The Dog and the Law.

Once it is established that the nature of the species is gentle and that every dog is a law abiding and peaceable Bruno then it becomes necessary, before liability for the vulgar transgressions of a fierce Towser can be fastened on the owner, that he should have previous knowledge of the usual and not to be expected feature.

This is called scienter, and until an owner has this knowledge of his dog's viciousness he is not responsible, though in the error of its ways not acting as becomes a gentleman of the dog species or a lady, as the case may be. To be more accurate and exact, once a dog has departed from the narrow path of rectitude and demeaned itself in ways other than should obtain with a strictly proper and gentle animal, and the owner knows it, then it loses status and caste and must be put down as a vicious animal, and the owner keeps it at his peril. Lord Coleridge, it seems, was anxious to reduce the law on the subject to a nicety in the way of succinctness and brevity, and he succeeded by saying that "every dog is entitled to one bite," and the case has special reference to spring lamb or veal. The expression is varied by making it "every dog is entitled to one worry."—Green Bag.

Racial Repartee.

A Swede and an Irishman, both of them tolerably well known about town, got into an argument in front of the courthouse, and they began telling each other how it was too bad that their ancestors had ever happened to shed the wolf robes and take to living under cover. When things got a bit warm, the Swede remarked that there was no doubt in his mind that the Irishman would be entitled, by reason of his ancestry, to join some of the pedigree associations but for the unfortunate fact that most of those ancestors were hanged for stealing sheep.

"I suppose they did their sheep stealing with the understanding among themselves that they were all kings, and that it was all right to go over into the next county and steal whatever they could lay their hands on," said the Swede in conclusion.

"Yes, an be all accounts," said the Irishman, "your ancestors lived in kingdoms so very small that every time they smelled a stockfish in the yard of a neighbor they jumped over the fence an got it, an if they got back they made a national affair of it if there was any pursuit."—St. Paul Globe.

Grotesque Spanish Honor.

The Washington Times recalls a story about the Duke of Wellington that illustrates the fantastic idea of honor held by many Spaniards, contrasted with the practical common sense of Englishmen. When the duke was co-operating with the Spanish army in the peninsula against Napoleon, he was desirous on one occasion during a general engagement that the general commanding the Spanish contingent should execute a certain movement on the field. He communicated the wish to the Spaniard personally and was somewhat taken aback to be told that the honor of the king of Spain and his army would compel him to refuse the request unless Wellington, as a foreign officer graciously permitted to exist and fight on Spanish soil, should present the petition on his knees.

The old duke often used to tell the story afterward, and he would say, "Now, I was extremely anxious to have the movement executed, and I didn't care a 'twopenny damn' about getting on my knees, so down I pumped!"

Luminosity In Plants.

Many instances have been recorded of flowers being luminous at night. They only seem to do this on rare occasions, hence they are to be envied who have the good fortune to witness the phenomena. Though the writer has often endeavored to get fortune's favor, she has never smiled on him but once, when he saw the phosphorescent glow from fungi in a hollow tree, just like the glow of a match when rubbed in the dark. A German naturalist, Herr Haggren, seems to have met with a number of instances in his country—or, rather, the night watchman he employed did. He concludes the phenomena are more likely to occur when it is dark, after rain, following a sunny day. July and August gave the most instances. Occurrences began soon after sunset, and there were none after dawn. He could not decide on the cause of the luminosity.—Meehan's Monthly.

He Turned the Laugh.

President O'Hanlon of the Pennington (N. J.) seminary used to preach every Monday morning at Ocean Grove, and one of his regular hearers was a good Methodist brother who used to shout "Glory!" whenever anything pleased him. Once in awhile this shout would come in at an inopportune moment.

After Dr. O'Hanlon had been preaching on Monday mornings for a number of years he arose one day to announce his text. He introduced his remarks with these words: "Brethren, I have been preaching here at Ocean Grove on Monday mornings for a number of years, but some of these days when you are gathered here I will be missing, for the grass will be growing over my grave." Just then the shouter uttered a shrill "Oh, G-l-o-r-y!"

Sedate as was that congregation, there went up a hearty laugh. The doctor was equal to the occasion. He put his hands in his pockets, leaned back and said, "Well, brother, what have you got against me?" The laugh was turned, order was soon restored, and the doctor preached with his usual power and acceptability.—New York Tribune.

The Americans In Egypt.

Americans occupy an important position in extending the prosperity and civilization of modern Egypt.

Not only do they form at least one-third of the tourists visiting Egypt, and number some of the leading Egyptologists, but the beneficent effect of their missions and schools is everywhere apparent throughout Egypt. The magnitude of their Christian operations may be gathered from the fact that the Egyptian mission of the American Presbyterians has 100 stations, 20 churches and 97 schools. Ask a little Egyptian child where it has learned its English, and it will very probably answer, "At the American mission." The mission doctors, too, are of much service. An English lady might have died on board our mail steamer had a telegram not been sent to an American mission physician, who came on board, attended to her and removed her to the hospital at Assiut.—North American Review.

Mr. Boffin Snubbed by Dickens.

