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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLII. NO. 12 SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1893. WHOLE NO. 2197.

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A YOUNG GIRL'S FORTUNE.
AN INTERESTING SKETCH.
Nothing appeals so strongly to a mother's affection as her daughter just budding into womanhood. Following is an instance. Our daughter, Blanche, now 15 years of age, had been terribly afflicted with nervousness and had lost the entire use of her right arm. She was in such a condition that we had to keep her from school and abandon her music lessons. In fact, we feared St. Vitus dance, and are positive that for an invaluable remedy she would have had that terrible affliction. We had employed physicians, but she received no benefit from them. The first of last August she weighed but 75 pounds, and although she has taken only three bottles of Nervine she now weighs 106 pounds; her nervousness and symptoms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone she attends school regularly, and studies with comfort and ease. She has recovered complete use of her arm, her appetite is splendid, and no money could procure for our daughter the health Dr. Miles' Nervine has brought her.
When my brother recommended the remedy I had no faith in it, for I had tried much, and would not listen to him, but as a last resort he took us a bottle, we began giving it to Blanche, and the effect was almost miraculous.—Mrs. R. R. Rutlock, Brighton, N. Y.
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THE HARVEST MOON.

Over fields that are ripe with the sweetness
That hides in the full-tasseled corn,
Over vineyards slow reaching completeness,
Dim purpling at dusk and at morn,
Shine down in thine affluent splendor,
O moon of the year in her prime;
Beam soft, mother-hearted and tender;
Earth has not a holier time.

For the seed that slept long in the furrow
Hath wakened to life and to death;
From the grave that was cerement and borrow
Hath risen to passionate breath,
It hath laughed in the sunlight and starlight,
Hath thrilled to the breeze and the dew,
And fallen, to stir in some far night,
And all the old gladness renew.

O moon of the harvest's rich glory,
Thy banners outflame in the sky,
And under three men write the story
That cries to the heavens for reply—
The story of work and endeavor,
Of burden and weakness and strength,
The story that goes on forever,
Through centuries dragging its length.

And though, ever stately and golden,
Thou moon of the latest year's prime,
What sight though thine eye hath beholden,
No grief to thy pathway may climb,
As over the fields that are reaped,
At evening and level and shorn,
Then pourest thy splendors that deepen
The rose and the silver of morn.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Tiger Skin's Secret.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

It was the morning after the party. Outside the magnolia blooms restled softly in the breeze, and the murmur of the Okeechee River kept up its soft monotone.

Within the great echoing hall Lilias Lejeune lay, her hands interlocked under her head, the gorgeous, striped Afghans making a proper setting to her girlish beauty, while Lilias Lejeune, the elder, her forty-year old maiden aunt, sat at the other end of the place, arranging long-stemmed roses in a quaint Omari vase, with dragon handles, and throat splashed with the delicious blue tint so dear to connoisseurs.

Lilias—"Lill," they called her, to distinguish her from Miss Lejeune, the elder—was a rosebud of seventeen. Miss Lilias, on the contrary, was a rose in full bloom.

"I do think," said Lill, smothering an incipient yawn, "that Colonel Mainwaring was the handsomest man here last night, for all of his five-and-forty years."

Lilias shrugged her shoulders.

"You young people are so intolerant," said she. "You talk of Colonel Mainwaring as if he were a second Methuselah!"

"But five-and-forty—it's almost forty!" said Lill. "Some people are horried at fifty. He isn't though. I wonder, Aunt Lilias, why he never married!"

Miss Lejeune rose.

"I haven't half enough of these Glory of Dijon roses," said she, "I must go down and gather some more."

"But it's so warm!" pleaded Lill.

"It's shady down in the rose garden."

Lill looked sleepily after the light, retreating figure.

"I wonder if it's true," said she "that Colonel Mainwaring was in love with Aunt Lilias years and years ago before he went to India? How funny, to think that they were lovers twenty years ago! But Colonel Mainwaring will make a royal lover for someody yet. I—am—not—certain—but that—I'll try—for him—myself."

And Lill drifted into dimpled slumber.

While Lilias Lejeune clipping away among the glossy leaved vines with her rose scissors, was utterly reckless whether she cut flower, stems or stalks.

