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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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PASSING OF SUMMER.

Summer is going—her footsteps fall
In the deepening shadow of hedge and wall,
But the breezes, sighing a kind refrain,
Kiss her and lead her through Hollyhock lane.

Summer is going—her blushes fade
Where the riotous climbing roses played,
And her withered garlands are tossed aside
In the painted splendor of Autumn's pride.

Summer is going—her Junetime days
Were the sweetest notes in my song of praise,
So my heart has fashioned them into a tune
That measures its joy in her buoyant moon.

Summer is going—she leaves me here
With the harvest gold and its crimson cheer,
But my heart to the sorrowing rose tree clings
And ever its fettered passion sings.

Summer is going—why may not I
With her to eternal roses fly?
Out there in the garden of endless June,
Where life leads over Love's path, rose-strewn.

Summer is going—down Hollyhock lane,
But the cavalier asters are nodding in vain;
For with quickening pace will she yet withstand
The furious fires of Poppy land.

Summer is going—it only seems
Her departure ends as it starts—in dreams;
But the corn leaves know—'tis a broken spell—
Like the heart that is sobbing "Farewell! farewell!"

THE MAN IN THE CORNHOUSE.

BY SEWELL FORD.

Although the incidents occurred during the War of 1812, they had nothing at all to do with the beginning or end of that struggle. They might, barring a few details have happened yesterday. So don't expect history.

Do you know how clear and cold a December morning in Lower Quebec, just across the Vermont line, can be? Well, it was just that kind of a morning when Elizabeth Brewers went to the cornhouse and had an adventure. She was after an ear of corn for her pet horse. As she unlatched the cornhouse door she heard a rustling sound within. "Rats," thought Elizabeth, and was undisturbed. But as she opened the door she saw a man. He had been facing away from the door, probably peering through the cracks in the direction of the road, but he had turned as she opened it. He was a tall man and a young one. He wore the cocked hat of the American militiaman, but otherwise his dress was that of a civilian.

"Well, sir?" said Elizabeth, inquiringly. She was startled, but not frightened.

"Well, young mistress?" returned the intruder, looking her coolly in the face.

"May I ask the nature of the business which brings you to my father's cornhouse?"

Tramps were unheard of in those days, and thieves were equally unknown in that section.

"You may ask, but I would rather not answer."

"But I insist, sir."

"Then I obey. The garrison of the fortress in the village is to be paraded in yonder field to-day. I came here to watch the evolution. I entered your father's cornhouse because its open walls offered an excellent place of observation and shelter."

"Why not make your observation in the open?"

"Because I wish to see without being seen."

"Then you are a Yankee spy."

"Your eyes are gray."

"You are an enemy of my country."

"I am your sincere admirer."

"Your words are unbecoming. I have not met you before, sir."

"Nor I you, but the best of good fortune comes when least expected."

"This meeting can mean no good fortune to you, sir."

"And why not?"

"Because I must deliver you to the authorities as a captured spy."

"I became your captive the moment I looked into your eyes."

"You are pleased to speak very lightly of your situation, sir."

"Not so; I was never more serious in my life. Falling in love is no light matter."

"You seem to make no hard work of it."

"It was no task at all."

"We are not talking sense, sir. What am I to do with you?"

"What do you usually do with your captives?"

"I—I never had one before."

"Then all the men hereabouts must be blind."

"I am in earnest, sir. I find you hiding in my father's cornhouse, and you admit ——"

"That I think your eyes are beautiful."

Elizabeth made a gesture of impatience at the interruption.

"My father and Captain Rylance, of the Garretson Guards, are at this moment within," she continued. "Should I shout they would come and take you prisoner. It is my duty to them ——"

"Liz'beth! Liz'beth!"

The voice came from the direction of the house.

"Yes, mother!" responded the girl.

"What are you doing?"

"I—why, I am getting some corn," Elizabeth stammered.

The man in the cornhouse laughed easily, and Elizabeth for the first time flushed.

"Do not think it is because of your fine words that I have not exposed you," she said. "It is because I have naught to do with war and wish you no harm. You—you may go now, sir, and pray be quick."

