AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

Say not "Goodby." The sounds have all regret.
I cannot loose your hand with such a word.
Our ways part here, and yet, O love, and yet
I cannot leave you till my soul has heard
The charm to bring me to your side again,
The dear "Auf wiedersehen."

Say not "Adieu." The word has hidden pain
Within its foreign accents sweet and clear
That haunts my heart with sad and hopeless strain
And pleads with duty just to linger here.
Smile courage in my eyes, O Love, and then
Whisper "Auf wiedersehen."

Say not "Farewell." If thou would'st have it so,
The word, like a wan hand, waves us apart.
I cannot leave, mein liebling—will not go—
Until you whisper, lying on my heart,
The golden bridge between now and then,
The sweet "Auf wiedersehen."
—Grace Duffie Boylan in American Jewess.

TRIES THE NERVES.

AN OLD FIREMAN ON THE EFFECT OF A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

The Thoughts That Flash Through the Engineman's Brain Just Before a Collision Occurs—A Smash Up Makes a Man Scary Ever Thereafter.

There is something attractive about railroad life to the man who once enters it. The railroad companies rarely give up a reliable, faithful man. He may become maimed and unfit for the most remunerative positions and be forced to accept some humbler place with a smaller salary attached to it, but it is an unwritten law with most of the great railroad companies that the man who is injured in their service shall be placed in some position where he may obtain his livelihood.

Thus it may happen that when you fall in conversation with the man who occupies a humble switchhouse or a flagman's shanty you are talking with one who has had his share of excitement and been through experiences that would make the hair of the average man stand upon end. A reporter met a switchman the other day the pathos of whose life was expressed in the wooden leg which he used, and as the Empire dashed by he looked up and said:

"Yes, I like railroading. I have been in the business all my life and expect to spend the rest of my days over the rails, but I am quite content to remain here in my little cottage and tend to my flagging rather than have the position of the man who holds the throttle on that big engine which just whizzed by here. You may think it a snap to sit there and ride over the country at the rate of a mile a minute, but I tell you the man carries a load of responsibility on his shoulders which I would not want on mine and which the average man knows very little about. I know something of it, for I was fireman some years ago on one of the fast engines and lost my leg in an accident between here and Albany. But if I had come out of that accident as sound as you are I never should have been able to hold my nerve for any more fast trips. That finished me for that work."

"Then if a man has been hurt in a railroad accident it makes him scary of that kind of work, does it?" asked the reporter.

"You bet it does," answered the switchman with emphasis, "and don't let any one fool you that it doesn't. The man who was running that engine the day I was hurt escaped with hardly a scratch, but he never could keep his time up the way he did before that and finally was put on a freight engine, where the running was a great deal slower.

"I shall never forget the way he looked the afternoon the smash up occurred. Just before the crash came I looked at him. We were rounding a curve down by Schenectady. His long gray hair was flowing in the breeze, his face was set and his eyes fixed on the track ahead.

"All at once he jumped to his feet and reversed the lever and exclaimed in a startled tone, 'My God, we are caught!' It was probably not more than half a minute after when I was lying beneath the engine with my leg crushed, utterly unconscious of the fact that a great wreck had occurred, but every movement and occurrence of that half minute is as vividly impressed upon my mind as if it had taken weeks of time to impress it there.

"As he spoke I looked through the cab window ahead of us, and there, within 20 rods, was a freight engine coming straight at us, and there was no possible chance to escape a crash. The engineer was doing his duty. I knew that. He was reversing the lever, applying the brakes and doing his best to avert what he knew was inevitable, but I had nothing to do, and it seemed as if everything in my life was before me in those few seconds. I felt absolutely sure I was going to die. Strange as it may seem, the thought did not seem horrible to me. A whole lot of the slang sayings, such as, 'You are learning to fire here in this world so as to be prepared for the next,' and 'You won't mind a hot job over there,' and a number of those stale things which a fireman has to take, came into my head, and even in that awful position it occurred to me in a humorous sort of way that I had made a good start here below, or here above, as I might say. The next moment I was thinking of my wife and children—yes, and of mother, too, who had been dead a number of years. A man always thinks of his mother at such a time. But I don't think I had a particle of fear of death. The last thing that was on my mind was the question, Who was to blame for the accident? And that is the last I remember.

"When I came to my senses, I was in a hospital and was minus a leg. Since then I have been constantly employed one way and another by the railroad company, but I never see one of the fast trains go by without thinking of that wreck. The engineer miraculously escaped with scarcely a bruise, but it finished him for that kind of work. He was always seeing signals ahead of him after that, and I have heard that more than once he has slowed up his train in order not to collide with an imaginary engine, which I have no doubt was as real to him as it was on the afternoon the wreck I speak of occurred. As I said before, he was transferred to a freight engine, but even there he was timid and finally left the road altogether.

