CURED OF PARALYSIS

Carlos F. Shepard, a Member of the Indianapolis Board of Trade, is About Once More.

A Case of Weighty Interest to Anyone Suffering With Nervous Complaints, for the Patient was Cured by "Feeding" the Nerves. This is a New Term in Medicine.

From the News, Indianapolis, Ind.

One of the best known men about the Indianapolis Board of Trade is Carlos F. Shepard, who for several years has been connected with the house of H. E. Kinney, grain broker. Mr. Shepard is a bluff, hearty, old gentleman of medium height, gray-headed and with a mustache like a French veteran. He is a man of very decided views on all subjects and is especially orthodox in politics and medicine. Notwithstanding his firmness in his convictions and the vigor with which he maintains them he is a man of many friends for manly men, even though sometimes obstinate in their opinions, have the force of character that win admiration and friendship.

So a few months ago when the news came to his old associates on the Board of Trade that Mr. Shepard had received a stroke of paralysis and that the probabilities were that his days of usefulness were over, and that perhaps, his hours were numbered, the deepest sympathy went out to the sunken man and his family. It seemed to all his friends almost impossible that this rugged old man, always so wholesomely hearty and cheerful, always a picture of health for

HIS CHEEKS WERE LIKE THE ROSE IN THE SNOW;

could have been so suddenly laid low. But it was true and many weeks passed before his well-known form and kindly face returned to his former business haunts. His reappearance was made the occasion of a hearty welcome and the story of his illness and recovery is well worth the telling.

"I was taken sick," said Mr. Shepard, "on the 17th of August, 1895. As I had all along been of the opinion that I was made of iron, you may well believe that it was hard for me to entertain the thought that I was to be laid up for more than a day or two. I was 58 years old, and for 40 years up to the time of this attack, I had not had a day's sickness. The doctors who diagnosed my case saw at once that it was something serious. They at first said that it was lumbago then sciatic rheumatism. They finally came to the conclusion that I did not know what was the matter with me. I experienced no pain, my head was clear, my appetite good, but I lost the use of myself from my hips down. This was a hard stroke to an active man who has always had an easy going pair of legs. My brother-in-law, who is a physician, came from a neighboring city to see me. He pronounced my affliction to be locomotor ataxia. I am of the opinion that he diagnosed the case correctly for I was absolutely paralyzed from the hips down.

"Before he came, however, a day or so before I had begun taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. That was on the 20th day of last October. I read an article in the *Indianapolis News* and saw testimonials describing cases cured that were similar to mine. It struck me that the remedy could not do me any harm and I began to take the pills.

"Before I began taking them I could not stir a peg, but had to be carried from place to place. I had not got far into the first box when I felt that deliverance from my enforced inaction had come. Before I finished the second box I was able to walk alone with the aid of a cane. About home I do not use a cane now but when I come out on the slippery pavements I feel that I need a little support to make my footing sure.

"I am still using Williams' Pink Pills, but I have reduced the dose to one after each meal. It seems that I have been able to throw some discredit on the predictions of my doctors thanks to the pills. They said I could never walk again but here I am, and I think the credit must be given to the pills. It is said the pills are stimulating, but I cannot say that they give me any sensations that I am aware of. They merely cure and that is quite enough for me.

"Since I have been out I have been a walking advertisement for Williams' Pink Pills. I suppose I have recommended them to at least a hundred persons. What! You want to print all this? Why, my dear sir, I never gave a recommendation to any proprietary medicine before in my life. Perhaps it may not be a bad thing to do so this time if it will help any sufferer to regain health and bodily activity."

Carlos F. Shepard has been a resident of Indianapolis for over twenty years. He lives at No. 729 East Ohio Street. He has always been an active, enterprising man and his many friends will rejoice that he has literally been put upon his feet again. He is not only well-known locally but to grain shippers all over Indiana and Illinois.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing remedy for all diseases arising from a poor and watery condition of the blood, such as pale and sallow complexion, general muscular weakness, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, lack of ambition, anæmia, chlorosis or green sickness, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath on slight exertion, coldness of hands or feet, swelling of the feet and limbs, pain in the back, nervous headache, dizziness, loss of memory, feebleness of will, ringing in the ears, early decay, all forms of female weakness, leucorrhœa, tardy or irregular periods, suppression of menses, hysteria, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, sciatica, and all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, causing scrofula, swelled glands, fever sores, rickets, hip-joint diseases, hunchback, acquired deformities, decayed bones, chronic erysipelas, catarrh, consumption of the bowels and lungs, and also for invigorating the blood and strengthening the system broken down by overwork, worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions of living, recovery from acute diseases, such as fevers, etc., loss of vital powers, spermatorrhœa, early decay, premature old age. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying to the blood its life-giving qualities by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way the blood, becoming "built up" and being supplied with its lacking constituents, becomes rich and red, nourishes the various organs, and stimulating them to activity in the performance of their functions, and thus to eliminate diseases from the system.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies.

