In the Dark.

[illegible]

—Mary F. Butts in New York Independent.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A LITTLE SOUTHERN MOTHER AND HER NEGRO SONGS AND FOLKLORE.

Made the Monkey Sick—Princess Smokes Cigarettes—Care of Winter Garments—Modern Compliments—Profession of Motherhood.

Mrs. Jeanette Robinson Murphy, whose handsome matinee was a fashionable event, is the latest example of the unfailing originality of the southern gentlewoman.

Mrs. Murphy is young and lovely, with the fascinating manner characteristic of the women of the south. Her entertainment, which is sometimes called "An Afternoon In Dixie," consists of slave songs and stories told and sung by her in an irresistible fashion.

Mrs. Murphy says: "Ever since childhood I have followed the negroes at their work and listened to their crooning until I know every intonation and quaver. Every new cook in my father's home was a mine of wealth to me. I loved to study negro customs and superstitions, and I early came to the conclusion that this wonderful negro music and folklore were brought by the old slaves from the dark continent. I am alone in the original field which I have created. I am a genuine southerner, not one bit of a new woman, as the

MRS. JEANETTE ROBINSON MURPHY.

term is accepted, but just a little southern mother, who has turned her folklore resources to account to support two fatherless little ones."

Mrs. Murphy thinks it was a wise Providence which took the African from centuries of cannibalism and savagery and gave him to the training of American people. "We of the south," she says, "owe a lasting debt of gratitude to the faithful slaves. We can never repay the dear old black mammy for her gentleness, patience and loving care of our little ones. We are grateful to the slaves for giving us this most wonderful music. Then, on the other hand, does not the negro owe a great deal to our south?"

Mrs. Murphy thinks mothers should study the old black mammy as a model and learn from her how to take no anxious thought for the morrow. She calls her a natural kindergarten, for she says she surrounds every stick and stone with a story all her own. The mammy enters into the heart of the child and looks at life from the child's standpoint.

One of the most charming songs Mrs. Murphy sings is a weird African lullaby which was taught her by Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

This lullaby was the one Mrs. Davis' mammy sang her to sleep by.—New York World.

Made the Monkey Sick.

There's a girl I know here in town who goes quite two blocks out of her way whenever she goes down town these days to avoid the drug store where she used to buy most of her ice cream sodas.

"I feel like a murderess," she says, "and I haven't the hardihood to revisit the scene of my crime. You know there's a drug store over there by the Arlington where they've been having a little monkey in a cage in the window. Well, Louise and I went by there the other evening, and, of course, I had to go in and talk to the monkey. It was a dear little fellow, with pretty brown eyes and a look on his face of being older than mankind. He folded his little hands when I wanted to shake hands with him and looked bored. I thought he was hungry and thought the drug store man hadn't remembered to feed him. It seemed so cruel to neglect a poor little monkey that way, and so I put my hand into my pocket and took out one of those little violet hearts you eat—those horrid things that make your breath smell as if you had been drinking and wanted to hide it. I gave it to the monkey. He sniffed at it and then put it in his mouth. He was still chewing it when the clerk came up with something in a pan. The monkey didn't want it.

"'Perhaps he isn't hungry,' said Louise. You know how Louise is about putting in that way.

"'He's sick,' said the clerk. 'We thought he'd die a little while ago. People are always giving him things to eat. They don't seem to have sense enough to leave him alone. Somebody gave him a lime, and he's nearly dead.'

"My dear, I just grabbed Louise and tore out of that place. I knew if the man ever smelled the monkey's breath he'd know I'd given him something. I didn't dare stay, and I haven't been back. The monkey may be dead, and if it is I killed it. I hadn't sense enough to leave it alone, but I know better now. I'll never give another animal anything except on a physician's prescription."—Woman About Town in Washington Post.

Princess Smokes Cigarettes.

Society is properly shocked but properly polite in expressing an opinion about the discovery that the queen regards cigarette smoking by women and by one of her own daughters with complaisance, if not with positive favor.

One of her majesty's daughters left a cigarette case in the waiting room of the railroad station at Windsor a day or two ago, and when an official found it and discovered the name of the princess engraved on its beautifully chased side, with the words "From Her Mother" beneath, his British imperturbability was upset altogether. The news spread rapidly and lost nothing in the telling.

There is no question that the habit of cigarette smoking by women—and women in the most exclusive set—is spreading. It is practiced in secret and the excuse for it is that the fumes of tobacco soothe and quiet nerves made unsteady by the exactions of fashionable life. Physicians say that in London it is on the increase to an alarming extent, and many young women, instead of obtaining the expected calm and quietude after late suppers, and so on, are becoming nervous wrecks.

Five years ago the mere suggestion that an English woman should imitate the women of Russia and the orient in the use of the cigarette would have been repelled. The dark eyed creatures who formed part of the household of the shah of Persia were looked upon with mingled feelings of curiosity and disgust when they twirled between their fingers the paper covered roll of tobacco and blew clouds of smoke from between their red lips. They were tolerated in fashionable drawing rooms because they had been educated to smoke, [illegible] as it [illegible] after the [illegible], but there was no thought of following the example.

Now that a princess has given evidence that she is a cigarette smoker, and that the queen tacitly approves of the habit, Society is changing its mind. Fashionable London never finds fault with any fad that enjoys the royal sanction.—London Cor. New York Press.

Care of Winter Garments.

Return of spring makes the packing away of winter garments and draperies imperative for the housewife who would preserve them free from moth until another winter.

Packing has developed into an art, and it is nowadays the housewife's pride to so pack each garment that it may be brought forth in the fall as trim and fresh as though just from the tailors'.