"You can put it down as a pretty sure thing that when an engineer has been in an accident once he is minus a good share of the nerve which it takes to make his runs on time to the tick, and if he isn't on time he has got to go sooner or later."—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

An Alphabetical Advertisement.

The following remarkable alphabetical ad. appeared in an issue of the London Times away back in 1742: "To Widowers and Single Gentlemen—Wanted, by a lady, a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is agreeable, behaving, careful, desirable, English, handsome, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, keen, lively, merry, naty, obedient, philosophic, quiet, rosy faced, sensible, tasteful, useful, vivacious, womanish, Xantippish, youthful, zealous, etc."—St. Louis Republic.

Working Days.

The average number of working days in a year in various countries is as follows: In Russia, 267; in Britain, 276; in Spain, 290; in Austria, 295; in Italy, 298; in Bavaria and Belgium, 300; in Saxony and France, 302; in Denmark, Norway and Switzerland, 303; in Prussia, 305; in Holland and North America, 308, and in Hungary, 312.

The fall of dead branches from a tree is an excellent sign of an approaching storm. The dead wood, much decayed, absorbs moisture and loses its tenacity, thus causing the branch to fall.

Spain has 4,130,000 women over the age of 16.

JOHN DOE AND RICHARD ROE

Two Prominent Legal Names and Their Origin In England.

The houses of York and Lancaster began and ended with strife within a decade, Napoleon and Wellington pursued mutual carnage for only a few brief years, but two belligerents, famous in legal circles, seem to have been predestined for eternal combat and dissensions.

They are John Doe and Richard Roe.

Twin brothers, creatures of the creative British legal mind, these two men of mystery have puzzled the astute minds of judges and lawyers and have caused juries to hang in the jury room while attempting to pour oil on the troubled waters of litigation.

Under the reign of Edward III, when the patient and plodding Saxon was picking his way out of feudal gloom, a new form of legal procedure was enacted by parliament for his relief.

John Bull's love of dominion over land is only equaled by his desire to secure dominion over the high seas, and in the past, as it is now true of the present, whenever he got a hold, a leasehold, a copyhold of any kind upon a spot of earth, great or small, he would cling to it as though the spot was a hallowed heirloom. To repossess the Englishman of his real estate wrongfully withheld from him a writ of ejectment was invented.

Hitherto his means of redress lay through a writ of right or a writ of entry—writs wrapped in a cobweb of maze and technicalities. This writ of ejectment was the mother of John Doe and Richard Roe. These sons, twin boys, were to her as Punch and Judy are wandering mountebanks, and under name of one she gathered all the complaints of the plaintiff and under the name of the other all the defenses of the defendant, and thus two armies meet in legal form, while hoodwinked justice, in wig and gown, shakes the dicebox.

Slowly the power of monarchy waned and the power of the people grew in strength in old England. The maternal colonies left the maternal roof and set up housekeeping, but both in England and America these two brothers, John Doe and Richard Roe, keep up the family quarrel with fratricidal intent.—Atlanta Constitution.

OFFICE BOY LAWYERS.

Collapse of a Grandiloquent Boast by a Budding Limb of the Law.

In one of the big down town office buildings, tenanted principally by lawyers, a reporter rode down in an elevator car with two boys, who, to judge from their conversation, were budding limbs of the law. One of them was about 15 years of age, and the other perhaps a couple of years his senior.

"I had that judgment opened this morning," remarked the younger of the two, flecking the ashes from a cigarette, "but I thought Giegerich was a little slow about it."

"Ya-as," drawled the other, "it's certainly a great bore to have to spend so much time in court. Remember my bond and mortgage case in the supreme? Well, it was enough to try anybody's patience. The trouble with some of our judges, Frank, is that they don't know the rudiments of landlord and tenant law. I cited Pebbles versus Bubbles, and it knocked him out. Where are you bound?"

"Oh, I've got a little corporation matter on hand today!" was the reply. "Receiver wants to be relieved. I don't know whether I'll consent or not. I've got a demurrer to argue besides, and"—

By that time the car was at the ground floor. A stout, matronly woman stood waiting to get in.

"Well, young man," she said, addressing the boy who had been called Frank, "I was just about to go up and give you a talking to in front of your boss. Why didn't you get father's shoes that you took to be half soled?"

"Hush, mother!" whispered Frank as his face reddened. "I don't want to be talking about that down here. I'm going to court."

"You're going to court, are you?" responded the stout lady in a loud tone. Very well, go to court. But if you come home tonight without those shoes you get no supper, and you don't stir a peg out of the flat the rest of the week. Do you hear?"

