THAT FAMILY CLOSET.

And the Various Kinds of Skeletons That Abide Therein.

Every family has its skeleton. We know that, of course, anatomical specimens, neatly put together and stored away in a secure cupboard, of which only family members have the key—a skeleton key, probably. Only when the family is alone, with no visitors about, does it go to the door cautiously and unlock it and bring the bony occupant forth. The family knows its own skeleton, but outsiders are supposed to be in total ignorance of its existence, and if they are wiser than people think them—and of course they always are—it is only a point of politeness to pretend to be blind and deaf.

Of how many kinds are family skeletons? The Joneses possessed an uncle who died insane. You can't go near the Jones cupboard, or, in other words, even hint at the subject of hereditary insanity in their presence, without the skeleton audibly knocking its bones together and all the Joneses turning pale. You can't mention Turkish bonds to the Browns without their jaws suddenly falling; you can't think why. And when drink statistics form the cheerful subject of conversation at the Robinsons' table you observe with wonder that all the family grow uncomfortable and writhe in their chairs. You haven't the faintest notion why, but the skeleton has.

I met a man once at a dinner party who was perfectly sane upon every point on earth but one, and on that he was the opposite. He could talk about politics, science, art, Shakespeare and the musical glasses, but if by any chance the conversation touched on dueling he went straight off his head then and there.

Dueling was the skeleton in his cupboard, and the reason was one that cannot be enlarged upon here. On one day in every year he shut himself up in his house and was not seen by mortal eye. That was the one day when his skeleton came out and stalked about.

Many people have what seems to the general public a harmless enough skeleton, but it is real and ghastly to themselves. It is of humble origin. It is surprising the pains people will take to conceal that their grandfathers were poor, but honest, the lies they will tell (which only proves that the grandparent's qualities have not descended in the direct line) and the meannesses they will indulge in, in the pitiable effort to hide the fact that two generations ago they kept a small greengrocer's shop or wore plush and powder. After all, the longer the line the more certain it is to contain ancestors who won their bread by the sweat of their face.

If all the world were not descended from the same "grand old gardener," there might be more common sense in trying to forget honest toil.—English Exchange.

The Cooking of Marken.

Marken is a lonely islet on the Dutch coast, which of late years has been visited by a crowd of strangers who believe in going to places out of the ordinary stereotyped lines of travel. It is a flat, fertile island, and the people preserve much of the simple manners and frugal habits of two and three centuries ago. The old style of wooden shoes are worn and make the village streets as noisy as a stone crusher. They have old fashioned kitchens in their homes, with goodly fireplaces, and also little clay stoves, in which charcoal is used for fuel. In a few there are stoves which burn coal, but these are a rarity. The good housewives preserve foods according to recipes which have been kept as heirlooms. Some of the preparations are very delicious. They treat fish in an odd manner. The fish is thoroughly scraped, split and cleaned, put into a pot with salt, niter, vinegar and spices, including cinnamon, clove, bay leaves, laurel, peppercorns, mustard and cayenne. More fishes are added until the pot is almost full, when it is put in a storeroom and covered with an earthenware cover.

It stands until it is thoroughly soused, which is known by the bones becoming soft through the dissolving of the lime by the vinegar. When this stage is reached, the fish are removed with great care and put into smaller crocks or jars and are then covered with a fluid made from water, vinegar, oil, the spices mentioned, onion, leek and sometimes a clove of garlic. These crocks are sealed in clumsy fashion, the commonest way being with stout brown paper, paste and cord. Fish treated in this manner retains its delicacy of flavor, is very white and very appetizing.—New York Mail and Express.

Mistaken.

There had been rather a bad runaway accident in a mountain town. Several persons had been injured, and the doctor was miles away. But, as good luck would have it, a clever young medical student happened to be on the ground and did excellent service.

