FRUIT TREES AND VINES.

A Practical Talk on Their Autumn Treatment.

To avoid winter losses it is necessary to give the trees and small fruits some kind of protection during the winter, and pruning may also be done before spring. After the frosts appear in the fall, and the sap has gone down, is an excellent time to trim the trees, because more labor can be then given them than when the work is deferred to the early portion of the year, as attention is then required in other departments. Most fruit growers prefer to prune in the spring, owing to the liability of winter killing, which may compel them to cut back again in the spring after the work has been done in the late fall, but it is seldom that such a thing happens to well-grown trees. The trimming off of the limbs of apple trees is done in a very improper manner by farmers who do not give much of their attention to the orchards. They go in with a saw and take off some of the limbs, often not covering the stump with grafting wax, and give no benefit to the tree in any manner. The experienced fruit grower will rather thin out the branches and trim off the ends of those that are overgrown and which extend out too far, thus getting rid of useless wood and also inducing growth of new wood next spring.

SMALL FRUITS AND SHADE TREES.

Trimming the grapevines and canes of blackberries and raspberries is usually done in winter, when the ground is frozen, the old wood being cut out at the same time, though to escape winter killing the work is sometimes postponed until spring. The danger is that the work is liable to be done too late. It is a frequent occurrence that grapevines are trimmed after the buds begin to swell, causing them to "bleed," which weakens them and impairs their capacity to make new wood and bear fruit. The peach tree thrives under severe cutting back, and may be pruned at any time early in the spring, but the apple orchard should be attended to much sooner. All kinds of shade trees and evergreens may be trimmed in the fall and winter so as to save time, and they require as much attention as fruit trees if symmetry is an object. Many insects and parasites are destroyed by winter pruning if the wood is burned when removed. The farmer does not use the knife as frequently as he should, which accounts for the unsightly appearance of many orchards.

MULCHING IN THE FALL.

Another matter that is neglected is that of mulching the trees and vines. During the winter there may be thaws and freezes, the roots of the trees being injured and the small plants, such as strawberries, thrown out of the ground. It is not so much the hard freezing of the soil that does the harm, as the alternate thawing and freezing. The use of a mulch, such as straw, or any available material, does not keep the ground warm, but cold, thus preventing sudden thawing, and by so doing delaying the upward flow of sap in early spring, as well as preventing the throwing out of the ground of the plants that do not send roots down very deep. A covering of straw, held in place with corn stalks, on the strawberry rows, and around the trees and vines, will enable the farmer to secure more fruit next season than by any other treatment that can be bestowed. The mulch also protects against the winds, keeps the roots in a healthy condition and enables the tree, vine or plant to secure a good start after the growing season opens.

A Bachelor's Lament.

There is one class of individuals whom I despise utterly and irretrievably. For thirty years I have been making up my mind to say why I hate my chambermaid, and the following are some of my reasons:

She sends my fresh pajamas to the laundry and leaves my clean linen on a chair for a week, where the dust settles on it.

She hangs my dress coat by the middle of its back on a sharp hook, and folds my trousers just outside the new crease the tailor has just put in.

She takes all my matches for the other boarder's rooms.

She jams my trunk up against the wall, no matter how often I pull it out, so that the lid will stay open, she yanks it up to the wall again.

She carefully cherishes for me all the old patent medicine circulars and old duns, which I have grown bald trying to get rid of, and lights the fire with my important business letters.

She throws away the only extra collar button I have, and religiously preserves the broken lead cap to a rusty trousers button.

She hides my tobacco. Every day she finds a new place to conceal it.

She places my shoes as far under the bed as she can. She does this to make me grovel on the floor and swear.

She places the pillows at the opposite end of the bed from the gas light. If she can not get the light in an inconvenient position she moves the bed.

If the thermometer is thirty degrees below zero she selects that day to polish the grate and air the bedding. When the weather is mild as May, she has a cozy hard coal fire roaring in the fireplace when I get home.

She uses my bay rum and, I suspect, my tooth brush; she borrows my note paper and takes my novels before I have finished reading them.

