The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLVII. NO. 12. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1898. WHOLE NO. 2457.

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Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $1 per annum if paid in advance, otherwise $1 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their paper will be held responsible for the subscription.

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DON'T WORRY.

Don't worry. In the tangled skein
Of life, a worrying thought
But complicates the kinks of pain
And tightens up each knot.
Make Will the master of your mood;
Through anxious fear and doubt,
No peace, no pleasure, and no good
Was ever brought about.

Don't worry. Do the best you can,
And let Hope conquer care.
No more is asked of any man
Than he has strength to bear.
The task is fitted for the load;
Your burdens all are planned;
And if you sing along the road
Kind Fate will lend a hand.

Don't worry. Fortune is a dame
You have to woo with smiles.
Whate'er her mood you must not blame
Nor criticise her wiles.
Trust God in shadow and in sun,
And luck will come your way,
But never since Old Time began
Has worry won the day.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Youth's Companion.

THE SARABAND'S SKIPPER.

The last half-hour of the steamship Saraband had come. All day she had lain in the pitiless bay, crouching under the fierce blast of the northeast gale, the seas sweeping her decks, and now all on board knew that she had but a short time to live.

She had had her day. Built to carry 120 passengers, she had once been one of the popular boats going through the newly opened canal to the east, and her long flush deck had been the scene of many a gay gathering when her passengers had assembled under the awnings to laugh, flirt and talk after dinner. But larger and faster boats had come, and her glory had departed, so that after many vicissitudes here she lay, her passenger accommodation taken out and the space filled with grain from the Black seaports, sinking.

Her decks were slanting at an angle of forty-five degrees, for the wheat had shifted, and she lay nearly on her beam ends; every movable thing had long been washed away, and one structure which should have been immovable—the engine hatch—had also been smashed in.

That was the immediate reason why she was going to founder; the engine room plates were awash and the fires in the stokehole were out, and for the last two hours she had only been kept head to sea by means of a sea anchor made of the derricks and spars. A portion of sea that came on board found its way through the makeshift contrivance of spars and tarpaulins nailed over the gaping chasm in her deck that marked the former position of the engine-hatch, and each found her a little lower in the water.

In the shelter of the bridge deck—the only structure which had been strong enough to resist the remorseless violence of the seas—clustered her crew, some thirty hands, hard-faced sailors and grimy firemen; the former quiet, apathetic, almost careless, the others, save for a few, dead-white with fear, spending their last moments in cursing with foolish, meaningless repetitions of the same words, the ship, their luck in coming in her, and the skipper for not making use of the remaining two boats which hung from their davits at the lee side of the bridge deck, and which from their elevated position had not gone when the other boats had been swept away. On the bridge stood the skipper and the mate, bearded, elderly men both, straining their eyes into the wall of mist and spray which relentlessly rushed down upon them, in the faint hope that some passing vessel might appear through the gloom of the gale.

At length the skipper turned and scrambled down the sloping bridge to where the mate crouched on the lee rail. "We shall have to try the boats, Mr. Smith; she'll not last much longer!" he shouted, the wind picking up each word as he uttered it and sweeping them away to leeward, as if jealous of the mate hearing them.

"It's a very poor chance," said the mate; "but I suppose it's our only one. How long do you give her?"

"Half an hour at the outside. Are the boats all ready?"

"They've been ready since morning," said the mate; "but can we get them in the water unsmashed, and won't the firemen rush them?"

"I don't think so," replied the skipper; "there's time enough and room enough for all to get away."

But his face took a grimmer look as he led the way down from the bridge to the chart-house, the mate following him. Inside they could hear each other with greater ease, and the skipper, while taking his revolver from a drawer, gave the mate his final instructions.

"We'll lower the forward lifeboat first, as she's the biggest; you will take charge of her, get your crew aboard, and have everyone in his place before we start to lower, so that you can shove off as soon as she touches the water. If those patents act you ought to be all right." (The boats were fitted with a patent contrivance by which the tackles holding them are automatically released the moment the boat is waterborne, so that there is no unhooking of blocks to be done while the boat is being dashed to pieces against the ship's side.)

"I shall be all right," said the mate, but what about you? Who's going to lower the fall of the after boat? You can't manage it from the boat itself, with all the crowd you will have on board."

