The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827

Terms of Publication.

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

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

Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

THE SOMERSET HERALD,

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VOL. XLVII. NO. 44. SOMERSET, P

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THE GOLDEN AGE.

There are no days like bygone days,
So thinks the senile heart;
No ways there are like ancient ways,
None now such bliss impart:
For when the vision back is cast
It sees a golden age;
That heart then sighs for all the past
And deems the action sage.

The brightest days are coming days,
Affirms the youth in glee;
And on the future is his gaze
While present moments flee;
The golden age is yet to beam
Before his eager mind;
And thus his thoughts with lustre gleam
As they their views unbind.

But to the sensual epicure
The golden age is now;
With plenty near his joy is sure,
And pleasure crowns his brow;
Within the present days he tries
To taste the chiefest good,
Asserting that the rich and wise
Are those supplied with food.

The true philosopher is found
In looking up and on,
Away from sordid, earthly ground
Toward everlasting dawn;
The better life beyond us lies
Declares the sacred page;
And those who look with faith-lit eyes
Discern the golden age.

—Rev. William H. Bancroft in the Philadelphia Ledger.

THE WRONG MAN.

Strange indeed are the unsolved mysteries of all great cities, and none stranger, perhaps, than some of those that might be told of the highways and byways of London. Murder, robbery and all the other deeds made criminal by a sensitive and egotistical civilization—these have taken place in the very eye of the public, with never a clue, or, at least, but a false clue, to the perpetrator. Men, women and children have disappeared from crowded thoroughfares, spirited away, as it seems, none ever knowing whither.

One of these grim romances of real life came under my notice a few years ago. You may, perhaps, remember reading of it in an obscure corner of your daily paper, for it happened at a time of national sensation when the shooting dead of a man on Ludgate hill was a mere episode barely considered worthy of mention in a paragraph. Circumstances not only made me almost a spectator of the crime, but they have recently made me learn the whereabouts of the criminal. Accident, in other words, has acquainted me with a fact which half the detectives at Scotland yard would, as the saying goes, give their ears to learn.

But, before I tell you of the murderer, let me remind you of some of the facts of the murder.

It is now some years ago that I was walking down Ludgate hill with a friend, a plain-clothes detective, to whom I have not yet divulged the secret I am here making public. We were on the north side, and nearly at the railway bridge which spans the hill by Ludgate circus, when from the other side of the road rang out the sharp report of a pistol. There was a flash, a puff of smoke, and, as though by magic, at once a crowd.

Scott and I, he scenting a case and I a new sensation, crossed the road and pushed our way through the human eddy, which swung around the body of a man lying by the curbstone. My friend, by the magic word "Police," managed to work a way for us both through the struggling sightseers, and we got to the centre at the same moment that a burly policeman reached the same goal through the opposite side of the crowd.

He and Scott knew one another, and the latter whispered to his colleague, "I saw an elderly man starting at the run round the circus corner down Bridge street. You'd best take him for safety's sake. Silk hat, fur coat; go with him, Herm; you must have noticed the man."

This last sentence was addressed to me, and, though not having the eye of a detective officer, I had not noticed any one start at the run, I was by no means unwilling to accompany P. C. XXX. 3

We got out of the crowd; happily without there being any general idea of our mission, or we should have had the whole mob at our heels. In Bridge street there was no sign of such a man as Scott had described. The constable asked the first cabman on the rank if he had noticed any one of that description.

"Seed 'im? I did; 'e jest took the 'ansom in front 'o me, an' offered Tom Bings 'alf-a-crown to get to Waterloo in ten minutes."

"Five shillings to you if you overtake him," said I excitedly, as the policeman and I got into the cab.

Off he rattled over Blackfriars bridge, and down Stamford street. Our Jehu turned into a narrow by-way to get to the station, and had only just time to pull his horse up, for there was a "block" ahead caused by a brewer's dray, the horses of which could not be induced to start off with their heavy load. Our cab stopped close to another, which was empty.