She puts the open part of the blankets at the foot of the bed, and I have to sleep on the cold sheets; she accepts all my spare change, and a great deal I can't spare, and she makes my fair young life a burden to me too great to be borne. That is why I speak.—*Truth.*

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 correct. Thank you sir."—*Buffalo Express.*

ALCOHOL AND LONGEVITY.

On the Face of Them Statistics Do Not Give Much Comfort to Abstainers.

From the Boston Transcript.

We have not the figures at hand, but it was shown by life insurance statistics published in Great Britain a few years ago that total abstainers from intoxicating drinks were shorter-lived than the moderate drinkers among policy-holders; and now comes the International Medical Association with statistics in the same direction, but more startling. The association has made careful inquiry into 5,234 cases of deaths of persons of over 35 years of age, and of all callings, which were divided into five groups—total abstainers, moderate drinkers, drinkers who were careful not to drink too much, heavy drinkers and excessive drinkers. The investigation showed that the age reached in these five classes was always the shortest with the total abstainer; that they were shorter-lived even than the excessive drinkers. With regard to wine drinkers the results were: Moderate drinkers, 63 years; heavier but careful drinkers, 58 years; intemperate drinkers, 55 years; excessive drinkers, 52 years; abstainers, 50 years.

It has been said that statistics can be made to prove anything you want to prove; but in this instance, as well as in the insurance figures, they seem to prove what those collecting the statistics had no intention or desire to prove. It does not necessarily follow, however, that the use of intoxicants, even moderately, is conducive to longevity. The statistics only show that, with a good constitution at the outset, one may attain to more advanced age than is reached by a person of feeble physique, though the latter be a total abstainer; for we think it will be found from observation and inquiry that a very large proportion of the abstainers are abstainers because they saw in early life that they were not physically strong enough to wrestle with King Alcohol, and another large class of non-drinkers are the sons of drinking parents, whose sins, as well as their deterring example, have descended to their children, and so shortened the latter's lives.

The statistics quoted are misleading, inasmuch as they do not show what the state of the health was in early life, and especially because they do not tell anything as to the habits of the parents of the individuals in the several classes. A man may drink to excess, may be intoxicated regularly every day, and yet live to be an old man, but it will generally be found that his offspring are feeble, if not sickly, and of short life, notwithstanding they never drink a drop of intoxicating liquor from first to last.

Statistics are potent helps toward the solution of great social problems, but when they seem to prove what is against common experience and against common sense it is best not to trust in them too confidingly.

The New Editor is Troubled.

From the Chicago Post.

The editor of the future looked serious when the city editor entered in response to a hasty summons. She was walking up and down the room, her hands deep in her trousers pockets and her spectacles on top of her head.

"This strike seems to be becoming serious," she said, as she picked up a copy of that morning's edition of the paper and glanced at the headlines.

"Very serious," replied the city editor.

"I understand the hod carriers have gone out this morning."

"Not one woman in their union remains at work," said the city editor.

"How about the bricklayers?"

"The last woman quit at 10 o'clock when the walking delegate gave the word."

The managing editor shook her head.

"Bad! Very bad!" she said. "I'm afraid we are in for a rough time of it. Has there been any violence yet?"

"Well, Lieutenant Mary Brown and a squad of picked women had to charge on them at Mrs. Barker's new building on the West Side."

"Too bad! Too bad! Any one hurt."

"A couple of men and some children were knocked down and trampled upon in the rush to get out of the way of the clubs, but none of the rioters were hurt."

"That's always the way," said the managing editor, regretfully. "Why will men and children insist on hanging around mobs? They are always the ones who are hurt, and when the women see their husbands and little ones injured it makes them twice as hard to handle."

"Chief of Police Jane Starr says that if it were not for the men there would be no trouble controlling the mob," suggested the city editor.

"I suppose so. Men are always the hardest to handle at such times as these. They seem to lose their heads entirely, and then they can't be treated like women. They rely on their sex to protect them, and do all sorts of things that the women would not dare to do. They know that no officer would be unwomanly enough to club them. I suppose they are urging the women on, too."