"Say," said the elevator man as he stuck his head out of the car and grinned, "you've run up against the chief justice of the supreme court, haven't you? Gee whiz!"—New York Mail and Express.

Former Knights of the Road.

The dissolution of the monasteries had greatly increased vagrancy in the sixteenth century. Rich abbeys, like that of Reading, employed large numbers of workmen and servants, who when their masters had fallen into evil case were thrown upon a heartless world and took to robbery for a livelihood. The hospitality of the monasteries in the good old days always provided food and a bed for weary travelers, of whatever rank they were, and needy wanderers sorely felt the loss of their kind hosts. The rich courtiers grabbed the church's lands and wealth, and the poor folk followed their example by grabbing whatever they could lay their hands on. Consequently there were in these parts "a great store of stout vagabonds and mayesterless men (able enough for labour), which do great hurt in the county by their idle and naughtie life." The unfortunate persons who were robbed could claim compensation from the inhabitants on the hundred in which the robbery took place. This old law was as ancient as the time of our great Berkshire king, Alfred; for who is ignorant of the fact that when gold bracelets were hung up by the roadside on account of the enforcement of this law and the fear of the vengeance of the hundred no one dared to remove them?

But when these highway robberies on Maidenhead thicket were so frequent, the burden of making compensation fell somewhat heavily on the inhabitants of the hundred of Benhurst. In one year they paid as much as £255 for robberies committed on unfortunate wayfarers. Therefore a special act of parliament was passed in 1597 in order to relieve the inhabitants from their burdens.—Gentleman's Magazine.

About Eyeglasses.

If you are so unfortunate as to be compelled to wear eyeglasses or spectacles, see that they fit not only as regards the glasses, but the frames. There is nothing uglier than the marks of ill fitting glasses on either side of the nose. An optician who understands his business measures the bridge of the nose, the distance of the eyes from it and the width of the temples, and bends or fits the glasses accordingly. Apart from the discomfort and disfigurement of badly fitting frames, it is hardly possible that the glasses which they hold are right. They are almost certain to be out of focus. In choosing glasses, although the oculist or optician is bound to provide you with what is right, much depends upon yourself, for he cannot see with your eyes. The great mistake of those not accustomed to lenses is to get them too strong. It is such a pleasure for the moment to see things clearly that we exclaim: "Oh, yes, that's just right," whereas the proper glass would be one of considerably less power.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Literary Quacks.

Literature has her quacks no less than medicine, and they are divided into two classes—those who have erudition without genius and those who have volubility without depth. We get secondhand sense from the one and original nonsense from the other.—Colton.

"The Armenian era" began Tuesday, July 9, A. D. 552, when the council of the Armenians formally separated from the church of the Greeks, thus definitely establishing a separate ecclesiastical organization.

THE IDEAL.

We are unsatisfied and know not why.
We seek for the ideal of our dreams
And strive to reach it guided by the beams
Of truth and faith. Setting our standard high,
We struggle on, but when the prize is nigh
We find that it eludes us, and it seems
To beckon onward, mocking us in its gleams
Like some bright mirage in the eastern sky.
With eyes blind to the glory here below:
Our thoughts forever turned away from earth,
We see no beauty around us and the worth
Hidden in humble things we never know.
We grope and pass unheeding on the way
The good that we are seeking day by day.
—Dunshee's Magazine.

A NOTABLE BANK.

The Most Independent One In the World Is In Norway.

Probably the most independent and aristocratic bank in the world is the Norges or national bank of Norway. It seems to be wholly indifferent to doing business of any kind, and what it does do it insists upon doing in its own deliberate way. Socially the bank is of considerable importance. The directors meet twice a week, and these friendly gatherings are said to be most enjoyable affairs. Loans and discounts form the chief subjects of conversation. No loan or discount can be made without the approval of three of the directors.

Suppose the directors are to hold a meeting on Wednesday and you want to borrow $5,000 on Monday. You apply to Norges bank and are told that the matter will be taken under consideration at the directors' meeting on Wednesday, and you may look for an answer to your application by Thursday. It does not matter in the least that you want the $5,000 on Monday and not Thursday. You simply have to wait.

The origin of this institution was as peculiar as its management is unusual. Soon after the nominal union of Norway and Sweden, in 1814, the latter country began to feel the need of greater money facilities to meet the demands of the rapidly increasing commerce. The problem of securing the necessary capital for a great national institution was a very simple one for the Norwegian government.

It raised stockholders for the bank just as it raised soldiers for its armies. Every well to do citizen was compelled to take so much stock. He was always at liberty to take more if he chose, but always in amounts divisible by five. Bookkeeping was made easy on a new principle, in accordance with which sums ending in other figures than five and zero were to be excluded from the books.

