WOMAN'S WORLD.

SHE PLANTS THE CROPS WHILE HER BROTHER IS GONE TO THE WAR.

A "Perfect Fit" In Chicago—The Tea Drinking Habit—When Baby Outgrew His Curls—Women Who Run Elevators—How to Rest.

The Philippine war has made not only Kansas heroes, but Kansas heroines too. While Funston and his friends are fighting in the Philippines their wives and sisters and sweethearts are proving their loyalty to love and country in a novel and most remarkable way.

They have taken the place of the men at the plow, on the harrow and on the mowing machine. Common as field work is among the peasantry of Europe, it has been almost unknown in America till now.

The singular part of it is that these women are not poor and they are not used to work. They are women whose husbands and brothers own the farms, abandoned for the war.

Mrs. Mary Semple, who is working a 250 acre farm 15 miles south of Wichita, is the mother of Corporal Frank Semple, who swam the Marilao river with Funston when that daring colonel of the Twentieth Kansas regiment won victory and fame by his brilliant act. Semple was wounded in the head at that time, but he wasn't killed. It's hard to kill a Kansan they say at Manila.

His mother is a widow, but she urged her eldest son to join the army and serve his country. His sister Jennie promised to take care of the farm while he was away at the war. And she has kept her promise to the letter. Jennie Semple is the prettiest girl in Kansas, and she is so proud of her big brother that she willingly left school to take his place at the plow this spring.


MISS JENNIE SEMPLE.

A year ago she was thinking only of dancing parties and a trip to New York.

"I don't mind it a bit," she says now, "so long as it lets brother Frank fight for his country."

Another of these brave, high hearted heroines at home is Miss Lulu Funston, cousin of Brigadier General Funston, the hero. She is now overseeing his farm in Allen county and actually plowing and planting.

All the while the country has been applauding General Funston's dash and bravery in the faroff Philippines she has been quietly at work helping to carry on the work on his farm. She has shrunk from even being mentioned. All she wants is to have people overlook her and praise her hero—her cousin.

And these are only a few instances of women's patriotism and devotion which may now be found all over the state of Kansas.

It is heroines' work, and nothing daunts them from a 500 acre unplowed field, which must be tilled, to the hauling of a load of hay.—New York Journal.

A "Perfect Fit" In Chicago.

The buds and matrons have discovered a wonderful man here in Chicago. His coats and gowns—ah, how they do fit! Taking up the raw cloth, this man of original ideas holds it against the figure which is to be fitted, precisely after the manner usual with artist designers of his kind. Then the gown is made, fitted and almost finished when the new and original scheme is brought into play.

The customer is wrapped in long, wet towels—technically they are known as "sheets"—and the new tailor made gown is put on. Then over and over the hips and shoulders and around and around the waist and up and down in carefully accentuated lines goes the hot iron. Instead of being pressed on a board, the suit is pressed on the lady herself. Oh, yes, to be sure, the hot vapor arises, and the poor lady often cries out in alarm lest she be parboiled then and there, but what matters these trivial things if one's gown is to fit sublimely and beautifully and to have a style that is actually heart wringing? The costume is literally molded to the figure inside it. The woman is instructed that she must continue to keep the dress on until the seams are quite dry.

The man who is responsible for this new and startling departure in the way of gown fitting is a Swedish-Englishman. He claims that the Princess of Wales was his inspiration for the initial attempt along this line. When fitting a gown for her one day, the idea occurred to him to try pressing it upon the figure.

"Why not try it?" exclaimed the gracious and kindly princess, of whom the artist designer is never tired of speaking.

The experiment was a great success. After that the gowns and outer garments pressed in this way for English ladies were many. About a year ago the young man who had originated the idea came to Chicago to put it into practice here. In Chicago it was Mrs. Richard Harding Davis, then Miss Cecil Clark, who was the first woman to seize upon the opportunity of outshining her sister women in this manner. Adjusting a garment to her tall, svelte figure, the tailor requested the privilege of trying his cherished inspiration. Once more it proved a delightful success, and so great has the fad become already in Chicago that there are sometimes as many as 20 women waiting for their turn to be "pressed."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Tea Drinking Habit.

The recent death of a man from too much tea drinking has called forth renewed discussion of the tea habit, but thus far the ground gone over is not new, and the conclusions reached have been attained before in these discussions. Tea properly brewed and drunk not with meals, but at a time when the system feels the need of a slight stimulant, is, to the normal individual, beneficial rather than harmful. The custom of 5 o'clock tea is a rational one, because at that hour in the afternoon the system feels the strain of the day's occupations, and the slight stimulant of the tea is grateful. "In the case of a person who is not in the habit of taking tea regularly," a physician said recently, "I know of no better reviver or temporary tonic than a cup of freshly and well brewed tea. In cold weather it will often tone up the system at a critical moment and ward off a cold. In hot weather a cup of hot tea is particularly beneficial, not only for its reviving effects, but because it induces relieving perspiration."