"They are doing everything in their power to make the women frantic. They are parading the streets with their children in their arms, calling upon the women to stand firm."

"Poor, misguided creatures!" said the managing editor pityingly. "They will be the first to feel the effects of this folly, when the women have no wages to bring home and the little larder empty. However, this is not the time for sentiment. There is business to be attended to. Who covered the strike yesterday?"

"Miss Smith and Miss Jones."

"They did first rate, but they should have help to-day. Put two more of your best girls on it, and give them all the space they want. It's by long odds the biggest news of the day. Have the Mayor interviewed, too."

"We had an interview with her in the paper this morning."

"Have another. Ask her why she doesn't act with more firmness. Ask her if she is trying to cater to the working women's vote. Put it to her good and strong. Ask her if she realizes that she is losing the confidence of the business women by her dilatoriness."

"I will have Miss McGrath do it. She understands the local political situation better than any one else in the office."

"I wonder," said the managing editor, after the city editor had gone, "if this strike is likely to affect the press women's union. We'd have a tough time if our press women should walk out without notice."

A few minutes later, however, she had dismissed the subject from her mind and was deep on an editorial on "The Sphere of the Advanced Man."

A Chicago Vignette.

The grave was more than two years old, yet every week throughout the summer the woman had pillowed her head on the grassy mound and had wept her heart out over the three feet of earth that covered the dust of her boy.

The chilling September wind blew down from the open stretch of country to the west and the low-hanging sun poured out one parting flood of yellow light over the white, silent city as if it were endeavoring to warm into new life the tired soul and body of the woman who alone remained in that corner of the burial ground.

By and by another belated visitor came over the crest of the hill that sloped to the east. He paused a moment when the woman's black-robed figure came in view, silhouetted against the rich autumnal sky, then impelled by some vague, unanalysed chord of sympathy he left the wide driveway and struck into a bypath that led to the solitary mourner.

She heard his approaching footsteps, but she wanted to be alone, and did not appear to be conscious of his intrusion. He stood before her and took off his hat reverently, as if in the presence of something sacred.

"Ma'am," he said at length, respectfully.

His coarse, strong voice was vibrant with a pitying understanding of her grief. It touched a responsive chord in her own heart, and she put back her veil and looked at him in silent expectation of some comfort. There was nothing in his exterior to inspire confidence. His clothes were coarse and much-worn and hung awkwardly on his gaunt, ungainly figure; his face, too, was coarse and rough, and his hands were large and hard; the voice alone, with its thrilling undertone, was expressive of that innate tenderness that unconsciously sheds a halo round the plainest features.

She did not speak, and again he took the initiative.

"Your baby, ma'am?" he said, pointing to the tiny grave.

Her voice was choked with tears and she nodded an affirmative reply.

"Boy?" he questioned, timidly.

She nodded again.

"The only one, maybe?" he hazarded.

"Yes."

"Don't take on so, ma'am," he said, pleadingly, as she commenced to weep aloud. "He's better off you know."

She flung out her hands passionately.

"Oh, don't come to me with such trite expressions of so-called consolation," she cried. "'He's better off?' I heard that when he lay in his coffin and I've heard it every day since. Just as if I haven't sense enough to know that for myself. I ought to be glad for his sake, they say. Perhaps. And it would be selfishness to call him back. Perhaps. But though it were the height of selfishness, if I had the power to bring him to me again to-day I'd do it. He was all I had and I've wanted him so all this time; when he died people said 'You'll forget it.' Great conception they had of a mother's love. The wound has only grown deeper and sorer. I've sought comfort from every fount from which peace is supposed to flow, but all in vain. The text of this morning's sermon gave promise of furnishing food for a hungry heart, but, after all, the sum and substance of the entire discourse was that time heals all wounds and that there is rest for somebody, at some time and in some place, if they only wait long enough, and blessed are they that find it. Have you nothing better than that to say to me?"

The vehemence of her reply amazed him and he looked at her for a time without answering her last sharp appeal.

"I'm sorry for you, ma'am," he said at last, simply. "But there is peace and I wish you could find it."

