Healthy Happy Girls

often, from no apparent cause, become languid and despondent in the early days of their womanhood. They drag along always tired, never hungry, breathless and with a palpitating heart after slight exercise so that merely to walk up stairs is exhausting. Sometimes a short, dry cough leads to the fear that they are "going into consumption."

They are anæmic, doctors tell them, which means that they have too little blood. Are you like that? Have you too little blood?

More anæmic people have been made strong, hungry, energetic men and women by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People than by any other means. They are the best tonic in the world.

Miss Lulu Stevens, of Gasport, Niagara Co., N. Y., had been a very healthy girl until about a year ago, when she grew weak and pale. She lost her appetite, was as tired in the morning as on retiring, and lost flesh until she became so emaciated that her friends hardly knew her. The doctors declared the disease anæmia, and gave her up to die. A physician who was visiting in Gasport prevailed upon her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She did so, and was benefited at once. She is now well and strong—the very picture of health.—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier.*

The genuine are sold only in packages, the wrapper always bearing the full name. For sale by all druggists or sent, postpaid, by the Dr Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N Y., on receipt of price, fifty cents per box. Book of cures free on request.

MANY SECRET MINES.

ENGLAND'S COAST STUDDED WITH THESE DEFENSES.

Their Locality, Approaches and Firing Points Are Mysteries That Foreign Spies Have Often Tried, but Always in Vain, to Solve.

England has the most formidable navy in the world, but she does not rely upon it alone in the event of war to prevent a foreign force from landing upon her shores. London Tit-Bits, in an article on the secret coast defenses of Great Britain, says:

In the event of war no alien army could approach our shores without imperiling its navy by encountering our explosive mines, scores of which surround our coasts at all places likely to be selected for attack by a foreign foe. The Thames is also carefully shielded by similar secret mines, one of these being in the vicinity of Blackwall. The precise locality of these mines is, however, for obvious reasons, kept a dark and inscrutable mystery, and the approaches to them are so cleverly constructed and concealed that no one save an expert would suspect their real character.

An innocent looking cellar at the basement of a certain tradesman's shop is the entrance to one important mine, but even the tradesman himself is not aware that the government rents his cellar, nor does he ever surmise the true nature of the operations carried on therein. The mines are equipped with explosives of the most potent kind and admirably connected with the secret chambers on shore by means of electric wires.

Each mine is controlled by a button, over which are printed particulars relating to the location and character of the mine. This button is placed in the wall of the secret chamber and covered by a double door, securely locked, the outer door so closely resembling the wall of the chamber that no one but those in the secret could detect its presence. The chambers are double locked and approached by passages protected in a similar manner.

Every lock and key is specially made for the government and is unlike any other. Only a few of the very highest officials are allowed to use these keys, and they are solemnly sworn to preserve their secret rigidly. No persons apart from those especially empowered may inspect or visit any of the secret chambers at any time except by express written permit personally procured from a certain high official. This is exceedingly difficult to obtain, and in fact is rarely ever granted.

Prior to such a permit being issued the officials assure themselves that the possessor of the document bears a blameless character, is British born and has no ulterior reasons for preferring his request. This settled, he is sworn to secrecy in the most solemn manner, blindfolded and conducted by a circuitous route to the secret chamber, where he is permitted to use his eyes, but not his tongue, no questions being answered by the attending officials.

Strange stories have been told of attempts made by foreign spies to penetrate the privacy of these mysterious mines.

A young lieutenant in the navy, whose honorable character won the confidence of his superior officers some years since, was accorded the privilege of guarding one of these secret mines and intrusted with certain information concerning its character.

Soon after his appointment he became engaged to a charming young French lady of whom he was desperately enamored. By some inexplicable means his fiancee got to hear of his appointment, and by alternate threats and persuasion induced him to take her to see the secret mine under his care.

On the evening arranged, after extracting a solemn vow of secrecy from his ladylove and getting her to don the dress of a naval officer for the occasion, he was about to set out on his secret mission when, to his surprise and alarm, he and his companion were arrested by detectives. In some mysterious manner the authorities had been enlightened as to the proceedings on foot and were in time to stop them.

For "breach of regulations" the young lieutenant was subsequently court martialed and reduced, while his charming companion, who proved to be a spy in the employ of the French government, was conveyed back to her own country, with a caustic caution.

On another occasion a German gentleman contrived to locate the entrance to one of the secret chambers and actually hired a member of the Bill Sikes fraternity to aid him in negotiating the double locks one dark November night. But so splendidly fitted and fortified were these appliances both the visitors were doomed to disappointment. Returning from the rendezvous, both the plotter and his accomplice were arrested and imprisoned.

Worth Waiting For.