"Thank you, Elizabeth, but believe me, I never saved my neck with so much reluctance. Since I have learned your name I will tell you mine; it is Matthew Alden. I am of Vermont, and am on the staff of General Hampton. Goodby, but remember, I am still your captive," and before Elizabeth could stop him the tall young man had held her for a second in his arms and touched his lips to hers. Then he had disappeared behind the barn.

Just what were Elizabeth's thoughts for the next few hours I do not pretend to know. Not being a young woman, and never having been kissed by a strange young man in a cornhouse, I don't see how I could be expected to know. I might guess, but so could you. Neither do you know how she felt when, four hours later, she learned that Matthew Alden had been captured after a desperate struggle and lodged in the village prison as a spy.

I do know, however, what she did. She managed to slip away from home after nightfall to go to the rear of the prison, which was a substantial old stone house standing on the main street.

It was a bright moonlight night, and she stood in the shadow of the building. Through a barred window on the second floor came a dim light.

Elizabeth picked up a piece of an icicle which had fallen from the eaves and made an effort to throw it against the window-pane. She missed the window by at least five feet. The clavicle in Elizabeth's right shoulder was fashioned just exactly the same as that bone in the shoulders of other women. Three times she tried and three times she failed. Then the window was opened and Matthew Alden looked out.

"What are you about down there?" he asked.

"It is I—Elizabeth," came back the rejoinder.

"O o-oh! I am very sorry that I can't ask you in."

"Why didn't you go away?" the the girl anxiously inquired.

"I tried to after I had done what I was sent to do, but your soldiers objected."

"You are held as a spy?"

"Yes."

"And you will be shot?"

"Oh, not for a week, at least. Captain Rylance had the kindness to inform me that he would await orders from his superior officer at Kingston."

"Oh, this is dreadful!"

"Do you wish to help me?"

"No, no; I could not do that; it would be treason. But how could I help you?"

"By getting me some pewter."

"What do you want of pewter?"

"I want to make a key for the prison door."

"Could you?"

"I think so. I am something of a locksmith, and the key is a simple one. The jailer showed it to me to-day. He seems to be proud of it. I believe I could get an impression of it in some softened bread."

"Then how would you make it?"

"Why, by melting some pewter in my water cup and moulding it in the ashes of the fire-place. Do you think you could smuggle something of the kind in to me?

"No, no! Don't ask me to do such a thing. Why don't you use the spoons?"

"He is careful to take them away with him."

"He is a good man. Would silver do as well?"

"Yes, of course. Why?"

"I was going to suggest that he search you for coins."

"It's useless; I haven't any."

"That is fortunate. I only came to tell you that you ought to apologize for what you did just before you left this morning.

"I humbly ask your pardon—for not taking two."

"You are very rude, sir. Good night."

"Oh, Elizabeth!——"

It was no use to call, she was gone.

The fact that Captain Rylance, since his company had been quartered in the little border town, had looked with admiration into Elizabeth's gray eyes has some bearing on this narrative. Another fact of equal interest is that up to this time Elizabeth had given the captain but little opportunity of looking into them. Captain Rylance felt that she was avoiding him, and it cut him, for he was accustomed to easy conquests in love if not in war.

But this village beauty showed no appreciation of his fine figure, brilliant uniform and clever talk. Therefore he was somewhat surprised and pleased to receive a visit from Elizabeth on the morning after the capture. She came accompanied by her father, with whom Captain Rylance was on terms of quite friendly intimacy. Mr. Brewers explained that Elizabeth was anxious to see how the soldiers lived.

With much gallantry Captain Rylance showed her about the fortress. Elizabeth was especially gracious, and when she had seen all there was to be seen she said: "You may walk home with me, Captain."

Opposite the prison Elizabeth stopped. One of the windows facing the street was open, and Matthew Alden was standing there looking out.

"Oh, Captain," said Elizabeth, "is that the Yankee spy who was captured yesterday?"

"That is the very fellow," said the Captain, "Are you loyalist enough to wish to see him shot?"