"Hallo, Bings!" sang out the driver over our heads. "Where's your fare?"

The other cabman pointed with his whip to a gentleman hurriedly making his way toward the station.

"Wait for me," said XXX. 3, and so saying he jumped out of the hansom and at that swinging trot peculiar to a policeman in a hurry pursued his quarry. I did not have to wait many minutes, filled with that curious, half-pleasant, half-painful perturbation which usually attends a hunter at the moment when he thinks himself on the point of securing big game. I had never hunted human game before, but could realize the excitement of it in my 'ast ten minutes' experience.

I had not long to wait for the return of the constable, who had secured his man as he was mounting the steep incline that leads to the Waterloo main line booking-office.

"I'll see Mr. Scott later," I said, as captor and captured got into the vehicle, and as I heard the "click" with which the handcuffs were fastened on the wrists of the unfortunate man.

I did not care to return to the police station with the constable and his charge, for I had recognized in the latter a fairly well known city man, one who had an unenviable notoriety in certain circles as a man connected with ill-starred company concerns, out of which he had always come with well-lined pockets. I had indeed ventured and lost some pounds in one of his semi-swindling concerns, but had no desire to be present at his humiliation.

Wondering what could be the man's reason for committing murder—supposing him to be the guilty party—I pursued my way cityward. At Blackfriars bridge I was hailed from a passing hansom by my detective friend Scott.

"Hi! Herm, come with me and see this thing through."

I jumped in beside him and was instantly driven once more rapidly toward Waterloo station.

"Well," I said.

"Well, indeed," said he, "seeing that we're on one of the most curious cases that I've had to do with, you seem to be mighty doleful over it. Why, this murder ought to create one of the sensations of the day."

I then learned that the murdered man was apparently a stranger visiting London, presumably from the north, and supposed to be named John Lonstick. The shot which had killed him had been fired so close that it had gone right through his head, death being instantaneous. The man who had been seen to leave the spot so hurriedly by the quick eye of the professional detective was, as I had surmised, Theobald Baldwin, an uneuphonious name, familiar, as I have said, on many a list of company directors. Nothing had so far been proved or even surmised connecting the two men together; but—and Scott made me feel the full significance of the position—Baldwin had in his possession a six-chambered revolver, which he declared to be fully loaded, but which on inspection at the station proved to have had one of the chambers recently discharged.

The suspected man, it is true, had shown considerable surprise on this discovery, but his surprise was, of course, put down by the police officials as a piece of well-simulated acting, and Scott was sent off to make inquiries at his place of residence at Surbiton, to learn, if he could, any facts associating Baldwin with the murdered man.

It did not take much persuasion to induce me to accompany my friend on his evidence-seeking errand to Surbiton. We soon reached that pleasant centre of villadom and were not long in finding the handsome house built and maintained out of the hard-earned and easily-lost savings of credulous fools like myself.

My friend asked to see Miss Baldwin, and the surprised domestic half doubtfully showed us into a room opening off the spacious hall, while she went to inform her mistress of the arrival of visitors.

"What name shall I say, sir?"

"Say I want to see her at once—Mr. Scott—I have a message from her father."

The young lady very quickly made her appearance. She looked little more than a child—was, in fact, I believe, only about 16 years old, and the only child of her widowed father.

"You come from papa?" she said, and then added in a half-shriek, on catching sight of serious faces. "Is anything the matter with him? What is it?"

"Your father is quite well, Miss Baldwin, said my suave friend, "and will, I do not doubt, be home at his usual time to night; but he is in a little difficulty in the city to-day and sent me to get some papers from his private room."

The girl looked startled, as if doubtful as to our errand, but Scott added, taking a bunch of keys from his pocket:

"These are your father's keys, given me to get these papers with."

The girl appeared somewhat surprised, but at once led us to her father's sanctum. Diligent search revealed nothing whatever to show Theobald Baldwin as having any correspondence with John Lonstick, and Scott half regretfully turned to question the girl.

