A CHEERFUL GIVER.

NOVELIST HOWELLS DESCRIBES HIS TRIBULATIONS.

A Maimed Beggar, a Solitary Half Dollar and the Contest Between Two Consciences Unsettled—A Usually Calm Mind, but a Compromise Was Arranged.

Mr. W. D. Howells has written for The Century two papers entitled "Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver," giving his experiences with the begging fraternity. The following is taken from the first paper:

Some months ago, as I was passing through a down town street on my way to the elevated station, I saw a man sitting on the steps of a house. He seemed to be resting his elbows on his knees and holding out both his hands. As I came nearer I perceived that he had no hands, but only stumps, where the fingers had been cut off close to the palms, and that it was these stumps he was holding out in the mute appeal which was his form of begging. Otherwise he did not ask charity. When I approached him he did not look up, and when I stopped in front of him he did not speak. I thought this rather fine in its way; except for his mutilation, which the man really could not help, there was nothing to offend the taste, and his immobile silence was certainly impressive.

I decided at once to give him something, for when I am in the presence of want or even the appearance of want, there is something that says to me, "Give to him that asketh," and I have to give or else go away with a bad conscience—a thing I hate. Of course I do not give much, for I wish to be a good citizen as well as a good Christian, and as soon as I obey that voice which I cannot disobey I hear another voice reproaching me for encouraging street beggary. I have been taught that street beggary is wrong, and when I have to unbutton two coats and go through three or four pockets before I can reach the small coin I mean to give in compliance with that imperative voice, I certainly feel it to be wrong. So I compromise, and I am never able to make sure that either of those voices is satisfied with me. I am not even satisfied with myself, but I am better satisfied than if I gave nothing. That was the selfish reason I now had for deciding to yield to my better nature and to obey the voice which bade me "Give to him that asketh," for, as I said, I hate a bad conscience, and of two bad consciences I always choose the least, which, in a case like this, is the one that incensed political economy gives me.

I put my hand into my hip pocket, where I keep my silver, and found nothing there but half a dollar. This at once changed the whole current of my feelings, and it was not chill penury that repressed my noble rage, but chill affluence. It was manifestly wrong to give half a dollar to a man who had no hands or to any sort of beggar. I was willing to commit a small act of incivism, but I had not the courage to flout political economy to the extent of 50 cents, and I felt that when I was bidden "Give to him that asketh" I was never meant to give so much as a half dollar, but a cent, or a half dime, or at the most a quarter. I wished I had a quarter. I would gladly have given a quarter, but there was nothing in my pocket but that fatal, that inexorably indivisible half dollar, the continent of two quarters, but not practically a quarter. I would have asked anybody in sight to change it for me, but there was no one passing; it was a quiet street of brownstone dwellings, and not a thronged thoroughfare at any time. At that hour of the late afternoon it was deserted, except for the beggar and myself, and I am not sure that he had any business to be sitting there on the steps of another man's house, or that I had the right to encourage his invasion by giving him anything. For a moment I did not know quite what to do. To be sure, I was not bound to the man in any way. He had not asked me for charity, and I had barely paused before him. I could go on and ignore the incident. I thought of doing this, but then I thought of the bad conscience I should be certain to have, and I could not go on. I glanced across the street, and near the corner I saw a decent looking restaurant, and "Wait a minute," I said to the man, as if he were likely to go away, and I ran across to get my half dollar changed at the restaurant.

I was now quite resolved to give him a quarter, and be done with it; the thing was getting to be a bore. But when I entered the restaurant I saw no one there but a young man quite at the end of a long room, and when he had come all the way forward to find what I wanted I was ashamed to ask him to change my half dollar, and I pretended that I wanted a package of Sweet Caporal cigarettes, which I did not want, and which it was a pure waste for me to buy, since I do not smoke, though doubtless it was better to buy them and encourage commerce than to give the half dollar and encourage beggary. At any rate, I instinctively felt that I had political economy on my side in the transaction, and I made haste to go back to the man on the steps and secure myself with Christian charity too. On the way over to him, however, I decided that I would not give him a quarter, and I ended by poising 15 cents on one of his outstretched stumps.