In this sort of packing tissue paper is as important as camphor, and the fact is borne in mind that garments change color when packed away as well as when exposed to the sunlight, and also that they crush and wrinkle from their own weight.

For coats after being shaken and beaten and aired, before moth time, are hung on a coat hanger, slipped into a moth bag or a brown paper bag with plenty of camphor gum and hung up in a closet. The bag is glued up close about the wires of the hanger so that even the air is excluded. Before slipping the coat into the bag it should be buttoned, to keep the sides from sagging, and if there is a storm collar it should be left standing that it may not lose its "spring."

If there is closet room enough it is an excellent plan to leave skirts hanging up all summer, but whether packed or left hanging they should be thoroughly renovated before putting away. They should be aired, brushed and freshly finished with new braids and dust ruffles. Then when a skirt is to be left in the closet it should be slipped over a skirt hanger and wrapped loosely in fresh folds of paper or an old sheet, pinned closely in place. A bag of camphor gum is suspended from the hanger. If the skirt is of light cloth or silk it should be first covered with sheets of white tissue paper—this is especially important with white goods, as it prevents that old yellow look that so often creeps into white stuffs in a single season's packing.—Brooklyn Citizen.

The Modern Compliment.

One of the first things a girl has to learn is the art of receiving compliments, neither appropriating them nor disclaiming them. It is sometimes difficult, and to blush is fatal. Oh, those youthful blushes! How distressing they are to their vexed proprietresses, and yet what a charm they give to the ingenuous girlhood, and how enchanted ingenuous girlhood would be to escape from them forever and be clad in coat of mail, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The skilled complimenter embarrasses no one, not even the shiest girl. He knows how to convey an expression of his appreciation without exactly saying it. Such a man can flatter one's self love quite sufficiently in merely saying, "How well you look!" The tone and manner are eloquent enough to supplement the poverty of the words, and their very meagerness allows the recipient to accept it without embarrassment.

A florid compliment makes a girl look —or, at least, feel—a perfect goose. But they belong to a past age. Compare the Sir Charles Grandison verbiage with the present day: "I say, what a swagger frock you have on! You look ripping."

No one addresses a long speech about "your charms" to the admired one. That kind of thing has gone out as utterly as the flourish of a laced handkerchief and the bow with hat on heart.

In those days a compliment was received with a courtesy, now replaced by a laugh and a nod.

Motherhood as a Profession.

"Ideal motherhood is the work not of instinct, but of enlightened knowledge conscientiously acquired and carefully digested," writes Helen Watterson Moody of "The True Meaning of Motherhood," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "If maternity is an instinct, motherhood is a profession, and yet many a girl undertakes it with less understanding of its duties and less anxiety for their discharge than she gives to the selection of the tailor who is to make her new gowns, or the costumes of the bridesmaids in her wedding procession. It is quite the fashion, nowadays, in well to do families to provide the daughters with some special training by means of which they could earn their own bread and butter if the family fortunes should suddenly fail.

"It is held to be altogether wise and proper to educate a daughter for a possible profession in a remote contingency, yet, while 19 out of 20 of our girls marry and become mothers, no training whatever for the real profession of their lives is thought to be necessary. Any practicing physician will tell you that four-fifths of the illness among children could be avoided by proper knowledge and care on the part of the mothers, and yet our girls feel that they must take up college settlement work and scientific whist and the banjo to get a little excitement into their lack luster lives until the great excitement of marriage comes."

The Neck and Throat.

The reason why pretty necks and throats are much rarer possessions nowadays than they were 50 or 60 years ago is that for many years past it has been the fashion to wear high, stiff collars, fastened tightly round the throat. Tight collars cause the neck to become yellow and the skin to become prematurely wrinkled and baggy. A graceful carriage of the neck is also impossible when a high, close collar is worn. We are at last beginning to recognize these truths, and this season stiffened collars will no longer be the mode. Often the first signs of age show themselves in the throat. Daily massage, using a good emollient, is the best method of keeping throat wrinkles at bay. This, if persevered with, will also prevent yellowness and scragginess of the neck. Singing exercises improve the appearance of the throat, but, of course, it is imperative that singers should avoid tight collars.

Women of Wyoming.

When Wyoming women ask, they receive. The Woman's Volunteer Aid society, which rendered noble service in the early days of the Spanish-American war, recently asked of the state legislature an appropriation of $1,500 to be paid from the state treasury to start the fund for a monument to the memory of Wyoming volunteers who died during the term of their enlistment. When the bill came up for a vote, the gallery was filled with interested and enthusiastic women. The rules were suspended and the privilege of the floor was extended to them, but they kept silence and looked to the men they had helped to elect to speak for them. The most distinguished members of both house and senate eloquently advocated the measure and it was passed unanimously. Women are a part of the "constituency" in Wyoming.—Boston Woman's Journal.

New York Daughters of the American Revolution are working valiantly for the erection of a monument to Reubena Hyde Walworth, the young woman who sacrificed her life caring for the sick and wounded soldiers at Montauk.

Many well dressed women are wearing with delicately tinted cloth gowns at smart functions the black glace kid glove—black glace having been long worn for evening, but otherwise relegated to those in mourning.

The newest safety pin is of gold, enameled and having a broad, flat piece at the lower side, into which the pin clasps. At the hinge is an initial set with diamonds.

A DOCTOR OF MUSIC.

In This Respect She Ranks With the Princess of Wales.

Mrs. Theodore Sutro is henceforth entitled to write "Mus. Doc." after her name. She is the only woman in this country who has a right to do so. She is one of only two women in the English speaking world with the same distinction. The other is the Princess of Wales.

