THE NEW APHRODITE.

Out of the deep sea stream,
Into the light and the air,
Rose like a gracious dream
Venus, the fair

How much of sorrow and ruth,
How much of joy and peace,
Sprang that day from the blue
Waters of Greece!

Oh, from a Cyclad's verge
Or swift galley's prow to have seen
Her, the world's wonder, emerge,
Veiled in the sheen

Of her glorious sea dripping locks,
Emopant of limb and as bright
As the sole star that leads out the flocks
Of the shepherdess Night!

But what avails it to sigh
For a glimpse of that day withdrawn?
Not for long in the sky
Stays the fair Queen.

Ours the goddes lot
Under the broad noontide,
Getting, to falter not,
Till from the wide

Ocean of life we behold,
Rising in splendor and might,
Paler than Venus of old,
Calmer than Night,

Purer than Dawn or the blue
Depths of other untrod,
Nature, the only, the true
Daughter of God.

—W. P. Trent in Dial.

WITH THREADS OF METAL.

Tinsel Fabrics and the More Costly Brocades of Gold and Silver.

Tinsel fabrics are the lower priced of the cloths into which gold or silver threads have been woven. In tinsel fabrics the gold threads are of brass or copper, gilded, and the silver threads are of white metal. These threads of metal, originally fine wire, are rolled flat and burnished, and they glisten in the fabric wherever the pattern brings them to the surface. Tinsel fabrics are made about three fourths of a yard in width, and they sell at 75 cents to $2.50 a yard. They come in various colors, and many of them are beautiful and artistic in design. Some are copies of old Venetian tapestries. Tinsel fabrics are used for church and for theatrical purposes and sometimes for gowns and for decorative purposes.

The costlier fabrics, with interwoven metal threads, are called gold and silver brocades. In these the gold threads are of silver, gold plated, and the silver threads are of pure silver; the body of the fabric is of silk. The brocades are all beautiful, and many of them are exceedingly so. These fabrics are made about five-eighths of a yard in width, and they sell at various prices up to $25 and sometimes as high as $50 a yard. The costliest of these fabrics are very rarely imported into this country, brocades at $10 and $12 a yard being about the highest priced used here. If more elaborate fabrics are required, they are usually imported to order. The finer fabrics, with metal threads, are made in France, the commoner kinds in Germany.

Gold and silver brocades are here used almost exclusively for church purposes and chiefly for vestments. They are imported in red, violet and green and also in black with silver threads, the black and silver being for mourning. Gold and silver brocades are also used to a limited extent for decorative purposes.

Such fabrics and gold embroidery, often of the costliest description, are far more commonly used in Europe than here, both for church and for military purposes.—New York Sun.

WENT OUT AND HOLLERED.

How a Witness In a Pension Case Announced Her Husband's Death.

It was the trial of a member of one of Norfolk's foremost families. The defendant was a woman and was charged with forgery and complicity in pension fraud. As the proceedings drew to a close all the city crowded into the courtroom. Residents from Ghent and loafers from the wharfs sat together on one bench, and the bailiff, not to lose so good a chance, manifested his authority by calling out "order" and himself making more noise than all the people in the court.

The last witness was a negress, portly and very black. Her voice was singularly mellow and sweet. The government was questioning her about the death of her husband, and her testimony was directly against the defendant. The courtroom was consequently very quiet and still.

"You say your husband died in Norfolk?" snarled the district attorney.

"Yessah."

"You were with him?"

"Yessah. Right dere with him when he died."

"Tell us about it."

"I 'member, sah, he got up through the night. He said he was too wa'm lying down dere with me and de little child. 'I'ze too wa'm,' he said. 'I'll go to de winduh and lie down dere.' He gen'ally got up nights anyhow when he was too wa'm.

"I don't know how long he had been lyin by de winduh 'fore I heard a rus'le. I gene'ally keeps a lamp burnin nights. I hears him say, 'Ole 'oman.' I started up, and he says, 'Ole 'oman, get up.' And I jumped up an says, 'Ole man.' He says, 'What?'

"I jumped up and went to him at de winduh, and he was like he was struggling. I says, 'Honey, what's de matter?' and de las' wo'd he said, 'I don't know.' I said, 'Lord have mercy, what's de matter wid you?' And after I said dat he didn't say no mo'. Gen'men, he died right off. I said: 'Lord Jesus, my husband gone. What am I gwine to do?' No one was with me but dat child. I went out and hollered. Some said 1 o'clock at night dey heard me holler. I went out and hollered for some one to come, fo' my husband was dead."—Washington Post.