In the Right Place.

Rubberneck Bill stood looking down at the inanimate form of his thirty-seventh.

"Fer a greaser," said Bill, "he put up a purty game fight."

"That's what," assented Soapless Jones. "Pity he had to go. Fer, if he was a greaser, his heart came mighty near being in the right place."

"It is lucky fer me that it warz S'posen when I plugged him thar it had been on the other side."—Cincinnati Tribune.

HE KNEW JERSEY EGGS.

The Wise Printer Could Tell by Their Size and Shape.

Two printers lunched at a Park row restaurant the other day. One ordered "beef and" and the other two boiled eggs. When the eggs were placed before the one who ordered them, he said to his companion, "Why, those are Jersey eggs."

"How do you know they are Jersey eggs? They might have been laid in Pennsylvania or Kentucky for all you know."

"Well, I guess not. These eggs came from Jersey, and I know it."

To prove it the proprietor was called into the discussion, and when asked he said the eggs were Jersey eggs.

Then the egg eater explained: "Over in Jersey the farmers, or some of them at least, use a board with holes, large and small, bored in it. All eggs that will go through the small holes are sent to market, and those which will only go through the large holes are reserved for home consumption."

Another printer devised a scheme for procuring good butter at his boarding house table. The landlady had two tables for her guests ranged one each side of a large room. At one the women boarders and married couples sat, while at the other table the bachelors were placed. At the women's table there was always good butter, but at the other the butter was emphatically inferior. A printer boarder suffered long and patiently, but at last he rebelled. He went to the dining room just before dinner one evening and changed the butter from one table to the other. A howl from the women's table shortly after had the desired effect.

The butter was of equally good quality at both tables thereafter.—New York Journal.

There are over 25 foreigners to the square mile in the state of New York.

THE NEBULAR THEORY.

How, According to It, the Sun and the Planets Were Formed.

The finite mind can hardly conceive of a time when there was neither sun nor planets, yet both the Bible and science teach us that such a state of affairs once actually existed. We have all read the Biblical account of creation, and not a few of us have spent valuable time reading learned essays on the condition of things in the time of "the beginning." It is not the object of this "note" to discuss the origin of the sun and the planets from a Biblical standpoint, nor do we mean to give a resume of scientific opinions on the subject. On the contrary, we shall confine our remarks to what is known as the "nebular hypothesis," or nebular theory of the origin of worlds and suns.

According to the opinion of the most learned astronomers, the "beginning" is ushered in with the existence throughout all space of an undefinable matter of substance called "nebula." This nebula was of such wonderful thinness that it is believed that millions of miles of it could have easily been compressed into a common thimble. The heavier portions gradually gathered around common centers after the lapse of ages and formed planets, suns and stars, the light and heat of the two latter being due to the clashing of their component atoms as they gravitate continually toward the center of the mass.

The nebula origin of the sun and incidentally of the planets also is thus finely set forth in a recent article by a well known British writer: The matter, or rather the gas which composes our sun, was once spread out to the farthest orbit of the outermost planets of our system—that is, to the planet Neptune. From the orbit of Neptune this inconceivably thin mass began to converge, growing denser and denser and smaller and smaller as it gradually approached its existing dimensions. As it condensed, revolving upon its axis, the solar mist left behind it at intervals portions of cloudlike matter cast off from its equator.

These masses of gas, undergoing a similar evolution to that of the sun, or central mass, have, with great slowness, hardened into what is now Jupiter, Saturn, the earth and the other planets. Meanwhile the main central mass, always retreating, eventually formed the sun itself, the present chief luminary of our system of worlds.—St. Louis Republic.

On Catching Cold In Bed.

