A Daughter Saved.

WONDERFUL RECOVERY OF MISS HATTIE KING.

Stricken to the Bed and upon the Verge of Insanity—She Finds a Remedy when Hope had Almost Fled—The Best Physicians Failed to do Anything for Her.

From the Rhenon, Rhoco, N. Y.

Miss Hattie King, of 94 Humboldt Street, Ithaca, N. Y., who was recently so ill that little hope was entertained of her recovery, has entirely regained her health. Her case is one of unusual interest. Following is substantially the language of her stepfather, Chas. M. Burnett, corroborated by that of the mother, in speaking to a reporter of the *Ithacan:*

MISS HATTIE KING.

"Hattie is now seventeen years old. A year ago last August she began to complain of dizziness, which became gradually worse. She suffered excessive nausea and attacks of vomiting. There were days when she could keep little or nothing on her stomach. She also was troubled with kidney disease. Her blood was so thin that the drop or two drawn by the prick of a needle was almost as colorless as water. She had trouble with her heart and often fainted from the slightest exertion, as upon rising from bed, or from a chair.

"Another bad symptom was a cough, which was so unremitting that it was the general opinion of our friends that she was consumptive. She lost flesh rapidly. Sometimes she would be confined to the bed for two or three weeks, then be around again, but only to suffer a relapse.

"She was not only a physical wreck, but her mind was affected, and at times she had no realization of what she was doing. We feared, in fact, a complete mental overthrow and consequent removal to an asylum, for although we had two of the best physicians in the city, and had tried several proprietary medicines, none benefited her.

"We had read considerable about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and had also heard of some cases where they had done good and we decided to give them a trial. We purchased some at the drug store of White & Burdick, of this city.

"Hattie began to take the pills in the early part of January of this year. Improvement was noticeable after the first box had been taken. The first hopeful sign that I noticed was that she did not complain of headache. The attacks of dizziness also began to abate in frequency, and she ceased to cough. One after another, the distressing symptoms left her. She took, in all, nine boxes of the pills. At the present time she is in perfect health. The alteration in her mind and body is almost past belief.

"I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they saved the life of our daughter."

(Signed) CHARLES M. BURNETT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me May 8th, 1897. C. R. WOLCOTT, *Notary Public,*

Inland for Tompkins County, N. Y.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People 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 Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

FIERCE NAVAL FIGHT

THE WYOMING'S HEROIC BATTLE WITH THE JAPANESE.

Against Overwhelming Odds the American Commander McDugall Fought One of the Most Daring and Successful Engagements In the History of Marine Warfare.

Strange as it may seem, the Wyoming's oriental battle is an almost unrecorded chapter of our naval annals, though it ranks even higher in point of daring and success against overwhelming odds than the defeat of the Alabama by the Wyoming's sister ship, the Kearsarge. But the Wyoming never was in very great luck as a naval star. She had her part throughout the civil war in all the hardest of blockading and cruising service, and fought well whenever she had the chance, but she did not have the luck of getting into the papers. She was sent off at the same time as the Kearsarge to cruise for that scourge of the seas, the Alabama, and just missed her by the merest chance on two occasions in the China seas.

It was in 1863, toward the end of the dual reign of the tycoon and the mikado, when Japan was in the throes of civil war, and the forces of the rebel princes were resisting to the last the passing of the old feudal system. The Prince of Nagato was one of these, and from his tiny kingdom that fronted on the straits of Simonoseki he declared himself lord paramount of everything in sight, including the neighboring seas, from which he took generous toll as did ever the pirate chiefs of Tarifa. He had laid violent hands and hot shot upon the vessels of various powers, including Great Britain, France, the Netherlands and the United States.

Meantime Prince Nagato throve and flourished by the strait of Simonoseki, and failing one day to wring tribute or blackmail by any other means he fired on the American merchantman Pembroke and killed a couple of her crew. There was another diplomatic protest of the combined foreign representatives to the Japanese government, and Commander McDugall, who happened to be in port with the Wyoming, suggested that if the mikado could not take a fall out of his rebellious subject the Wyoming could and would without much urging. This struck the government as a good thing and an easy way out of the international difficulty, so McDugall was given carte blanche to settle accounts with the Prince of Nagato in behalf of all the powers concerned, and he forthwith sailed away.

It was the middle of July when the Wyoming found herself in the strait of Simonoseki and in sight of the shore batteries which were a part of the prince's defenses to seaward. Before she had time to open on the batteries two Japanese gunboats loomed up, one ahead and one astern, in the narrow strait, and presently a third came cruising out from among the neighboring islands. It was a nasty place for a fight, McDugall being without charts or pilots, and the odds were more than enough for Nelson himself, being 48 guns of the three Japanese vessels to the 26 of the old Wyoming, to say nothing of the batteries on shore. There was still a chance to run, barring some danger of grounding in the narrow channels among the islands, but the idea does not seem to have occurred to any one aboard the frigate.

