THE ARTISTS QUEEN.

An artist once gave to the canvas a face
That the wise came miles to see,
A lovelight glance in eyes all a-dance
He had caught in its subtlety.

He had given a crown to the regal one
And knights at her command,
But the girl-like maiden was not of a queen,
Though courtiers kissed her hand.

And the critic said, as they gazed enrapt,
That the rank of a queen was not there
Though there never was such grace and such touch,
Or a face more delicate fair.

And they hied to the artist and found that he
Was in quarters poor and bare,
But he held to his heart the counterpart
Of a rustic maiden there.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

PART OF A LIFE.

"So you want my little girl for your wife, do you?"

The speaker, from a glance at his snowy hair and mustache and sorrowful dark eyes, one would suppose to have been a man well along in years, but on looking more closely at the well knit, supple form reclining at ease in the study chair it was discovered to be "an old head on young shoulders."

His deep, musical voice was half sad, half tender as he continued to address the young man, who, standing before him, was nervously toying with a book that lay on the table.

"Perhaps I am not quite as much surprised as you thought I would be. You have played together as little children, as boy and girl you were companions, and now that you are a man and Maud a woman, your hearts naturally turn together, and I will see the dearest wish of my heart realized. The friendship that has existed between your father and myself for 16 years will be augmented by the union of our only children.

"You are a good, manly fellow, Hugh, but a trifle hot-headed and impulsive. Learn to control yourself, boy; learn to control yourself.

"You have much of my disposition, and I would save you from the rocks on which my happiness was wrecked—you and my little girl.

"Sit down, Hugh, here, near me, and I will tell you a story—an answer to the question you have so often had on the tip of your tongue to ask me 'What was it that turned the hair of such a comparatively young man white?'

"Tush, boy, don't look confused—you couldn't help wondering.

"Well, to begin with, 20 years ago I married one of the fairest, sweetest little women that ever won the love of man.

"I was a reporter on an evening paper, ambitious and struggling to rise in my profession.

"We rented a little cottage in the suburbs, and although we had not much of this world's goods our home was a very happy one for the first six or eight months. Then little bickerings and fault findings began. Bitter quarrels finally grew out of the most trivial things, and scarcely a day passed that there had not been angry words spoken by one or the other.

"We loved each other dearly, and we tried hard to avoid all this. We had resolved again and again in our moments of repentance that we would treat each other with more consideration, be more forbearing, but it seemed useless—our troubles increased.

"So it went on for several months. I had become morose and gloomy, and Nora's poor little face had grown so pale and sad that the sight of it made my heart ache.

"One lovely morning in early summer, when the roses that clambered over our cottage walls was in bloom and nodding their pretty heads at us through the windows, when the birds, newly mated, were singing their joy and the air was heavy with the perfume of flowers and breathed only love and peace, the crisis came.

"While I was hurriedly getting ready to go to the office something occurred to detain me. I was annoyed and spoke sharply to Nora. She answered me in an insolent, taunting manner that always enraged me. Our words grew hotter and hotter and more extravagant. In my anger I applied a shameful epithet to her.

"'Coward!' she almost shrieked, as she sprang towards me, her face distorted with rage and defiance.

"What devil possessed me I do not know, but quick as a flash I raised my hand and struck her in the face with all the force I could summon.

She was such a slender little woman that she had not the strength to withstand my powerful blow. With a low, heart-rending cry she sank to the floor. Almost before she fell my senses returned. I realized what I had done, and falling on my knees beside her took her in my arms, kissed the poor bleeding lips I had so brutally lacerated, and with my tears dropping on her face implored her forgivness. She seemed completely broken. Her anger was all gone, and there was a startled, grieved look in her eyes that cut me to the heart.

"She lay motionless in my arms while I begged her to forgive me. Then she said softly:

"'It doesn't matter, dear. It was my fault as much as yours. We will never let it happen again. Now go to work—you are late already.'

"She said it so strangely, with such a queer look in her eyes, that I would not consent to leave her. But she insisted, and when she bade me good by she said, taking my face between her hands and drawing it towards her:

"'I love you with all my heart, my darling husband. I will love you for ever and ever. Now good by.'

"What a long day that was! It seemed as if my work never would be finished. My heart was so full of love for Nora.

"I bought a bunch of Jack roses on my way home to remind her of our courtship, when they were the flowers I alway brought her.

