A GHASTLY EXECUTION.

The Midnight Vision of King Charles of Sweden.

There is a legend attached to the royal palace of Stockholm which is very weird in its way, and which is often told by Scandinavians around the fire on winter evenings. It is the tale of a vision seen by King Charles XI.—a vision which is supposed to have presaged the assassination of Gustavus III. and the consequent decapitation of Count Ankerstrom, the assassin, and his associates. Thus runs the story: King Charles in deep grief at the loss of his queen, whom he had passionately loved, was sitting in his apartment one night. In attendance were Count Brahe, his aide-de-camp, and the king's physician. The bereaved monarch had given no encouragement to conversation and silence had reigned for some time, when the castle clock struck the hour of midnight. The king rose and expressed his wish to retire for the night. He asked what kind of a night it was, and the count went to the window and withdrew the curtains—and immediately stepped back in amazement. The royal castle in Stockholm is an immense pile of buildings, surrounding a vast courtyard. The Swedish diet (parliament) is domiciled within the precincts of the castle, and when in session occupies, now as in King Charles' day, a great hall opposite to the royal apartments. From the long row of windows streamed a blaze of light. Parliament was not in session, and the illumination at this midnight hour was wholly unaccountable. The king commanded Count Brahe to summon the marshal of the castle to his presence. The old man came in a state of bewilderment and trepidation, and could, of course, give no explanation of the mystery. The king determined to ascertain the cause for himself, and bidding the seneschal precede him with his lantern and keys, he crossed the deserted courtyard with his two attendants. Entering the vestibule of the Diet hall they became aware that the walls were hung with black cloth, entirely covering the faded tapestries. Awed and impressed, the party stood silent and undecided for awhile, a murmuring of many voices, evidently proceeding from the great hall, being faintly, but distinctly, audible. Deciding to solve the mystery at all hazards, the king commanded the seneschal to open the door forthwith. In mortal terror the old servant fell on his knees and implored his majesty to forego his determination, declaring his own inability to obey his king's command. Turning to the count, the king bade him open the door. "Your majesty can bear me witness," said Brahe, "that I have always done my duty in defense of my king and country. I fear no mortal foe, but I confess I have no courage to face those of another world in whose awful presence we evidently stand."

The physician likewise showed his inability or unwillingness, whereupon the king snatched the key from the hand of the seneschal, exclaiming: "I perceive that these things concern myself alone!" Without further hesitation he opened the door and crossed the threshold, his attendants following in fear and trembling, but ashamed to desert their master.

A parliament was in full session and the vast hall was crowded with people. None looked at or seemed to be aware of the king and his party as they entered. A noticeable thing was the unfamiliar garb of the members of the midnight parliament. It was not that of the period nor of the past. The Swedish rigsdag or diet of that day consisted of a supreme council and president and the members of the four estates of the realm—the nobles, clergy, burghers and the peasants. As usual the benches in the lower part of the hall were occupied by the peasant members; above them sat the burghers, the clergy and the members of the nobility according to their degree. At the extreme upper end of the great apartment was a raised dais occupied by the supreme council or court and the president; in the center appeared a magnificent bier, upon which rested a corpse, partly covered with a velvet mantle, displaying the royal arms of the house of Vasa. A large open space intervened between the raised platform and the first benches of the nobility. In the midst stood a block, and the headsman leaning on his ax.

The murmuring had gradually died away into silence. An eager and horrible suspense was apparent in the faces of the assembly. Presently the president arose, a gigantic figure, but bent with age, and made a sign—whereupon a woeful procession of men, bareheaded and with manacled hands and attended by guards in strange uniforms, was seen issuing from a side door and approaching the scaffold. Another sign from the president and the first man knelt down and was dispatched by the headsman. One after another came up and suffered his doom, deluging the floor with blood. The last, a man in middle life, was evidently the chief criminal. He lifted his hand in menace at the judges and then laid it on the block. It was severed at once by a stroke of the axe. The head followed immediately and rolled in a strange manner up to where the king stood, seemingly bespattering his feet with blood. In amazement and horror the king exclaimed in a loud voice: "Merciful Lord, is this to be in my reign, or does it forbode the future?"