"Oh, you're like all the rest," she cried. "You've never been through it and how can I expect you to understand it."

He shifted his faded hat from one trembling hand to another and came a step nearer.

"Don't say that, ma'am," he said, earnestly. "Look here," pointing to a band of crepe encircling his hat, "and then don't tell me I can't understand. This one grave contains your treasure. I've got six of 'em over there, just around the slope of the hill; all boys. Their mother's there, too. She went first and within two years all the little fellows followed. I just buried the last a month ago. Oh, yes, ma'am. I know what it is.

The falling light fell athwart his shaggy gray head like a benediction. The woman arose and stood beside him.

"May heaven forgive me and comfort you," she said, contritely.—*Chicago News.*

There is one medicine which every family should be provided with. We refer to Chamberlain's Pain Balm. When it is kept at hand the severe pain of a burn or scald may be promptly relieved and the sore healed in much less time than when medicine has to be sent for. A sprain may be promptly treated before inflammation sets in, which insures a cure in about one-third the time otherwise required. Cuts and bruises should receive immediate attention, before the parts become swollen, and when Chamberlain's Pain Balm is applied it will heal them without matter being formed, and without leaving a scar. A sore throat may be cured in one night. A piece of flannel dampened with this liniment and bound on over the seat of pain, will cure lame back or pain in the side or chest in twenty-four hours. It is the most valuable, however, for rheumatism. Persons afflicted with this disease will be delighted with the prompt relief from pain which it affords, and it can be depended upon to effect a complete cure. For sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

Origin of "Teetotaler."

Dispatches recently mentioned the death at Troy, Pa., at the age of 92 of Rev. Joel Jewell, who is said to have originated the word "teetotaler." The story is that at a public temperance meeting in Hector, N. Y., in 1828, he introduced into the pledge the letters "O. P." for "old pledge," which pledged against distilled liquors, and "T.," for "total," including both distilled and fermented liquors. When names were being taken a young man in the gallery said: "Add my name and a 'T., for I am a T-totaler." Mr. Jewell adopted the word in speeches and writings. Some four years later an Englishman named Dick Turner employed the word, and its origin has been claimed for him. Mr. Jewell was born in Dunham, Greene county, N. Y., February 11, 1803, and became a revivalist and temperance worker at an early age. For over fifty years he was an active Presbyterian clergyman, although not ordained until he was 40.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Delicate and Proper Methods of Cooking Cabbage.

Most people consider cabbage a coarse, rank vegetable that it would be an absurdity to serve in a delicate sauce. Besides its unpleasant odor the cabbage has acquired an unsavory reputation from the fact that, as ordinarily cooked, it is most indigestible. The beef and cabbage dinner of the New England farmer, as it is generally cooked, is as unwholesome and is as extravagant a waste of food values as can be instanced. The rich juices of the beef, if the meat has been corned, as it generally has, have been first drawn out in the salt and water and these are still further diminished by boiling in fresh water. This literally leaves only the fibres of the meat to be served and the greater part of its nourishing qualities are thus thrown away with the brine and pot of liquor. The cabbage has been cooked in its rank juices, which should have been extracted, making it coarse and indigestible, whereas it would have been a palatable as well as wholesome vegetable if it had been properly cooked. This represents the perversion of cookery. The first effort of the intelligent cook is to retain the juices of meat, while she blanches a great many vegetables in order to free them from these coarse juices and leave a delicate, digistible pulp.

These principles once understood, the main secret of the successful cooking of meats and of vegetables is mastered. Some vegetables, like corn or green peas, are so delicate in flavor, that they do not require blanching, but would be injured by it; but others, like spinach, string beans and notably all the cabbage family, must be blanched.