This national bank is also a pawnshop. It is authorized by law to lend money on any nonperishable goods, provided they can be deposited in the bank and kept under lock and key. For this service it charges rather less than the usual pawnbroker's interest, which may perhaps account for the rarity of private pawnshops in Norway. In the regular loan department the curious rule is enforced that loans may not be made for less than one month nor for more than six and only for sums of at least $120.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

COST OF FIRING BIG GUNS.

Some of the Practice Shooting Indulged In Blows Away a Pile of Money.

The days are long past when we English sang in a free and easy way:

Two jolly Frenchmen and one Portugee,
One jolly Englishman could lick them all three.

We are ready enough now to give our possible adversaries all credit for pluck and perhaps for technical skill, and yet, as regards practice in the use of their weapons, we still have them at an immeasurable disadvantage. This factor is commonly omitted from newspaper comparisons, but it would probably have more weight than any other in determining the issue of an actual struggle. Two duelists may each have lion hearts and each the best Damascus blades, but if one has ten times more practice in the art of fencing than the other it is long odds that he will win. So it is with our navy. It has a far greater knowledge of ships, acquired by actual firing practice, than any other power. And the reason of this is precisely because such knowledge is a very expensive thing to acquire, and England is the only nation that cares to afford it.

It is probable that where France, the next naval power, spends a million in sea cruising and gun firing, we spend five. From every gun in our navy having a caliber of 10 inches and under there are fired each quarter eight rounds of ammunition by way of practice and from all guns heavier than 10 inch four rounds a quarter, irrespective of the additional rounds used in the annual "prize firing." The heavy expenditure involved in this item alone may be hinted at by observing that every full round fired from a 6 inch gun costs £16, from an 8 inch gun £30, from a 12 inch gun £128 and from the 16.25 inch, or 110 ton gun, as much as £300. And these figures are only a small part of the story, for the life of a very heavy gun is not a long one, and though a 6 inch gun can fire as many as 500 rounds, 70 or 80 full rounds are the limit of the 110 ton. After firing that amount they will both require a new inner tube, a costly matter enough.—Chambers' Journal.

Singular Deathbed Scene.

Truth is not only stranger than fiction, but occasionally more amusing than the jests of the humorist. Writing of Elizabeth Fry, the philanthropist and Quaker minister, Mr. Hare, in his biography of "The Gurneys of Earlham," tells an almost incredible incident.

During her frequent visits to Norfolk, Mrs. Fry by no means ceased from her ministrations, but even in her family she often had to trust her seed to very stony ground. It is recollected with amusement how, when she was summoned to the deathbed of a Norfolk squire, who was nearly related to her, he received her with this greeting:

"I am glad to see thee, Elizabeth, and shall be very glad to talk with thee, but thee must just wait till these have done."

On the other side of the bed were two cocks fighting.

That occurred in England 64 years ago, and the man was one of the landed gentry. The world moves.

Sandow Got Mad.

Sandow, the strong man, tells how once, on a holiday in Paris, he went with an old school friend into a billiard room, where some Frenchmen tried to fasten a quarrel on him because he was a German. The Parisian went so far as to slap him repeatedly in the face. Newfoundlandlike, he let the terrier snarl until he tried to bite, when at last he lost his temper. He took the man by the collar and the trousers near the knee. Then, holding him up, to the astonishment of the gallery, he knocked his assailant's knees into his teeth till he was nearly senseless. The Frenchman was taken to a hospital, while Sandow was walked off to a cell. But there were so many witnesses to the provocation that Sandow got off. The Frenchman himself was so astonished that when he recovered he sought Sandow's friendship and presented to him a magnificent watch, which he still possesses.

Not His.

"Hello! Is this your bank?" said Dinwiddie to Van Braam, who was making out a deposit slip at a desk in a Fifth avenue banking establishment.

"No," replied Van Braam. "This isn't my bank."

Dinwiddie seemed surprised, for he could see Van Braam's bankbook, with several checks and some money, when the latter added:

"No, it is not my bank. I wish it were. I am merely a depositor here."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The Gregorian calendar was adopted in Great Britain in September, 1715, the 3d of that month being called the 14th.

STOWING AWAY.

A Foolhardy and Dangerous Method of Getting an Ocean Voyage.

In spite of the fact that the punishment usually meted out to those who try to steal a free passage on a ship is several weeks' hard labor, with the option of a fine, stowaways are even more common today than they were 50 or 60 years ago.

Big passenger steamers, with their hundreds of passengers and their scores of stewards, sailors and stokers, afford innumerable opportunities for stowing away.

