THE POPE'S FINANCES.

A Continued Decrease in the Revenues of the Vatican.

Some of the Sources of Income Upon Which the Head of the Roman Church Has to Depend Have Failed.

Since the heavy losses made by the pope a year or more ago the finances of the vatican have been superintended with great care. It is known, says a Paris paper, that a committee of prelates and several cardinals exist at Rome whose duty it is to regulate the use of the sums of money which flow into the treasury of the vatican. These sums come principally from two sources: The revenues of the property possessed by the pope and the gifts of the faithful known as Peter's pence. The property of the vatican is of various kinds, but the greater part of it consists of money and bonds placed in England and France, under control of the Paris house of Rothschild. Peter's pence is an annual revenue which is far from being fixed. In good years the total of the sum received from all countries of the world reaches 8,000,000 francs. Sometimes it is as low as 6,000,000 and even 5,000,000.

This has been the case for the last five years. This diminution is due in great part to the discord between the royalists and the French Catholics produced by the republican policy of the pope. France alone furnished two-thirds and often three-quarters of Peter's pence. And in France it is the royalists who prove themselves most generous. But since the adhesion of Leo XIII. to the republic many of them, more royalist than Catholic, have closed their purses to the pope. However, despite all this, French bishops still forward the largest sums to his holiness. Thus the bishop of Nante sent a few days ago 100,000 francs from his flock as their gift to the vatican treasury.

Italy contributes only a small part of the revenue—a few hundred thousand francs a year. The Romans show themselves in this regard less generous than other Italians. On the other hand, the Anglo-Saxon countries—England, Ireland, Australia and the United States—begin to send important sums. If Catholicism continues to grow in these countries it is easy to see that in time the vatican will draw considerable sums from them.

Again, there are the royal courts, such as Austria, which send annually rich presents to the pope. This is even true of princes of ancient Italian families. Francis II., ex-king of Naples, and Marie Theresa, formerly grand duchess of Tuscany, never fail to send their offerings, which consist of several thousands of francs. The compte de Chambord was accustomed to send annually 50,000 francs; the count of Paris sends the same sum.

The expenses of the vatican, amount annually to more than 7,600,000 francs. They are regulated as follows: For the personal wants of the pope, 500,000 francs; for the cardinals, 700,000; for poor dioceses, 400,000; administration of the vatican, 1,800,000; secretary of state, 1,000,000; employes and ablegates, 1,500,000; support of schools and poor, 1,200,000.

The cardinals at Rome live at the expense of the pope. The income of each from this source is at least 22,000 francs. The secretary of state is charged with upholding relations with foreign governments by the mediation of nuncios. The four most important—Paris, Vienna, Madrid and Lisbon—each receive an allowance of 60,000 francs a year.

The last jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. brought to the vatican 3,000,000 francs. At the first, celebrated five years ago, 12,000,000 francs were received. In the course of years the pope has introduced a number of economies in the different branches of the vatican service and for that reason he has been called miserly. This accusation is not merited; the economies became necessary in a state whose expenses are considerable and whose revenues continue to diminish. Leo XIII. has many reasons to follow the example of his illustrious predecessor, Sixtus, as it is difficult in the present time to count on the generosity of the faithful.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Calf's Head and Tomato.—Brown one tablespoonful of braided flour, add one cupful of pot liquor, one cupful of tomato (juice strained), and meat from boiled calf's head. Season, simmer five minutes and serve.—Good Housekeeping.

—Cocoanut Macaroons.—Whites of eight eggs beaten stiff; then gradually add half pound of sugar finely powdered. Then stir in grated cocoanut, about a cupful, and drop in lumps about the size of a walnut on wafer paper. Almond macaroons are made the same as above, save that when you blanch and beat a half pound, add a spoonful of water.—Detroit Free Press.

—Newburyport Dumpling.—Nearly fill a quart pudding dish with apples sliced very thin. Set it into a close-fitting steamer over a kettle of boiling water. When the apple is nearly cooked grate nutmeg over it, sprinkle in half a teaspoonful of essence of lemon, cover the apple with a crust, made according to rule for cream of tartar biscuit, and shut the steamer close. Cook half an hour. Serve with hard sauce.—Boston Budget.