During a performance at at the Tynemouth Aquarium, a couple from Old Hartley were among the audience. When half time arrived, an attendant placed on the stage a board inscribed with the word "Interval."

"W'at's that, Geordie?" asked the wife. Geordie spelled the word.

"I-n, in; t-e-r, inter; v-a-l, interval."

"But w'at is't?"

"Aa divvent knaa, lass. The foaks is nail gannin oot; but we'll stop to see it!"—San Francisco Wave.

In 1666 the great fire in London burned over 436 acres, destroying at least $35,000,000 worth of property. In 1872 the Boston fire burned over 60 acres, at a loss of $1,000,000 an acre. If the same fire occurred today, it would cost, at the very lowest estimate, $100,000,000. In 1893 the loss on the 2½ acres burned over was over $350,000,000.

Adventure With a Tiger.

Colonel R., an English officer stationed in India, met with a singular adventure while tiger hunting in which he lost an arm. The colonel had wounded a tiger from an elephant's back. The tiger charged, and the elephant, taking fright, bolted through the jungle. To save himself from being brained and swept off by overhanging branches, Colonel R. seized a stout limb and, raising himself, left the elephant to go on alone through the forest. To his dismay he found he had not strength and agility sufficient to swing himself up to sit on the branch. In vain he strove to throw a leg over and so raise himself.

Looking down, the sportsman discovered that the tiger had spotted him and was waiting below. The horror of the situation can be imagined—the enraged tiger and the helpless, dangling man knowing he must fall into those cruel jaws.

How long he hung there he never knew. He shouted and shrieked in an agony of fear. He eased one arm a little and then the other, then hung despairingly by both—till at last tired nature gave way and he dropped!

He remembered thrusting one arm into the tiger's jaws, and then consciousness left him. His life was saved by the arrival of a friendly rifle barrel held close to the tiger's head and through the subsequent amputation of the mangled arm by a skillful surgeon.—Youth's Companion.

The Art of Doing Nothing.

One mark of the modern man is his inability to idle. When he has to work for his living, he will grumble lavishly, telling you that leisure is what he longs for; that an idle life is his unattainable ideal. But let him come into a fortune and you will see. Does he use his new affluence in the only reasonable way, making soft places for himself wherein he can idle happily? Not he; he runs to and fro about the city like the Scripture dog, risking the portion of goods that has come to him among the outside brokers, or he tries the muscles of his stomach on a yacht, or he delivers himself, bound hand and foot, to the tyranny of the racing stables, or he becomes a philanthropist, or throws his unconquerable energy into amateur photography.

To a dweller in the sheepfolds the question comes urgent, insistent. When does a man come into this his birthright of antlike industry? When does this inability to idle grow on him? In the time of his lambhood he will do anything, everything, to insure his doing nothing. To attain this object he will spare no patent pains, no anxious thought. He will achieve his end even in "prep." with the eye of the shepherd upon him, and it will be perceived that to do nothing when talking is impossible and staring about, an expensive luxury, requires a talent amounting almost to genius.—Pall Mall Gazette.

He Got the Votes.

A congressman is thus quoted by the Washington Star:

"The first race I ever made for congress resulted in my defeat by less than 50 majority, and if one of my friends had not been too zealous I would have been elected. There was a precinct where I expected to receive 100 votes, and I feared there would be some fraud in the precinct that would injure me, so I got an old man who had never participated in politics, but who had almost paramount influence in the district, to take charge of my interests there, instructing him to see that every friend of mine voted and that the votes were counted.

"When the returns came in, I had not received a single vote in that precinct, and the next day a bulky envelope was handed me containing 120 ballots, together with a letter from the man I had left in charge saying that he had seen every friend of mine and taken up their ballots so that none would be missed, and as he wouldn't trust the judges of elections he had sent them to me himself so I would be sure to get them. Since then I have seen to it that men in charge of my interests were not only honest, but knew something about politics."

A Dog and a Telephone.

At the Redhill railway station a passenger recently came to the station master in great grief, saying that her little pet dog had been left by accident on the platform at Reigate and would likely be either crushed by a locomotive or lost. The courteous official telephoned through respecting the poodle, and the answer came immediately that a dog of that description had just been brought into the police station. The receiver was put to the dog's ear, and the lady was asked to speak to it. She did so. The effect was electrical. The dog barked a cordial recognition of the voice and by its antics expressed a great desire to jump into the apparatus and traverse the wire in order to get to its mistress all the sooner.—Birmingham (England) Mail.

Types of Husbands to Avoid.

There are two distinct types of husbands who do more harm than they would be willing to admit—the man who permits himself to become a generous figurehead in his own family, rarely holding a conversation with his wife or children, good naturedly responding to any extravagance for the sake of peace, and the man who, though conspicuous in the church and community, tyrannizes over his family in small things until, for the sake of peace, they deceive him on every hand.—Frances Evans in Ladies' Home Journal.

