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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLVII. NO. 52. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1899. WHOLE NO. 2497.

You

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MY LITTLE MAN.

I like to watch my little man
Come romping in from play,
With earnest eyes and cheek of tan,
With winsome, witching way.
I like to have him cuddle down
Upon my arm his head,
And when he's off to sleep-town,
To see him safe in bed.

I like to hear my little man
Go singing through the hall,
Or making all the noise he can
With whistle, bat and ball.
There's music in his flying feet,
He slams the kitchen door,
But every sound is passing sweet,
My little man of four.

But best I love my little man
On Sunday in the pew,
With ruche and ruffle spick and span,
And eyes so clear and true.
No matter what the text may be,
Or what the form of grace,
Since more than church or creed for me
Is in his childish face.

A HEADSTRONG MAN.

"Isn't it queer how small the world is, after all? said the shorter of the two men, as they steered each other down the aisle of the smoker, while the car seemed to be doing its best to jolt them both over the shoulders of other passengers in the seats. "I'm always running into somebody I have not seen for a long time. Now, who would have thought of meeting you coming into this smoker—in this section of the country?"

"Yes," said the taller—he with the new tweed traveling cap—"but then the world is big enough to keep old acquaintances like us apart. Let's sit down here—apart for years. How many years is it?"

"Must be good ten," said the first speaker, a dark, wiry man, with small side wiskers.

"Quite that—I hadn't heard of you for quite a long while when Scobel told me about that desperate love affair of yours—and that was—"

"Ha, ha! Yes, that was more than four years ago. Did Scobel ever tell you the end of that?"

"No."

"Have a cigar?" The small man wriggled his neck with an air of complete self-satisfaction. "Well, I don't mind telling you, knowing that it won't go any further."

"Of course, that's understood."

"I don't mind telling you that I always thought myself well out of that affair."

"Yes?"

"Yes. You see, she went away from Galena one summer to spend some time at a small watering place where an aunt of hers was staying. Of course we kept up a correspondence—very sweet and all that, you know—but all of a sudden the letters stopped. Well, I didn't know what to make of that. Just as I was beginning to get fidgety a letter came from her, telling me that she had met with a frightful accident, had slipped from a limb of a tree into a creek. It so happened that some fellow was standing near, fishing, and this man managed to crawl out on the same limb of the tree, just as she was losing her hold. Oh, perhaps Scobel told you all that?"

"No," said the other man looking at the ash of his cigar. "Scobel didn't tell me that. I was only smiling at the thought of how much alike all of these romantic rescues are."

"Oh, yes, all alike, you know. And so far as I can make out, this fellow didn't do anything particularly brave, either. Just held his hand out to her and pulled her in. Anybody could do that, you know."

"How did he get her?" the man with the tweed cap asked.

"Climbed out on the limb, I believe. Well, then there was some sort of mystery about the man for some days. He didn't tell his name and she didn't find it out until after she got well. But you see, Trappes, I did not care to have my fiance writing to me every day about some other fellow I didn't know."

"Of course not," said Trappes.

"So I very soon took an opportunity to request her to—to just drop that hero of the limb. Told her I didn't want to know his name, even if she did find it out."

"And that put an end to your affair, did it?"

"That? Oh, no. That was only the beginning of the end, as it were."

Here the smaller man—his name was Bradley—seemed to fall into a retrospective reverie, and Trappes respected his feelings by smoking and studying his cigar ash in silence.

"You know, Trappes," Bradley at last resumed, "there's no question about it. Eloise—Miss Jennings—was a very nice girl at that time. But she was very young."

Trappes nodded gravely.

"She must have been," he said, "to judge by what Scobel told me. You always were a man of some taste, Bradley."

"Yes, that's all right," said Bradley. "Pretty and all that. I wonder if she is still as graceful as she was."

"I should think so, quite," said Trappes. "Eh? What did you say? Oh, I didn't quite catch it. This road seems very badly ballasted."

"But there's one point that I've always put my foot down on," Bradley continued. "I hold that when a man takes to himself a wife it is his to command and hers to obey."

Trappes nodded his assent.