"Miss Baldwin, do you know if your father has had any serious quarrel with any one lately?"

"No; why?"

"Nothing, nothing; but, you know, he carries a revolver, and I thought he might have some reason for it."

"Oh, something has happened, I am sure; tell me, please."

"Your father is quite well, Miss Baldwin, but you will help him in his present difficulties by answering my questions simply."

"Yes."

"You do not know of your father having lately had a serious quarrel with any one?"

"No; though a young man, a German, I think, who called himself Hermann Uffenburg, came to see papa this morning, just after he had left for the city, and spoke very excitedly and silly about papa having done him some wrong."

"Thank you. And you know that your father carries a revolver?"

"I did not know it until last night. I felt quite frightened about it, for I know he sometimes gets very angry and might use it."

A quick gleam of triumph flitted over Scott's features at this statement. The girl continued:

"I was so frightened that I—I did a dreadful thing. I took the pistol off papa's desk and fired it off in the garden last night to see if it was loaded, and then put it back in his study."

Scott's face fell.

"And how often did you fire it off?"

"Why, only once, for I should not know how to load it again, and I didn't want papa to carry it loaded."

Scott saw the whole of his little murder case crumble to nothing before a few words spoken by an innocent girl who didn't know the difference between a six-chambered revolver and a pistol. We took our leave and returned to town, where Scott duly reported the result of his investigation at the police station, and where he further learned that the revolver had been examined by an expert, who declared that several hours must have elapsed since it was fired.

In the face of this evidence Mr. Theobald Baldwin was, of course, dismissed, and by means of an interview with one or two police court "penny-a-liners" he so managed that all mention of his name in connection with the Ludgate hill murder mystery was suppressed in the brief notices which happened to be accorded to it in the public journals.

* * * * * * *

I had almost forgotten my slight connection with the mystery of which I have written when I was reminded of it in a very startling fashion on my recent holidays. I was sitting outside a gasthaus in one of the smaller German cities, drinking my lager beer, when my attention was drawn to a neighboring small table where a couple of young Germans were discussing the prospects of employment in England as clerks.

"They are fond enough of getting Germans as clerks," said one of them, "but how they treat them! Look at poor Uffenburg"—I started at the name—"Himmel, see how he was treated there! He went to London to escape military service and was so badly treated by the man that employed him that he declares he shot him down in the street and then got back to the fatherland, where he was arrested as a deserter and is now doing a long term in a military prison. No London for me after that experience of Hermann Uffenburg!"

I could scarcely believe my ears. To think that chance should thus make plain to me after several years the fact that John Lonstick, a harmless stranger, had been shot down by a German clerk, the bullet having been intended for that same clerk's whilom employer, Theobald Baldwin, who continued his career of legalized robbery up to the time of his death, a few months ago.—Chicago Daily News.

Points in Tomato Culture.

A writer in the Ohio Farmer gives the following:

Having grown both, I find that the tomato vine is similar to the hop vine in regard to the use of the same ground every year. The longer either of them is raised on one kind of soil and in the same spot, with good care, the better it seems to thrive. This is something worth remembering, though, of course, it might not work in all cases, since the same plants often present striking differences, even when grown on soils only a few rods apart.

I first select ground suitable for the purpose—such as can be employed year after year without any danger of interference for other uses—and then, at an interval of about every ten feet, I drive strong stakes into the soil, arranging them in long rows two and a half feet apart. Along these rows the tomatoes are planted in hills, and as the vines commence to spread stout twine is run on nails from one stake to another, similar to wire on posts in the construction of a fence. On this twine the tomato vines are then trained, much in the same way that grapes are trained on a trellis. Thus arranged, the rays of the sun experience little or no difficulty in reaching all the tomatoes, and in consequence nearly every one of them ripens nicely and in due order, a thing that could not occur were the vines left to sprawl upon the ground. New tomatoes will keep coming on vines trained in this way much longer than they otherwise would, affording thereby just as many green ones in autumn for pickling as if only a small amount of ripe fruit had been realized during the season.