In seeding land to grass it would be much better if greater variety of plants were grown. Some kinds succeed better than others under special conditions of soil, so that the greater variety sown the better the land is likely to be covered and the larger the quantity of feed produced. But the advantage of much greater palatableness of pasture or hay which contains a variety of grasses is even more important. As an aid to make all hay more easily eaten some sweet-scented vernal grass seed ought always to be sown. It will be eaten close to the soil by every kind of stock, and when left for hay the aroma from it will penetrate the whole mass and increase its feeding value.—American Cultivator.

A Point to Remember.

If you wish to purify your blood you should take a medicine which cures blood diseases. The record of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla proves this is the best medicine for the blood ever produced. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the most stubborn cases and it is the medicine for you to take if your blood is impure.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pill; assist digestion, cure headache. 25 cents.

Sun scald is probably responsible for the premature decay and death of more apple trees than any other cause. Self-protection by shading the trunk with a rather low, bowl-shaped head is cheap and practical if begun in time. The o'clock sun does the harm; therefore, in setting the young tree lean it toward the southwest and see that it retains this position till it is well rooted. Where self-protection is no longer possible drive a stake and nail a 12-inch board up on end to shade the trunk and if possible the crotch also. The plan of boxing the trunks and filling in with soil is highly recommended by some orchardists as affording protection in a general way.

It is not a remedy put up by any Tom, Dick or Harry; it is compounded by expert pharmacists. Ely Bros. offer a ten cent trial size. Ask your druggist. Full size Cream Balm 50 cents. We mail it.

ELY BROTHERS.,
56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

Since 1861 I have been a great sufferer from catarrh. I tried Ely's Cream Balm and to all appearances am cured. Terrible headaches from which I had long suffered are gone.—W. J. Hitchcock, late Major U. S. Vol., and A. A. Gen., Buffalo, N. Y.

Do Men Outlive Women.

"According to our experience," says an actuary connected with one of the large insurance companies, "women seem to be shorter lived than men. A set of tables made up from statistics extending over a quarter of a century gives the same results:

"From birth to 10 years of age the male death rate is in excess of the female. From 10 years to forty the female death-rate is in excess of the male, while from 40 to 50 years of age the rate is about the same in both sexes.

"Finally, from 50 to 60 there is a grater percentage of deaths among males than females, while after the 70th year the reverse is the case, though the proportion of females living at that age is much less.

A few women have lived to be over a hundred years old, but where twenty women die before 50 and one woman reaches the age of 100 or more, twenty men live to be 80.

"Most insurance companies, as a rule regard men as better risks than women. Men generally insure at an older age, but their policies run longer.

Hobart's Historic Home.

Ex-Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, says the Washington Post, has leased his Washington residence to Vice President Hobart and will retire to Lochiel.

Although situated in the business portion of the city, but a stone's throw from the White House, and adjoining the theatre which stands upon the former site of the Blaine mansion, the Cameron house is one of the most comfortable and home-like in Washington, and has been the scene of much social gayety. Mrs. Cameron has been a belle both before and since marriage. She is a daughter of the late Charles Sherman, of Cleveland, formerly Judge of the United States District Court, and a brother of the late General W. T. Sherman and Senator John Sherman.

Mrs. Cameron spent much of her girlhood in the family of her uncle, the Senator, and met her husband there. His retirement from public life is a great disappointment to her, as it takes her away from Washington, although during the past winter she has been so ill that her life has been despaired of. She is considerably better now and able to receive her friends.

The Cameron residence is famous in the social annals of Washington. It was built shortly after the war of 1812 by the late Ogle Tayloe, who occupied high positions under the Government and whose wife was a social leader in the days of President Madison, Commodore Price, of the navy, once lived there, and under its roof the beautiful Lilly Hamersley, now Lady Churchill and formerly Duchess of Marlborough, was born.