Mark Twain once wrote a paper pointing out the appalling danger of going to bed as exemplified in bills of mortality. For one person who died out of his bed several hundred succumbed in bed, and now we have Mr. Ashby-Sterry drawing attention to the same thing. Hitherto he has hymned in graceful verse pantalets, frills and the tempestuous petticoat, and now, quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore, he lands the pyjama. In a recent number of The Graphic he says:

"I have a theory that most people catch cold at night after they are in bed, and it is to this fact that I attribute a great deal of the violent colds, the bronchial catarrhs and influenza which have recently been so prevalent. The temperature goes down suddenly in the night, and people catch cold when they are asleep without knowing it. This evil is to be counteracted, not by piling on a lot of heavy blankets, but by wearing thick, close fitting garments of a pyjamalike nature and warm socks on the feet. If this system were adopted, I am quite certain that it would be found beneficial."

There is common sense in this. People unquestionably may catch cold in bed, especially if there are at all restless and so kick the bedclothes off. In that event if only clad in a thin cotton nightshirt they are sure to catch cold, whereas if clad in pyjamas, not necessarily thick, but made of some woolen material, the chance of a chill is much lessened.—London Lancet.

Steam Attachment to Telephone.

Manager Fowler of the Telephone exchange, Ashland, Ky., has devised an ingenious attachment for telephones, to be used in factories and shops where the amount of noise makes it almost impossible to hear the call bell of the instrument. It consists of a steam whistle, which is turned on by means of a lever operated by magnetism. When the instrument is called from the exchange the bell rings as usual, and, by the electrical current passing through a magnet, a weight is released which pulls the lever to the whistle. Once started, the whistle keeps up its shrill note until some one answers the call and turns off the steam, which is done by simply replacing the weight. One of these attachments is being placed at the local steel plant, another at the tannery and several more will probably be installed in sawmills and similar establishments.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

An Odd Wager.

A queer wager is the one popularly believed to have been won by Sir Walter Raleigh from Queen Elizabeth, on the debatable question of how much smoke is contained in a pound of tobacco. A pound of the article was weighed, burned and then weighed in ashes, and the question was held to be satisfactorily settled by determining the weight of the smoke as exactly that of the tobacco before being burned, minus the ashes. The fact of the ashes having received an additional weight by combination with the oxygen of the atmosphere was unthought of by Elizabeth and the knight.

Repudiated.

"Go!"

The form of the young and beautiful girl was drawn up to its full height, and quivering with rage she pointed to the door. "You told me it would be"—

With a commanding gesture she handed him back the ring he had just tendered her.

—"at least three carats."—Detroit Free Press.

Ingalls on His Defeat.

Ex-Senator Ingalls, speaking of his defeat at Topeka in 1890 when he was a candidate for re-election, said: "When the returns came in and I saw how overwhelming my defeat was and what it meant to me—the end of 18 years' service in the American senate, possibly the end of my public life—I confess that agony was in my soul. It was a beautiful day. Everybody was watching me to see how I was going to take it—all my family. It was a tragic hour. I went over to my pasture and walked through the withered wood. There in a little grassy glade, sheltered from the autumnal breeze, the sun shining coldly down, I opened the windows of my spirit and let that whole thing in on me, and commanded my fortitude. I sat there in that little dell until the struggle was over, until I was master of myself."

Sunday Recreation.

Mrs. Ednah Cheney remarks: "It has always been my test for spending Sunday to see how one gets up on Monday morning. If on that morning work seems sweet and you are ready to do it heartily and happily, then you have spent your Sunday to some purpose. I don't care whether it is in church or out, in the fields or in your quiet home with a book in your hand, or playing and frolicking with the children. But however you have spent Sunday the test of it is that the dawn of Monday seems blessed and good and hopeful."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Similar.

Cynicus—My wife would like you to send around a quart of pauperized milk.

Milk Dealer—I guess you mean pasteurized milk.

Cynicus—Very well, but I presume there isn't much difference.

At either pole the intensity of the solar heat is one-fourth greater than at the equator, because at the pole the sun shines during the whole 24 hours.