—White Onion Sauce.—Cover with boiling water and cook until soft one dozen small white onions. Drain and press six of them through a fine sieve. Mix to a smooth paste two tablespoonfuls of butter and one tablespoonful of flour. Add gradually a pint of boiling milk, stirring carefully, and remove from the fire as soon as it is thickened; salt and add the sifted onion and the whole onions and serve with as little delay as possible.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Graham Pudding.—Two cupfuls of graham flour, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of milk, a pinch of salt and half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a teaspoonful of warm water. Mix and add a good cupful of raisins. Boil or steam for three hours. For the sauce, cream half a cupful of butter with a cupful of powdered sugar, add by degrees four tablespoonfuls of wine and four of cream, stirring it over boiling water until light and foamy.—Country Gentleman.

—Sweet Potato Pudding.—Pare and grate four or five large sweet potatoes. Place them at once in three pints of sweet milk to keep them from turning black; add a teacupful sugar, three tablespoonsful melted butter and six well beaten eggs. Mix these ingredients well with the milk and potatoes and flavor with nutmeg or vanilla. Bake in a buttered pudding dish. The above may also be baked in a crust if preferred. The amount given is sufficient for two pies.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Flower Table.—This table has the center cut out, so as to sink the flower receptacle below the surface of the table. It can be made a thing of beauty. I had more satisfaction out of one very large, fine-leaved begonia last winter than out of a whole stand ful of inferior plants. It made an enormous growth and retained all its leaves through the entire season. I rested it this summer, and it will spring into new beauty this winter. A few well developed plants are better than a lot of scraggly ones.—Farm and Fireside.

A House of Buttons.

Chipisson, the French musical celebrity, is building a chateau composed entirely of buttons. The walls, the ceilings, the doors, the exterior, the interior, are all ornamented with this novel element of architecture. Buttons of every description, from the very origin of their invention up to those of the present day, have been employed in the arabesques and ornamentation of the walls. Every country has been ransacked, and some curious specimens have been brought to light. Those dating from the lower Greek empire are of the most curious manufacture.

WOVE LACE AND ROMANCE.

How an Invalid Won a Wealthy Bride Through a Note Strangely Placed.

Romance has paved the way for a golden future for invalid Oscar Pierson, the son of Daniel Pierson, of North Port Morris, who was wedded while propped up in his bed to a wealthy widow, whom the Philadelphia Record credits with owning a handsome residence on Beacon bay, Boston. The family of the lucky groom positively refused to reveal the identity of the bride, and this secrecy adds to the romance of this strange affair, which has culminated so happily. That they are perfectly satisfied with the match, however, is apparent to the gossips from a number of hints dropped about the income possessed by the new Mrs. Pierson. The fact that the groom is but twenty-two years old and the bride has seen forty-four summers and winters does not seem to detract from their satisfaction in the least, and in reality it is of no consequence in these latter-day romances. Disparity in age nowadays is no objection to wedlock. For the past three years Oscar Pierson has been confined to his bed. One arm was helpless to the elbow, but after great patience and perseverance the youth learned to knit lace of a beautiful texture, that found ready sale. His knitting, however, was naturally slow and laborious work, and the income derived from the sale of the lace barely supplied him with a few of the many dainties he craved.

When tired of knitting Pierson was found of literature, and one day he read a story of how a pretty hatmaker had won a wealthy husband by writing her name and address on a card and placing it under the band of the hat she shaped. His hours of loneliness had cultivated the romantic in Pierson, and he argued that if a poor girl had obtained a rich husband in this manner, what was to prevent him from winning a golden bride by the same means. He determined to make the attempt, and his faith in the result of his scheme has evidently been bountifully fulfilled. A little note telling the simple pathetic story of his life was placed by the youth in the next piece of lace his thin fingers manufactured. By some chance the package reached the hands of the wealthy Boston widow, whose heart was touched by the tale. She was also romantic and wrote to Pierson, and a regular correspondence ensued. Soon the letters flew thick and fast between the couple, and the mails grew warm with the missives from the lady as she grew more and more tender. Finally she proposed that they become life partners, and that she care for him the balance of his days. Young Pierson accepted, and the widow sent a knot of ribbon for the person who met her at the station to wear, she wearing one like it, that they might distinguish each other. The widow arrived, and her elegant costume and diamonds attracted general attention. One of the Pierson family met her and she was taken to the humble home of the groom. Neither party wanted to retreat after they had seen each other and had conversed for several hours. So the strange marriage took place.