When the doctor came, there was nothing to do, but he listened with great interest to his young colleague's exposition of the cases. They talked for a long time on the hotel piazza. The farmer who had been driving the horses and was himself unhurt listened with eager interest to explanations wherein scapula, humerus and clavicle played prominent parts.

Finally he took up the reins sadly and drove home to his wife. As soon as he entered the yard she threw her apron over her head and hurried forward to meet him.

"Ephraim says some of the folks was hurt," she called. "How much was it? Did they break their legs or their arms—which?"

The farmer drew in his now pacified steeds at the post and let the reins slacken in his grasp.

"Well," he said reflectively, leaning forward, both elbows on his knees, "I thought one on 'em broke his leg an another a collar bone, an so on, but I guess I didn't hit it right. I stood by while the doctors were talkin on't over an 'peared to me as if, arter all, 'twas only some of them Latin parts."—Youth's Companion.

Conflicting Legal Styles.

A good anecdote is told of the two celebrated barristers Balfour and Erskine. Balfour's style was gorgeously verbose. Erskine's, on the contrary, was crisp and vigorous. Coming into court one day Erskine noticed that Balfour's ankle was bandaged.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Erskine.

Instead of replying, "I fell from a gate," Balfour answered in his usual roundabout manner:

"I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's garden," he said, "and on coming to a gate I discovered that I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of the blood."

"You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you would have broken your neck."—San Francisco Wave.

Charles A. Dana.

He knew good writing when he saw it, and also good verse, and he liked both, not as a merchant likes goods, but as an artist loves art. There never was an editor more inspiring to his subordinates. His taste was a literary standard that was respected from San Francisco to Eastport. Very possibly the best days to have known Mr. Dana as an editor were the old days when The Sun was still a four page paper, which swelled to eight on Sundays, and when the staff was still comparatively small and every line of space counted. In those days certainly The Sun office was a fold where art was loved for art's sake and where aspiring talent, uncertain of itself, found recognition, guidance and opportunity.—Harper's Weekly.

How It All Happened.

He was in doubt.

On this particular evening he made up his mind that he would reach the point where doubt ends or know the reason why.

Thus it happened that he got a little closer to her than usual when he found that they were sitting side by side on the sofa.

"Do you ever think about marriage?" he asked.

"No," she replied.

Of course that was a lie. Of course he knew that it was a lie and she knew that he knew it. Consequently she wished that she hadn't answered so hastily, but that is so customary in a woman that it should attract no attention.

"If I were a woman like you," he said reproachfully, "I would think of it."

"Would you?" she inquired carelessly.

"Yes, I would," he asserted aggressively.

"Perhaps," she suggested tantalizingly, "you wouldn't mind telling me just what course your thoughts would take—if you were a woman like me."

"I don't know that I can give the exact course of reasoning," he answered, fearful that he might be getting beyond his depth, "but if I were a woman like you I feel pretty reasonably sure that I would marry a man like—er—like me."

"You do?" she said, coloring a little, but still speaking in the same tantalizing tone.

"Yes, I do," he returned doggedly.

"Well, if I were a man like you," she asserted, "I wouldn't expect a woman like me to do anything of the sort until a man like you had asked her to."

It is no trick at all to hold to the course of true love after the mariner once gets his bearings so long as the signal lights continue to burn, and thus it happened that their bark sped merrily on its way.—Chicago Post.

A Spirit Joker.

Several years ago a certain Cleveland photographer made a specialty of "spirit" photographs and built up quite a trade in them. One day a solid looking citizen entered the gallery.

"Sir," he said to the photographer, "I want my picture taken with my mother's. She died in the old country a few days ago."

"Very well, sir," said the man of cameras, "take a seat."

He posed the stranger and photographed him and told him to call for the finished article on a certain day.

Of course the simple operation of double printing brought out a shadowy face beside that of the stranger, the effect being increased by the dim ghastliness of the faint impression.

Promptly on time the man came back and was shown the picture.

"Ah," he instantly said, "that isn't my mother."