"Not quite. I should not wish to see any man shot. Still, if he is a Yankee spy he ought to be punished. I wish I could—well—snowball him." She said this with a light laugh which the Captain thought was especially charming.

"And so you shall," he replied, entering into the spirit of her odd whim.

Elizabeth took her hands from her muff and made a round ball of sun-softened snow, the Captain standing by and laughing heartily at her prankish mood. The man in the window watched them somewhat wonderingly and not altogether cheerfully.

"Oh, but I couldn't hit him," said Elizabeth. "You throw it for me, Captain."

"All right; now watch. I used to be thought a good bowler at cricket; perhaps I have not yet lost the knack."

Straight up toward the astonished prisoner the snowball sailed and Alden was compelled to dodge as it went through the bars and was shattered against the opposite wall of the room.

"Good! Good!" shouted Elizabeth in glee. "Here, let me make you another one."

Alden viewed the preparations for the second throw with a perplexed expression on his face, but after the third snowball had whizzed past his head he seemed to enjoy the fun as much as either the Captain or Elizabeth.

"He's a good natured fellow, at least, even if he is a spy," said Elizabeth. "Come, let us leave him," and on they went.

It was singular behavior on Elizabeth's part. Captain Rylance, however, knowing nothing of the cornhouse accident, put it down merely as the freak of a vivacious and charming young woman. But still more singular was the conversation which took place that evening between Alden, at the rear window of the prison, and Elizabeth in the shadow below.

"Did Captain Rylance send you enough silver?" asked Elizabeth.

"Yes. But how did you happen to think of such a clever ruse?"

"Oh, it was quite by accident. You see, I could not bring myself to help one of my country's enemies escape, but I thought that if Captain Rylance wished to do it no one could blame me. I had the coins in my muff so—so that if—well, I had them there any way, and I suppose some of them must have slipped into the snowballs when I made them.

This was not all their talk, but the rest is of no consequence to us at this late day. Alden did make the key, and he did escape long before his death warrant was signed. How he met Elizabeth on two other different occasions before the war was ended; how he carried her away at last in spite of the efforts of Captain Rylance and her father, are matters I need not relate in detail.

I may add, though, that one of the most valued treasures of the dear gray-haired, gray-eyed old lady who told me this story is a crudely fashioned key of silver which was given to her by her mother, whose eyes were gray and whose married name was Elizabeth Alden.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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.

Food for Troops.

For troops in garrison the regulations provide for 100 men 125 pounds of fresh beef, or 125 pounds of fresh mutton, or 75 pounds of pork or bacon, or 137 pounds of salt beef; when it is not possible to procure any of these, 87 pounds of dried fish, or 112 pounds of pickled fish, or 112 pounds of fresh fish. In breadstuffs, 112 pounds of flour, or in lieu of flour, any one of the following: 112 pounds of soft bread, 100 pounds of hard bread, or 125 pounds of cornmeal and 4 pounds of baking powder.

The same number of men also receives 15 pounds of beans or 15 pounds of peas, 10 pounds of rice or 10 pounds of hominy; 100 pounds of potatoes are supplied; though sometimes this amount is reduced to 80 pounds and 20 pounds of onions added, or the issue will be 70 pounds of potatoes and 30 pounds of canned tomatoes or cabbages or beets.

The same 100 men get 10 pounds of green tea or 8 pounds of roasted coffee, 2 pounds of tea, 15 pounds of sugar or 2 gallons of molasses or sirup, 1 gallon of vinegar, 4 pounds of salt, one-quarter pound of pepper.

Troops on the march are obliged to accommodate themselves to a reduced ration, says the American Kitchen Magazine, and their haversacks at times are the only larder, and all they boast is hard bread, bacon, coffee, sugar and salt. These ingredients, by means of a tin mug, a tin plate with a handle to make it a frying-pan, and its cover, they must make into food to keep soul and body together till something better is furnished.

Expenses of the War.