A MUD VOLCANO.

The Natural Curiosity of the Island of Sumatra.

There are many mud volcanoes scattered throughout the world, but there are few whose action is so regular and so characteristic as that of Bempo in the island of Sumatra. This volcano, about ten thousand feet in height, was visited by Henry O. Forbes a few years ago, and is described in his "Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago." After a breathless climb he had gained the rim of the crater, from which he looked down some three hundred feet of precipitous rock to what seemed a white, polished mirror set in a central basin. From this basin was slowly rising a column of steam.

All was quiet and placid, and I sat down a little while to take in the details of a scene so novel; a vast circular basin half a mile in diameter, with rocky sides of sheer precipices, displaying at various places horizontal strata; at the bottom of this another smaller basin, some two hundred feet in diameter, filled to within about thirty or forty feet of its rim with a smoking substance, whose surface, like burnished silver, reflected the blue sky and every passing cloud.

We had sat thus for perhaps ten or twelve minutes, when I noted that the center of the white basin had become intensely black, and was scored with dark streaks. This area gradually increased. By steady scrutiny with my glass, for it was difficult to make out what was slowly and silently taking place, I at last discovered that the blackness marked the sides of a chasm that had formed in—what I now perceived the white burnished mirror to be—a lake of seething mud.

The blackness increased. The lake was being engulfed! A few minutes later a dull, sullen roar was heard, and I had just time to conjecture within myself whence it proceeded when the whole lake heaved, and rose in the air for some hundreds of feet, not as if violently ejected, but with calm, majestic upheaval, and then fell back on itself with an awesome roar, which reverberated round and round the vast caldron, and echoed from rocky wall to rocky wall like the surge of an angry sea; and the immense volume of steam, let loose from its prison house, dissipated itself into the air.

The wave circles died away on the margin of the lake, which resumed its burnished face and again reflected the blue sky; and silence reigned again until the geyser had gathered force for another expiration.

The roar of the coming explosion was so awesome that my porters, who had never been to the top before, looked the picture of terror, and when the lake rose, they took to their heels and fled in a body.

Thus all day long the lake was swallowed up and vomited forth once in every fifteen or twenty minutes. That it was not always so quiet even as now the stones on the Sawah and the scoriæ on the sides of the cone testified. Once in about every three years, the natives told me, the crops of coffee, bananas and rice were quite destroyed by "sulphur rain," which covered everything for miles round the crater.

Suppressing Polish National Spirit.

Great indignation is felt among the sculptors and art dealers of Warsaw over a recent rescript of the police of that city. The guardians of the peace, in obedience to orders from St. Petersburg, visited all the stores and studios and destroyed all the busts of the Polish heroes, Thaddaeus Kosciusko and Josef Pownlatowski, which they could find. The sculptors in the city were obliged to send a written communication to the city officials promising not to make busts or statues of the two men in the future. This is one way Russia has adopted of trying to suppress the Polish national spirit. It is not probable, however, that it will accomplish its purpose.

CAST OUT, the disorders, diseases, and weaknesses peculiar to women—by the prompt action of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. A woman's beauty depends on her health—beauty in this case can be purchased. A bad complexion, a muddy skin, a wrinkled face and sunken eyes, follow the disorders of the womanly functions. Cupid is in demand for healthy women—not for sick and ailing ones.

The "Favorite Prescription" is a powerful, invigorating tonic, and a strengthening nervine to be used in all those distressing troubles which make woman's life miserable. You'll find relief from sleeplessness, backache and bearing-down sensations. It's a medicine prescribed by an eminent physician for those nervous conditions brought on by functional "disorders—such as Nervous Prostration, Exstitability, Fainting Spells, Dizziness, and St. Vitus's Dance. In every case of "female complaint" if it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Praised Wherever Used.