Did You Ever

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all female complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have loss of appetite, constipation, headache, fainting spells, or are nervous, sleepless, excitable, melancholy or troubled with dizzy spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Fifty-cents and $1 00 at Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin.

It has been well attested that bean straw is a valuable food for sheep and that they are fond of it. The bean, like clover, is a leguminous plant, and many farmers say that the straw, though coarse and harsh, has nearly as much nutrition as clover hay. It makes a very rich manure when fed to either sheep or cows. This is shown by its rotting very fast when piled, and giving off the strong smell of ammonia, which comes from feeding any manure rich in nitrogenous nutrition.

"I heard you fought a duel with Parker?"

"I did."

"Weren't you afraid to stand up before a loaded pistol?"

"Not with Parker holding it. I'm insured in his company."

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 at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Brallier's drug store, Belin, Pa.

ONLY ONE WORD.

Only one word, dear, to say to you
Before the throng thrusts us apart;
Only one moment to pray to you,
Goddess enshrined in my heart.

Only one life, dear, to live for you.
Will you spurn it? It lies at your feet.
Only one heart's love to give for you.
Will you reign in that heart, my sweet?

Only one song, dear, to sing with you,
Singer and song of you that.
Only one treasure to bring with you—
Your heart. What matters the rest?

Only one word to inspire of you—
Word that is? Couldn't you guess?
Only one whisper—no more—of you.
Say—shall that whisper be—"Yes?"
—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE.

A New York Cafe That Reposes Implicit Confidence In Its Customers.

It is rather surprising to find right on Park row a cafe that trusts its customers perfectly. This place has probably 300 regular callers. It is open day and night, and is run on a system of implicit faith in the honesty of man. While not a place strictly high class, it offers what might be called a very "comfortable" meal, with trimmings before or after. Altogether, it is simply a plain place for an everyday man, with occasionally a little something extra on the bill of fare equaling anything in the city.

This, of course, can be said of hundreds of similar places, but the system of payment is something novel. The proprietor, a stout German, boasts no cashier, as there is very little cash to take in. On the cigar counter is a daybook. The customer comes in, goes to the ice chest in the corner if he wishes and takes a quiet nip out of a black bottle. Then he orders what he wants on the bill of fare. It is served quickly and neatly. He then counts up his own indebtedness and puts it opposite his name in the book, including the "nip," or a cigar, if he prefers that. He then walks serenely out, knowing no proprietor is glaring at him and no cashier yelling for him to come back and make the cash register good.

This sort of childlike simplicity in running a business in the very heart of a city filled with bunkoers, green goods men and gold bricks without number is said to be a winning venture. Customers invariably settle weekly, Friday and Saturday being pay days, and the proprietor says he has as yet to lose a bill through deliberate fraud. A little experience with a man like that is almost enough to renew one's confidence in human nature.—New York Letter in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Primitive Surgery.

It is difficult at this day to realize the horrors of a surgical operation before the discovery of anæsthesia. The surgeon's knife was necessarily pitiless, and the victim could only writhe and scream under the torture. The horror of an operation, even to a hero, may be better understood by a story of Nelson, included in a paper by Dr. John Ashhurst on "Surgery Before the Days of Anæsthetics," published in the Philadelphia Record:

No braver or more gallant gentleman ever lived than Admiral Viscount Nelson, and after his right elbow had been shattered by a French bullet in the assault at Tenerife he manifested the utmost courage, refusing to be taken to the nearest ship lest the sight of his injury should alarm the wife of a fellow officer whose own fate was uncertain.

When his own ship was reached, he climbed up its side without assistance, saying:

"Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better."

"He underwent the amputation," so says a private letter of one of his midshipmen, "with the same firmness and courage that have always marked his character."

And yet so painfully was Nelson affected by the coldness of the operator's knife that when next going into action at the famous battle of the Nile he gave standing orders to his surgeons that hot water should always be kept in readiness during an engagement, so that if another operation should be required he might at least have the poor comfort of being cut with warm instruments.

A New Yorker Commanded a British Ship In the Battle of the Nile.