Iced tea the same physician condemns in strong terms because it is rarely properly made. Most iced tea consists of a strong decoction in which the tannic acid is thoroughly released. This is diluted with melted ice, oversweetened with sugar and then made usually too acid by a strong flavoring of lemon. It might even then be taken in moderation, but it is usually gulped down by the gobletful at luncheons hurriedly eaten in the course of a business day. When it is carefully made in the first place and chilled to the drinkable stage, but not made icy, sweetened reasonably, and with just a suspicion of lemon to bring out its flavor, its most harmful properties are withdrawn. The question whether hot tea should be used with cream or without has again been raised. The weight of opinion seems to be in favor of the latter plan, but expert opinion to the contrary is not wanting. The milk, it is asserted by those who believe in its use, neutralizes the tannic acid, of which, in any infusion of tea, there must be more or less.—New York Post.

When Baby Outgrew His Curls.

There are many mothers whose hearts will echo the feelings of the Chicago mother who felt so bad when the time came to cut off her baby boy's curls. She says:

"His curls were beautiful, so golden and shimmery, and I loved every one that fell about his pretty pink shoulders. But he was growing up and he hated the curls, as do all boys when the other bigger ones tease them and call them girls and babies and little sisters. One morning he came to me, his eyes bright and fiery with indignation and his cheeks aglow. Some playmate had chided him for his girlish hair, and he could endure it no longer. He stood as firm as a rock, with feet wide apart, and commanded me to cut them off. This has happened often of late since he has been strutting about in his cunning little trousers. His grief was real, and I—I felt sorry for him, as I did for myself. I got out the big shears, and as the first long, beautiful ringlet of spun gold as fine as spider web fell into my hands he gave a little shriek of happiness, while I felt the hot tears rolling down my cheeks.

"When the deed was done, he rushed out of the door and down the street as fast as his precious, fat little legs could carry him, and I saw him plump his fists in his absurd little pockets as he stood—with the dignity of a hero—before his tormentors. The selfishness in my heart at losing my baby made me almost forget his happiness, and as I went back to the curls the tears streamed faster than before. My baby had gone from me when those curls had dropped into my hands. My little boy was there—and a sweet, lovable, manly little fellow he is, with strong small arms that cling close about my neck—but he isn't my baby any more. All my life have I laughed at the foolish mothers who tried to keep their children from growing out of their babyhood and baby ways—but I know now why this is."

Women Who Run Elevators.

The elevator, a province over which man seemed to hold undisputed sway, has recently been invaded by woman. In one of the office buildings of the city, says the Chicago Chronicle, a little woman yesterday aroused considerable curiosity among those who had not before seen her at her post. Those who belonged to the building and were accustomed to the sight seemed rather surprised that any one should question her ability.

"I sometimes run it for a week to relieve my husband and give him a holiday," said the woman. "You see, it is monotonous, and, of course, he gets tired of it, so he taught me, and I don't mind. It's easy as fun—no knack at all when you know how. Dangerous? No, not a bit."

At one of the North Side hotels the proprietor hired a girl who had been working in the kitchen to run the elevator. She did the work easily and was more satisfactory than the boys, who frequently went to sleep between calls, but she soon tired of it and left, saying it was too easy. Of course, the elevator was not very large or heavy.

At the Young Women's Christian association, on Michigan avenue, a young lady runs the elevator up and down the seven stories with perfect ease. While waiting for passengers she finds time to study and read, and the hours do not hang on her hands, although she begins her work unusually early. She is under the direction of the engineer, who taught her to manipulate the machine. She succeeded a young girl who while acting as "elevator man" fitted herself for a clerical position, passed the civil service examination and is now doing responsible work in the Public library.

How to Rest.

Medical men assert that no period of the year is more full of real danger than the vacation season. During that period the tendency of Americans to rush from one extreme to the other is proverbial, and for two or three months the struggle for pleasure is made as intense as is the struggle for life during the rest of the year.

The nervous wear and tear of traveling, care of baggage, etc., are not sufficiently taken into account.

Dr. Fordyce Barker said that the details of travel make or mar a vacation, for good or evil.

The choice of a place is also of great practical importance. A complete change of environment is most beneficial, such as changing sea air for dry and the reverse. Gaslight, drinking, dancing and late hours must be avoided.

The chief point in a vacation is to take a vacation from yourself—to have a change of natural surroundings and of intellectual life.

A week of this complete newness will be the beginning of a vacation indeed. A month of it will do mind and body more good than all the medicines in the world.

Above all one must adhere strictly to personal habits and the general laws of health. No imprudences are so dangerous as those committed in the carelessness of vacation. The detail of drinking water, for instance, should be looked to carefully; morning and evening exposures should be carefully guarded against; in fact, there must be no such thing as carelessness or indifference.—Housewife.

The Hats Off Habit.