A. T. Stewart's Whim.

A story is told illustrating the determination of the late A. T. Stewart not to allow any tender consideration or any sympathetic influence to interfere with the accomplishment of his ambition, which was to build up the greatest business house in America. Stewart was for many years the merchant prince of New York; he exerted an influence that was felt in every part of this country and was recognized abroad. What he achieved was not more by means of the genius of shrewdness than by means of the genius of pertinacity. Stewart cultivated the germ of selfishness that was in him; cultivated it calculatingly and determinedly, as we see by this little story that is told of him:

Upon entering the store one morning he sought out the man having the hiring and discharging of the cash boys.

"Mr. Libby," said he, "who is that handsome, bright-eyed little boy standing by the counter yonder?"

"His name is Mason, Charley Mason, sir," answered Mr. Libby. "He is, indeed, a handsome little fellow, and he is as bright and as well mannered as he is handsome. He is the most attentive and most promising boy we have in our employ."

"Yes, I thought as much," said Stewart gruffly. "Discharge him at once."

"Why, Mr. Stewart," exclaimed Libby, almost paralyzed with astonishment, "you surely can not mean it!"

"Discharge him at once, I say," repeated Stewart sternly. "I'm getting too much interested in that boy. I find myself stopping and talking with him as I come in or go out of the store. His personality interests me—his candor, his intelligence, his enthusiasm, his beauty. I find myself thinking of him after I reach my desk and when I should be busy at work. I have no time and no right to become interested in anybody—I must not suffer any liking to distract me from business. Discharge him at once!"

Well, the little fellow had to go. Presumably he has now grown to the estate of manhood, fulfilled all the splendid promises which were indicated in his youth. We hope so. Perhaps this reminiscence of his old employer will fall under his eyes. For this is a small world in which we live.—*Chicago Record.*

To Make Pure Blood

There is no medicine before the people equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the standard spring medicine and blood purifier and it possesses peculiar merit which others try in vain to reach. It really makes the weak strong. Do not neglect to purify your blood this spring. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c. per box.

Seen on a Train.

Thirty-two women got on the train at Tacoma. They had been attending the water works convention and were on their way to Portland. It seemed that one of their number had shied the track and had stayed behind. Thirty-two tongues roasted this woman from one station to another until she was pretty well done. They kicked on what she ate and what she wore and what she didn't wear. Her shoes were too small; her feet were too big and she didn't know how to comb her hair—and it wasn't her own, anyway; and the brakeman and conductor would hurry through this car as if they were afraid of something. Two of the delegates went into the dining car for something to eat, while the rest ate out of baskets and sacks. After they had got out the thirty remaining jumped onto them without mercy; the stuff was off about the track-shier; they ran their age up and their characters down; they accused them of having their hired girls' dresses on, and said one of them tried to make a mash on a Tacoma policeman and the other spoke to a cigar sign. Then we went into the dining car to hear about the rest. We learned so much that we rode in another car the rest of the way.—*Grafton's Record.*

"Nothing Venture Nothing Have."

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mon., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement. "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mon.

It is the medicine above all others for catarrh, and is worth its weight in gold. I can use Ely's Cream Balm with safety and it does all that is claimed for it.—B. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

For Your Scrap Book.

Mexico produces anything that may be raised in any other country. So varied is the climate that in the same State may be raised any product of the tropics and of the polar regions. Cotton, wheat, rye, silver, silk, cocoanuts, bananas, rice, cocoa, vanilla, logwood, mahogany, hides and wines are the principal products.

The centre of population in 1790, was about twenty-three miles east of Baltimore; in 1800, about eighteen miles west of Baltimore; in 1810, about forty miles northwest of Washington; in 1820, about sixteen miles north of Woodstock Va.; in 1830, about nineteen miles southwest of Moorfield, W. Va.; in 1840, sixteen miles south of Clarksburg, W. Va.; in 1850, twenty-three miles south of Parkersburg, W. Va.; in 1860, twenty miles south of Chillicothe, Ohio; in 1890, forty-eight miles east of Cincinnati; in 1880, eight miles west of Cincinnati; in 1890, twenty miles east of Columbus, Ind.