There are few vegetables more delicious than a cabbage cooked in cream sauce. Take a medium-sized fresh head of white cabbage and cut it in quarters, after removing the outer green leaves. Cut out the stem from the head and throw the cabbage into a kettle of boiling water. Let it cook for ten minutes; then remove it with a skimmer and put into cold water to cool. After this the unpleasant odor so noticeable in cooking cabbage disappears. When the cabbage is cold chop it fine, season it with salt and pepper, and add two large tablespoonfuls of butter, mixed with an even tablespoon of flour and a pint of milk. Let the cabbage simmer slowly for three-quarters of an hour and then serve. Such a dish of cabbage served with a piece of fresh beef, braised with vegetables till it is thoroughly tender, gives a dinner an epicure might enjoy. The meat has had all its juices carefully saved by browning it in a small portion of stock—a process quite similar to roasting. By this method all the liquor in which the meat is cooked is saved for the gravy. The farmer's pot roast is similar to the French braise, and is a process in every way superior to the extravagant method of boiling meat, when the best parts of the beef are soaked out in the water.

Another dainty and excellent way in which to cook a cabbage is to stuff it. Cut out the heart stem, with the root, of a medium sized head of cabbage, and remove the outer green leaves. Plunge the head into an abundance of boiling water for ten minutes, and then take it up very carefully so as not to break it. Let it cool. Prepare a forcemeat, using a pound of sausage meat with a quarter of a pound of lean veal ground and pounded to a paste. Some cooks use the sausage meat alone; only fresh "country sausage meat" can be used. Stuff the inside of the cabbage and tie it up carefully, so that the stuffing will not come out. Put the cabbage into a braising a kettle, with a small carrot, a small white onion and a cup of stock. Let the cabbage simmer in the oven or on top of the stove, well covered for one hour, basting it occasionally. Serve it with a rich brown sauce.—*New York Tribune.*

Mr. J. K. Fowler, secretary and treasurer of the Corinne Mill, Canal and Stock Co., of Corinne, Utah, in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy says: "I consider it the best in the market. I have used many kinds but find Chamberlain's the most prompt and effectual in giving relief, and now keep no other in my home." When troubled with a cough or cold give this remedy a trial and we assure you that you will be more than pleased with the result. For sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

Simple Questions Simply Answered.

Why do people very often allow a Cold to run on? Because they think it will wear away. Why does the Cough that at first caused no alarm become deep seated and chronic? Because the proper remedy was not used. The way to break up any Cough or Cold, no matter if other medicines failed to benefit you, is to try Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption, 25 and 50 cents, at Benford's drug store.

Cost of Egg Production.

Estimates have placed the cost of one dozen eggs at as high a figure as 12c. but some experimenters find the cost 6c. At the experiment stations, where every pound of food is weighed, and but little waste material can be used, the cost is greater than the average on the farms. It has long been accepted among poultrymen that five peck of corn or wheat, or the equivalent thereof, will maintain a laying hen one year. At present prices this would be about 65c a year. We do not believe that the cost is so much when hens are on ranges, as they need little or no food in the summer. The prices of all kinds of grain of course regulate the cost of eggs, but in our experience the cost of a dozen eggs at present prices for feed, provided (and that is the main point) the hens are good layers, should not exceed 6c. This does not include shelter or labor in caring for the flock. If the hens are indifferent layers and the egg production is small, the cost may reach as much as 15c a dozen, but such is a seldom occurrence.

Dr. Sadler, The Eye and Ear Specialist,

has been in steady practice at 804 Penn Ave., for over 20 years, and has treated over 21,000 persons for Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat diseases. His success has been second to none in the United States. If there is any value in experience, with the most careful and conscientious observation, the afflicted can find no better to consult, and can be sure of a reliable opinion of their condition. In restoration of sight from Cataract he has no superior. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Crooked eyes made straight, and a certain cure for red eye lids with pimples and scales. Spectacles adjusted perfectly. Tumors and discharges from the ears, and deafness cured when all others have failed. No matter what is wrong with eyes, ears, nose or throat, Dr. Sadler will give you the most skilful and successful treatment known, and in a gentlemanly manner.

A Sure Sign.

"Why, my dear, what's the matter?" kindly asked a lady of her friend.

"Oh, I feel I am beginning to look quite old,', was the mournful reply.

"Nonsense—what ever put such an idea into your head?"

Because," was the reply, "I notice that whenever I cross Broadway the policemen never take my arm as they used to do."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Beautiful and Brilliant Girl.