"I'll lower her from the deck," said the skipper. "If they have have a long painter made fast to the ship, they can easily pull up again under the counter, and I'll make a jump for it."

"Mind you don't jump short; you'd have a poor chance with those boots and oilskins on," said the mate.

"Oh, I'll manage" replied the skipper, "Call the men up."

The men came up in a body, and the skipper came out on the deck revolver in hand.

"The ship is sinking," he said, "and I have decided to take to the boats. There's plenty of time and room for all to get away in safety, if you obey my orders. You will remain standing here until I call for a man to then the man whose name is called will take his place in the boat. Any man that starts for the boat before I tell him, I shoot, understand all?"

There was a low murmur from the men and the skipper continued:

"Mr. Smith will take charge of the boat."

The mate, with a look at the skipper, climbed into the boat as she hung in the davits. The skipper then called the names of the crew he proposed to send in her, sending first the sailors, so that the mate might place each in his proper station in the boat, before the firemen, etc., who would be of no use in the critical manœuvre of getting her away from the ship's side, crowded her up. But these same firemen did not understand his reason, and thought he was showing undue preference to his own men, and a heavier sea than usual striking the steamer, there was a cry of "She's going down, and he's sending the sailors first!" and a rush for the boat.

"Stand back!" cried the skipper.

Crack! and the leading fireman spread out his hands and pitched onto his face, rolling in a limp bundle down onto the lee rail. The rest of the men stopped. They might as well be drowned as shot, they huddled together, looking with horrified glances at their dead comrade. The skipper paused, lowered his revolver, and then called the next name; they had learned their lesson, and went quietly to the boat, which was got safely away, and drifted out of sight in the mist of the gale.

The other boat was filled without any mishap, and the skipper, the only man left on deck, lowered her; she also got clear away, and drifted out to the full length of her painter. The skipper walked to the lee rail to wait for them to haul up again. He had to pass the body of the dead man and he did not look at it. The boat was hauling up on the painter, and was getting close; the skipper got on the rail ready to jump. At that moment a fireman, the brother of the man he had shot, reached over the boat's bow, and, with a cry of "Blast you stop and drown with Bill!" cut the painter.

The distance between the ship and the boat began to widen instantly, and in spite of the frantic efforts of the sailors at the oars the deeply laden boat was swept away and blotted out in the mist. The skipper got down from the rails, and made his way back to the bridge deck. He had just ten minutes to live. Ten minutes to prepare for the next world, after years at sea!

He climbed up on the bridge again and sat on the canvas windscreen to think. His wife and children, who would look after them now? His wages were £16 per month; on that he had had but small chance to save. Well, he supposed the Shipmaster's Society would do something for her, but she would have to give up her little house at Forest Gate and drop from the position of a captain's wife to letting lodgers; perhaps one of the children could be got into an orphanage; if not, well, it meant starvation or the workhouse. He thought of his own life, of his hard, ill-used boyhood, cabin boy in a Quebec timber ship; of his manhood, spent in unremitting toil in all parts of the world; of the various ships he had commanded, in each of which he had been expected to use less coal, less paint, fewer provisions, and to go with smaller crews than in the last. He thought of the blackguards he had had to command as crews, and the trouble he had had with them, and the old sailor proverb rose to his lips. "To live hard, work hard, and go to hell after all, would be too damned hard." Well, he'd not had much fun out of life, and now he was going to find out what it all meant. Anyway he had always done his best for his ship.

His eyes fell on the dead body of the fireman. That too! If the man should indict him at the bar of the last judgment he would answer there, as he would have answered to an earthly court: "In my judgment it was necessary for the safety of the men in my charge." A sudden quiver warned him she was nearly gone, and he rose to his feet for one last look to windward. As he looked into the blinding spray, he saw a large wave come out of the mist, and he knew it would swamp her. He gripped the rail with both hands, and his lips moved in a half-forgotten prayer. "Our Father which art"——and the wave swept on. But Saraband had gone. The skipper had gone to meet his fireman where "there shall be no more sea." —From Temple Bar.

Peaches Paid For in Gold.

"You don't know what a time I have watching my peach tree," said a lady to a friend, the other day. "There are about two bushels of fruit on it, and the neighborhood are continually throwing sticks and stones into it to get the unripe fruit, and when it is ripe I suppose I shall have about two quarts left."