I did not enter the house by the front door, as usual, because I wanted to slip up behind her where she was at work getting dinner and surprise her with the flowers and a kiss.

"Softly I opened the kitchen door. There was no sign of any preparation for dinner—everything was in order. 'Perhaps Nora has cried herself sick,' I said to reasure myself. I went to the bedroom—everything in order there, but the room was empty.

Nervously I hurried through every room, looked into every closet, went down to the cellar, out to the coal shed and up to the attic. I didn't expect to find her in any of these places, I was sure she had gone away, but I must look for her somewhere.

"I went back to the bedroom again and there found the note she had for me pinned to my pillow.

'Poor little tear stained letter! Here it is, worn in the folds and yellow with age—this is what she wrote:

"'Don't think it is because I am angry at what you did this morning that I go. I cannot stay, because I cannot make you happy. You will at least live in peace without me. I love you, my husband, and I always will. Think of me sometimes and of how much I love you. But, no; if it makes you sad to think of me, forget me. God bless you. I love you.

NORA.'

"That was all. It gave no clew. Was she living or dead?

"If living I was determined to find her. I searched for her every where, advertised, traveled—all in vain.

Nearly three years passed, and not a word had I heard from her. I had almost come to the conclusion that she was dead. During that time it was that my hair turned white.

"I was working as a reporter on a New York morning paper, gathering news and searching for my wife,

"One bitter cold night the last week in January, I was sent to report a fire that had broken out in a large tenement house in one of the poorest quarters in the city. The greater part of the building was in flames when I arrived.

The firemen saw that it would be useless to try to save it and were directing their efforts to getting out the frightened inmates. I did what I could to assist them in rescuing the poor wretches.

"At last, when we thought they were all out, the smoke cleared away from a part of the building, and by the light of the flames that leaped up we saw the figures of two women in a window. One of them had a bundle in her arms and was preparing to leap to the ground. I motioned her back.

"In a moment a fireman moved a ladder to the place, ascended, and returned with one of the women, a little hunchback. The other, the one with the bundle, clasped it convulsively, tottered and would have fallen to the ground but for the fireman, who had just reached her. Quickly he descended, bearing her unconscious form.

"'Guess she's about gone. Get a place ready for her, quick! Let me lay her down?' he shouted.

"Off came my overcoat, and the fireman laid her on it.

"I stopped to see if she was badly burned, and also to see what was in the bundle.

"A little child about two years old, round-eyed and frightened, looked at me from the wet, steaming blanket that was wrapped around it. A pretty little thing, I thought, as I disengaged it from the blistered arms that clasped it.

"The woman was badly burned about the body. I drew away the towel that she had around her head and saw—my wife! pale and worn, but still the same features, the same clustering brown curls on her forehead. My wife! given back to me like this!

"Frantically I called for help, for a doctor. There happened to be one in the crowd.

"He looked at Nora's burns and shook his head. There was no hope. She would probably never open her eyes again. But she did. The great dark eyes looked up at me, and the lips murmured:

"'Maudie—baby.'

"I held the baby over her. She smiled faintly and said:

"'Maudie—perhaps—papa—will—Tell him—I always—loved—I'—

"But her eyes closed, and her head fell against my breast. She was dead.

"Did she recognize me in those few moments? God only knows. I could not tell.

* * * * * * *

"The crippled girl who was with her in the window, and whom she insisted on the fireman rescuing first, told me how she had met Nora in the hospital over two years before, when Maudie was born, of Nora's kindness to her and of her weary struggle for bread.

"And she it was who found and gave to me the wedding ring and a tiny locket with my picture in it that was fastened around her neck when she died. She had never parted with them, no matter how great her poverty was."

—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of constipation and sick headache. For malaria and liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by J. N. Snyder, druggist.

A Conscience Box.

We have heard of a conscience box, in which certain young people dropped all the pennies for charitable purposes that they could conscientiously spare. What do you say to having such a box?—*Harper's Young People.*

How He Fought.

Old soldiers who have really seen war are, as a general thing, not much given to boasting and are perfectly ready to admit that they were not always so reckless as to lose all thought of personal danger.

"Were you at Chickamauga, colonel?" an exchange reports a lady as asking.

"Yes, ma'am."

"It was an awful battle, they say."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Could you see what was going on?"

"Not very plainly."

