THE CLOCK WINDER.

A NEW YORK MAN WHO MAKES HIS LIVING AT THIS CALLING.

Whims of Some of His Patrons Whose Timepieces He Looks After—Mystery of the Clock That Would Not Go on Friday. Twenty Clocks In One House.

Clock winding seems a simple enough task to be performed by owners for their respective timepieces, but there are many people who find it sufficiently burdensome to make them delegate it to some one else. Hence has arisen the profession of clock winder, which as yet claims probably fewer members than any other calling in the city. For some years jewelers have attended to the repairing of clocks which they sold and have even looked after the winding where this was especially desired, but they never tried to obtain this kind of business, and it was done merely as an accommodation to their customers. Now there is at least one man in New York—there may be more, though not many—whose only occupation is the winding, regulating and occasional cleaning of clocks for numerous families. He makes daily rounds so as to cover his entire route, but he never visits the same house oftener than once a week. On that day his coming is expected, and he has free access to all the rooms, whether they are occupied at the time or not. Through the various halls and apartments he goes, from the top of the house to the bottom, winding the clocks and giving a touch here and there to a regulator where he finds it necessary. Of course he does not pay any attention to the little nickel alarm clocks, which run for only one day. His care, being given weekly, is spent upon the eight day clocks of more expensive design and workmanship.

The clock winder whom The Tribune reporter saw had several stories to tell about the pursuit of his occupation. "Some people are very particular about the striking of their clocks," he said. "They will ask me if I can't arrange to have all the timepieces in the house strike together. Now, as a general thing, that is an impossibility, and I'll tell you why. Some clocks are arranged to strike just half a minute before the hour, some for a quarter of a minute before, some for a few seconds after the hour and so on. You see if I fixed them so that they would strike together they would not be exactly together in point of actual time, which is more important. In one house on my list the family owns 20 clocks. Of these I suppose 5 or 6—perhaps more—strike in unison, and the others all within a minute. My orders in this house are to have all the clocks except one at precisely the correct time. This odd one is the timepiece in the bedroom of the mistress of the house, and she wishes it kept three minutes fast. I think that is the only instance among my customers of anybody who wants a clock perpetually fast, and I am very certain there is no one who asks me to keep one slow.

"When I undertake the care of the clocks in a house, nobody else is allowed to touch them, and the servants in particular have orders never to move or interfere with them in any way. Sometimes this is done accidentally, and it is hard to find out how the clock has been injured. A few months ago I lost one of my best houses because there was one clock which I could not seem to put in proper order. I would take it away, clean it thoroughly and look to every smallest part of the mechanism. Apparently it made no difference. The clock positively refused to run right. Finally I gave it up, and that family had a mighty poor opinion of my abilities as a clock repairer.

"Some weeks after that I came across a clock in another house which acted in exactly the same way. I was puzzled for awhile. Finally I noticed that it always stopped on Fridays. That was queerer than ever, until by chance I hit upon the solution of the mystery. The servant, while dusting the room on that day, was in the habit of passing her cloth along the mantle under the clock. This would have made no difference with many timepieces, but this one had an open bottom, through which the tip of the pendulum projected. The dusting cloth just touched this enough to stop it. The girl did not know what she had done, and thus the family were mystified anew each week by finding that the clock would not go on Friday.

"I clean all my clocks regularly once in two years, and in that way keep them in proper running order. Most people think that it is just as well to let a clock run until it stops, fairly clogged up with dirt, but that isn't so. By that time it may be so bad that it will be impossible ever to make it run as accurately as it did before.

"I am usually paid by the month to take entire charge of all the clocks in a house, it being understood that I make weekly visits. Sometimes, though, I am employed by the year. In the case of the house I was telling you of, where they have 20 clocks, they pay me $100 annually for the work. It takes a good deal of my time in the course of 12 months, and I don't fill my pockets as fast as some folks seem to think I ought," concluded the clock winder with a smile.—New York Tribune.

Worked the Officers.