Should a drouth come on at any time during the summer, as there often does, the tomato hills ought to be watered properly, and all branches beginning to die pruned off, so that no further vitality of the plant will be absorbed by them. In dealing thus with the vines they will keep green continually, and also produce fruit which commands a ready sale in any market and is a grace to any table. I consider it proper to prune considerably, and especially if large, fine tomatoes are to be produced. Pruning the vines will make them stocky, and for this reason the vitality of the plants will go into a less number of tomatoes. Therefore, if large fruit is desired, advantages can be derived by pruning heavily, but for general field culture there should be only a little pruning, and sometimes almost none at all. The fact is, an ordinary plant, properly trained will usually produce tomatoes plenty large enough for market without a great deal of pruning, further than cutting off dead branches and where the vines happen to be too thick.

House Cleaning Hints.

House cleaning seems to be a difficult problem in many families, it being a season of worry and hard work, especially to the housewife. But there is a right time for it. First we must make preparations to go at it systematically before throwing the house in confusion. Don't be too busy to cook the usual good dinners. Better prepare beforehand such foods that will enable you to make quick and tempting meals, thus saving at least an hour or so every day while the cleaning lasts. See that you have everything at hand, ammonia, furniture oil, brushes, soap-bark, soap, tacks, etc. These things are absolutely necessary. A change of the furniture about the rooms will sometimes add to a better effect. Perhaps my recipe for cleaning soiled carpets will not come amiss here. We have used it on fine moquettes, as well as the cheaper grades of carpet with excellent results. After the carpets have been removed, well beaten and returned to the floor, take a dime's worth of soap-bark, pour over it about two gallons of boiling water, let stand an hour on back of stove (this should have been prepared before) then take one or two quarts (at the time) of this warm soap-bark water in a small vessel, and with a stiff scrub-brush dip lightly in and go all over the carpet, brushing it very evenly. Open the windows and doors so as to let plenty of air in to dry it thoroughly. You will be surprised at the bright, new appearance of the carpets. Even if water fades your carpet, this will not in the least injure the color.—"Joe's Wife."

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ADVENTURE ON AN IRON HORSE.

Thrilling Experience at the Throttle.

From the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad comes a thrilling tale of an adventure on the iron horse, the story of which has probably never been duplicated under similar conditions since railroading has reached the great stage of development which it now occupies. Engineers and firemen lead at all times a life filled with the most perilous adventures, and from their endless variety they learn to look on danger the mere recital of which would appall the reader whose lot is cast in easier lines as commonplace.

However, in the case about to be related the incidents were of a nature so dramatic as to even impress the case-hardened nature of the engineer and in one single night to sprinkle his head with gray, twenty years before its advent might reasonably have been looked for.

The knight of the throttle and lever who relates this most novel and interesting instance of the dangers which beset that occupation is William H. Markey. who is at present running one of the big "1300" locomotives hauling the Royal Blue Line between Washington and this city. Mr. Markey went into the employ of that company many years ago as a freight fireman on the division between Baltimore and Martinsburg, W. Va. He was promoted to be an engineer, and later became a substitute passenger engineer on the main line via Washington. He is considered to be one of the most trustworthy men in the employ of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and his variety of experiences makes him a most interesting talker. He told his story in the Fifty-eighth street roundhouse a few days ago.

"Yes, we meet many strange perils in our lives, although the many precautions which have been thrown around it are said to eradicate the danger. This is true in regard to the passengers who are carried, for I really believe that if by any mischance two trains would crash together head-on at the rate of a mile a minute the loss of life would be confined entirely to the two engines and possibly the mail and baggage cars. I can tell you of one case in connection with collisions where we dashed apparently head-on into the rear of a freight train on a side track at a speed of seventy miles an hour. During that brief time my fireman and myself passed through a few moments of suspense, the agonizing nature of which can never be described, and the most remarkable feature of it all was that the train which we expected to hit was safe on a side track and we dashed by in safety.