Working to windward of the nearest Japanese, the Wyoming opened at long range and worked down on her till, when close aboard, there was nothing of the enemy left standing above decks. The other two vessels had come up in the meantime and engaged the American on either side, but she lay to and gave them shot for shot, port and starboard, till her gunners were smoke blind and the flame of the guns no longer served to light the battleclouds that rolled in white billows over the smooth waters of the strait. It was desperate work in the shallow water, but the Wyoming was the best vessel, and she outmaneuvered her two opponents from start to finish, though twice aground and once afire, with as many men knocked out from splinters and heat as from the enemy's shot.

Fighting themselves out of one smoke patch into another, the three combatants circled around like two crows and a kingbird till they had drifted down in range of the shore batteries, which gayly took a hand in the game. But McDugall ran across the bows of one of his enemies, raked her as he went and left her a floating wreck, and then turned his attention to the batteries. The Wyoming's men rigged the smith's forge on deck and tossed hot shot into the works ashore till they set them afire and the soldiers fled, and the other Japs on the remaining cruiser, deciding enough was as good as a feast, followed their example.

So McDugall mended his rigging and patched his bulwarks, and meanwhile sent word to the recalcitrant prince to come down and settle or he would sail inland and shell the royal palace about its royal owner's ears.

The prince, who was no less discreet than Colonel Crockett's coon, came down promptly, and of the resulting indemnity $300,000 fell to the lot of the United States. It was many years before this money got into the treasury of the United States, but meantime the state department had charge of it and had invested it so well that there was a very little short of $2,000,000 finally turned over to the government, which, after all, was pretty good pay for one day's fighting, with a loss of only five killed and six wounded.—Washington Post.

Misunderstood.

Doctor—I just met your wife. That medicine I sent her by you seems to have benefited her greatly.

Dumley—Sent her? Why, doctor, I thought you said that was for me, and I was in the hospital a week after I took it.—Richmond Dispatch.

FATE OF THE SHIP'S PET.

A Fourth of July Celebration Which Ended In Disaster.

"That billygoat the boys had for a mascot on the New York," remarked the paymaster's clerk, "suggests a monkey that my father used to tell me about that they had on a frigate in the times before the war. This monkey the sailors had picked up somewhere in the Indian ocean countries.

"The ship was stationed in the China ports for a year, and during that time the monkey was the light and joy of the whole crew. When the Fourth of July came around, permission was asked from the harbor authorities of the port where they were to fire a salute, and preparations were made for doing it in style. The regular salute was fired, and then it was proposed that the crew sing 'The Star Spangled Banner' and fire a gun for chorus. The gun was loaded and everything was left ready while the crew went to the main deck, where something to drink the health of the nation was to be served before the song was sung, and the gunner was to be sent back to shoot off the chorus.

"The programme was carried out to the letter. Then the men scattered, and somebody thought of the monkey. But he was not to be found. The cook hadn't seen him, nor had the cook's boy, nor would he respond to any of the calls that usually brought him flying. What had become of him no one knew until 6 o'clock, when a boat's crew went ashore to a big spring for water. The ship lay off from this spring about a quarter of a mile, and over it was a big shade tree. When the men came to the spring, they noticed in the branches of the tree something that had a familiar look to it, and knocking it out with sticks and stones they found the pink nose of their poor little pet attached to a few shreds and patches of monkey skin.

"That told the story of the disappearance of Mug, the monkey. He had in a spirit of sport chased himself into the mouth of that saluting cannon and when they fired it Mug went ashore."—Washington Star.

LINCOLN ESCAPED.

A Vain Attempt to Inoculate Him With Smallpox In 1861.

During the exciting period of 1861 great fears were entertained for the safety of the president, and every precaution was taken to insure his personal protection.

One morning there appeared at the White House a woman, closely veiled, demanding an immediate interview with Mr. Lincoln. Approaching Messenger Perkins, who guarded the door of Mr. Lincoln's private office, the visitor make known her request and pleaded earnestly that she be admitted to a personal interview. The doorkeeper's orders were, however, very strict, and finding her eloquence all in vain she finally compromised by confiding her message to the courteous but firm employee. Taking him to one side, the veiled lady seized both his hands in hers and tenderly rubbed them as she extracted a promise that he would immediately deliver her request to the president. Perkins was almost overcome by a most peculiar odor that appeared to emanate from his companion and hastened to get rid of her without creating a scene.