"Dodd the Dustman," who founded the barge race, meant to be the founder of the Royal Dramatic college. He offered the money to Benjamin Webster and Charles Dickens and was not altogether well treated in the matter. He was certainly not an aristocratic donor, and the source of the money might have been materials for ridicule, but he certainly merited more civility than he got. Webster shelved him rather shabbily, and Dickens caricatured him as "Boffin, the Golden Dustman."—London Mail.

Will Cure Him Eventually.

"I feel considerably encouraged about Slusher."

"Why, I thought you told me he was incurable—that he smoked the nasty little things incessantly, and they had given him a constant cough."

"That's why I am encouraged. The cough is getting worse."—Chicago Tribune.

The Sheffield club is the oldest football organization in the United Kingdom. It was started in 1855, and its minute book for 1857 is still in existence.

Buried In the Well Where He Died.

Speaking of strange and sad occurrences, none could be more remarkable than the death and burial of Charles Carter, a well known farmer residing near Russell. He was cleaning out an old well when the quicksand suddenly caved in on him, leaving only his head and chest exposed. When the alarm was given, hundreds of people assembled and went heroically to work to save their neighbor. It was found that nothing could be done toward removing the sand about Carter's body, so a parallel well was dug and a tunnel run from it into the old well, but even then the body could not be removed so closely was it grasped by the sands. It was found that a rope attached below Carter's arms would pull the body into parts without withdrawing its covered portion, and that method had to be abandoned. Carter was conscious and talked with his rescuers, but at the end of 58 hours he died. By this time an enormous crowd had gathered, and all sorts of plans were suggested for recovering the body, but finally it was determined to make the well the dead man's tomb, and it was filled up after religious services had been held upon its brink. The well was 48 feet deep, and perhaps no other Kansan ever found quite so strange a burial place.—Kansas City Journal.

Dangerous Thief.

A French actress, traveling about the country, had for use in one of her plays a lay figure, skillfully put together and dressed in a traveling suit. So says the New York Herald, which proceeds to tell a comical story about it:

At Marseilles it was left in the luggage room with other things. The curiosity of two of the railway employees being aroused at the sight of it, they took off the coverings and resolved to play a joke on their comrades. They placed the figure in an armchair at the desk of the cashier and shut the door.

When the employees on night service came, they opened the door and were surprised to see a man sitting before the cash box. They immediately closed and locked the door and ran for assistance.

A policeman arrived, revolver in hand, believing, like the employees, that he had to deal with a dangerous thief. He called on the figure to surrender and follow him to the station. As it did not obey the summons, the policeman shut the door and went in search of re-enforcements to surround the place and thereby prevent the culprit from escaping.

The door was again opened, the armed force entered, and it was not till they had suddenly pounced on the poor lay robber that they discovered the joke.

The Cause of Laughter.

Bain suggests the explanation that laughter is provoked by what he calls a degradation, meaning that we laugh when we all at once perceive something degrading, a trickery, a weakness or a pettiness in some person or object which we respect, as when the infirmities of human nature disclose themselves in a person of importance or when some trivial affair occurs in a solemn ceremony to drag us down or when the wrong side of some great thing or some great man is exposed.

"The occasion of the laughter is the degradation of a dignified person or interest under circumstances that do not excite a stronger emotion. In all theories of laughter the more or less important fact is marked * * * that the feeling of the ludicrous arises when something which we respected before is presented in a mean light, for we have no disposition to laugh when something that we already regarded as such is depicted as tricky and vile."—Popular Science.

Male Felinity.

"Talking about the humanity of man and the felinity of woman," said the independent woman, "let me tell you a little story of a man and a cat. The story was told to me by the wife of the man, who is a domesticated woman. It seems that the family cat, besides being of a sportive disposition, had more ingenuity than most cats or understood better how to relieve the tedium of a domestic existence. This cat caught a mouse. Being well fed, her sporting instinct came into play, and she kept the mouse to amuse herself with. That is a feline custom, as you are aware, but where this cat showed superior mentality was in hitting upon a place to hide the mouse, thus protracting the amusement. She kept it in an old shoe in a storeroom. The man of the house discovered the proceeding, and was almost as much amused as the cat. Did he put a stop to it? No, indeed. For several days he fed both the cat and the mouse, after which the cat would take the mouse out for its daily exercise, to the delight of both conspirators. Then the man's wife found them out. She took the mouse away and let it go."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Sport as a Developer of Character.

Every now and then there crops out in this republic the notion that if our more cultured citizens were our rulers that we should be much better off. We very much doubt it. If our more manly citizens could rule us, then no doubt we should be better off. But there is a freakiness and finicalness, an inability to give and take, a general rubbing and creaking of machinery among men developed only on the one side of the mind, which always everywhere makes them objectionable as rulers. Boxing is just as likely to make a man meek as books, but if you have a bully to deal with neither the boxing nor the books will avail anything, and he becomes almost more objectionable as an editor than as a prizefighter. Of course sport will fail, just as every other agency will fail, with certain men. On the other hand, for the great majority of men, well conducted sport will teach them fortitude, gentleness, meekness and fair play as no other agency yet invented by man can do.—Outing.