"That was the rock that Eloise and I split upon. She wrote me rather a huffy letter, telling me she was going to find out this fellow's name—this limb man, you know—for her own satisfaction, if not for mine, and have him call upon her. Well, that was too much for me."

"That was rather saucy," Trappes remarked.

"Oh, yes," said the little man, "I simply wouldn't stand it. I said to myself, 'if I'm not her master now, I never will be when we are man and wife.' So I wrote and insisted absolutely on her not seeing that man again. You see, I felt that I must rise to meet the crisis or be forever fallen."

"Quite so," said Trappes. "And the girl?"

"Well, you know how women are, Trappes. I suppose I'm a little headstrong myself," said Bradley, settling his collar.

"Ye-es," said Trappes. "I confess that you did impress me as a little over-inclined to have your own way about things in general when I first met you. And you were only a boy then."

"I can't help it, Trappes. It's my nature, I suppose. Well, let me tell you about Eloise—"

"You still call her by the first name?" asked Trappes.

"Oh, force of habit, you know. I was going to say, I don't believe Eve would ever have wanted to touch the apple if she had'nt been told expressly to let it alone."

Trappes was still smiling.

"Anyway she insisted that she must see the man—gratitude and all that—and the end of it was—"

"You broke it off?"

"Oh, of course the lady must always have that privilege," said Bradley, with a courtly smile. "But it ended right there."

"And you never married at all, did you, Bradley?"

"I?" said Bradley, suddenly pulling out his watch. "Oh, yes—by jingo I must be getting back. You must let me introduce you to my wife—she's a splendid woman—a most sensible woman. Come on."

Trappes had not quite finished his cigar; neither, for that matter, had Bradley. Seeing his friend's sudden enthusiasm, however, to present him to Mrs. Bradley, he could not in honor appear to value the introduction at less than the worth of a half-smoked cigar. They rose, and the smaller man dragged the larger into the parlor car.

The two had no sooner passed through the vestibule and closed the door behind them than a very distinct voice of low register said:

"Here, where are you going to? Is this what you call five minutes, Demetrius Bradley?"

"O! That you, dear?" said Bradley, in some confusion. "Yes, dear, let me introduce—I met a friend in the smoker—Mr. Trappes."

"Delighted to meet you, Mrs. Bradley," he said. "Your husband interested me so in his conversation, Mrs. Bradley, that we hardly knew how time was flying."

"Men seldom do when they are indulging in tobacco," and Mrs. Bradley drew herself up to her full height—which was considerable. "Sit down, please. What was it that interested you so?"

The question was addressed to both, and in a manner that plainly showed that these two naughty boys were to be investigated under the searchlight of discipline.

Trappes was silent, and only smiled pleasingly.

"Oh, nothing, dear," said the iron-willed Bradley, with a look at Trappes that might have meant either appeal or reproach.

Trappes had not yet obeyed the order to sit down. He was standing with his hand on the back of Bradley's chair.

"Mrs. Bradley," he said, "I'm afraid I must hurry off now to look after some—matters, back here—have to change cars at Indianapolis, you know we are nearly there—see you later."

And Trappes really seemed to anticipate much pleasure from the future meeting, for he was smiling in unmistakable enjoyment as he moved down the aisle.

Bradley sat silent, while the sensible woman discoursed thus:

"When I say a thing, I mean it. You should follow the same maxim, Demetrius."

A few minutes later this discourse was interrupted by the cry, "Indianapolis—change cars for the Vandalia," at which Bradley rose.

"Sit still, Demetrius, we don't change here," said his wife.

Just then a voice behind the culprit's chair said:

"Isn't this Mr. Bradley?" and he turned to face a remarkably pretty, flushed, smiling girl.

"It's a long time since we met, isn't it?" and she held out her hand.

"Eloise!" gasped Bradley. "I—I beg pardon—Miss Jennings!"

"Mrs. Trappes, now," she laughed. Then as the tall man with the tweed cap came up behind her, she added: "Let me introduce Mr. Trappes—the man on the limb."

"Oh," Bradley stammered, "so pleased to meet you, Mr. Jennings—Mrs. Eloise."