"Isn't it?" said the photographer as he slanted the portrait so as to catch the light at a different angle.

"No, it isn't."

"Strange," said the artist. "But it sometimes happens. The spirits have their tricks and their little games just like mortals, and I suppose some old spirit lady is trying to fool us. You don't recognize the likeness at all, eh?"

"'Tisn't that," said the man.

"What is the trouble then?"

The man hesitated.

"Well, you see," he said, "the picture ain't no use to me now."

"Why not?" inquired the photographer.

"'Cause I got a letter from my sister this morning saying that it was all a mistake about mother dying. She was just lying in a swoon, and now she is almost well again."

The photographer kept his face straight by a violent effort.

"That's all right," he said. "Some confounded spirit has put up a job on us. You needn't take the picture. Good day."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Little Attentions.

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart.

If husbands only realized what the little attentions mean to their wives, there would be many happier unions. It is not the cost of a gift that makes it precious to the recipient. A tiny bunch of violets brought home at night betokens the thought given to her even while business occupies his attention; the most trifling souvenir of a wedding or birthday anniversary becomes a sentiment underlying its proffering. Women may be foolish, they may be all heart and very little reason, but the man who understands their nature and enters to it is the one who stands higher in their estimation than the one who acts as though all they cared about was material comfort given with any sort of brusquerie.

Of course there are many mercenary women—thousands and thousands who can marry for a home and for rich raiment. These poohpooh the violets and value only the diamonds. But the average feminine heart, the sort which a man wants to beat beside his own, the foundation of truest sympathy and love, is moved more by the little attentions in which sentiment is involved than by the great offerings representing only a stupendous sum of money involved.—New York Ledger.

A Curious Russian Sect.

A curious sect in Russia is that known as the Runners, because its members run away like a sick animal to some lonely spot to die when disease overtakes them. Another is known as the Runner Smotherers. When any member of this extraordinary sect is seized with a mortal or supposedly mortal illness, instead of being allowed to run off to die he is put out of the world by a woman whose title is the "smotherer." The ceremony is, for safety's sake, generally performed not in the victim's house, but in the common "praying room," a secret room conveniently situated to escape the prying eyes of authority and provided with numerous exits in case of a surprise. While psalms are sung and the censer swung the old woman who usually holds the honorable office of "smotherer" performs her task with a small cushion held over the sick person's nose and mouth, the body being afterward secretly buried in some remote spot, whither it is conveyed under a load of some innocent matter, such as hay.—New York Tribune.

A Friar's Prediction.

A certain Spanish friar, who was an almanac maker, predicted with accuracy and in distinct and precise terms the death of Henry IV of France. The friar in question was arrested and brought before the king, who treated the prediction with contempt, while he thanked the friar for his anxiety upon his (the king's) behalf.

The event, however, happened as the prediction had foretold.

In this case it is, of course, quite possible that the friar may have had some secret knowledge of the existence of a conspiracy against the king's life and desired in this way to warn his majesty of the impending danger.

Deaf Smith's Victory.

At the battle of San Jacinto, when Santa Anna's forces had routed Houston's left wing, a deaf colonel by the name of Smith did not hear the order to fall back and kept on fighting until his example and success on the right wing caused a general rally, which resulted in the total defeat and capture of the Mexican army. There is a county in Texas named Deaf Smith in honor of the hero.

It is a common experience among mountain climbers to find butterflies frozen on the snow, and so brittle that they break unless they are very carefully handled. Such frozen butterflies on being taken to a warmer climate recover themselves and fly away.—Philadelphia Record.

A WATCH IS A WONDER.

Some Things About It That Are Not Generally Known.

Open your watch and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each an indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. Notice the busy little balance wheel as it flies to and fro unceasingly, day and night, year in and year out. This wonderful little machine is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment.

The watch carried by the average man is composed of 98 pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eyes cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is 2-100 of an inch wide. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound and a pound is worth $1,585.