Pullman Cirs.

As a railroad train was swinging around a sharp curve a passenger in the sleeping car was thrown against the inside window of the stateroom so violently that his elbow went through the glass. The Pullman conductor came promptly to the rescue, asking if he was hurt.

"No, I'm not," answered the passenger good naturedly, "but the Pullman company's dividends will be cut down this year by the price of one pane. I suppose the stockholders can stand it, though."

"The Pullman stockholders won't have to," said the conductor. "It comes out of the X., Y. and Z. Railroad company, to whose train we are attached. I shall make out a damage slip, the train conductor will certify it, the repairs will be made at the end of the route, and the railroad company will foot the bill. There's mighty little, I tell you, except ordinary wear and tear, that the railroad company doesn't pay for. If there is a scratch on the side of this car at the end of a run, the X., Y. and Z. pays for it, not the Pullman company.—New York Tribune.

Calmness In Emergency.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, lecturing to a school of nurses lately upon the necessity of self control in emergencies, told the following incident: "One of his patients, while in a low, nervous condition, swallowed by mistake a dose from the wrong bottle. She shrieked out that she was poisoned. One of the nurses screamed 'Aconite!' and began to cry hysterically. The other nurse, seeing that the patient was going into convulsions from terror, when relief would be impossible, said coolly: 'Don't be frightened. Look here,' taking a mouthful of the dose herself. She then went outside to rid her mouth of it, procured an emetic and sent for a doctor and a stomach pump. Her calmness saved the life of the patient."

Singing and Milking.

In Switzerland a milkmaid or milkman gets better wages if gifted with a good voice, because it has been discovered that a cow will yield one-fifth more milk if soothed during the milking by a pleasing melody.

A PRIVATE AMBULANCE.

Reminiscences of the Civil War Related by an Old Soldier.

"Among the men wounded in my regiment at a battle in Virginia," said the old soldier, "was a man in my company who was shot through the body and taken to the rear. Our troops fell back after the fight, and we had more wounded than we had transportation for, but two men out of his own tent set out to carry this man wherever we were going, which was presumably the camp behind intrenchments that we'd left in the morning.

"They took turns at backing him for half a mile or so until they came to a farmhouse that had a grassy yard in front. They laid him down on the grass and took a little look around the house to see what they could see. In a building at the rear they came across something that made 'em stand still and look at each other and laugh. It was a hand cart. What use the folks here had made of it they couldn't guess, but they knew what use they were going to make of it. They got it out of the building and rolled it around the side of the house alongside the wounded man and dropped the handle on the grass. He laughed, too, when he saw it. He was going the rest of the way in a private ambulance.

"The two men took their blankets off their shoulders and untied them and spread their rubbers down on the bottom of the hand cart and spread their woolen blankets down on them, and then they ran the hand cart up and rested the handle on the front steps of the house and lifted in the wounded man and laid their guns in beside him. Then they turned the cart around again, and one man got inside the shafts, with the crosspiece against his waist belt, and the other man got behind to push. They all smiled again when they started, wounded man and all.

"It beat hacking him out of sight. It was dry weather, and the roads were sandy, and up hill and on the level the wheeling was hard. But there was more down hill than there was up, places where they had to hold back, and it was all immensely more comfortable for the wounded man, and so they got him back to camp and to the surgeon again. But he died after all."—New York Sun.

FORTUNES FROM GARBAGE.

Science Converts the Refuse of Cities Into Steam, Fertilizers, Soap, Etc.

William George Jordan, writing on "Wonders of the World's Waste," in The Ladies Home Journal, says: "The garbage of a great city is worth a fortune every year if properly utilized. In St. Louis the refuse is placed in enormous vertical cylinders, surrounded by steam jackets, which evaporate the 75 to 80 per cent of water in the garbage. The fatty substances are dissolved, and as the result of a number of processes a fertilizer is produced which is worth from $9 to $12 per ton, the demand exceeding the supply. One of the purest and best soaps of the country was made of garbage grease before cottonseed oil entered the field. It is now proposed to light London by electricity for nothing. It now costs that city $1.08 (4s. 8d.) to get rid of a ton of garbage. A combination of rollers and other apparatus has been devised that can burn the garbage at 24 cents (1 shilling) per ton and generate steam sufficient to run enough dynamos to light the entire city. London can thus save 3s. 8d. on each ton and in addition illuminate its city without cost. Garbage, by a machine called the dust destructor, is converted into clinkers, which can be used for roadways, as artificial stone for sidewalks and as sand for mortar and cement. In Paris the invisible particles of iron, worn from wheels and from the shoes of horses, are rescued by passing powerful magnets through the sweepings."