The response came from the aged chief and was repeated by the multitude: "Woe! woe! woe to the blood of Vasa!" The words, though faint and distant, were distinctly heard. As the sounds died away the light faded and the figures grew dim and shadowy and soon the whole vision vanished. The great hall was empty and dark, save where the seneschal's lantern made the gloom visible. In the antechamber the worm-eaten hangings appeared as usual. When the king reached his apartments, having sworn his attendants to secrecy, he commanded the physician to place on record the portentous scene which they had all witnessed that night. He then affixed his signature and seal. The attendants likewise signed the document, which, is said still to exist among the secret archives of the Vasa family.—N. Y. Tribune.

BOARS IN THE ZOO.

The Little Pigs Begging for Contributions from Spectators.

Young wild boars are far prettier than might be expected from the rather forbidding appearance of their parents. Their bodies are slim and elegant, their snouts fine, their ears short and their legs and feet almost as finely shaped as those of a young antelope. Their color is a bright fawn or a rich tan, with longitudinal stripes like those on a tabby kitten; and in place of the thick bristles of the older pigs, their bodies are covered with a long and thick coat of rough hair. Family life in the wild boar's quarters is harmonious and amusing. For the first month the little orange-striped pigs depend on their mother for food, and take no notice either of visitors or of each other.

Each roams about by itself in the most independent fashion, or drops down to sleep on its stomach, with its legs stretched straight out before and behind, like a kneeling elephant in miniature. Later, when they have to be satisfied with the food provided in the troughs, they become the most amusing and importunate beggars in the zoo, the old sow and boar setting the example, well supported by the little pigs. The whole family stand upright on their hind legs in a row, like heraldic pigs supporting a coat of arms, with their fore feet against the rails, and squeak, grunt and even climb the wire netting for contributions.

Even if the floor is littered with delicious hog-wash, they prefer to plead in forma pauperis, and the yearning to reach just one inch further than their brothers seems to give an impulse to the growth of their snouts, which soon grow long, flexible and narrow, like those of the parent swine. The ancient breed of wild swine which haunted the great Caledonian forest may claim to have been re-established, for some of these are the third generation in descent from ancestors bred in Scotland.—Spectator.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Clear Soup.—Boil two pounds of can round of beef two or three hours in a quart of water. When first put to boil add an onion delicately browned in a spoonful of butter. Season with salt, strain and serve hot.—Detroit Free Press.

—Excellent Corn Bread.—Two cups sifted pearl or cream meal, two cups buttermilk, piece of lard size of an egg, three-fourths teaspoon of soda and one teaspoon salt. Stir well together, putting in the soda last. Pour into a hot, greased tin and bake quickly. Serve hot with butter as soon as taken from the stove.—Detroit Free Press.

—Oyster Sauce.—Take a cupful of milk or cream, the liquor from a couple dozen of oysters, a tablespoonful of butter, a pinch each of nutmeg and cayenne. Bring it to a boil, add a tablespoonful and a half of flour mixed smooth in a little cold milk. Stir carefully, so it will not be lumpy. Put the oysters in a frying kettle or strainer and hold them for half a minute in boiling water. Put them in the sauce boat and pour the sauce over them. The addition of a little anchovy sauce is a great improvement.—Good Housekeeping.

—Best White Molasses Candy.—One pound granulated sugar, one pint Stewart's sirup; boil till quite thick when dropped in cold water; then add one pint best Porto Rico molasses and three or four tablespoonfuls of vinegar; boil to a snap. Remove from the fire and stir in quickly one-half a teaspoonful of soda and flavor with essence of lemon. Pour on the slab and work white. This makes a better candy than that usually sold by confectioners. Good candy can be made in this way by using all Porto Rico and no sugar.—Boston Budget.