The hairspring is a strip of the finest steel, about 9½ inches long, 1-100 inch wide, 27-10,000 inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and finely tempered. The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The strip is gauged to 20-100 of an inch, but no measuring instrument has as yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A 20-1,000 part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour.

The value of these springs when finished and placed in watches is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea. A ton of steel made up into hairsprings when in watches is worth more than 12½ times the value of the same weight in pure gold. Hairspring wire weighs 1-20 of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound.

The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about 1¼ times, which makes 197,100,000 revolutions every year. Take, for illustration, a locomotive with 6 foot driving wheels. Let its wheels be run until they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch does in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to 28 complete circuits of the earth.

All this a watch does without other attention than winding once every 24 hours.—Jewelers' Review.

$2,500 Job and No Tears to Shed.

John P. Green, an Ohio politician of some note, not long ago was appointed to a fairly good place in one of the departments at Washington. At home Green is a criminal lawyer and is known by his success in influencing the feelings of the jury. He weeps natural tears at the right time, rends his hair and does other things which successful lawyers do. His department position pays $2,500 a year. Green told his Ohio friends that he earned as much at home from his practice. They thought he ought to have had something better. "Of course I ought," said Green, "and I hope to get something better, but let me tell you this, the $2,500 I get now comes a good deal easier than the $2,500 I earned at home. I tell you, this thing of shedding tears and tearing your hair before a jury is no easy business. It will wear any man out. If I had to keep at it much longer, it would surely break down my constitution. You don't know what it means to me to get that $2,500 without tears. Between $2,500 with tears as a practicing member of the bar and $2,500 without tears in the employ of the government I choose the latter every time."—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Anthony Hope.

Mr. Anthony Hope once coached undergraduates. From the age of 15 he practically supported himself by his scholarships and exhibitions. In regard to his call to the bar Mr. Hope told an interviewer that his first "case" was at Aylesbury, where the judge commissioned him to defend some ruffians who were indicted for a murderous assault on a policeman. "They were all convicted," he says cheerfully, "and very properly so."

Significant.

A drawing master who had been worrying a pupil with contemptuous remarks about his deficiency of skill in the use of the pencil ended by saying:

"If you were to draw me, for example, tell me what part you would draw first."

The pupil, with a significant meaning in his eye, looked up to his teacher's face and quietly said:

"Your neck, sir."—Pick Me Up.

A GREAT ADVOCATE.

Good Stories of George Wood, a Lawyer of Many Years Ago.

There are still some members of the New York bar who remember George Wood, the contemporary of Daniel Lord, Ogden Hoffman, William Kent, James T. Brady and other distinguished lawyers of many years ago. The venerable Benjamin D. Silliman has described George Wood as being conspicuous for his great learning, his wonderful power in stating his cases and his mathematical power in argument. He was a great advocate. Frederic R. Coudert some time ago told the following story of Mr. Wood: "I can remember, looking back to early boyhood, that venerable figure and recall speaking to one of his contemporaries about him. The person to whom I spoke said, 'Yes, a client of mine got an opinion from George Wood once.' 'And,' I said, 'how was it done, how much did he charge?' for even in those early days the professional instinct asserted itself. 'I will tell you,' my friend replied. 'My client went to him and said, "Mr. Wood, I would like to have your opinion on these papers." "Give me the papers and come back tomorrow," said the great lawyer. The papers were produced and the client departed. The next day he presented himself before Mr. Wood, and the latter said, "Fifty dollars," and nothing more. The client was intelligent and assumed that he should pay him that sum, which he did. After waiting awhile he asked, "What about my papers, Mr. Wood?" "They are not worth a d—n," replied Mr. Wood, and he made no further comment on the case.'"

David Dudley Field used to relate the following: "George Wood was the personification of logic and cold as marble. I was sitting beside him in court one day when he arose to argue a case, and as he arose his coattails caught the back of the chair and hung over it. Wood stood up and spoke, I should think, for fully two hours, but never once did those coattails move.

