The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per annum if paid in advance, otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be continued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their paper will be held responsible for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former post office as well as the present office. Address

THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLI. NO. 4. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1892. WHOLE NO. 2137.

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A CELESTIAL CIRCUS.

"My dear," said Mrs. Bear one day
To little Bear, her son,
"If you come this afternoon
As soon as school is done,
I'll try to have an early tea,
And afterwards we two
Will go and spend the evening at
The circus and the Zoo."

The little Bear stood on his head,
And danced around with glee,
A circus and menagerie
He longed for years to see
He'd often heard about the swan,
The dragon, and the tale
Of Pegasus, the wing'd horse,
The eagle and the whale.

So arm in arm the Bears set out,
And when they reached the Zoo,
They found Orion at the door,
Who kindly let them through.
But when they fairly stood inside,
What wonderous things they saw!
The Bear beheld them with delight;
The little Bear with awe.

Before them was the circus ring,
A race had just begun
Between a centaur and the horse
With wings. The latter won!
And there stood giant Hercules;
How easily he bore
His club that was supposed to weigh
A thousand pounds or more!

While opposite, a lady sat
Upon a regal chair,
Who wore a jeweled crown above
Her wealth of golden hair.

And all around were animals
Belonging to the Zoo.
They saw a lion and giraffe,
The whale and eagle, too;
And Sirius, Orion's dog,
While near him in the throng,
There stood a bull, who warned the bears
"They'd better move along."

"It's getting late, I know,
Come, let us hurry, dear," she said,
"It must be time to go."
But when they reached the door, alas!
They found it fastened tight,
Orion said, "It cannot be
Unlocked again to-night,
Indeed, I think you may as well
Agree to stay with me,
For all of us would like to have
You join the company.
I will not put you in a cage,
To wander up and down,
But give you any post you want,
From manager to clown.
I'd willingly resign my place
At once, but, on the whole,
I think you'd better try, at first,
To climb around a pole."

If you are curious about
The Bears and their reply,
Look overhead, and some clear night
You'll see them in the sky;
For shining there among the stars,
They'll easily be found
Just opposite the Lady's chair,
Still going round and round.

—Catherine W. McCleary in Harper's Young People.

Desperate Battle

Between Workmen and Pinkerton Men, Near Pittsburgh.

TWO CANNONS ARE BROUGHT INTO USE.

Homestead, Pa., July 6.—Capital and labor have clashed at Homestead, and the town is red with blood. Never in the bloody history of riots, save the great railroad battle of 1877, has there been such carnage and such a battle.

The 300 Pinkertons who came in a boat to Homestead in the early morning have desolated many a hearth and their shots have aroused such desperation that it is safe to say that before the men would now allow the mill to be operated by non-union men they would burn it over their heads.

The story of the battle is hard to tell. In the dark mist of early morn, when the town was quiet, the rumor of the boat of Pinkertons arriving reached Homestead. The word was sent along the line, and the streets almost in an instant were crowded with men, women and children hurrying in the direction of the works landing. Some were only half clad. On the maddened mass rushed, some to return without even a tear in their eyes, others to part forever on the battle ground. Mothers stood with babes clasped in their arms, wondering what would be the result if the Pinkertons made an attempt to land.

The most horrible thought was realized, and to-day there are many homes in distress, many mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers and sweethearts with tears running down their cheeks, mourning the loss of some one who fell by the bullets from that boat. The landing of that boat will ever be remembered at Homestead, and for generations to come the fathers will tell their children of the bloody battle of the Monongahela.

When the boat was sighted by the multitude of workingmen and their families, a feeling such as was never felt before, stole over the anxious waiters. As it came nearer the feeling became intense.

THE BATTLE BEGINS.

The crowd stood motionless until the fact became known that they were going to land. As if by an unforeseen power the seething mass of humanity made a rush, and 100 feet of the high fence was seen to crumble like paper. The men were in the yard and close behind them were their families.

The men resembled a drilled army more than a howling mob, as all lined the bank evenly. There they stood for an instant, watching every move of the Pinkertons. The boat touched the bank. Disembarkation had just begun; a few of the Pinkerton men had leaped on shore when shots were heard, a form was seen to fall and roll down the bank. One man had met his death. The shot was the signal for an attack, and opened one of the greatest wars between capital and labor that the Keystone State ever witnessed.