Besides the houseful of untidy heads that the hats off habit at the theater has engendered there is another result of the practice almost as unfortunate. From removing her hat at the theater, a woman wants to remove it at all times. This has nothing to do with the summer practice of going bareheaded; it is a winter tendency, and it manifests itself in various ways and upon various occasions. A woman finds her hat a burden while shopping; in traveling, no matter how short the trip, she has the longing to lay it aside and often does so. At concerts and lectures, where there is no spectacular necessity for removing bonnets, she finds herself instinctively taking out her hairpins. Church and women's club meetings are, in fact, the only places where the tendency has not yet shown itself to a marked degree, and at the former it is already recommended, while at the latter the fact that such a proceeding would strike at the very roots of the club institution must be accounted as the true and only reason for the omission. Women find themselves on the lookout for two attributes in a new hat—lightness and an unnamable attribute requiring no mirror in the putting on and taking off of the article. All of which may be a blessing and may be not; it is, however, logical.—Philadelphia Times.

The Russian scepter is of solid gold, three feet long and contains among its ornaments 268 diamonds, 360 rubies and 15 emeralds.

As many as 4,061 muscles have been counted in the body of a moth.

THE TEACHERS' FRIEND.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine Will Endow a School of Pedagogy.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine, who gave $25,000 a year ago to the Teachers' College of the University of Chicago, is going to show her interest in the cause of education by endowing a school of pedagogy in the same city. She has promised to give several hundred thousand dollars to this school for teachers.

Mrs. Blaine has had this idea in mind since 1893. The daughter of the late Cyrus H. McCormick, the great mower and reaper man, she inherited a fortune of millions. She has long been eminent among Chicago women for good works.

She told her idea to some of her millionaire friends and has received assurances, it is said, of contributions which will aggregate a foundation fund of $1,000,000.

Colonel Francis W. Parker, the present head of the Cook County Normal school, has been selected to organize the college and will be given wide powers in establishing an institution under the broad ideas that have been developed during his long career as a teacher of teachers.


MRS. EMMONS BLAINE.

Mrs. Blaine's great aim is to benefit the poor and not to pauperize them.

Emmons Blaine and Anna McCormick were married at Richfield Springs Sept. 26, 1889. He was 33 and she 23 and the possessor of $3,000,000. Emmons was the favorite son of the late James G. Blaine and was the pick of the flock. He was educated as a lawyer, but afterward went into the railroad business and became general freight agent of the Santa Fe road at Chicago. He died June 18, 1892. His widow has been faithful to his memory. He left one son, McCormick Blaine, the apple of his mother's eye.

The Pentagon Club.

The Pentagon club of Boston is so named because it is made up of women of five professions—doctors, lawyers, ministers, teachers and journalists. It prides itself upon having no constitution and no officers. Its 20 or 30 members meet and dine together once a month at the United States hotel, for the sole purpose of having a good time. The evening is devoted chiefly to telling funny stories. The Pentagon has hitherto been unique among women's clubs, but the junior editor of The Woman's Journal, who is a member, happened to mention the plan of the Pentagon in conversation with friends attending the recent national woman suffrage convention in Grand Rapids, and the idea so delighted a woman lawyer of Detroit and a woman doctor of Cincinnati that they went home each with the purpose of starting a Pentagon in her own city.

A Good Substitute For Feathers.

Feathers and down are expensive, but if you know a bank where the cattail grows you can have down pillows galore for the mere making. You must know that the fluff of the ripe cattail, which may be gathered in July or August, makes a pillow equaled only by down itself. So be provident this year, and if you live near a lake or pond get you a harvest of cattails for future use. You will find them the most inexpensive and satisfactory material you can employ for this purpose. If it should be your fate to live in a section of the country where cattails do not grow, then substitute the silk from milkweed pods. Gather the pods in the fall of the year, hang them away in paper bags to dry, and they will burst open before the winter is over and can be made up into pillows in the early spring.—Woman's Home Companion.

Her Generous Gift.

Helen C. Juilliard gave $32,000 toward building the new floating hospital for children just launched at New York. The boat is more than 250 feet long. The first crib on board has been endowed by a society of little Brooklyn girls. At the launching, as the vessel sped down the ways, a wire cage decorated with flowers opened, and out of it flew six of the Vermont's carrier pigeons, used in the naval service. They carried the news of the launching to the Brooklyn navy yard. Miss Catherine C. Dodge severed the cord attached to the basket and christened the vessel Helen C. Juilliard.

Girls With Thin Arms.

Thin arms should be carefully concealed. They have an impoverished look that robs their owner of some of her dignity. If the arms are unduly long, as they occasionally are, the effect may be neutralized by wearing wide bands of black velvet fastened with pretty buttons or clasps or buckles. This reduces the apparent length of the arms. "Thin arms," says M. Charles Blanc, the great French authority on dress, "denote bad health and an enfeebled race." The best remedy is to wash the arms with a fine lather of soap at least twice a day and to dry them thoroughly and rub them vigorously. This treatment brings the pores into action and induces a healthy condition of the skin. Rubbing with a soft chamois leather is excellent for the skin, giving it both smoothness and gloss.—Mrs. Humphry in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Ton of Cakes.