"On one occasion a young lawyer who had engaged George Wood to try a case was asked, 'How did the judge charge the jury?' 'Oh, George Wood charged the jury,' was the reply."—New York Times.

He'll Be Heard From.

"People said that young Lumley would squander the money he inherited, but he's gone and invested it in a sound business."

"That so?"

"Yes, he's bought an interest in a boiler factory."—Chicago News.

Watches are adjusted to heat and cold by being allowed to stand first in a room heated with dry heat to 120 degrees and then in cold storage, being regulated after each treatment.

In Garrick's time when the weather was warm the men in the pit took off coats and vests.

Alcibiades of Athens.

Alcibiades was an excellent representative of the young Athenians of his time. He was witty, eloquent, full of generous impulses, luxurious, unscrupulous and absolutely without reverence. His character was full of contradictions. Alcibiades was the most beautiful youth in Athens. He had wealth, ancient family and powerful friends. He fairly bewitched the people. His doings were the town talk, and once he cut off the tail of his beautiful dog, for which he had paid over $1,000, saying that if the people did not have the mutilation of his dog to talk about they might be saying worse things about him.

He lived lavishly and wantonly, and after he had wasted most of his property he married a rich wife, Hipparete, daughter of Hippoudcus, who in time became justly indignant at his way of life and left him. She sought a divorce, but in order to obtain this she had to apply in person to the chief magistrate. As she was on her way to the office her husband seized her and carried her by force to his home, where she remained with him until her death.

Alcibiades came to a violent death. He was on his way to Babylon to the court of the great king when enemies set fire to his dwelling by night, and he was killed as he leaped through the flames. No country ever suffered or gained more from the changing fortunes of a single person than Athens from the fortunes of Alcibiades.—St. Louis Republic.

Not an Official After All.

One day a postoffice official, happening to be passing through a government office with which he was connected, saw a man standing before a fire reading a newspaper. Hours afterward, returning the same way, he was shocked to find the same man, legs extended before the same fire, still absorbed in the contents of a newspaper.

"Hello, sir!" cried the indignant head of the department. "What are you doing?"

"Can't you see what I am doing?" was the answer.

"Sir, I came through this office four hours ago and found you reading the paper. I return, and you are still wasting your time in the same manner."

"Very true. You have stated the case to a nicety."

Hereupon the head of the department naturally fired up.

"What's your name, sir?"

"Well, I don't know that my name is any affair of yours. What is your name?"

"Sir, I would have you know that I am the so-and-so of the postoffice."

"Indeed! Well, I am very glad to hear it. I am, sir, simply one of the public, a mere item who has been waiting here for four hours for an answer to a simple question, and I should be much obliged if you would use your influence to get me attended to."—Strand Magazine.

It Was a Good Prescription.

A lady who had suffered tortures from a corn upon one of her toes called on a professional chiropodist. He soon relieved her of the hardened little offender and besides paying him his fee she thanked him heartily.

"Please tell me, doctor," she said, "how I can prevent another one coming in its place."

"Well, madam," he replied, after a moment's reflection, "I am doctor enough, perhaps, to give you a prescription that will always prevent a corn from coming."

He tore a leaf out of a notebook, wrote a few words upon it and handed it to her.

It read: "Looshco. Apply once a day."

"You can get it at almost any place," he explained. "There is no charge. You are welcome."

After inquiring in vain at several drug stores for "looshoo" she showed the prescription to a friend, who studied it a moment and said:

"Why, that is plain enough. It means loose shoe."

The prescription was tried and proved effective.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Thought It Was Slang.

Although the name of Biddle is a well known one to many besides the Four Hundred of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Washington, Baltimore and elsewhere, it seems that this magic name conveyed only dense confusion to an Englishman once visiting the City of Brotherly Love, as proved by the following little story:

After a sojourn for a week in that quiet but delightful place, where he was feted and honored to his heart's content, he asked a friend confidentially: "Can you tell me what they mean here by a 'biddle?' I hear it continually and on all sides—'She is a biddle,' 'Oh, he is a biddle, you know!' 'They are all right, of course; they are biddles.' Now, what in the name of all that is unmentionable is a biddle?"—Current Literature.