C. L. Seaver, of Birmingham, Conn., says: "For building up a weak or debilitated constitution; I know of nothing so sure and good as Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It makes flesh and strengthens the body."

Youth—But we'll love each other for ever and ever anyway. Maid—Algernon say not so. Who knows? We may be married even yet.

Some men have an idea they will some day walk in the streets of glory because they now and then give away an old coat.

Shooting Pains.

"I had catarrh in the head, pains shooting through my head, and that tired feeling. I heard so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla that at last I bought a bottle. It did me so much good that I bought $5 worth and after taking all this I was entirely cured. I am glad to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to any one." Miss Daisy De Rimer, Rimer, Pa.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

Didn't Work Both Ways.

"And you will always be pleasant and loving?" he said tenderly.

"Oh, yes, always, Harold," she replied.

"And when things go wrong at the office, and I am cross and out of temper, you will be sweet and kind to me?"

"Ye-es, Harold."

"And when I am all tired out with my day's work—and you know a man is always a little cross and disagreeable when he is tired out and worried—you'll be loving and sympathetic?"

"Ye-es. But, Harold, don't I get a chance to be cross sometimes?"

"You!"

"Yes. Can't I get tired and irritable once in a while? That's no more than fair, you know. I don't want to be an angel right away."

He withdrew his arms, and—well, that's when the engagement was broken. The rule didn't work both ways.—*Chicago Post.*

The Why and Wherefore.

There is nothing marvelous in the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla should cure so many diseases. When you remember that a majority of the disorders "flesh is heir to" are due to impure or poisonous condition of the blood, and that Hood's Sarsaparilla is an effective and radical blood purifier, the whole thing is explained.

Besides its blood purifying qualities, Hood's Sarsaparilla also contains the best known vegetable stomach tonics, diuretics, kidney remedies and liver invigorants, and is thus an excellent specific for all disorders of these organs, as well as for low condition of the system, or That Tired Feeling.

There are a good many things a man would like to buy a dime's worth of, but can't get without taking the whole box.

When a woman is not declaring she is not superstitious, she is worrying about some signs of bad luck she has seen.

When we meet a proud person, we wonder what it is about. We never knew anyone who had reason to be proud.

When a man discovers his neighbor devoid of virtues never possessed by himself he is shocked.

The women are particularly pleased with a marriage ceremony so impressive that it makes the chills run down their backs.—*Atchison Globe.*

An Old Song.

When giants lived in ancient times,
Sing belch, my boy, sing ho!
In good old England, or foreign climes,
Sing heigh, my boy, sing ho!
They carried things with a high old hand,
Not strong, nor weak, could before them stand,
And they killed whom they pleased throughout the land,
Sing heigh, my boy, sing ho!

But the giants didn't have things their own way when Jack-the-Giant-killer arrived on the scene. You remember the story. Recollect, too, that every age has its giant-killer. We have our giants in the form of all sorts of dread diseases, supposed to be incurable. Our Jack is in the form of Dr. Pierce, who has proven the expression "incurable diseases" to be a fallacy. Can you imagine more potent weapons to assist a woman in killing the giant disease, than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription? It's the only guaranteed remedy for all functional disturbances, painful disorders and chronic weaknesses of womanhood. In female complaints of every kind, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. It's simply a question of the company you prefer—the Giant or Jack!

Calling Smith.

Miss Kate Field relates an experience which she had in trying to sleep in a hotel in a mining town where the partitions between the rooms were of boards merely, and quite innocent of lath and plaster. The ordinary going and coming of the early part of the night were bad enough, but toward morning when at length she had fallen asleep, a loud voice shouted through her keyhole:

"Smith! Smith!"

As her name was not Smith, she made no response.

"Smith!" came the shout again. "It is time to skip!"

"My name is not Smith," she then answered.

From across the hall came the voice of the day clerk, who occupied the room there:

"No. That ain't Smith. Smith's at the end of the hall."

"Well, this is the end of the hall," came from the neighborhood of the keyhole again. It was the voice of the porter.

"Aren't there two ends to the hall? It's the other end, you blockhead."

"Who wants Smith?" came a sharp voice from the distance: "I'm Smith."