Queen Victoria did not limit her birthday party refreshments to one cake with 80 candles. She commanded the royal confectioner to make no less than 20 cakes, each to weigh 100 pounds, and all of them were duly consumed at Windsor by the crowd of grandchildren and great-grandchildren assembled there on her birthday.

A controversy of ten years' standing was settled by the Catholic Knights of America a few days since at Kansas City, when the annual convention voted to admit women to the order. The women, however, will be permitted to carry but $1,000 insurance, or one-half the amount allowed to men.

An English woman has started a new line of remunerative business, the cleaning of bicycles. She has her regular customers, to whose houses she goes at stated intervals for about 12 cents a visit.

The oldest queen of Europe now is the queen of Hanover, who was 81 years old in April. Queen Victoria comes next, being 80, while the ex-Empress Eugenie is 73.

A ruling of the Broad Street Methodist church of Columbus, O., requires women to take off their hats during service.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw, before sailing for Europe, insured her life for the benefit of the woman suffrage cause.

A MYSTICAL NUMBER.

OMNIPRESENT SEEMS TO BE THE FATEFUL SEVEN.

From the Biblical Story of the Creation Down It Plays a Mighty Part in Folklore, Tradition, Superstition and History.

Clean birds by sevens,
Unclean by twos,
The dove in the heavens
Is the one that I choose.

But not only do the bird auguries go by sevens; the number plays a mighty part in folklore, tradition and history. Six days made the world, and God rested on the seventh day and hallowed it. In the seventh month Noah's ark touched the ground; in seven days a dove was sent out on the face of the waters. Abraham pleaded with God seven times for Sodom's sake before God smote the city of wickedness to her undoing.

Seven days Jacob mourned for Joseph and would not be comforted; seven years and seven Jacob served for Rachel, and in Joseph's governorship of Egypt the chief butler and baker dreamed dreams wherein seven fat oxen and seven lean oxen, seven ears of full corn and seven ears of mildewed corn played a prominent part and foreboded the 14 years of plenty and of famine that were in store for the Land of the Two Crowns, even the land of the house of bondage, the land of Egypt.

Every seventh day the law was read to the wandering children of Israel, and Jericho, the strong city, fell, wall and tower, when seven men had paced around it for seven days.

Solomon was seven years building the splendid temple, with all its glories of gold and cedar wood, turquoise and terebinth. There were seven lamps in the tabernacle, and the golden candlestick had seven branches.

Naaman washed himself seven times in the river Jordan before the healing water cleansed him of his leprosy. The Apocalypse is full of the mystic number, and on the cross our Saviour hung for seven hours, and from the cross our Saviour spoke seven times.

The seventh son of a seventh son is a born doctor, according to Irish belief, but he must never take money for the cures he achieves, and to insure recovery he should be sought before sunrise or after sunset on Friday. "It is manifest by experience that the seventh male childe, by just order (never a wench being born between), doth heal only with touching, through a natural gift, the king's evil; which is a speciall gifte of God, given to kinges and queenes, as daily experience doth witnesse." There were seven wise men and seven wonders of the world; while the ancients not only noted the importance of seven as an astronomical period, but also connected the seven metals then known with the seven planets and the seven colors.

Thus copper belonged to Venus, and the color green; lead to Saturn, and the color blue; gold and yellow to the sun, and so on.

The seven days of the week are connected with the seven pleiades, of whom the seventh is a lost star, and the seventh wave of a series is full of danger to ships, as every seventh year is to man. For seven years the mischievous sprite, Friar Rush, lived with the Seeland monks, beguiling the time by cutting oak cudgels, which, when struck on the ground, turned into soldiers armed cap-a-pie, and for seven years Prince Charming looks for his lost bride, or Cap-o'-Rushes works disguised in the kitchens of the palace, or the forsaken princess tries to climb the glass mountain which lies between her and her lover, who has drunk of the water of forgetfulness. The seven sleepers are famous, and the number seven even comes into the employ of folk medicine. Water taken from seven streams where cresses grow will cure the jaundice, and seven twigs of aspen put under the patient's pillow will recover him from paralysis, and seven leaves of ivy will bring a careless lover back to your side and keep him there, and seven corns of wheat, eaten fasting, will heal you of the falling sickness, which is epilepsy, and seven mistletoe berries put in a bag of red silk and hung round your neck will protect you from sunstroke and elf bolt and preserve your feet from blisters, however far you walk.

It is not spring until you can put your foot on seven daisies at one and the same time, and seven hairs will keep the evil eye off children, according to an old Indian superstition, only the hairs, to be of any avail, must be plucked from the tail of an elephant—a difficult, a delicate and even a dangerous proceeding. At 7 years old all cats become possessed of witch's powers, and woe betide those who ill use or frighten puss when once she has acquired power of mischief! But let this not discourage the lovers of the nine lived one, for—

Wherever the cat of the house don't lack
For seven years blow white, blow black,
The lasses of lovers shall have no lack.