"I suppose the smoke of the artillery—"

"It wasn't that, ma'am."

"What was it, then?"

"The tree."

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it Free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial bottle, Free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, Free, as well as a copy of Guide to health and Household Instructor, Free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing at J. N. Snyder's drug store.

One Exception.

Teacher—"Give an example of the truth of the motto: 'United we stand, divided we fall.'"

Johnny—"I—I can't think of any, ma'am. I don't believe it's true, anyhow."

"What? Do you know of any case in which it is not true?"

"Yes'm. A step-ladder."—*Chicago Tribune.*

It is important to keep the liver and kidneys in good condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for invigorating these organs.

The Way to Rest.

Rest is change, not idleness. When men quit work and start to do nothing they either get into mischief or go daft. The summer resorts are filled with miserable women who do nothing but sit around, dress up, eat and sleep. They get no sympathy, but deserve a great deal. To map out a plan of resting is as difficult as to arrange a summer menu—it is all a matter of individuality; the cook calls it taste, and the physician temperament. A small boy will go off with his dog, lie in the grass and be as happy as a harlequin; his father will sit on the string-piece of the nearest pier and fish or smoke himself into a mellow frame of mind.

One reason why so few women succeed in getting rested is because they get too thoroughly ready. Order is Heaven's first law, but it is a helpful and wholesome scheme to drop out of order without any fuss once in a while. Baking day, ironing day, sweeping day and kindred days of torture might be skipped twice a month or oftener if the mercury is gavorting round the head of the column. Let the family eat crackers and wear crinkled clothes for a change. It will be all the same in a hundred years.

There is no rest in a rocking chair—believe that, O woman, girl! The abomination on rollers is coeductive to round shoulders, bad thinking, hysterics, nerves, hollow backs and dislocated stomachs. The doctors say so, the Delstarte teachers say so, and the proofs speak for themselves.

"Get on a couch and go to sleep if you are tired," Sargent, Savage and the rest of the physical trainers say, and when you wake up do something." The most restful occupation, these athletic physicians say is the one that exercises the mind most and the body least. Mental supremacy is all-conquering. That is why book-lovers, dreamers and hobby-horse riders have their own roads to happiness. A lover of reading is one degree lower than the musician's paradise. The restfulness to be found in books—"the only things that live forever"—is inexhaustible.

The late William Walter Phelps, speaking to some German ladies about the various resources of his countrymen, once said that "the salvation of the men and women he knew best and admired most was their fads." He then went on to enumerate the studies his associates had prosecuted ever since their college days, the club schemes of the ladies, and the pleasure, profit and rest he had got out of a German grammar and a work on horticulture. Instead of a change of physical action he advocated novelties for the mind.

Sit not idly resting, saith the psalmist. Women think they think, whereas the mind often consumes itself brooding, grieving, fretting over petty troubles. To this insidious habit needle work lends its baneful influence. When it is too hot to be diligent find rest in being desultory.—*N. Y. World.*

Blue-eyed Indians.

In a mountain village, perhaps a day's ride from Mexico City, lives a tribe of exclusive and aristocratic Indians called "los Griegos" (the Greeks). They are light complexioned and the majority have blue eyes and light hair. They dress principally in two shades of blue and their clothing is good and well made and generally ornamented with the bead and silk embroidery of which Indians are so fond. Their houses are better built and furnished than is usual among Indians, and many have pianos and other musical instruments, upon which they play with considerable skill. These "Griegos" have no commercial or social connections with other tribes, holding aloof from even those who live at the base of the mountain on which their village is situated. They raise their own food, do their own manufacturing, have their own schools, churches and social institutions, and seldom or never marry outside of their own tribe of blue-eyed, fair-haired Indians, who have the appearance of Germans, living in the Sierra Madre Mountains in the State of Durango.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Wayside Gleanings.

While the elephant appears clumsy, it is in realty one of the most nimble animals of Asia.

The reason why red infuriates animals is because it is the complementary color of green.

There are two species of the true whale. One has teeth in the lower jaw, and the other has not.

After hundreds of years' investigation it is not yet known where or when a man first appeared on earth.

Some stars seen through telescopes are so distant that it takes their light 2,700 years to reach this planet.

The cheetah, or hunting leopard, of India is three and one-half feet high, and is hooded like a hawk when taken out to the chase.