A sailmaker's mate in the navy who wanted to get out of the service to go into business with some money he had fallen heir to made a success of the monomania dodge. It is the business of a man-of-war sailmaker's mate to sew up members of the crew who die at sea in hammocks preparatory to their being cast over the side. This sailmaker's mate appeared on deck one day with a queer look in his eye and announced to his shipmates forward that he was dead and that he was going to prepare himself for burial in the deep. Some of the men watched him as he went to the sailmaker's storeroom and began to sew himself up in a new hammock. When he had got the job about half finished, the men informed the officer of the deck of the case, and the sailmaker's mate was put under observation in double irons. When he was released from the brig, still under observation, but apparently not aware of the espionage, he went direct to the storeroom, got another hammock and began to enshroud himself again. The skipper of the ship reduced him to the rate of seaman for this, for the purpose of keeping the man away from the sailmaker's storeroom, thinking that if he was removed from the sight of the stored up hammocks his mania might leave him. The night of the day he lost his rate the ex-sailmaker's mate broke into the storeroom where the new hammocks were kept and sewed himself up for burial again. Then the fleet surgeons held a survey on him, and he got his discharge. He started a tobacco store for sailors near one of the navy yards, and for some time he made it a practice to stand in the doorway of his shop and grin when any of the board of surgeons who had pronounced him insane passed by, as they were compelled to do on their way to and from the navy yard.—New York Sun.

A Bee Was Kept.

A girl from town is staying with some country cousins who live at a farm. On the night of her arrival she finds, to her mortification, that she is ignorant of all sorts of things connected with farm life which to her country cousins are matters of everyday knowledge. She fancies they seem amused at her ignorance.

At breakfast the following morning she sees on the table a dish of fine honey, whereupon she thinks she has found an opportunity of retrieving her humiliating experience of the night before and of showing her country cousins that she knows something of country life after all. So, looking at the dish of honey, she says carelessly:

"Ah, I see you keep a bee."—Pearson's Weekly.

COAL AND IRON.

The Important Relationship of These Two Valuable Minerals.

Statistics show that, whereas Great Britain in 1840 produced 75 per cent of the world's supply of coal, at the present time it produces only 34 per cent. Atlantic liners no longer carry coal from Great Britain for the return journey. They now take in American coal, and no less than 1,500,000 tons of American coal were thus consumed in 1895. The condition of the iron manufacturing industries has always exercised a most important influence on the production of coal, so that a large demand for iron draws with it a large demand for mineral fuel. During the last 25 years the world's production of pig iron has increased from 12,000,000 to 26,000,000 tons, but the share taken by Great Britain has fallen from 48.8 per cent to 29 per cent, while that of the United States has increased from 14.1 per cent to 26.2 per cent, that of Germany from 11.4 per cent to 21.4 per cent, and that of Russia from 3 per cent to 4.7 per cent. Indeed, iron is now being imported from the United States into this country, and, incredible as it may seem, the railway station at Middlesbrough, the center of the iron trade, is built of iron brought from Belgium. Surely, then, the author of "Our Coal Resources at the Close of the Nineteenth Century" is hardly right in thinking that British coal and iron still hold their own. He argues that other countries of Europe are exhausting their coal supplies just as Great Britain is, yet the figures he gives show that Germany has in reserve, within a depth of 3,000 feet, 109,550,000,000 tons of coal as compared with our (England's) 81,683,000,000 tons within a depth of 4,000 feet. And this estimate does not include brown coal, of which Germany raises 25,000,000 tons annually.—Nature.

CHEMICAL FIRE ENGINES.

They Have Done Much to Reduce the Loss From Water at Fires.

Mr. Charles T. Hill writes of "The Fire Patrol" in St. Nicholas, the final paper in his series on the New York fire department. Mr. Hill says:

The "chemical engine," used considerably in the fire departments of several cities, has aided materially in lowering the loss by water at small fires. The preparation carried in the tanks of these engines has a double advantage—not only does it extinguish a large body of fire with the use of a small amount of water, but the liquid itself evaporates quickly, leaving very little "drip" in the apartments or floors underneath the fire.

The tanks of these engines are charged with a solution of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) and water, with a small cylinder of sulphuric acid suspended at the top. When the tank is inverted, this acid is emptied into the soda and water, and the mixture at once generates carbonic acid gas at a great pressure. Charging the liquid with this gas gives it the necessary pressure to drive it a considerable distance. The hose is coiled around a reel on top of the engine, and always connected with the tanks, so when the firemen arrive at a fire all they have to do is to run off as much hose as they need, dash up stairs with the line, give the order to "dump" one of the tanks (there are two, carrying 60 gallons each), and they are all ready to go to work. The chemical engine has extinguished more than 25 fires of considerable size since it has been in service in the New York department, a little over a year. It is stationed on the upper west side of the city, where there are a great number of dwellings and flats, and it has aided materially in keeping down the fire losses in that part of New York.