"Glad to meet Mrs. Elweese," said the sensible Mrs. Bradley, severely acknowledging a pleasant bow from the younger woman.

"All out for the Vandalia!" the conductor shouted.

"You don't get out here, Demetrius," Mrs. Bradley repeated.

"How—how long have you been married?" Bradley asked, slowly settling into his chair.

"Just three weeks," said the young bride. "So glad to have met you, Mrs. Bradley. Your husband is quite an old friend of mine. You must keep a firm hand on him; he's dreadfully headstrong. I wish I had time to tell you. Good-bye!"

Spain's Greatest Need.

Mr. R. P. Olivia, of Barcelona, Spain, spends his winters at Aiken, S. C. Weak nerves had caused severe pains in the back of his head. On using Electric Bitters, America's greatest Blood and Nerve Remedy, all pain soon left him. He says this grand medicine is what his country needs. All America knows that it cures liver and kidney trouble, purifies the blood, tones up the stomach, strengthens the nerves, puts vim, vigor and new life into every muscle, nerve and organ of the body. If weak, tired or ailing you need it. Every bottle guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Strangers Still.

"Of course you are well acquainted with Shakespeare," said Mr. Dukane, of Pittsburgh, after an introduction to Mr. Blossom, president of the St. Louis Literary Society.

"Shakespeare, ?" repeated Mr. Blossom, thoughtfully. "No, I do not think that I ever had the pleasure of meeting him."

The Nailed Board.

Just at this time of year down South men acting apparently in a strange and erratic manner are seen about the country lanes and in out-of-the-way plantation premises, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Sometimes it is only one man thus encountered—an alert-looking person, scouring the prospect with eyes that let nothing escape. Sometimes there are two or more men together hovering on the outskirts of cornfield or cotton patch, scanning things with a wide-awake, comprehensive gaze. Things that the gunsman and naturalist and nature lover would dote on—for people can love nature without regard to science or dissection—are discounted in their care for what, after all, seems a very humdrum quarry when found, a mere inaniniate piece of board or staging, which some carpenter overlooked when he worked in that spot, and which the strangers pounce on and appropriate as though it were the one thing above all others worth having.

"What are they going to do with that piece of board?" asks some one not versed in harvest time annals.

"Shut up some negro's cornhouse with it," comes the answer. "See, there's the place, through those trees to the right."

"What are they going to do that for?"

"Oh, because the negro hasn't paid out, and this is the only time of year when he would be likely to have anything to pay out with. Those men are the Sheriff's Deputies. He has put them out all over the country now. They will take that board and nail it across the door of the corn house, fodder house, or cotton bin, or whatever is levied on, and, slight as it seems, that board represents the seal of the law. Just now, lying on the ground, it was merely a discarded, weather-beaten piece of scantling, but once put up across the door and hammered in place, it has a vital meaning.

"How long will it stay there? Until the owner of the corn or cotton shows a disposition to pay the debt, or make some arrangement in regard to it. May be it will be taken down in two or three days, may be not for as many months or weeks. It depends on circumstances. But however much need or desire the owner may have to get into his barn, or how far out of the way he may be from the Sheriff, he won't dare to lay a finger on the board. It's a penitentiary offense to tamper with it, and even the most ignorant negro tenant understands that. There is tragedy and comedy, too, abroad in the country at this time of year. May be it's only a beggarly $5 or so that somebody wants to collect and takes this summary means of collection—the balance of payment on a sewing machine, or for some piece of furniture or frippery, bought perhaps a year ago, and which these simple folks in their inability to keep a reckoning may have thought was paid for. Perhaps in reality it was paid for, and they are being cheated and made to pay it over again.

"Sometimes it is a grave matter that shuts up the cornhouse, relating to the payment of a mule or a man's farm lands. It may be that the negro has been caught carrying the crop off by stealth somewhere else to sell, in place of paying his landlord or the man who has furnished supplies and cropmaking gear during the year. For whatever omission or desert, trivial or serious, it is done, the negroes regard the Sheriff's visit with awe, and feel themselves disgraced and outlawed when the talismanic board is tacked to their door.