The fifth ship was the Theseus, Captain Ralph Willett Miller. This gentleman, whom after his premature death Nelson styled "the only truly virtuous man I ever knew," was by birth a New Yorker, whose family had been loyalists during the American Revolution. A letter from him to his wife gives an account of the fight which is at once among the most vivid and from the professional standpoint the most satisfactory of those which have been transmitted to us. Of the Theseus' entrance into the battle he says:

"In running along the enemy's line in the wake of the Zealous and Goliath, I observed their shot sweep just over us. And knowing well that at such a moment Frenchmen would not have coolness enough to change their elevation, I closed them suddenly, and, running under the arch of their shot, reserved my fire, every gun being loaded with two and some with three round shot, until I had the Guerrier's masts in a line and her jibboom about six feet clear of our rigging. We then opened with such effect that a second breath could not be drawn before her main and mizzen masts were also gone. This was precisely at sunset, or 44 minutes past 6. Then passing between her and the Zealous and as close as possible round the off side of the Goliath, we anchored by the stern exactly in a line with her and abreast the Spartiate. We had not been many minutes in action with the Spartiate when we observed one of our ships (and soon after knew her to be the Vanguard, place herself so directly opposite to us on the outside of her that I desisted firing on her, that I might not do mischief to our friends, and directed every gun before the mainmast on the Aquilon (fourth French) and all abaft it on the Conquerant, giving up my proper bird to the admiral."—"Nelson in the Battle of the Nile," by Captain Mahan, in Century.

The Great Eastern as a Show Ship.

The last days of the Great Eastern were certainly sad, considering the purpose for which she was designed and the great work she did in cable laying. For some time before she was broken up on the mud of the River Mersey, near Liverpool, she was on view as a show ship. One firm of Liverpool clothiers hired her for a season, and in addition to using her for its advertising purposes made use of her for catch penny shows. In the large cable tank a circus was fitted up, and performances given at so much a head, while other exhibitions of the Coney Island type were spread all over her deck.—New York Sun.

Where the Trouble Was.

"Brother," said the minister, "you should try to be content with what you have."

"I am," said the brother, who had been grumbling. "It is what I ain't got that I am dissatisfied about."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Inevitable Conclusion.

A philosopher thinks that a 5 cent cigar is as good as one costing three times as much, and keeps on improving in philosophy until he believes that being dead is just as good as living.—Atchison Globe.

Few nations have raised shaving to the dignity of a religious ceremony. In the Koran there is no mention of shaving at all, yet the Mohammedans shave their heads in the same manner as the Hindoos.

The barbers of India are so deft and light of touch that they can shave a man without awakening him.

BETTING ON THE RAIN.

The Queerest Gambling Game In the World Is Played at Calcutta.

One of the most curious forms of gambling in the world is "rain gambling," which in the winter season of the year is at its height in Calcutta. The principal rain gambling den is in Cotton street, Burra bazaar.

No one who has not visited the place can have any conception of the vast crowds which at every hour of the day and far into night pass in and out.

The great majority are Mawaris, who are born speculators, but there are as well plenty of well to do Europeans, Eurasians, Jews, Armenians and Greeks and women too. All swarm into the small courtyard where this strange form of gambling is carried on, through a narrow entrance barely 3 feet wide. The courtyard is about 200 feet square. The far famed tank with a spout falling into the courtyard is the one spot where all eyes are fixed. The tank stands at the edge of a second floor roof. It is about 6 feet long by 4 feet wide and 9 inches deep, with the spout opening inward, some 3 or 4 inches from the bottom. From this it will be seen that it requires a pretty heavy downpour for at least ten minutes to cause the spout to flow. Intermittent drizzles, which partly fill this tank, do not count, as the shower to fill it must pour down uninterruptedly, and then the bets are won or lost.

Chances are taken either for or against the spout running. A gray haired, wizened old man is the owner of the den, and there is another similar place across the road, only smaller. On the roof, over the fifth floor, there is a small, square watch tower, in which are stationed five or six men, whose duty is to scan the horizon closely and report on the formation of raindouds. On these reports the odds rise or fall.

A bet made and won one day is always paid the following morning. Everything seems to be "on the square," and indeed there is little chance for cheating. The odds range as high as 1 to 75 on some days, even in the rainy season. Many have made a fortune in a single day. One person won over £5,000 in the course of a few weeks. But he worked the system on scientific methods.—New York Herald.

Senator and Soldiers.

The days when senators and representatives in congress were expected to frank letters for private soldiers, recounted by Mr. J. A. Watrous of Chicago in some army reminiscences, were dangerous ones for congressional visits to the military camps.

Mr. Watrous says that Senator Timothy O. Howe of Wisconsin once visited the headquarters of his friend, General Rufus King, and was at the first opportunity besieged by the soldiers with packages of envelopes to be franked.

Senator Howe was one of the most good natured of men, and immediately sat down in the tent of one of the captains and began to frank envelopes by the hundred.