Those syllables signify "doctor of music." They became Mrs. Sutro's property recently at the Waldorf-Astoria, when she received a beribboned roll of parchment from the hands of Dr. Ernst Eberhard, president of the Grand Conservatory of Music of the City of New York. It is a rare distinction even for a male musician to attain. Those who received the honor with Mrs. Sutro were John James Wootton of England, Max Wertheim of New York, Edward M. Westbrooke of Paterson, N. J., and Herman Bimmefield of New York.

Appropriate remarks about woman's sphere in the arts were made by the Rev. Madison C. Peters, who presided at what was the celebration of the

MRS. THEODORE SUTRO.

twenty-fifth anniversary of the conservatory. After quoting Ruskin's saying that it was wrong to draw comparisons between man and woman, because each is the complement of the other, Mr. Peters continued:

"We need a system of education which will not prepare our boys to be milliners nor our girls to be politicians. We need a system of education which will give practical recognition to the distinctive traits of each sex and the training necessary for their different spheres of action. The education that men follow is that which prepares them for life. Alas, too often the education of our women is considered only in the light of a means to the attainment of what is known as a successful marriage.

"Woman was made for a better purpose than to cultivate fashionable littleness and fascinating airs. Woman's genius is bold and daring, and the education she needs is that which will make her a coworker with man and his equal in whatever blesses humanity."

Mrs. Sutro, who looked charmingly unlike a bluestocking, nodded her head approvingly at these remarks, and all in the room looked at her as they clapped their hands.—New York Journal.

A Valuable Gown.

A recent gift to the czarina of Russia by the French nation consists of a chantilly lace shawl. It is about 3 yards long and 1 wide and is wrought of polychrome threads, like Venetian embroidery, instead of being in one color only. Around the edge runs a border of narcissi, exactly imitating the delicate hues of nature. This includes two sprigs of red and yellow roses, which trail intertwined along the four sides of the rectangle, the central space of which is dotted all over with lilies, on a ground of the finest point d'alencon. In each corner is the monogram of Alexandra Feodorovna, surmounted by an imperial crown worked in gold.

Miss Braddon.

Appearances are proverbially deceitful, and certainly few people would guess on meeting Miss Braddon for the first time that she had it in her to be the writer of the most popular sensational novels of the day. There is certainly nothing at all sensational in her appearance, and her kindly manners and pleasant face are suggestive of the ordinary English gentlewoman of domestic tastes and simple pleasures. Miss Braddon is a notable hostess and has welcomed nearly all the well known men and women of the day to her pretty home at Richmond, England.

The Seed Flat.

An excellent box in which the seeds for early flowers can be sown is about 18 inches long, 15 inches wide and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep, says Vick's Magazine. This box can be placed in the window beside the cutting box. A good soil for the seed box is made of three-fourths of soddy loam and one-fourth sand. This mixture gives a soil that drains well and does not run together after it has been watered a few times. Enough plants can be grown in a box of this size to supply a good sized flower garden.

A Great Woman.

Rosa Bonheur has just celebrated the seventy-seventh anniversary of her birth, but she is by no means on the retired list of the world's great men and women. She has a big picture under way and works on it several hours daily. Sixty years of work promises to be the least record she will leave, and it may even grow beyond that limit. She was the daughter of an artist and began work so early in life that before she was 20 she had already exhibited two pictures which established her reputation.

Women on School Boards.

Rev. Dr. Lorimer, in a sermon at Tremont Temple, Boston, spoke on "The Education of Society." He said, among other things, that the school board should be small, so that the members could sit around a table and talk across it. He would fear to take the women out of the school board. If the board was to be composed of 16, he would have one-half of them women, "for," he said, "the school board needs a touch of mother in it."

Then the Girls Giggled.

It occurred at a wedding in a Kansas City church. The minister was young and nervous and instead of saying, "Who gives this woman?" etc., he asked gravely, "Who gives this man to this woman?"

If the bride had not been four inches taller and many pounds heavier than the groom, the slip would have attracted less attention. As it was, the other girls in the church were not to be blamed for tittering.

Her Aristocracy.

"Every woman is an aristocrat at heart," said the youngest boarder.

"Yes," said the cheerful idiot; "she hates to think of herself as classed with the plain people."—Indianapolis Journal.

It Was Tantamount.

"Has she told you that she loved you?"

"Not in so many words. She merely asked me what life insurance I carried."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A four months' tour from England to India can be made, including all cost with economy, or $1,500 and luxuriously for $2,500.

Among the Phoenicians in ancient days the wearing of earrings was a badge of servitude.

The Art of Keeping Young.

The Frenchwoman knows a good deal about the gentle art of keeping young and comely as well as the art of preserving her health. She believes in herb teas—usually the only sort of tea she drinks—and spring doses and diets. When she is thin and run down, she takes gruels and potions. Just at this season she eats a great deal of spinach because it contains iron, and she devours dishes of green salads, such as water cress, dandelion, monk's beard, chicory and sorrel that would make the average American salad bowl crack with amazement.

If she is thin and pale, the French woman drinks gruel. This is how she makes it: Take a pound of oatmeal and a pound of barley flour. Boil with about three quarts of water and four or five apples cut in slices. Let it boil until reduced to about half the original quantity and add sugar to taste. To follow the French regimen, drink a glass of this gruel on awakening as early as possible so as not to spoil one's appetite for breakfast. Another glass at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon and a third upon going to bed. Result—an "embonpoint raisonnable."

A Sensible Health Fad.