"That reminds me of a funny episode of a few days ago," said her friend. "One of my neighbors, who, like you, is in the business of raising free peaches for the whole neighborhood, found a gold-headed cane leaning against his best peach tree. He put it in his hallrack and is still awaiting a visit from the owner of the cane, whom he knows.—Detroit Free Press.

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D. "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four Doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God I am saved and now a well and healthy woman. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Regular size 50c and $1.00. Guaranteed or price refunded.

Schley's Unfought Battle.

Here is an incident which shows more clearly than anything else just what the navy is ready to do, and how delicately balanced is the chip on the shoulders of our sea fighters, says Mr. Henry Barrett Chamberlain in the Chicago Record. When Schley had enriched our history on July 3, and every ship in these waters under the royal banner of Castile had been shattered, he was sailing east to resume station before Santiago. Word came to him that the Pelayo, pride of the Spanish navy, had reached the Caribbean, and he was directed to engage her as soon as found. To naval experts the suggestion that a cruiser fight a battleship is insanity gone mad, but nevertheless the Brooklyn started on her errand.

Near Santiago a battleship was sighted, heavily armored and turreted, but at such a distance that her colors could not be distinguished under the glass. Toward her the Brooklyn started. Commodore Schley and Captain Cook stood on the forward bridge as the big cruiser fairly leaped forward to give battle.

"She is white, an unusual thing in war time," said the Commodore, watching the stranger through his glass. "I do'nt believe she is Spanish," he remarked a moment later, and then, consulting the picture of a sister ship to the Pelayo, suddenly exclaimed: "By Jove! it is the Pelayo, after all!"

"On the signal bridge!" shouted Captain Cook. "Can you make out her colors?"

"Not yet, sir," came the answer, followed a moment later by "We have raised her colors, sir, and she is Spanish."

"Send your men to quarters, Cook," said the Commodore, "and start an eight-inch shell for her when I give the word."

On went the Brooklyn, fast closing the distance between herself and the stranger—a big battleship of modern type, and with her flag aft—two stripes of red on each side of yellow, as it appeared, and the crown in the proper place. The bugle sung "To quarter!" and the men, although they had been fighting all morning, rushed to their guns with a cheer. For a moment the Commodore hesitated, "On the signal bridge!" he called. "Are you certain the stranger is a Spaniard?"

"Certain, sir," came the reply. "I can see her colors distinctly."

The Commodore had his glasses on the battleship. Turning to the Captain of his ship he said: "Cook, that fellow is not at quarters. His guns are turned away from us. He is not up to snuff. Watch him closely, and the moment he sends his men to quarters, or moves a turret, let drive. Give him everything we have. We will sink him in twenty minutes, unless he gets a shot under our belt."

Just then the officer on the bridge reported that the battleship was signaling with the international code, and soon translated the message. "This is an Austrian battleship."

Half an hour later the Commander of the Maria Theresa (Austrian) was seated in Commodore Schley's cabin.

"If you had sent your men to quarters or moved a turret I should have raked you; it was a narrow escape," said the Commodore, during the conversation. "Your flag is so like Spain's, saving that you have a white stripe where she has yellow, that it is hard to tell them apart at any considerable distance, and I came very near letting drive at you."

"We know that," returned the Austrian, "and we were very much worried. We signaled you long before you answered. We had no wish to be troubled. We have seen the wrecks along the coast. But," he inquired, as he rose to leave, "do you send cruisers to meet battleships?"

The Commodore smiled as he answered: "We always make a fight with the first ship we have at hand. We never wait because we are outrated. We try to win with what we have."

"You Americans are very remarkable," said the Austrian, as he went over the side to his boat.

Red Cross Girl Feed.

When the North Dakota regiment arrived at the ferry on Tuesday they were, like the soldiers who preceded them, shown into the spacious dining-room, presided over by the ladies of the Red Cross. It was a good day for the soldier boys. The bill of fare was ample. One of the privates, in particular, enjoyed the repast immensely, and when he had finished he sat back in his chair and said:

"Gee!"

"Did you get enough to eat?" asked a beautiful society girl at his side, her face beaming with kindness.

"I should say so," said the soldier, rising. "That's the finest meal, I've had since we started."