A Vision of the Future.

Clarence King, formerly chief of the United States geological survey, says: "The time is not far distant when a man can start out of Denver and travel to Klondike, stopping every night at a mining camp. Already two American stamp mills are pounding away on the borders of the strait of Magellan, and the day is approaching when a chain of mining camps will extend from Cape Horn to St. Michael's. I believe we are about to enter upon a century which will open up vast resources and will be the grandest the earth has ever known. Before the end of the twentieth century the traveler will enter a sleeping car at Chicago bound via Bering strait for St. Petersburg, and the dream of Governor Gilpin will be realized."

Slang.

The difference between ancient and modern slang was amusingly illustrated in a recent incident at the Chautauqua assembly, when the teacher of English literature asked, "What is the meaning of the Shakespearian phrase 'Go to?'" and a member of the class replied, "Oh, that is only the sixteenth century expression of the modern term 'Come off.'" The two phrases, while apparently opposite, do, in fact, substantially mean the same thing.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Natural Inference.

"Did you hear what Whimpton's little boy said when they showed him the twins?"

"No; what was it?"

"He said, 'There, mamma's been getting bargains again.'"—Collier's Weekly.

Poker In the Postoffice.

"Give me three aces," said a sporting man at the stamp window of the postoffice, just before noon, a couple of days ago.

The stamp clerk passed out three 1 cent stamps.

"Now deal me a pair of deuces."

The clerk passed out the 2 cent stamps.

"I see you understand the game," said the man.

"Yep," said the clerk. "Ante up."

The man placed 7 cents on the shelf.

"My pot," said the clerk as he scooped it in.

The men smiled as they parted.—New York Commercial.

Nutrition For Consumptives.

The following is recommended as food that would be nutritious for one suffering from chronic consumption, since ordinary foods had become repugnant: One hard boiled egg, which when perfectly cold is pressed through a sieve so that the albumen and hard yolk may be thoroughly triturated; then add to this by thorough stirring two heaping tablespoonfuls of perfectly roasted peanuts which have been ground or chopped very fine. This will make two intermediate meals, say one at 11 a. m. and one at 4 p. m. A cracker or glass of hot milk will help the ingestion and secure perfect nutrition.—Hygienic Gazette.

His Own Master.

"We have come," said the chairman of the committee, "to ask you to take this nomination. The city needs a man like you—strong, brave, self made, self reliant, owning no master, fearing no man."

The great man was visibly touched.

"I'll not deny," said he, "that your kind words have shaken my resolution. I trust that if elected I may justify your confidence and prove that I am indeed strong, brave, self reliant; that I own no master and fear no man. Suppose you wait a minute till I see if my wife will let me accept?"—Strand Magazine

An east end London clergyman who sent out invitations to a jubilee banquet among the poor of his parish and received 70 acceptances on announcing that he would have no beer lost 53 of his guests and was besides guyed by the newspapers.

THEY FIGHT IT OUT.

HOW ENGLISH ARMY OFFICERS SETTLE THEIR DIFFERENCES.

The Plebeian and the Peer—How One Regiment Was Opened to Others Than Offshoots of the Peerage—How "Molly" Crushed the Cheeky Youngster.

In view of the disgraceful duel between the Duke of Orleans and the Count of Turin we publish the following article which shows the manner in which British officers settle disputes:

Officers have their disagreements, of course, like other men, and they have to be settled. Dueling is forbidden by law as well as by modern ideas and common sense. Complaints respecting infractions of mess etiquette or of ungentlemanly or unsoldierly conduct may be submitted to the mess committee, the punitive powers of which are extremely farreaching. The life of an officer "sent to Coventry" by his fellows is unendurable, and his only chance is to exchange.

But all this is moral suasion only, and in the end disputes are frequently settled by a resort to first principles—the rule of fist—while redress is sometimes obtained in ways as drastic as they are novel.

A gentleman joined a crack cavalry regiment. He had no pedigree or family to recommend him. In fact, his father was a retired brewer, and by the scions of nobility among his comrades he was rather coldly received.

"Are you the son of Dash, the brewer?" inquired one of these.

"I am."

"Then why didn't your father bring you up to his trade?"

"Oh, well, you're the son of Lord Blank, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't he bring you up a gentleman?"

The upshot of this was a rough and tumble, wherein was demonstrated that in the army a plebeian is the equal of a peer—if he can box as well.