What followed after the first shot can only be realized by those who were present. The air was filled with the death dealing balls of both parties. The battle was at its height and regardless of the rapid firing, the howling workingmen could be heard above all. The sight of their fellows falling at their sides gave them new life and courage, and although their firearms were not equal to the improved Winchesters of the enemy, they drove them back. The workingmen had won the first battle.

CARING FOR THE INJURED.

The dead and wounded were carried to the rear and cared for by the women, while the men stood their ground and kept up a constant attack upon the boat. The Pikertons' firing dropped off after they were driven back, and all but a few men took refuge in the boat's cabin. The others were soon at their side. The cabin was a poor fortress, as the balls from the few rifles on the shore penetrated its frail side, and the Pinkertons were at the mercy of the men until the boat pulled into the middle of the river.

When at a safe distance from the bullets of the now maddened men, they looked after their fallen comrades. The dead were laid out on the cabin floor while the wounded were placed on cots and such medical attention as was at hand was given.

The sight of the dead and wounded seemed to make them more detemined to accomplish their purpose—that of getting into the mill. The captain of the Pinkertons ordered the dead and wounded taken to Braddock, and the Little Bill towed the barges to the river bank, where they were moored. The boat then withdrew and was soon on its way to Braddock with her load of mutilated humanity.

THE SECOND ATTACK BEGINS.

No sooner had the boat left the barges when the second attack on the enemy's lines was made. The barges containing the Pinkertons proved a valuable fort, and, with their bodies concealed and their excellent guns, they had a great advantage over their enemy. The workingmen were still lined up along the river bank, within full view of the men in the barges. The firing was rapid for some minutes, the Pinkertons getting the best of the fight. When they saw several men fall and many wounded retreat, they made a mad rush for the landing. They jumped over the sides of the barges and up the banks toward the mill. The men seemed to expect this and the report of their guns rang out through the air. The Pinkerton men were scattered, and several fell never to rise again or else to be crippled for life. They saw their mistake after it had cost them the lives of some of their party. A stampede occurred when the Pinkertons retreated to their barges, and they scrambled over the sides faster than they had left it a few moments ago.

During this attack at least three Pinkertons met death, but how many were mortally wounded could not be learned. The workingmen lost but one man, a Slav. Several were wounded and were cared for by the women in the rear. There was a lull for many minutes after that. It was only to refill cartridge belts, though; the fighting blood could not be cooled. The sun rose gloriously and from a distance the day in Braddock was as serene and quiet as a Sunday. Inside many houses there was mourning, though inside the mill, to where the men had fallen back, was hell.

MORE MEN KILLED.

Jack Morris stood up at the pumping station and looked out of a window. It was 8:15 o'clock and not a shot had been exchanged for 30 minutes. A moment later a Pinkerton ball pierced his forehead and he fell headlong out of the window, and 40 feet below his bones were broken on the shore. Six men rushed down the bank and dragged his body up. James Ryan was shot in the arm while doing it. Then the fight reopened and continued in a desultory manner for an hour and a half. Three men were killed and many slightly wounded. The men shot often into the barges, and a cannon ball struck one of them. The gunner was shot.

The morning were away until 10:30 o'clock. The men standing in the mill had entrenched themselves instinctively, and when the reporter went through they had taken advantage of every roll, and every large beam had men behind it, armed with guns and revolvers. One thousand men were lined in the rear, in battle order, momentarily expecting an assault from the Pinkertons, who were made desperate by their position on the river bank. These men took no part in the fight save during the two assaults. They loaded the guns of the 200 men who were nearest the barges and who kept up the skirmish line.

THE LITTLE BILL ARRIVES.

The Little Bill came down the river at 10:30 o'clock this morning to take off the Pinkertons who were imprisoned in their barge. There were a large number of new men on the boat. The moment it reached the shore a regular fusillade took place. The Little Bill had an American flag on her bow. The men say it had assistance for the Pinkertons in the barge. At all events a fusillade began, in which the men, the Pinkertons and persons on the Little Bill took part. It continued 10 minutes and was mixed by hoarse, derisive cheering from the men in the mill.

The cannoneers across the river fired three cannon balls at the Little Bill. Their aim was bad, and one ball entering the open hearth department, took off a man's head.