Portrait Eyes.

We all know that the eyes of an oil portrait follow one all around the room. That is because the painted eyes have the pupils in the center, and, naturally, they stay there, no matter what the position of the observer. In life, however, the pupil could not remain in the center unless the head were turned. This is the solution of a perplexing and yet a simple problem.—New York Press.

Bad Manners.

There is a story of a Scottish "original" who when asked by some young ladies to cross a doubtful piece of ice to test its strength preliminary to their skating upon it replied, "Na, na; if I'm daft, I'ben mainners—leddies first."—London Fun.

Wicquefort's curious work on "Embassadors" is dated from his prison, where he had been confined for state affairs. He softened the rigor of those heavy hours by several historical works.

A Chapter on Colds

SIMPLE PRECAUTIONS THAT MAY PREVENT SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES.

The Danger of Neglecting a "Common Cold." Serious and Often Fatal Maladies may Result from Carelessness.

From the News, Harrisonburg, La.

In most instances colds are the result of imprudence or a lack of forethought. Even in cases where a sudden change in the weather or an unavoidable exposure is responsible for the first slight cold, fresh and more severe colds may be avoided by observing a little care. But "a mere cold" is such a common thing and causes so little inconvenience that notwithstanding all previous experiences we neglect to take the most simple precautions, in the way of wearing suitable clothing, the avoidance of Draughts, etc.

One should always bear in mind the necessity of exercising a constant vigilance to avoid catching cold. When the temperature in the house is higher than that out of doors, never go out without putting on an additional wrap. Never sit in a cold room even though you do not feel chilly. And it is better to suffer a little discomfort from wearing heavy underclothing than to run the risk of a chill.

The following letter from a lady in Sicily Island, La., graphically illustrates the distressing consequences that are liable to follow a simple cold.

"In February, 1896, I had a severe cold which settled on my lungs, resulting in a serious cough. My appetite failed, and I became so weak that I was scarcely able to walk across the room. I weighed only ninety-four pounds, and had given up all hope of recovery when I happened to read an article in a newspaper describing some cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and concluded to try them.

"I commenced using them, and before I had taken half a box I felt like a new creature. My appetite was restored, my cough grew less, and I was able to sleep soundly at night, which I had been unable to do for months before.

"After taking two boxes of the pills I was weighed again and to my astonishment my weight was 114 pounds, a gain of 19 pounds. Previous to taking the pills I had suffered with cold hands and feet, but now have no trouble whatever from that source.

"I can truly say I am now in better health than I have been for years. The effect of the Pink Pills is wonderful, and I can recommend them in all cases of debility and weakness.

MRS. A. L. STAFFORD."

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 an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y.

The Surprise of All.

Mr. James Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill., in speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wife was attacked with La Grippe, and her case grew so serious that physicians at Cowden and Pana could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into Hasty Consumption. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from first dose, and half dozen dollar bottles cured her sound and well. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to do this good work. Try it. Free trial bottles at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

How She Managed It.

Ella—"He seemed to question me with his eyes all the evening."

Hattie—"Then I suppose you used your no's in answering him?"

Ella—"On the contrary, I waited until he found his voice, and then—. Don't you think my engagement ring is lovely, dear?"—Chicago News.

O. W. O. Hardman, when sheriff of Tyler Co., W. Va., was, at one time, almost prostrated with a cold. He used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and was so much pleased with the quick relief and cure it afforded him, that he gave the following unsolicited testimonial: "To all who may be interested, I wish to say, that I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and find it invaluable for coughs and colds." For sale by all druggists.