—Cream Pie.—Place one pint rich milk where it will boil. Beat one teacupful of sugar and one-half teacupful flour together and add the well-beaten whites of two large eggs. Stir this into the milk when it boils, pouring in slowly and stirring constantly to prevent lumps. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon extract and pour into crusts which have been previously baked. This is enough for two pies. If eggs are scarce one whole one may be used instead of the whites of two. Crusts may be baked and kept for a week or more. If in damp weather they become tough, set in a warm oven for a few minutes.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Whipped Cream Cake.—One cupful of white sugar, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter; cream the butter and sugar together, then add the eggs, after beating them very light; four tablespoonfuls of sweet milk; beat all these well together; add one cupful of sifted flour in which has been mixed one teaspoonful of cream tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda. Bake in a small, square dripping pan. When the cake is cool have ready half a pint of sweet cream whipped to a froth, sweetened with one heaping tablespoonful of white sugar, and flavored with vanilla. Spread this over the top of the cake and serve while fresh.—Ohio Farmer.

NEW STYLES IN COIFFURES.

Are Modeled Chiefly on Those Affected by Our Grandmothers.

The latest coiffure for evening bonnet wear is a heavy irregular knot, formed of what looks suspiciously like store hair, since few women are blessed with such abundant tresses as the design requires. The knot is made of heavy coils arranged to protrude outward from the head, about midway between the crown and the neck and fills in the space left by the evening bonnet, which is now a simple half coronet of beads with a rosette of color or a rose to finish the end on either side. The front has two Walkyre wings, a butterfly or a smart upstanding bow of jet or of velvet, with jet or sparkling beads made into an aigrette. Occasionally a woman with a perfect shaped head and no fear of neuralgia dispenses with even so much as this half coronet and wears the butterfly bow of beads poised in some mysterious way at the front and apparently held in place by magnetism or attraction of some purely personal nature, since no visible means of fastening appear. The front hair with this style of coiffure is waved softly in large heavy looking waves, not in the old-time frivolous friz curls and parted in the middle to be drawn back simple beneath the coils. On this new mode it is quite sufficient to say that it makes a woman of forty look quite her age, a woman of thirty look more than her age and a girl of twenty seem plain, unless she is so exceptionally beautiful as to look pretty in spite of it.

For evening wear without the bonnet the 1830 style prevails. The side curls have not as yet appeared, but the curled hair is pulled down over the ears, and very young girls with oval faces even attempt the plain parted bandeaux, which look quaint, but not girlish. All the back hair is drawn up from the neck, twisted into a single tight little loop, or two loops if the face is broad, and pinned in place with a comb or shell, or gold carved and bent in graceful shape. All the new hairpins are very imposing, following the fashion of the period when large combs prevailed. They are elaborately ornamented with jewels, and in gold with jeweled effects the large dagger hilt seems to be the favorite design. For the street, beneath the odd little cocked hats so much worn, the low braided coiffure, or the half low soft twist still prevail. Elaborate coiffures of heavy loops and twists are also seen, but they have grown very sober and dignified. Their coils are heavy and glossy, and no longer break out into little curls and ringlets. The day of smooth and shiny hair approaches, and the woman who has tortured her tresses with curling irons and cut and scorched them until no two hairs are of the same length, will spend her days in sad regrets and her nights in subduing and smoothing her locks with pomade and vaseline. Fashion is a hard taskmistress, and keeps her votaries striving for the unattainable.—N. Y. Sun.

Practical Nature of Asbestos.