A Funny Mistake.

A servant lass at an inn once made a funny mistake. Opening the door of one of the rooms, she saw, as she thought, the handle of a warming pan sticking out near the foot of the bed. "Bless me," she said, "that stupid Martha has left the warming pan in the bed! She might have set the place on fire." Taking hold of the handle, she gave it a violent jerk, when up jumped an awakened traveler, shouting lustily: "Hello, there! Leave my wooden leg alone, will you?"—London Fun.

Gravestone Emblems.

In a cemetery in a neighboring state lies buried a family of the name of Rose. Upon each headstone is cut this flower, broken at the stem, while upon the babe's tomb is engraved a bud. Curious as this is in itself, however, it is emphasized by the neighboring plot, where lies a family of the name of Fish, who have followed the example of the Roses by having a small specimen of the finny tribe cut upon each of their gravestones.—New York Sun.

Buried at Santiago.

"Few students of Napoleonic history," says the London Chronicle, "are aware that Dr. Antomarchi, who attended upon Napoleon I during his last illness at St. Helena, is buried in the cemetery at Santiago de Cuba. He had a brother living in that island, and after the emperor's death proceeded thither and lived at Santiago, exercising his skill as an oculist gratuitously among the poor. After his death in 1825 a public monument was erected to his memory in the local cemetery."

Love In Early Days.

"Yes," said Adam to Eve as the twilight drew about the aged couple, softening their lineaments to a semblance of youth, "how well I remember the day we met! You wore a diffident air"—

That was all.—Indianapolis Journal.

Betrothal Rings.

Modern Greek peasants exchange a gold and silver wedding ring, and they drink wine from the same cup. But the regular ritual of the Greek church ordains that solemn betrothal precedes the actual marriage, in which are used gold and silver wedding rings blessed by the priest, the gold ring being given to the man, the silver ring to the woman. The form of the espousal is then repeated, and the rings are placed on the right hands and then exchanged that no inferiority may be betokened by the woman wearing the silver ring and also to indicate a common ownership of property.

An Armenian mother usually chooses her daughter's husband. After all business preliminaries are settled between the families the bridegroom's mother, accompanied by a priest and two matrons, visits the bride and gives her a ring in token of espousal, and with this ring the couple are ultimately married. Among the fishing communities very ancient and elaborate rings are used, and they descend as heirlooms from generation to generation.

In Japanese marriages arranged between very young people the girl receives a ring in evidence that the union is binding. In Malabar an old native custom seats both bride and bridegroom on a dais, and a relative washes the feet of the bridegroom with milk and puts a silver ring on the great toe of the right foot. He then hands a gold ring to his kinsman, and a necklace and chaplet of flowers are put on the bride's neck and head.—London Mail

Korea's Seven Wonders.

The seven wonders of Korea are: (1) The marvelous mineral spring of Kinshanto, one dip in which is a sovereign cure for all the ills that human flesh is heir to. (2) The double springs which, though far apart, have a strange, mysterious affinity. According to Korean belief, there is a connection underground, through which water ebbs and flows like the waters of the ocean, in such a way that only one spring is full at a time. The water possesses a wonderful sweetening power, so that whatever is cooked therein becomes good and palatable. (3) The cold wind cavern, whence comes a never ceasing wind so piercing that nothing can withstand it and so powerful that the strongest man cannot face it. (4) The indestructible pine forest, the trees of which grow up again as fast as they are cut down. (5) The floating stone, a massive block that has no visible support, but, like Mohammed's coffin, remains suspended. (6) The warm stone, situated on the top of a hill and said to have the peculiarity of spreading warmth and heat all round it. (7) A drop of the sweat of Buddha, for 30 paces round which no flower or vegetation will grow, nor will birds or other living things pass over it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Saint Norah and the Potato.

St. Norah was a poor girl, says the London Punch, who prayed St. Patrick for a good gift that would make her not proud but useful, and St. Patrick, out of his own head, taught her how to boil a potato. A sad thing and to be lamented, that the secret has come down to so few! Since the highest intellectual and physical life is dependent upon diet—since the cook makes, while the physician only mends—should not she who prepares our pies be as carefully trained as he who makes our pills?

Certainly whatever may be the knowledge or the ignorance of the servant in the kitchen, the mistress of the house, be she young or old, ought to be able, like St. Patrick in the fable, out of her own instructed head to teach Norah how to boil a potato or broil a steak so that they may yield their utmost of relish and nutriment.

Until she can do that, no woman is qualified to preside over a household, and since few reach adult life without being called to that position in the household of husband, father or brother, the legend of St. Norah has a wide significance.—Youth's Companion.

The Northwest Indian and His Ways.