Women have begun to understand that health as well as wealth trends upon the footsteps of outdoor work. Several broken down society leaders in a certain western town have had the courage to persist in a half day's garden work regularly for a stated period. The result is very much more in their favor than they had dared to imagine. Improved circulation, rest and digestion have thrown themselves in the balance against disordered nerves, sleepless nights and the hollow eyes and worn face attendant upon prolonged social dissipations, and nature has asserted her immortal rights before the paints and lotions and powders, the paraphernalia of the toilet table. The rosy health and wholesome strength of the average English woman are the outcome of her outdoor life and exercise.—Annetta Halliday-Antona in Woman's Home Companion.

A Brave Woman.

Mrs. Fowler, the wife of the keeper of the North Dumpling light, near Fisher's island, has recently received a letter of commendation from the United States lighthouse board for her courage and thoughtfulness. It happened that Mrs. Fowler was left alone in the lighthouse when the machinery broke down and after a hazardous climb she managed to ring the lighthouse bell and so call assistance. The letter runs thus: "The lighthouse board has learned with pride and gratitude of your thoughtful courage. It is expected that brave and thoughtful men will be found in its service, but to find a woman able at a perilous time to assume the duties of absent men and thus prevent peril to life and property is a matter for double congratulation."

Wanted His Heart.

Princess Victoria, daughter of the Prince of Wales, is being congratulated on her engagement to Prince George of Greece. Here in America it is considered the proper thing to congratulate the man in such a case and wish happiness to the girl. But no such chivalrous distinctions seem to be observed by the English papers, which bluntly remark that it is said that the princess has been in love with Prince George for several years, but is now "warmly congratulated because she refused to marry until she had won the heart of the man who could make her happy." It is also said, however, that he held back because he had very little to offer her until a change in his fortunes recently, when he was appointed governor of Crete.—New York Sun.

Bernhardt and the Poets.

Sarah Bernhardt has taken the minor poets of Paris under her wing and incidentally is giving the Parisian public a treat on very moderate terms. Every Saturday, at her theater, she gives readings from younger poets and charges only 20 cents for admission to the best seats, just enough to cover expenses. Mme. Bernhardt says she is actuated by a desire to teach love of beauty to the masses and to elevate them from the sordidness of their everyday life, says The Criterion. The "masses," however, that patronize such functions when they are made fashionable by somebody like Bernhardt, are generally curiously well dressed, well gloved and coiffured "masses," wearing a halo of respectability and prosperity.

"Broderie Ranavalo."

Queen Ranavalo, although she has lost the rulership of Madagascar, has set a fashion on the Riviera. When the deposed sovereign arrived in Marseilles, her dress was ornamented with pieces of the most delicately embroidered gauze, which at once caught the fancy of the fashionable women of the town, who had come en masse to see the dusky exile. Queen Ranavalo bestowed a piece of similar gauze upon a dressmaker who visited her in her hotel, and now the happy modiste is keeping a host of church embroidery workers busy copying the rare stitches which are not very difficult to imitate, the colors being the greatest drawback to the execution of the work.

"The Little Queen" Protests.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands dislikes to be called "the little queen." She thinks the phrase reflects upon her kingdom, as she is 5 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height. The queen of Spain is only 5 feet 5 2-5 inches; the empress of Russia, 5 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches; the empress of Germany and Queen Victoria still shorter. The young Dutch queen is said to be of the best build. Her powers of endurance were tested on coronation day, when for six hours she wore the ceremonial mantle of red velvet trimmed with ermine, a weight of not less than 30 pounds, and showed no marked fatigue.

Snakes' Sense of Smell.

Snakes have the sense of smell. It is difficult to obtain food for the rattlesnakes and copperheads out at the zoological park. The keeper has been trying them on the house rats and mice he has caught about the building. He would leave them in the snake cage overnight and through the day. They would run over the snakes with impunity. The snakes would pay no attention to them, but when he happened to secure some field mice and put them in the cage the snakes ate them at once. He put in several rats and mice of the ordinary house variety that were living out of doors under the sidewalk, and these were seized by the snakes almost as readily as the wild species.

The keeper then conceived the idea of making an earth box to keep the rats in for awhile before feeding, and he found that if they were put in there for 12 hours or so before they were given to the snakes they would be eaten. The only apparent explanation is that the smell of the earth is agreeable to the snakes, and that the smell which the animals acquire about buildings is objectionable.—Chicago Record.

The Albany Capitol Guide.

One of the first things done by a stranger visiting Albany, says the Philadelphia Call, is to pay 25 cents and put himself at the mercy of a capitol guide. The guide makes a profound and obsequious bow, like a prestidigitator about to charm an audience, and proceeds to lift the veil which hides the mysteries of the great building.

On a recent occasion the guide led the stranger regretfully past "McGinty's" empty frame and proceeded to identify the heads of notables that decorate the stairway. He did fairly well until the stranger pointed out Shakespeare and Homer and asked who they were.

"Them," replied the guide, undaunted, "are the heads of two politicians whose names I disremember."

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

THE BABY'S RIDE.

With Papa and Mamma High Up on an Elephant's Back.

Lillian Allen Mastin describes in St. Nicholas a baby's ride on an elephant. Coming Home, the nurse, took Ruth from her crib and cuddled with her nose the warm little cheek and neck. This is the Lana way of kissing. "Not say pi day."