No sooner had he accomplished this than he confided to one of the official household the effect produced upon him while in conversation with the importunate visitor. A physician who was present promptly divined the truth and instituted a search for the woman, when it was learned that she had driven rapidly away in a carriage, and all trace was lost. Perkins was immediately ordered to return to his home and await developments.

Within the usual period he was taken ill with one of the worst cases of virulent smallpox on record, and for weeks lay at the point of death. Upon his recovery the faithful messenger, whose devotion to duty doubtless saved the life of the president, was appointed by Mr. Lincoln to a permanent position on the clerical force of the war department.—Washington Post.

One of the Mean Ones.

A worthy old Gentleman in the Country, having employ'd an Attorney, of whom he had a pretty good Opinion, to do some Law Business for him in London, he was greatly surprised on his coming to Town, and demanding his Bill of Law Charges, to find that it amounted to at least three Times the Sum he expected; the honest Attorney assured him that there was no Article in his Bill but what was fair and reasonable: Nay, said the Country Gentleman, here is one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three Shillings and four Pence for going to Southwark, when none of my Business lay that Way; pray what is the Meaning of that Sir; Oh! Sir, said he, that was for fetching the Chine and Turkey from the Carriers, that you sent me for a Present, out of the Country.—"Joe Miller's Jest Book," 1739.

Consideration.

Clerk—I have been in your employ now going on five years, and I am getting the same salary I started with.

Proprietor—I know it, but every time that I've made up my mind to cut you down or discharge you something has reminded me of your wife and little ones at home, and so I just couldn't do it. There, my man, you see I have a heart as well as a head.—Chicago News.

The mushroom's life is measured by hours, but it flourishes long enough for an insect to hang its egg on the edge of the "umbrella" and for the egg to become an insect ready to colonize the next "silver button" that pushes up.

Meerschaum is a silicate of magnesia and is to be found chiefly in Asia Minor, Greece and Madrid.

THINK NOT AGAIN OF ME.

Dark sorrow's wings brood o'er my soul,
And neath their baneful power
My flowers have withered like the dews
Upon a blooming flower.
No more I roam the realms of bliss,
From pangs of anguish free.
Thy love must ne'er, ne'er be mine.
Think not again of me.

When in the halls of revelry,
Of music and of mirth,
Oh, I would have thee to forget
That e'er we met on earth!
I would not wreck thy bark of life
Upon an unknown sea.
Go share thy love with some fond heart
And waste it not on me.

The shell that is by ocean cast
Upon the sandy shore
Still in its secret, deep recess
Keeps echoing its roar.
So in my heart, which fate has thrown
Upon love's hidden reef,
Still echoes my lost loved one's tones
Amid my tears of grief.

—New York Ledger.

THE OLD CLERK.

A Pathetic Picture Too Frequently Presented In the Business World.

He is a familiar figure in almost every business house—the old clerk. White haired, thin, with clothes that are always of decent black and scrupulously brushed, he has sat behind the same desk or stood behind the same counter for dear knows how many years, growing thinner and older and mustier as the time went by. Sometimes we meet him in the early morning going down to office or store, walking the same route he has trod for 20 or 30 years with a regularity so perfect that the very policeman on the beat might set his watch by his movements. Often, late at night, when we are going home from the theater we see him through the iron grated window, still bending over his ledger, for he works slowly nowadays and must work overtime to make up his accounts. His eyes are growing dim and he fumbles with his glasses, his hands are losing their trick of deft penmanship, and his brain its swiftness. He does not understand it, but the fly boys all about him, young enough to be his sons, rush through their tasks and are out and gone while he is still laboring over his. Slowly but surely it is being borne in on him that he cannot compete with them.

In the manager's office he is already becoming a problem. Customers have begun to complain of his slowness. A man, not intentionally cruel, called out that he wanted somebody who was alive to wait on him; not that old fossil. A woman complained that he had not matched a sample and asked why they kept blind people. The old clerk heard them, and it sounded like the knell of his own foreboding thoughts. He knows that the time is coming when he must go. He has seen it happen before with others. First he will be retired to some other department, with less work and less pay. They will remember for a time the many years of faithful service in which he has seen the firm grow from small beginnings to present wealth.

Then after a time they will forget even that, and one day when he has been slower than usual or some mistake has passed unnoticed by his dim eyes they will send for him to come to the president's room, and he will be told that they think it best to put a boy in that department—somebody who is young and quick and can get about swiftly. Sometimes they give him a little pension, oftener not, but in either case he goes out a poor, heart broken old man. They talk to him of enjoying leisure, but he has never learned the art of idling, and so he hangs about the store after he is dismissed, walking by it through sheer force of habit. To others it is a commonplace enough store or office. To him it is the mausoleum where lies buried his youth, with all its dreams and hopes and ambitions, and there is a tear under the smile on his wintry old face as he says that he has left Blank & Blank's and has got too old to work.—New Orleans Picayune.