"The circumstances leading up to this, for us, appalling tragedy, were simple in themselves; but they never so nearly cost two human lives. It was night at the time and the entire affair originated in the omission of the conductor of the freight train which we had to pass. He forgot to turn the tail lights off on his caboose indicating that he was in to clear.

"Probably you are ignorant of the fact that when a freight train is running on the road at night it displays on either side of the rear platform of the last car a red light. These lights indicate the dreaded 'hind end,' the the terror of the unlucky engineer, who after thundering around a sharp curve is suddenly confronted by them. A sight which means unless there is time to stop, which seldom is the case, a hind-end collision with all its horrors. The red lights must always, by the rules, be kept displayed while the train is on the main track for the benefit of other trains which may be following.

Now there is another rule which states with equal positiveness that when the freight train takes the siding to allow another train to pass these lights must be turned in their sockets, allowing them to show green instead of red, otherwise the engineer of the train thundering down upon them and expecting to pass in perfect safety would be uncertain whether the freight was on the same or another track. It is very difficult to distinguish the actual line of rails you are upon, particularly on a dark night. Of course, after the train he has waited for has gone by the conductor restores the lights mentioned to red again before he pulls out on the main track. In the case, however, which I am about to relate he forgot to do this and that is what caused all the trouble.

"The night in question was some years ago. I was running engine 835 on train No. 1, the Cincinnati limited, west to Martinsburg, and would return from there that night on train No. 46, composed entirely of express cars which ran through via Washington and Baltimore to Philadelphia. We had made the western run all right on No. 1 to Martinsburg, and there received No. 46 from the west nearly an hour late.

"We always tried when late to make up a few minutes on this run. When on regular schedule time it was not extraordinarily fast, so when Martinsburg was left about twenty minutes late or more it was not a matter of great difficulty to make up the time before reaching Washington.

"That night was a fearful one. It was only a day or so of Christmas and the weather was very warm. A drizzling rain was falling in the afternoon and the evening was foggy and dark. When night came it was ushered in as the blackest one I have ever passed through in my career. From the time when we crossed the Harper's Ferry bridge on our way to Washington, with that hard-pulling train of eleven cars, I never saw one foot ahead of the engine pilot. The headlamp gleamed fitfully upon a moisture-laden air so thick that it was with difficulty that the white light of the semaphores in the signal towers could be seen, indicating that all was clear. We made up twenty-two minutes between Martinsburg and Washington. Forty miles more and we would be home.

"At Washington, as we were to bring

our train straight through to Baltimore, where we would give it up to a Philadelphia division engine, we ran around the 'Y.'

"While I was oiling around, standon the 'Y,' I noticed a freight train pull out of the yard and start toward Baltimore.

To this I attached no importance. We were virtually in the class with a fast limited passenger train when running "46," and all freight and extra trains were required to clear us without any orders being issued to us that they were in existence. This feature all railroad men understand—'a freight train has absolutely no rights against a passenger train.' So he went out ahead of me and I thought no more about it.

"I was delayed again leaving Washington by the breaking of an air hose and lost in the yard the time I had made up. Naturally I was put out by this occurrence, and made up my mind to whip the old mill 835 from the Capital to Locust Point, Baltimore, 44 miles in 55 minutes or better, despite the raging of the elements. In the meantime the freight ahead of me had reached Hyattsville, six miles from Washington, and her conductor, thinking that it was as far as he could get, backed off on the siding there, with at least twenty minutes to spare before I could reasonably be expected to heave in sight. But he forgot to change those caboose lights which I told you about after getting safe in on the switch and locking it free again for the main line.