"The little lady is going on the mountain" (she repeated many times while dressing her. Out on the broad veranda where Ruth spent all her waking hours it was very lively and entertaining. Such a running about and ordering and packing as there were! Mattresses, pillows and blankets were strewn over the floor; dishes, clothing and provisions were being packed into bamboo baskets. In the open space before the house, below the high veranda, four big ele-

THE PROCESSION MOVED OFF.

phants leisurely broke up and chewed long, juicy banana stalks, making a great rustling noise as they swept the broad leaves over the ground. By and by the hubbub on the veranda quieted down. The filled baskets were fastened two by two, one on each end of a short pole; this pole was hoisted over a man's shoulder, and off he trotted with his load.

Down among the elephants was a great shouting and groaning and straining. The elephants were made to kneel down while the heavy howdahs, or elephant saddles, were put in place on their backs. Two of the howdahs were packed with bedding, two folding chairs, a coop of chickens, a stone water filter, cans of kerosene—whatever could not be put into the bamboo baskets. The third elephant was led up to the first landing of the long flight of veranda stairs, and Ruth's mamma stepped upon a chair, then on the stair railing, and then on the elephant's head, whence it was [illegible] seat of [illegible]

[illegible]

all boys, and then this was girl cheered them up and said God would send some one to save them. At last a millionaire, Mr. John H. Hanan of New York, sailing about in his beautiful steam yacht, saw the wreck miles away and made for it. But when they wanted little Helen to leave the sinking wreck, which they had all prayed for days to be saved from, she said:

"No, take my papa first," and would not go until he was taken on board the fine yacht.

Then she did a funny thing. It was her mother who had told her that God would save them, and when she saw Mr. Hanan she ran and threw her arms about his neck and kissed him and said: "Mamma, is this God?"—Boston Herald.

Meaning of a Nursery Rhyme.

Like many other nursery ditties, the rhyme about the "four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie" is an allegory.

The "four and twenty blackbirds" are the 24 hours, and the pie the legal day from midnight to midnight.

"When the pie was opened" means the dawning of day; "the birds began to sing" describes the melody or discord of labor just beginning. "The king," who "is in the parlor," is the sun, and the "money" he is counting is the glorious sunshine.

"The queen," who is up stairs or "in the kitchen," as is variously rendered, is the moon.

"The maid in the garden hanging out the clothes" is the goddess of dawn, Aurora, arranging fleecy clouds in the sky.

"Up jumped a little bird," or "blackbird," means the first morning hour, for Aurora always disappears with the rising of the sun.

Hi Robinson's Thrift.

While we were eating breakfast the farmer said: "That remark o' yourn yisteddy about sellin Elmiry the dishes an havin the coffee for nothin 'minds me o' the way Hi Robinson got somethin for nothin out o' the storekeeper at the village. You 'member Hi, don't you? He's kinder slow spoken, 'n' some folks calls him foolish. One day I was settin in the store a spell, with a lot more, an in comes Hi. He goes up to Lish, who keeps the store, an takes an egg out o' his pocket an says, 'How'll you swap?' 'Oh, I d'n' know; I want to swap for one egg,' says Lish; 'what do you want for it?' 'A darnin needle.' 'Well, I'll swap with you,' says Lish an took the egg an giv' him the darnin needle.

"Hi stood round awhile, an then he says, drawlin'like, 'Say, ain't you goin to treat?' 'Treat! On one darnin needle?' says Lish. 'Not much.' 'Feller 'cross the way will,' says Hi. Lish grinned. 'All right,' says he, jest to humor him; 'what'll you have?' 'Cider 'n' egg,' says Hi. That tickled the rest o' us, but Lish brought the cider an broke the egg into it—Hi's own egg—an Hi see it was a double yelker. Hi took up the glass an looked at the egg some time. Then he says, says he, 'Say, hadn't you better gimme 'nother darnin needle?'"—Forest and Stream.

He Laughed.

A literary man who was compelled by circumstances to use his family sitting room as a study missed his penholder one evening while absorbed in writing a story.

He looked over his desk, through the pigeonholes and in the drawers, but it was nowhere in sight. It was not on the floor. He felt behind his ear. It was not there.

"This is what comes," he said impatiently, "of trying to work where there is a houseful of children. Which one of you has taken my pen?"

The children looked at each other and laughed. He became irritated.

"I don't want any foolishness!" he exclaimed. "Where's that pen? Who has taken it?"

After a moment's pause one of the children said slowly:

"If you'll laugh, papa, you will find it."

He stared at her in astonishment. Then, as her meaning slowly broke in upon him, he joined in the laugh, and the penholder fell out of his mouth, where it had been all the time.

How many of the little difficulties of this life one can extricate oneself from by a laugh!—Youth's Companion.

They Settled.

Long before the war General Butler, who was then a struggling young lawyer, lived up in a Massachusetts manufacturing town. He had displayed ability at college, but had to wait the usual number of years for his first case. At last a young girl who had worked in a cotton mill came to him for redress against her employers. She had been discharged without wages, and on a request for three weeks' wages was unceremoniously thrust from the door. The case looked bad for the firm was a very rich one, but she needed money badly. She offered Ben one-half to collect it.

The next morning, while on her way to look for employment, she came upon a great gathering at a crossing. She inquired what was the matter and learned that the factory she had left had shut down for the first time in 20 years. Wondering what could have brought about such a state, she passed on and presently met Butler. He was leaning against a lamppost whittling a stick.

"'Tsall right," he called, waving his knife with a jaunty air. "'Tsall right. I've got 'em!"

"Got who?" ventured the young lady.

"Why, those old skins up at the factory. I went to 'em right after I saw you yesterday and demanded the bill. They told me to hustle. I then got out an attachment on their water wheel and shut up the shop. You own $75 worth of the entire machinery. Oh, they'll settle by noon!" And they did.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Mystery of Sausage.