The University Press at Oxford has appliances for printing in one hundred and fifty different languages.

Dr. Lekner, of Zurich, by chemical and mechanical means, practically supersedes the silkworm, and spins from such raw material as cotton waste, jute waste, or wood pulp, a thread that even the expert eye can hardly distinguish from that of the natural cocoon.

Scientists believe that all salt, wherever found, has come originally from the sea, in some way or other.

The lake of Uramia, in Persia, contains more salt than any other body of water in the world. On analysis the water has been found to contain even more salt than the Dead Sea, which holds twenty-six per cent. or eight times as much as the ocean.

Taking the world over, there is an average of one death and one and a quarter births per second. Only one-half of all who are born into the world live to the age of seventeen years.

An inch of rain, falling upon an area of one square mile, is equivalent to nearly 17,500,000 gallons, weighing 145,250,000 poounds, or 72,625 tons.—*Current Literature.*

Sold 'em Three for a Nickel.

The business *World* of the village of Johnstown, in the western part of Licking County, O., had succumbed to the heat and had lain down for its summer siesta. Plainly things needed stirring up, and it was Postmaster and Editor W. A. Ashbrooke who did it. His humble instruments were merely a piece of white pasteboard and some black paint, the latter, however, mixed with a shrewd quality of brains.

When his preparation was finished, a large placard challenged the notice of all passers-by with the startling legend: "Postage stamps, three for five cents." The first response to this alluring statement was from a drummer. He accosted the postmaster: "Do you mean to say that you actually sell three postage stamps for a nickel?" The postmaster replied that this was undoubtedly the case. "Well," said the drummer, "I never saw a reduction in stamps before; I'll take $2 worth. I don't need 'em, but it's the best bargain in stamps I ever heard of."

He waited with a gratified smile while Mr. Ashbrooke put his $2 bill in the drawer and counted out the stamps. By this time his expression of complacency had given place to one of chagrin, and as he pocketed the stamps, he remarked: "Well, that's one on me."

Presently a winsome girl came tripping up with a letter to her sweetheart. When she read the placard her eyes sparkled with pleasure to think that the stream of coin she was steadily pouring into Uncle Sam's coffers was to be even slightly diminished. She laid down a nickel with a confident air and said: "Give me three stamps."

The obliging collector of Government revenues pushed out two twos and a one. Then perhaps he didn't pay for the little joke! Feminine scorn held the floor in that office for the next five minutes. Then, with the somewhat feeble peroration, "Will Ashbrooke, you think you're smart, don't you?" the offended maiden flounced out of the office.

Nervous Debility, in either sex, however induced, speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured. Address, with 10 cents in stamps for reply and book of particulars, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Essay on Pants.

A boy in a Western school has been suspended for reading the following essay on pants: "Pants are made for men and not men for pants. Women are made for men and not for pants. When a man pants for a woman and a woman pants for a man they are a pair of pants. Such pants don't last. Pants are like molasses; they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold. The man in the moon changes his pants during the eclipse. Don't you go into the pantry for pants, you might be mistaken. Men are often mistaken in pants. Such mistakes make breeches of promise. There has been much discussion as to whether pants is singular or plural. Seems to us when men wear pants they are plural, and when they don't wear any pants its singular. Men go on a tear in their pants, and it is all right; but when the pants go on a tear it is all wrong."

"We had an epidemic of dysentery in this vicinity last summer," says Samuel S. Pollock, of Briceland, Cal. "I was taken with it and suffered severely until some one called my attention to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I procured a bottle and felt better after the first dose. Before one-half of the bottle had been used I was well. I recommended it to my friends and their experience was the same. We all unite in saying it is the best." For sale at Benford's Pharmacy.