The Indian of the plains is a far more picturesque individual than his brother or cousin of the coast. He does not erect totem poles and has no timber for the purpose if so inclined, but he is sufficiently spectacular himself without resorting to grotesque carvings and painted wood. His saddle, with its leather hangings and wooden stirrups, is in itself a remarkable aggregation, and when set off with his goods and chattels tied in bags, rags, strings and straps, the effect is remarkable. He wears the cast off garments of his white brother in such original combinations that he looks like the personification of a secondhand store. Sometimes the adoption of a pair of guernseys as an external covering gives him quite an athletic appearance. He wears his hair in Gertrude braids, and prefers earrings about the size of half dollar coins. A mosquito net or handkerchief is his favorite head covering, and if he assumes a hat it is as an additional and purely ornamental appendage.—Detroit Free Press.

The Hawaiian Alphabet.

There are but 12 letters in the Hawaiian alphabet. These, with their pronunciations, are: A (ah), e (a), o (o as in ho), u (oo), h (hay), k (kay), l (la), m (moo), n (noo), p (pay), and w (vay). The missionaries added a thirteenth, t, but the natives won't have it, and continue to pronounce, for instance, the name of the root from which poi is made "kara," although the missionaries have it "tara." Every vowel in a word is distinctly sounded, except that the vowels "ai" are sounded "i," as in English. Waikiki, the beach in Honolulu, is properly pronounced "Vikeekee." There is a great difference in the speech of the high and low caste natives. The first call their island group "Ha-va-ee-ee," and the latter begin it all right with "Ha," but conclude with a guttural grunt, and the word heard most, "Aloha," sounds soft and beautiful on the lips of the first, but is a lazy, good natured grunt as the latter speak it.

Aloha is in their limited vocabulary at once a greeting and farewell, a formal expression of regard and of deep love. In the latter case it is increased in warmth and depth of meaning by modifying adjectives annexed instead of prefixed, as "Aloha nui," "Aloha nui loa," or even "Aloha nui loa kea!"—and then it is time to speak to papa.—New York Herald.

How She Won Over the Judge.

A woman resident of Detroit relates an interesting tale of Kansas justice years ago. It was after her wedding trip that her husband was called to Kansas on business and a real estate dealer, out of spite, had him arrested. The prisoner was taken before a local justice of the peace. The incensed bride insisted upon attending the trial, and while it was in progress she so far forgot herself as to deliberately level her opera glasses upon the justice, who dashed under the table and shouted:

"Deperty, disarm that woman!"

The officer secured the glasses and cautiously laid them before the magistrate, who promptly fined the woman $1,000 for contempt of court. With gracious dignity she asked the right to defend herself, and, going up to the bench, she explained that the glasses were not harmful, and had the justice look through them, and after a few pretty words of apology she presented them to him. He hit the table a mighty blow to reconvene court, and fined the prosecuting witness $25 "fur insultin a visitin lady and gent in contrariety ter law and eterket."—New York Tribune.

"Why," asked the lay figure, "do you call it a jimmy?"

The burglar shook his head sadly.

"Well," he answered, and his regret was apparent, "I suppose I am rather more familiar with it than I ought to be. Yes."—Detroit Journal.

Cockatoos.

The cockatoos constitute a branch of the great parrot family, and, with the exception of the species which inhabits the Philippine islands, are peculiar to the Australasian region.

Leadbeater's cockatoo is one of the most beautiful of the group; his white plumage being tinged with rose color—W. T. Greene, the great authority on cage parrots, describes it aptly as "raspberry and cream" color—but as his mental endowments are by no means equal to his personal attractions he is less popular as a pet than species with more intelligence than good looks. One point in his favor must be mentioned—he is a less determined screamer than the majority of cockatoos. This, however, is not saying much. In his native woods of South Australia Leadbeater's cockatoo is very shy and difficult to approach. The birds sent to Europe, no doubt taken as nestlings in the majority of instances, remain usually wild and suspicious, though they bear confinement well and do not suffer from the cold.

At home in Australia the cockatoo is not beloved of the farmer, and it can be well imagined that a flock of these big birds, amounting often to thousands, commit fearful havoc upon the crops. Hence it is shot down as remorselessly as the sparrow in England when it grows too numerous to be acceptable to the agriculturist. Like the rest of the genus, this cockatoo usually makes its nest in a hollow tree, where the hen lays two pure white eggs.—St. Louis Republic.

A Wise Answer.

It takes but an ordinary man to return an angry answer to an insult. The extraordinary man is he who, under such circumstances, holds himself so well under control that he controls his adversary also.

Persia once possessed such a man and was clear sighted enough to make him a judge. He was the chief judge of Bagdad in the reign of Caliph Hadee, and his name was Aboo Yusuph. He was a very wise man, for he knew his own deficiencies and was actually sometimes in doubt as to whether he possessed sufficient wisdom to give a just decision in cases peculiarly shrouded in mystery.

It is related of him that on one occasion, after patient investigation of facts, he decided that he had not sufficient knowledge to pronounce on the case before him. There was in his presence a pert courtier, one of those men who take long to learn that wisdom and impudence are not closely related.

"Pray, do you expect that the caliph is to pay you for ignorance?" he asked, hoping to place the judge at a disadvantage.

"I do not," was the mild reply. "The caliph pays me—and pays me well—for what I do know. Were he to attempt to pay me for what I do not know the treasures of his empire would not suffice."—Youth's Companion.