The composition of the sausage is not only complex, but it is often obscure. In this country the preparation of this (as it should be) useful article of food is confined to the employment of minced beef and pork. The only exception probably is the so called "black pudding," which is made with pig's blood and perhaps some heart and kidney.

Abroad, however, the sausage is compounded of a much wider range of substances. These include brains, liver and horseflesh. The last substance is generally considered repugnant, while, of course, it is fraudulent to sell sausages as beef or pork containing horseflesh. Occasionally, however, sausages do not contain meat at all, but only bread tinged with red oxide of iron and mixed with a varying proportion of fat. The remarkable feature of horseflesh is the high proportion of glycogen which it contains, and this fact enables the presence of horseflesh to be detected with some amount of certainty. The test which depends on a color reaction with iodine has recently been more fully studied and with more satisfactory results, so that the presence of [illegible] of horseflesh in sausages can [illegible].—Lancet.

A Street Hustler.

"What's your business?" asked the magistrate of a man who was before him for abusing his wife because [illegible] not ready.

"[illegible] street hustler," was the reply. [illegible] questions showed, says the New York [illegible], that the man represented [illegible] number of fellows in New York [illegible] no regular occupation, but [illegible] manage to make a good [illegible] especially at this time of the [illegible] loiter around the streets [illegible] a vanload of furniture [illegible]. Then they follow the [illegible] sometimes for miles. The wagon drivers do not take kindly to these men and will not let them ride.

Men who are "handy with their hands," as it was explained to the magistrate, have no difficulty in getting a job laying carpets, cleaning windows and furnaces or hanging out clotheslines. It is a poor wagon chase that does not net from $2 to $4 a load. Sometimes, when two or more men are following the same load, competition is keen. The wagon driver whips his horses, and the prize falls to the man who has the fleetest foot and the greatest wind power.

A Sense of Security.

"Endora," said Mr. Cumrox, "I have been several times annoyed by the way you see fit to worry about my grammar."

"It's awful," said his wife. "You use commas where they don't belong, and you forget all about your periods. You'll lose all your friends."

"Endora, let me remind you that I have money enough to float any scheme I take a fancy to. A man may be loose on his punctuation, but when he enjoys my facilities for a capitalization he is bound to have friends that he couldn't lose if he tried."—Washington Star.

Benny's Failure.

Benny, the 4-year-old member of the family, had been trained to believe in the deep water form of baptism. This is believed to be the reason why he was trying to plunge the household cat into a bucket of water. The animal resisted. It howled and scratched and clawed and used violent language. Finally Benny, with his hands covered with scratches and with tears in his eyes, gave it up. "Darn you!" he said. "Go an be a Methodist if you want to!"—Chicago Tribune.

Impudence.

"I have just learned," she said, with a perceptible tinge of asperity, "that I am the ninth girl to whom you have been engaged."

"Well," he suavely replied, "that ought to make you glad."

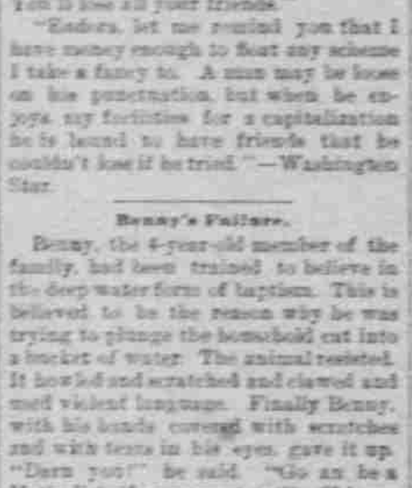
"Glad!" she exclaimed. "I'd like to know why?"

"Don't you know," he answered, "that there's luck in odd numbers?"—Chicago News.

She Ought to Make Him Confess.

During the first three months of every engagement the girl makes a confessional of the man. Later she wishes she hadn't confessed so much.—Atchison Globe.

The date of the Republican State Convention is not yet fixed. The Democratic Convention meets Wednesday, June 14, in Harrisburg.



"Throw Out the Life Line"—
The kidneys need help.
They're overworked—can't get the poison filtered out of the blood—
They're getting worse every minute—
Crying for help—
Crying!
Yes—that's what that terrible backache means—
It's the only way the kidneys have of telling you they need help.
They are gradually sinking—sinking—deeper and deeper into the mire of disease.
Will you help them?

Doan's Kidney Pills

Have brought thousands of kidney sufferers back from the verge of despair. Will cure any form of kidney trouble.

Mr. James D. Elgar, of No. 44 Seventh Ave., McKeesport, Pa., a marine Engineer who has had forty years experience on steamboats in inland rivers, says: "For several years I had serious kidney complaint, and so bad were some of the attacks that more than once I was compelled to cease working. When the attacks were most virulent, headaches were frequent and accompanied with dizziness. I truthfully tried to check the trouble but until I procured Doan's Kidney Pills and took a thorough course of the treatment I met with very little, if any, success. When Doan's Kidney Pills cured me I believe they will bring relief to anyone."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's and take no substitute.

Fish That Kill Men.

The shark is generally supposed to be the most to be dreaded of all fishes, but it rarely happens that an authentic account of the destruction of human life by a shark is recorded. The swordfish sometimes dashes into ships, burying its sharp weapon in their sides and causing the vessel to spring a leak. A ship may be struck by a whale in midocean and crushed. These are the notable casualties that attract attention on account of their sensational features, yet lives are lost annually where fishes of small size are the direct or indirect cause.