Little Isabel's mother had very injudiciously allowed the child to drink weak tea with her meals instead of milk. One day Isabel was taken out to lunch at a friend's house, and the friend, never dreaming that a child could drink anything other than milk, placed it before her in a broad, low, fancy cup. The child gazed at the milk in silence for a while, and then astonished her hostess by remarking disdainfully, "I are no cat."

A Pioneer's Recommendation.

Mr. J. W. Venable, of Downey, a pioneer of Los Angelos County, Cal., says: "Whenever I am troubled with a pain in the stomach or with diarrhoea I use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I have used it for years, know it to be a reliable remedy, and recommend it to every one." For sale at Benford's Pharmacy.

A Degal Ton of Coal.

One of the laws of widespread interest in Pennsylvania, signed recently by the Governor, is that fixing 2,240 pounds as a ton of coal. Dealers who sell less than that can now be fined. In some parts of the State dealers have been giving only 2,000 pounds for a ton, and the complaining housekeeper could not easily get redress. Now the exact ton is fixed by law, and coal dealers will have to look sharp, lest they tumble into a trap by giving light weight.

Among the numerous persons who have been cured of rheumatism by Chamberlain's Pain Balm, mention should be made of Mrs. Emily Thorne, of Toledo, Wash., who says: "I have never been able to procure any medicine that would relieve me of rheumatism like Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I have also used it for lame back with great success. It is the best liniment I have ever used, and take pleasure in recommending it to my friends. For sale at Benford's Pharmacy.

In the Past Tense.

"Say, mister," he called, with his head in the door of a Michigan avenue grocery, "do you own a hoss?"

"Yes, I own a horse," replied the grocer, as he looked up from his paper."

"And a wagon?"

"Yes—what of it?"

"Nuthin', 'cept you are mistaken about the wagon," drawled the boy. "Your hoss took a skate down the street about five minnits ago, and there hain't nuff of that there wagon left to make a club of."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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.

Only one marble statue of the human figure with eyelashes is known. It is the sleeping Ariadne, one of the gems of the Vatican, and was found in 1503.

Plan for a Vacation Trip.

"I wonder why a farmer does not set aside $50 each year for use in traveling," writes a level headed contributor. It will be money well expended, during a couple of weeks, seeing the sights with the good wife. Perhaps you "can't afford" any vacation, let alone spending $50 on it. Well, perhaps you "can't afford" to live! What's life for if we are not to enjoy it? Get a neighbor to care for your stock and work that must be done during your absence, if you have no one to leave on the farm, and do as much for him. A little neighborly co-operation will make a vacation possible that otherwise might seem out of the question.

Some seasons it would be wise policy to spend a week in a busy city, not visiting friends, but paying for each privilege. Such a change would be beneficial alike to mind and body. The show of poverty and suffering of those who cannot or will not forsake the city for the freedom of country life, will be as opportune as the glamour and show of fine horses and equipages, and the many attractions. Every city is overcrowded.

Make the change of scene in your vacation as pronounced as possible. Change is rest, as Abe Lincoln used to say when, after splitting rails all day, he went to sawing wood. If you live inland, go to ocean or lake; the sight of the water, the air, the baths, will do you wonders of good. If you live by the water, go inland or to the mountains.

Wherever you go, take life easy. Rest. Don't try to see everything. Take your comfort. The farmer is a typical American when he travels; he wants to do everything and see everything for the least possible time and money. Do less and see less, but be more thorough. Observe how the people live and work. Note that all is not gold that glitters and that every section or business has its disadvantages.

Such a change, even if only for a day or two, lifts the farmer and his family right out of the rut. And they usually return to the farm not only refreshed, but better satisfied with the homestead than ever. This is a big, bright world, but there's no place in it like home. A report in a grange or farmers' club from two or three who have spent vacations and small sums in this way would make a meeting of great attractiveness and interest.—*American Agriculturist.*

A Good Suggestion.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—John Davis of this city, took a severe cold and suffered pain through the back and kidneys. His physician pronounced his case gravel, and failed to help him. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was recommended, and after taking two bottles he was cured. It has never failed in gravel or urinary troubles.