He then looked at the pretty girl and fumbled in his pocket. Finally he found what he was looking for, and extended his hand with 10 cents in it.

"What is that?" asked the society bud, a smile dimpling her pretty face.

"That's for the meal," said the private, somewhat embarrassed by her manner.

"Oh, we don't charge for this," she said. "This luncheon is given by the Red Cross."

"Oh," he stammered, and his embarrassment deepened. "We-el you take this, anyhow, and buy sum gum or something for yourself."

Ten cents!

Her father is worth $1,000,000.

And the soldier's income is only about $15 a month.

The pretty bud thought for a while. She knew it would do the young fellow's heart good if she took the money. She would take it.

"But you must let me give you some flowers," she said. And as she pinned a boutonniere on his lapel she dropped a $5 gold piece in his pocket.—San Francisco Examiner.

She Deserved It.

"I am going to the matinee with mamma," said little Frances to a friend.

"Are you?"

"Yes, and we have deserved seats, too."

Captain Borrowe's Return.

The New York Sun tells this pathetic story of the landing of Captain Hallett Alsop Borrowe, the famous Rough Rider, who arrived in New York on the Olivette on Sunday: When the Olivette was ten miles off shore, on the ocean side of the Point, there was an interesting illustration of the efficiency of the Pennsylvania Signal Corps men who do the wig-wagging for this camp. Mrs. Austin Corbin and her daughter, who is Mrs. Borrowe, came down here this morning from Shinnecock Hills on a special train. The last they heard of Captain Borrowe he was in pretty bad shape, and they were exceedingly anxious about him. When the Olivette was sighted early this morning Mrs. Corbin asked Superintendent C. A. Beach, of the Long Island Railroad, whether there was any way in which something could be learned of Captain Borrowe's condition. Mr. Beach thought of the signal men, four miles away, and he rang them up on the telephone. The signal men said that the transport was too far off shore for signals to be read. But when they heard that it was Mrs. Borrowe and Mrs. Corbin who were anxious for news, and remembered the work of Captain Borrowe and his dynamite gun in Cuba, they said they'd get at that transport if it was a possible thing.

The surf was not running very high, so four of the signal men borrowed a surfboat from the life-saving station, launched it successfully, and were soon within a couple of miles of the Olivette which then was proceeding very slowly. One of them stood up in the bow of the boat and wig-wagged a query as to Captain Borrowe's condition. The answer came back that he was very ill, but had improved since he left Cuba. He was in no danger at present, read the message. This glad-some news was wig-wagged to the shore when the signal men could get near enough to be seen, and was sent over the hills by the signal men to their station, where it was delivered to Mrs. Corbon. The whole transaction consumed but an hour and a quarter.

By special permission of General Wheeler, Captain Borrowe was removed from the Olivette to-night and taken to Shinnecock Hills on a special train. He is in very bad shape. He has malarial fever. His life was despaired of during the trip. He brightened up a bit when he saw his wife and Mrs. Corbin. Mrs. Borrowe knelt on the railroad platform beside her husband, and, with her arms around his neck, talked to him as long as the physicians would allow her to. Both Mrs. Corbin and Mrs. Borrowe wept as they gazed on the emaciated form of the latter's husband. Surgeon Major Brown said that the sight of his wife improved Borrowe's condition wonderfully.

Cubans' Shady Methods.

A correspondent writing from Santiago says:

Since the surrender of the Spanish troops the Americans have learned much concerning the methods of the Cubans. A Spanish general under Linares said to me, while praising the valor of the Americans: "We could have whipped all the revolutionists on the island in two months if we could have found them."

Within a week from the time the United States forces landed Cuban veracity was at a discount. The Cuban leaders lied about everyting—the number of available men they had, to begin with. Garcia promised to supply 5,000 soldiers properly armed and equipped, but when he paraded his army before General Shafter there were less than 1,500. They were all armed with Connecticut-made machetes, whose utility as a war weapon was not subsequently proved, and with Springfield and Krag-Jorgensen rifles furnished by the United States.