Some of the common ideas concerning asbestos appear to have resulted in mistakes of a serious practical nature. Thus, the usual conception that it is in no wise affected by heat is true only to the extent that, though infusible except at very high temperature, it is a fact that only a very moderate degree of heat—heating to low redness in a platinum crucible, for instance—is required to entirely destroy the flexibility of the fiber and render it so brittle that it may easily be crumbled between the thumb and finger. Another mistake is that relating to its high nonconductivity or power of resisting the action of heat—the assumption being that because asbestos is infusible it must, of necessity, be a good nonconductor. The contrary assertion to this is made and proved on good authority, namely, that by placing a vessel of water on a sheet of asbestos cardboard and applying heat from below, or, more simple proof still, by placing a piece of wood on a sheet of asbestos millboard on a hot stove. If, however, asbestos is teased out and worked into a fluffy mass, there is thus obtained a nonconducting material, but it is the air inclosed by the fibers that is the real nonconductor, the asbestos serving simply to entangle the air.—Chicago Herald.

Chatelaine Bags.

Among the season's novelties are shown deep, plush chatelaine bags or reticules, with silver-rimmed tops, in four pieces, which fold with springs in such a fashion that when the bag is open the aperture is square, and the contents can be seen at a glance, and easily reached. Dark red, old rose, green and other shades of plush are used for these reticules, which are evidently intended for home use.—Philadelphia Press.

—"Do you believe that contentment is better than riches?" "Perhaps so, if you have them both together."—Inter Ocean.

Two Valuable Friends.

1. A physician cannot be always had. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bruises and Burns occur often and sometimes when least expected. Keep handy the friend of many households and the destroyer of all pain, the famous Red Flag Oil, 25 cents.

2. Many a precious life could be saved that is being racked to death with that terrible cough. Secure a good night's rest by investing 25 cents for a bottle of Pan-Tina, the great remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Pan-Tina sold at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

Many a man looks up in the sky for work that God has put under his feet.

I have been a sufferer from catarrh for years. Having tried a number of remedies advertised as "sure cures" without obtaining any relief, I had resolved never to take any other patent medicines, when a friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm. I did so with great reluctance, but can now testify that after using it for six weeks I believe myself cured. It is a most agreeable remedy—an invaluable Balm.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Avenue Brooklyn.

Wearied.

The young man had been there several hours, but he was one of those who are oblivious of the passing of duration.

The girl had yawned behind her cambric handkerchief until it actually had a nap on it.

Still he stayed on and talked.

The girl's evident weariness at last appealed to him.

"Bless my soul," he exclaimed, "what time is it?"

She shook her head hopelessly.

"Time?" she asked. "It must be eternity."

It Should be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cooksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at J. N. Snyder's drug store; large bottles, 50c. and $1.

Sunday School Teacher. "The superintendent said he wanted all the children to earn the money they brought this Sunday. Did you earn all this?"

Boy. "Yes' m."

"All by yourself?"

"Yes' m."

"That's lovely. How did you do it?"

"I went around to all the neighbors and told them I wouldn't play any tricks on 'em next Halloweve if they'd give me some money for the poor heathen."—*Good News.*

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well-known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and will prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts and $1 per bottle at J. N. Snyder's Drug store.

Father. "The teacher says that you don't half learn your lessons."

Little Boy. "Yes, sir. You see the teacher said if I studied hard I might grow up to be a great man?"

"Of course. Don't you want to be a great man?"

"Huh! And get shot at by all th' cranks that's runnin' around loose? Not much."—*Good News.*

How a Mother Saved Her Boy.

Little Robert Frey lives at Silver Lake. His father and mother love him with parental devotion; he is a bright little fellow. Bobby, as he is called, took a severe cold, which would not yield to everything they tried. A neighbor persuaded the use of Pan-Tina, the great remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. The first few doses relieved and the contents of a 25-cent bottle made a cure. You can imagine the mother's joy.

Johnny. "When Mr. Hankinson come this evening—"

Willie. "Mr. Hankinson ain't coming this evening. This is Mr. Ferguson's evening."

Johnny. "I'll bet you my watch against your gun."

Willie (after a severe struggle with his conscience). "No, I won't take it. It's wrong to bet when you've got a sure thing. I know it's Mr. Ferguson's night, 'cause I saw Laura in the parlor a little while ago turning the clock back two hours."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of poetry
The beauty of thy voice.