"What's the matter? I'm Smith," came still another voice.

"Well, whichever Smith wants to get up at 4 o'clock, him's the one," growled the porter.

Both these Smiths slammed their doors with a vehement protestation that they didn't want to get up.

"It's Smith in No. 1!" screamed the day clerk.

The right one had not been waked at all, so the porter found No. 1 and pounded on the door so hard that everybody in the house who had not already been waked was roused, and several people rushed out into the hall, thinking there was a fire.

The porter went down complacently to the office.

"Well," said he to the night clerk, "I waked him up, anyhow."

Accounting for it.

Briggs—A girl said "Yes" to me last night.

Driggs—I suppose you asked her if you thought you had better go.

CANINE SENTINELS.

How a Noted Moonshiner Evaded the Revenue Officers.

By the Aid of His Faithful Dogs The Illicit Distiller Was Enabled for a Long Time to Carry on His Nefarious Business.

The most noted mountaineer in West Virginia, and perhaps in Kentucky and North Carolina—Jim Day—has at last been captured. The government officers have been trying to arrest Day for over fifteen years, but failed on every occasion. Day, who is a tall, muscular, shrewd-looking fellow, has been running illicit stills for over fifteen years. During this time he had sometimes as many as a dozen stills running at one time. The stills were located in the depths of the primitive forests or in caves in the mountain sides, a long distance from roadways and trails. The stills were always located near some prominent height or at a point from which a guard or spy—constantly on the alert—could overlook all approaches and advise his companions of the vicinity of suspicious looking strangers. In fifteen years only two of Day's stills have been captured and destroyed. On each of these occasions Day and his men all made their escape. Time and again revenue officers have attempted to waylay and ambush Day. They found roads and trails over which it was known he would be forced to travel and they then placed squads in ambush, but, according to the St. Louis Republic, although Day had been seen or traced along the road, he always slipped through their fingers without a scratch.

At last the secret of his success in evading the officers became known. Day had a number of thoroughbred dogs which he had trained to scent out revenue officers or strangers and to notify him of their presence long before they could come in sight. When traveling over the routes or trails leading to and from any of his stills two of Day's dogs always trotted along in front several hundred yards, taking opposite sides of the road. Two would fall back in the rear and one would advance like a scout on each side. In case of an ambuscade the dogs in front would scent the presence of the deputy marshals before they got within one hundred yards of them. They would then return quickly to their master and inform him by their actions of the presence of the enemy. Day would then take to the woods to the right or left, with a dog in advance, and pass around an ambuscade without being seen. In case pursuers should come up behind, Day's dogs, which had been trailing along, would quickly hear or scent them, and then would hurry forward to their master, who, knowing by their actions how close the enemy was, could easily evade them. With such guards it was almost useless for the officers to attempt to capture Day. They often gave up the search in disgust, to start out a month or two later reinvigorated and encouraged by rumors or reports of spies, to fail again and again. Day could be heard of in McDowell county one day, and the next some one from Taswell, in Virginia, fifty miles away, would report that he had been seen in that section. He proved to be an ignis fatuus to the officers, and although they could hear of half a dozen stills running in as many places in the mountains, the officers in the entire fifteen years were successful only in capturing two of his stills.

APPEARANCES DECEIVE.

An Illustrative Instance Recently Witnessed in New York.

A young man who walked up Fifth avenue the other evening wore a silk hat and an extremely long "paddock" coat. He walked in a listless way, as if he had nothing in particular to do, and as if he would not do anything were there something to be done. He seemed to take little interest in anything, unless it were to avoid the little puddles at the street crossings and to keep his shoes from getting splashed. As the young man walked along he heard a loud shouting up the avenue, and, looking in that direction in a calm and deliberate way, he saw that a cab horse was running away. The horse was coming down the avenue at a lively rate, and the driver, who was clinging desperately to his box, was yelling like a Comanche Indian.

When a horse runs away in New York, says the Tribune of that city, there is an earnest desire on the part of all the people in the street to take a hand in the proceedings. What happened in this case was just what usually happens. Two or three men would run out into the street, raise their arms, wave them violently and shout. The horse would move a little faster, the cabman would yell more lustily, and those who had run out into the street would add their cries to the general hubbub. This happened at regular intervals.