Why He Didn't Reply.

It is not always easy to be polite. Witness this from the Chicago Post:

"Why don't you answer?" said madam impatiently to the Scandinavian on the stepladder engaged in putting up new window fixtures.

The man gulped and replied gently:

"I have my mont' full of screws. I not can speak till I svaller some."

He Wanted a Pension.

Opie Read tells a funny story of a colored man who had conceived the idea that he could get a pension from the government. He went to a pension agent to learn what steps it would be necessary for him to take to bring about the desired result.

"Were you really in the army, Sam?" asked the agent.

"Yas, sah. Indeed I was, sah. I was in de army for more'n a year, sah."

"What regiment were you in, Sam?"

"Waal, sah, I don't just this minute recommember, but I'ze gwine to bring you all de papers, and dat will explain de matter."

"But you surely remember whom you were with, Sam?"

"Oh, yes, sah! I recommember dat all right. I was wid my young master."

"Oh, then you were in the Confederate army, were you?"

"Yas, sah; yas, sah."

"Were you ever wounded, Sam?"

"Yas, sah; indeed I was. See dat scar, sah? I got dat scar in de army, sah."

"What was it hit you, Sam?"

"Waal, sah, it was a skillet, sah. Indeed it was. A big iron skillet, sah."

"Now, see here, Sam, what chance can you have to get a pension? In the first place you were in the Confederate army, and then the only wound you received anyway was from a skillet. What in the world has our government got to do with your case?"

"Waal, sah, it was a government skillet, sah."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Woman's Way.

"Here is something that I would like to approach very gently," said Mr. Stoggleback, "so as not to give any offense.

"The new woman wants her rights and her privileges, too, and as a matter of fact I am very glad she does cling to her privileges, and I hope she always will, which means that I hope she'll stay a woman. But the way in which she mixes her rights and privileges up is sometimes a little confusing. For instance:

"When walking along the sidewalk woman holds her course and lets the man turn out, and she does this just the same down town in the busiest streets as she would in a calm and quiet residence street. You might think that a business woman working among business men in a business part of the town would adopt business methods in everything, and that when you met her in the street she would turn to the right as you do and as all men do, but she doesn't. She holds her course, which is very likely to be along the inner side of the walk, and expects you to turn out for her, even if it carries you to the left instead of to the right. She doesn't care about that.

"No matter who she may be or where you meet her woman expects man to turn out for her, and I hope she always will."—New York Sun.

Insanity's Debt to Medical Science.

Insanity is now recognized as a disease which is the result of some functional or organic disturbance of the brain or of some injury or malformation of that organ. Be it said to the everlasting credit of medical science that it has rescued the whole subject of the diseases of the brain and nervous system from the region of myth and superstition and placed it on a scientific plane along with the other diseases and injuries to which human flesh is heir.

The old lunatic asylums and the filthy cells of the county jails with all their horrors where the victims of dethroned reason used to be confined and tortured have been abolished and in their place we now have the modern hospital for the insane, and it stands on the same footing in every respect as a hospital for diseases of the eye and ear or any other medical specialty. It was not the churches, but medical science, inspired by a desire to benefit mankind, which taught the world that the insane are our brothers still and that to them is due the same Christian charity and care as to any others in distress.—Dr. John Girdner in North American Review.

A Bit of Ribbon.

A London paper tells this story of the final signing of the Spanish-American peace treaty: "Every diplomatic instrument bears a seal from which depends a ribbon, and when the seal was about to be affixed to the treaty the commissioners, both of Spain and America, expressed a desire, in graceful acknowledgment of the courtesy shown by France, that the dependent ribbon should be tricolored. Search was forthwith made high and low in the Quai d'Orsay, with the result that in the foreign office of the French republic not a bit of ribbon of the French colors could be found.

"At this critical juncture a brilliant inspiration flashed across one of the heads of the department. 'Go,' he said to a messenger, 'to M. X——, the confectioner, in the Rue St. Honore, for a pound of chocolate cakes and be sure you ask him to tie them up with a tricolor ribbon.' With that bit of confectioner's ribbon the treaty of peace between Spain and the United States was sealed."

Humors of Speech.

"Coom out o' that!" shouted an irate but zealous churchwarden in a rural district to some urchins who were playing marbles against the church door. "I'll let passon know how ye desecate the holy place." This word forms a common stumbling block. A grocer once informed us that people from quite the respectable classes not infrequently asked him for desecrated soup.—Cornhill Magazine.

Geography For Women.