A Fascinating Stranger.

"A Worcester man," says the Worcester Gazette, "who makes frequent trips to Europe fell in with a fascinating stranger the last time he was across. The stranger, who may be designated as Ferguson because that does not sound at all like his real name, was an American, his manners were those of a gentleman, and he seemed to be well supplied with money and to know a great many people worth knowing. In conversation with the Worcester man one day Ferguson said: 'Worcester is a charming city, and I have some very dear friends there. I presume you know Colonel E. J. Russell? He is an old and highly esteemed friend, to whom I am deeply indebted for many favors.'

"When the Worcester man returned home, he met Colonel Russell one day and in course of conversation remarked that he had met a man in Europe who said that he was an old friend. Colonel Russell thought for a moment, and then he replied: 'Oh, yes, I remember Ferguson very well! I ought to, for he lived with me for seven years once. It was when I was warden of the state prison at Charlestown, and I will say that Ferguson was one of the quietest and best behaved prisoners that I ever had.'"

A Lost Opportunity.

The Chicago Record says that some time ago a young organist secured permission to practice on the big organ in the Auditorium. An elderly man walked in and took a seat a few rows away from the musician. The young organist noticed him, and was encouraged to "show off" and do a few tricks of playing for his audience. He rambled on for an hour, and the elderly man sat there, apparently impressed. The young man tired at last and was about to lock the organ when the elderly man approached him and said in broken English that he wished to play for a few minutes.

"They don't allow any one but an experienced organist to touch the instrument," said the young man loftily.

With a little gesture, suggestive of meekness and humility, the stranger presented his card, "Alexandre Guilmant, Paris."

Then it was time for the young organist to swoon. He had missed the chance of his life. For an hour he had been entertaining the great master with homemade drivel.

Where to Carry Stamps.

"Business men have various ways of carrying their postage stamps," said the stamp clerk the other morning while sitting in his chair at the stamp window in the general postoffice. "A good many men who post their letters here always have one or more stamps about them. Some of them carry their stamps in stamp cases, but the economical man carries his stamps under the band of his hat or in his pockets.

"The other day a young man called for 'five twos,' and, putting one on a letter which he had to mail, he took out his watch and opening the back of it slipped the remaining stamps into the case. They don't stick to the cover, and that is about the best way one can carry stamps if he has a watch."—New York Sun.

Peculiarities of the Potato.

The opinion has prevailed among housekeepers that it is the good potato which breaks open when it is boiled. A scientist who has made potatoes a study insists that the good potato is the one that remains quietly in its coating of brown during all of the processes of cooking. Instead of the swelling and bursting of the skin being caused by the presence of starch it has been ascertained that albumen is the substance that causes this breaking open. An ordinary potato is made up of three-fourths of its weight in water, two-tenths in starch and one-fiftieth of nitrogenous matter. If it cracks and falls to pieces during the process of boiling, it is deficient in albumen, and therefore lacking in the most important constituent.—New York Ledger.

A Dumas Story.

Dumas the elder was rarely spiteful to or about his fellow men, but one day, when he happened to be in that mood, a friend called to tell him a piece of news. "They have just given M. X. the Legion of Honor," he said. Then he added, in a significant tone, "Now, can you imagine why they should have given it to him?"

"Yes," answered the great dramatist promptly. "They have given it to him because he was without it."

Good Progress.

"How are you getting along with your housekeeping?" asked the young wife's mother.

"Oh, splendidly!" she answered. "I have almost got so I can do things to suit the hired girl."—Washington Star.

Utah has the only deposit of pure pumice stone in the United States.

Gypsy Dancing Girls of Seville.

In The Century Mr. Stephen Bonsal writes of "Holy Week In Seville." He says: On returning homeward we enter a gypsy garden, where, in bowers of jasmine and honeysuckle, the Gaditan dancing girls disport themselves as they did in the days of the poet Martial. Penthelusa is as graceful and as lissom today as when, in the ages gone, she captured Pompey with her subtle dance—as when Martial descanted upon her beauties and graces in classic words centuries ago.

The hotel keepers in Seville are generally very careful to introduce their patrons only to gardens where the Bowdlerized editions of the dance are performed, but I commend to those who think they can "sit it out" the archaic versions which are danced naturally today, as they were in the days of the Cæsars, by light limbed enchainers of hearts and flamenca girls with brown skins and cheeks that are soft like the side of the peach which is turned to the ripening sun, and in their dark, lustrous eyes you read as plain as print the story of the sorrows and the joys of a thousand years of living.

Now they dance about with the grace of houris, the abandon of mænads or of nymphs before Actæon peeped, and now, when the dance is over, the moment of madness past, they cover their feet with shawls, that you may not see how dainty they are, and withdraw sedately and sad from the merry circle and sit for hours under the banana trees, crooning softly some mournful cuplet in the crooked gypsy tongue.

Just Like a Girl.

He is a very young boy. His is the age when a lofty contempt for the opposite sex manifests itself, the contempt which usually finds merciless retribution in later years.