As far as can be determined, not a single Spanish soldier was killed in open warfare by a Cuban. Garcia and his men were permitted the widest latitude in operating against the Spaniards. To Garcia was entrusted the duty of heading off General Pando and 6,000 Spanish troops from reaching Santiago from Holguin. Pando's route was known, and there was no apparent reason why Garcia did not engage him, or, at least, hold him back until American re-enforcements arrived. Pando, who reached Santiago after the surrender, says he did not see a single Cuban soldier from the time he left Holguin until he reached Santiago.

The only active work in which Cubans participated was at El Caney, where the American troops made a brave assault upon the Spanish fortifications and captured them. The work of the Cubans here was of a most boisterous character. They principally distinguished themselves, according to American officers, by killing Spaniards who had been wounded and in "cutting their way to the rear from the fighting line."

One reason why General Shafter did not invite Garcia and his staff to be present at the formal capitulation of the Spanish troops was that General Linares, the Spanish commander asked to be spared the humiliation of being paraded before the Cubans, who in no way shared the glory of the victory of the American forces.

An Antiquated Army System.

The lesson of the humiliating experience of this war is that there should be a thorough reorganization of our army system. For this work a strong War Secretary is needed. The need is even greater than it was for the conduct of the war itself. The regular army bureau needs overhauling from top to bottom. Barracks should be cleaned out, and officers put in clothed with proper authority to do the work as business is done in civil life. The advance in civilization has been such that people will no longer tolerate filthy hospitals and neglect of sick and wounded on the plea that war makes suffering necessary.—Worcester Gazette.

Bodily pain loses its terror if you've a bottle of Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil in the house. Instant relief in cases of burns, cuts, sprains, accident of any sort.

He was Patriotic.

The Burlington train had just pulled out of Hastings, and the conductor was working his way up the car punching tickets and tearing off coupons. He had got half through the smoker when he came to an inebriated man wearing a wide slouch hat and brown overalls. The man had all sorts of patriotic ornamentation attached to his person. The grip which he had stowed into the seat beside him was painted red, white and blue, and half a yard of bunting was wound around his sombrero. Three Dewey buttons were in his coat, and a small soiled flag hung from a buttonhole.

"Tickets!" said the conductor.

"Remember the Maine!" the passenger promptly responded.

"What's that?" the official inquired, not exactly understanding.

"Cuby libber an' prosperity," the man in the seat returned.

"Give me your ticket, please," the conductor said, ignoring the florid remarks of the other.

The passenger looked surprised.

"Tickets?" he repeated after the conductor. "What do I want of a ticket? I expect this here old road to recognize patriotism an' love of country. I'm goin' in to Grand Island. Pass on, mister. Hurray for old Bill Shafter!"

"You'll have to give me a ticket or pay your fare," the conductor coldly informed him.

"Pay fare? Thunder and hailstorms? Ain't you got no patriotism? In this here hour of our great rejoicin' at the triumph of the American flag ain't you got no idy beyond your blamed tickets an' fares? I tell you I ain't got no ticket. I don't need none. We had twins at our house last week, an' we named one Cuby an' the other Hobson. Look at that there gripsack, an' look at these here decorations. Go on away. I want to go to Grand Island. These is war times, an' we must all be prepared to sacrifice a little."

"You can prepare yourself to sacrifice $1.39, or you can prepare to get off this train."

"What? Git off? In spite of Cuby an' Hobson?"

"Exactly."

"You don't rec'nize the flag of your country—Dewey—the Maine—Saandy-aggo?"

"One thirty-nine, please."

The sombrero passenger looked about him. "An' do you men hear that?" he inquired wonderingly. "Do you hear your country gittin' insulted? Hear the blood of heroes dyin' in trenches gittin' stamped on an' treated with disgust? Who is fer declarin' martial law an' teachin' this old railroad a thing or two about freedom an' liberty an' humanity?"

Nobody stirred to help him. The conductor reached for the bell-rope.

At that the patriot weakened. He pulled a pocketbook into view and began counting: "Fifty cents—a dollar—never heard of such slavery—dollar'n a quarter, 30—no regard fer loyalty an' patriotism at all—five, six an' three's nine—there's yer money, oppressor. I'll change the names of them twins scon's I git back from Grand Island."—Chicago Record.

America's Mariners.

A story is told of an old commodore of the Boston yard whose method of measuring religious affairs was with the same inexorable rule used for temporal things. One Sunday morning he was aroused from his nap by something out of the usual routine being announced from the pulpit, and he sternly addressed the chaplain with:

"What's that? What's that?"