Seven years of ill fortune, according to a Sicilian superstition, follow her or him who kills a cat; therefore it were well to treat your feline followers gently, even though you love them not. But I might go on till the "seventh day from Latter Lammas" and still have something to tell. So here I make an end.—Nora Hopper in Illustrated London News.

Back and Bac.

The Pittsburg Chronicle tells of a woman who dearly loves to use big words, and she does not always use them correctly.

The other day a neighbor complained of incessant pain in her back, whereupon the user of big words said:

"I would consult Dr. Pellets for pains in the back. He's the finest bacteriologist that I know of."

A ROPE OF WORMS.

The Curious Procession That May Be Seen In Norway Forests.

In the deep pine forests of Norway the woodcutters sometimes find a serpentine object nearly 50 feet long crawling slowly over the ground. If they did not know that it was made up of millions of little worms, they might be frightened by its peculiar appearance. These worms, called the sciara, gather during July and August in large numbers preparatory to migrating in search of food or for change of condition. When setting out on this journey, they stick themselves together and form a huge serpentlike mass, often reaching a length of between 40 and 50 feet and several inches in thickness.

As the sciara is only on an average about three thirty-seconds of an inch in length and barely wider than a fine needle, the number required to compose a line of the size above mentioned is enormous. Their pace is very slow, and upon meeting an obstacle, such as a stick or stone, they will either writhe over or around it, sometimes breaking into two bodies for this purpose.

M. Guerin-Meneville, a celebrated French naturalist, says that if the rear portion of this wonderful snakelike procession be brought into contact with the front part and a sort of circle formed the insects will keep moving round and round in that circle for hours and hours without apparently noticing that they are not getting on in their journey. If the procession be broken in two, the portions will reunite in a short time.

The Norwegian peasants, when they meet one of these trains, will lay some article of their clothing, such as a belt or handkerchief, on the ground in front of it. If the procession passes over it, it is regarded as a good sign; but if it makes a way round, the reverse is believed.—Chicago Record.

EDISON'S INITIATION.

Dramatic Climax to His Introduction to Chewing Tobacco.

"A long time ago, when I was a mite of a boy," said Edison, "I, with two other little fellows, had saved up a lot of scrap iron and tin and zinc which we meant to sell when the holidays came around. There was a large boy in the neighborhood (I think he must have become a bunko steerer afterward) who knew of our hoard. One day when we had been in swimming he came to us and said:

"'Say, you fellows, if you will give me that tin and iron and stuff you have, I'll teach you how to chew.'

"The proposition struck us as being very fair, particularly as he agreed to furnish the tobacco. Well, we were quite willing, so he brought some Canadian cut down to a sand bank by the river. He divided the stuff into three parts and gave us each one. Then he said:

"'Now you must do exactly as I say, and you must do it right away, or you'll never learn to chew.

"'Now, then,' he shouted, 'hold up!'

"We held it up.

"'Put it in your mouth!' he yelled.

"We put it in.

"'Chew!' he hissed dramatically.

"We worked away at a great rate.

"'Swallow it!' he screeched.

"We gulped it down, and then that young rascal fairly rolled down the bank with laughter, while we soon rolled down the other side, sicker, I suppose, than any of us had been in our lives before or since. One of the boys nearly died, and they had a very serious time with him. That was my first experience with tobacco."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

FRESH GOLD CROPS.

Localities Where the Precious Metal Deposits Itself Annually.

There are several localities where gold may be said to grow every year or, in other words, where fresh deposits of the precious metal are to be found annually.

One such district is in the Edmonton country, in the Canadian northwest, where, after the spring floods, from the same banks and "benches" of the Saskatchewan river there are taken every year considerable quantities of gold by a few diggers, who make their living out of the business.

But the most conspicuous and interesting case of this sort is to be seen near Ichang, in the province of Hupeh, in China. For many centuries past each year gold has been washed from the banks of coarse gravel on both sides of the river Han, and in the midst of the auriferous district there is an ancient town called Li-kiu-tien, which means "gold diggers' inn." Its inhabitants subdivide the gold bearing ground among themselves annually, staking out their claims with partitions. They pay no royalty and appear to earn no more than a bare subsistence. But this may be doubted, as John Chinaman is an adept at "layin low and sayin nuffin."

The annual river floods bring down millions of tons of mud and sand from the mountains, and this mud and sand, which is charged with gold, both "fine" and in flakes, is deposited to a depth of six inches or more on the banks of gravel. It is in the winter that the gold is washed, and it is said that seven men work about 20 tons of "pay dirt" in a day.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

When to Stop Eggs and Milk.

"People over 50 would do well to give up milk and eggs as a diet," said Dr. Henry M. Dearborne. "These are the structure forming foods of animals which mature in a short time, and when taken in quantities by human beings whose structures have already formed they tend only to the hardening and aging of the tissues."