At Niagara Falls.

Here is a somewhat new story of the Niagara Falls hackman:

Two tourists, a lady and a gentleman, stopped off at the Falls between trains. A hackman engaged them for a brief tour of sight-seeing. And the time actually consumed was fifty-five minutes. The hackman said he must have $10. The gentleman remarked that it was an outrage. The driver explained that he had been of great assistance in pointing out the places of interest and stood firm. The gentleman prepared to pay under protest.

Unfortunately for himself he handed the man a $20 bill.

"Do you pay for the lady also?" asked the hackman promptly.

"Do I pay for the lady also?" repeated the man in astonishment. "Of course I do. What do you mean?"

"Then there will be no change," replied the hackman. "My charge of $10 is for one person; $20 for two persons. The amount you have handed me is exactly correct. Thank you sir."—*Buffalo Express.*

For earache, put a couple of drops of Thomas' Eclectric Oil on a bit of cotton and place it in the ear. The pain will stop in a few moments. Simple enough, isn't it?

"Surely," said the parson, "angels visit us in our sleep. Who has not seemed to hear the vibration of their wings as they lie at rest, and the soft soothing symphony of their music?" Before he could proceed, he was interrupted by a bucolic gentleman in the back seat, who allowed that he had "heard them durn moskeeters, confound 'em, lots of times, but he never thought of callin' 'em angels."

The Devil.

The devil never throws any stones at a man on the fence.

The devil won't let a stingy man have any mercy on himself.

The man who has the devil's war is sure to have God's peace.

The Medical Press tells a story of a gentleman who went to visit a friend who was an inmate of a lunatic asylum. When he had been there about an hour he looked at the clock and asked if it was right. The lunatic gazed at him with a look of compassion on his face for a minute or so, and then said: "Do you think it would be here if it was right, you lunatic?"

What He Admired.

"What did my father say when you asked him for my hand?" asked the young lady.

"Oh," replied Augustus, "he—he did his best to be pleasant. He said there was something about me that he really admired."

"Did he say what?"

"Yes—my impudence."

Hay Fever, Catarrh and Deafness.

Hay Fever has not the same cause in all cases. It is positively certain, that, in many cases it is from over sensitive branches of nerve in the nose. Dr. Sadler, 804 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, has found some cases where a touch on a certain portion of the inside of the nose caused a cough instantaneously, with watery discharge from the nose and eyes. Last season several cases suffering from severe hay fever were relieved immediately, and remained free from all the symptoms upon application of electricity to the sensitive parts. Catarrh of the nose and throat predisposes to an attack, and Deafness is caused in three out of four cases by Catarrhal inflammation of the nose and throat. It is very rarely necessary to remove the bones from the nose, as being practiced by a few specialists of the radical class. Obstruction of the nose and mouth in breathing is most frequently caused by thickening of the soft tissues and not deformity of the bones. Consult Dr. Sadler before submitting to such unnecessarily severe and expensive operations. Dr. Sadler is conservative and thorough in his work, and his 20 years experience make his methods reliable and safe.

Done By Dynamite.

WACO, Tex., July 20.—At Mart, a small borough 20 miles from here, five negroes were instantly killed this morning and one seriously injured, as the result of a dispute which began several months ago, when Abe Phillips, a negro, and Phil Arnold, white, both farmers, were killed. Since then the feeling between the friends of both men has been very bitter, and the negroes have frequently been threatened with destruction.

At 2 o'clock this morning the entire town was awakened by a loud report. Investigation showed that the house occupied by Mrs. Phillips, widow of the negro killed by Arnold, was in flames. The house had been blown up with a stick of dynamite thrown into it, and fire finished the work.

Of the six negroes in the house at the time, five were killed by the explosion and one burned to death. One person who escaped is so badly injured that he will die.