Beauty, robust health, social prominence and all that makes life bright was rapidly fading from the possession of the charming Miss K., of Beacon street. Her nearest friends could not imagine what caused the tokens of anguish that furrowed o'er the once smooth and roseate countenance. When almost in despair, she happened to see one of those "horrid newspaper advertisements" of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which said it was a remedy suitable to her case. Without consulting her physician or anybody else she got the medicine of a druggist, took it, and in three months' time she was well of all her troubles. All pains had ceased, she was herself again, and shortly resumed her place as leader of a chosen circle. Her experience is that of thousands. Why may it not be yours?

A Jewel of a Juryman.

From the New York Weekly.

Lawyer—"Have you formed any opinion on this case?"

Juryman—"No, sir."

Lawyer—"Do you think, after the evidence on both sides is all in you would be able to form any opinion?"

Juryman—"No, sir."

Lawyer—"You'll do."

A Broker's Secret.

"Waiter, did you hear what Mr. —— whispered to his broker just now, when you were at their table?"

"Yes sah."

"If I give you five dollars, will you tell me what it was."

"Yes sah."

"Here you are then."

"He was saying sah, as how Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets was the only thing that properly regulated his bowels sah."

Chummy—"What would you think of a man that always went round talking to himself?"

Gruffly—"I should say if he did it to listen to himself, he was a fool; if he did it to avoid listening to his friends, he was a genius; and if he did it to save his friends from listening to him, he was a philanthropist."

Why it is The Best.

Pan-Tina.

1—It cures Coughs and Colds.
2—Strengthens weak Lungs.
3—Relieves and cures Asthma.
4—Insures you against La Grippe.
5—Robs Croup of its terrors.
6—Cures when all else fails. 25 and 50 cents.

Bottles of Pan-Tina at G. W. Benford's drug store.

Hiram Hayrake (the Populist leader)—"Here's a feller writin' that I kin buy two thousand dollars in banknotes in New York for a hundred and fifty."

Bill Stebbins (indignantly)—"An' still them darn critters in the East is blamin' us fer wantin' cheap money!"

"While down in the southwestern part of the state some time ago," says Mr. W. Chalmers, editor of the Chico (Cal.) Enterprise, "I had an attack of dysentery. Having heard of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I bought a bottle. A couple of doses of it completely cured me. Now I am a champion of that remedy for all stomach and bowel complaints." For sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

Crimson Clover.

It is estimated that fully one-third of the cultivated land in Southern New Jersey is now in the crimson clover that is to cover it as with a blanket this winter. Throughout the State this crimson clover has almost entirely replaced rye as a catch crop. Where rye is grown it is not for plowing under, but for the grain, or, if for green manure, it is because the clover has not been a success. All are agreed that the change is for the better, as the clover seeding costs no more, either for seed or labor, and gives better returns, whether as manure or for feeding. To the introducers of this crimson clover is due all the credit the poet would have us give to him who "maketh grow two blades of grass where but one grew before."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Two Valuable Friends.

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

2. Many a precious life could be saved that is being racked to death with that terrible cough. Secure a good night's rest by investing 25 cents for a bottle of Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption.

Bottles of Pan-Tina sold at G. W. Benford's drug store.

We must not let go manifest truths because we cannot answer all questions about them.

Household Repartee.

The lady was making some remarks about the kind of clothes some other ladies at church had on, when her husband remarked:

"The finest garment a woman can wear is the mantle of charity."

"Yes," she snapped, "and it's about the only one some husbands want their wives to wear."

"An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup prevents consumption by curing colds, and all similar lung troubles.

Speech-Making in Kentucky.

As Judge Lurton of Tennessee was once going through Texas he met an old Texan, who described at length the people that had settled in his neighborhood, a large number of them having come from Kentucky.

"And there's them Kaintuckians," said he. "They're the speakin'est people I ever see in my life, fer a fact. Why, whenever we hev a shootin'match, a camp-meetin', a weddin', er a fun'ral, you kin just bet that them Kaintuckians will be thar, and afore you knows it they'll be a-offerin' resolutions and a-makin' speeches tell you cain't rest. To tell the truth, Judge, they cain't eat a watermelon without a speech."—*Century.*

What She Lacks.