"'Sam Harley was shut up two years hand-runnin' gedderin' time,' they say, with an ominous headshake and suggestive tone. And Sam Harley loses caste in society until he does something to make up for the experience.

"'Zok Happy's a good, square farmer. There ain't never been no Sheriff's board tech his cornhouse,' is an opposite argument. And those who, either through misfortune or duplicity, ever have to wear the brand, feel it keenly."

'Tisn't safe to be a day without Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the house. Never can tell what moment an accident is going to happen.

Useful Hints.

To soften and Remove Putty.—Soak with a little muriatic acid or nitre, when, in a short time, the putty will become quite soft, and may be easily removed with a knife.

To Remove Fruit Stains from Linen Tablecloths.—Well moisten the stains with kerosene oil, rub thoroughly, cover the moist spots with carbonate of soda, and leave in the sun to bleach.

To Remove a Tight Ring from the Finger.—Hold the hand in cold water, and then apply soap, glycerine, or any greasy substance that may be handy, and remove the ring with a circular movement from the finger.

To prevent silver articles from turning black through the effects of gas and fog they should be wrapped in tissue paper and kept in bags made of flannel or soft baize; that is, if they are not provided with velvet or lined cases.

Plated goods that are to be put aside after use should be rubbed with spirits of ammonia and water, and then rinsed in clean water; this will keep them bright and prevent any ill effects should any salt have been left on the surface.

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, Groton, S. D. "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four Doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God, I am saved and now a well and healthy woman." Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa., large bottles 50c. and $1.00.

The Retreat of the Flinn Insurgents.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

It is interesting to note the gradual change that is taking place in some of the Insurgent newspapers of the State. As county after county has held primaries, and as each one in turn has repudiated Flinnism and Martinism the wise newspapers among those who supported the party wreckers are accepting the inevitable.

The Scranton Republican, which fought Quay during the legislative session, is the latest to realize that the struggle is hopeless. There is a most pronounced sentiment in Lackawanna county for Judge Archibald for the supreme bench, and the Republican is using this sentiment to cover its own flight. It deprecates "any exhibition of local factional feeling in State politics under existing circumstances," and urges that "the vital question of Quay and anti-Quay shall be relegated to some future occasion." It acknowledges that Quay is beyond reach this year, and "that factional strife this summer is worse than useless."

All this is true enough, and the Republican is to be congratulated upon discovering the fact that the people are taking no stock in Flinn and Martin and the party wreckers and disorganizers. The Insurgents started off the fight for delegates to the coming State Convention full of hope and enthusiasm, but not a single primary have they won up to date. On Saturday they lost Fayette county, and it is now apparent to all that their following in the convention will require a powerful microscope to discover.

Rarely has there been such an exhibition of Republican sentiment. The Quay question was really fought out in the legislative districts last November, and the desire of the party as expressed at the polls was nullified, so far as the senatorship was concerned, by the bolt of Flinn and Martin, who permitted personal spite to get the better of their loyalty to party. Men who fight the rule of the majority can not hope successfully to appeal to the Republican people. The bolters are finding this out now that the counties are piling up their protests against treachery.

Persecution is not popular in Pennsylvania, and that is why Flinn and Martin will have no sympathizers in the State Convention.

Individual Gravity.

In the early part of this century there lived in Nantucket a young Quakeress whose wit caused many a ripple in the demure circle of the Friends.

When this pretty Martha attended yearly meeting at Newport at the age of 18, her youthful spirits brought her occasional grave looks from the elders, although her real goodness of heart was never questioned.

One evening during the session of yearly meeting Martha was the centre of a group of young people, gathered near the windows of the parlor in the boarding-house where some of the Friends lodged for the time. The young people were playing the simple and amusing game of "humorous definitions." Martha's wit caused such frequent laughter that a solemn-faced person rose from his seat at the other end of the room and asked in a loud, stern voice:

"Martha, can thee give me the definition of gravity?"

The pretty Quakeress colored at this public and unnecessary rebuke, but after scarcely perceptible hesitation, she answered demurely:

"I am not able to give thee an answer of my own, Friend Brown, but perhaps that of De la Rochefoucauld will suit thee. He says that 'gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body, invented to cover the defects of the mind.'"—Youth's Companion.