One of the largest telegraph bills ever rendered will soon be presented to the War Department as a result of the war with Spain. Nearly all of the correspondence of the department has been carried on by telegraph, the mail correspondence having been practically abandoned. Orders for supplies, equipments, enlistments, movements of troops, mustering out, assignments of officers, transfers of men, and orders of every description were sent by wire. Since the beginning of the war the small telegraph office at the War Department has sent and received 125,000 telegrams, some of which had nearly 2,000 words in them. Besides these messages thousands were delivered by the telegraph companies by messenger, and it is impossible to tell at this time the exact number handled. It cost the Government $5,000 to notify Generals Miles, Shafter and Merritt of the signing of the protocol which provided for the suspension of hostilities. The toll to Manila is $2 25 per word, to Puerto Rico $1.84, and to Santiago 75 cents. The cablegrams to the generals of the army contained over eleven hundred words. Aside from this, Admirals Dewey and Sampson and other naval commanders had to be notified, and, altogether, it was rather an expensive, though welcome, act on the part of the Government.

Beats the Klondike.

Mr. A. C. Thomas, of Marysville, Tex., has found a more valuable discovery than has yet been made in the Klondike. For years he suffered untold agony from consumption accompanied by hemorrhages; and was absolutely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. He declares that gold is of little value in comparison with this marvelous cure; would have it, even if it cost a hundred dollars a bottle. Asthma, Bronchitis and all throat and lung affections are positively cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa. Regular size 50 cts. $1 00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

A Completed Drama.

Philadelphia Ledger.

And now, once again, Christopher Columbus starts out to cross the Atlantic, to make his fifth round voyage, and, by curious coincidence, seek his fifth burial place. Unhappy mariner, doomed to sail the seas, denied repose either in life or death, the Wandering Jew himself furnishes no such illustration of restlessness. In the story of his life, success and disaster, honor and dissension, are invariably linked together, and if his last wishes were obeyed, and the irons in which he made one of his voyages were buried with him, they symbolize his life grimly enough.

Every child knows how Columbus went from court to court asking for a ship, trying to convince kings, priests, noblemen that a new world was not a mere fancy, and how, finally, almost two leagues from Granada, at the Bridge of Pines, a messenger overtook him and told him to turn and go back to the queen; how he did return, and how in the thick of the war which drove the Moors back to Africa and gave Spain again to the Spaniards, Isabella granted Columbus his commission and expenses, and sent him upon the most fateful journey in the world's history.

The 3d of August, 1492, he set sail with three ships, 119 men and a letter of introduction to the Khan of Cipango, whom he intended to convert to Christianity, should he find him. It was on this voyage that he discovered Cuba. In the early spring of 1493 he was back in Spain, and so ended his first voyage. But it would have been impossible for him now to rest at home, and in the following September he again set sail with quite a little fleet, carrying 1,500 men, and, after a voyage of less than a month, he sighted land, and a few days after went ashore at Porto Rico, which he explored and named San Juan. For over three years Columbus remained in the West Indies, exploring, colonizing, trying to settle disputes, sending traitorous messengers back to Spain; he was ill with fever, worried and tormented, and finally, early in June, 1496, he returned to Cadiz, low-spirited and weak, clad in the robe of a Franciscan. But honors and fresh supplies and promises of a liberal share in all good fortune gave him fresh courage and hope, so that he started off in fine spirits on his third voyage in May, 1498, in which he was fated to discover the continent of South America, and to mistake it for a group of islands. When he returned from this voyage he was in irons. But again the skies cleared, and he made his fourth voyage in May, 1502, with four caravels, 150 men, and, as the old ballad has it, "trouble gang along, and plenty of it."

In 1504 he was home again, tired out, but not yet through with his traveling. In 1506 he died, and was buried at Valladolid. When his son Diego died a few years later, this Government took Columbus out of his grave and carried him to Seville, where the two were buried in the Carthusian monastery. Here they rested but a few years, when Latin sentiment demanded that Columbus' grave should be in the New World which he had discovered. So he was taken up again, and made his fifth voyage to San Domingo. The years passed on, and Spain ceded the island to France, and Columbus, being very emphatically "movable property," was taken to Havana, where, with great pomp and many promises of a gorgeous tomb "to-morrow," he was for the fourth time buried, and on his tomb was placed an inscription which hoped he might remain where he was for one thousand centuries. This was in 1796, a little more than one hundred years ago, and now his tomb is opened and he is to cross the seas for the tenth time.