A SELFISH SHAH.

The High Prices of Persian Lamb Capes Accounted For.

The shah of Persia may be only in the 2:30 class in matters of diplomacy and he does not dare exactly to slap Queen Victoria or Kaiser Wilhelm on the back when the potentates chance to meet, but, so far as matters in Persia are concerned, when the shah makes a law it is generally enforced to the letter.

A case in point may be cited in the matter of Persian lambskin. Persian lambskins are and have long been an article of staple demand in the commercial world. They have commanded such good prices that the supply was hardly equal to the demand. Consequently, when the shah one day ordered spring lamb with mint sauce, the cook was obliged to confess that the dish was beyond the command of the Persian treasury. Of course the cook was promptly beheaded, but the shah could not find another cook who would agree to furnish spring lamb whenever his majesty desired to indulge in that delicacy.

This naturally irritated the shah. After consulting with three or four of his most trusted advisers, who could see no way out of the difficulty and who consequently disappeared from their homes and society in a mysterious manner, the shah finally decided that the commerce of Persia was threatened by the extinction of Persian sheep and Persian lambs. Consequently he made a decree that any person found with lambskins in his possession for purposes of trade or commerce would be fined heavily. Since then the export trade in Persian lambskins has stopped with a blunt and nauseating jar.—Boston Advertiser.

A Shrewd Surmise.

The professor, who by the way was of Irish extraction, was presiding over the class in English literature.

"What are the meaning and derivation of the word 'impediment?'"

"'Impediment' from the Latin 'pedes,' meaning 'feet,' is something in the way; literally 'in the way of the feet.'"

"Very well. Some one give me a sentence using the word correctly."

"He had an impediment in his speech."

"That," quickly retorted the professor, with the flash on his face which always heralded his wit, "must have been the man who never opened his mouth without putting his foot in it."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Dutch Ironclad.

It is of interest to note that according to some authorities the Dutch were the first in the modern period of history to build an ironclad and that during the siege of Antwerp by the Spaniards in 1585 the people of that city built an enormous flat bottomed vessel, armored it with heavy iron plates and thus constructed what they regarded as an impregnable battery. This they named Finis Belli. Unfortunately the vessel got aground before coming into action and fell into the hands of the enemy. It was held by Alexander of Parma to the end of the siege as a curiosity, but was never employed by either side in any action.—Cassier's Magazine.

Surmounting the Obstacle.

Her Papa—I'm afraid, young man, that you and my daughter would not be happy together. You might get along all right for a long time and agree on important matters, but what would happen when the little things came to worry?

Her Lover—Well-er-we could hire a nurse.—New York Journal.

A Pleasant Anniversary.

Mr. Frankstown—Spiffin's birthday comes next week. Let's give a smoker in his honor.

Mr. Larimer—That's the very thing. Spiffins doesn't use cigars and can't bear the smell of tobacco.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

OUR STORED UP POWER.

Mr. Staybolt Considers Man as Built Upon a Compartment Plan.

"Man is, as one might say," said Mr. Staybolt, "built in series of compartments, though he may not know this fact at the outset, and he may indeed go through life and die without knowing it, taking with him unused stocks of ability and strength that he had never known he possessed, simply because they were never brought into play. As to what will bring their qualities into play men differ. There are some few men who command themselves, and some who open at a touch, and then there are many who respond only to the most urgent call. But there are few men who cannot in some way be moved to action.

"This brings me, for illustration, to a brief consideration of the personal quality commonly denominated as sand, of which, I imagine, most of us possess far more than we suspect, for there are few men who finally run away—mighty few who will not stand up and fight when they feel that they are really called upon. But our sand is in compartments, and most of us, I fancy, open only one and make that last through life, and we die without knowing how brave we are unless some great occasion, independent of ourselves, opens another compartment and shows us what we really have in reserve. I might add that there are few if any revelations that come to us in life that give us greater pleasure or more enlarge our horizon.

"The moral of all this is that in our good qualities we should trust ourselves without hesitation. There are qualities, which will easily suggest themselves, which it would be better to leave unused, better for ourselves and for everybody else if the compartments containing them were never opened, but as to such qualities as pluck, endurance, energy, capacity and moral strength we should call upon ourselves freely. We should not take down with us, as otherwise we are almost certain to do, stores of these valuable qualities untouched, but rather we should draw upon them now and constantly and confidently, and so doing we shall be gratified with our constant growth in strength and more than gratified with the attending substantial rewards."—New York Sun.

OUR DEBT TO BUMBLEBEES.