Which you cannot do if you suffer with a cough or cold. Rid yourself of the discomfort by buying a bottle of Pan-Tina, the best remedy for Hoarseness and influenza. Pan-ti-na costs 25 cents at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

An Important Point.

"Been buying a saddle horse for my daughter," said the fat man to the man with the spectacles.

"So?" said the spectacled man.

"Yes. I picked out a nice bay, well broke—tried him myself—and brought him around for her approval. She looked him over with as fine a critical air as I ever saw, but I'll bet the cigars for the two of us you can never guess what she asked after she got through."

"No, I can't guess. What was it?"

"She wanted to know if I was sure the beast would never fade."

Ask Your Friends.

Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla what they think of it, and the replies will be positive in its favor. Simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. One has been cured of indigestion or dyspepsia, another finds it indispensable for sick headache or biliousness, while others report remarkable cures of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, salt rheum, etc.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable.

"Do you regard your cook as the premier of your house?"

"No. No combines domestic affairs with foreign relations in her office."

HOW FAR ARE THE STARS?

A Very Bright One May Be More Distant Than a Dim One.

Of the 100,000,000 or more stars which are visible with astronomical instruments, the distances from the earth of only a very few have been measured with even an approximation to accuracy. Most of the stars appear to be so far away that the change in their apparent place caused by viewing them from opposite sides of the earth's orbit—and that orbit is about 186,000,000 miles across—is so slight that it escapes certain detection. Only about fifty stars have thus far yielded definite results in the attempt to measure their distances, and even those results are too often conflicting and uncertain. The nearest star thus far discovered is one of the first magnitude, not visible from the United States or Europe. It is the star called Alpha in the constellation of the Centaur in the southern hemisphere of the heavens.

The distance of this star appears to be something like 20,000,000,000,000 of miles, or about 250,000 times as great as the distance of the sun from the earth.

The next nearest star, as far as known, is a little sixth-magnitude twinkler barely visible to the naked eye, in the constellation of Cygnus, popularly called the Northern Cross. The distance of this star, which is known to astronomers as 61 Cygni, is variously estimated at from forty to sixty trillion miles, or two or three times that of the bright star in the Centaur.

The brightness of the stars, as we see them, is then no measure of their comparative distance. A very bright star may be much more distant than a very faint one, the difference in brilliance being due to the greater magnitude of the more distant star. Sirius, or the dog star, for instance, which scintillates so splendidly in the winter sky is more distant than the little star 61 Cygni, the latter being in fact a very much smaller sun than ours, while Sirius is a far larger one.

It thus appears that while the efforts to measure the distance of the stars have not been very successful, yet they have resulted in giving us a wonderful insight into the arrangement of the universe of suns in the midst of which we dwell yet they have proved that large and small stars are scattered through space at various distances from one another and from us; that the dimensions of blazing bodies which we call stars, or suns, vary to an enormous extent; and that our own sun, great, glorious and overpowering as it seems to us, really belongs to a quite inferior rank.

But it is possible that before many years our knowledge of the distance of the stars may be greatly extended. Spectroscopic investigation in the case of binary stars, as those are called which circle in pairs around their common gravity, is beginning to help us a little in this direction.

Recently, for instance, Mr. G. W. Colles, Jr., has calculated, from the results of such investigation, the mean distance of ninety-five stars situated in the northern hemisphere of the heavens, and finds it equal to the distance which light would travel in about one hundred and fifty years. That distance is not less than eight hundred and seventy trillion miles, or more than forty-three times as great as the distance of the nearest known star, Alpha Centauri.

Yet, enormous as such a distance is, it is nearly certain that the average distance of all the stars composing the visible universe is still greater. And here and there the starry heavens, even in their richest regions, present black and apparently empty spaces through which we seem to look out from the bounds of the visible universe into fathomless depths beyond.