But the calm young man who strolled along in so leisurely a manner was evidently not going to interfere with a runaway horse. He stood on the edge of the sidewalk watching the galloping animal come tearing along. Of a sudden, however, a change came over him. When the horse had nearly reached him his form straightened and he became alert. At the minute when the cab was opposite him he swung out into the muddy street, and, running like a deer, was almost instantly at the horse's head. They ran neck and neck for a few seconds. Then the young man's arm shot out swiftly, and he had the plunging animal by the bit. As he ran he drew down the horse's head until the animal had either to stop running or stumble and break its neck. It stopped running.

In the crowd which pushed into the street was an impulsive old gentleman, who nervously threw open the door of the cab. He assisted a man who was inside to alight, and then, seizing him by the arm, led him up to the young man who had stopped the horse. He was scolding the driver in a mild voice for being so careless as to allow his horse to get the bit between its teeth.

"There," cried the excitable old gentleman, in an admiring voice, "is the young man to whom you are indebted for saving your life."

But the young "life saver" said, with almost a drawl: "No thanks are necessary. It's a very easy matter to stop a runaway horse." Then he stooped over and rolled up his trousers, bowed to the man whom he had "saved," and, regaining the sidewalk, sauntered up the avenue.

A WOMAN'S LUCK AND PLUCK.

Stranded and Destitute She Walks Three Hundred Miles to Help Her Children.

A pathetic story of a mother's devotion and heroism comes from Kansas City. Last September Mrs. Elizabeth Page, a widow, whose home was in Detroit, took her four children, the oldest being a son only sixteen years of age, with her household goods stowed away in a wagon, and drove to the Cherokee strip, where she settled on some land. Others contested the claim, so she was compelled to leave. Striking for home, she arrived safely in St. John, Kan., where one of her horses died. She sent her son on to Kansas City to earn money to take the family there, but he failed to find work, and became so discouraged that he wrote his mother he would commit suicide if she could not help him. She answered that she would come, and promptly sold the remaining horse, household goods and her watch, paid the children's board, and with ten dollars in her pocket walked all the way from St. John to Kansas City, a distance of three hundred miles. Kind farmers on the route fed and lodged her so that not one cent of her money had been spent when she arrived. The police matron became interested in the couple and obtained money to send the boy to Detroit, where he is to have work, and buy a ticket for the mother to go back to her children.

GUARDING AGAINST BURGLARS.

Recent Improvements Made in the Construction of Vaults and Vault Doors.

The most vulnerable part of a vault now is the edge of the door. It is almost impossible to obtain an absolutely tight joint, one which will be impervious to liquid explosives. The old method of attack was by powder blown into the crack of the vault door. As the construction of these doors became more perfect this was made impracticable. Then, says the Washington Star, the burglar turned his attention to other explosives and to-day he uses nitroglycerine. Nitroglycerine when warm runs as freely as water. If the crack of a door is not absolutely tight the nitroglycerine will find some small lodging place in it. When exploded it rips off the door, tears off its outer layers or opens a space where a larger charge of explosive can be used. If the joint is too well fitted to permit the use of nitroglycerine and the vault is in an isolated place where powerful explosives can be used, dynamite is laid against a weak spot and well tamped. Its explosion either makes an opening or swellons the walls or door so that tools or other explosives can be used to advantage. With a guarantee of comparative freedom for operation a set of burglars can enter a modern vault in one to eight hours. The shortest process is usually by the use of explosives, and it has been found that the high explosives are singularly local in effect and produce very little sound. Hammer and sledge are often used, though burglars prefer boring, with the use of a blow pipe to draw the temper of the steel attacked. But the modern construction renders this sometimes extremely difficult because of the high conductivity of iron and the close contact of the cold steel adjacent. Burglars seldom attempt to make holes of more than an inch in diameter, and the heat from the small flame which can be introduced through such a hole is quickly dissipated. Sometimes the burglar bores through the soft metal and breaks the intervening sheets of hard metal with the blows of a hammer, removing the metal piecemeal. It is estimated that an expert with finely tempered tools will work through an inch of a vault wall in an hour. It sometimes happens, though, that an expert burglar abandons a job after panetrating the outer layer of steel because his poorly tempered tools were all dulled in the attempt.