His task of watching the baby was not as distressing as it might have been. He had utilized the bassinet as a cradle and had found a place where the floor sloped a little.

Behind the vehicle he extended himself and with head on hand proceeded to read a story paper. An occasional pull at a string fastened to the rear axle imparted the motion necessary to keep the slumberer from waking. But the baby soon had its nap out and began to cry. The boy paid no attention to the noise, and after awhile his sister came to investigate.

"I suppose you are going to lie there and wait for the baby to learn to talk so it can tell you what it's crying about?"

"No;" he answered, "being able to talk wouldn't make much difference."

"Why not?"

"Because it's a girl. Girls never know what they're crying about. It just comes natural to them to do it."—Pearson's Weekly.

Biting Finger Nails.

The chief finger nail chewers of the world are the French, and it was recently stated upon reliable authority that nearly two-thirds of French school children are addicted to the habit.

Even for grown people there is hardly any habit, aside from the confirmed abuse of narcotics, more difficult to overcome than the habit of biting the finger nails. It requires a strong mental effort and constant vigilance to do this, for once a person has become thoroughly addicted to the habit he does it unconsciously, and is only reminded that he is marring himself when he gets one of his nails gnawed down to the quick. All manner of remedies have been advanced for the cure of the finger nail biting habit, including the placing of injurious and bitter compositions on the ends of the fingers, but none of the remedies amounts to much.

The only way to stop biting the finger nails is to stop. The Americans are next to the French in the finger nail biting habit, probably because the Americans, as a whole, are an exceedingly nervous people. A man who accomplishes his determination to knock off biting his finger nails may, by incessant manicuring, get them to look fairly well within a year or so, but finger nail biting, if long persisted in, ruins the shape of the ends of the fingers, and the nails can never be brought to look as well as those of the persons who permit their nails to grow as they were intended to grow.—Washington Star.

Too Much For Watson.

Only once did Watson, when a captain, never fail to punish a man for intoxication. This was in the summer of 1893 at Boston, when the San Francisco took the Massachusetts naval militia on its first practice cruise. Among the regular crew was old Alexander Parker, sailmaker's mate, who was never known to remain sober when there was liquor to be had. When the naval militiamen came on board a witty boatswain's mate, while no officer was near, sang out in an authoritative tone:

"All you men having whisky on board lay below and turn it in to the sailmaker's mate for safe keeping."

Many amateur sailors took the bait, and in a few minutes old Aleck, sitting down below decks in his sailroom, was surprised to have a vast collection of flasks passed to him. He received all these as gifts with many thanks. He was found a day after sound asleep in his sailroom, literally covered with empty bottles of every size and shape. He was finally taken before the captain, to whom was told the circumstances. "Parker," said he sternly, "I have no words with which to discuss your case. Go forward."—New York Times.

Asked For a Shirt and Got a Wife.

During the civil war there was a certain young lady in Georgetown who found it in her power to do a great deal for the Confederate soldiers confined in prison at Washington. Young, beautiful, cultured, popular, of a wealthy and prominent family, she was frequently allowed admission to the prison, whither she always took her maid with a well stocked basket of good things for the poor boys behind the bars. One day as she was passing through a group of men in the common prison she stopped and said to them:

"If there is anything you would like to have that I can bring you, won't you let me know? I shall be very glad."

One man stepped forward promptly. Bowing most courteously, he said:

"If you will be so kind, I should like very much to have a clean shirt."

He was a young lieutenant from Louisiana, one of the handsomest and most elegant men I ever met, and when that young lady looked up into his brown eyes she found it in her heart to give him much more than a clean shirt, for she married him as soon as the war was over.—Philadelphia Times.

Corn Bread.

There is no more wholesome, palatable and strengthening article of food in the whole catalogue than corn bread. It is truly the staff of life of the rural laboring classes in the south from year's beginning to year's end. Among the brawniest, toughest men in the country are the hands who work on the turpentine farms in Georgia. Their regular rations consist of one peck of cornmeal, five pounds of bacon and a pint of molasses per week. These articles constitute pretty nearly if not quite their whole bill of fare during the time they are in the woods cutting or chipping boxes or dipping turpentine, yet they are always well conditioned, hard of muscle and in good spirits.—Savannah (Ga.) News.

He Understood.

After she had studied the French bill of fare for a moment Mrs. Porkenham of Chicago turned to the waiter and asked:

"Does co understand Eenglese?"

"Oh, yes, I talk it almost like a native," he replied. "I was born and brought up in Indiana."

After that she had no appetite.—Cleveland Leader.

Real Magic Number.

"I often hear of the magic number," said some one. "What number is it?"

"Why, nine, of course," replied some one else. "There are nine muses, you know, and you talk of a nine days' wonder. Then you bowl at nine pins and a cat has nine lives."

"Nonsense," broke in another. "Seven is the magic number; seventh heaven, don't you know, and all that; seven colors in the rainbow; seven days in the week; seventh son of a seventh son—great fellow, and"—

"Tush, tush," remarked a third. "Five's the number, you mean. A man has five fingers on his hand and five toes on his foot, and he has five senses, and"—

"Three is undoubtedly the magic number," interrupted another, "because people give three cheers and Jonah was inside a whale three days and three nights, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again—three times, you see?"