The Part These Busy Workers Play In the Fertilization of Flowers.

Barney Hoskin Standish writes an article on "The Bumblebee" for St. Nicholas. Mr. Standish says: The work of the bumblebee in bringing about the cross fertilization of flowers is as important as that of the honeybee, and these two stand at the head of the list of insects useful in this respect. Each has its flowers which it alone visits, but there are many flowers on neutral ground visited by both. So we may say of the bumblebee, as of the honeybee, the more bumblebees the more seeds; the more seeds the more flowers—especially wild flowers, as the tall bellflower, touch me not, Solomon's seal, gentian, Dutchmen's breeches and turtle head. But probably the most important work this insect does for agriculture is upon the fields of red clover. There is abundant proof that this plant will not produce seed without the cooperation of the bumblebee. It is impossible for the wind to bring about the fertilization of the seed, as it may do in the case of Indian corn, grain and some forest trees. The tube of red clover blossoms, too, is so long that other insects (including the honeybee) are not regular visitants.

Here is proof that this plant must have visits from the bumblebee. This insect is not a native of Australia, and red clover failed to produce seed there until bumblebees were imported. As soon as they became numerous the plant could be depended upon for seed. Again, the blossoms of the first crop of the Medium Red clover of our own country are just as perfect as those of the second crop, but there are too few bumblebees in the field, so early in the season, to produce fertilization, hence little or no seed in this crop. If bumblebees were sufficiently numerous, there is no reason why much larger yields of clover seed might not be expected than at present.

Here is what a well informed farmer says about it:

"It was formerly thought that the world rested on the shoulders of Atlas. I can prove that its prosperity rests on the bumblebee. The world cannot prosper without the farmers' product. The farm will not be productive without clover. We cannot raise clover without seed, and we cannot have clover seed without the bumblebee, because it is this insect that carries the pollen from flower to flower, securing its development and continuance. Let us learn to know and to protect our friends."

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING.

If All Saw Things Alike, This Would Be an Uninteresting World.

"It is a pity that more of us cannot cultivate the twofold way of looking at things," writes Edward W. Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal. "There would be less friction in life if we did, and sweeter sympathy, kinder understanding and broader and fuller living. The fact is that we never reach the dignity of true living unless we do learn this all important lesson. And that it may be cultivated admits of no doubt. It is simply a question of schooling ourselves not to condemn generally what individually does not happen to be to our taste. If, for example, we prefer brown as a color, there is no reason on earth why we should condemn the taste of any one who preferred to wear green. What the vast majority of us need is to be a little more self poised, more judicial, more willing to see good in the tastes of others, although they do not please our own particular fancies. It we all thought alike, read the same books, saw the same plays, wore the same colors, this would be an exceedingly uninteresting world.

"We cannot see all things in the same way, but we can come near to justice and true respect by taking a twofold view of things while still retaining our strong individual views. Seeing a possible good or use for everything does not necessarily mean a weak individuality. The most uncomfortable people in the world are those who assert their judgments in a hard, decisive and final manner, as if they were courts of last resort. On the other hand, the brightest and best minds are those that have most respect for the opinions of others."

Remenyi and Pumpernickel.

"My first meeting with Remenyi," says H. J. Cleveland, "was over a livery stable in Council Bluffs. A concert hall was there and he was to play. A jackass in a stall beneath persistently brayed. Remenyi would not play. I was on my way to Japan, or thought I was, and introduced myself to him after his audience had been dismissed. He begged of me to find some pumpernickel for him. I searched Pearl street resorts until I found some and took it to his room. He ate with satisfaction and then played for me, played until, boy as I was, I cried. That was at 2 o'clock in the morning, and in a large hotel filled with people. We had the halls filled with people in their nightrobes before that private concert ended. His love for pumpernickel was no more strange than that of Janauschek for stale beer, and I have got many a pint of that for her after a most thrilling depiction of Mary, queen of Scots."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Sensible.

"Who is that I see you feeding nearly every night in the kitchen, Mollie?"

"That's my intended, the policeman, ma'am."

"Well, if he's your intended, why don't you marry him?"

"I'm waitin till his appetite goes down a bit, ma'am."—Yonkers Statesman.

TRICKS OF THIEVING.

HOW SHOPLIFTERS PILFER IN NEW YORK'S BIG STORES.

Women Who Use Clever Children Trained to the Business as Aids In Their Nefarious Calling—The Close Watch of the Store Detective.

Schools for shoplifters are not advertised, but they thrive. Female Fagins are no longer regarded as phenomenal criminals—they are considered well established enemies to the police. Vigilance versus shoplifters, though, is a contest in which the store thieves are invariably brought to grief.