The introduction to Parkenton's "Modern Atlas," published in 1815, has a reference to "the sex" which ought to be very interesting to our modern college girl. The learned author says:

Geography is a study so universally instructive and pleasing that it has for nearly a century been taught even to females, whose pursuits are foreign from serious researches. In the trivial conversation of the social circle, in the daily avidity of the occurrences of the times, pregnant indeed above all others with rapid and important changes that affect the very existence of states and empires, geography has become a habitual resource to the elegant female, as well as the profound philosopher.

Stopping a Big Steamship.

To stop the Etruria, whose displacement is 9,680 tons, horsepower 14,321 and speed 20.18 knots an hour, 2 minutes and 47 seconds are required, and during the process of stopping the ship will forge ahead 2,464 feet, or nearly half a mile. The United States cruiser Columbia, with a displacement of 7,350 tons, 17,991 horsepower and a speed of 22.8 knots an hour, can be stopped in 2 minutes and 15 seconds and within a space of 2,147 feet. In each case the vessel is supposed to be going at full speed and the stoppage produced by reversing the action of the propeller.

Dumas' Quick Wit.

Dumas found a man asleep in the Theatre Francais during the playing of a piece by his friend Soumet. "You see that?" said he, "that's your work."

Next evening a Dumas comedy was put on. The two friends looked in again and found a sleeper.

"You see, dear Dumas," said Soumet, "your works can produce sleep."

"Do you refer to that man?" replied Dumas. "Why, that's the man who was there last night. He's not awake yet!"—San Francisco News Letter.

In 1850 the tallest building in New York was only five stories high, and the church spires were conspicuous above them. Now there is only one spire in the city as high as the tallest building.

A Kaffir's religion consists mostly in singing and dancing.

A MONOMANIACAL WITNESS.

How His Phase of Lunacy Was Developed During a Trial.

"That calls to mind a queer experience of my own," said a lawyer who had listened to a story. "Some years ago I defended a fellow for murder in a little southern town, and the worst witness we had against us was an old German who was a stackbuilder by trade. A stack, by the way, is merely another name for a big chimney.

"The old fellow was perfectly honest and gave his evidence in such a clear, straightforward manner that I felt my client was doomed unless I could think of some way to break him down. While I was codgeling my brains a friend whispered to me to ask him how high he could build a stack. 'What do you mean?' I asked, in surprise. 'Never mind,' said my friend. 'Just slip in that question and see.'

"So at the tail end of the cross examination I paused, as if struck by an afterthought, and said, 'You are a stackbuilder, I believe?' 'Yes, sir,' replied the witness. 'Well, sir,' I continued, 'about how high can you build'— I never got any further. A swift, inscrutable change flashed over the German's face, and he rose excitedly from his chair. 'As high as der sky!' he roared. 'So high dose angels come around it like birds!'

"In five seconds he was raving. You see, the man was a monomaniac—sane on every subject but one, and my friend happened to know his weak spot. It is hardly necessary to say that his evidence in regard to the homicide was promptly ruled out by the judge, and as there was no other witness of importance my man was cleared. The rascal should have been hanged and would have been but for the lucky reference to the stack."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

TWO OF THEM.

Private O'Mara's Tart Retort to His Unaccommodating Colonel.

Here is a story told of Patrick O'Mara, a private in the Ninth regulars: Not long ago he went to the colonel, who was a severe disciplinarian, for a two weeks' leave of absence.

"Well," said the colonel, "what do you want a two weeks' furlough for?"

Patrick answered, "Me woife is very sick, and the children are not well, and if ye didn't mind she would like to have me home for a few weeks to give her a bit of assistance."

The colonel eyed him for a few minutes and said: "Patrick, I might grant your request, but I got a letter from your wife this morning saying that she didn't want you home; that you were a nuisance and raised the devil whenever you were there. She hopes I won't let you have any more furloughs."

"That settles it. I suppose I can't get the furlough then?" said Pat.

"No, I'm afraid not, Patrick. It wouldn't be well for me to do so under the circumstances."

It was Patrick's turn now to eye the colonel as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly, he said:

"Colonel, can I say something to ye?"

"Certainly, Patrick. What is it?"

"You won't get mad, colonel, if I say it?"

"Certainly not, Patrick. What is it?"

"I want to say there are two splendid liars in this room, and I'm one of them. I was never married in me loife."—New York Tribune.

She Studied French.

Four young women were walking together on Charles street today and engaged in animated conversation.

"What do you think I done today, Clara?" said one. "I translated 40 pages of French exercise. Wasn't that fine?"

"Fine," said the other, "I should say it was. I wish I had done as good. I only translated 20."

Comment is unnecessary, but one feels like asking, Is this a sign of the times? Is what Mme. Butterfly called "United States American English" being neglected for the so-called accomplishments?