General King had made special preparations for a dinner in honor of his guest. It was to eclipse all the camp dinners that had been given for a long time. Senator Howe had been franking envelopes about half an hour when the call came for dinner. He went on writing, and General King came to get him.

"Go on, King; I'll be there directly," said the senator.

Dinner was served. The guests had arrived. No one ate, but after awhile the colored cook was sent to tell the senator that the meal was getting cold.

"Oh, tell them to go ahead," said the senator, still writing madly on soldiers' envelopes. "I'll be with them as soon as I can."

He finished the pile and rose to go, but just then two more soldiers came in with fresh parcels, and he seated himself again. After he had signed them all he joined the impatient company at a cold dinner.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but it made the boys happy. They will make their friends happy with all the letters they will send in those franked envelopes, and it made me happy to do it."

The Daffodil.

It is now many centuries since, according to Ovid, the young man Narcissus was changed into a daffodil because of his pining away from seeing his lovely shadow in the water. But it can hardly be from sympathy with the unfortunate youth that the flower has continued to be so popular during all these long ages. Certain it is that it has as high a value today in the gardens of persons of taste as in the flower plot of the humblest cottager. No garden is considered to be quite complete without its little patch of daffodils.

Of late years florists have given attention to raising varieties from them, and the record of their many forms is a feature of the catalogue of all seedsmen. Double ones formerly carried off the palm for popularity, but in recent times the single variety is regarded as quite as desirable.—Meehan's Monthly.

Unavoidable.

"That was a very queer poem on 'The Three Ages of Man' you published in your paper this morning," said the man who happened in. "The general understanding is that there are seven ages of man."

"It was written 'The Seven Ages of Man,'" explained the worried Sunday editor, "but I had to cut it down to three on account of a lack of space."—Chicago Tribune.

Incredulous Sam Jones.

Did you hear of a funny Sam Jones episode? At one of his meetings he called on all the men who could assert they had never spoken an unkind word to their wives to stand. Up got two. "Now," he said, "all the women who never spoke an unkind word to their husbands may rise." Up got six. "Sit down," Sam cried. "Now, I want the audience to pray for these liars!"—Time and the Hour.

Rain In a Battle.

Engineering reports L. Errera as describing in Terre et Ciel a very simple method of producing rain, not of water, but of alcohol, and the winds which accompany its formation. A glass cylinder about 8 inches high and 4 inches in diameter is half filled with alcohol of 92 per cent, the cylinder being covered with an ordinary china saucer and slowly heated in a water bath, so that the whole becomes warm without beginning to boil. The vessel is then taken out of the bath and placed on a table, when vapors soon begin to condense on the saucer, clouds form and tiny regular drops fall down in vertical lines into the alcohol. The drops have an average diameter of forty or fifty millionths of a millimeter, but vary in size, the rain continuing for half an hour. The upper part soon clears, and the condensation takes place some distance below the saucer. As one side of the cylinder will not rarely be a little colder than the other, ascending currents can often be noticed on the one side, descending on the other. If the warm part is cooled, the currents change direction.

Why He Wouldn't Shoot.

A guardsman the other day was discussing politics in a public house in the Edgeware road with two seedy Hyde Park orators.

"Tell us," they asked him, "if one day the downtrodden British workman were to revolt, would you fire on him?"

"Never!"

"You're one of the right sort. You must have a drink with us. Three pints, please."

After they had drunk the soldier's health one of them casually asked:

"How many men like yourself can we count on in your barracks?"

"All the band. They will all act as myself. I play on the big drum, you know," the guardsman quietly remarked as he finished the contents of his glass.—London Answers.

WHAT A DOLLAR DID.

A RICH CYNIC RECEIVES AN OBJECT LESSON IN CHARITY.

He Saw For Himself "How the Other Half Lives" and Learned That All Who Ask For Help Are Not Humbugs—The Experience Made a New Man of Him.

One good woman, who has devoted much of her time for several years to the relief of distress among the very poor people of this city, succeeded in opening the eyes, and likewise the pocketbook, of a cynical rich man not many days ago. She solicited financial aid from him, and doubtless would have met with a brusque rebuff had it not been that her position in society commanded polite consideration. As it was, the rich man essayed to be patronizing and said: "My dear madam, I know that you try to do good among these poor people, but I can assure you that your efforts are practically wasted. They take your money and such clothing and food as you can give them and then chuckle over your gullibility."