As a woman leading a little girl passed from counter to counter in a Sixth avenue store one day last week another woman closely followed and never took her eyes off her. The woman with the little girl walked and talked rapidly. They asked for nothing; their eyes sought much. Their stops at various counters seldom lasted more than a second. When they had reached the jewelry department, their pace slackened. As they passed a counter where a sale of gold mounted combs was in progress the woman's arm flew out from beneath a black cape and back again. With the arm on its return trip had gone one of the most handsome and expensive combs.

On the woman and the little girl passed until they came opposite a tray of earrings. The clerk was about to return the tray to its case.

"What pretty stones, mamma!" exclaimed the child.

"Yes, my dear," responded the woman, "but we won't look at them today."

"Oh, yes. Let's stop. You know you promised to buy me some earrings for my birthday."

"I know, but your birthday is still far away."

"Why, mamma, you know that it is next Tuesday."

"My goodness! The child tells the truth. How time does fly! Well, we'll look at them, but I'll not promise you to buy them today."

Then begins the examination of children's earrings. Mother and daughter look at them critically—they admire most of them. This goes on for several minutes, the mother protesting to the child that the purchase should not be made today. Diamond earrings of all sizes are in the tray.

A customer steps up to make an inquiry. The clerk turns her eyes for an instant toward her questioner. One of the largest of the diamond earrings gives a flash and is gone. The little girl comes between her mother and the counter. When the customer is gone, the little girl has two small earrings in her hand and says:

"Won't you get mamma to buy me this pair?"

While the clerk smiles and the mother is saying they will call again in a day or two the large diamond earring is being fastened inside the cape. The mother thanks the clerk, then they hurry from the store.

They are scarcely out on the sidewalk before a command is whispered in the woman's ear:

"Return that stolen property."

The girl takes to her heels. A man follows and catches her.

The woman calls it an outrage. She protests; says she'll make them pay for the insult. She grows hysterical. They lead the two back to a side door. They take them into the searcher's room. Then the woman detective carefully examines all their clothing. The child cries. The woman becomes silent. She sees it's all up. What's the use of going to the trouble of making another scene? The child is 12 years old and has been but a week under instruction. Being arrested is new to her.

A society takes the child. Her teacher in crime, the woman who posed as her mother, is held for trial.

This is but a sample case. In the same store last week there were 15 arrests for shoplifting. Those of the prisoners who had never been in such scrapes before were released. This particular store tries to avoid the courts as much as possible.

One woman who was arrested wore a shoplifter's skirt. This skirt consists chiefly of pockets. There are pockets of all widths and depths. This skirt is usually worn as an underskirt. An opening is provided in the overskirt, through which the pocket filled skirt is easily accessible.

In the concealed pockets of the woman mentioned were found two pieces of embroidery, several rolls of silk braid, six remnants of silk, several pieces of jewelry and a pair of shoes. Two of the store detectives, a man and a woman, had watched the purloining of all these articles.

It is the rule of most stores that no shoplifters are to be arrested until they reach the street. Scenes caused by arrests are very undesirable in a place of business. Besides this, those placed under arrest in stores often make the defense that they did not intend to take the goods away—they simply desired to examine them in a good light.

One shoplifter, arrested last week, and one on whom the stolen goods were found, had six children at home. The youngest was 6 months old. The woman's husband has a good business. He furnished bail for her. When the proprietors of the store learned that the woman had a 6-months-old child at home they withdrew the complaint against her. The woman's husband said he could not understand why she should wish to steal.

Store detectives deny that there is any such thing as kleptomania.

"Kleptomania is a mistaken notion that some women have that stores are easily victimized," is the definition that the detectives give.—New York Telegram.

Spiders' Web Silk.

It would appear from all accounts that M. Chacot's enterprise of the manufacture of spiders' web silk is to be pursued on a large scale, a factory in Paris having been taken for the purpose. Here the spiders will be kept and worked at regular hours, and when one of them is used up he will be fed and helped back to condition again, while another will take his place on the bobbin. An expert, fully acquainted with the habits of the insect, will be in control of the spider department of the factory, the care of them, feeding, housing, etc.

In obtaining the requisite supply, if the latter exceeds what is necessary for the industry, experiments will be made with a view to ascertaining which of the different varieties produces the finest quality of silk, and in this way those not favored with a fine web will be weeded out. Trials will likewise be made with different diets in order to determine whether or not it is possible to train the spider to give forth a web that is an improvement on the ordinary product, the expectation being that perseverance in this respect will result in securing a quality of silk hitherto unsurpassed.

What She Heard at Church.

He—I suppose your thoughts were all on your new bonnet during the sermon this morning?

She—No, indeed, they were not.

"I don't believe you can repeat anything that was said during the service."