The Humble Tramp.

Having discovered that he is a humorist, County Collector Spratt tells a new joke every day, says the St. Joseph News. He thought of another one today, and gave it as follows, to an admiring throng in his office:

A tramp called at the kitchen door of a St. Joseph residence a few days ago. He was ragged, cold and hungry, and his feet were wrapped in rags. When the hired girl opened the door in answer to his knock she scowled. She did not like tramps.

"If you please, miss," said the tramp, taking off his old, battered cap, and making a bow that had the semblance of politeness about it, "can you give me a few old, soggy biscuits?"

The request was so unusual that the hired girl called her mistress, who happened to be in the kitchen at the time. The tramp repeated the request to her.

"Why, what do you want with old biscuits?" she asked. "Wouldn't you rather have something good to eat?"

"No, ma'am," the tramp replied, "I want soggy biscuits—all I can get of 'em. It is a well-known fact that they produce dyspepsia, and that dyspepsia brings on nervousness; anybody knows that nervous people are ambitious, and that an ambitious man generally gets rich. It's wealth I'm after, and I'm starting at the foot of the ladder to get it."

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Every pill is a sugar-coated globule of health, that changes weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25 cents. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

All in the Family.

A member of a hard-shell Quaker family was being trounced, verbally, for his excessive meanness. The whole family shared the reputation, and the member under fire made no defense. He listened patiently to the tirade, and when the man wound up by declaring him the meanest man he had ever met in his life, the Quaker remarked gently: "Ah, but thee has never met my brother Robert!"—New York Commercial-Advertiser.

Seven Sanctified Sister

They say that the best hotel in Texas is to be found at Belton, a town on the Santa Fe Road, and it is kept by "seven sanctified sisters," as the proprietors are popularly called. Several years ago, says the Chicago Record, a woman in that place and her husband quarreled over the best way of expounding the Scriptures to a Sunday school class, and were so stubborn that they separated and were finally divorced. The family controversy was taken up by the town, which was soon distinctly divided between the adherents of the husband and wife. The result was a large crop of divorces, and seven husbandless women, including the original cause of the commotion, joined together and rented the town hotel. One of them did the cooking, another was parlor maid, a third made up the beds, and so they divided the work among them and ran the establishment upon the co-operative plan. They would not employ a man about the place, although the most of the patrons were men, of course. People say that women travelers preferred to stop elsewhere, and that would be a woman's way. One of the seven "sanctified sisters" used to drive a big carry-all down to the railway station three or four times a day to meet trains, but she let the regular transfer company handle the luggage.

The hotel prospered from the beginning, and there was no reason why it should not, for everything was neat and homelike and the cooking was the best in Texas, which is not saying much, perhaps, but is a good reason why it was appreciated. Every Sunday it was crowded. The drummers used to swarm there from all the northern-central part of the State, and every passenger on Santa Fe trains was an advertising agent. The "sanctified sisters" made money, as they deserved to do; they enlarged their establishment and started a big laundry in connection with it, where the drummers left their soiled clothes to be done up while they were out during the week. Then the "sisters" bought a hotel at Waco and started a laundry there, with equal success, and now they are talking of starting one in New York.

A Few Records.

Over the wire B. R. Pollock sent 260 words in five minutes at a telegraph tournament. The claim of faster work has been made for several.

In typewriting Mr. McGurrin, of Canada, repeating a single sentence, reached a speed of 200 words a minute. The mechanism will respond to no faster touch. In ordinary correspondence, Miss Mae E. Orr wrote 90 words a minute for five minutes.

Isaac S. Dement, who holds among shorthand writers the place held by Mr. McGurrin among typewriters, took down 400 words a minute last year.

In the matter of quail eating, there have been any number of claimants of records. A. M. Trautman, of Washington, put away a bird a day for thirty days. Colonel Thornton, of Atlanta, ate a quail a day for twenty-nine days and on the thirtieth day ate two. W. S. Walcott ate two quails a day for thirty days.