"I got my signal to pull out at 10:43 p. m. As the conductor got off the engine he said: 'All right, Bill, make her cut her ashes, there is nothing ahead of us.' Running slow out of Washington, as the regulations call for, I did not get the heavy train going on the wet rails until we had passed Ivy City, three miles out. At Langdon, two miles further, we were going fifty miles an hour and when we turned over the hill on the down grade leading to Hyattsville she was thundering through the inky blackness of the night at a speed which as near as I can judge must have been seventy miles an hour. After leaving Langdon, the next signal tower I was to pass was Hyattsville, where I would see the red or white light which would determine whether I was to proceed or stop.

"As we spun down the grade to Hayattsville I caught sight of the target showing the white light that all was clear, and as we shot around a sharp reverse curve to the left there gleamed upon me at the same moment those terrible blinding red lights showing the hind end of a train into which we must crash with no prospect other than a horrible death staring us in the face.

"Bob Rogers was my fireman. He saw the terrible danger at the same moment that I did, and I can hear now his frenzied shout above the rattle of the engine over the rails: 'My God, Bill, look, it is all over!' Impelled by the instinct of all engineers in less time that it takes to tell it, although I was sitting down I threw the reverse lever in the extreme back notch of the quadrant, and threw on the airbrake to the emergency stop with all the energy born of frantic despair. But there was no stopping that train in the short distance intervening between it and that dread 'hind end.' I can see now those terrible lights, each one seemingly as big as a cart wheel, and I can feel again those horrible sensations of the events of a life time gliding through the brain in an instant.

"Suddenly there was a horrible crash and all was over.

"I recovered, they say, about fifteen minutes later. My first sensation was of some one rubbing my wrists and my eyes opened upon the faint flashes of a lamp held by the shaking hand of my conductor. My first thought was of that sickening crash and of the dead and my terrible experience at the moment of contact. I rapidly recovered, however, and saw to my surprise that I was lying on the tender of my own engine and that she was still in her normal position on the rails. To my inquiries they told me that the freight conductor had not changed the lights, which caused the fearful scare that we had experienced. My frantic efforts to stop the engine resulted in bringing it to a halt after we had run by the caboose I had expected to telescope, a distance of seventeen cars. After a few moments we started again for Baltimore.

"The explanation of the dreadful crash which I had remembered at what I thought was the moment of collision was very simple. It appears that my fireman, Rogers, when he saw the supposed hind end, made up his mind at once to take chances on jumping off the engine. He did not, however, care to leap from the locomotive at fifty miles an hour without a light and accordingly he made a frantic clutch for an ordinary hand lamp which was between my feet on my side of the cab and under the seat.

"The seat was an ordinary swinging affair which when not up rests against the side of the cab. It is held in place as a seat by a simple prop fitting into a notch. It seems that Rogers, when reaching for the lamp, knocked the prop from under the seat. Down it went, with me on top of him, and of course, to my overwrought imagination, it was the collision.

"This was the most dreadful experience of my life, although it was, as you see, absolutely devoid of danger. We could have passed that freight 70,000 miles an hour in safety. It was all the conductor's criminal carelessness with those lights. Notwithstanding his long experience he was immediately discharged by the inquiry board, which was no more than just, for had we had time to jump we certainly would have done so and would have lost our lives for nothing other than his neglect."—Philadelphia Sunday Times

Accidents come with distressing frequency on the farm. Cuts, bruises, stings, sprains. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil relieves the pain instantly. Never safe without it.

No Surrender at Harrisburg.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Flinn-Martin-Wanamaker news bureau at Harrisburg is still in business at the old stand, and is continuing to send out matter intended to brace up the courage of the insurgents. It needs bracing up badly, for the attempt that the insurgents are making to show that their constituents are back of them has thus far proved a dismal failure.