Three years ago a stowaway was discovered aboard one of the Allan liners running between Liverpool and Montreal. He was shabbily dressed, but being a big, sturdy looking fellow he was put to work about the ship. When the ship anchored below Montreal, waiting for daylight before entering the harbor, he, it is presumed, slipped quietly overboard and swam ashoare. In any case, when the boat touched at Montreal and was overrun by detectives looking for a notorious jewel robber, it was immediately suspected that the stowaway was the robber and that he had escaped, taking the jewels with him. He was captured some months afterward and confessed that when he swam ashore he had more than $10,000 worth of jewels on his person.

The favorite hiding places of stowaways are the coal bunkers and the narrow passages left when the vessels are loaded with bricks, tiles, iron pipes or other similar cargo. These places are extremely dangerous, and many cases are recorded where the shifting of the cargo has resulted in the death of some unfortunate wretch in hiding.

During the passage of a cargo boat to this country from England the sailors were startled the third day out by a curious scratching, which was immediately attributed to supernatural causes. The scratching continued for three days and then grew quiet and ceased. When the hatches were lifted at the end of the voyage, the emaciated body of a man was found lying on some bags of cement. The poor starving fellow had struggled frantically to get out of the hold.

As for our American liners, it is folly to try stowing away in any of them. The United States will not receive pauper immigrants, and captains are forbidden to land stowaways in this country under a penalty of $2,500. A "free passenger" on one of these ships is promptly clapped in irons and kept there until the ship returns to Liverpool, when he is brought before the authorities.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TORTURED BY THE TONGUE.

Some Men Who Read This Will Sympathize With Poor Junius.

"H'm!" murmured Mr. Junius from his paper. "A man falls dead while smoking his pipe, and"—

"There!" cried Mrs. Junius, raising her needle and voice with the same gesture. "Isn't that what I've always said? And yet you will go on, day after day, with those horrid old cigars and me slaving my life away doing up lace curtains that mother gave us out of the very money she saved up with her own hands keeping hens, and hard enough, too, I can tell you, with eggs only a cent each the very moment hens began laying as they ought to, and I'd like to know where you think you'll land, Julius Junius, if you keep on smoking your life away? Oh, but it is only a step—and for pity's sake I wish you'd fix that one to the front door before some caller trips over it and breaks the knob with her bonnet—and you know I've begged you on my bended knees to leave off before it's too late and not die suddenly, like this man you're reading about, with your life insurance run out, and bringing everlasting disgrace on your wife's family. But what a provoking creature you are, Julius Junius, to sit there grinning and refusing to say a word, and you know I want to hear the rest of the particulars just as well as you do."

As his wife stopped to coal up Mr. Junius laid down the paper.

"The man was 96 years old," he said softly. "Somebody put a cartridge in his pipe for a joke, and it went off and shot him."

And when Mr. Junius came in from the evening club his wife was still flowing on unbrokenly.—Tacks.

That Sinking Feeling.

A good story is being told on one of Louisville's most prominent homeopathic physicians. Several days ago a young woman called at his office, and after discoursing on all the topics of interest of the day settled down to tell him her ailments. Among other things she said that she was greatly annoyed with a sinking feeling. The physician prepared a little bottle of pills and gave them to her, with minute directions as to how they should be taken. The woman again began to talk, and after many vain efforts to get her out she started for the door. She had just opened it when she turned and said, "Oh, doctor, what shall I do if these pills do not cure me?" "Take the cork," he retorted. "They tell me that's good for a sinking feeling." And he called the next patient into his private office.—Louisville Post.

Chose the Less.

Mr. Wickwire—But, my dear, if you discharge the girl without notice she may make it cost us $10 or $15. You know there is an agreement about notice.

Mrs. Wickwire—Yes, and if I give her a week's notice she will manage to break $30 or $40 worth of china before she goes.—Indianapolis Journal.

His Little Joke on Bargain Day.

"My husband played me a mean trick yesterday."

"What was it?"

"He told me folding beds were selling down town at 49 cents each."

"Well?"

"When I got down there they were hammocks."—Chicago Record.

AN ACHING BACK.

The kidneys can't talk, and the only way they have of letting us know when they are sick is by making our backs ache. If it's only a little ache the kidneys are only a little sick–if it's a big, peace-destroying, nerve-racking ache, the kidneys are more than a little sick. In either case it must be attended to at once.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Act directly on the kidneys, make them strong and healthy—stop aching backs.

F. M. Torreyson resides at 315 Jerome St., McKeesport, Pa. He says: "Exposure during the war was the foundation of my kidney disorder. I have had fearful pains in my back and suffered tortures ever since. Have been in the hospital for months at a time and slight cold affecting my kidneys and I would be bent double with pain. I be an taking Doan's Kidney Pills and found relief at once. Urinary troubles have been corrected. No more bother at night. I am very thankful to Doan's Kidney Pills.