Some years ago Charles Pearsall swallowed five dozen soft boiled eggs per day for six consecutive days in a New York restaurant. He took thirty eggs in the morning and thirty in the afternoon. About that time, April, 1884, the G. A. R. people of Tonawanda, N. Y., held a bean eating tournament. A Mr. Baker got away with six quarts of beans in forty minutes.

A War Stamp to Cost $42,500.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company may have to put a stamp of $42,500, under the War Revenue law, upon its new refunding mortgage. The Baltimore & Ohio reorganization is liable to a similar assessment.

The question involved has been referred by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to the Attorney General, and his opinion is expected in a few days.

It seems that the new Revenue law, as originally passed, required that not only the mortgage, but the bonds issued under a mortgage should be stamped; but at the last session of Congress this was amended by a joint resolution providing that where a mortgage secures bonds but one stamp should be required on the two instruments, but that that one should be placed upon the instrument which requires the higher rate.

For the railroads this is a very serious matter, as their mortgages, most of which are made to secure issues of bonds to be made at some future time, are usually very large, and far in excess of the actual bond issue.

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 cents a box. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and at G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

In Puerto Rico.

English dictionaries are in greater demand than any other commodity.

More than half of the Puerto Ricans live on less than five cents a day.

Skilled laborers, such as bricklayers, carpenters and plumbers, earn 60 cents a day.

Rents have gone up in San Juan, and prices of real estate have mounted skyward.

"Polygamy exists to a great extent," says Charles F. Saylor. "It is not uncommon for one man to have two or three families."

Until a few weeks ago prisoners wore shackels that had been welded on their limbs. But General Henry gave the order that the shackels should be filed off and no more cruelty practiced.

Spring tiredness is due to an impoverished condition of the blood and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which enriches the blood.

In the Philippines.

At least forty American lawyers are endeavoring to earn a living in Manila.

Since the American occupation over 400 saloons have been opened in Manila.

Montana soldiers have found indications of gold while at work in the trenches.

Malolos is less than thirty miles from Manila, yet day after day the American columns advanced through towns and cities with a population of from 1,000 to 10,000.

A. Furman Hedden has established a monthly magazine known as the Philippine Monthly. Wood cuts of scenes of interest in the Island of Luzon are produced, and stories by naval officers and others are published.

Spanish officers are returning home, and all have large quantities of native gold, which they say is plentiful in the mountain streams.—Manila American.

The 83 officers' wives who arrived on the Morgan city were not allowed to land, as General Otis thought he had women and children enough to protect.

A soldier of the Twentieth Kansas tells this story at the expense of a fellow-soldier: "When we were sent out on the firing line Pete Bogan was lying behind a tree, out of the way of bullets. All at once he yelled out like a wild man: 'Captain, I can not stand these darned ants biting me all the time!' Zip! A bullet passed close to his body. 'On second thoughts, Captain,' he yelled, 'I can stand them!'"

A Lucky Exchange.

Lieutenant Edward Lloyd, Jr., of the cruiser New Orleans, says he never considered himself lucky until he heard of the capture of Lieutenant J. C. Gillmore, of the Yorktown, and his party by the Filipinos. When the Solace sailed from this port for Manila, says the New York Times, with a cargo of ammunition and other supplies on board, Lieutenant Lloyd was ordered aboard of her to act as navigator. The lieutenant has his own ideas about the beauties of the Philippine Islands and of life there. Accordingly he lost no time in looking around for a substitute to take his place.

Lieutenant Gillmore, on the other hand, was glad of a chance to go, and after the necessary preliminaries were gone through with the two officers exchanged positions.

"And if it were not for that exchange," said Lieutenant Lloyd. "I suppose I might now be in the hands of those yelping Filipinos. There is only one element of doubt in the case," added the lieutenant. "Gillmore was transferred to the Yorktown after he reached Manila. Nevertheless, it gave me rather a peculiar feeling to read in the paper that he had been caught by those savages."

Lieutenant Lloyd is on the New Orleans, now in the city of New Orleans, where the ship will be a centre of interest. After her stay there, the officers expect to receive orders to go to Manila.

The Persian Carpenter.