The number killed is now 10, and 11 wounded. Excitement is so intense that it is almost impossible to get names. The men now claim that besides the Captain and Lieutenant, four other men were shot and fell from the barge. One Pinkerton, becoming desperate, jumped off the rear and tried to swim. He was drowned. The pilot of the Little Bill was killed.

It was a thrilling sight to witness the regular army line move fearlessly to the river front when the Little Bill came down. Not a man who had a gun hung back and many hundreds who had only clubs, sledges, picks, etc., brought up the rear. They were shot at by 200 rifles, and several were wounded; a cannon ball of their own friends devastated their ranks, but not one faltered. And when repulsed, the Little Bill backed out into the river a hoarse yell of triumphant defiance went up from the men. None of these men were drunk—most of them had not tasted a drop of liquor. The saloons, like the business houses here, are closed.

The men are determined, and on every side, as the day grows, the expression is heard: "Before the mill runs non-union it will have to be rebuilt."

SPECTATORS KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Many of the wounded on the shore were spectators, and two of the killed were not employes at the works. Wm. Foy, who is dying at Dr. Osborne's office, was employed in the mines near here, and went to the river as a spectator and also to look after his father, who was one of the strikers and was in the attack. He is 30 years old and single. Andrew Striegel, the 21-year-old boy who was killed, was driver for a brewery company and joined his brother in the attack. His brother, Henry Striegel, and Peter Foster, the Slav, are at H. Williams's undertaking establishment on Sixth avenue. It has been turned into a morgue. Striegel lives in the same house which has been turned into a morgue. J. Flannery, the Pittsburgh undertaker, arrived here this morning with coffins, and at once sent for more.

There was an extraordinary surprise for the Pinkertons when they arrived here and their boat was moored to the shore. The small field piece, which during the night the strikers had placed under a pier of the Pemicky bridge across the river and the location of a 10-pounder at the P., V. & C. yard mill entrance, furnished the surprise. Had the gunners been more skillful they could have blown the barges out of the water. As it is they carry terror to the Pinkertons as the balls go recocheting across the river.

THE PINKERTONS SURRENDER.

For hours the crowd of men behind the barricades of structural iron within the walls watched the barges with guns cocked, waiting for a head to appear. Down in the boats, sweltering and with hearts filled with fear, lay the Pinkerton guards. The sun was beating down on the low roofs of the barges, and the air within them must have been stifling, for an opening was not to be thought of, as it would only attract a storm of bullets from the angry men outside. The suffering of the wounded in the boats must have been awful, not to speak of the others, and as the sun grew hotter sounds of an ax at work within the boat told the crowd that the Pinkerton guards were taking desperate chances to prevent suffocation. Soon a hole was cut through, and a moment later it was made twice as large by the bullets from the shore. The axman was wounded, and no further attempts were made to secure ventilation. Death in a stifling atmosphere was better, the Pinkertons thought, than from the guns of the mob.

ATTEMPTS TO FIRE THE BOAT.

All sorts of plans were tried to fire the boats. A hand fire engine owned by the steel company was gotten out of its shed and connected with a big oil tank. The oil was pumped down into the river and burning waste was thrown after it. This did not do, and the stores with overstocks of Fourth of July fireworks were drawn upon. Rockets, Roman candles and the like were used, but without effect. The oil was of the lubricating kind and was not as inflammable as other grades. But if the mill men had succeeded an appalling fate must have been in store for the Pinkerton men. To save themselves from death in fire they would have had to face the rifles of the mob, and the escape of any of them alive would almost have been beyond hope.

Seeing their efforts were in vain, the steel workers rested and discussed the situation. Hugh O'Donnell, cool-headed and anxious to avoid further bloodshed, seized a small American flag, mounted a pile of iron, and soon had the attention of the 2,000 maddened men who were shouting for blood. He began to calmly discuss the situation and to caution the men to move slowly. His words were received with cheers, and, finding he had the crowd with him, he suggested that a truce be arranged until the arrival of the Sheriff. He said a white flag should be carried to the bank, and he was going to explain his plan further when a howl arose from a thousand throats.

"Show the white flag? never!" was the cry. "They shot at one flag this morning and if there is any white flag to be shown it must fly from the boats."

A TRUCE AT LAST.

"What will we do then?" asked O'Donnell.