Another gentleman from the ranks of trade came home one day to find all the crockery and breakable articles in his rooms smashed, the same being intended by the wreckers as a delicate hint that his presence among them was objectionable.

He was late for dinner that evening and apologized to the president of the mess for it, explaining what had happened—that he had been to the rooms of the three he suspected and returned the compliment; if he had wronged any, he would apologize and restore the articles; if he had hit on the right ones, they could have satisfaction in the riding school after dinner.

Accordingly, after dinner, two of them received satisfaction in full, a la Corbett, in drill time, but the third proved a tougher nut to crack, and the big hearted plebeian (who, by the bye, is now a general), weakened by his exertions, was getting worsted, so another of the same social status who was an expert boxer took up the running.

He soon finished off the third man and obligingly offered to take on any one who sympathized with the trio. By this means—appropriate to their profession—these two officers opened the door in that regiment to others than offshoots of the peerage, by whom it had previously been regarded as a preserve.

Among officers exchanging from one regiment to another is common. One little man, a lieutenant, incurred the enmity of the men of his troop by continually finding fault and rubbing it in by contrasting them unfavorably with his late corps till they hated the very name of the "Pinks," as we'll call them.

Not only the rank and file, but the noncommissioned officers, came in for his animadversion till it got unbearable, and at last the troop sergeant major told the captain quietly that there would be a mutiny in the troop before long if it continued.

It so happened that he had also carried his insulting comparisons into the mess, and as he wouldn't take advice and "drop it" his brother officers took the matter into their own hands, with the result that one cold night in February there was a hubbub within the officers' quarters, a window was presently opened, and little "Joey," clad only in his nightshirt, was handed out, seized, placed and held down in a handbarrow, wheeled off to the manure heap and there shot out, to make his way back to bed as best he could. He soon after left the regiment.

The antipodes of this gentleman was an officer in the same regiment, an Irishman, 6 feet 2 and big in proportion, but his "go" was not proportionate to his size. He was too big and apathetic for a cavalry captain. In fact, his nickname, "Molly," well describes him. One "cheeky" youngster appeared to think he could take any liberties with such an easy going mountain of flesh, and in the billiard room one night he carried his impudence beyond all reason.

"Molly" said nothing. He simply dropped his cue, picked the offender up and sat him violently down on a side table, ignorant or heedless of the fact that upon it were standing glasses and decanters.

It was some time before the surgeons picked the last piece of glass out of the impertinent one and weeks before he could appear in the saddle again. It is scarcely necessary to say that he gave "Molly" Magaire a wide berth after that.—Pearson's Weekly.

DINING AND FEEDING.

American Table Manners Not So Open to Criticism as Formerly.

It has been conceded that the degree of civilization a people has reached may be accurately measured by its dietary. Now, some one has said that "the American feeds, the Englishman devours, the Frenchman dines." In view of this statement one wonders what the English have been doing through the centuries to have advanced so little. We do not pretend to answer for them, but would say for ourselves, we have been hewing our way through forests, pioneering in every direction, in every sense—ample apology for feeding instead of dining.

But, of course, it was a Frenchman who made the declaration, and, of course, he made it long ago, when, mortifying though it be, honesty compels us to acknowledge that we may have been guilty. Times, however, and conditions have changed, and not even the most bigoted Frenchman will refuse to admit that when the American has reached the dining point he will have more to dine upon than any other man in the world. The culture of man in America will demand all the art in his cuisine that France by study has evolved, with the added merit of honesty in his food, the disguises incident to poverty of material not being a necessity. There is no department of supply in which we have not the advantage, and we are learning to use our materials as rapidly as we have been obliged to learn all other things.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Woman's Home Companion.

Brimming With Charity.

Cipollini, a gem of a husband, never allows an opportunity to slip without extolling to the skies the excellent qualities of his better half. "My wife," he was heard to remark the other day, "is so kind, so indulgent toward everybody, that, even when speaking ill of other people, she does not believe a word of it herself."—Settimand.

The Missouri supreme court declared that the law against opium smoking and opium joints is unconstitutional, because it interferes with the right of men to smoke whatever they choose.

Every seventh person in the United Kingdom is a Londoner.

What Wrestlers Should Eat.

The Japanese wrestlers are a race of giants; they often weigh from 14 to 24 stone. At the Imperial hotel in Tokyo once they brought their champion wrestler to my room. He was prodigious in size and as fat and fair as a baby. He was a Hercules in strength, but looked like an overgrown cherub of Correggio.