The strength of the lion's fore limbs is only 69 per cent that of the tiger, while the strength of its hind limbs is but 65 per cent.

The stone known as a cat's eye is a gray quartz, with shreds of asbestus through it. It is found in perfection in the southern part of the United States.

The greatest daily change of temperature to be found on the earth's surface is in Arizona. There is frequently a change of eighty degrees in twelve hours.

Dealers in wild animals receive enormous profits above the first cost but the expense of transportation and the losses by death are so great that very little money is made in the business.

Objecting to Venus.

It was a christening business. The parents wanted the child to be named Vanus.

"Vanus? I suppose you mean Venus. Do you imagine I am going to call any Christian child after that abandoned female, and least of all a male child?" cried Dean Burgon.

The father of the infant urged that he only wished to name it after his grandfather.

"Your grandfather!" cried Burgon. "I don't believe it. Where is your grandfather?" He was produced; a poor old soul of eighty or so, bent double, and certainly not looking in the least like the goddess in question. "Do you mean to tell me, sir, that any clergyman ever christened you Vanus, as you call it?"

"Well, no, sir; I was christened Sylvanus, but they always calls me 'Vanus.'"

How dear old Burgon enjoyed it! His tempest of indignation was stilled at once, and his queer face, always the gravest of the grave during an ecclesiastical ceremonial, puckered into an irresistible smile.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

WOODLAND AND FLOODS.

There is no truth more incontestable than that a covering of plant life to the earth conserves the water delivered by falling rain and melting snow.

The minor conditions are by no means so well understood by the public. Some facts from my note-book may have an interest.

"Tuesday, April 10, 1894, will long be remembered as the date of the blizzard which was phenomenal for this latitude.

"April 13th was warm and clear. The mass of snow disappeared so rapidly from the exposed places, that by night the Brandywine was bankfull. A few hours more of this rapid thaw would have meant a disastrous freshet.

"Whence came this water? Mostly from the open grounds; because on the morning of the 14th much of the snow remained in the woods, but the fields were almost wholly bare; in other words, it was a pointed argument for the statement that melting snow coming from the woods is less likely to cause freshets than that from the open grounds, because its delivery is less rapid."

This is true, but it is a general truth and like all other such, is liable to special exception.

Woodland may be so situated that there will be no melting of snow until the season is well advanced. The whole fall of snow may lie until advanced spring, and in the diffused warmth of a late April or early May day the entire mass may go off in a deluge, long after the open grounds have delivered their water. Hence in some lands, bordering on the Connecticut river, it is a common saying that there is no security against a flood until the snow has gone. But this is the exception to the rule, in our State.

Sod will retain more water than a barren region. But it does not ordinarily conduct water to great depths, nor does it offer any great protection against rapid evaporation. Even the scrub under brush which covers so large a portion of our State after the matured forest has been removed, retains much more moisture than the sod. This is so, because its roots penetrate deeper than those of the sod, and afford highways along which the water seeks the greater depths. The height of the shaded zone is greater than on the sod, hence evaporation is slower, and there is, besides all this, the matting of leaves on the earth, which alone is as efficient as the sod. The real trouble comes in when such "scrub lands" are fired, as they are, at least once in three years throughout our State, burned over, and roots, leaves, branches and humus wholly, or in part, destroyed. Under such conditions the region becomes ultimately but little better than a desert, though it nominally is forest land, and is usually so reported on our assessor's lists.

The "high forest"—that is the matured timber, is the most efficient conservator of water. To begin with the leaves; their agency in breaking the force of the rainfall is seldom sufficiently appreciated. The phrase, "pelting of the storm," is more than a figure of speech. Those who are most frequently exposed to it, know best the actual force of impact of the falling rain drop, and will be most likely to properly estimate the power of falling water to produce important changes in the surface of the earth. Nothing more clearly reveals this to the ordinary observer than the effect of a dashing rainstorm on a freshly cultivated field. Within twenty-four hours I have seen such a surface furrowed throughout its entire length and the soil removed to a lower level, where it covered the growing corn.

Then beneath the living foliage on the trees, and above the decaying vegetable matter on the surface of the soil, there is a belt of moist air which, of itself, is a reservoir of aqueous vapor. The air there, if not constantly saturated with moisture, at least holds it longer than that of the open ground, and this, also, is a most important factor in retarding loss of the water in the soil by evaporation. Every branch that leads to the main trunk, and this main stem itself, conducts the water to the ground, where along the diverging roots and rootlets the water is distributed through the soil. This distribution is simply as water borrowed from the surface. Absorbed by the roots, it finds its way through the leaves to the air, or percolating along the sloping strata, it reappears as a flowing spring, possibly a hundred mile from where it entered the earth.