They are now talking very loudly about the danger of a split in the Republican party if a United States Senator shall not be elected. They fear that great trouble will come upon the party, or rather they assume to fear it, for, as a matter of fact, they have been trying from the outset to destroy party organization. John Wanamaker and his friends long ago went upon the stump and made deals with the Democrats in order to secure a fusion legislature. These insurgents stirred up so much strife throughout the State that seven Congressional districts were lost to the Republicans. They were as a rule opposed to the election of Governor Stone. They have carried their personal spite into the Legislature, and they have done their very best to destroy majority rule.

Talk of danger to the Republican party from such a source, therefore, is not only ludicrous but impudent. They care nothing for the party. Indeed, they would like to break it up in order that they might find profit to themselves in the ruins, but they fear to have the people charge them with their treachery. Hence all this hypocritical talk from Flinn-Martin-Wanamaker sources regarding the party's danger.

If they really care for their party why do they not listen to the voice of the majority and elect a United States Senator. They must know that the people of Pennsylvania have no sympathy with their personal spite movement. Ten counties have elected delegates to the coming State Convention, and in all of these counties not one single Flinn-Martin-Wanamaker delegate has been chosen. In several of these counties there have been pitched battles at the polls, and in every instance the insurgents have been overwhelmingly defeated. There are members of the Legislature from Blair county who are voting against Quay, and yet Blair county only a few weeks ago gave a pronounced vote in favor of Quay. Two members from Delaware county for personal reasons have broken away from the majority, and yet Delaware county has elected Quay delegates to the State Convention without a ripple of opposition. The voice of the people in behalf of regularity is being proclaimed wherever primaries are held. There is but one lesson to be learned from these primaries, and that is that the Republicans of Pennsylvania will not support guerrillaism. They believe most heartily in majority rule, and the insurgents are everywhere being warned that when their time comes they will be overthrown and repudiated.

The principle of majority rule is paramount, and this principle is represented by Senator Quay just as it would be by Smith, Jones, Brown or Robinson had either one of them been the party candidate. Under such circumstances it is positively absurd for these insurgents to spread the stories that Quay is about to withdraw. He cannot withdraw, for the great majority of the Republican party of Pennsylvania will not permit itself to be placed in the false position of surrendering to a small and malicious minority.

There is but one thing for the majority to do, and that is to maintain the principles of the Republican party and defy the insurgents to do their worst. If these insurgents refuse to permit the majority to elect a Senator at this session the insurgents themselves must assume the responsibility. It is not improbable that the new Congress which meets in December will so change the law relating to the election of Senators as to provide for a plurality election, and under such circumstances the insurgents would be powerless. If this change is not made, then the Republican majority can appeal in all confidence to the people at the November election in 1900, when a new Legislature will be chosen. The manner in which the primaries are reflecting the views of the people shows that the insurgents can have no hope.

We do not fear a split in the party because of their animosity. They did everything they could to overthrow the party last November and they were routed. They can accomplish nothing more in the future. They cannot split the party because the splitters in turn will be split by the overwhelming sentiment of the people.

A Thousand Tongues

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard st., Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"it soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the Universe." So will every one who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Price 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.; every bottle guaranteed.

A Spring Day in Billville.

"Whar is the postmaster at?"

"Under the chinyberry tree, a playin' of checkers with the mayor."

"An' the sheriff—whar's he?"

"Shootin' marbles with the coroner."

"An' whar's the storekeeper?"

"That's him yander, diggin' bait."

"When does the next train leave?"

"No tellin'. The conductor an' the engineer has tied up an' gone fishin'. They'll be back, mos' lik', 'fore sundown. Jest make yerself at home!"—Atlanta Constitution.

How Wood Suppressed a Riot.