"Why does he come back here to haunt me?" she asked herself, with restlessly shining eyes. "I had schooled myself to forget him. Why did he not stay where he was? One thing is very certain: He shall not again have the chance to jilt me."

Just then a little wooly pated picaninny came running to her

"Please, Miss Lilias," he cried, "Miss Dally Warden wants to see you! Miss Dally she's powful bad to-day."

Lilias gave a little shudder.

Dallette Warden was the overseer's daughter, a woman of about her age, who was dying of consumption. She did not like Dally, and never had liked her, but how was it possible to refuse a dying request like this.

"I will come," she answered, shortly.

Dally sat propped up among her pillows, her pallid face lighted up with the shine of her great fevered eyes.

She had once been very pretty; she had an interesting countenance still.

"It's very condescending of Miss Lejeune to come to visit the poor overseer's daughter," she slad ironically.

But Lilias ignored the tone.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Dally?" she asked, gently.

"No," flashed the girl, there's nothing anybody can do for me any more! But I'd like you to understand one or two things Miss Lejeune, before, it is too late."

Lilias looked puzzled.

"You and I have been rivals always," said Dally. "Oh you may pretend not to know it! That amazed look of yours is excellent acting, but it don't impose on me. You were afraid that Edgar Mainwaring would like me better than he liked you, and that night you gave the grand party at the Hall you didn't ask me. You said it wasn't fitting that the overseer's daughter should be invited to mingle with all the grandees of the county. Oh! you were fine and haughty in those days! But you never dreamed that the poor overseer's daughter could make or mar your fate for you. When Mr. Mainwaring went to India—he wasn't a colonel in those days, and your father, the judge didn't think him good enough to tie your dainty shoe ribbons for you, grand lady that you were—was it to you that he wrote or to Dally Warden the overseer's daughter? Look at that set of ivory chessman on the shelf. That came from Barrampore. Look at that tiger skin on the floor, all black and gold, with head erect, as if it would spring at you. That was from the jungles of Ardpootra. He sent those to Dally Warden, not to Miss Lejuene. And I saw you looking paler and sader day by day, and I was revenged."

Lilias had drawn back; she had reddened at first and then grown pale.

"Is that what you wanted to say to me?"

"Isn't it enough?" insolently retorted the consumptive, an evil smile wreathing her lips.

"Too much," shuddered Mis Lejeune. "I am sorry, Dally, that you entertain such vindictive feelings toward me. I never intended to wound you."

"Oh, it don't matter!" said Dally, I'm revenged—that is all. I've lived to see the proud Miss Lejeune a broken hearted woman. Now, so far as I know, there's nothing left to live for, and I'm ready to go."

And Miss Lejeune's last impression of Dally Warden was that of small exultant eyes, like those of a serpent—a yellow-tressed head drawn back, cobra capella fashion, and such a sinister smile as Lucrezia Borgia might have smiled.

That was the last time she ever saw Dally Warden alive. The poor girl died that night.

"Please, Miss Lilias," said old Judith, the pur-blind cook, who lived near the overseer's cottage, "dey say, Miss Dally she done wanted yo' to have de tiger skin wid de green-glass eyes for yo' bedroom flo. Lef' it you by her will."

"I don't want it," said Lilias Lejeune, shrinking, "You may have it, Judy."

"Tankee, miss—t'ankee, mighty much! said the old woman, gleefully, displaying her stumps of yellow teeth. "Old Judy'll be as fine as a fiddler with dat tiger skin on her cabin flo'—will so."

She called Lilias triumphantly into her little habitation the next day to display the new treasure. With a ponderous pair of silver spectacles perched on her nose and an old jackknife she was ripping off the lining.

"Cl'ar ett up by de mohts, Miss Lilias," she declared. "I'll hab to get it reclined, 'fore it can be fa'rly decent. Yo' can read, Miss Lilias can't yo'? But ole Judy she never had no education. And her's a lot o' writ paper sheets tucked in between de linin' an' de skin hese'l like as dough dey was quilted in. Wha' does dey mean, honey—oh? Kin yo' tell ole Judy?"

Lilias stooped down and took up the dry and dusty relics.

"They are letters," she said. "Letters written to—

She stopped abruptly. She might have added: "Written to one dear Lilias," and signed "Edgar Mainwaring." Loving, pleading letters that begged for but one word of answer—letters whose faded ink and dry, rustling paper took one back nearly a quarter of a century.