Doan's Kidney Pills Cost 50 Cents at any Druggstore.

Foster-Milburn Co., Sole Agents, Buffalo, N. Y.

POSTAGE ON WEDDING CAKE.

Miscarriage of an Attempt to Economize Prevents a Marriage.

"Do tell me all about Nell's wedding," said the girl in the crash suit. "Did it all go off well? And how"—

"Oh, beautifully!" cried the girl in the white frock. "My dress was perfectly lovely, my gloves were an ideal fit, and my hair kept its curl as well as if I was only attending an old maids' tea party."

"How nice! But tell me about Nell. Was she"—

"She was horrid. Actually wanted me to help her dress for the ceremony! As if I hadn't my bridesmaid's toilet to think of. I am afraid that dear Nell is too selfish to make a really good wife."

"Then she will naturally have an unselfish husband, dear."

"Perhaps so. Oh, it was delightful to walk up the aisle feeling that every eye was fixed on"—

"Yes, I know. But tell me, how did Nell get through the ceremony?"

"I really don't know. My mind was full of the one awful thought that I was standing with my back to all those people, while there was no telling but that my gown was crumpled after that long drive to the church."

"Oh, probably it was all right. Was Nell's gown"—

"And wasn't it too bad that Harold was out of town and unable to see me in my lovely new dress!"

"Oh, well, you can send him a photograph."

"Not unless he apologizes."

"For what, going away? But then, even an engaged man must attend to business."

"It wasn't only that. It was his subsequent behavior. You see, I wanted him to share some of the festivities, so I sent him a box of wedding cake. You should have seen the letter I got in return."

"But perhaps it disagreed with him."

"It wasn't that. You know, I thought it would be nice to write him a sweet little note and slip it in the bottom of the cake box, so that when he had eaten it all he would have a pleasant surprise."

"Good gracious, do you mean to say that you gave the box away and never knew"—

"No, I don't. The—well, the truth is that those horrid, mean postoffice employees actually opened the box and found the note! Oh, how I do despise such prying inquisitiveness! Not satisfied with that they"—

"Goodness, can—can they send you to jail for violating the postal laws?"

"No, they can't. But they actually made Harold pay letter postage on the box before they would give it to him. Four square inches of wedding cake cost him just $1.50, and now he—he says that he is afraid that I am n-not economical enough to make a g-good wife for a poor man! After I had put the note in the box to save extra postage too!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

YANKEE PLUCK NEEDED.

Good Field In Central America For American Enterprise and Ingenuity.

Taken as a whole, Central America offers a fair field for foreign enterprise, says The North American Review. By young men of self denying and sober habits, possessing a capital of $5,000 and a tolerably good knowledge of the Spanish language, success either in commerce, agriculture or mining may be confidently counted upon, but they must avoid all interference in local politics. In these as in all other countries the foreigner whose character and mode of life command respect will very seldom, if ever, suffer molestation at the hands of the authorities. The Nicaragua canal, if once commenced in earnest, will open up the almost inexhaustible resources of that republic, and the engineering works alone will offer lucrative employment to thousands of foreigners. Its physical difficulties are insignificant compared with those which De Lesseps never overcame on the isthmus of Panama, and perhaps the greatest obstacle to contend with is the silting of the alluvial deposits at the mouth of the San Juan river, the Atlantic entrance to the canal. Its whole length will be 194 English miles, 110 of which are included in the great Lake of Nicaragua, 134 feet above the sea level, whose total superficial area is 3,668 English square miles. A short cutting will connect the lake with that of Managua, 156 feet above the sea level, with a superficial area of 600 English miles, being 50 miles long and 25 miles broad, with an average depth of five fathoms.

The Oily Menhaden.

The oily character of the menhaden is familiar. It is caught for its oil, which is tried out in factories. Menhaden fishermen use purse nets, which are tarred to preserve them. To keep their hands from sticking to the tarred nets they rub on them a freshly caught menhaden, handling it somewhat as they would a cake of soap. So oily is the menhaden that the simple pressure thus applied is enough to bring through the scales oil sufficient for the purpose.—New York Sun.

Good Breeding.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners. It carries along with it a dignity that is respected by the most petulant. Ill breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the most timid. No man ever said a pert thing to the Duke of Marlborough. No man ever said a civil one to Sir Robert Walpole.—Chesterfield.

Must Be Posted.

"Does young Whittle know much about politics?"

"Yes, I think he does. He has had several chances to run for office and didn't do it."—Washington Star.