In accordance with the invariable custom of all Eastern artisans, the carpenter sits upon the ground when at work. Instead of a bench, a strong stake is driven down before him, leaving about ten inches out of the ground, and upon this he rests his work, and keeps it steady with his feet. The facility with which the work is executed in this position has always been a matter of surprise to European workmen. In the royal arsenals English tools are used, and a better system of working has been introduced under the superintendence of British officers, but in the native workshops the workmen are still to be seen squatting on the ground; and, being used to this position from infancy, and their tools being formed to work with more efficiency when used in this way, any alteration is scarcely to be expected. Their principal tools are the frame saw, adz, planes, hammers, nails, and a few smaller tools.—Southern Lumberman.

Pneumatic Leg.

An English inventor has devised a very ingenious artificial leg and foot intended for use in cases of amputation below the knee joint. It is mainly composed of a hollow rubber chamber, which is inflated in exactly the same way as is a bicycle tire. The skeleton of the foot is of wood and contains within it a rubber-faced joint, which permits of movements like those which take place at the ankle.

A pair of rubber pneumatic pads surround the end of the amputated limb, so that no undue pressure is exerted on the tissue.

The Old Virginia "Auntie" and the Spring Chicken.

At nearly every station on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad in Virginia, says The Argonaut, picturesque colored men and women attend the trains with trays of fried chicken, corn bread, boiled eggs, sandwiches, pies and other refreshments, crying: "Hyer's spring chicken, tender and nice!" Where do you get spring chicken this time of year? asked a passenger of the venerable "auntie," one bitter March day. "You'ns a Nawth'n lady, ain't you, honey?" responded the lunch-vender, with a twinkle in her eye; "an' Nawth'n ladies is good to poh kul'd folks, so you hadn't ought to ask nobody whar dy gits de spring chickens."

Before Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer was discovered epilepsy caused serious alarm, but not now. It cured Mrs. Joseph Keller, Converse, Ind., after she had spent a thousand dollars in trying to find a cure. For sale at Garman's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa. and Mountain & Son's Drug Store, Confluence, Pa.

"You are too little," said the proprietor of the tough beanery. "It takes bigger guys dan you to manage de mugs dat feed here."

"Ah!" said the applicant for a job, "I see. None but the brave do serve the fare here."—Indianapolis Journal

FARM NEWS AND VIEWS.

Weeds and Soil Moisture—Seasonable Hints.

A single weed may apparently do but little harm, but every weed that occupies space during periods of dry weather takes the moisture from a large surrounding surface. One who has given the matter attention and experiment estimates that one pound of weeds will remove 500 pounds of water from the soil during an ordinary drought, and that 500 pounds of weeds per acre are not an unusual sight on some fields, the loss on each acre being 250,000 pounds of moisture per acre, and this loss may be greater if the weeds are well advanced in growth. In addition to this deprivation of the soil of its moisture, weeds draw on the fertility and take from the crop the food which is so necessary for its advancement and success. It is work to keep down weeds, but the labor can be materially reduced if the weeds are destroyed when they are small, which also loosens the top soil and prevents loss of moisture by evaporation. The cultivator is an implement that should never be idle at this season.

Better butter can be made on the farm than at the creamery if the same care is given. The managers of creameries secure the best assistants to be had, and they aim to put good butter on the market. The advantages possessed by the farmer who makes dairy butter is that he can feed his cows on the best foods, use more care and work with cleaner surroundings. A large proportion of creamery butter is not uniform, as the milk comes from many sources, but dairy butter is injured in the churning and manipulation of the product by inexperienced persons.

Farm yard manure varies greatly, its value depending upon the kinds of foods eaten by animals, and also upon the absorbent materials used in the heap. One cord of manure should weigh about three tons, and should contain about 27 pounds of nitrogen, 16 pounds phosphoric acid and 24 pounds potash. One ton is about a two-horse load. A load of one ton is valued at about $2.

Dogs are not always at fault when they kill sheep. Not one dog in ten is fed, and is consequently compelled to pick up its food wherever it can be procured. It is at night that such dogs prowl over a neighborhood seeking food and attack sheep from necessity. When the dog discovers a source of supply it will avail itself of the privilege. If dogs