This was received with some contempt by the company, and a soulful youth gushed out:

"Two, oh, two is the magic number. Oneself and one other—the adored one! Just us two!"

A hard featured individual, who had been listening to the conversation hitherto unmoved, here remarked in a harsh voice:

"The magic number is No. 1 in this world, and if you want to succeed never forget it."

An interval of deep thought on the part of all followed, after which they went in silently to supper.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Jean Richepin's Career.

The story of how he came to adopt a literary career is sufficiently picturesque. For some time he had picked up a precarious livelihood by doing "odd jobs," including such prosaic occupations as that of bootblack and casual porter on the Quai Marseilles. One day he was engaged by a gentleman to carry to the railway station a heavy trunk. Arrived at the station, there was an instant mutual recognition. They were old college chums. "What are you doing here?" asked his friend. "Carrying your trunk, I believe," said Jean. "Why do you do this?" "Because I must." "Where do you live?" "Come and see," replied Richepin.

The future dramatist took his friend to his dwelling—a miserable room in an attic in the poorest quarter of the town. Upon the table lay scattered heaps of manuscripts—Jean's incursions in the realms of poetry when the more prosaic duties of the day were over. Looking through them, his friend was astounded at their quality. "Why do you carry trunks and blacken boots when you can do work like this?" he asked. Richepin had never given the matter a thought; he had never deemed these products of idle hours worthy of publication. Published they were, however, in a very few weeks and created an immense sensation. From that moment Jean Richepin has never looked back.—Westminster Gazette.

The Widow's Opinion.

In one of the suburban towns near the capital lives a widow well endowed with worldly goods, whose husband, with a sort of posthumous jealousy, has guarded against her re-marriage by providing that she shall lose all her property if ever she takes another husband. She has been receiving attentions for several years from an elderly Grand Army of the Republic veteran. She has been very good to him too. Once when he wanted to parade with his comrades she bought him an expensive blue suit with brass buttons on it. He wanted to marry her, but the will of the selfish dead man stood between. So after a time he married somebody else. The widow was broken hearted. She recalled the suit with the brass buttons. She recalled a hundred kindnesses shown the old soldier. She bewailed his perfidy to her friends.

"Why," said one of them, "what did you expect? He wanted a wife to make a home for him. You couldn't marry him. So why do you complain?"

The widow wiped her eyes.

"I know I couldn't marry him," she said. "I didn't really want to marry him anyway, but, you see, it was such a heap of comfort to have a steady beau."—Washington Post.

An Erratic Writer.

When Thomas Bailey Aldrich was a small salaried clerk in George W. Carleton's book store on Broadway, Fitz James O'Brien was in the habit of dropping in to see him, and one day came in rather more than half seas over. Aldrich decided to take him across the street to a hotel and put him to bed. Cautiously and carefully he led O'Brien, but before he had got half way across a friend stopped him and asked: "Why do you want to bother with the fellow. Let him go." "I will not," replied Aldrich. "He borrowed a dollar from me a few days ago, and I can't afford to let anything happen to him."

At another time, when he was not strictly sober, O'Brien found himself out of funds. He wandered into a publisher's office and asked for $25. This was refused him. Angrily seizing a placard O'Brien reversed it and made in big letters on the blank side: "One of ——'s authors. I am starving." Tying a string to the card, O'Brien placed it around his neck and paraded up and down the street, to the great amusement of a large crowd. He was of course requested to desist, but nothing stopped his mad course until a $5 bill was presented to him as a compromise.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Harcourt's Beaconsfield Anecdote.

Sir William Harcourt has one quite unique memory of the support he gave in old days to the public worship regulation act. That was an invitation which he received to visit Lord Beaconsfield at Hughenden Manor.

Taking his guest—the member of a family representing the ownership of broad acres—round his minute demesne, Lord Beaconsfield said, "Excuse the vanity of a landed proprietor!" The young politician accompanied his host on Sunday to the village church, and on the way thither was warned that some hints of the high church movement had penetrated even that sylvan solitude. "My friend, the vicar," said the lord of the manor, "will take what I call a collection and he calls an offertory, and afterward what I call a plate and he calls an alms dish will be placed on what I call a table and he calls an altar."—London News.

Undismayed.

Counsel for the Defense—Gentlemen, I appeal to you to return this unfortunate to his little home, where a tender, loving wife awaits him, where his little children call him father—

Judge (interrupting)—I will call the learned counsel's attention to the fact that the accused is unmarried.

Counsel (undismayed, continuing)—So much the more unfortunate is this poor man, who has no little home, where no tender, loving wife awaits him, where no little children call him father!—Fliegende Blatter.

The Good Old Jokes.

Grier—By the way, did I ever tell you that story about the end man and the small boy?

Frier—No, but several hundred other people have told it to me.

Grier—Nonsense! Nobody ever heard it before yesterday.

Frier—Then it isn't worth hearing.—Boston Transcript.