The chaplain demurely repeated the notice "that by order of the bishop of the diocese divine services will be performed in this chapel on Thursday evening next," etc.

"By whose order?"

"By order of the bishop of the diocese, sir"

"Well!" thundered the commodore, "I'll let you know that I am bishop of this diocese, and when I want services in this chapel I'll let you know. Pipe down!" and he cleared the chapel.

On one occasion he heard a different voice in the pulpit from usual, and looking up he asked: "Who is that up there? Is that you, Billy McMasters?"

"Yes, sir."

Billy was a religious foreman in the yard who sometimes helped the chaplain along.

"Come down out of that," thundered the commodore. "When I want a relief for the chaplain I'll appoint one. Don't you ever let me catch you up there again." And he cleared the chapel again.

The Sure La Grippe Cure.

There is no use suffering from this dreadful malady, if you will only get the right remedy. You are having pain all through your body, your liver is out of order, have no appetite, no life or ambition, have a bad cold, in fact are completely used up. Electric Bitters is the only remedy that will give you prompt and sure relief. They act directly on your Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, tone up the whole system and make you feel like a new being. They are guaranteed to cure or price refunded. For sale at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

The Savage Bachelor.

"A man who will leave his property to his wife only on condition of her not marrying again," said the Sweet Young Thing, "is as mean as he can be."

"Oh, I don't know," said the Savage Bachelor. "Perhaps he is a friend to mankind."—Indianapolis Journal.

Dr. J. I. Terry, of Trimble, Tenn., in speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, says: "It has almost become a necessity in this vicinity." This is the best remedy in the world for colic, cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhoea, and is recognized as a necessity wherever its great worth and merit become known. No other remedy is so prompt or effectual, or so pleasant to take. Sold by all druggists.

Notable Sayings of the War.

Some one has made a collection of noteworthy sayings of the war, and here they are. Some of them will live:

"Excuse me sir; I have to report that the ship has been blown up and is sinking."—Bill Anthony, of the Maine.

"Suspend judgment."—Captain Sigsbee's first message to Washington.

"We will make Spanish the court language of hades."—Fighting Bob Evans, when war was declared.

"Remember the Maine."—Commodore Schley's signal to the flying squadron.

"Don't hamper me with instructions; I am not afraid of the entire Spanish fleet with my ship."—Captain Clark, of the Oregon, to the board of strategy.

"You may fire when you are ready, Gridley."—Commodore Dewey, at Manila.

"To hell with breakfast! let's finish 'em now."—A Yankee gunner to Commodore Dewey.

"The battle of Manila killed me, but I would do it again."—Captain Gridley, of the Olympia, on his deathbed.

"Don't get between my guns and the enemy."—Commodore Dewey, to Prince Henry of Prussia.

"I've got them now, and they will never get home."—Commodore Schley, on guard at Santiago harbor.

"There must be no more recalls; iron will break at last."—Lieutenant Hobson, to Admiral Sampson.

"Don't mind me, boys; go on fighting."—Captain Allyn Capron, of the Rough Riders.

"Don't swear, boys; shoot,"—Colonel Wood, to the Rough Riders.

"Take that for the Maine."—Captain Sigsbee, as he fired a shot through the Spanish torpedo boat Terror.

"Expect to take the place as soon as I can move; reinforcements will not reach me."—General Shafter, before Santiago.

"Shafter is fighting, not writing."—Adjutant-General Corbin, to Secretary Alger, when the latter asked for news from the front.

"War is not a picnic."—Sergeant Hamilton Fish, of the Rough Riders, to his mother.

"Who would not gamble for a new star in the flag?"—Captain Buckley O'Neill, of the Rough Riders.

"Afraid I'll strain my guns at long range; I'll close in."—Lieutenant Wainwright, of the Gloucester, in the fight with Cervera's squadron.

"Don't cheer, boys; the poor devil's are dying."—Captain Phillip, of the Texas.

"I want to make public acknowledgment that I believe in God, the Father Almighty."—Captain Phillip, of the Texas.

"The Maine is avenged."—Lieutenant Wainwright, after the destruction of Cervera's fleet.