One can forgive the woman who, gazing at some renaissance lace, blandly remarks, "Ah, that is the 'Renaysant,'" but for the girl who assiduously studies French and murders English meanwhile, as Macbeth murdered sleep, there seems no possible excuse.—Baltimore News.

Jungle Food and Jungle Poison.

Those who have traveled much through the damp jungles of India, such as the Terai, cannot have helped noticing the large amount of fungoid growth, both terrestrial and epiphytical, that presents itself, much of which is edible, but requires an intimate acquaintance with botany to determine between the poisonous and uninimical. What were not long since considered semisavage races on the northeast frontier are the best guides the uninitiated, however, can employ to distinguish the two classes. So close is the resemblance that it would be dangerous for the ignorant traveler to trust to his own unaided discrimination, and if the services of a human nomad are not available the fungi should be submitted to the equally an fait judgment of a tamé monkey—a thing no traveler should be without.

The animal must be very closely watched when sitting in judgment, especial notice being taken of his countenance. If the specimen is poisonous, there is a decided look of disgust apparent, as the creature throws it from him, but if nonpoisonous it is torn into fragments, first smelled and then transferred to the mouth, in which case one may rest perfectly satisfied that it is edible, even though "jackoo" may not eat it. In no case will our remote connections make a mistake, nor, for that matter, will an elephant either. A spare elephant or two is also a handy thing to have among your luggage.—Indian Planters' Gazette.

Tricks of a Pet Crane.

My friend has a pet Florida crane of which he is very fond. The crane stands at one side by the hour, just pluming himself, then picking at shoe buttons and finger rings. Occasionally he is indulged in a favorite pastime—that of taking the hairpins out of his mistress' hair. In nature he is as gentle and affectionate as a kitten, and as he has never been teased he has no enmity for anything except a dog. One night he was attacked by a strange dog, and since then his hatred for any canine other than the home dog is intense.

Dick has always been inordinately fond of his master, whom he makes every effort to please. It is at his command that he will dance, bowing and twirling in the most graceful manner; then circling with wings distended around the yard and back again to bow and courtesy as before.

Another very pleasing recognition of his intelligence is the manner in which he always welcomes his owner. He recognizes his horse and carriage as far as his eye can reach, and long before the bird is in view his voice is heard trumpeting a greeting, which is continued until the master reaches the gate, when at the single command, "Louder, Dick!" he throws his head back and gives forth a long gurgling note, indicating joy and pleasure. To no one else will he give this welcome. It is unique and peculiar—for his owner alone.—Forest and Stream.

Mormonism.

The good wife looked at her mending basket and sighed. If she hadn't seen them there she wouldn't have believed her husband could have worn holes in so many pairs of socks in so short a time.

"There are occasions," she said at last, "when I am almost ready to believe that it would be a good thing for a man to be a Mormon."

Then she went at the job she would willingly have shared with a few other wives.—Chicago Post.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A TINY TRAVELER.

She Journeys From France to New Orleans Alone.

It is not a usual thing for a child 7 years old to travel all the way from France to New Orleans unattended by relatives or friends, ticketed like any package, and therefore much interest was excited in benevolent breasts and motherly hearts when it was reported that little Louise Louguet was on her way alone to her mother in New Orleans, and those whose interest was excited by the account will be glad to know that the little girl arrived safely and is now being petted to her heart's content by her anxious mother and relatives. Louise was delivered into her care and a receipt taken to prove delivery, just as a receipt is given for a package.

Although only 7 years old, Louise is a bright, active, sturdily built little provincial, with a great fund of energy and good humor, and if ever a girl of that age could be said to be able to look out for herself she is that girl. She is quick to ask for what she wants, and when she doesn't get it she rebels vigorously. Such natures are apt to get what

LOUISE LOUGUET.

they wish, and therefore it is not at all surprising that Louise appears to be greatly benefited by her trip. Her good humor and spirits besides won admiration from the boat and train officials who had her in charge, and she was probably treated much better than many a poor child who travels with her father and mother.

It transpires, however, that for the past year or two Louise, for so young a child, had to undergo some hard experiences in France. It was stated through mistake the other day that her father had committed suicide. Her father did not kill himself purposely. He was a trapeze performer and some years ago fell from a great height and lost his life. Her mother then came to join Mrs. Mellet, a married sister, living in New Orleans, and Louise was left in charge of another sister who had married a Gascon farmer. Louise was treated nicely for awhile, but then the farmer, who was no relative of hers, began to sour on her. Her little cousins were sent to school while she was made to take care of the cows and pigs, like maltreated little girls in fairy tales, although this rough life has indirectly benefited the child by making her very strong and independent. At last the uncle refused to take care of her any longer, and she was given into the hands of a charitable institution. It was then that her mother and her relatives here made up a fund sufficient to bring the child to New Orleans.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Fact Versus Fancy.