USES OF PALMISTRY.

What the Future of the Science May Do for Mankind.

Since palmistry became a social amusement people have reason to be careful of the inside of their hands, written over with this line and with that, lest they be seized upon and be read to their dismay, the survey of the lines there puffing them up with conceit of themselves or putting them to open shame in the face of folk. "I would not trust out of sight the best friend I had in the world," said recently an enthusiastic prophet of the art, "if I found the line of truth did not join the line of life before leaving the hand!" And if she were justified in her statement, says Harper's Bazar, what complications and perplexities might ensue to the adherents of the art! The next thing in the advance of the matter might be that no lover would propose to the damsel who had filled his eye and touched his heart until he had looked at her wrists and certified to himself the absence of the bracelet of command there, lest he should see before him the fate of Dame Partlet's mate. Perhaps, too, the young lady's father would find it necessary to compare the right hand of her lover with his left when he had stammered his wishes into the paternal ear and thus discover what traits he had developed in his right hand by scanning the original lines in his left ope, what good tendencies had increased, if any, and what evil ones had been suppressed in his growth, and if, in short, he had desirable traits and would make a good husband. The mother-in-law-to-be may also think fit to examine the lines of life of the proposed bride of her son and see if it be crossed by the mark of serious illnesses, or otherwise, in order to judge if it is best for her son to incumber himself with a sickly wife; or she may even look for the stars that signify the number of marriages this young woman is to contract, that she may thus forecast her son's chances of long living.

Keeps His Queen a Prisoner.

Only one European sovereign will celebrate this year his silver wedding, namely, King Charles of Roumania, who has attained his fiftieth year. It is doubtful whether there will be any great national rejoicings in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage, for it can scarcely be said to have been one of much happiness, and, according to the New York Recorder, it is questionable whether the queen will be able to return to Bucharest for the event. Considerable mystery prevails as to her real condition of health, as no one outside the immediate members of her family are allowed to see her, and all that is known regarding her are the stereotyped announcements issued by her mother and by the members of the latter's household, stating that she is improving. She is, however, kept from public view—to all intents and purposes under restraint—and an impression prevails that if she is not mentally afflicted, she is at any rate treated as being so by her relo-

A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For 20 years past, my wife and I have used **Ayer's Hair Vigor,** and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.'" "In 1868, my affianced was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use

Ayer's Hair Vigor, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarrun, Bastrop, Tex.

AYER'S
HAIR VIGOR

IN paint the best is the cheapest. Don't be misled by trying what is said to be "just as good," but when you paint insist upon having a genuine brand of

Strictly Pure
White Lead

It costs no more per gallon than cheap paints, and lasts many times as long.

Look out for the brands of White Lead offered you; any of the following are sure:

"Armstrong & McKelvy,"
"Beymer-Bauman,"
"Davis-Chambers,"
"Fahnestock."

For Colors.—National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors.

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UNLIKE ANY OTHER.
STRICTLY
For FAMILY Use.

Dropped on sugar suffering children love to take it. Every Mother should have it in the house, it quickly relieves and cures all aches and pains, asthma, bronchitis, colds, coughs catarrh, cuts, chaps, chilblains, colic, cholera morbus, earache, headache, hooping cough, inflammation, la grippe, lameness, mumps, muscular soreness, neuralgia, nervous headache, rheumatism, bites, burns, bruises, strains, sprains, stings, swellings, stiff joints, sore throat, sore lungs, toothache, tonsilitis and wind colic. Originated in 1810 by the late Dr. A. Johnson, Family Physician. Its merit and excellence have satisfied everybody for nearly a century. All who use it are amazed at its wonderful power. It is safe, soothing, satisfying; so say sick, sensitive sufferers. Used Internal and External. The Doctor's signature and directions on every bottle. Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price, 25 cts. Six bottles, $5.00. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Jas. Boss
Filled
Watch Cases

are all gold as far as you can see. They look like solid cases, wear like solid cases, and are solid cases for all practical purposes—yet only cost about half as much as an out-and-out solid gold case. Warranted to wear for 20 years; many in constant use for thirty years. Better than ever since they are now fitted, at no extra cost, with the great bow (ring) which *cannot be pulled or twisted off* the case—the

Non-pull-out

Can only be had on the cases stamped with this trade mark.