Dr. Dearborne said that he had seen people who were beginning to find stair climbing difficult and who were losing their elasticity much benefited by eliminating these articles from their diet. "There has been a great increase in the duration of life below the age of 50, statistics prove," he said, "but beyond that period there has been no improvement." In his opinion, the person over 50 should have as good a chance to preserve life as the young child just beginning its struggle with existence.—New York Times.

PLAYING POWER.

Just How Great a Force Is Expended on the Piano.

The amount of power expended on playing on a piano has recently been figured out in a way which, if not altogether accurate, is at least interesting. Commenting on the statement that it really requires more force to sound a note gently on this instrument than it does to lift the lid of a kettle, says Woman's Life, it is easy to verify it, if one takes a small handful of coins and piles them on a key of a piano.

When a sufficient quantity is piled on to make a note sound, they may be weighed, and the figures will be found to be true. If the pianist is playing fortissimo, a much greater force is needed. At times the force of six pounds is thrown upon a single key to produce a solitary effect.

With chords the force is generally spread over the various notes sounded simultaneously, though a greater output of force is undoubtedly expended. This is what gives pianists the wonderful strength in their fingers that is often commented on.

One of Chopin's compositions has a passage which takes two minutes and five seconds to play. The total pressure brought to bear on this, it is estimated, is equal to three full tons. The average "tonnage" of an hour's playing of Chopin's music varies from 12 to 84 tons.

The Landlord Outwitted.

In the main hall of one tenement, on the ground floor, we counted 17 children, says Jacob A. Riis in The Atlantic. The facts of life here suspend ordinary landlord prejudices to a certain extent. Occasionally it is the tenant who suspends them.

The policeman laughed as he told me of the case of a mother who coveted a flat into which she well knew her family would not be admitted. The landlord was particular. She knocked, with a troubled face alone. Yes, the flat was to let. Had she any children? The woman heaved a sigh. "Six, but they are all in Greenwood."

The landlord's heart was touched by such woe. He let her have the flat. By night he was amazed to find a flock of half a dozen robust youngsters domiciled under his roof. They had indeed been in Greenwood, but they had come back from the cemetery to stay. And stay they did, the rent being paid.

Seizing the Opportunity

"Miss Amanda," said the somewhat elderly but well preserved bachelor to the sparkling young woman with whom he occasionally spent an evening, "I think it is a shame the way you treat that young Hankinson. If I were he I wouldn't let you play fast and loose the way you do. I would simply come and carry you off."

"If you were he, Mr. Upagain," she replied, with downcast eyes, "perhaps it wouldn't be necessary to carry me off."

Upon which hint Mr. Upagain immediately spake, and the invitations are out.—Chicago Tribune.

A Fair Jury.

In a suit between father and son before a Hoosier justice of the peace the sextet comprising the jury came in after three hours' deliberation with the following impartial verdict: "We the jury agree to find judgment for neither plaintiff nor defendant and find that each pay half the costs." It is said the verdict struck every one as being so unusually fair that even the parties to the action were satisfied.—Case and Comment.

A STOWAWAY SLEUTH

ODD VOCATION OF AN OLD SAN FRANCISCO BOATMAN.

He Runs His Prey to Water Instead of to Earth—How the Stowaways Get Aboard Ship and How They Generally Come to Grief.

Down by the city's sea wall a queer man pursues a queer vocation. He is a water front "character," and his business is the sleuthing of stowaways.

He doesn't run his prey to earth, however, after the manner of other hunters of human game. He runs it to water.

This weather hardened, wrinkled man is at once the terror and the friend of would be stowaways. He is known as Captain Jack, but his name has half a dozen variations, all of which smack of the salt, salt sea. These are some of his aliases: Wharf Rat, Water Fowl, Sea Dog, Whaler, Old Man Jack and The Boatman.

His stock in trade consists of his shrewdness in "spotting a stow" and a battered but seaworthy old boat which rides the water by night and day through successive reasons. The town's attractions do not lure him from his long accustomed haunts among the masts, figureheads, piers and piles, sails, nets, stringers and multitudinous varieties of merchandise that crowd the bay's edge.

Captain Jack came out of his seashell of reserve long enough the other day to tell a bit of what he knows about that venturesome creature of chance, the stowaway, who would fain voyage out of port without the previous formality of paying for passenger privileges.

"I've been in this business a long time," he said, "an I can gen'rally spot a 'stow.'

"Different ones has different methods. Some hangs round the docks afore a ship sails, offerin to lend a hand, or proposin to work a passage somewheres. When they find this don't go the way they want it to, they commence to talk big—inquire 'bout sea weather, the cost of a cruise, the time it takes to git to the islands or Alaska or Panama. They're always just a-goin to make the trip. But there's somethin so hungry an homesick an tired lookin about 'em that it gives 'em dead away—leastways it does to a person who's spent a good many years studyin their kind.