Leipsic.

Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows, in an article in the New York Independent on "Plain Life and High Thought" as exemplified at Leipsic university, says:

Leipsic is one of the great flower marts of Europe. It is a joysome sight to go through the early morning market and see the flowers of all kinds in masses beyond conception. There is no student so poor that he cannot add to the beauty of his room the charm of a flower when for 2 cents he can have a big bunch of mignonette. This very morning the expenditure of 24 cents gave one literally an armful of mignonette, large and fragrant; forgetmenots, bluer than the sky of rather gray Leipsic; great golden buttercups like those that grow on the upland meadows of the Rigi; kornblumen, the old emperor's favorite flower, and lilies of the valley in profusion. Plain living, amid flowers, with music, nature and friendship at command, may easily lead to high thinking, and the student who is here to strive for acquirement of truth may well scorn the trappings of wealth, since wealth is not needed to command the highest and best.

On the High C's.

Ellen Beach Yaw, the phenomenal soprano, went on a yachting cruise recently in southern California. The waves grew high, and she soon took to her berth. One of her friends, going to inquire how she was progressing, heard her humming a lullaby in a most peculiar tone of voice. Her maid came to the door and explained that Miss Yaw was sick. "But she is singing," the visitor exclaimed. "Yes, I know," answered the maid, "but Miss Yaw moans in tune that way so it won't disturb any one else."—Kansas City Journal.

The omnibuses of one London company cover just about 20,000,000 miles in the course of a year—half as much as is covered by the trains of the London and Northwestern railway—a distance sufficient to take them nearly three times around the world every day.

If horse racing were abolished, it is estimated that over 20,000 people would be thrown out of employment in England.

Toymaking.

A great many toys are now made in this country, including many mechanical devices. Many toys are still imported. Such things as woolly sheep and dogs, now as highly prized by children as ever, come from Germany, as do the skin covered horses. They could be made here, but they can be produced cheaper abroad.

As a rule, whatever can be made by machinery is made here, while toys made by hand are mostly imported. The minute a thing is brought within the reach of machinery American manufacturers can pay their higher prices for labor and still beat the world. With the low prices of labor in foreign countries handmade productions can be made cheaper in them. As a result of this there are toys of some kinds which in their completed state are partly American and partly foreign. Among these are toy vehicles with horses attached. The vehicles and everything in and about them may be the product of American machinery, while the horse standing between the shafts may be from Germany.—New York Sun.

Mr Goodfellow's Generosity.

Mrs Closeman—My dear, what a paragon that husband of yours is! I never meet him in the car but he insists upon paying my fare, and if there is a party of us he pays for every one, men and all. So generous! Nothing will prevent him.

Mrs Goodfellow (wih a sigh)—No, nothing will prevent him, even if it takes all my housekeeping money and the money I need for a new gown.—New York Times.

Testing His Condition.

"Your wife is literary, isn't she?"

"I should say so. When I come home late at night, she makes me say, 'Review of Reviews,' five times, as fast as I can get it off."—Chicago Record.

SLEIGHBELLS.

As Commonly Used as Ever—Some Changes In Customs.

The sleighbells used in this country are made here, most of them in Connecticut, and many sleighbells of American manufacture are exported to Germany and to Russia. Sleighbells are as commonly used as ever whenever there is snow enough to make good sleighing. They may not be heard so much as formerly here in the city, where the snow is cleared away from many streets and wheels cut up what is left, but up the state and elsewhere the sleighbells jingle in winter just as merrily as ever.

There have been some changes in sleighbell customs. Shaft bells and bells fixed on the saddle of the harness have to some extent taken the place of the old time string of bells on straps, but the strings of bells are still the more commonly used. Probably a third of the bell outfits sold nowadays are of the kind that fasten to shafts or the saddle of the harness and two-thirds are strings of bells. The bells exported are in about the same proportions. The bells attached to shafts and harness are open mouthed and provided with tongues. Some shaft bells are made with all three in a set alike; oftener they are made in three sizes, forming a chime. The three bells carried over the saddle of the harness are set in an ornamental frame, which is supported by the saddle.

The sleighbells of the old, familiar kind, round, with balls inside, are attached to straps, as they have always been, to body straps encircling the horse's body, and to neck straps.

