bellwood, \$8; Barbara A. Kirkpatrick, DuBois, \$12; Barbara Schad, Pittsburgh, \$6; Mary F. Leathers, Howard, \$8.
 Mob surrounded the Chester jail for the purpose of lynching Albert West, colored, for the murder of Policeman Mark W. Allen, Jr. Prisoner saved by being spirited off to Media.
 A wreck caused by a broken wheel occurred on the Philadelphia and Reading Railway near Rupert, in which eight freight cars loaded with merchandise were demolished.
 Patrick Donnelly, aged 26 years, of Mt. Laffe, was killed by an electric car on the Coal Castle branch, a few rods from his home. He was lying on the track and was not noticed in the blinding snow storm then raging.
 The fourth anniversary of Bishop Ethelbert Talbot's enthronement as bishop of the Central Pennsylvania Diocese of the Episcopal Church, were celebrated in Trinity Episcopal Church, Pottsville. Rev. James B. May delivered an address.
 The eighty-second anniversary of the Lancaster City Bible Society was held in the Young Men's Christian Association auditorium at Lancaster. The principal address was delivered by Rev. Dr. James Morrow, of Philadelphia, secretary of the Pennsylvania Bible Society.
 Rev. D. L. Fogleman, the recently elected pastor of the Lincoln Lutheran parish, comprising charges at Lincoln, Denver, Schoenock and Swamp, was installed in the church at Denver. The ceremonies were conducted by Rev. Dr. J. W. Hassler, of this city, president of the Lancaster conference of the Lutheran Synod.
 Bradbury Post, of Media, and Wilde Post, of Chester, of the Grand Army of the Republic, have appointed committees, who with a number of citizens will seek to take advantage of the recent act of Assembly empowering the County Commissioners to erect soldiers' monuments. A petition will be presented to the Grand Jury at the next term of court as a preliminary move for the erection of a suitable monument in the courthouse yard at Media.
 L. C. Gelsinger, the Simon Burns glass organization leader, was arrested in Altoona on a warrant charging him with conspiracy. Manager William Orner, of the Altoona glass plant, is the prosecutor. A warrant for Frank Yonisson, has also been issued, the same charge being made against him. The alleged attempt to close the local glass plant is responsible for the prosecutions, the two accused men being engaged in an effort to organize the local glass workers.
 Charters were issued at the State Department as follows: Western Pennsylvania Fire Patrol and Dispatch Co., Pittsburgh; capital, \$20,000. Greensburg Foundry and Machine Co., Greensburg; capital, \$10,000. Wabash Land Company, Pittsburgh; capital, \$1,000. Nansen Supply Company, Nansen, Elk county; capital, \$10,000. Clarion & Summerville Natural Gas Company, Clarion; capital, \$25,000.
 William Ulrich, of Hummelstown; I. O. Nisely, of Middletown; J. M. Hoover, of Wilkes-Barre; W. T. Smith, of Millville, and W. O. Holmes, of Bloomsburg, viewers appointed by the Governor to report as to the right of the State to replace the two bridges over Catawissa Creek that were washed away by the recent flood, have reported in favor of both bridges. The estimated cost for both is about \$16,000.
 Samuel Locker, aged 20 years, of Philadelphia, a student at the Elwyn Training School for the Feeble Minded, was killed at the Elwyn Station. A number of students were unloading goods from a freight car, and whether Locker lost his balance when an express train came along or became bewildered and jumped to his death, is not known. At all events he fell directly in front of the moving train and was crushed to death.
 The Esther Furnace Mining Company has begun to develop its mines along Roaring Creek, in Cleveland Township, on which has been found an eighteen-inch vein of what is said to be gold ore. The land on which the mineral is found is owned by farmers, and the company is composed of local capitalists. The work of erecting a smelter will be begun next Monday.
 Mrs. Phoebe Gerberich, wife of Alderman Landis A. Gerberich, of Lancaster, died suddenly. With several hundred others, Mrs. Gerberich was marching to a banquet hall to participate in the anniversary celebration of the Knights of the Mystic Chain, when she sank to the pavement on the main street and expired a few minutes later. Her death was due to heart disease.
 John L. Burley, a foreman in the Altoona car shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad, having reached the age of 70 was placed on the retired list. He had been in the company's service in Altoona since 1856, and had been a foreman since 1871.
 Hazleton health department quarantined the town of Park View, four miles south, where smallpox exists. No one from that place will be allowed to enter the city.
 Frank Reed, while crossing the railroad tracks at Hokendauqua was struck by a train and killed.