In the islands of the Pacific a small garfish is very common. It has a long, sharp beak, which gives it an arrowlike shape. This living arrow, when alarmed, dashes out from the water and goes soaring away over the surface in short bounds with such force that when it strikes a foreign body it either passes through it or inflicts painful and serious wounds. Native shell hunters wade over the reef in search of shells, lifting bunches of coral with a view to taking the small shells from them. This accomplished the coral is then thrown down. The noise often alarms the gars; they go darting away like arrows, and shell hunters have been pierced and even killed by them. An English officer was struck by one on the visor of his cap. This resulted in an investigation by a representative of the British Government, and it was found that men had lost their lives from this cause, says the New York Sun.

Among the casualties from fishes in America may be mentioned several in which the gamy tarpon was the cause. Near the mouth of the Mississippi the seine haulers sometimes take a tarpon in the long nets, and on one occasion a large fish leaped over the enclosure and struck a man, killing him instantly. Two men were nearly lost off the coast of Florida by a tarpon, which leaped into the boat and knocked out two of the planks with its head, literally going through the light craft. A well-known Texas fisherman was killed by a tarpon when landing it. The fish, in making one of its leaps, struck him, knocked him overboard and caused him to be drowned.

Size is by no means a factor in determining the dangerous nature of fishes. This is well illustrated in South America, where the most dangerous fish in the fresh water streams is a creature not more than four or five inches in length. The danger of these creatures lies in their numbers and their insatiable rapacity. They are veritable bloodhounds that fairly fill the waters and attack all comers in droves and swarms. If any foreign object drops into the stream it is at once surrounded by thousands, and if alive it is reduced to a skeleton in a remarkably short time. Horses in wading a stream have been so terrorized by the attacks of these unseen foes that they fell over, and horse and rider were drowned. These fish have sharp teeth, and they literally strip the flesh from the limbs of horses or other animals that are exposed to their attacks.

"It was almost a miracle. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me of a terrible breaking out all over the body. I am very grateful." Miss Julia Filbridge, West Cornwell, Conn.

Many Replenishments.

"They say the Smiles keep liquor in their house all the time."

"Well, if I haven't misjudged Smiles terribly they don't keep the same liquor all the time."—Chicago News.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

IN EFFECT JUNE 27, 1898.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

Trains arrive and depart from the station at Johnstown as follows:

WESTWARD.

Western Express	4:53 a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:05 "
Johnstown Accommodation	8:15 "
Johnstown Accommodation	8:59 "
Pacific Express	8:35 "
Way Passenger	3:30 p. m.
Pittsburg Express	4:12 "
Mail	5:05 "
Fast Line	5:47 "
Johnstown Accommodation	8:05 "

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	4:58 a. m.
Sea-shore Express	5:40 "
Altoona Accommodation	8:24 "
Day Express	9:40 "
Main Line Express	10:15 "
Altoona Accommodation	12:49 p. m.
Mail Express	4:15 "
Johnstown Accommodation	6:59 "
Philadelphia Express	7:11 "
Fast Line	10:30 "

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, May 10, 1899.

Apples	per bu	50-75c
	dried, lb	4c
	evaporated lb	12c
Apple Butter, per gal		40 to 50c
Butter	roll, per lb	15c
	fresh keg, per lb	13c
	creamery, per lb	20c
Beeswax, per lb		20c
Bacon	country ham, per lb	10 to 12c
	sugar cured ham, per lb	12½c
	side, per lb	6 to 8c
	shoulder, per lb	10 to 8c
Beans	white navy, per bus	$1
	Lima, per lb	5c
Coffee	green, per lb	15c
	roasted, per lb	15 to 25c
Cement	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.00 to 1.20
	Portland, per bbl	$2.50 to 4.00
Cornmeal, per lb		1½c
Eggs, per doz		10c
Fish, lake herring	½ bbl	per 70 lb $2.70
	¼ bbl	per 30 lb 1.25
Honey, white clover, per lb		15c
Lard, per lb		7 to 10c
Lime, per bbl		$1.00
Molasses, N. O., per gal		60c
Onions, per bus		75 to $1.00
Potatoes, per bus		60 to 65c
Peaches, evaporated, per lb		8 to 10c
Prunes, per lb		8 to 10c
Salt	N. Y., per bbl	$1.15
	Pittsburg, per bbl	1.00
	Dairy, ¼ bus sacks	20c
	" ½ bus sacks	35c
	" 1 bus sacks	$0.95
	ground alum, 100 lb sacks	90c
Sugar	maple, per lb	7 to 10c
	imported yellow, per lb	5c
	white, A, per lb	5½c
	granulated, per lb	5½-6c
	Cube, or pulverized, per lb	8c
Syrup	per gal	30c
	maple, per gal	75 to 90c
Stoneware, gallon		8c
Tallow, per lb		4 to 5c
Vinegar, per gal		20 to 30c
Seeds	timothy, per bus	$1.50
	clover, per bus	4.50
	" crimson, per bus	4.00
	" alfalfa, per bus	6.50
	" alsyke, per bus	7.50
Millet, German, per bus		1.00
	barley, white beardless, per bus	1.25
	buckwheat, per bus	50c
Grain	corn shelled, per bus	45 to 48c
	oats, per bus	35 to 38c
& Feed	rye, per bus	60c
	wheat, per bus	75c
	bran, per 100 lbs	85c
	corn and oats chop, per 100 lbs	90c
Flour	flour, roller process, per bbl	3.80
	" spring patent and fancy high grade	$4.50 to 4.75
	flour, lower grade per 100 lbs	$1.05 to 1.40
Middlings	white, per 100 lbs	90c
	red, per 100 lbs	85

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch.