But is there any thoughtful mind which can avoid asking itself the question: "What lies beyond? When we come to the outermost star of the universe, what then?" That is a question that even astronomy, with all its marvelous wealth of discovery and achievement, cannot answer—at least not yet.—Youth's Companion.

A CURIOUS ENGLISH CUSTOM.

The Payment of "Wroth Silver" by Parishes in the Hundred of Knightlow.

At sunrise recently the duke of Buccleuch, through the intermediary of his agent, observed, at Knightlow Cross, Knightlow Hill, Warwickshire, the curious custom of collecting, as lord of the manor of the Hundred of Knightlow, "wroth silver," or "wroth penny," from various parishes in the hundred. The ceremony, which, it is believed, dates from the Saxon times, was witnessed by a large number of people from Coventry, Leamington, Dunchurch, Rugby and other places. It commenced in the usual manner. The duke's agent read the charter of assembly, and then formally called upon the several parishes to make the payment. The amounts due vary from a penny to two shillings and threepence, and as the "wroth silver" is paid it is dropped into a hole in the stone of the cross. All of the parishes "called" on paid, with the exception of Long Itchington, and, according to the old custom the duke of Buccleuch can impose for non-payment of these fees a fine of twenty shillings for every penny not forthcoming, or else the forfeiture of a white bull with a red nose and ears of the same color. This fine has been once enforced during the present century, a white bull having been demanded by the steward of the late Lord John Scott, the then lord of the hundred. After the ceremony at the stone the steward, following the usual custom, invited those who contributed to a very substantial breakfast at an inn in the village of Stretton-on-Dunsmore. Upon the removal of the cloth, the guests were provided with hot rum and milk, together with pipes and tobacco, after which the company drank to the health of the duke of Buccleuch, and went through a convivial ceremony of initiating the "colts."—Pall Mall Budget.

SHE FLOGS YOUNG WOMEN.

The Brutal Method One London Female Has for Making a Living.

Henry Labouchere, of the London Truth, has been investigating the methods of the professional "floggers" in and near London. One of them—a woman—in an interview frankly told him about her methods. She goes about London flogging girls and boys. She uses a birch, which she makes up herself. She has a "tawse" for use if desired, but prefers the birch as being more efficacious. She is described as a middle-aged female, short, but strongly built, and of unprepossessing features. Her correspondence and speech show her to be illiterate. Her manners are coarse. She says her father was the rector of Cranbrook.

Flogging is her prescription for all moral and mental ills. She always, however, commences the operation by "spanking" with her hand. The interviewer having expressed skepticism about the efficacy of "spanking," she invited him to hold out his hand and try it, and gave him a blow which left no desire for another. Anxious to complete his knowledge he next held out his hand for a taste of the birch, and received two blows from the shoulder. "I pity," he says, "the girl who gets one such blow." One, however, is out of the question. Mrs. Peirce's minimum allowance is eight or ten "spanks," followed by sixteen strokes with a birch, which would be increased to eighteen, twenty, or five and twenty at discretion. She stated that she had recently flogged one girl twenty years of age five times in a fortnight. If girls began to scream under the operation she forced into their mouths a woolen pad covered with silk.

"After the whipping," she said, "I give them a good lecture and read them a chapter of the Bible. I always carry my Bible with me for this purpose." Here, it will be seen, the "clergyman's daughter" comes in. Of her own accord, however, she proceeded to inform her interviewer that she was in the habit of birching not only boys and girls, but grown men.

FURNITURE AND BRIC-A-BRAC.

Discomforts and Incongruities of Over-Loading the Living Rooms.

"Too little furniture is bad, but too much, it seems to me, is a good deal worse," said a jaded housekeeper. "My life is literally worn out with moving and putting in order and caring for the thousand and one articles of doubtful ornamentation and absolute uselessness with which the house is cumbered. I think that an ornament must have some excuse for being in order to be really worth the time and trouble required to take care of it. Instead of this, we have representations of all sorts of quaint and queer things that appear to me to have no right whatever in the drawing-room, to say the least.