"I have sent these to Dallette Warden's care," he wrote, "because she tells me your father is vehemently opposed to my suit and will receive no correspondence. She promises to forward your answer, if ever you deign me one. If not, I shall, of course accept your silence as a sufficient doom."

And all these letters had been opened and mercilessly perused by Dally, the overseer's daughter, then hidden away beneath the snarling teeth, the cruel green glass eyes of the man eating tiger of Ardpootra. Thus had she nursed her revenge.

Lilias drew a long sign.

"I'll take these papers, Aunt Judith," said she. "They—they are interesting to no one but me."

"Tankee, Miss Lilias," said the old crone, contentedly stroking the spotted gorgeousness of the tiger skin.

Colonel Mainwaring was coming slowly up from the Okeechee, his jointed fishing rod flung over his shoulder, his eyes fixed gravely on the violet dotted grass at his feet, when the flowering branches of the glen were parted, and a tall, slight figure in white stood before him.

"Miss Lejeune?" he exclaimed.

"Colonel Mainwaring?"

"He looked—as well he might—supremely surprised.

She took all her womanly courage in her hand and spoke out what was in her heart.

"Will you look at these letters that are in my hand?" she said. "They were written, as it seems, to me, but they never reached me until now."

And then in a low voice she related the whole story.

He looked intently at her.

"You are going to give them back to me?" he asked.

"No; I am going to keep them."

"You have not answered them."

"I have never had the opportunity."

"Lilias, will you answer them now?"

"Yes, Colonel Mainwaring."

"And what is the answer to be?"

"It is to be 'Yes!'"

So the tiger of the Ardpootra jungles had yielded up the secret, and the long parted lovers were reunited at last in spite of Dallette Warden's treachery.

"And he's just as much in love with her as if he were a boy of eighteen and she one of this season's rosebuds," sighed Lill. "And I'd almost made up my mind to set my cap for him! No one can be too good for Aunt Lilias, and I am sure Colonel Mainwaring deserves the nicest wife in the world; so that all is right at last."

And the two lovers, secure in their own happiness, never betrayed the secret of Dallette Warden's envious heart.

"The tiger-skin lies gleaming on Aunt Judith's floor, and she solemnly avows that "it blinks dem dreffful glass eyes at her atween daylight and dark, like it was alive.

And in the country whither poor Dallette has gone there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.—*Saturday Night.*

Light Shoes for Horses.

Light horses of 1,000 pounds weight, with well shaped upright feet should have fore shoes weighing about one pound each and the hind ones 12 ounces, according to The American Agriculturist, which makes the following computation: If four ounces are added to each shoe, let us see what a difference it will make. In plowing, cultivating and many other farm operations a horse will walk from 10 to 20 miles a day and advance about four feet at a step. At each step the horse lifts half a pound extra on its two feet, or 666 pounds in every mile. In a day's work of 15 miles the horse would lift 6,900 pounds extra, or nearly five tons. If the force required to lift this five tons of iron could be expended in the work the horse is doing, much more could be accomplished. In the light of this fact is it any wonder that when young horses begin to wear shoes they soon become leg weary, have their step shortened and acquire a slow walking gait?

The Happiest Woman.

The following contains much of good sense and can not be too strongly impressed on the minds of many persons:

It is an unlucky thing for the amenities of home when the daughters are so strongly disposed to leave the ordinary walks of every-day feminine duty. The happiest women are those who can lead the ordinary life, be amused by society, dress and conventionalities, and who can be early married to the man of their choice, and become in their turn domestic women, wives and mothers.

There is no other work, no matter how distinguished, which equals this. But if this life does not come to woman, and certainly it does not come to a very large number, there can be no doubt of the propriety of a woman's finding her own sphere, her own work and her happiest, and most energetic usefulness.

Anything can be forgotten of a woman except a career of vice or vanity, or the wretched numbness of inaction. No woman should insult her Maker by supposing He made a mistake in making her. No morbid or useless woman was contemplated in the great plan of the universe. She has always a sphere. If home is unhappy beyond her power of endurance, let her

Go teach the orphan boy to read,
The orphan girl to sew.