"What do you eat?" I asked.

"Rice, nothing but rice."

"Why not eat meat?"

"Meat is weakening. Beef is 70 per cent water. Rice is 80 per cent food. I ate lean beefsteak once and my strength left me. The other man ate rice and threw me down."

My courier said: "This wrestler is the champion of Japan. No one can throw him."—Pearson's Weekly.

She Supervises a Farm.

In spite of being college bred the ability to earn a living in the most businesslike manner has been proved by Miss Anna T. Hayes of Louisville. She is now taking personal supervision of her father's farm of 200 acres. She is devoting time and money to the development of a special breed of pigs for the specially cured hams of which there is a growing demand in the state. The pigs are fattened on sterilized milk, meal and apples and are brought up to a uniform weight. The hams are cured on the farm. The young woman is making a complete success of her venture.

Bright Valet.

Valet (to officer's fiancee)—My lieutenant has sent me to bring you this bouquet of forest flowers, plucked by his own hands.

Fiancee—Oh, how poetic! And how long it must have taken to gather them!

Valet—Indeed, miss, it took me nearly three hours.—Fliegende Blatter.

What Typhoid Fever Costs.

A correspondent of the Washington Post gives the following appalling typhoid statistics: Every year in the United States 400,000 people are sick with typhoid fever. Forty thousand of them die. They are sick 28 days on an average out of every 365 days. Thus we have 11,200,000 days of sickness from this disease.

Every case of this sickness means one month, generally two months, of idleness. If the wages of the patient are only 50 cents a day, there is a loss of $15 a month. Generally this sickness means a loss of wages in two months' time of $60 or $80. The average loss of wages for six weeks would be $50. Add to this the doctor's bill, which is anywhere from $60 to $100—we will say $60. If the patient lives in the city and has a trained nurse for only three weeks, there is another $45. Ten dollars for the prepared food, ice, milk, etc., brings this moderate bill up to $165. Multiply this by the number of people sick, and we can see every year in the United States $66,000,000 lost to patients by the inroads of this one disease.

A Queer Request.

Of the many freak communications which reach the Capitol and the departments, one which came to the House Post Office the other day is deserving o' the proverbial biscuit. The letter was addressed to "The Congress of the United States in Washington Assembled," and came from a resident of a small settlement in northeastern Texas. It was was written in an entirely earnest spirit. It said:

"Dr. Mister Congressmen: My dear wife Amanda has just been blest by the appearance of a healthy young boy. Me and my wife can't agree on no name to give the boy and we want you to help us out. I wants him called Dave and she wants him called Cy but she wont give in, neither will I. Now what we want you to do is to have a document passed through your body giving him a handle. Please atten' to the matter as soon as possible. Yours."

The only person around the House to whom the letter could have gone through the regular system of disseminating the miscellaneous mail was the private secretary of Congressman Bailey. He communicated the contents of the letter to some of the employes around the House. Yesterday afternoon the secretary sent out a number of type-written letters to a dozen or more employes enjoining them to meet in one of the committee rooms.

When the clerks assembled he proposed that they, as a substitute House of Representatives in committee of the whole, should attend to the very urgent communication which he had received, and that a suitable name should be selected for the growing young Texan. Accordingly a set of resolutions, sticklers in their form and precision, were drafted, with seal attached and signatures properly fixed, and sent to the writer. They informed the Texan that the Congress had taken cognizance of his communication and had acted accordingly. "The Congress, exercising a power which was vested in it by the law of 1884," said the resolutions, "hereby designates, denominates, titles and names your offspring after three distinguished scions of the Lone Star. Let it be known that his name shall be Bailey Chilton Mills ——."—Washington Post.

In Germany they have a fat goose stuffed with chestnuts, pork boiled with sauerkraut, sausages, beef with sour sauce, black pudding, smoked goose, baked apples and beer.

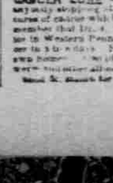
There is no medicine in the world equal to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for the cure of throat and lung diseases. This is a fact that has been proven in numberless cases. Here is a sample of thousands of letters received: "I have tried Chamberlain's Cough Remedy while suffering from a severe throat trouble, and found immediate and effective relief. I can unhesitatingly recommend it."—EDGAR W. WHITEMORE, Editor Grand Rivers (Ky.) Herald. For sale at Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa.

In France the Christmas dinner includes a chicken roasted and garnished as only the French can do it, and liver pudding rich with truffles and seasoning.