"Others, though, wait till the last minute, then come hustlin along as if they was too rushed to buy a ticket or as if they had one in their pocket. Why, I've even been asked by 'em to row 'em out to a ship after she'd got clear out into the stream. If a skipper happens to be good natured, he'll slack up an take passengers aboard. An after all that bother I've had to bring 'em back again, for nary a red did they have.

"This class of deadheads is gen'rally supplied with clothes, gripsacks, hatboxes, steamer trunks, canes, umbrellas, cameras, foldin chairs an sometimes a servant."

"Not a valet?"

"Sure. That's what we sailors call gettin on a terrible lot of dog. Them's the fellers that always has friends 'mong guvnors, rajahs, lords, dukes an consuls, an likewise money to burn—but always across the water somewheres. I don't mind the men, but I hate to tackle a woman."

"Women stowaways?"

"Sure. When the Klondike boom was on, I used to bring in as many women as men. Some was only girls—little slim things, goin to the icy gold mines with no more outfit than the thin clothes they stood in.

"The easiest part of the stow's plan in makin an escape is the gittin aboard. Nobody knows who's who the day a ship's leavin port. If she's crowded so much the better. The stow can hide in the hold without bein spied. But it's mighty hard to git past the Heads, for by that time the ship's been searched an the stows yanked out on deck."

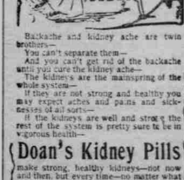
Captain Jack spoke truly. The stowaway who passes the Heads has run the gantlet safely—unless an incoming vessel be at hand to convey the intruder back again.

When the final gong has been sounded, the warning "All visitors ashore!" given, the gangplank withdrawn, the last rope loosened and the screw turned, the vessel's interior is carefully explored. Meanwhile Captain Jack's weather beaten boat is speeding in its wake. If a stowaway be discovered a signal is sent from the pilot's bridge and Captain Jack is quickly alongside. A rope ladder is lowered, and toward it the purser or other officer and his aids escort the discomfited "stow."

"Every day," continued Jack, "I fetch in men an women that want to git away. They're broke, an thought they'd try their luck in some other place. I lump most of 'em off at Meiggs' wharf. It's a heap easier for me an for the stows. There's more lumber there an fewer folks to stare. Some of 'em turns out all right, an some is afterward fished out of the bay. Then they go to the coroner. A dead man, it seems, is worth more to the city than a live one."

And thus it is that the stowaways sooner or later all journey with Captain Jack—some to begin life all over again, others to lie for a brief time on a marble slab at the morgue marked "Unidentified."—San Francisco Examiner.

On her wedding day the Danish peasant girl wears a simple crown of myrtle with her national costume—varying with the district, but always charming—and pots of myrtle are carefully cherished by girlish hands through the long winters in anticipation of the great event.



Backache and kidney ache are twin brothers—

You can't separate them—

And you can't get rid of the backache until you cure the kidney ache—

The kidneys are the mainspring of the whole system—

If they are not strong and healthy you may expect aches and pains and sicknesses of all sorts—

If the kidneys are well and strong the rest of the system is pretty sure to be in vigorous health—

Doan's Kidney Pills

make strong, healthy kidneys—not now and then, but every time—no matter what the trouble is, if it's from the kidneys, Doan's Kidney Pills will cure it.

Mrs. M A. Byrne, Millinery, etc., of South Main st., Carbondale, Pa., says: "Without positively asserting that I am radically cured, which is a matter the future alone can decide I have received more help by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills than from any or all of the medicines hitherto employed. I was annoyed with an exhaustive draining of the kidney secretions for several years and despite the use of everything said to be a sure cure I was never able to check it. Doan's Kidney Pills have given me several months respite, and if symptoms of my trouble should again recur I am now in a position to know what to employ."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, "Doan's," and take no other.

Casualties Worse Than War.

The Chicago Tribune has kept account of the Fourth of July accidents and publishes a casualty list, including returns from 250 cities and towns. Some of the figures are as follows:

Dead	31
Injured	1,730
Injured by cannon crackers	731
Injured by powder explosions	257
Injured by toy cannon	239
Hit by stray bullets	60

This is only a partial list. If full returns were at hand, the probability is that the number of dead and injured would be found to be at least 50 per cent. in excess of the Chicago estimate. All told, the casualties are equal to average sustained in a pitched battle. In all the engagements of Shafter's army in Cuba the losses were as follows:

Killed (officers)	22
Killed (men)	208
Wounded (officers)	81
Wounded (men)	1,203
Missing	79

The number of lives lost in the celebration of the Fourth appears to have been below the Santiago record, but the number of the wounded is considerably greater, and it is exaggration to say that the disasters sustained on the American side in the war with Spain are exceeded by the casualty record of a single Independence day celebration.

When it comes to Fourth of July patriotism, the actualities of war must stand aside.

◆

Women love a clear, healthy complexion. Pure Blood makes it. Burdock Blood Bitters makes pure blood.