Score one for the old fashioned woman. She has a sphere of usefulness from which the new woman is barred. She cannot ride a bicycle so well possibly, but that is not a particularly useful accomplishment, no matter how much enjoyment there may be in it. And to offset that the old fashioned woman has given an illustration of something she can do that is nearly as far beyond the new woman as it is beyond man.

A boy in New York fell through the opening in a fire escape landing at the fifth floor. An old fashioned woman was sitting on the steps below. The child caromed on the coping over the doorway and landed in the woman's lap. That saved his life, and beyond a bruise as the result of striking the coping he was unharmed.

Of course the question immediately arises, of what use would a man have been under such circumstances? Clearly none. He has no lap. And of what use would a new woman in bloomers have been? Just as little and for the same reason.

"How's politics down here?"

"They're hot and they're gettin' hotter, and they're goin' to be bilin'."

"It's all on account of the money power I suppose."

"Yes, sirree; and we ain't goin' to stand no foolishness no longer."

"You're going to make the money men come down?"

"We're goin' to do what?"

"Make them come down."

"Not by a jugfull. They've got to go up. No two-dollar limit carries deestrick the year."

CONSUMPTION.

Care of the Patient, That His Sufferings May Be Lessened.

The successful treatment of consumption—and by this is meant making the sufferer better able to bear his burden, if not actually lifting it from his shoulders—is largely a question of nursing. If the disease has already gained a foothold medicine in most instances is of no avail except in postponing the evil day, and even if it were otherwise a few general rules would be just as essential to insure the comfort of the patient while recovery is going on.

In the first place, then, we must understand exactly the condition of the consumptive, not so much by ascertaining the location and extent of his disease as by familiarizing ourselves with his temperament, his likes and dislikes, and, above all, with his power of endurance and resistance.

If we will bear these things in mind we may be able to do all that is possible for the sick one—namely, to enable him to withstand the onslaught of the disease until nature shall gain the controlling hand. So successful is this method of treatment that it often results in a complete or at least a temporary cure.

Consumption is one of the most devitalizing of diseases. Not only does it attack the lungs, but the action of the nervous system is sooner or later seriously interfered with, the digestion impaired, and the simplest form of excitement renders even the circulation of the blood dangerous from being overactive.

We shall come nearest to striking at the root of all these troubles if we direct our energies toward limiting the frequency and severity of the cough, and in this we have not only to follow the advice of the physician, taking care that his directions are exactly carried out, but we must give careful attention to nursing.

To prevent the first paroxysm of coughing, which is usually incited in the morning by the exertion of rising, a warm cup of tea or an eggnog should be taken before the patient leaves the bed.

A glass of something warm, like hot milk or gruel, should also be taken before retiring, and plenty of time should be allowed in preparing for the bed. The patient should sleep in blankets, and a glass of warm drink should be placed within reach in case he should wake through the night.

If the presence of food in the stomach causes the reappearance of the cough after meals, some suitable preparation of pepsin should be used to hasten the digestion, and an hour or two's rest should be taken immediately after the meal.—Youth's Companion.

AN AVENUE OF IDOLS.

A Double Row of Japanese Buddhas Which Cannot Be Counted.

Close to this interesting pool is the avenue of images, representing the Amida Buddha. The idols vary in size, but are similar in design. There are several hundred of them altogether, and they sit facing one another in two long rows. We asked the little Jap who brought us to the place how many o' them there were. In an awed whispe. he replied, "Nobody knows." Then he told us how impossible it was to coun them. Each image was made unsight by having numbers of little bits of pap stuck on to it and chewed bits of pap which had been spat at it. The object this disfiguration we failed to discover, though our friend Hojo informed us they were put on by the young priests, a part of whose novitiate it was to attempt to count the Buddhas.