In cases of burns, sprains, scalds, or any of the other accidental pains likely to come to the human body, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil gives almost instant relief.

I write this to let you know what I would not do: I would not do without Chamberlain's Pain Balm in my house, if it cost $5.00 per bottle. It does all you recommend it to do and more.—J. R. WALLACK, Wallacesville, Ga. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the best household liniment in the world, and invaluable for rheumatism, lame back, sprains and bruises. For sale ready for emergencies by buying a bottle at Snyder's drug store.

CANCER AND TUMOR



CANCER CURE

HE LOST THE MATCH.

ENOS WAS GREAT, BUT THE OTHER MAN HAD A TRICK THAT BEAT HIM.

A Contest Between Horn Players of Rival Shows That Was Witnessed by the Citizens For Miles Around and Umpired by the Mayor of the Town.

"I suppose," said the old circus man, "that the greatest bass horn player that ever lived was Enos Stulkinton. He played the bass horn in our band. There have been men with a better knowledge of music, perhaps, and some with a more finished style, but none that could touch him in producing thunder. His playing came to be one of the features of the show. He was a star attraction where he was known, but to most people he came as a surprise, something more than they had expected, and they enjoyed him all the more on that account. For instance, at every performance, before the actual beginning of the show, we used to give a band concert, and Mr. Stulkinton would begin to get in his fine work there. As the people listened to his first thunderous 'oomphahs!' they were amazed. But when they heard the canvas of the great tent flap in unison with the blasts of his horn they all laughed, and thereafter throughout the performance they all paid close attention when Enos raised the instrument.

"We tried, of course, always to make a route for the show that wouldn't conflict with anybody else, for there were plenty of towns that wouldn't stand but one show at a time. Two would lose money in them, however good they might be. But sometimes we ran against some stubborn man that wouldn't give way, and then there was nothing to do but to show and beat him if we could.

"Once, when we struck a town with another show, we learned somehow that they had a great bass horn player in their band, and of course we challenged 'em for a contest. And they took up the challenge very promptly. There wasn't much time to prepare for it, but we billed the town in an hour and got permission to put up a stand on the public square, because it was to be a free exhibition, and that attracted attention.

"The contest was at noon, and of course the two bands played as accompanists of the horn players. And that made a big band concert, and the crowd was something enormous. The terms were that each man was to play once, and then a vote of the people was to be taken. The man defeated in that round had a right to call for another. If the man defeated in the first round won the second, the man who won the first round had a right to call for a third round. But the winner of two rounds by the vote of the people was to be declared the winner of the contest.

"Well, the men in our show bet every dollar they could rake and scrape on Enos, and some of the more gentle hearted of them thought they were just robbing the men in the other show. Our old man not only bet all his money, but he bet the idol of his heart, the famous old giraffe of our show, against the other show's moth eaten buffalo, and he was so dead sure that he threw in a cinnamon bear to boot.

"Our side had the first inning, and our band showed 'em how to play, and then Enos stood up for his solo. And how he did make the thunder! It was 'oomphah, oomphah, oomphah!' as it had never been heard before, and he fairly carried the people off their feet.

"Then the other band played a tune, and their man got up. And there's no use talking, he raised more thunder than Enos did and set the people shouting.

"Then the mayor got up to take the vote, as he'd agreed to do, and he was interested now as much as anybody. And the people voted for the other man, as we expected they would. But we hadn't any doubt about the final result, for we thought that Enos would unshackle now and break away and make the blow of his life. And he did. We, who had been hearing him for years, had never heard him approach what he did now. It was wonderful. He set the people wild, and we thought we had 'em sure.

"But the other man's very first 'oomphah!' made us tremble, and as he went on we knew we were lost, money, giraffe, everything. We'd never heard anything like this before. It wasn't just simple peals of thunder—it was a thunder factory in full blast and working with a double force of men. There could be only one verdict.

"That afternoon the whole town went to the other show and left our big tent empty. The other people came over for the animals they'd won before show time. They wanted to take 'em over and walk em around in their ring. The old man had 'em brought out. When the giraffe realized what had happened, he wound his neck around the center pole and wouldn't budge. But the old man finally persuaded him, and over he went to be made a show of in the other circus.

"Enos Stulkinton never blew a bass horn again. He'd had the opportunity of his life, had missed it and he hadn't the heart. After that he always blew a baritone.