"We will hold them in the boats until the Sheriff comes and we will have warrants sworn out for every man for murder. The Sheriff will then have to take them in charge," said one man, and shouts of approval rent the air.

Seeing that this was the desire of the men, O'Donnell stepped down and went to work to keep them to that and prevent further conflict if possible.

While the meeting was in progress in the mill another was being held by the beleagured ones in the boat. The result was soon shown by a white handkerchief being cautiously shoved out of an opening and cheers greeted it. "They surrender!" "Victory!" "We have them now!" and like cries rang out. Then Hugh O'Donnell, accompanied by two or three of the old Advisory Committee, ran down the steep bank to receive the message of peace. The spokesman of the Pinkertons announced that they would surrender on condition that they be protected from the violence of the mob. After a short parley this was agreed to, though a multitude of enraged people were howling for the blood of the men who killed their comrades.

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

As soon as the committee had arranged the preliminaries a hundred or more from the shore climbed upon the boat. A reporter went into the frail craft and there found one dead and 11 wounded Pinkerton men. Asked where they came from, one big fellow, who looked like a tough, said Boston and Chicago had furnished the most of them, but there were some from other places. Not more than a couple of Pittsburgh men were in the gang he said. His experience in the boat was the worst he ever had, though he had been in some warm places. Some of the men, he said, even cried for fear, and but few of them expected to get away with whole skins. The steel workers did not talk long, but ordered them to hurry out. The first one to leave had his Winchester rifle with him.

"Disarm them!" cried the mob, and the rifles were then taken away from all, and became the property of the man who took the gun. Then began a looting of the boat, with the bunks and provisions. The uniforms the guards had intended to wear were either thrown in the river or given to the Hungarians. Every thing of the slightest value that was portable was carried away by the crowd. When the boats had been looted the march of the captured crew began. Down the gang plank, one by one, they came, and that they might be distinguished from the men on the bank, so that none would get away, they were forced to walk with uncovered heads.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

And such a gauntlet as they had to run. For a distance of 600 yards or more one was formed, and through this the Pinkerton men walked, ran or crawled as best they could. The first to leave got only hoots and jeers. Then, with open hands, the men who formed the gauntlet began to strike them on their uncovered heads. The leaders were unable to do anything with the crowd, and soon clubs were introduced. This was in the mill yard near the end of the gauntlet. The rule was, "when you see an uncovered head, hit it." "Murder! murder!" shrieked the frightened ones as the blows rang on their heads.

"Men, for the love of God, have mercy on me. Don't kill me!" pleaded a gray-headed man from whose head and face was flowing blood from many wounds. Their hats, their satchels and even their coats were taken from them and either torn to pieces or carried off. The police force of the steel workers tried to save them, but it was no use. When a man reached the top of the bank he would receive a blow from a club which would knock him down. When he got up he always ran, and blows from clubs and fists rained on his unprotected head.

One young fellow, with blanched face, saw what was awaiting him and he burst into tears. Dropping on his knees, he begged for mercy, but he was soon raised to his feet by kicks from all sides. Then he started to run, and as he did a blow from a bloodstained club laid him low. Two men ran to him and escorted him safely through the rest of the line.

Women, too, were in the line and they plied clubs and stones as vigorously as did the men. They made more noise, for they were continuously hooting at the Pinkertons and urging the men on in their terrible work. The only guards not assaulted while running the gauntlet were the wounded, and they were greeted with howls and cries that must have made them pray for death.

"You blankety blank, it's a blank pity your blank head was not shot off," was a sample of what the wounded heard. The only man that was not hooted was the dead man. "Good for the blankety blank," was the greeting he got, but it was not spoken loudly.

THE GAUNTLET OF THE STREETS.

Through the gauntlet at the mill, the unhappy and bleeding Pinkerton's had another one to run. On the streets were women and children and a few straggling steel workers. As the wounded men ran, mud, stones and other missiles struck them, and hoots and yells rent the air. Following them was a crowd of men whose duty it was to see that none got away, and, so far as can be learned, none did get away. They were rounded up like frightened sheep in a corner of the town and then driven to the Opera House. There they were locked in, and glad they were to be off the streets, for it seemed that every man, woman and child felt it a duty to add to the misery of every one whose head was cut, and every one of the heads owned by the Pinkerton guards was bleeding. After placing a guard on the Opera House, the majority of the workmen withdrew, and a message was sent to a lawyer asking him to come to Homestead and advise the victors as to the disposal of the prisoners of war.