Owing to the inaccessibility of the place, particulars are meager, but enough is known to show that the tragedy is the result of the Arnold-Phillips killing.

Recently meats kept in the house have been found to contain poison, and when fed to dogs immediate death ensued. A nearby house was also demolished, and fragments of the houses were thrown in every direction and at remote distances. The Sheriffs of the three counties have gone to the place to investigate. No arrests have yet been made.

Lost by Smut.

WASHINGTON, July 20.—The ravages of the grain smuts are reviewed and the means of prevention outlined in a report of the Agricultural Department. The oat smut, which is found throughout the United States and is known on every continent, probably has the widest distribution of any of the species. The official estimate of the direct loss from it is about 8 per cent. of the crop or about $18,000,000 annually. Smuts in wheat fields cost the country many millions of dollars annually. Sometimes 50 or even 75 per cent. of the heads are smutted, and the sound grain is so contaminated with the fetid spores as to be nearly worthless for flour and worse than useless for seed. The disease is often spread from farm to farm by threshing machines. When once introduced, if left unchecked, it increases year by year until a large percentage of the crop is destroyed. The loose smuts usually cause a loss of 10 per cent. or more of the wheat crop and has even been reported as destroying over 50 per cent. of a crop in Michigan.

Wheat growers are urged to try to secure seed wheat from fields known by careful examination at flowering time to be free from loose smut. It can, however, be combatted by treating enough wheat to furnish seed for the following year. Oat smut can be completely prevented by two newly discovered treatments of the seed by use of potassium sulphide and hot water. Hot water is also advocated for eradicating loose smut of wheat and barley smut and copper sulphate for wheat smut. The hot water and potassium seed treatment results in an increase in the yield, averaging double or treble what would result from suppressing the visible smut.

A Grasshopper Diet.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., July 19.—A queer old man is Levi Layman, who owns a small farm in the beechwoods, back of Callicoon depot, in Sullivan County. Some years ago his wife died, and several months after he says she appeared to him in a dream and told him to prepare to meet her, as he would die on the 7th of November, 1893.

Layman believed in the dream and refused to put in his usual crops, saying he had enough to last until the time set for his death. But when November 7 arrived he was astonished to find himself in the flesh, and since then has desired to live. Lately he has lost flesh and strength rapidly until he now weighs only 115 pounds.

His appetite has gone, and he felt he had not long to live; but grasshoppers put in their appearance in that locality recently. Layman said to a neighbor he could relish a mess of grasshoppers, but was too feeble to catch them.

The neighbor was astonished, but to gratify the old man's will gathered a quart of the insects. Layman fried and devoured them all at a single meal. He said he never tasted anything better, and believed if he could dine on grasshoppers every day he would soon regain his health and prolong his life.

His friend has since kept the old dreamer's table supplied with the insects, and Layman is getting stronger in consequence.

Ernest was four years old when he saw his first monkey, which was on the street with a "hand-organ man." He rushed into the house, saying, "Mamma, mamma! Him looks like a man, but him am a kitty."

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[Signed] JNO. H. KENNEDY.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers, price 50 cents per box. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

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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 10:50 a. m., Somerset 11:35, Stoyestown 11:53, Hooversville 12:34, Johnstown 12:45 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:55 p. m., Somerset 6:20 Stoyestown 6:48, Hooversville 6:30, Johnstown 7:50.

*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.

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

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Western Express	4:53 a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:08 "
Johnstown Accommodation	6:37 "
" Accommodation	9:10 "
Pacific Express	9:24 "
Way Passenger	3:32 "
Mail	5:16 "
Fast Line	9:08 p. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	9:30 "

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	5:04 a. m.
Sea-shore Express	5:40 "
Altoona Accommodation	8:21 "
Day Express	9:40 "
Main Line Express	10:15 "
Altoona Accommodation	12:02 p. m.
Mail Express	4:11 "
Johnstown Accommodation	6:55 "
Philadelphia Express	7:16 "
Fast Line	10:20 "

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