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:30 a. m., Somerset 11:58, Stoyestown 12:32, Hooversville 1:04, Johnstown 1:50 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:15 p. m., Somerset 5:39 Stoyestown 6:07, Hooversville 6:18, Johnstown 7:05

SOUTHWARD.

*Mail.—Johnstown 8:20 a.m., Hooversville 9:19 Stoyestown 9:35, Somerset 10:02 Rockwood 10:30.

Express.—Johnstown 2:30 p. m., Hooversville 3:40, Stoyestown 3:55, Somerset 4:32, Rockwood 4:55.

*Daily.

D. B. MARTIN, Passenger Traffic Manager.	F. D. UNDERWOOD, General Manager.

Snyders Pharmacy

It requires a good selected stock and a neatly arranged room to do a brisk business.

WE HAVE BOTH OF THEM.

Pure Drugs I make it a point to keep a large line of Drugs in a fresh and good condition. In the way of

Prescription Compounding, we are unexcelled. Anything not advertised, ask for it, we are sure to have it. You are always sure of getting the best.

Optical Goods Glasses fitted to suit the eyes. Call and have your eyes tested. Trusses Fitted. All of the best and most approved Trusses kept in stock. Satisfaction guaranteed.

JOHN N. SNYDER,

Druggist. SOMERSET, PA.

Louther's Drug Store

Main Street, Somerset, Pa.

This Model Drug Store is Rapidly Becoming a Great Favorite with People in Search of

FRESH . AND . PURE . DRUGS

Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Sponges, Trusses, Supporters, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, &c.

THE DOCTOR GIVES PERSONAL ATTENTION TO THE COMPOUNDING OF

Louther's Prescriptions AND Family Receipts

GREAT CARE BEING TAKEN TO USE ONLY FRESH AND PURE ARTICLES.

SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES,

And a Full Line of Optical Goods always on hand. From a large assortment all can be suited.

THE FINEST BRANDS OF CIGARS

Always on hand. It is always a pleasure to display our goods to intending purchasers, whether they buy from us or elsewhere.

J. M. LOUTHER M. D.

MAIN STREET - - - - SOMERSET, PA.

SOMERSET LUMBER YARD

ELIAS CUNNINGHAM,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER AND WHOLESALE AND RETAILER OF

Lumber and Building Materials.

Hard and Soft Woods

Oak,	Poplar,	Sidings,	Pickets,	Mouldings,
Walnut,	Yellow Pine,	Flooring,	Sash,	Star Rails,
Cherry,	Shingles,	Doors,	Balusters,	Chestnut,
Lath,	White Pine	Blinds,	Newel Posts,	Etc.

A general line of all grades of Lumber and Building Material and Roofing Slate kept in stock. Also, can furnish anything in the line of our business to order with reasonable promptness, such as Brackets, odd-sized, work, etc.

ELIAS CUNNINGHAM,

Office and Yard Opposite S. & C. R. R. Station, SOMERSET

NEARLY

Fifty-eight Year Old!!!

It's a long life, but devotion to the true interests and prosperity of the American People has won for it new friends as the years rolled by and the original members of its family passed to their reward, and these admirers are loyal and steadfast today, with faith in its teachings, and confidence in the information which it brings to their homes and firesides.

As a natural consequence it enjoys in its old age all the vitality and vigor of youth, strengthened and ripened by the experience of over half a century.

It has lived on its merits, and on the cordial support of progressive Americans.

It is "The New-York Weekly Tribune," acknowledged the country over as the leading National Family Newspaper.

Recognizing its value to those who desire all the news of the State and Nation, the publishers of THE SOMERSET HERALD, (your own favorite home paper) have entered into an alliance with "The New-York Tribune" which enables them to furnish both papers at the trifling cost of $2.00 per year.

Every farmer and every villager owes to himself, to his family, and to the community in which he lives a cordial support of his local newspaper, as it works constantly and untiringly for his interests in every way, brings to his home all the news and happenings of his neighborhood, the doings of his friends, the condition of and prospects for different crops, the prices in home markets, and, in fact, is a weekly visitor which should be found in every wide-awake, progressive family.

Just think of it! Both of these papers for only $2.00 a year.

Send all orders to THE HERALD, SOMERSET, PA.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY YOUR

Memorial Work

OF

WM. F. SHAFFER,

SOMERSET, PENN'A.

Manufacturer of and Dealer in Eastern Work Furnished on Short Notice

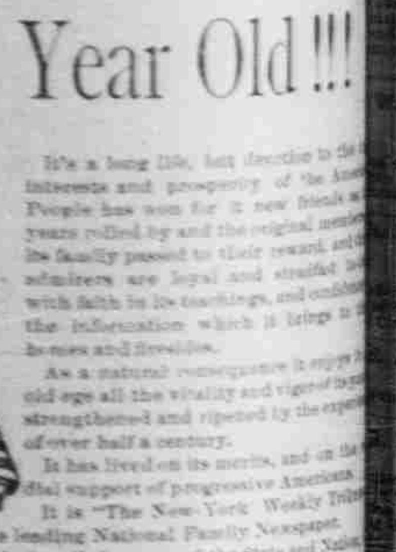
MARBLE AND GRANITE WORK

Also, Agent for the WHITE BRONZE!

Persons in need of Monument Work will find it to their interest to call at my shop where a proper showing will be given them. [illegible] the

White Bronze, Or Pure Zinc Monuments.

Introduced by Rev. W. A. Rice, as a decided improvement in the point of Material and Construction, and which is destined to be the popular Monument for our changeable climate. Give me a call.



Wm. F. Shaffer.