When, in October, 1492, he drew near to land, and saw floating weeds and sticks "wrought with iron," he was about to give Spain the most splendid gift a nation ever received. When, in October, 1898, he is carried away from the New World he discovered, out of all her great possessions on the great continent and the adjacent islands, she will not have kept enough to give even his poor ashes a grave in Spanish soil. The story is curiously complete—beginning with the arrival of the great navigator 400 years ago, and closing with the departure of his ashes from Havana this week.

Draped Lincoln's Coffin.

Inclosed in a moth-proof glass case in Secretary Alger's office is a flag with a history. This emblem was used to drape the casket of President Lincoln when his remains lay in state in the rotunda of the capitol in April, 1865, and enveloped the casket on its long journey through the states to its final resting place at Springfield, Ill. After the ceremonies had been completed the flag was removed from the casket and shipped to Washington, where it was draped and placed in the case in which are moth balls to prevent, as far as possible, its decay.

The flag is draped as only experts employed by the government know how do this work, and on the case is an inscription reciting its history. The cowardly assassination of the war President immediately after the cessation of hostilities might properly be called the last act of that great drama, and by a strange coincidence, in the next room, which is occupied by the adjutant general, is found the base of the flagstaff, from which flew the Stars and Stripes when Fort Sumter was fired upon, and thus the relic of the beginning and ending of the greatest modern war repose within a few feet of each other.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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SOMERSET COUNTY'S EARLY IRON INDUSTRY.

Interesting Letter From James M. Swank—Something About Markleton.

The following letter from Markleton, written by James M. Swank, Secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association, appeared in a recent issue of the Johnstown Tribune:

I have just spent a week at this place, on the Pittsburg Division of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, ninety-four miles east of Pittsburg, seeking and finding absolute rest at the Markleton Sanatorium. I write this letter partly to call the attention of the readers of the Tribune to the pure and dry air, abundant sunshine, pure mountain water, and beautiful scenery of Markleton, and to the comfortable, homelike, and every way satisfactory features of the Sanatorium, which is the only hotel at Markleton.

The Markleton Sanatorium was established in 1892 and furnished with all the appliances for the treatment of nervous and tired-out patients, rheumatic sufferers, convalescents from attacks of fever, etc., but not for the treatment of contagious or infectious diseases. As a matter of fact there are never very many really sick persons at the Sanatorium, and these are of course confined to their rooms and are never seen by the other guests. In a whole week I have not heard the hollow cough of one consumptive, although there are nearly one hundred guests here at the close of the summer season. The Sanatorium is open the whole year, and this is one of its good features. Many, perhaps the large number, of the guests who come to Markleton come simply for rest and recreation.

Markleton is situated in the extreme southwestern part of Somerset County, on the beautiful Casselman River, and 1,700 feet above tide water. Its high elevation and its southern situation, combined with its complete protection by surrounding mountain ranges from northwestern and other cutting winds, give to it a particularly salubrious and pleasant climate. There is no malaria at Markleton, and the fog which sometimes rises at night is speedily dissipated in the morning. Even when rain falls the sun makes his appearance the same day. This is my second visit to Markleton, and I am impressed with the conviction that there is not a more healthy locality in Pennsylvania.

The management of the Sanatorium is liberal, and, as I have said, homelike. The utmost freedom of action is accorded to guests, except that late hours and alcoholic drinks are both prohibited. The rowdy element, which takes possession of so many summer resorts, is never found at the Sanatorium, nor at Markleton. There are no saloons here. The rooms and halls of the Sanatorium are large and well lighted. The building is heated with hot water, but there are also grates in the halls and in many of the rooms. Artificial light is supplied by an electric plant.