Sleighbells are made of bell metal, and they were never made with such care with a view to their sound producing qualities, nor were they ever so musical, as now. The commoner kinds of sleighbells are produced at a very small cost, and whole strings of bells are sold at prices that seem marvelously low. Shaft bells of the commoner kinds are cheaper yet, and that accounts in some measure for the increased sales of shaft bells.

The question has often been asked, and as often answered; How does the ball get inside of the sleighbell? The question is here again answered. Of course the ball itself is first cast. It is then placed inside the ball of sand that is to form the core of the mold in which the sleighbell is to be cast. The mold is of the form and size of the outside of the sleighbell. The core almost fills the interior of the mold, but not quite. There is left all around, between it and the mold, a little space. Into this space the molten metal is poured, and when it hardens it is a hollow globe of metal, with the mold outside and the core inside. When the sleighbell is taken from the mold, the sand of which the core is composed, having been dried out by the heat of the molten metal, can easily be shaken out of the bell through its narrow mouth, but the ball which has been placed in the sand before the bell was cast is bigger than the mouth of the bell that now surrounds it, and so it has to stay in.—New York Sun.

Sheridan In Battle.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant" in The Century, says of Sheridan at Appomattox: No one could look at Sheridan at such a moment without a sentiment of undisguised admiration. In this campaign, as in others, he had shown himself possessed of military traits of the highest order. Bold in conception, self reliant, demonstrating by his acts that "much danger makes great hearts most resolute," fertile in resources, combining the restlessness of a Hotspur with the patience of a Fabius, it is no wonder that he should have been looked upon as the wizard of the battlefield. Generous of his life, gifted with the ingenuity of a Hannibal, the dash of a Murat, the courage of a Ney, the magnetism of his presence roused his troops to deeds of individual heroism, and his unconquerable columns rushed to victory with all the confidence of Cæsar's Tenth legion. Wherever blows fell thickest there was his crest. Despite the valor of the defense opposing ranks went down before the fierceness of his onsets, never to rise again, and he would not pause till the folds of his banner waved above the strongholds he had wrested from the foe. Brave Sheridan! I can almost see him now, his silent clay again quickened into life, once more riding Rienzi through a fire of hell, leaping opposing earthworks at a single bound, and leaving nothing of those who barred his way except the fragments scattered in his path. As long as manly courage is talked of or heroic deeds are honored the hearts of a grateful people will beat responsive to the mention of the talismanic name of Sheridan.

Take Care of Yourself.

Think deliberately of the house you live in—your body. Make up your mind firmly not to abuse it. Eat nothing that will hurt it. Wear nothing that distorts or pains it. Do not overload it with victuals or drink or work. Give yourself regular and abundant sleep. Keep your body warmly clad. Do not take cold; guard yourself against it. If you feel the first symptoms, give yourself heroic treatment. Get into a fine glow of heat by exercise. This is the only body you will have in this world. Study deeply and diligently the structure of it, the laws that govern it, the pains and penalty that will surely follow a violation of every law of life and health.—Medical Reporter.

Asked Too Much.

Yes, we had to let that nursegirl go. She was recommended as being thoroughly up to date, but she seemed to us to be more than that. The first thing she did was to demand pneumatic tires for the baby carriage, and we promptly got them. However, we felt that it was time to draw the line when she insisted that we must hire a man to keep them pumped up.—Chicago Post.

Rose to the Occasion.

The story of a young woman who wound up her letter to a friend with "P. S.—I forgot to tell you I was married," is matched, says the London Telegraph. Miss Kate —— of Belfast recently consented to adopt the name of a gentleman friend, and so they were married. She is in Dublin now and is stopping at the Gresham hotel. The other day she made some purchases, and in going home she said, "You may send them home for me—Miss Kate ——, Gresham hotel."

She had reached the sidewalk before she recollected that she had given her maiden name. With admirable wit she stepped back and said to the clerk, "Oh, by the way, send that package to Miss Kate ——, care of Mrs. ——, Gresham hotel," and she swept out of the store as if she had been married 15 years.

Swordswomen Abroad.

Some day it will be the women of foreign countries who will defend their nation's honor after the French-Italian style recently witnessed. Women of the upper classes in France and Spain are generally expert swordswomen. They are taught to fence as carefully and accurately as their brothers, and there are numerous schools in the two countries where young women are taught not only to fence, but to handle the broadsword.

In some of the Nevada canyons in severe weather the jack rabbits freeze to death, huddled together in clusters, vainly trying to get a little warmth out of one another. Then the Washoe and Piute Indian hunters break them off in bunches and flood the market with them.