BURNING OF THE BARGES.

When the last Pinkerton had left the barge the mob cried, "burn the boats!" The suggestion was a taking one, and they only waited long enough to unload several boxes of Winchester rifles and ammunition, and then satisfied they had all the arms the torch was applied to the Iron Mountain and the Monongahela simultaneously. Aided by oil and fed by the dry wood of the inside, it was not long until the flames were leaping far above the high river bank and the mob was driven back by the intense heat.

Nero could not have been more happy when he saw Rome in flames than were those steel workers when they beheld the fire destroying the barges which only a short time before sheltered their foes. They shouted joyfully, cheered lustily, and their cries of delight were echoed by the men on the other side of the river, who were standing by a now silent cannon. Nor did they cease their manifestations of joy until the five burned to the water's side and the smouldering embers were swallowed up by the peaceful river.

When the crowd first rushed upon the barges after the surrender of the Pinkertons, they seemed to be deserted, but hidden under the bunks, behind boxes or anything that offered concealment, were the captured ones. They were dragged out, but not maltreated there. That was left to those on the river banks. They shivered, though it was hot, and their lips trembled as they spoke. One of them, whom a reporter tried to question, said in a pitiful tone: "For God's sake, don't ask me anything. Only let me get out of here." And the tears rolled down his cheeks, making furrows through the perspiration which was slowly coursing down his face.

A True Idea of Reverence.

So, in visiting any church, the least you can do is to enter into the feelings and opinions of the worshipers for the time being, and humbly putting aside your ideas assume the position of one who can worship the Heavenly Father anywhere, in any way, at any time and with more or less ceremony, so long as the adoration is in our hearts, reverential and sincere, writes Cora Linn Daniels in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, for June. To sit like a post in the midst of an audience who are praising God in their own peculiar way is to show in that way an implied contempt. If you do not like it what are you there for? Curiosity? One does not go to church as one goes to the theater, simply to be amused. We do not buy a ticket; we are given a free seat. The only return we can show for this toleration of us as outsiders is to join, as far as possible, in the devout exercises we are allowed to witness. In any case, God is being worshiped. It can hurt no one to kneel before him, or to bow the head reverently.

"Uncle Abe, what are you mumbling over that newspaper, for, and spelling out words? I thought you was a good reader." "I was a tallible good reader, sah, but dis here niggah piece here kinder stumps me. Can't make out mairy word."

It is not those that have done the most evil, but those who have resisted the most truth, who are the wickedest in the sight of God.

He Took the Prescription.

Crab Orchard, Kentucky, is as famed for the medicinal power of its springs as the State at large is for the excellent quality of its Bourbon whisky.

Squire Harden—the "squire" was entirely honorary, for the old man knew nothing about law and cared less—lives not far from the village, and he was a frequent visitor there, not because of its healing waters, but because of its whisky. He never went home without carrying with him a supply in a jug, while he toted more than was good for his ballast inside.

One day Squire Harden went to bed very sick, and his more abstemious neighbors wondered why he had not been taken down before. A doctor was sent for, and after feeling the pulse, looking at the tongue, and asking as many questions as if he did not know all about the case from the first he said:

"It's the whisky, Squire."

"But I ain't a drinkin' man," said the Squire.

"Oh, I know that," said the wily doctor, "but a very little effects men more than a great deal will effect others, so you will have to let up."

"Great General Jackson!" cried the Squire. "I'm gittin' to be an old man, and it's agin natur to choke me plum off all of a suddent like. I must have a little just for medicine."

"Have you any whisky in the house now?" asked the doctor.

"Nary a drop, doc, or I'd a gin you some afore this," said the Squire.

"Very well; take four ounces of whisky a day, and no more, mind, I'll leave you some medicine. Meanwhile, when I'm passing I'll drop in to see how you're getting on."

The doctor left, and about ten days afterward he was sent for again, the messenger, one of the Squire's younger sons—he had ten of them—declaring that the prescription promised to kill his father. "For," said he, "dad's bound to take every doggone drop of them four ounces every day. The consekense is he's nigh 'bout done fo' shuah."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the perplexed doctor.

"I mean the whisky," said the boy.

"Well, what of that?"