The first iron forge in English North America was located at Raynham in the year 1652.

A Turkish Lady.

Every woman, rich or poor, with the least regard for her character must be in her house by sundown. Only think of the long, dull winter afternoons and evenings when no friend can come near them, as all their female friends must be in their own houses, and male friends they cannot have. Even the men of their own family associate but little with them. Let us hope that with the increase of intercourse between Europeans and Turks the life of the women must change and that as the men have dropped their oriental garb the women will in time part with the yashmak and ferejeh, and that with them their isolated lives will cease. Young Turks who have been educated in Berlin, Paris and Vienna before they marry have been heard to declare that their wives shall be free, and yet when it comes to the point they have all yielded to the tyranny of custom. Nor is there any chance of change during the reign of Abdul Hamid, whose views on the seclusion of women are very strict, scarcely a year passing without fresh laws on thicker yashmaks and more shapeless ferejehs.

On the Bosporus their caiques are a great resource to the Turkish ladies, but in Pera those of the upper classes can only go out, in closed carriages, to the Sweet Waters occasionally, accompanied by their husbands on horseback. But they may speak to no one while driving; their own husbands and sons cannot even bow to them as they pass, and no one would venture to say a word to his own wife or mother when the carriage pulls up. The police would at once interfere. The highest mark of respect is to turn your back on a lady, and this de rigueur when any member of the imperial harem passes.—Longman's Magazine.

Brass pins were first made in New York by English machinery in the year 1824.

BEWARE IN TIME. The first acute twinges of SCIATICA IS THE WARNING TO USE ST. JACOBS OIL. DELAY, AND THOSE TWINGES MAY TWIST YOUR LEG OUT OF SHAPE.

The Practice of Law.

"There's no more fun in the practice of law," observed the Judge, as he softly brushed away the film of soft ashes from the live end of his cigar. "Thirty years ago, when we used to impeach all the witnesses on the other side and have two or three fights every noon recess, it was worth while to be in the profession.

"I read in my old home paper yesterday that Bill Traynor was dead. There was a character. Did I ever tell you the story about him?

"Bill once sat on a jury in one of my first cases. It was an assault and battery case. The trouble came up over the attempt to build a fence across a highway. There were two defendants and four prosecuting witnesses. The trial was held at the house of the Justice of the Peace, a clapboarded little house right out in a cornfield. We couldn't find twelve men in the township, so we agreed to a jury of six. The Justice's wife stood in the doorway during the trial and dictated all the rulings.

"They didn't make any case against us—my partner and I appeared for the defense—but we know that the jurymen wanted their fees and they wouldn't get any if the defendants won. So we were not very hopeful.

"The six jurymen went out in the cornfield to deliberate. They were gone about two hours, and then brought in a verdict of guilty and fined each of the defendants $5 and costs. The jury was about to be discharged, when my partner jumped up and said to one of the jurymen: 'Say, who are you? I don't remember seeing you before.' Then the foreman spoke up and said: 'That's all right. Bill Traynor couldn't wait. He went on home and we got Joe here to take his place.'

"That's a fact. Bill had put in a substitute on the jury after they got out in the cornfield. The Justice said it was all right, anyway, so long as there was a majority of the jury present, but I got up and threatened to sue him on his bond, so he got scared and set aside the verdict and discharged my clients

"After I came on the bench Bill Traynor was up before me for stealing a steer, and I made the instructions to the jury rather favorable to him and he was acquitted. You see, I had a friendly feeling for him because he had helped me to win one of my first cases."—Chicago Record.

An Exceptional Case.

"Well, how has business been with you this summer?" asked Gilhooly of a country store-keeper.

"I have been doing pretty well."

"Then the dull times have not affected you much?"

"Times haven't been dull with me. My clerk stole about seven dollars' worth of groceries. I caught him at it, and his wife's folks paid me $250 to keep it quiet. I got another clerk, and it wasn't a week before I caught him robbing the safe of a lot of postage stamps. He turned over to me a house and lot worth $1,500 to keep it out of court. So you see, I can't complain of hard times. I'll manage to worry along even if Bryan is elected.

There is Nothing so Good.

There is nothing just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, so demand it and do not permit the dealer to sell you some substitute. He will not claim there is anything better, but in order to make more profit he may claim something else to be just as good. You want Dr. King's New Discovery because you know it to be safe and reliable, and guaranteed to do good or money refunded. For coughs, colds, consumption and for all affections of throat, chest and lungs, there is nothing so good as is Dr. King's New Discovery. Trial bottle free at Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin. Regular size 50c and $1.00.

But It Will Be Too Late.

Did you ever hear of the boy who asked the doctor how to distinguish a toadstool from a mushroom?