"For my own part, I always thought there was a trick in it. Don't you know, there are things that look fair and square on the face of them that you feel certain, all the same, are off, in some way. Well, I knew there was something wrong about that man's bass horn playing, and years afterward I heard what it was. He had a bellows attached to the horn, with a hole in the side of the horn for the nozzle of the bellows, and the bellows inside his clothes out of sight, and a rod running down to a treadle under his foot. He reenforced his own blowing with blasts from this bellows, and, of course, the man didn't live that could stand up against him.

"We told Enos about this, but it was too late. He'd lost his ambition and was satisfied now to play second fiddle, though he might still have been a champion."—New York Sun.

AND dollar wheat once again. What has the calamity howler done that all of this misery should be saddled upon him? Poor man!

½ THE { Labor Time Cost SAVED BY GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER

What More Can be Asked?

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LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

Account of How He First Wrote His Famous Speech.

Speaking of the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg and Mr. Lincoln's famous address delivered on that occasion, Nov. 19, 1863, Governor Curtin began by saying that there had been much discussion as to how and when that address was written, and he continued, says The Independent:

"I can tell you all about that. Of course I was there, and the president and his cabinet had arrived and were at the hotel. Soon after his arrival, as we were sitting around in the parlor, Mr. Lincoln looked thoughtful for a moment or two and then said: 'I believe, gentlemen, the committee are expecting me to say something here today. If you will excuse me, I will go into this room here and prepare it.' After a time he returned, holding in his hand a large, yellow government envelope, on which he had written his address.

"'Here, gentlemen,' he said, 'I want to read this to you to see if it will do.' And, sitting down, he read it to us and then said: 'Now for your criticisms. Will it do? What do you say?'

"Several spoke in favor of it, and one or two commended it in strong terms. 'Well,' says the president, 'haven't you any criticisms? What do you say, Seward?'

"Mr. Seward made one or two suggestions bearing on some slight verbal changes, which I believe Mr. Lincoln incorporated.

"'Now, if you will allow me, gentlemen,' continued the president, 'I will copy this off.' And he again withdrew made a copy of the address.

"Ah," continued the governor, "if I had had wit enough about me to have begged of him that yellow envelope, what a trophy it would have been! How much it would have been worth to some of the ladies' fairs which a little later began to be held to raise money for the hospitals and the soldiers. But I did not think of it then."

HUMOR AND ITS USES.

It Is the Sunshine of the World, but May Be Overworked.

"Humor is the very sunshine of the world," writes Carrie E. Garrett in The Woman's Home Companion. "Hardly any other single gift will go so far to refresh and inspire one in everyday life and keep the heart still young. It steals merrily across the workaday world, animating the dreariest monotony and finding place in the most hopeless destiny. Such a gay traveling companion is humor for the pilgrimage of life.

"The woman with a sense of humor has a safeguard against ennui, against folly and against despair. She can never be dull so long as the comedy of life is being played before her eyes. With a keen sense of the ridiculous she is not likely to 'make a fool of herself,' and she will never be hopelessly unhappy, for she will find in the most adverse fate something still to laugh at, and after all laughter is your true alchemist. However it may be with the unmusical person, surely the surly individual who cannot laugh spontaneously on occasions is 'fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.'

"But this blessed gift of humor should be used to lift the shadows of life, not to deepen them. A joke which causes another a pang of humiliation or makes some sensitive heartache is not only a cruel sort of amusement, but it is also a very expensive indulgence. For just a moment's gratification at having made a 'hit' the 'funny woman' may forever lose a friend and may even arouse a very genuine spirit of enmity. We learn to forgive and mayhap forget many injuries in life's troubled journey, but perhaps among the wounds that rankle longest in the human heart are those which are made 'only in fun.'"

Hurt No One and No One Hurt Him.

At the battle of Chickamauga I saw a fellow shooting straight up in the air and praying as lustily as ever one of Cromwell's roundheads prayed.

The Presbyterians of 1646 prayed loud and sang hymns in battle, but they shot straight at the cavaliers every time. This fellow was blazing away at the sky, and when Lieutenant Killingworth remonstrated with him about it he paid no attention to him whatever. Captain Joe Billingsley threatened to cut him down with his sword if he didn't shoot at the enemy, for the woods in front were full of them. He merely remarked to the captain, "You can kill me if you want to, but I am not going to appear before my God with the blood of my fellow man on my soul."

He never flinched, but stood squarely up, exposed to every volley of the enemy's fire. When the sun set on the evening of Sept. 18, 1863, Captain J. C. Billingsley and Lieutenant Allen Killingworth both lay dead on the battlefield of Chickamauga, and R—— went through without a scratch.—Cor. Galveston News.

The Editor's Own Poetry.