Let her learn to cook and bake bread; let her adopt a profession—music, possibly—and work at it; let her go into a lady's school and teach; let her keep a boarding house, paper walls, hang pictures, embroider, dust, sweep, become the manager of a business—do anything but sit down and mope, and wait for something to turn up.

Many an unhappy pair of old maids are dragging out a miserable existence in a second-class boarding house, turning their poor bits of finery, who might if they had been brave in their youth, have won a large repertoire of thought and a comfortable competency. But they preferred to keep alive one little corner of pride, and that has been a poor fire to sit by to warm their thin hands, which should not have been ashamed to work; hands which would have been whiter for honest effort.

A Slight Difference.

A gentleman riding through one of the pine wastes so common in middle Georgia, some years ago, overtook a young man whose sack of corn under him on the farm horse he rode gave evidence that he was bound for the grist mill.

This went on until Barker finally sauntered into Park row every night at 8 P. M., preparatory to enjoying the pleasure of a walk with "Miss Loveliness" on her way home. She always insisted, however, that he should leave her at a certain street corner, and not attempt to find out where she lived. This Barker readily promised, and, being honorable, he kept his promise.

One night he so far lost his head as to propose marriage. It was a queer thing to do on the street, but he never saw her elsewhere. To his great joy she accepted him, though she did it in a very matter-of-fact way, for which their environment at the time was probably responsible.

"Now," said Clement, "you must tell me your name. I have never heard it."

"I am known at home as Leonora——."

The surname which followed caused Barker to stare. It was the name of a famous author, whose works were on sale at all bookstores, and whose name was just then on everybody's lips.

"I'm a blue-stocking, you see," she went on, with a saucy smile.

"But Leonora, my dear, why in the world do you sell papers in the row?"

"Because my new novel requires material that could be gathered only in that way. But I have done with newspaper selling. I shall now go vigorously to work upon my novel. I hope to finish it soon."

"Can you finish it very soon, dear—say, before we are married?"

Dictionary Girls.

A disagreeable girl—Annie Mosity.
A fighting girl—Hittie Magin.
A sweet girl—Carrie Mel.
A very pleasant girl—Jennie Rossity.
A sick girl—Sallie Vate.
A smooth girl—Amelia Ration.
A seedy girl—Cora Ander.
A clear case of girl—E. Lucy Date.
A geometrical girl—Polly Gon.
Not a Christian girl—Hettie Rodoxy.
One of the best girls—Ella Gant.
A flower girl—Rhoda Dundren.
A musical girl—Sara Nade.
A profound girl—Mettie Physics.
A star girl—Meta Oric.
A clinging girl—Jessie Mine.
A nervous girl—Hester Ical.
A muscular girl—Callie Sthenics.
A lively girl—Anna Mation.
An uncertain girl—Eva Nescent.
A sad girl—Ella G.
A serene girl—Mollie Fy.
A great big girl—Ellie Phant.
A war-like girl—Millie Tary.
The best girl of all—Your Own.

The Control of a Letter.

The question as to the right of the sender to control a letter until it is delivered to the person addressed has been raised by the judicial authorities of California. The department has decided under the latest regulations that the author of a letter had entire control of it until delivered, and that he or she might order its delivery to one person alone, or otherwise, at will.

The case was this: Nellie Horton, living in San Jose, wrote a letter to Charles R. Hagan, in Oakland, in July. It was addressed to him at his mother's house. She stamped it for a special delivery, and wrote on the envelope: "Do not deliver to any one except the person addressed, and him in person." The postmaster at Oakland made repeated efforts to deliver it to the young man personally, refusing to surrender it even into the hands of a member of his family.

Failing in every attempt, he followed the further instructions given him and returned it to San Jose. The girl afterward met Hagan in Sanfrancisco and shot him. She claimed that she fired in self-defense. The relatives of Hagan contended that the letter contained threats to kill and tried to get possession of it. A legal struggle ensued and the Post Office Department was appealed to.

According to the decision the letter will be returned to the girl, and the contents will be a sealed book and the prosecution will be defeated.

Three things are known in the following way: A hero in war, a friend in necessity and a wise man in anger.

"Miss Loveliness."

At first every passer-by in Park row glanced curiously at the strikingly pretty newsgirl who flashed comet-like into the by no means celestial orbit of the newspaper center of the metropolis.

Many guesses were hazarded as to her nationality. She was English, Scotch, Irish, French, German and Italian, according to the multitude of guessers who saw her daily.