The doctor replied, "Eat it; if you die, it is a toadstool." If the American people swallow the free coinage of silver craze, they will learn by experience that it is a "toadstool."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Diver's Dangers.

The greatest danger to those who dive into the sea for valuables that have been sunk is that of falling asleep.

On a hot day the contrast between the heat above and the delicious coolness below water is apt to make a diver sleepy. One of these men recently stated that he once slept half an hour at the bottom of a wreck where he was laying a pipe.

Supposing that had happened in a channel where the tide runs so swiftly that a diver can work only during the one hour of slack water, the deadly rush of tide would have snapped the lifeline and hose. Then in working wrecks there is danger of getting jammed in between freight, or getting the hose or line entangled. When the hose snaps at a great depth the tremendous pressure kills the diver. He is frightfully distorted by it.—New York Journal.

Hundreds of precious little ones owe their lives to Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, the sovereign cure for croup and all other throat or lung diseases.

The Fact That Doctors

frequently advise change of air and climate to those suffering from catarrh is proof that catarrh is a local and climatic disease. Therefore, unless you can leave home and business, you should use Ely's Cream Balm. Applied directly to the seat of the disease, it effects instant relief and a satisfactory cure after a short continuance. No mercury nor injurious drug contained in the Balm.

An English journal tells a story to illustrate the obstinacy of Sir Redvers Buller. During the last Nile campaign, when descending through one of the cataracts on board a river steamer, he got into a discussion with Lord Charles Beresford as to the proper channel that should be taken. Each obstinately defended his own course, but in the end that which Buller insisted upon was adopted, and the steamer got through without accident. "You see I was right!" cried Sir Redvers. "Mine was the proper channel." "That was mine, too," coolly replied Lord Charles. "I only recommended the other because I knew you would go against whatever I said."

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT,

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, April 28 1896.

Apples	per bu	25
	dried, ℔	4c
	evaporated ℔	10c
Apple Butter, per gal		50c
Butter	roll, per ℔	15c
	fresh keg, per ℔	10c
	creamery, per ℔	18c
Beeswax, per ℔		25
Bacon	country ham, per ℔	8 to 12c
	sugar cured ham, per ℔	11 to 12½c
	side, per ℔	7 to 8c
	shoulder, per ℔	7 to 8c
Beans	white navy, per bus	$1.00
	Lima, per ℔	5c
Coffee	green, per ℔	25c
	roasted, per ℔	18 to 25c
Cement	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.50
	Portland, per bbl	4.00
Cornmeal, per ℔		2c
Eggs, per doz		12c
Fish, lake herring	½ bbl	$2.50
	¼ bbl	1.15
Honey, white clover, per ℔		15c
Lard, per ℔		8 to 10c
Lime, per bbl		$1.00
Molasses, N. O., per gal		60c
Onions, per bus		30c
Potatoes, per bus		25c
Peaches, evaporated, per ℔		10 to 13c
Prunes, per ℔		10 to 13c
Salt	N. Y., per bbl	$1.10
	Pittsburg, per bbl	1.00
	Dairy, ¼ bus sacks	25c
	" ½ " "	50c
	" 1 bus sacks	$0.25
	ground alum, 180 ℔ sacks	50c
Sugar	maple, per ℔	6 to 8c
	imported yellow, per ℔	5c
	white, A, per ℔	6c
	granulated, per ℔	6c
	Cubes or pulverized, per ℔	8c
Syrup	per gal	35c
	maple, per gal	50 to 60c
Stoneware, gallon		5c
Tallow, per ℔		3 to 5c
Vinegar, per gal		20 to 30c
Seeds	timothy, per bus	$1.75
	clover, per bus	$5.00 to 5.50
	" crimson, per bus	4.00
	" alfalfa, per bus	8.00
	" alsyke, per bus	8.00
Millet, German, per bus		1.25
Grain & Feed	barley, white beardless, per bus	1.25
	buckwheat, per bus	50c
	corn, ear, per bus	38 to 40c
	" shelled, per bus	38 to 40c
	oats, per bus	25 to 30c
	rye, per bus	50c
	wheat, per bus	70c
	bran, per 100 ℔s	80c
	corn and oats chop, per 100 ℔s	85c
Flour	flour, roller process, per bbl	$3.75
	" spring patent and fancy high grade	$4.00 to $4.25
	flour, lower grade, per 140 ℔s	$1.25@1.50
Middlings	white, per 100 ℔s	90c
	red, per 100 ℔s	90c

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

IN EFFECT MAY 20, 1895.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

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

WESTWARD

Western Express	4:55 a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:06 "
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	3:04 a. m.
Sea-shore Express	8:40 "
Altoona Accommodation	8:24 "
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