All others have the old-style pull out bow, which is only held to the case by friction, and can be twisted off with the fingers.

Sold only through watch dealers. Send for a watch case opener to the manufacturers

Keystone Watch Case Co.,
PHILADELPHIA.

MINOT'S
DENTIFRICE.

BEAUTIFIES THE TEETH,
PRESERVES THE GUMS,
SWEETENS THE BREATH,
BENEFITS THE THROAT.

* SAFE AND AGREEABLE. *

Everybody uses it.
Everybody praises it.

The Teeth.—Nothing ever discovered whitens the Teeth so quickly and safely as Minot's Dentifrice. It is free from acids, grit and all dangerous substances, and can be used with splendid results, even where the teeth seem perfect in appearance.

It whitens and polishes
The enamel beautifully.

The Gums.—Soft and spongy gums interfere with the health by preventing the proper use of the teeth, render the teeth unsightly and cause decay by shrinking from the enamel. Minot's Dentifrice is a certain cure for unhealthy gums.

It hardens and preserves
The gums perfectly.

The Breath.—Minot's Dentifrice sweetens the breath, produces the violet-like odor which is so suggestive of neatness and cleanliness, and leaves a sweet pure taste in the mouth. Its action on the throat is peculiarly beneficial.

It sweetens the breath
And strengthens the throat.

Safe and Agreeable.—Its components are perfectly pure and harmless, and are the best known tonics for the mouth and gums. Whitens the teeth without injury to the enamel, and is the best Dentifrice that can be used. It is absolutely pure in quality, prompt in effect, pleasing to use and surprisingly low priced.

It is absolutely safe
Under all circumstances.

Price 25 Cents per bottle. Sold by druggists generally, or sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

Sole Proprietors,
WINKELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO.
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THE FARQUHAR
PATENT VARIABLE FRICTION FEED.

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BEST SET WORKS IN THE WORLD. Warranted the best made. Stands Mills, Machinery, and Standard Agricultural Implements of Best Quality at lowest prices. Illustrated Catalogue.

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LARGEST CAPACITY.
Most economical, lightest draught, easiest to operate. Clean grain for market. Send for catalogues.

A. B. FARQUHAR CO., Ltd., York, Pa.

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 3:30 a. m., Somerset 4:10, Stoystown 4:52, Hooversville 5:08, Johnstown, 6:10.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:00 a. m., Somerset 11:25, Stoystown 11:53, Hooversville 12:04, Johnstown 12:55 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation—Rockwood 5:45 p. m., Somerset 6:10, p. m., Stoystown 6:33 p. m., Hooversville 6:49 p. m., Johnstown 7:30 p. m.

Sunday Accommodation—Rockwood 12:05 a. m. Somerset, 1:18.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail—Johnstown 6:30 a. m., Hooversville 7:11 Stoystown 7:25, Somerset 7:55, Rockwood 8:20.

Express—Johnstown 2:30 p. m., Hooversville 3:11, Stoystown 3:25, Somerset 3:55, Rockwood 4:25.

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

Sunday Accommodation—Somerset 5:01 p. m. Rockwood 5:25 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	6:08 a. m
Western Express	4:53 a. m
Johnstown Accommodation	6:35 a. m
" Accommodation	9:10 a. m
Pacific Express	9:24 a. m
Way Passenger	3:32 a. m
Mail	5:16 p. m
Johnstown Accommodation	9:30 p. m
Fast Line	9:08 p. m.

EASTWARD.

Keystone Express	5:35 a. m
Sea-Shore Express	8:40 a. m
Altoona Accommodation	8:25 a. m
Main Line Express	10:15 a. m.
Day Express	11:19 a. m
Altoona Accommodation	12:02 p. m
Mail Express	4:11 p. m
Johnstown Accommodation	8:55 p. m
Philadelphia Express	7:16 p. m
Fast Line	10:50 p.m

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

S. M. PREVOST, Gen'l