Even the sphinx, however, could not be more reticent about its private affairs than was this newsgirl. Many young man purchased papers just for the chance it seemed to offer of starting a conversation with by far the prettiest newsgirl that the oldest frequenter of Park row could remember.

So the guessers were disappointed in their efforts to get exact information. They were even unable to strike up the most innocent kind of flirtation. The newspaper-vending beauty attended strictly to business.

That she was not in the least popular with the hundreds of ragged, barefooted and hatless little street Bohemians, who also made the row a headquarters for the sale of newspapers, was quite to be expected. "Miss Loveliness," as she soon became to be generally styled, told as many papers as any six of the pushing, scrambling urchins.

One young man, who passed regularly along Park row every morning and afternoon, finally decided to lay deliberate siege to the heart of "Miss Loveliness."

Clement Barker was assistant cashier in one of the big banks on lower Broadway. Having a little private income in addition to his salary, he was more comfortably situated in life than are the majority of men who spend their time in working for others.

One day as he stood at his desk counting a thick package of bank notes, he reflected in this strain:

"She's beautiful—no man can deny that. She's really as refined in her bearing and conduct as any queen of society could be. She's pure as an angel—or else I have spent 12 years of my life behind a bank counter without having learned even the rudiments of character reading. I'm going to know this little gipsy, if it's a possible thing, and then I can decide whether she would be a wife worth the wooing."

Clement Barker always acted promptly upon a decision. Being, moreover, a young man of great tact and knowledge of how to do things, he soon managed to get on terms of passing intimacy.

This went on until Barker finally sauntered into Park row every night at 8 P. M., preparatory to enjoying the pleasure of a walk with "Miss Loveliness" on her way home. She always insisted, however, that he should leave her at a certain street corner, and not attempt to find out where she lived. This Barker readily promised, and, being honorable, he kept his promise.

One night he so far lost his head as to propose marriage. It was a queer thing to do on the street, but he never saw her elsewhere. To his great joy she accepted him, though she did it in a very matter-of-fact way, for which their environment at the time was probably responsible.

"Now," said Clement, "you must tell me your name. I have never heard it."

"I am known at home as Leonora——."

The surname which followed caused Barker to stare. It was the name of a famous author, whose works were on sale at all bookstores, and whose name was just then on everybody's lips.

"I'm a blue-stocking, you see," she went on, with a saucy smile.

"But Leonora, my dear, why in the world do you sell papers in the row?"

"Because my new novel requires material that could be gathered only in that way. But I have done with newspaper selling. I shall now go vigorously to work upon my novel. I hope to finish it soon."

"Can you finish it very soon, dear—say, before we are married?"

Three Dangerous Women.

Beware of three woman—the one who does not love children, the one who does not love flowers and she who openly declares she does not like other women. There is something wanting in such, and in all probability its place is supplied by some unlovely trait.

As Shakspere says of him who has no soul for music, such a woman is fit for treason, strategy and spoils, and a woman intent on those is ten-thousand times worse than any man could be, for, standing higher, she can fall lower.

Many may smile and jest a little over the tenderness lavished on a baby, but, after all, the prattle any womanly woman involuntarily breaks into at the sight of the tiny beings is very sweet to masculine ears. It was the first language they ever knew and in spite of the jest or smile, the sweetest on wife's or sweethearts lips.

They may laugh at the little garden tools, which seem like playthings to their strength; but in their hearts they associate, and rightly, purity of character and life with the pursuit of gardening. And as for the woman who does not care for her own sex and boldly avows it, she is a coquette pure and simple, and one of the worst and lowest type, too, as a general thing.

It Never Pays.

To run in debt for luxuries.
To cherish a fault-finding spirit.
To starve the soul to feed the body.
To marry for money or social position.
To do wrong with the hopes that good may come.
To rob the stomach to put fine clothes on the back.
To make professions that we do not intend to live up to.
To do in private what you would be ashamed to do in public.
To send the children into the street to secure quiet in the parlor.

The Professor Was Willing.