"Do you think they are married?"

"No, they're only engaged. She looked pleased when he burned her hand with his lighted cigar."—Detroit Free Press.

IS GALLANTRY LANGUISHING?

Observations on the Decline of Street Car Manners In the South.

It cannot be concealed that there is a growing tendency, even in the south, where masculine gallantry has held out longest, on the part of men to let women in the street cars shift for themselves. It has not come to that point yet, but the movement is growing in that direction.

It is a fact that men are rapidly falling in the courtesy which was once uniformly shown to women, and the reason, to a large extent, is that men are meeting women as competitors in all fields of labor, and this fact vastly changes the social relations between the sexes. Women are claiming all sorts of equality with men, moral, political and physical, and are declaring more and more their independence. The effect on the next generation will be very marked and peculiar. The men and women of the present are affected to an overpowering extent by the influence of old ideas and training, and that is the reason they talk about street car manners and social ethics in their relations to the sexes, but in the year 1930, or the period of one generation from the present time, people will no longer concern themselves about such matters.

The greater the number of women at work in proportion to the men the more stringent the competition, and it can easily be seen that, according to the figures shown, the day might come when there would be no street car manners, but every individual would look out for himself or herself, as the case may be. But even should chivalry be extinguished from human manners there will always remain the Christian grace of charity, so in the time to come able-bodied young men and women who have seats in the cars will rise to give their places to old men and women and to others who may be sick or disabled.—New Orleans Picayune.

ALL THE OX UTILIZED.

Every Particle Put to Use—Only Its Dying Breath Lost.

In an article on the "Wonders of the World's Waste," William George Jordan, in The Ladies' Home Journal, details how science at the present day utilizes the ox. "Not many years ago," he says, "when an ox was slaughtered 40 per cent of the animal was wasted. At the present time 'nothing is lost but its dying breath.' As but one-third of the weight of the animal consists of products that can be eaten, the question of utilizing the waste is a serious one. The blood is used in refining sugar and in sizing paper or manufactured into doorknobs and buttons. The hide goes to the tanner; horns and hoofs are transformed into combs and buttons; thigh bones, worth $80 per ton, are cut into handles for clothesbrushes; fore leg bones sell for $30 per ton for collar buttons, parasol handles and jewelry; the water in which bones are boiled is reduced to glue; the dust from sawing the bones is food for cattle and poultry; the smallest bones are made into bone-black. Each foot yields a quarter of a pint of neatsfoot oil; the tail goes to the "soup," while the brush of hair at the end of the tail is sold to the mattress maker. The choicer parts of the fat make the basis of butterine; the intestines are used for sausage casings or bought by gold beaters. The undigested food in the stomach, which formerly cost the packers of Chicago $30,000 a year to remove and destroy, is now made into paper. These are but a few of the products of abattoirs. All scraps unfit for any other use find welcome in the glue pot, or they do missionary work for farmers by acting as fertilizers."

Pa's Prayers.

Once upon a time sickness came to the family of the poorly paid pastor of a country church, says the Omaha World-Herald. It was winter, and the pastor was in financial straits. A number of his flock decided to meet at his house and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick ones and for material blessings upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessings upon the pastor's household there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened, a stout farmer boy was seen, wrapped up comfortably.

"What do you want, boy?" asked one of the elders.

"I've brought pa's prayers," replied the boy.

"Brought pa's prayers? What do you mean?"

"Yep, brought his prayers, an they're out in the wagon. Just help me, an we'll get 'em in."

Investigation disclosed the fact that "pa's prayers" consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, cornmeal, turnips, apples, warm clothing and a lot of jellies for the sick ones. The prayer meeting adjourned in short order.

Her Sphere.

"Professor," said Miss Skylight, "I want you to suggest a course in life for me. I have thought of journalism"—

"What are your natural inclinations?"

"Oh, my soul yearns and throbs and pulsates with an ambition to give the world a life work that shall be marvelous in its scope and weirdly entrancing in the vastness of its structural beauty."

"Woman, you're born to be a milliner."—London Fun.

Too Weak to Hold It.

Charles—Uncle, I want you to try this limberger. It was imported all the way from Germany, each pound carefully wrapped in tinfoil.

Uncle Josh—Gosh! Air you sure they didn't have to do it up in biler iron?—Indianapolis Journal.