The Sanatorium was established by a company of enterprising gentlemen, residents of Mount Pleasant, Connellsville, McKeesport, and Pittsburg. From the beginning the Rev. Dr. John M. Barnett, of the Redstone Presbytery, has been the company's Resident Secretary and the Chaplain of the Sanatorium, while his accomplished daughter is the Resident Manager of the institution. Dr. E. O. Crossman is the Medical Director. He has an assistant—Dr. Miller—and also a female assistant—Dr. Potter. Religious services in a neat little chapel with beautiful stained glass windows, which forms a part of the Sanatorium building, are held every morning after breakfast, attendance upon which is, of course, optional, and on Sunday Dr. Barnett preaches in the morning and evening, there being no other regular preaching at Markleton.

The railroad facilities for reaching Markleton are excellent. Several passenger trains from both the east and the west stop at Markleton every day. The distance from Johnstown by the B. & O. to Rockwood, and thence by the Somerset Branch, is in all fifty-three miles. The Sanatorium is convenient to the railroad station, and there is at the station an express office, telegraph office, and postoffice. Two mails are received daily from the east and two from the west. The Pittsburg dailies are received about 10 o'clock and the Johnstown Tribune reaches here the morning after it is published. There are two stores at Markleton and about a dozen cottages and other residences, one iron bridge over the Casselman River, and a steam saw-mill not far away.

I have mentioned the beautiful scenery of Markleton, but I cannot dwell upon it. The Casselman River is a stream of considerable importance, flowing at the feet of Markleton, and just opposite the Sanatorium a most picturesque trout stream flows into the Casselman. This trout stream suggests Paint Creek at Scalp Level, but it is much more attractive to the lover of wild scenery and to the eye of an artist.

Markleton, which, as we have seen, is but little more than a railroad station outside of the Sanatorium derives its name from the Markle family of West Newton, the founder of which family—Gen. Joseph Markle—was the unsuccessful Whig candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania in 1844. About 1870 a member of this family established a pulp mill here, for the manufacture of paper stock, and gave the place its name. The enterprise was not a success.

Prior to the establishment of the pulp mill the place was known as Philson's Forge, which reference brings me to the second reason that has led me to write this letter. I want to call attention to the early iron industry of Somerset County, which now only exists as a reminiscence among even the oldest residents of the county. Let me tell its story that it may not be forgotten.

Shade Furnace was built in 1807 or 1808, and was the first iron establishment in Somerset County. It was built on the banks of Shade Creek, about forty rods below the junction of Clear Shade and Dark Shade Creeks. David Rodger, an old resident at Shade Furnace, informed me many years ago that it was built by Gerehart & Reynolds upon land leased from Thomas Vickroy. Being in debt, their furnace and lease were sold by the Sheriff to Ogle & Kimmell, of Somerset, who were succeeded by Thomas Gaghegan, who gave way to one Dunlap, when the property reverted to Thomas Vickroy. In November, 1813, Vickroy advertised Shade Furnace for sale at a great bargain. A sale was effected in 1819 to Mark Richards, Anthony S. Earl, and Benjamin Johns, of New Jersey, constituting the firm of Richards, Earl & Co., who operated the furnace down to about 1830. In 1820 they built a forge called Shade, three-fourths of a mile below the furnace, which was carried on by William Earl for four or five years, and afterward by John Hammer and others. In 1849 it made thirty tons of bars. The furnace was continued, at intervals, by various proprietors to the close of 1858. Daniel Weyand, of Somerset, at his death in September, 1877, was the last owner of the property.

About 1811 Joseph Vickroy and Conrad Piper built Mary Ann Forge, on the Stony Creek, about five miles below Shade Furnace, and a half mile below the mouth of Shade Creek. The forge was named after Mr. Piper's wife, who was a daughter of Thomas Vickroy and sister of Joseph Vickroy. David Livingston was subsequently the owner of the forge, and operated it for several years. Richard Geary, the father of Governor John W. Geary, was at one time employed at the forge in a clerical capacity. Pig iron was sometimes packed on horseback to the forge from Bedford County, the horses taking salt from the Conemaugh Salt Works and bar iron as a return load.