The important point to be emphasized here is that matured forests, more than any other from of plant life, carry with them the conditions of perpetuation. There is no obvious reason why a forest, once established, should not remain in a perpetual succession of trees forever. It makes its own soil, supplies to a large extent its own food, and maintains the requisite moisture for its own growth. More than this, failure to produce seeds for a single year, or for a score of years, induces no change in its growth and perpetuity. The extremest vicissitudes of any half century in the latitude where it grows, hardly ever threaten its existence.

The recent storms (in May), have been full of instruction for me. Along the valleys of the north and west branches of the Susquehanna and also of the Juniata the freshets have been of unusual severity. Open grounds, more or less steep, and on which the drainage is rapid, characterize a large portion of the valleys through which these streams flow. High stages of water have always been common in them, but it is probably capable of proof that these have become more frequent, or at least of greater severity, in recent years. The reason seems obvious. Let one look at the absolutely bare hills back of Beech Creek, or those along the Northern Central Railroad between Williamsport and Canton, and the explanation will probably suggest itself. The mere statement that there has been a cloud-burst is no explanation. It is but a new way of expressing a condition of things which was probably as common in the past as now.

At Wilkesbarre the water rose rapidly. On May 22nd, the water on the Kingston Flats was high enough to cut off communication by the electric cars (on the ordinary route) between the east and west sides of the river. It fell as rapidly as it rose. At the very time the North Branch was at its greatest height, the waters of the Bear Creek region were but moderately swollen. Two days more of almost constant, heavy rain followed, and still there was no inordinate freshet in the latter region. The ground was, in its absorbing capacity one vast sponge. It was well on toward the point of absolute saturation, but there was as yet no excessive discharge of water. Here all the conditions were just what have been expected. It is true that there was hardly more than two million feet of good timber in sight from the highest point, but there was a dense growth of underbrush and beneath this a tangled mass of leaves, ferns or moss as the case happened to be. A recent fire had swept over part of the county and extensive areas were blackened by its visitation. But much of the original debris remained to retard the flow of water. The next, or a still later flood, may sweep it out of the country and leave an impoverished region on which forest restoration will become increasingly difficult.

The open valley of the Susquehanna carried the water out of the country in a destructive deluge. The highlands of Bear Creek region absorbed most of its rainfall for future utilities. It is to be hoped that such facts as these will be more frequently noted and commented upon. Let us have them in all their bearings, for upon them some of the most important practical questions of the next decade depend.—J. L. Rothrock in *Forest Leaves.*

Pickles and Peppers.

We don't believe a long haired man knows any more about medicine than a short haired man.—*Atchison Globe.*

Admirer—"Where did you get all this wonderful strength?" Famous Strong Man—"I was a carver in a boarding house for three years."—*Syracuse Post.*

A man regnads his newspaper much as he does his wife—something to find fault with when he feels cross and something he never approves of.—*Roseleaf.*

There is a good deal of quarreling in this world, and in a few weeks we may look to see the trees come to blows!—*Lowell Courier.*

"Is it true that your bride is very hard of hearing?" "It is. Why, when I proposed to her I had to shout so loud that all the neighbors ran out and congratulated me."—*Tid-Bits.*

Tommie's Father (sternly)—"What were you fighting that bad boy for, Tommie?" Tommie—"To keep from gettin' licked."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. N. Snyder, Somerset, Pa., or at G. W. Brallier's, Berlin, Pa.

News Items.

Thus far this season 18 tourists who set out to climb the Alps have lost their lives in the venture.

It is claimed that at its present rate of increase in 15 years Allegheny City will be the metropolis of Allegheny County.

The peach crop from Chambersburg, Scotland, Pa., and vicinity is abundant, the total shipment amounting to 3500 bushels daily.

For fishing with 11 other men on his own farm, in Clay township, Lancaster county, Isaac Eberly was arrested. They had salted five bushel of fish at a haul.

In Korea a boy goes bare headed until he is 7 years of age; once he puts on a hat he never appears without it. A Korean girl is never seen in public after her seventh birthday.