"Some of these days I hope to see more of what might be called adaptation in the bestowing of our household decorations. The library is a good place for curiosities unless one has a special room devoted to such purposes, and they ought to be kept there instead of in the drawing-room or parlors. A cabinet with shelves might be placed in either of these rooms and filled with articles appropriate to the apartment. But how often do we find every sort of curio from the horrible and grotesque to the realistic and almost indecent, arranged in reception and family rooms. Of course, where space is limited, one must do the best one can; but all the same, there are many bits of bric-a-brac that would be much more agreeable if less prominently exhibited.

"In the item of furniture, one often feels that the rooms of the houses of the well to do people are much more like the private show offices of a general curiosity shop than the living apartments of persons of refined and educated taste. The bric-a-brac and collection craze has its uses but should never be permitted to override all the rules of good sense and to verge on the ridiculous.

"I have often thought, in looking about some of the houses where I visited, that the particular object in view in the furnishing was to see how many odd and curious articles could be brought together in one place. A medley of curiosities and trinkets from all lands gathered into one or two small rooms is anything but artistic or desirable.

"All the same, this sort of furnishing is continually going on. To secure the best effects one ought to have either a room or some portion of it especially set apart for a certain kind of bric-a-brac. To jumble Indian, Chinese, Japanese and all manner of articles into one place in such close proximity that they continually elbow each other is like colonizing the different sorts of people under the same roof and compelling them to live there whether they will or no. The incongruity, after a time, become painful, and it would seem as though, in their own way, the articles would quarrel with each other as violently as would the human specimens of the same species, were they thus crowded in together.

"And what is true of bric-a-brac is equally true of furniture. The fancy for odd pieces sometimes runs absolutely riot, and brings about the collection of a heterogeneous assortment of furnishings that, however fine they may be individually, are an offense and a weariness when they must be endured collectively. Fewer articles, chosen and arranged on a well-defined plan and with the most scrupulous regard for one another, are much more satisfactory to an artistic taste than the choicest miscellaneous collection that the gathering mania ever brought under one roof."—N. Y. Ledger.

A LITTLE MAN.

Episodes in the Life of "Bebe," Dwarf of the King of Poland.

The Russian empress, who was very fond of dwarfs, took a great fancy to Bebe when she saw him at Luneville, and at the end of a visit she was paying to Stanislaus, she attempted to carry off our little hero without saying "by your leave" to either him or the king. Just before quitting the palace one of her maids of honor snatched up the dwarf and attempted to stuff him into a pocket of her sable coat; but Bebe, who was highly indignant at such treatment, called out at the top of his tiny lungs: "Sweetheart! Sweetheart!" till at last the wee voice was heard, and he was rescued more dead than alive.

Soon after this, Stanislaus started off on a trip to Versailles to visit the queen, his daughter, taking his little friend with him. Everywhere they went Bebe attracted a great deal of attention, and everywhere the ladies smothered him with kisses and bonbons.

One day a celebrated beauty belonging to King Louis' court snatched him up and tried to place him on her knee, but Bebe, whose memory seems to have increased faster than his inches, called out: "Sweetheart! Sweetheart! here's another beautiful lady trying to put me in her pocket!" And King Louis, who had heard the story of the Russian empress, was so amused and so well pleased with the dwarf that he ordered a beautiful little house to be constructed for him.

This small building was made complete in every particular, and it was placed on wheels, so that it could be moved from place to place. The rooms were all finished in white and gilt, with parquet floors, just like those in the big palace at Versailles, and they were fitted with furniture duly suited to Bebe's size. In this tiny mansion he had a little greyhound about a big as a squirrel, and a pair of turtle-doves the size of canary birds.—St. Nicholas.

THE END OF THE WEARY DAY.

Banish Wrinkles, Pain, and "That Tired Feeling."