There is a species of pine tree which grows in California and is known as the giant pine which is the largest of the pine genus, often rising to a height of 200 feet, with a trunk 20 to 30 feet in girth.

Four-fifths of the world's supply of cloves comes from Zanzibar and Pemba, Africa.

VICTORY OF LOVE.

A Blind Girl Rescues a Blind Boy From the Almshouse.

William T. Ellis tells an affecting story in St. Nicholas under the title of "Helen Keller and Tommy Stringer." The following is the story:

A little child lived in black silence. There never was midnight so dense as the darkness that enveloped his mind. Sight and hearing were gone utterly and forever. The child knew absolutely nothing, except that sometimes from somewhere something put food into his mouth and moved him about when necessary. His world was limited by as much of his little crib as he could feel with his hands, and by the touch of this something that cared for his wants.

The merest babe knows the sunlight and its mother's voice and face. Five years had passed over this little boy as he lay on his hospital cot, but he knew less than a month-old infant—less, indeed, than the least of the beasts of the field. He was completely shut up in a living tomb of flesh, with no communication between himself and the great world about him.

Since the terrible sickness that had come to him in infancy, little Tommy Stringer had lain thus among strangers. His mother was dead; his father could not help him. From his birthplace in Washington, Pa., the helpless sufferer had been removed to a hospital in Allegheny. But no institution wanted this troublesome charge, who would require the constant attention of a teacher. So the almshouse seemed the only haven for Tommy. There at least he could find a shelter.

But it was not to be so. Light was ahead—the glorious light of knowledge. One who had been similarly shut in by the walls of a triple affliction was to lead Tommy Stringer out into the bright light that she herself enjoyed. It was during the summer of 1890 that the news of Tommy's sad plight came to Helen Keller. The sensitive soul of this 10-year-old girl was deeply affected. She, if no one else, would save the poor boy.

Thenceforth Tommy became the burden of Helen's thought and conversation. She talked about him to her friends; she wrote letter upon letter asking aid for him. At this time occurred a pathetic incident that was the means of turning toward the little blind boy the kindly interest and generous gifts that accomplished his rescue.

The pet and playmate of Helen when she was at home was a beautiful Newfoundland dog. Through a foolish blunder the animal was shot by a policeman. When the news came to Helen she had no word of reproach, but simply said, with beautiful charity, "I am sure they never could have done it if they had only known what a dear, good dog Lioness was."

The story of her love was published widely, and from far and near—even from across the ocean—came to Helen offers of money or another dog. The little girl had only one answer to all these kind expressions; she was grateful, but she did not care for another dog to take the place of Lioness. Nevertheless, the gift would be accepted, if the donor so desired, on behalf of a little deaf, dumb and blind boy, for whom she was trying to raise money enough to bring him to Boston to be educated.

In every direction Helen sent this message, always in a specially written personal letter, that was marked by the sweet simplicity and remarkable ability of the author. For a long time these letters averaged eight a day, and a marvelously versatile and eloquent little pleader Helen showed herself. She also wrote for newspapers articles addressed to children, as well as general appeals—never any two precisely alike. Helen instituted for herself a rigorous course of self-denial (absence from soda water and other prized luxuries), that she might save for her one great object. The result of all this effort was the securing of sufficient funds to insure Tommy at least two years of education at the Kindergarten for the blind, at Jamaica Plains, Mass.

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.

Grains of Gold.

Truth is truth, though from an enemy and spoken in malice.

He who puts a bad construction upon a good act, reveals his own wickedness at heart.

The best security for civilization is the home; it is the real nursery of all domestic virtues.

In everything we do we ought to reflect and reason, otherwise we shall never do anything well.

A cough is a danger signal of worse troubles to come. Cure the cough and prevent its results by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

AN INTERMITTENT HEART.

STOPPED EVERY THIRD BEAT.

But Mrs. Strope's Heart Now no Longer Lags but Throbs Regularly.

From the Leader, Cleveland, Ohio.