Postmaster Harry Marietta, of Connellsville, and several others were, Wednesday, convicted of unlawful assemblage. It was proved that they aided the rioters during the recent coke strike.

Elmore Gilmore, a country school teacher of Eckerty, Ind., recently married a farmer's pretty daughter. Three days later a letter was received from a firm of barristers in Ireland stating that the bride had fallen heir to $3,000,000.

Dead walls and bill-boards have become veritable galleries of patriotic art since the advance brigades of the Adam Forepaugh shows have posted upon them the splendid announcements of the coming of the great shows on Tuesday, October 2.

Divorced at 10 o'clock in the morning, married at noon and widowed at 3 o'clock in the afternoon were the three events crowded in Mrs. Mary McQuade's, of Scranton, Pa., life on Monday. This is a record of mingling connubial smiles and tears that is seldom parallelled.

After October the head tax on immigrants will be raised from 50 cents per head to $1. The money thus collected will be covered into the United States Treasury instead of being set aside to be expended under the control of the Bureau of Immigration.

The silver dinner service which Mrs. J. W. Mackay has with her in Europe is worth $196,000. Her husband furnished $75,000 in weight of pure silver and then paid another $121,000 for the work done upon it. The above is reckoned as being the most costly silver set now in use in the world.

William Law, recently discharged from the West Penn railroad, sought revenge last Friday evening by laying a boulder on the track in front of an approaching train near Freeport, Pa. Fortunately the pilot of the engine burst the rock into fragments and the train passed over in safety. Law was placed in jail.

A neat bit of white-washing was performed saturday by the Huntingdon County Grand Jury. Sheriff T. H. Oaks was exonerated of all blame in the management of the jail. Although 10 prisoners have escaped from the jail in 18 months, the Grand Jury concluded that it was only a misfortune and not an indication of mismanagement.

A Scotchman has invented a thread-spinning apparatus, and is said to have trained two mice to work it. The mechanical principle of the contrivance is a small mill which is operated by the paws of the mice. They can each wind on and off from 100 to 120 pieces of thread per day, and to do this they must supply a motor power by which a course of 10½ miles could be traversed. It is asserted that the mice perform this task every day without apparent fatigue, and that a halfpenny worth of flour furnishes them food enough for five weeks. During that time the little animals have spun about 3850 threads a yard and a half in length.

Of late the naturalists have been losing sleep and filling a great deal of valuable magazine space in discussing the causes that produce the light emitted by fireflies. As is generally the case where much study and investigation is involved there is a wide difference of opinion. One school of scientists trace the phenomenon to the nervous system of the insect; another to his respiration, while a third school have prepared an article of 6000 words to prove that the light is entirely dependent upon the poor bug's circulation. The burden of evidence seems to be in favor of those who claim that the luminous tissue is made up of fat globules, which are intermittently acted upon by the oxygen of the air and the phosphorus of the creature's body.

During the races at Terre Haute, Ind., Friday afternoon, Robert J., the horse which surprised the world a few days ago by pacing a mile in 2:02¼, was brought out to break his own record. It was seen that he was at his best, and when the quarter was caught at 30¾ the hope was strong. The runner who was making the pace came alongside near the half, which was made in 1:00¼. The three-quarters was reached in 1:30¼, making the middle half of the mile in the phenomenal time of 59¾ seconds, or at the rate of 1:59. He came home strong, and went under the wire with the apparent courage and effort of his first quarter. The time—2:01¼—was put up at once, and Geers, the driver, was caught up by the people and carried on their shoulders to the grand stand, where 6000 voices cheered him.

Reason on This.

You would call a man a fool to try to run an engine with a crooked piston-rod. Yet you are attempting that when you live with your system in a disordered condition. Whatever you may be mentally, you are physically a machine. Nothing interests you more than keeping it in order. If your digestion is out of condition, or your kidneys are disordered, use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite remedy, a medicine prepared by a famous physician, and tested for years by thousands of persons, who all endorse it.

A Very Pretty Tipple.

The October brew of home-made beer was the celebrated one in Bucks, and the farmer made it of sufficient strength by means of eight bushels of malt to the hogshead of fifty-four imperial gallons. Once, in an outlying village in Bucks, the rector on a certain Sunday gave out as the text, "First Hebrews, 9 and 10." Whereupon an old-fashioned farmer, renounced for his good tap, called out: "And a very pretty tipple, too. I brews eight!"—*Argonaut.*

Use it in Time.