Editor (to old schoolmate)—It hurts me, old fellow, to wound your feelings, but really we are so overstocked with poetry that it's useless to read yours. We can only accept what shows unmistakable genius.

Old Schoolmate—Well, just read that poem and tell me what you think of it.

Editor (having read the poem)—It is as I feared; the poem shows no promise whatever. Pardon me, but it is simply absurd.

Old Schoolmate (with a broad grin)—That's just what I thought. It's a copy of some verses you wrote in my autograph album while we were at school together.—Pearson's Weekly.

No Possible Danger.

"What do you consider the most absolutely certain way to distinguish toadstools from mushrooms?"

"Cook them, get some other man to eat them and then watch his symptoms."—Chicago Tribune.

A. E. Sibley, a prosperous merchant of Sheffield, Ia., was shot and killed while committing a burglary.

—THE—

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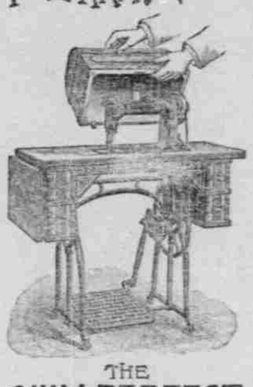

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SOMERSET MARKET REPORT
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, Nov. 10, 1897.

Apples	per bu	60
	dried, ℔	4c
	evaporated ℔	10c
Apple Butter, per gal		50c
Butter	roll, per ℔	20c
	fresh keg, per ℔	10c
	creamery, per ℔	20c
Beeswax, per ℔		25
Bacon	country ham, per ℔	10 to 12c
	sugar-cured ham, per ℔	12½c
	side, per ℔	6 to 8c
	shoulder, per ℔	6 to 8c
Beans	white navy, per bus	90c
	Lima, per ℔	4c
Coffee	green, per ℔	22c
	roasted, per ℔	18c
Cement	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.50
	Portland, per bbl	4.00
Cornmeal, per ℔		1½c
Eggs, per doz		20c
Fish, lake herring	½ bbl	$1.75
	¼ bbl	90
Honey, white clover, per ℔		15c
Lard, per ℔		8 to 10c
Lime, per bbl		$1.00
Molasses, N. O., per gal		60c
Onions, per bus		100
Potatoes, per bus		10 to 60c
Peaches, evaporated, per ℔		10 to 15c
Prunes, per ℔		8 to 10c
Salt	N. Y., per bbl	$1.1
	Pittsburg, per bbl	100
	Dairy, ½ bus sacks	25c
	" ¼ " "	20c
	" 4 bus sacks	$1.25
	ground alum, 180 ℔ sacks	90c
Sugar	maple, per ℔	8 to 8c
	imported yellow, per ℔	5c
	white, A, per ℔	6¼c
	granulated, per ℔	6¾c
	Cube, or pulverized, per ℔	8c
Syrup	per gal	30c
	maple, per gal	50 to 60c
Stoneware, gallon		8c
Tallow, per ℔		3 to 5c
Vinegar, per gal		20 to 30c
Seeds	timothy, per bus	$1.65 to $1.75
	clover, per bus	$5.00 to 5.25
	" crimson, per bus	4.00
	" alfalfa, per bus	6.00
	" alsyke, per bus	7.00
Millet, German, per bus		1.25
Grain & Feed	barley, white beardless, per bus	1.25
	buckwheat, per bus	35c
	corn, ear, per bus	40c
	" shelled, per bus	45c
	oats, per bus	25 to 28c
	rye, per bus	50c
	wheat, per bus	90c
	bran, per 100 ℔s	70c
	corn and oats chop, per 100 ℔s	80c
Flour	flour, roller process, per bbl	$3.00
	" spring patent and fancy	
	high grade	$3.00
	flour, lower grade, per 140 ℔s	$1.25
Middlings	white, per 100 ℔s	90c
	red, per 100 ℔s	90c

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch.

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 7:00 a. m., Somerset 8:03, Stoystown 8:38, Hooversville 10:00, Johnstown 11:10.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:20 a. m., Somerset 11:45, Stoystown 12:13, Hooversville 12:24, Johnstown 1:10 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:20 p. m., Somerset 5:45, Stoystown 6:11, Hooversville 6:24, Johnstown 7:05.

SOUTHWARD.

*Mail.—Johnstown 8:30 a.m., Hooversville 9:19, Stoystown 9:33, Somerset 10:2 Rockwood 10:28.

Express.—Johnstown 1:50 p. m.,