There is evidently something wrong with these idols, for no one has ever been able to reckon them up the same twice over, in spite of sticking a piece of paper to tick each one off. Of course two unsuperstitious Englishmen were not to be humbugged by native stories, so M. (my traveling companion) and I, thinking the whole thing ridiculous, decided to count the mysterious images. We started on co-operative lines, each taking a side of the avenue. Our efforts, however, were fruitless, for we had not numbered off more than a dozen each, before M. (whose eyes were not so good as they had once been) shouted across to me: "I say, I saw one of them on your side moving. I'm certain I did. They're uncanny. Let's give it up." This interruption of course upset all my calculations, but we soon came on the moving image, which turned out to be nothing more than one of the old Frenchmen, seated peacefully among the statues and looking in his white clothes for all the world like a jolly, fat, old Buddha.—Gentleman's Magazine.

4,000 Miles With a Wheelbarrow.

In 1878 Lyman Potter of New York state performed the prodigious task of pushing a common "paddy" wheelbarrow across the continent. He started from his home on Dane street, Albany, on the morning of April 10, 1878, and arrived in San Francisco on the afternoon of Oct. 5 of the same year, being almost exactly 178 days (five hours and three minutes over) in performing the wearisome feat. Potter was a shoemaker, and the trip was the result of a wager made by some friends who believed that such a trip would occupy at least 200 days. The wager was $1,000, but Potter made between three and five times that sum advertising for different parties along the route. The wheelbarrow was made specially for the use to which it was put and weighed but 75 pounds. The distance traveled by Potter was exactly 4,085¾ miles.—St. Louis Republic.

The Man He Wanted.

"I beg your pardon," said one man to another in a railroad train, "but I am the manager of a museum, and I have a vacancy now for a strong man."

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, sir, I saw you open the car window with no apparent effort, and I thought perhaps we could agree on the terms and you could begin your engagement immediately."—Detroit Free Press.

FOR HIS COUNTRY'S SAKE

Mr. W. M. Smith, a Latrobe Citizen, Has Suffered Many Years.

Many a reader of this in Latrobe knows W. M. Smith. He lives at No. 2 Harrison avenue. Mr. Smith, like so many thousands of others comprising the veterans of the late war, bled for his country. He was a member of the 63d Pennsylvania Regt., and was wounded three times; once at the battle of Fair Oaks, and at Yorktown, and again at Williamsburg. He is a member of G. A. R. Post, No 484, with headquarters at Derry. Hardship and exposures of the campaign left their marks on Mr. Smith, as well as the bullets that wounded him in the fight, and he has suffered for years with kidney complaint. At last relief has come to him, and he tells here of the remedy that has fitted his case so well. He says: "I have felt kidney trouble by the pain in my back ever since I left the army, and I have suffered more or less from it since the close of the war. The principle pain was across the small of the back, where the kidneys are situated. It has been so severe that some mornings I could not rise without turning around and getting up very gradually. Some days I could hardly get around. I had urinary troubles. The urine came with a burning sensation, and was more frequent than it should be. This of itself caused a great deal of trouble and annoyance. Sometime ago I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised for complaints like mine, so I went to the drug store of Showalter's, where I found them highly recommended, and I got a box, beginning their use at once. I can now say that I experienced remarkable benefit and relief through their agency. The back pains are almost gone entirely and the urine is restored to its proper regularity. I feel that I can heartily endorse Doan's Kidney Pills as I am thoroughly convinced of their merit."

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

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

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

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 10:50 a. m., Somerset 11:15, Stoyestown 11:43, Hooversville 11:54, Johnstown 12:45 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:55 p. m., Somerset 6:29 Stoyestown 6:48, Hooversville 6:59, Johnstown 7:50.

*Daily.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail.—Johnstown 6:30 a. m., Hooversville 7:11, Stoyestown 7:23, 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.

IN EFFECT MAY 20, 1895.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

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

WESTWARD

Western Express	4:31	a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:08	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:37	"
" Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:24	"
Way Passenger	3:02	"
Mail	5:16	"
Fast Line	9:08	p. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	9:30	"

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	3:04	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	10:50	"

For rates, maps, &c., call on Ticket Agents or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

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