I had the rheumatism so badly that I could not get my hand to my head. I tried the doctor's medicine without the least benefit. At last I thought of Chamberlain's Pain Balm; the first bottle relieved all of the pain, and one-half of the second bottle effected a complete cure.—W. J. Holland, Holland, Va. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is equally good for sprains, swellings and lameness, as well as burns, cuts and bruises, for sale at all drug stores.

"Cats have more sense than dogs."

"What makes you think so?"

"You never see a cat hanging around a man who has kicked it."—Chicago Record.

Fifty dollars and costs.

Prisoner—But it is impossible for me to raise that amount at once, your honor.

Judge—Then take your time—six months.—Chicago News.

Fond Mother—Oh, [illegible] Peter, I thought I told you not to play with your [illegible]

Peter—I call th[illegible] Salvation Army on Sunday.

'Tisn't safe to be a day without Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the house. Never can tell what moment an accident is going to happen.

Senator Stewart's Muscle.

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, takes as much pride in his physical strength as do younger athletes. The other day one of the junior Senators, passing him by in the cloak room, called out by way of greeting: "Well, Senator, you're looking mighty fine this morning."

"You may have meant that ironically," said the silver Solon, "but I am feeling fine, and just to show you how fine I feel I've a mind to toss you over my shoulder."

"Nonsense!" replied the younger senator. "You couldn't do it."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when Senator grasped him firmly about the body and lightly tossed him over his shoulder, much to the skeptic's astonishment. Senator Stewart attributes his fine physical condition to the out-of-door life he has always led. In the early days in California he was of necessity much in the open, and since he has been in Washington he has not allowed his legislative duties to interfere with his habit of life. The Senator is an excellent pedestrian, he learned to ride the bicycle at an age when most men are getting ready to die and almost any day can be seen riding in a Brewster buggy behind a fast roadster, his white beard blown about by the wind and his jovial face looking out from beneath a slouch hat, on the way to the farm which he owns in Montgomery county.—Syracuse Standard.

During the past two years, Mrs. J. W. Alexander, wife of the editor of the Waynesboro, (Miss.) Times, has, in a great many instances, relieved her baby when in the first stages of croup, by giving it Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. She looks upon this remedy as a household necessity and believes that no better medicine has ever been put in bottles. There are many thousands of mothers in this broad land, who are of the same opinion. It is the only remedy that can always be depended upon as a preventive and cure for croup. The 25 and 50 cents bottle are for sale by all druggists.

Woman's Best Friend—Dirt's Worst Enemy.

Largest package—greatest economy.
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago. St. Louis. New York. Boston. Philadelphia.

AUTUMN BICYCLING

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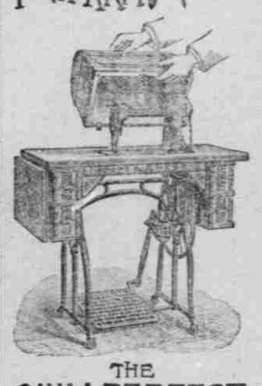

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—FOR SALE BY—
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Has been refitted with New Machinery and is now prepared to furnish
Stoves, Plows and Castings
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Office and Works near the R. R. Station.
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Edison's Courtship.

The idea of the great electrician Edison marrying was first suggested by an intimate friend, of whom Edison timidly inquired who he should marry. The friend somewhat testily replied "Anyone." But Edison was not without sentiment when the time came. One day, as he stood behind the chair of a Miss Stillwell, a telegraph operator in his employ, he was not a little surprised when she suddenly turned round and said:

"Mr. Edison, I can always tell when you are behind me or near me."

Edison fronted the young lady, and looking, at her fixedly, said:

"I've been thinking considerably about you of late, and if you are willing to marry me I would like to marry you."

The young lady said she would talk the matter over with her mother. The result was their marriage, and a very happy one it proved to be."—Boston Journal.

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
Cook & Beerits,
Wednesday, Jan. 13, 1898.