"What of that? why, doc, there's some powerful heavy drinkers over Cumberland way, but maw allows there ain't one of them could drink four ounces of whisky a day for a week and not bring on the everlastin' jim-jams."

"Wa'al, that's what bothered us for a bit, for you see we ain't never measured whisky just as we does sugar. But all to wunts Sister Sue she remembered she had an old 'rithmetic, and she fetched it out and thar she read, 'Sixteen drams one ounce,' then she got a bit of chalk and ciphered out that that was just 64 drinks a day. Dad he took his medicine right straight along like a little man, but if you don't come over and shout off two ounces, doggone'd if I think he ken hold out another week."

Sheep Fits.

The right sheep in the right place is the only profitable one. The greatest obstacle to success is the ignoring of this fact by would be shepherds. There are wool sheep for localities where the sheep itself is a secondary consideration; and there are fancy breeders for farms near large markets and mutton sheep where the land is cheap and good for pasture; in fact, there is a place for every sheep if every sheep is only kept in its place. Early lambs have the most money in them, but it is only possible to rear these within a few hours of a market. The wool-growers are for the distant prairies, where it costs little for feed and care and transportation of the wool. The farm sheep is the mutton, lamb and wool producer; and having these three purposes it is the most profitable of all. But sheep differ in their qualifications for this purpose, and for various locations, and different persons have different tastes in the choice of the kind they may keep.

The Shropshire, Hampshire and Southdown may perhaps be justly said to be the best kind of farm sheep in the order named. The first is a medium-sized animal, having a good fleece of clothing wool, an excellent carcass for mutton, rears a fine lamb or two of them, and is extremely hardy and docile. Its black face and legs give it a favorable introduction to the butcher for lambs or mutton and this is well deserved, for the black face is always associated with sweet, juicy, tender mutton. This is due to the fact that the Southdown is the finest mutton sheep in the world, and all the black-faced kinds have been bred from it. But its fault is that it is small and has a light fleece. The Shropshire is a larger Southdown, the Hampshire larger still, while the little Southdown is best fitted for the farmer who can afford to rear a small sheep for its fine quality, without regard to profit.—*New York Tribune.*

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggists to sell Dr. King's New discovery for consumption coughs and colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a cough, cold or any lung, throat or chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

"Did you ask your husband where he was last night?" asked the much interested neighbor.

"Yes; and I have every reason to believe he told me the truth."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He said he didn't know."

Three Things to Remember.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has the most merit.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has won unequaled success.

Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes the greatest cures.

Is it not the medicine for you?

Constipation is caused by loss of the peristaltic action of the bowels. **Hood's Pills** restore this action and invigorate the liver.

A Youthful Financier.

There is a 12-year-old boy in Harlem, known to his friends as Charlie, who, if he keeps on, will be a railroad financier when when he grows up. Like all small boys, Charlie is a base ball fiend. About two weeks ago he organized a club, had himself elected treasurer, while a boon companion was made captain. Then all of the thirteen members went out to hustle for funds, so they could purchase pretty uniforms. The plan was a success and fully $25 was realized.

At this point the financiering commenced. A meeting of the club was called and five boys, deluded by Charlie's statements that there would be more money to divide if they voted as he directed, gave their voices in favor of expelling the other six members.

This brought the club down to seven. Then a new combination was formed consisting of the captain, treasurer and two others, who were assured that they were on the inside. It was four to three, and the three had to go.

Of the four remaining, Charlie gave one of the two a quarter to vote for the expulsion of the other, and then the treasurer and captain promptly "fired" the traitor.

The club had now got down to two.

Charlie called a little meeting and said to his companion: "You can't get a cent, for every motion you make I'll vote against, and it will be lost. But, if you will resign I'll give you a dollar."

After mature consideration, the captain accepted, and Charlie, sole heir of the assets of the Harlem Howlers was in possession of $24.50 which he is saving up to buy a bicycle with.—*New York Advertiser.*

I was a sufferer from catarrh for fifteen years, with distressing pain over my eyes. I used Ely's Cream Balm with gratifying results. Am apparently cured.—Z. C. Warren, Rutland, Vt.

I suffered from a severe cold in my head for months and could get no relief. Was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm. It has worked like magic in its cure. I am free from my cold after using the Balm one week, and I believe it is the best remedy known.—Samuel J. Harris, Wholesale Grocer, 119 Front St., New York.