Two kittens, curled together, lay
Behind the kitchen fire.
The wind blew cold, the sky was gray.
And, since it was a dreary day,
What more could they desire?

When Tom awoke, he rubbed his eyes
And licked his furry mit.
He dreamed a rat of awful size
He'd killed, but to his great surprise
He saw no sign of it.

"Say, Puss," said he when she awoke,
"I killed a monstrous rat.
I shook it till its neck I broke."
And Tommy's sister proudly spoke:
"You are a wondrous cat.

"But, Tom, did you devour the beast
That you so bravely slew?
Then I do think you might at least
Have asked your sister to the feast—
I'd surely think of you."

It happened that a full grown rat
That moment glided by,
And, oh, so closely to the mat
Where Puss and Tommy trembling sat!
"Oh, dear!" cried Puss. "Oh, my!

"Oh, Tom, my brother, don't you see
That dreadful, horrid rat?
Do kill it, Tom; it frightens me."
"Why, Puss, do it yourself," said he
And cowered on the mat.

The rodent quickly fled with fear
When it heard Puss' cry.
Said Puss to artful Tom, "My dear,
That rat was daring you, 'tis clear,
Yet you were wondrous shy."
—William G. Kemper in Chicago Record.

A Comprehensive Wink.

The other day a small boy, quite a small boy, too, being barely 4 years old, was having some pictures taken, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and as the day was dark the plates had to be exposed longer than usual.

When the proofs arrived, there came with them a notice that another sitting would be required, because, as was only too evident, the boy had moved.

Time was precious, as the pictures were wanted to celebrate grandma's birthday, and the mother was a little put out.

"Oh, Willie," she wailed, "why did you move? What made you do it?"

The boy looked wisely from the pictures to her, and then shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "I don't know why I did it—yes, mamma, I do know. The man told me I could wink as much as I wanted to, and so I must have just winked all over. Don't you see?"

Soap Mixed in the Dough.

Epicures may be interested to know that continental bakers are in the habit of mixing soap with their dough to make their bread and pastry nice and light. The quantity of soap varies. In fancy articles, like waffles and fritters, it is much larger than in bread. The soap is dissolved in water, oil is added, and the mixture, after being well whipped, is added to the flour.

Not Very Comforting.

Stayleight—Tommy, do you think your sister is fond of me?

Tommy—I don't know. She gave me a quarter to set the clock half an hour fast.—Jewish Comment.

Show Your Best Qualities.

Honesty does not require us to hang our oil paintings faced to the wall in order that our friends may see that they are made on coarse canvas. It is right to appear always at our best. Give the world your brightest thoughts, your most courteous speech, the outcome of your kindest impulses and purest motives, no matter if you are conscious that these things are above your ordinary level. God made the flowers show their colors, not their dull, fibrous matter; to load the air with their odors, not with the rankness of their sap.—Homiletic Review.

Romance Versus Reality.

The romanticist speaks: A realist is a man who takes his own vision of the world as true and the visions of all other persons as false.

The realist speaks: The romanticist is a man who has forgotten the origin and meaning of the nursery tales with which his head is filled.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The first public bath in England for hot bathing purposes was opened in 1679.

Opium is considered three times as deadly as alcohol.

DYED DIAMONDS.

Yellow Stones Can Be Made to Look Like Gems of the First Water.

"There are tricks in every trade" has grown to be an adage, and this proverb holds especially good with regard to the jewelry trade, which for "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" fairly takes the palm for roguery.

Although a great deal of capital, time and labor have been devoted to counterfeiting the diamond, very little success has been obtained from a fraudulent point of view, as the diamond possesses extraordinary qualities of hardness and brilliancy, with which no imitation, up to now, can attempt to vie. "Paste" of all kinds can be tested by means of a sharp steel file, which scratches its surface.

A method of successful imposition with diamonds has, however, been discovered, and the originator of this swindle actually defrauded the pawnbrokers of London alone in one year of upward of $500,000.

The general public, as well as jewelers, are aware that diamonds of a yellowish tinge, or, as they are called in the trade, "straws," are worth very little. Large stones of this color, even when weighing from 10 to 100 carats, are quite common and will only fetch in the market from $5 to $20 per carat, the value, of course, increasing in ratio with weight. Diamonds of the same weight, if of the first water, or perfectly colorless, would be worth from five to ten times as much.

The methods of the individual referred to were as follows: He purchased a quantity of "yellow" stones, and then by a simple yet ingenious process succeeded in imparting to them an evanescent purity of color. This was done by procuring two ordinary glasses, a kettle of boiling water and a threepenny packet of mauve dye.