"If I can induce a starving creature to chuckle, I shall consider the time and money well spent," replied the woman, with a mild tinge of reproof.

"Oh, well, I suppose that you are bound to keep on wasting your time," retorted the rich cynic. After a brief pause he continued, "If you will demonstrate to me that you can actually relieve distress with a dollar, I will give it to you just as often as you can demonstrate its usefulness in that direction."

"Will you come with me?" said the woman thus challenged. The rich man assented and accompanied his philanthropic caller to her coupe. Both entered the conveyance and were driven to the neighborhood of Eleventh avenue and Fiftieth street. The coupe stopped in front of an unsightly tenement. In silence the man followed his companion up two or three flights of stairs, and he soon was standing in a cheerless room about 12 feet square. The floor and the walls were absolutely barren, and there were not more than four pieces of furniture in sight. One was a small stove, in which a scant fire was burning.

A middle aged man lay helpless on a cot, and kneeling by him were a boy and a girl so raggedly clad that their white skin was visible through more than one rent. A few empty dishes and cooking utensils lying on the floor near the stove told their mute story of destitution.

The pathetic eagerness with which the three emaciated occupants of the room turned their glances upon the visitors touched a long dormant chord of the rich man's heart. He involuntarily thrust his fingers into his vest pocket, but his companion, laying a restraining hand upon his arm, advanced to the cot, and in a delicate and sympathetic manner questioned the sick man regarding himself and his children. She explained that their needs had been called to her attention only a few hours before. She soon ascertained that there was urgent need of nourishment, and, bidding her cynical friend to accompany her, she hastened to the nearest grocery. From long experience the good woman knew just what to purchase for temporary relief in a case of this kind, and within a quarter of an hour a bulky basket was borne up to the desolate room by the grocer's boy. Speedily the fire in the little stove began to throw out comforting heat, and by and by the grateful odors of cooking were diffused. Then, with the assurance of another visit and more substantial aid, the dispensers of good cheer left the poor family to their unexpected enjoyment.

"Do you think that charity was well bestowed?" asked the woman, as the coupe bore them swiftly away from the tenement district.

"Yes, indeed, I do," replied the man, with a suspicious tremor in his voice.

"Well, there is a list of what I bought, together with the prices," continued the woman, handing a bit of paper to her companion. He took it and read:

25 pounds coal	.20
2 bundles kindling	.05
Half pound tea	.15
2 loaves bread	.08
2 pounds oatmeal	.08
2 pounds beef for stew	.14
Half pound sugar	.05
Gallon kerosene oil	.13
Measure potatoes	.05
1 quart milk	.04
Small bag salt	.02
1 box matches	.01
Total	$1.00

Without a word the rich man took a dollar from his pocketbook and handed it to the good woman. The next day she received from him a check for one thousand times that amount.—New York Times.

One Too Much For Him.

Professor—Now, you have seen that these experiments can be more successfully performed with perfectly pure water than with any other. Who can tell me how to obtain the purest water known?

Student—Boil it.

Professor—Right. Now, how is water boiled?

Student—By putting it on the fire.

Professor—Right again. Now, how is the fire made?

Student (hesitating)—Er—professor, I'm not a married man.—Strand Magazine.

The Rake Off.

"That price includes stateroom and meals, I suppose?" said the prospective ocean tourist to the steamship agent.

"Yes, sir."

"Then what reduction do you make to a man who is seasick all the way across?"—Pearson's Weekly.

The Paris cabman turns to the right and the London cabby to the left. The former sits always on the box in front of his vehicle. The latter is often perched behind it.

Friendships are not uncommon between the cat and dog, and have been known between a dog and a wolf, but the mutual attitude of the weasel and rat is invariably war—war that is waged to the death.

The telegraph lines of the world aggregate 1,069,123 miles. America has more than half—548,832 miles.

A WARNING NOTE.

Those Who Heed it Not Have Much to Fear.

A note of warning.
At first the faintest echo.
It strikes the back.
A peculiar warning not heard, but felt.
The back cries out—rebels.
The aches, pains and lameness
Make life a misery—become unbearable.
Do you understand the warning?
The kidneys are on a strike;
They have been overworked.
Nature intends you to know this,
And has only one way to warn you.
The kidneys are located near the small of the back.
They are composed of delicate fibres that filter the blood.
Stooping positions, a strain or cold often clogs the filters.
Backache is the beginning; lame and weak back follows.
The filters fail to do their work.
Kidney disease develops.
The urine is too frequent.
The calls of nature wake you up at night.
A brick-colored deposit shows the trace of failing kidneys.
Rheumatic pains and many aches appear.
All this from a small beginning.
So easy to cure, too, when you know how.
Get at the cause—
Break up the kidney blockade.
Doan's Kidney Pills do this.
That's their specialty—for the kidneys only.
Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Largest package—greatest economy.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.