His Destination.

Wife—You were late last night.

Husband—No, I wasn't. As I came in the front door the clock struck 11.

Wife—But what time did you arrive at the head of the stairs?

◆

Gentleman (who has engaged aged colored hackman to drive him from the station to the hotel)—Say uncle, what's your name?

Driver—My name, sah, is George Washington.

Gentleman — George Washington? Why, that name seems familiar.

Driver—Well, for de Lawd's sake! I should think it ought to. Here I has been drivin' to dis station fo' 'bout twenty years, sah.

Amateur Sportsman.

What did I bring down, Pat?

Pat—Yer dog, sur; blew his head all off.

Amateur Sportsman.—Where's the bird?

Pat—Picking at the dog, sur.

Stitches in His Heart.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., July 5.—Louis Ginsberg, a rabbi, was stabbed yesterday by a negro, who plunged a knife through his heart. The rabbi's wife rushed to his side, imploring him not to die. He made a supreme effort to rally and a physician who was called injected saline solution to replace the blood until an antemortem statement could be taken.

When this was concluded and the man still lived, the ribs were parted and the heart was exposed. Between pulsations, with lightning rapidity, a needle and thread were passed through the left ventricle, several stitches being taken.

The wound was then dressed, and the man rallied. This morning he was slightly worse, but hope was entertained of his recovery.

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	6:08	"
Johnstown Accommodation	8:52	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:20	"
Way Passenger	2:50	p. m.
Pittsburg Express	4:33	"
Mail	5:41	"
Fast Line	5:41	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:35	"

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	4:48	a. m
Sea-shore Express	5:40	"
Altoona Accommodation	8:24	"
Day Express	9:40	"
Main Line Express	10:15	"
Altoona Accommodation	12:02	p. m
Mail Express	4:13	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:50	"
Philadelphia Express	7:11	"
Fast Line	10:30	"

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, July 19, 1899

Apples	per bu	50-75c
	dried, lb	4c
	vaporated lb	12c
Apple Butter, per gal		40 to 50c
Butter.	roll, per lb	15c
	fresh keg, per lb	15c
	creamery, per lb	18c
Beeswax per lb		25c
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	90c
	Lima, per lb	5c
Coffee.	green, per lb	15c
	roasted, per lb	10 to 12c
Cement	Cumberland, per bbl.	$1.00 to 1.20
	Portland, per bbl	$2.50 to 4.00
Cornmeal, per lb		1½c
Eggs, per doz		17c
Fish, lake herring.	½ bbl per 70 lb	$2.70
	¼ bbl per 30 lb	$1.35
Honey, white clover, per lb		20c
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		40-60
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	25c
	" ½ " "	50c
	" 4 bus sacks	$3.25
	ground alum, 180 lb sacks	90c
Sugar.	maple, per lb	7 to 8c
	imported yellow, per lb	5c
	white, A. per lb	5¾-6¼c
	granulated, per lb	5¾-6¾c
	Cube, or pulverized, per lb	8c
Syrup.	per gal	35c
	maple, per gal	40 to 65c
Stoneware, gallon		8c
Tallow, per lb		3 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
Grain & Feed	barley, white beardless, per bus.	1.35
	buckwheat, per bus	50c
	corn shelled, per bus	45 to 48c
	oats, per bus	35 to 38c
	rye, per bus	50c
	wheat, per bus	68c
	bran, per 100 lbs	85c
	corn and oats chop, per 100 lbs	85c
Flour.	flour, roller process, per bbl	3.80
	" spring patent and fancy high grade	$4.50-$4.75
	flour, lower grade per 140 lbs	$1.35-$1.40
Middlings.	white, per 100 lbs	85c
	red, per 100 lbs	85

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad

Somerset and Cambria Branch.

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:10 a. m., Somerset 11:34, Stoyestown 12:07, Hooversville 1:26, Johnstown 1:30 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:15 p. m., Somerset 5:29 Stoyestown 6:07, Hooversville 6:18, Johnstown 7:05.

SOUTHWARD.

*Mail.—Johnstown 8:30 a. m., Hooversville 9:19 Stoyestown 9:33, Someret 10:2 Rockwood 10:20.

Express.—Johnstown 2:20 p. m., Hooversville 3:09, Stoyestown 3:23, Somerset 3:52, Rockwood 4:15.

*Daily.

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

Snyders Pharmacy.

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

WE HAVE BOTH OF THEM.

Pure Drugs I make it a point to keep my large line of Drugs in a Pure 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, Truses, 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 such 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.

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ELIAS CUNNINGHAM,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER AND WHOLESALE AND RETAILER OF

Lumber and Building Materials.

Hard and Soft Woods.

Oak,	**Poplar,**	**Sidings,**	**Pickets,**	**Moulding**
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 aterial and Roofing Slate kept 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 Years Old!!!

It's a long life, but devotion to the best 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 to-day, 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 its 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) has 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 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.

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