The "yellow" diamond, which was perhaps set in a gold ring or pin, was merely dipped in the glass containing the dye, and then in clean boiling water half a dozen times, and allowed to dry, when it presented all the appearance, even to the eye of an expert, of a magnificent stone of the first water.

The next move was to place the ring on the finger, and the well dressed diamond dyer would sally forth, enter a pawnbroker's and pledge the ring for at least three times its worth. Within 12 hours, however, the effects of the dye would have disappeared, and the pawnbroker could only wonder what on earth was wrong with his eyes when he advanced so much money on such a yellow stone.

Fortunately, owing to the magnitude of this individual's operations, the fraud was discovered, and now pawnbrokers, if they are suspicious of a diamond's color, immerse it in nitric acid, which destroys any dye that may be present without in any way injuring the stone.—London Mail.

GOOD MONEY FOR BAD NEWS

Paid to Learn That Sight Would Leave Him In Six Months.

Somehow it made me feel bad, this happening that I am about to relate. I was in the office of an oculist, one of the leading men in his profession in Pittsburg. A big, strong and healthy looking man entered. His appearance indicated that he had many years of life before him. He was well dressed, keenly intelligent and of pleasant countenance.

"Doctor," he said, "my eyes have been troubling me, and I would like you to make an examination of them and treat them."

After a few preliminary questions the doctor told him to strip himself to the waist. He took off his clothes and stood there, a magnificent specimen of manhood. The doctor examined him, paying particular attention to his back, for a reason of which I know nothing. Having finished, he said:

"Put on your clothes. I can do nothing for you. Your sight may last six months, but no longer. Treatment will do no good. Blindness is sure to come."

"What's the matter, doctor?" he asked quietly, with a faint tremor in his voice.

The doctor told him in technical language and then explained that the trouble came from the wasting of a nerve leading from the spine.

"What's your bill, doctor?" asked the man when he got his clothes on.

"Five dollars," replied the doctor.

He paid it and left the office without another word. In the fullness of life he walked out into the blessed light of day, doomed within six months to darkness until death. It was an incident to the doctor; to me it was a tragedy.—Pittsburg News.

Irving Didn't Read.

Sir Henry Irving appeared at the Theater Royal, Edinburgh, in 1857, and two years later he went to Linlithgow to give a reading there. He was delighted to see his name in big letters on the posters on arriving in the town. He went to the hall, but there was no crowd there—in fact, the caretaker had not arrived, having forgotten all about the reading. Irving went in search of him, and things were got ready: 8:30 o'clock arrived, but no one came to the hall—not even a small boy. In recalling the incident Sir Henry was wont to say, "I never slept better than I did that night."

Its Natural Effect.

"How many of these sheep got out of here?" asked the angry farmer.

"I don't know," replied the new hired man, rubbing his eyes. "After I'd watched five or six of 'em jump over the fence I seemed to lose the count. That always puts me to sleep."

Smart Little Girl.

A little girl who has just entered school jubilantly announced to her father that she had beaten all the girls above her in the arithmetic class and gone to the top.

"That was clever of you," said he encouragingly. "How was it?"

"Well, you see, the teacher asked the girl at the head how much was 8 and 5, and she didn't know and said 12, and the next girl said 9, and the next one said 11, and the next one said 14. Such silly answers! Then the teacher asked me, and I said 13, and she told me to go top. 'Course it was 13."

"That was nice," said the father. "I didn't think you could add so well. How did you know it was 13?"

"Why, I guessed it. Nobody said 13."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Libelous "They Say."

The one term "they say" is responsible for nine-tenths of the lies which repetition and familiarity finally convert into seemingly bona fide evidence. One usually hears an exciting bit of gossip launched forth with these words, while at the same time the speaker adroitly shields herself by declaring that personally she does not know it to be true. The man or woman who thus screens himself or herself is nothing short of a coward.—Josephine Hill in Woman's Home Companion.

Current Literature.

"You are preparing a new edition of your popular novel," said the caller.

"I am," replied the novelist.

"Well, I have a proposition by which we may both make money. Where you say, 'She glued her lips to his,' why not add, 'using Stycker's celebrated glue?'"—Philadelphia North American.

"De trouble wif some men dat knows a heap," said Uncle Eben, "is dat dey hab sech a positive way o' tellin it dat dey makes folks too mad to listen."—Washington Star.

"Many a man," once said Phillips Brooks, "can say, 'I did the things my father told me, but the man I am my mother made me.'"

"That Train Didn't Stop."