In a large, commodious house at No. 104 Huntington Street, Cleveland, Ohio, lives Mrs. Emily A. Strope, widow of the late X. M. Strope, and she is the mother of a young man who has been, and is now one of this city's successful and energetic pharmacists. Mrs. Strope, who has lately recovered from serious cardiac difficulty, when questioned by a reporter regarding her late illness, stated as follows:

"Two years ago, I had my first experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For a long time I was troubled with an ailment which I feared would eventually drive me crazy unless I rid myself of it. It will sound strange, no doubt, to some, but my heart did not beat as it should. Its action was irregular. There would be two pulsations, or perhaps three, and then a sudden cessation. My heart seemed to rest for the period of one or two beats, and then resume its action. Sometimes such lapses would not be so frequent as that, but scarcely a day passed that they did not occur. It felt as though something would strike the heart with great force, and push it out of place. During that period, whenever I lay down to sleep or rest, my hands would become perfectly numb and helpless. I could feel the temporary paralysis coming over them, but I could do nothing which would prevent it. My feet were affected in a like manner, and I had considerable difficulty in walking when such a spell had possession of me. Naturally that state of affairs completely upset my nerves, and any one whose nervous system is well nigh shattered, can appreciate and understand the misery, chiefly mental, which I endured. I lost much sleep and rest, and often I was compelled from sheer exhaustion to sit down during the day to obtain some repose. But as soon as I did so I felt that numb sensation come over my hands and feet, and I rocked violently in my chair to drive it away, but frequently to no avail.

"One day my son, who was keeping a drug store at the time, brought me home some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and advised me to take them for my heart trouble. I did so and soon began to feel better. I used the pills about two months and they certainly cured me, for now my heart beats regularly and all numbness has disappeared and my circulation is in splendid order."

We print the above hoping Mrs. Strope's experience may be beneficial to others who may suffer from derangement of the heart.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

It is a Great Comfort

TO A TIDY HOUSEKEEPER TO HAVE A GOOD STOVE.

● THE ●

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Is one of the most perfect heating stoves, for household use, ever placed upon the market. All the latest and best ideas are incorporated into its construction. Every feature to promote durability, cleanliness and economy has been well planned and developed.

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The cold air is drawn from the floor, and discharged through the sides and top, thoroughly heated. This method of circulation

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SOMERSET MARKET REPORT
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, Oct 6, 1897.

Apples,	per bu	50
	dried, lb	4c
	evaporated lb	10c
Apple Butter, per gal		40c
Butter,	fresh, per lb	15c
	fresh keg, per lb	10c
	creamery, per lb	20c
Beeswax, per lb		25
Bacon,	country ham, per lb	10 to 12c
	sugar cured ham, per lb	12½c
	side, per lb	6 to 8c
	shoulder, per lb	6 to 8c
Beans,	white navy, per bus	90c
	Lima, per lb	4c
	green, per lb	25c
	roasted, per lb	35c
Cement,	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.60
	Portland, per bbl	2.00
Cornmeal, per lb		1½c
Eggs, per doz		12c
Fish, lake herring	¼ bbl	$1.75
	¼ bbl	.90
Honey, white clover, per lb		15c
Lard, per lb		8 to 10c
Lime, per bbl		$1.00
Molasses, N. O., per gal		60c
Onions, per bus		75c
Potatoes, per bus		50 to 60c
Peaches, evaporated, per lb		10 to 15c
Prunes, per lb		8 to 10c
Salt,	N. Y., per bbl	$1.1
	Pittsburg, per bbl	90c
	Dairy, ½ bus sacks	25c
	" ½ " "	50c
	" 4 bus sacks	$3.25
	ground alum, 180 lb sacks	90c
Sugar,	maple, per lb	6 to 8c
	imported yellow, per lb	5c
	white, A, per lb	6½c
	granulated, per lb	6½c
	Cube, or pulverized, per lb	8c
Syrup,	per gal	30c
	maple, per gal	50 to 60c
Stoneware, gallon		5c
Tallow, per lb		3 to 5c
Vinegar, per gal		20 to 30c
Seeds,	timothy, per bus	$1.65 to $1.75
	clover, per bus	$4.00 to 5.25
	" crimson, per bus	4.00
	" alfalfa, per bus	6.50
	" alsyke, per bus	7.50
Millet, German, per bus		1.25
Grain & Feed	barley, white beardless, per bus	1.25
	buckwheat, per bus	35c
	corn, ear, per bus	45c
	" shelled, per bus	45c
	oats, per bus	25 @ 1c
	rye, per bus	75c
	wheat, per bus	90c
	bran, per 100 lbs	75c
	corn and oats chop, per 100 lbs	85c
Flour,	flour, roller process, per bbl	$4.00
	" spring patent and fancy high grade	$4.00
	flour, lower grade, per 140 lbs	$1.35
Middlings,	white, per 100 lbs	90c
	red, per 100 lbs	90c

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