When the day has been long and hard; when a sharp pain begins to make itself felt in the busy woman's forehead and a dull ache in the back of her neck; and when she is sure that the only answer to the question as to whether life is worth living is a negative, then there is only one thing for her to do. And that one thing is not to read a cheerful or even pious book or to force herself into a pleasant mood. It is this:

First, she must get out of her tight clothes and bunch her hair on the top of her head. Then she must bathe her face for five minutes in the hottest water she can bear. Then her neck must be treated to the same process. She will look like a lobster or a beet, but she should refrain from looking at herself. After that she should lie down flat on her back and give herself up to the single thought of how heavy she is and how the couch supports her.

If she does not fall asleep, as she probably will, she should rise at the end of half an hour of this intellectual enjoyment. She will feel ten years younger. There will be no pain anywhere and she will have a cheerful conviction that life is very much worth living. Moreover, the lobster hue will have faded to rose and she will look as well as she feels.—Chicago Tribune.

A Stairway Cozy Corner.

Is there a bare space at the head of the first and the bottom of the second flight of stairs which strikes you as unsightly? You may make it a thing of beauty. Across the top of the window, which there usually is at such a turning, fix a piece of Japanese fretwork. From a slender brass rod at the bottom of this let the finest, filmiest white net curtains fall in straight, undraped lines, and inside of them fix drapery curtains of dull red denim. Build a window seat and cushion it in dark red. Have a low platform, about eighteen inches high and four feet square, made, and on it put as many palms and potted plants as it will hold. This can be rolled in front of the window for the sunlight part of the day, and then pushed off into a corner, where it will look green and beautiful. A little table, with a big, shaded lamp and a book or work basket, will complete the charm of the stairway cozy corner.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

—Slobbs—"As soon as Miss Schreechly began singing 'After the Ball' the guests all left." Slobbs—"Ah, I see—went for a mere song."—Philadelphia Record.

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CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 9:50 a. m., Somerset 4:10, Stoyestown 4:52, Hooversville 5:26, Johnstown 6:10.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 12:55 a. m., Somerset 1:18, Stoyestown 1:56, Hooversville 1:57, Johnstown 2:50 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation—Rockwood 6:20 p. m., Somerset 6:45 p. m., Stoyestown 7:11 p. m., Hooversville 7:22 p. m., Johnstown 8:15 p. m.

Sunday Accommodation—Rockwood 12:55 a. m., Somerset, 1:18.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail—Johnstown 7:45 a. m., Hooversville 8:36, Stoyestown 8:40, Somerset 9:11, Rockwood 9:35.

Express—Johnstown 3:30 p. m., Hooversville 4:16, Stoyestown 4:30, Somerset 5:01, Rockwood 5:26.

Sunday Only—Johnstown 8:20 a. m., Hooversville 9:16 a. m., Stoyestown 9:30 a. m., Somerset 10:1 a. m., Rockwood 10:25 a. m.

Sunday Accommodation—Somerset 5:01 p. m., Rockwood 5:26 p. m.

*Daily.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 1893.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

Trains arrive and depart from the station at Johnstown as follows:

WESTWARD.

Southwestern Express	6:05 a. m
Western Express	4:02 a. m
Johnstown Accommodation	6:37 a. m
" Accommodation	9:10 a. m
Pacific Express	9:24 a. m
Way Passenger	2:02 a. m
Mail	5:16 a. m
Johnstown Accommodation	7:30 p. m
Fast Line	9:08 p. m.

EASTWARD.

Keystone Express	5:25 a. m
Sea Shore Express	5:40 a. m
Altoona Accommodation	9:24 a. m
Main Line Express	10:15 a. m.
Day Express	11:10 a. m
Altoona Accommodation	12:02 p. m
Mail Express	4:11 p. m
Johnstown Accommodation	4:55 p. m
Philadelphia Express	7:16 p. m
Fast Line	10:30 p. m

For rates, maps, &c., go to Ticket Agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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