"Yes, I can. I heard a lady behind me say, 'Isn't it stunning?'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Opinion is a light, vain, crude and imperfect thing settled in the imagination, but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the tincture of reason.—Ben Jonson.

Statistics show that in Antwerp alone nearly 4,000 horses were slaughtered last year for human consumption, and the number of shops dealing exclusively in horseflesh in the Belgian ports exceeds 30.

Wheat to Date.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

The manner of Leiter's collapse was dramatic, but nothing about it partaking in the least of surprise. Repeatedly during the last two months it has been shown that wheat could not continue to come forward from the farms as it had done without breaking the market. Wheat did come forward, and in spite of exports almost beyond precedent the market collapsed. With it collapsed also estimates of last year's yield, whether official or private. The government estimate fares worst as usual. If there was only 530,149,168 bushels, as the last estimate by the department reported on February 5, with 28,189,500 bushels visible supply increased by half for other stocks last July, the entire supply was 558,338,668 bushels, from which over 667,000,000 bushels have already been taken for the usual consumption and exports, and yet nearly twenty million bushels were left last Monday in visible supply alone. This puts the government estimate demonstrably in error about seventy million bushels.

Mr. Snow's estimate, though nearer right than any other, also collapses. He put the yield at 589,000,000, and the visible supply on June, 1, 1897, was 18,793,000, and, increased by half for other stock at the lowest point of the crop year, gave for the year's supply 617,189,500 bushels. The consumption calculated at the rate long sustained by experience, 4 2-3 bushels, upon the mean population for the year according to treasury accounts, has been 343,756,000 bushels for the year's food, and something over 54,000,000 bushels for seed since the acreage has increased, but with 397,756,000 bushels then distributed the exports in eleven and a half months have been 228,800,456 bushels, while 19,981,000 bushels remained in visible supply last Saturday. Thus no less than 628,336,456 bushels are accounted for already, besides such exports as may yet appear, and some allowance for invisible supply on July 1, but also for any decrease in visible supply. Since March 1, when Mr. Snow estimated 157,000,000 bushels in farmers' hands, with 34,088,000 visible, there have been about twenty million bushels used for spring seeding, and 115,508,000 bushels for consumption at the average rate for four months' population, and 58,671,145 bushels have been exported in fifteen days of June, with 19,681,000 bushels in visible supply, making 213,850,146 bushels already distributed, over 22,000,000 bushels more than the entire supply on March 1, as then estimated.

All these data prove that the yield of 1897 was something over 620,000,000 bushels, and how much over cannot be approximately determined. Doubtless high prices much of the time have led farmers to sell freely, but they have not sent to market wheat they did not have to send. It is open to anybody who chooses to say that estimates of prior years were much more in error than any one supposed. But the data here used have been constantly at the command of any large "merchant" like Mr. Leiter during all the recent months, and yet he persisted in holding and buying more to keep up the market, until Mr. Leiter the elder refused any further aid.

It is the custom to say that incalculable injury has been inflicted upon the people by such speculation. At any time and of necessity some injury is inflicted, but the circumstances this year have rendered the operation, on the whole, extremely beneficial to the farmers, to the thousands of working men who have secured larger employment and better wages in consequence of the enormous demand for goods from the farming region, and to the whole country through the great increase in the balance due to it from foreigners. What rise in prices would have resulted naturally from the unprecedented needs of other countries cannot, of course, be accurately judged. The actual advance for the last half of 1897, compared with the last half of 1896, was 20 cents a bushel, and for five months of 1898, compared with the same months of 1897, it was over 30 cents a bushel. 120,000,000 bushels having been exported in the first half and 79,000,000 in the five months of 1898. If Leiter was responsible for half the difference, he increased by $24,000,000 the sum paid by foreigners to this country, to say nothing of the rise in other grain through the influence of the wheat market. The increase of profits to farmers, and of purchases by them resulting in benefits to traders, manufacturers and workingmen, has obviously been much larger. Many have paid a little more for flour and bread, but it may well be doubted whether any of them have failed to secure a greater benefit through the assured prosperity of the country and the exceptional prosperity of the agricultural states.

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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, Pa., or G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

National Educational Association Meeting Washington, D. C., July 7 to 12 '98. Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

For this occasion the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. will sell tickets to Washington at the low rate of one fare for the round trip plus $2.00 membership fee (except that from Baltimore the rate will be $1.25 round trip). Tickets will be sold from Pittsburg, Parkersburg, Wheeling and points east thereof on July 4 to 7 inclusive, good returning, leaving Washington July 8 to 15 inclusive, with privilege of extension until August 31, 1898, if ticket is deposited with joint agent at Washington on or before July 12, and payment of fee of fifty (50) cents. Solid vestibuled trains from Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Columbus, Pittsburg, and intermediate points. The Royal Blue Trains between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, finest and fastest trains in America. Call on agent Baltimore & Ohio Railroad for full information concerning stopovers and side trips. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad is the most interesting, historical and scenic route in America.