The average attendance at places of worship in England and Wales is computed to be between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 persons. There is a place of worship for every 500 individuals, taking the country all through, and a stated minister for every 700. About 80,000 sermons are preached every Sunday.

Wholesale Lynching.

Usually Judge Lynch is satisfied with one, or at the most two victims. When he held jurisdiction in California some years ago he was satisfied with three convictions, and that was the highest record of his "bloody assize" until last Tuesday, when he had a feast day and swung up five persons—two of whom were women.

The infamous act took place at Clarendon, Arkansas, an unimportant country town not far distant from the capital of the State. A white citizen of the town named John Orr, a man of local position and comfortable means, had awakened the jealousy of his wife by attention to Miss Rachel Morris, a village coquette. Mrs. Orr suggested to her two negro female servants that if her husband were slain it would be a good thing. The two women conveyed this commission to their three lovers, and that night Orr was shot to death through the window. Rachel Morris, Mrs. Orr and the five negroes were charged with the crime. The first escaped, the second committed suicide by poison, dying with her child of three years held to her breast, and the others were locked up. Until this moment this was no extraordinary crime. It had the ordinary qualities of murder springing from jealousy, working in a community of which Clarendon is only a type for thousands in the South. The people then became excited, and going in a body to the jail, took from it the five prisoners and hanged them.—Philadelphia Times.

Political Notes.

In Chester and Montgomery counties the anti-Quay Republicans are seeking a fusion with the Democrats on the basis of a division of the candidates for the Legislature.

* * *

In a laudatory notice of Dr. Enfield, of Bedford, the choice of the Democrats of that county for Congress in this district, an exchange says: "He was the first delegate from this State in the Chicago Convention to go over to W. J. Bryan."

* * *

Blairsville Courier: Colonel Stone says that he is proud of Pennsylvania, and we all believe that the day will come when Pennsylvania will be proud of Colonel Stone. All that it asks is that he be as good a Governor as he has been a Congressman.

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, Aug. 24, 1898.

Apples	per bu	50-60
	dried, ℔	4c
	evaporated ℔	13c
Apple Butter, per gal		40 to 50c
Butter	roll, per ℔	15c
	fresh keg, per ℔	10c
	creamery, per ℔	20c
Beeswax, per ℔		25
Bacon	country ham, per ℔	10 to 12c
	sugar cured ham, per ℔	12½c
	side, per ℔	6 to 8c
	shoulder, per ℔	10 to 8c
Beans	white navy, per bus	90c
	Lima, per ℔	5c
Coffee	green, per ℔	15c
	roasted, per ℔	19c
Cement	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.30 to 1.25
	Portland, per bbl	$2.50 to 4.00
Cornmeal, per ℔		1½c
Eggs, per doz		12-15c
Fish, lake herring	½ bbl	per 70 ℔ $2.75
	¼ bbl	per 30 ℔ $1.35
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		75 to $1.00
Potatoes, per bus		50-60c
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	25c
	" ¾ " "	50c
	" 4 bus sacks	$3.25
	ground alum, 180 ℔ sacks	90c
Sugar	maple, per ℔	6 to 8c
	imported yellow, per ℔	5c
	white, A, per ℔	6¼c
	granulated, per ℔	6¼c
	Cube, or pulverized, per ℔	8c
Syrup	per gal	30c
	maple, per gal	60 to 70c
Stoneware, gallon		8c
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	6.50
	" alsyke, per bus	7.50
Millet, German, per bus		1.25
Grain & Feed	barley, white beardless, per bus	1.25
	buckwheat, per bus	50c
	corn shelled, per bus	45 to 46c
	oats, per bus	33 to 35c
	rye, per bus	60c
	wheat, per bus	80
	bran, per 100 ℔s	85c
	corn and oats chop, per 100 ℔s	85c
Flour	flour, roller process, per bbl	$4.75-4.80
	" spring patent and fancy high grade	$5.00-$5.50
	flour, lower grade per 100 ℔s	$1.40-$1.50
Middlings	white, per 100 ℔s	85c
	red, per 100 ℔s	85c

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch.

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:10 a. m., Somerset 11:34, Stoyestown 12:04, Hooversville 1:06, Johnstown 1:00 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:15 p. m., Somerset 5:29 Stoyestown 6:07, Hooversville 6:18, Johnstown 7:05.

SOUTHWARD.

*Mail.—Johnstown 8:30 a. m., Hooversville 9:19 Stoyestown 9:33, Someret 10:2 Rockwood 10:20.

Express.—Johnstown 2:20 p. m., Hooversville 3:09, Stoyestown 3:21, Somerset 3:32, Rockwood 4:15.

*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	4:53	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	5:28	a. m.
Sea-shore Express	5:40	"
Altoona Accommodation	8:24	"
Day Express	9:40	"
Main Line Express	10:15	"
Altoona Accommodation	12:02	p. m.
Mail Express	4:13	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:50	"
Philadelphia Express	7:11	"
Fast Line	10:30	"

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Cuts & Sores.
Boils & Tumors.
Eczema & Eruptions.
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Fever Blisters.
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