ENGLISH LAWSUITS.

They Are Expensive, and the Lawyers Demand Big Fees and Retainers.

In England there are many fees to be paid by the unhappy client of a lawyer that are unknown here in America. There is a retaining fee, which is a guinea, and a half crown to the clerk, besides the brief fee, which is more important. Then there is the "refresher" of the leader and the "refreshers" of the subordinate lawyers. In England the leader's refreshment, which is due after five hours, the brief fee being supposed to cover only the getting up of the case, is 10 guineas, or a little over $50, while $25 must be paid to the lesser lawyers.

According to English etiquette, no counsel can leave his circuit to plead in another without a special retainer, which, in most cases, cannot be less than 300 guineas. This is probably to discourage "poaching."

A would be client once wrote to a famous American lawyer, stating a case for his opinion and inclosing a $20 note. The lawyer did not reply, whereupon the client wrote a second letter and received word from the lawyer that he had read the case and formed an opinion, but somehow it stuck in his throat. The client took the hint and sent a $100 note, receiving the lawyer's opinion by the next mail.

Nobody does anything for nothing, especially a lawyer. Lord Mansfield was so sensible of this that on one occasion, when he had attended to some legal business for himself, he took some guineas out of his purse and put them in his waistcoat pocket to give him the necessary stimulus. Sir Anthony Malone, an Irish attorney general, was so imprudent as to forget this fact and was grievously punished for it, for he was so inattentive to some property of his that he lost $15,000 a year by it, and in the future he required his clerk to make abstract deeds of any property he might buy and lay them before him, with a fee of 5 guineas, properly indorsed, which the clerk was to scrupulously account for, after which Sir Anthony made no more mistakes in regard to his own property.—Chicago News.

HE TRICKED JAY GOULD.

How Jim Fisk Checked Out the Little Man's Bank Account.

Gould kept a balance of some $30,000 in the Tenth National bank for his personal account, household expenses, etc. Being called west on a mission that lasted several weeks, he left his checkbook locked in the safe drawer, to which Fisk had a key. In the office was a clever young clerk whom Fisk had caught in the act of imitating his and Gould's signatures, the imitation of Gould's being a facsimile. Within an hour after the wizard's departure checkbook and clerk were together under Fisk's supervision, and at his instigation more than a dozen blank checks were signed with the name of Jay Gould, and in the course of a month the $30,000 had disappeared, Fisk being at that time in the clutches of Josie Mansfield.

On the very day of Gould's return the bank sent a notice of overdraft. The little man nearly fainted. He had several fits. His excitement was intense. He declared that there was a conspiracy to ruin him. He hastened to the bank, and they showed him the checks, signed by himself they did not doubt, and he raved and tore his hair. Nor could he doubt the signature. It was genuine, even in his own eyes. A rigid investigation was started, which Fisk put an end to by informing Gould, with many a poke in the ribs, that he had drawn and used the money.

"Did Fisk make good?" an innocent asked when the story was told.

"Return the $30,000?" was the reply. "If Fisk had returned it, Wall street would have cried."—New York Press.

Channel Island Despotism.

It is not generally known that something approaching a military despotism prevails in the Channel islands. Every male adult born in Guernsey or Jersey has to serve for a long term of years in the militia, 15 years being the period in Guernsey.

In addition to this, all males of 32 years of age and under, of whatever nationality, who reside in that island for a year and a day continuously have to enter the militia and serve for 15 years, or suffer fine, imprisonment or expulsion.

During the last two or three years a great number of young Englishmen have settled in Guernsey to go into the tomato raising industry.

In order to avoid the military service imposed by the "states"—as the government of Guernsey is called—they make frequent trips outside their jurisdiction—either to England or to Jersey—the last named having a government independent of the rest of the Channel islands.—London Letter.

She Got Left.

Some time ago the queen of Italy asked a little girl to knit her a pair of silk mittens for her birthday, giving her the money for the material. A pair of beautifully worked mittens arrived on the queen's birthday. The little girl received in return another pair. One mitten contained lire, the other bonbons. Queen Marguerite inclosed a little note saying, "Tell me, my dear child, which you like best." The reply ran as follows:

DEAREST QUEEN—Your lovely presents have made me shed many tears. Papa took the mitten with the money. My brother had the bonbons.