In 1809 or 1810 Peter Kimmell and Matthias Scott built a forge for the manufacture of bar iron on Laurel Hill Creek, in Jefferson Township, in the western part of Somerset County. Mr. Kimmell shortly after withdrew, and the establishment was run by Mr. Scott. Subsequently it passed into the hands of Henry Benford and Jacob Ankeny, and ceased operations about 1815. Supplies of pig metal were obtained from Bedford and Fayette Counties. About the year 1810 Robert Philson erected a Catalan Forge on Casselman River, in Turkeyfoot Township. The ore was mined in the immediate vicinity or hauled from Laurel Hill. The enterprise was a bad investment; operations ceasing about 1823. The next furnace in the county was Jackson Furnace, near the Pittsburg Turnpike, on Laurel Hill, built by Irvin Horrel, Philip Murphy and Charles Ogle about 1825. It was unsuccessful in their hands. About 1833 Joseph and William Graham again put it in blast, only to be overcome by speedy disaster. In 1832 there were three furnaces and three forges in the county.

Rockingham Furnace, two miles above Shade Furnace, on Shade Creek, was built in 1844 by John Foust, and subsequently operated by Custer & Little; Somerset Furnace, at Forwardstown, was built by Huber, Linton & Myers, in 1846, and afterward owned by G. Ross Forward, and Wellersburg Furnace was built by the Union Coal & Iron Company in 1856, under the management of G. Ross Forward. All the furnaces and forges in Somerset County have been abandoned.

Philson's Forge made blooms and bar iron directly from the ore—a most tedious and expensive as well as a most primitive method. It was the only forge of the kind in the county. Samuel Philson, a son of Robert Philson, who built the forge, is now living in Berlin, Somerset County, in his eighty-sixth year. Some remains of the forge may still be seen.

Prize Captures of War.

The Panama brought about $100,000. It was taken April 25 by the Mangrove.

The first naval capture made after the declaration of war with Spain was the Buena Ventura, a Spanish merchantman, which was taken by the Nashville, April 22.

The prize capture that was valued the highest of any taken during the war was the Pedro. She was taken by the New York, April 22, and was sold at an appraisement of $200,000 to the Navy Department.

On May 12 the Spanish steamer Rita was brought by the auxiliary cruiser Yale into Charleston, and, with her cargo of coal, condemned. She has since been purchased by the War Department on an appraisement of $125,000, for use as a transport.

Of twenty-seven steamers captured between April 22 and August 10 (inclusive) ten were condemned and eleven released. What the action was in four cases has not been learned, and two cases are yet pending.

The Guido, a joint capture of the Machias and Terror, with her cargo was sold for $130,000. She was a steamer of over 2,000 tons, carrying a valuable cargo of provisions and a considerable sum of money for the pay of the Spanish troops.

Few men in this country are better or more favorably known to the drug and medicine trade than Mr. E. J. Seball, buyer in the proprietary medicine department of the Meyers Bros.' Drug Co., St. Louis. He says: "My boy came home from school with his hand badly lacerated and bleeding, and suffering great pain. I dressed the wound and applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm freely; all pain ceased, and in a remarkably short time, it healed without leaving a scar. For wounds, sprains, swellings and rheumatism, I know of no medicine or prescription equal to it. I consider it a household necessity." Sold by all druggists.

"So you've lost your new servant already?" remarked a lady sympathetically to a neighbor. "Yes." "What time did she go?" "I really can't tell," was the reply; "she took my watch with her."—Roseleaf.

"And did the smell of powder scare you, dear?" she asked.

"No, darling," replied her hero. "At the first smell of powder I thought of you."—Philadelphia North American.

$3,250 Per Ounce.

Washington Star.

"The majority of people when asked to name the most precious metals usually mention gold as first, platinum as second, and silver as third," said the proprietor of a large assay and refining establishment in New York to the writer recently. "If asked to name others some might add nickel and a few aluminum to the list. Now let us see how near the truth they would be. Gold is worth about $250 per pound troy, platinum $100, and silver about $12. Nickel is worth about 60 cents, and pure aluminum from 50 cents to $2 to the troy pound.

"We will now compare these prices with those of the rarer and less well-known metals. To take them in alphabetical order, barium, the metal which Davy isolated from its ore, baryte, in 1808, sells for $950 a pound, when it is sold at all, and calcium is worth $1,800 a pound. Cirium is a sh