Apples,	per bu	60 to 80
	dried, ℔	4c
	evaporated ℔	12c
Apple Butter, per gal		50c
Butter,	roll, per ℔	20c
	fresh bkg, per ℔	15c
	creamery, per ℔	20c
Beeswax, per ℔		25
Bacon,	country ham, per ℔	10 to 12c
	sugar cured ham, per ℔	12½c
	side, per ℔	6 to 6c
	shoulder, per ℔	6 to 8c
Beans,	white navy, per bus	50c
	Lima, per ℔	4c
Coffee,	green, per ℔	20c
	roasted, per ℔	15c
Cement,	Cuinberland, per bbl	$1.35
	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 ℔		15-18c
Lard, per ℔		7 to 10c
Lime, per bbl		$1.00
Molasses, N. O., per gal		60c
Onions, per bus		100
Potatoes, per bus		60 to 70c
Peaches, evaporated, per ℔		10 to 15c
Prunes, per ℔		8 to 10c
Salt,	N. Y., per bbl	$1.1
	Pittsberg, per bbl	1.03
	Dairy, ¼ bus sacks	35c
	" ½ " "	50c
	" 1 bus sacks	$3.25
	ground alum, 180 ℔ sacks	90c
Sugar,	maple, per ℔	8 to 8c
	imported yellow, per ℔	5c
	white, A, per ℔	6⅛c
	granulated, per ℔	6⅛c
	Cube, or pulverized, per ℔	7c
Syrup,	per gal	35c
	maple, per gal	60 to 75c
Stoneware, gallon		8c
Pillow, per ℔		5 to 5c
Vinegar, per gal		20 to 25c
Seeds,	timothy, per bus	$1.65 to $1.75
	clover, per bus	5.00 to 5.00
	" crimson, per bus	4.00
	" alfalfa, per bus	8.00
	" Alsyke, per bus	7.50
Millet, German, per bus		1.25
Grain	barley, white beardless, per bus	1.25
	buckwheat, per bus	37c
	corn, ear, per bus	40c
	" shelled, per bus	35c
	oats, per bus	28 to 32c
	rye, per bus	50c
Feed	wheat, per bus	90c
	bran, per 100 ℔	80c
	corn and oats chop, per 100 ℔	80c
Flour,	flour, roller process, per bbl	$5.00
	" spring patent and fancy high grade	$4.25 to 4.60
	flour, lower grade per 100 ℔	$1.20 to $1.35
Middlings,	white, per 100 ℔	90c
	red, per 100 ℔	80c

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch.

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 7:00 a. m., Somerset 8:00, Stoyestown 9:03, Hooversville 9:09, Johnstown 11:10.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:29 a. m., Somerset 11:45, Stoyestown 12:13, Hooversville 12:24, Johnstown 1:10 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:10 p. m., Somerset 5:45 Stoyestown 6:13, Hooversville 6:24, Johnstown 7:05.

SOUTHWARD.

*Mail.—Johnstown 8:30 a. m., Hooversville 9:10, Stoyestown 9:34, Somerset 10:2 Rockwood 10:35.

Express.—Johnstown 1:30 p. m., Hooversville 2:08, Stoyestown 2:26, Somerset 2:57, Rockwood 3:45.

*Daily.

D. B. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 29, 1897.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

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

WESTWARD.

Western Express	4:35	a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:08	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:52	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:20	"
Way Passenger	2:50	p. m.
Pittsburg Express	4:33	"
Mail	5:36	"
Fast Line	9:08	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:30	"

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	1:28	a. m.
Seashore Express	5:00	"
Altoona Accommodation	8:24	"
Day Express	9:40	"
Main Line Express	10:15	"
Altoona Accommodation	12:2	p. m.
Mail Express	3:15	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:50	"
Philadelphia Express	7:11	"
Fast Line	10:50	"

For rates, maps, &c., call on Ticket Agent 156 Address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 360 Fifth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.
B. Hutchinson, J. R. Wood.

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