Energy all gone? Headache? Stomach out of order? Simply a case of torpid liver. Burdock Blood Bitters will make a new man or woman of you.

Big and Little Divisions.

Teacher (showing off his pupils)—"Now, Johnny, tell us how the earth is divided."

Johnny (vivaciously)—"By earthquakes, sir."—Boston Traveler.

Situation at Santiago Harbor in a nutshell—Those that are in are crazy to get out, and those that are out are crazy to get in.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Notice to Farmers and Stock Breeders.

My Arabian Stallion will make the season of 1898 at the following stands on the dates given below:

Somerset, at Zeigler & Parson's barn, May 9 and 10, 19 and 21, June 1 and 2, 13 and 14, 24 and 25, July 1 and 2.

Slipsville, at George Fritz's, May 11 and 12, 23 and 24, June 3 and 4, 15 and 16, and 27.

Jenner X Roads, at Joseph J. Mishler's, May 2 and 3, 13 and 14, 25 and 26, June 6 and 7, 17 and 18, and 28.

Friedens, at Nathaniel Dickey's, May 4 and 5, 16 and 17, 27 and 28, June 8 and 9, 20 and 21, and 29.

Somerset Township, D. P. McAllister, May 6 and 7, 18 and 19, 30 and 31, June 10 and 11, 22 and 23, and 30.

Will be at Lavansville (home) with my horse on Saturday evening 7:30 o'clock and 5:30 o'clock Monday morning of the following dates, May 7 and 8, 21 and 22, June 11 and 12 25 and 27.

☞I will leave all stands at 5:30 p m., on second day. Persons coming from a distance kept free of charge.

J. H. COUNTRYMAN,
Owner and Keeper.

—THE—

Somerset Iron Works,

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OPERATED BY A NEW FIRM,

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Stoves, Pw s and Castings

Of all kinds on short notice.

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Best in use. Any size. Call and see it.

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BRASS GOODS,
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Having put in a new and complete line of Machine Tools, are now able to do all class of work, such as Re-boring Cylinders, Planing Valve and Valve Seats, or any kind of Engine Work that may be required. We earnestly solicit your work and will guarantee satisfaction.

Office and Works near the R. R. Station.

Somerset Iron Works,
Somerset, Pa.

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, June 22, 1898.

Apples,	per bu	$1.00
	dried, ℔	4c
	evaporated ℔	12c
Apple Butter, per gal		40 to 50c
Butter,	roll, per ℔	15c
	fresh keg, per ℔	16c
	creamery, per ℔	20c
Beeswax, per ℔		25
Bacon,	country ham, per ℔	10 to 12c
	sugar cured ham, per ℔	12½c
	side, per ℔	8 to 8c
	shoulder, per ℔	10 to 8c
Beans,	white navy, per bus	90c
	Lima, per ℔	5c
Coffee,	green, per ℔	15c
	roasted, per ℔	18c
Cement,	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.20 to 1.25
	Portland, per bbl	$3.50 to 4.00
Cornmeal, per ℔		1½c
Eggs, per doz		12c
Fish, lake herring,	½ bbl	per 70 ℔ $2.75
	¼ bbl	per 30 ℔ 1.35
Honey, white clover, per ℔		15-16c
Lard, per ℔		7 to 10c
Linseed, per bbl		$1.60
Molasses, N. O., per gal		30c
Onions, per bus		$1.00 to 1.10
Potatoes, per bus		60-75c
Peaches, evaporated, per ℔		8 to 10c
Prunes, per ℔		8 to 10c
Salt,	N. Y., per bbl	$1.15
	Pittsburg, per bbl	1.00
	Dairy, ½ bus sacks	20c
	" ¼ " "	50c
	" 4 bus sacks	$3.25
	ground alum, 180 ℔ sacks	90c
Sugar,	maple, per ℔	8 to 8c
	imported yellow, per ℔	5c
	white, A, per ℔	6¼c
	granulated, per ℔	6¼c
	Cube, or pulverized, per ℔	6c
Syrup,	per gal	30c
	maple, per gal	60 to 70c
Stoneware, gallon		5c
Tallow, per ℔		3 to 5c
Vinegar, per gal		20 to 30c
Seeds,	timothy, per bus	$1.60
	clover, per bus	$3.50 to 4.00
	" crimson, per bus	4.00
	" alfalfa, per bus	8.50
	" alsyke, per bus	7.50
Millet, German, per bus		1.25