Catarrh starts in the nasal passages, affecting eyes, ears and throat and is in fact, the great enemy of the mucous membrane. Neglected colds in the head almost invariably precede catarrh causing an excessive flow of mucus, and if the mucous discharge becomes interrupted the disagreeable results of catarrh will follow, such as bad breath, severe pain across forehead and about the eyes, a roaring and buzzing sound in the ears and oftentimes a very offensive discharge. Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for these troubles.

He Knew.

Pat was an Irishman who never would admit that there was any subject that he did not know about. One day a gentlemen said to him:

"Well, Pat, do you know anything about the Wilson Bill?"

"Oi do, sor; Oi know all about it."

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"Well, Oi'll tell ye," said Pat, with an air of profound wisdom. "Oi think that if that man Wilson is anything av a gintleman, he'll cartainly pay that bill."

The Siberian Snowflower.

"One of the greatest curiosities I ever met with in my travels," said Professor Phillip L. Newman, of Cincinnati, "is the snowflower that blooms in the northern part of Siberia, where the earth is continually covered with a coating of snow and frost. This wonderful plant shoots forth from the frozen soil on the first day of the year, and reaches the height of about three feet; it blooms the third day, remains open 24 hours, and then returns to its original element. It shines for a single day, then the stem, leaves and the flowers are converted into snow.

PAINT cracks.—It often costs more to prepare a house for repainting that has been painted in the first place with cheap ready-mixed paints, than it would to have painted it twice with strictly pure white lead, ground in pure linseed oil.

Strictly Pure White Lead

forms a permanent base for repainting and never has to be burned or scraped off on account of scaling or cracking. It is always smooth and clean. To be sure of getting strictly pure white lead, purchase any of the following brands:

"Armstrong & McKelvy,"
"Beymer-Bauman,"
"Davis-Chambers,"
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FOR COLORS.—National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, a one-pound can to a 25-pound keg of Lead and mix your own paints. Saves time and annoyance in matching shades, and insures the best paint that it is possible to put on wood.

Send us a postal card and get our book on paints and color-card, free; it will probably save you a good many dollars.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., New York.
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Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

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KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.

Good for Moulting Hens.

It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. "One large can saved me $40; send six more to prevent Roup," says one customer. If you can't get it send to us. Ask first. Sample for 25 cts. in stamps, five packs $1. Large 1:14 in. can, by mail, $1.20. Six large cans, $5 express prepaid. Sample copy of The Best Poultry Paper sent free. Farm-Poultry one year (twice 50c.) and large can $1.50. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass

PATENTS

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CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 3:30 a. m., Somerset 4:10, Stoyestown 4:32, Hooversville 5:08, Johnstown 6:10.

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

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:45 p. m., Somerset 6:10 Stoyestown 6:33, Hooversville 6:49, Johnstown 7:40.

*Daily.

SOUTHWARD.

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

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

Sunday Only.—Johnstown 8:30, Somerset 10:01 Rockwood 10:25.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

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 "
Johnstown Accommodation	6:57 "
" Accommodation	9:10 "
Pacific Express	9:24 "
Way Passenger	3:32 "
Mail	5:16 "
Johnstown Accommodation	9:30 p. m.
Fast Line	9:08 p. m.

EASTWARD.

Keystone Express	5:55 a. m.
Sea-shore Express	3:40 "
Altoona Accommodation	8:24 "
Main Line Express	10:15 "
Day Express	11:10 "
Altoona Accommodation	12:02 p. m.
Mail Express	4:11 "
Johnstown Accommodation	6:55 "
Philadelphia Express	7:16 "
Fast Line	10:50 "

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

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IMPROVED EMULSION OF PURE NORWEGIAN

COD LIVER OIL

WITH CHEMICALLY PURE

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— FOR —

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, - COLDS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, - SKIN DISEASES, NERVOUS DISEASES, - DISEASES OF CHILDREN, - WHOOPING COUGH, ANAEMIA, - CATARRH, - GENERAL DEBILITY, ETC., ETC.

This valuable preparation cures by its nutritive and alterative power. It is a true emulsion,—not a lime soap, is easily digested, quickly assimilated, and shows its wonderful action on blood, tissue and nerve by a most marked improvement from the first dose.

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