His Conversational Effort.

He did not know much about pictures, and when she spoke of a girl friend's achievements with a brush he was a little at sea. He said "Yes" and "No" with reasonable accuracy until she happened to say:

"What I am especially disposed to praise is her coloring."

"Her coloring!" he echoed with alacrity. "It's superb! You know I always did admire blonds."—Washington Star.

Punished.

Perturbed Parent—Who has eaten the cake in the pantry?

Urdaunted Infant—I did.

P. P.—And what did you do that for?

U. I.—I heard you tell Jane always to keep the cupboard shut. Yesterday she forgot, so I thought I would punish her by eating all the cake.—Pearson's Weekly.

Thirty-two Times For Peace.

Out of 60 arbitration treaties among the nations of the world since 1815 the United States has borne a part in 32, far more than any other nation.—Boston Globe.

Schoolteaching seems to be the most popular of all the fields that are open to college women. In 1890 there were in the United States 735 women who were professors in colleges and universities.

Ask your DRUGGIST for a generous 10 cent TRIAL SIZE.

ELY'S Cream Balm

contains no cocaine, mercury nor any other injurious drug.

It is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at once.

It opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50c; Trial Size 10c. at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, N. Y.

CATARRH

COLD IN HEAD

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch.

SOUTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 7:00 a. m., Somerset 8:00, Stoystown 9:33, Hooversville 10:00, Johnstown 11:10.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:20 a. m., Somerset 12:45, Stoystown 1:17, Hooversville 1:24, Johnstown 3:10 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 4:55 p. m., Somerset 5:39 Stoystown 6:48, Hooversville 6:59, Johnstown 8:45.

SOUTHWARD.

*Mail.—Johnstown 8:30 a. m., Hooversville 9:19, Stoystown 9:33, Somerset 10:2, Rockwood 10:25.

Express.—Johnstown 2:10 p. m., Hooversville 2:50, Stoystown 3:13, Somerset 3:43, Rockwood 4:05.

*Daily.

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT,

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, Feb. 24, 1897.

Apples,	per bu	15 to 25
	dried, ℔	4c
	evaporated ℔	10c
Apple Butter, per gal		50c
Butter,	roll, per ℔	18c
	fresh keg, per ℔	15c
	(creamery), per ℔	22c
Beeswax, per ℔		29
Bacon,	country ham, per ℔	8 to 12c
	sugar cured ham, per ℔	11 to 12½c
	side, per ℔	6c
	shoulder, per ℔	6c
Beans,	white navy, per bus	90c
	lima, per ℔	4c
Coffee,	green, per ℔	20c
	roasted, per ℔	15 to 25c
Cement,	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.35
	Fairchild, per bbl	1.35
Cornmeal, per ℔		1½c
Eggs, per doz		14c
Fish, lake herring	½ bbl	$1.75
	⅛ bbl	1.00
Honey, white clover, per ℔		20c
Lard, per ℔		8 to 10c
Lime, per bbl		$1.00
Molasses, N. O., per gal		40c
Onions, per bus		75c
Potatoes, per bus		16 to 18c
Peaches, evaporated, per ℔		10 to 15c
Prunes, per ℔		10 to 15c
Salt,	N. Y., per bbl	$1.10
	Pittsburg, per bbl	90
	Dairy, ½ bus sacks	25c
	" ¾ " "	50c
	" 4 bus sacks	$1.25
	ground alum, 100 ℔ sacks	90c
Sugar,	maple, per ℔	6 to 8c
	imported yellow, per ℔	5c
	white, A, per ℔	5c
	granulated, per ℔	5c
	Cube, or pulverized, per ℔	5c
Syrup,	per gal	30c
	maple, per gal	50 to 60c
Stoneware, gallon		5c
Tallow, per ℔		3 to 4c
Vinegar, per gal		20 to 30c
Seeds,	timothy, per bus	$1.75
	clover, per bus	$5.00 to 5.75
	" crimson, per bus	4.00
	" alfalfa, per bus	6.50
	" alsyke, per bus	7.50
Millet,	German, per bus	1.25
	barley, white beardless, per bus	1.25
	buckwheat, per bus	55c
	corn, ear, per bus	35 to 40c
Grain & Feed	" shelled, per bus	35 to 40c
	oats, per bus	25