An Englishman traveling in Maryland had occasion to investigate the running time of the trains that passed through the small place where he was stopping. Carefully searching a time-table, he found apparently that there would be an express train due at 4 o'clock that afternoon. The Englishman was on time with his grip, etc., and so was the express train. The intending passenger watched it approach and thunder by the station at top speed. The traveler was annoyed, and, turning to a colored man who stood near, remarked: "That train didn't stop!" "No, sir," replied the colored citizen, cheerfully, "didn't ev'n hes'tate."

John Quier, who died in England recently in his eighty-fifth year, spent fifty-five consecutive years of his life in prison, whither he was sent in 1843 for attempted murder. He was found to be mentally irresponsible, and was ordered to be confined during her Majesty's pleasure. His death was due to senile decay.

Why They Wanted the Beans.

"Please, sir," said one of the small twins as they entered the grocery, "we want a cent's worth of beans."

"What do you want them for?" asked the grocer.

"'Cause our mamma's gone out, and she told us not to swallow any beans while she was gone, and we can't find any in the house," was the reply.—Chicago News.

The late Senator Morrill, of Vermont, was as careful of the public property as if he bought and paid for it out of his own private purse. He always carefully untied and saved the piece of red tape with which his mail was secured, and his committee room was consequently the only one which never made a requisition for tape.

Australian newspapers report the complete disappearance of Metis Island, which as late as 1890 projected 150 feet above the ocean.

Pain Conquered; Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 92,649]

"I feel it my duty to write and thank you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. It is the only medicine I have found that has done me any good. Before taking your medicine, I was all run down, tired all the time, no appetite, pains in my back and bearing down pains and a great sufferer during menstruation. After taking two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt like a new woman. I am now on my fourth bottle and all my pains have left me. I feel better than I have felt for three years and would recommend your Compound to every suffering woman. I hope this letter will help others to find a cure for their troubles."—MRS. DELLA REMICKER, RENSSELAER, IND.

The serious ills of women develop from neglect of early symptoms. Every pain and ache has a cause, and the warning they give should not be disregarded.

Mrs. Pinkham understands these troubles better than any local physician and will give every woman free advice who is puzzled about her health. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. Don't put off writing until health is completely broken down. Write at the first indication of trouble.

Croup instantly relieved. Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil. Perfectly safe. Never fails. At any drug store.

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, Jan. 18, 1899.

Apples	per bu	50-75c
	dried, ℔	4c
	evaporated ℔	13c
Apple butter, per gal		40 to 50c
Butter	roll, per ℔	18c
	fresh long 2 per ℔	15c
	creamery, per ℔	20c
Beeswax per ℔		28
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	1.90
	Lima, per ℔	5c
Coffee	green, per ℔	15c
	roasted, per ℔	10 to 12c
Cement	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.00 to 1.25
	Portland, per bbl	$2.50 to 4.00
Cornmeal, per ℔		1½c
Eggs, per doz		17c
Fish, lake herring	½ bbl	per 70 ℔ $2.75
	¼ bbl	per 30 ℔ $1.35
Honey, white clover, per ℔		20c
Lard, per ℔		7 to 10
Lime, per bbl		$1.50
Molasses, N. O., per gal		60
Onions, per bus		75 to $1.00
Potatoes, per bus		15-18
Peaches, evaporated, per ℔		3 to 8c
Prunes, per ℔		8 to 10c
Salt	N. Y., per bbl	$1.11
	Pittsburg, per bbl	1.05
	Dairy, ½ bus sacks	25c
	" ¼ " "	50c
	" 7 bus sacks	$1.25
	ground alum, 180 ℔ sacks	90c
Sugar	maple, per ℔	6 to 8c
	imported yellow, per ℔	5c
	white, A, per ℔	5¾-5¾c
	granulated, per ℔	5¾-6¼c
	Cube, or pulverized, per ℔	6¼c
Syrup	per gal	35
	maple, per gal	60 to 70c
Stoneware, gallon		8c
Tallow, per ℔		3 to 5c
Vinegar, per gal		10 to 15c
Seeds	timothy, per bus	$1.50
	clover, per bus	4.00
	" crimson, per bus	4.00
	" alfalfa, per bus	6.50
	" alsyke, per bus	7.50
Millet, German, per bus		1.25
Grain	barley, white beardless, per bus	1.25
	buckwheat, per bus	50c
	corn shelled, per bus	35 to 40c
	oats, per bus	25 to 30c
	rye, per bus	50c
& Feed	wheat, per bus	60c
	bran, per 100 ℔s	55c
	corn and oats chop, per 100 ℔s	85c
Flour	flour, roller process, per bbl	3.80
	" spring patent and fancy high grade	$4.50-$4.75
	flour, lower grade per 140 ℔s	$1.35-$1.40
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 12:02, Hooversville 1:54, John