Captain Bob Evans is on record again with a picturesque saying. It is related that while aboard the Blake at Key West Lieutenant-Commander Edward D. Taussig, hydrographic inspector, went alongside the Iowa, which was lying eight miles off the port. Hailing Captain Evans, who was leaning against a rope lifeline, which had been substituted for the rails removed in case of action, Mr. Taussig asked if he had any message to send to the department at Washington, as he would leave for there next day. "Tell them for me, Taussig," said the Captain, "that I have a cargo of ammunition on board the Iowa that I am mighty anxious to be allowed to discharge."

Working Every Day.

"My father has been troubled with disordered blood, weak back and that tired feeling. He tried many different medicines which gave him no relief. He has been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and he is now strong and healthy and is working every day. A. S. Wyker South Easton, Pa.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's.

Now Punish Contractors.

The extreme penalty of military law has been pronounced against Captain Carter, of the United States engineers, for the embezzlement of two or three million dollars in connivance with contractors for the harbor work at Savannah, Ga. But what of the guilty contractors? Is no effort to be made by the law officers of the Government to punish them, and to recover from them part at least of the stolen money?—Philadelphia Record.

Mr. A. C. Wolfe, of Dundee, Mo who travels for Mansur & Tibbetts, Implement Co., of St. Louis, gives traveling men and travelers in general, some good advice. "Being a Knight of the Grip," he says, "I have for the past three years, made it a rule to keep myself supplied with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and have found numerous occasions to test its merits, not only on myself, but on others as well. I can truly say that I never, in a single instance, have known it to fail. I consider it one of the best remedies travelers can carry and could relate many instances where I have used the remedy on skeptics, much to their surprise and relief. I hope every traveling man in the U. S. will carry a bottle of this remedy in his grip." For sale by all druggists.

Growth of Human Hair.

Authorities differ as to the rate of growth of the human hair, and it is said to be very dissimilar in different individuals. The most usually accepted calculations give six and one-half inches per annum. An Englishman's hair, allowed to grow to its extreme length, rarely exceeds 12 or 14 inches, while that of a woman will grow in rare instances to 70 or 75 inches, though the average does not exceed 25 to 30 inches.

Scrofula, salt rheum, erysipelas and other distressing eruptive diseases yield quickly and permanently to the cleansing, purifying power of Burdock Blood Bitters.

Useful Housekeeping Hints.

One may as well expect to "gather figs of thistles" as to make firm and delicately flavored jelly of half-grown or over-ripe fruit.

Pectose, the substance which gives firmness to fruit, and, when freed by boiling, yields jelly, is at its best in every respect when the fruit is perfectly ripe, but from that time it commences to deteriorate. As a choice between two evils, then, unripe fruit is preferable to over-ripe, but the jelly produced from the former will be neither as finely-flavored or colored as though the fruit were ripe.

As a rule, large berries and currants yield more juice than the smaller ones. In fact, it is good economy to buy prime fruit of all kinds for jelly.

The prevalent belief that jelly must be made on a clear day is all nonsense. At the same time many varieties of small fruit will absorb moisture, and if picked just after a heavy rain the juice will require longer boiling.

As with canning—so in all other methods of preparing fruit, neither tin vessels nor iron spoons must be used in any of the various operations. Granulated sugar is the purest, most delicately flavored, and inexpensive.

Have two bags, one made of coarse linen crash, the other of cheese cloth, with strong linen cord for suspending the former.

None of the small fruits require any water in cooking, if a quart of the fruit is first put into the preserving kettle, mashed and slowly cooked until the juice flows freely. Then draw the kettle to the back of the range; add the remainder of the fruit by degrees, washing occasionally; draw to the front and cook gently but steadily until soft.

Of the larger fruits, peaches and plums require little water, while crab-apples, quinces and common apples should have enough to show through from the top, after the mass has been shaken down.

While the fruit is cooking, soak the linen drip-bag in hot water. As soon as the fruit is soft enough to break easily, wring the bag dry, hold over a deep earthen bowl or stoneware crock, put in the fruit, tie the top firmly and suspend, to hang free and in a warm place, and away from draughts. As it cools, occasionally press against the sides of the bag with two wooden ladles, but never squeeze with the hands, if you would make first quality jelly. (A little inferior jelly for cooking purposes can afterward be