While the Americans were cleaning the streets and courts and houses and jails of Santiago, and were taking care of the sick and wounded and starving, and were administering all the affairs of the city—working sixteen hours each day—the Cuban residents held aloof, neglecting even to call and pay their respects to the occupant of the palace. There were no public meetings, no contributions, no private offers of assistance, no movement for the aid of Cubans by Cubans, save by a few members of the local chamber of commerce. The church, represented by an archbishop, whose salary under the old regime had been $18,000 a year, and by a number of Spanish priests and different orders, did not turn a hand for the relief of the city or of the province. There was some activity, however, but of a different kind. Among the Cubans the fact that certain Spanish officials had been retained in office by the Americans—very wisely retained, too, as subsequent events have proved—had created a feeling of positive discontent and antagonism. This came to a climax on the evening of September 23, the day on which General Calixto Garcia paid his memorable visit to Santiago.

Surrounding the Plaza de Armas are four prominent buildings the cathedral, the palace, the club San Carlos, which is the Cuban stronghold, and the Spanish club. The two latter occupy corners triangularly opposite, with the plaza between them. On the night in question, about 8 o'clock, General Wood was writing in his office in the palace. At the outer door stood a solitary sentinel, armed with a rifle. Suddenly there burst across the plaza from the San Carlos club, a mob of Cubans—probably 500. Within a few minutes a shower of stones, bricks, bottles and other missiles struck the Spanish club, smashing windows and doors. A man, hatless and out of breath, rushed up to the sentry at the palace entrance and shouted: "Where's the general? Quick! The Cubans are trying to take the town!"

General Wood was leisurely folding up his papers when the sentry reached him. "I know it," he said before the man had time to speak. "I have heard the row. We will go over and stop it."

He picked up his riding whip, the only weapon he ever carries, and, accompanied by the one American soldier, strolled across to the scene of the trouble. The people in the Spanish club had got it pretty well closed up, but the excited Cubans were still before it, throwing things and shouting imprecations, and even trying to force a way in by the main entrance.

"Just shove them back, sentry," said General Wood quietly.

Around swung the rifle, and in much less time than is taken in the telling a way was cleared in front of the door.

"Now shoot the first man who places his foot upon that step," added the general in his usual deliberate manner. Then he turned and strolled back to the palace and his writing. Within an hour the mob had dispersed, subdued by two men, one rifle and a riding whip. And the lesson is still kept in good memory.

Condition of Porto Rico.

The American missionary association, through its secretary, Rev. A. F. Beard, D. D, whom it sent to Porto Rico as its special commissioner, has issued a statement of the conditions in that island; as related to population, education, homes and opportunities for a new Americanism. In part, the statement is as follows:

A census of Porto Rico lately taken gives the population as 800,000, which may be divided in round numbers as follows: White, 500,000; colored 300,000, of whom about 80,000 are blacks. This gives a dense population of nearly 243 to the square mile. The peasants, or gibaros, with the mestizos and blacks, together form the class of unskilled laborers. They are miserably poor, and literally live from hand to mouth. Their cabins, or "shacks," are set on poles driven into the ground, the floor being raised a few feet. The average household furniture consists of a few dishes and utensils made of calabash shells or gourds, with some rude earthenware. A little patch of land for the plantain grove or some corn or sweet potatoes, possibly a cow, a pig and a diminutive house of Gothic architecture, form the property and provision for life. The people seldom get any meat, and but little bread, for food, as none of the cereals grow well there. Their staple food is the banana.

Out of 800,000 there are 111,389 who can read, but of these 14,513 cannot write. Nearly 800,000 are without knowledge beyond that of their own hut.

One-half of the population is in towns. All of the towns are built on the same general plan, and in most of them four of the five senses are constantly offended. Odors are always in evidence. As to feeling, the opportunities for the study of entomology are unbounded. As to taste, everything is saturated with garlic.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows. "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters;' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents, at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset. Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

He Should Learn.

"Bryan's forte is speech making," said an ardent silverite.

"In other words, his forte is his tongue," said a gold bug.

"I suppose you could put it that way."

"But he needs to learn to hold his forte."

Red Hot From the Gun

Was the ball that hit G. B. Steadman of Newark, Mich., in the Civil War. It caused horrible Ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Boils, Felons, Corns, Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.