A college professor, whose house was just beside a dormitory inhabited by a rather fast set, one night was awakened by an enormous clatter. On the professor's steps was a much befuddled student banging the knocker, kicking the door and raising a row generally, and above was the nightcapped head of the professor, vainly trying to make himself heard above the din. Finally there came a lull. "What do you want?" called the exasperated professor. "Want t' stay here all night," said the student. "Well," said the professor, "if it'll do any good, stay there!" and he slammed down the window.—*Boston Budget.*

Fond Mamma—I think I shall send Eunice abroad to have her voice cultivated.

Fond Papa—Very well, my dear. As long as the cultivation is done abroad I shan't object.

How to Eat.

Most people think they know how to eat, but it is the object of Professor W. O. Atwater's article on "Food Waste in American Households" in the *Forum* for September to prove that they do not; and he does prove that most people, in doing their table marketing, buy in ruts. Nowhere else, in fact, is the folly of buying the most expensive things for the supposed reason that they are the best things so universal. Professor Atwater renders what deserves appreciation as a public service by showing that in many cases the most nutritious fare is both simple and cheaper than the viands that are foolishly bought by people who need economy in expenditure, because of habits of rich—which is very often unwholesome—living.

For example, most people think a tenderloin steak must be a much more nourishing article than a plain steak, because it costs more. The same principle actuates many buyers in purchasing high priced butter, fine flour—with much of the nutriment bolted out of it—and delicate fish and vegetables. Mr. Atwater classifies the benefits we get from food under two heads: Protein, which nourishes the tissues, and caloric, whence is derived heat and energy. A round steak costing fifteen cents a pound contains as much of both as a tenderloin costing fifty cents, and is just as digestible. Oysters and eggs are very low in protein and butter and sugar have none, yet how many people think these things necessary to their nourishment! They are richer, in the reverse order, in the fatty elements which make heat and energy; but Professor Atwater's figures show that there are food preferable to all of them for both the principal benefits needed. The following table, based on his researches, gives the order of value of foods for the two purposes:

Nourishment.	Energy.
1. Corn meal.	1. Corn meal.
2. Wheat flour.	2. Wheat flour.
3. Oatmeal.	3. Oatmeal.
4. Salt cod.	4. Sugar.
5. Beef (neck).	5. Potatoes.
6. Cheese.	6. Salt pork.
7. Potatoes.	7. Wheat bread.
8. Wheat bread.	8. Cheese.
9. Chicken.	9. Butter.
10. Milk.	10. Beef (neck).
11. Eggs.	11. Milk.
12. Sirloin.	12. Sirloin.
13. Mutton.	13. Salt cod.
14. Salmon.	14. Mutton.
15. Oysters.	15. Eggs.
16. Salt pork.	16. Chicken.
	17. Salmon.
	18. Oysters.

There is a difference in the relative requirements of the professional man and the physical laborer in the matter of food. The latter needs about 10 per cent, more nourishment and 30 per cent, more heat or energy then the former. It is estimated that one-half of the workingman's income goes for food. It is plain, then, that much money might be saved by cutting off expenditure for the non-nutritious foods that are also low in heat or energy making qualities.—*N. Y. Press*

Slept for Two Years.

After sleeping through two years, Bridget Prendergast is at last awake at the Central Hospital for the Insane, in Indianapolis, Ind. She was 26 years old when she fell into her strange cataleptic slumber. Now she is 28 and is dying.

Her case is one of the most remarkable on record. After she went into the stupor she had to be fed by a nasal tube, and by this means since then Dr. Ray has given her from 60 to 90 ounces of milk daily. The attitude she maintained all the time was that of a quiet, peaceful slumber, with the eyes closed and upturned pupils contracted and not responsive to light. She has worn away to skin and bone and will not weigh over 75 pounds.

Millions in Graveyards.

A statement prepared by the Mint Bureau, Treasury Department, shows that the production of gold and silver since 1792 up to 1892 aggregated $19,738,860,000, of which $9,633,900,000 was gold and $5,104,961,000 silver.

Of the gold produced, $3,582,635,000 has been coined as money and the balance has been used in the arts. Of the silver produced, $4,042,700,000 has been coined as money and the balance used in the arts.

Of the gold used in the arts, it is stated unofficially that most of it is now in graveyards, as the practice of dentistry absorbs a large proportion of the gold used in the arts.

Double Punishment.

A convict in a German prison had been extremely refractory. One means and another had been tried, but nothing could break his spirit.

One morning the warden said to the keeper:

"I say, Huber