GOVERNOR STONE IS SUSTAINED.

Complete Vindication by the Courts of His Vetoes of Constitutional Amendments.

AN IMMENSE SAVING TO THE STATE.

An Heroic Executive Upheld Despite a Campaign of Personal Abuse Backed by Tammany Promoters of an Expensive Voting Machine.

(Special Correspondence.)

Harrisburg, Aug. 8.—Governor Stone has been sustained by the Dauphin county court in his vetoes of the proposed amendments to the constitution passed by the last legislature. This gratifying outcome of a long and bitter controversy should be hailed with expressions of delight by the taxpayers of Pennsylvania. The heroic action of the governor has saved the commonwealth hundreds of thousands of dollars. The resolutions providing for the submission of two amendments to the constitution were rushed through both branches of the legislature with scarcely and discussion. Public attention was not attracted to them to any extent. The people had little opportunity to fully appreciate their far reaching effects. When Governor Stone, in his careful review of the work of the late turbulent session of the legislature, calmly considered the purport and sweeping character of these resolutions he promptly vetoed them. One provided for personal registration of voters, and the other was disguised to allow the introduction of voting machines in place of the present system of balloting. There was no popular demand for either of these innovations. The first resolution emanated from a few of the professional reform agitators in Philadelphia who are constantly taking up some new fad so that they may appear in the newspapers as leaders of advanced ideas in state and municipal government. They are mostly lawyers with limited practice and merchants who, by figuring in these movements, obtain cheap notoriety, which counts as so much free advertising.

A MACHINE SNAKE.

The proposition for the introduction of the voting machines came from a syndicate of Tammany politicians who control the patents for the machines, which they had introduced in New York. They got the resolution for the proposed amendment to our constitution passed simply as a business venture. They had a professional lobbyist here during the session of the legislature, who engineered the scheme to put the resolution through. This Tammany politician was indignant when he learned of the action of Governor Stone in blocking his game. He swore he would win out, despite the action of the executive. He at once inaugurated a movement to discredit the governor and to manufacture sentiment in favor of the proposed amendment. The scheme was cleverly worked up. The voting machine project was kept in the background. Soon, however, the professional reformers of Philadelphia got to work, with the aid of the insurgent and Democratic newspapers, which are always ready to assail Pennsylvania's stalwart Republican governor. They made it appear that a great wrong had been done; that the cause of reform had been made to suffer. They seemed to be interested only in the matter of personal registration of voters. But the real "nigger in the woodpile," the voting machine, which was to be benefitted by any success that might come through their agitation, was never mentioned in these newspapers. Secretary of the Commonwealth Griest declined their request to advertise the proposed amendments regardless of the vetoes of the governor.

ELKIN WAS MAGNANIMOUS.

Next they appealed to Attorney General Elkin to allow the use of the name of the commonwealth in mandamus proceedings in the Dauphin county court to compel the secretary of the commonwealth to advertise as they demanded. The organs of the insurgents, that had been misrepresenting Governor Stone and his cabinet from the outset, at once began to predict that Attorney General Elkin would deny this request. They were greatly disappointed, however, when Mr. Elkin, in a lengthy and able opinion, acceded to their wishes, but at the same time, in a careful and masterly review of the case and the precedents, pointed out that Governor Stone was entirely justified in his action, that resolutions of a similar character had for years been submitted to both the Republican and Democratic governors, and that the right of the executive to pass upon such measures had been generally recognized. The professional reform agitators were hardly prepared for this magnanimous action upon the part of the chief law officer of the Stone administration, who frankly said that he was entirely satisfied that the name of the commonwealth should be used in bearing a judicial determination of the point at issue. The attorney general evidently had no doubt of the propriety and regularity of the governor's action, and did not hesitate to say so.

SUSTAINED BY THE COURT.

In due time the matter came before Judge Weiss in the Dauphin county county court. The alleged reformers were represented by counsel and, of course, there was distinguished and expensive legal talent on hand to look after the voting machine interests. If one veto was not sustained of course the same decision would cover the other. Congressman Olmstead, of this district, and former Attorney General Hensel, of Lancaster, appeared on behalf of Secretary of the Commonwealth Griest. There was a spirited legal battle. The lawyers seeking the mandamus on the secretary of the commonwealth, requiring him to advertise the proposed constitutional amendments, argued that these resolutions did not require executive approval. This was their only contention. They were completely overshadowed by the character and the force of the arguments on the other side.

Messrs. Olmstead and Hensel filed the following objections to the petition on the rule for a mandamus:

1. The governor having disproved the resolutions proposing said amendments to the constitution, as set forth in relator's petition, the same are without validity and are of no binding effect.

2. Neither house of the general assembly having passed and adopted said resolutions, the governor's veto notwithstanding, they are invalid and of no binding effect on respondent.

3. The governor of the commonwealth has a right, according to the constitution thereof, to pass upon, to approve or disapprove all joint resolutions adopted by the legislature, except such as provide for its adjournment.

4. The legislature having appropriated no money to pay the costs of the publication of said resolutions, the respondent having, by careful inquiry, ascertained, nor states as his belief that the proper publication of said resolutions in the newspapers of the state as contemplated by law would cost not less than $40,000, and as he is without any funds to pay the same, or any part of the same, he has no right to contract such indebtedness without previous warrant of law, and no officer of the state is authorized to pay said expenses, nor to draw any warrant for the payment of the same.

5. Even if there were any warrant of law for incurring the expenses of said publications, there is at present no funds nor money in the treasury of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, not otherwise appropriated, out of which said expenses could be paid."

HALF A MILLION SAVED.

Mr. Olmstead defended the governor's right to veto the amendments.

"If, as to ordinary legislation, the framers of the constitution deemed it so important to safeguard it by requiring executive approval or disapproval," he said, "how much more reason would there be to guard against hasty or ill advised legislation. There should be no exceptions to the emphatic rule thus laid down that every vote requiring the concurrence of both houses shall be presented to the governor for his approval or disapproval."

"The second constitutional amendment, which it is complained the secretary of the commonwealth has not published," he continued, "proposes to change this provision so that voting by ballot will no longer be required, but the voting shall be done by a complicated system of machinery, the voter pushing the button and the machine doing the rest. As a member of the congressional committee on privileges and elections I acquired some familiarity with this system of machine voting in the contested case of Ryan vs. Brewster, from the Rochester district of New York. I learned enough in that contested case, however, as to the expense of these machines to know that it would cost the taxpayers of Pennsylvania at least $500,000 to instal that system throughout this commonwealth. Furthermore, the act of congress with relation to the election of members of congress expressly provides that the voting for them shall be by written or printed ballot. No amendment to the constitution of Pennsylvania could change that provision in the act of congress. Voting by ballot must, therefore, still continue in the election of congressmen. If the machine system should prevail as to other offices two systems of voting would be in force every two years at the same general election. I hardly think the voters of this commonwealth are ready to entail upon themselves this duplicate and expensive system of voting. It is perhaps as well that the voters of this commonwealth are spared the expense of publishing the proposed constitutional amendment saddling upon them so cumbersome and expensive a system of machine voting, which amendment would, when properly understood, most assuredly be voted down."

Mr. Hensel supplemented these remarks with a forcible address.

JUDGE WEISS' DECISION.

Judge Weiss, after reviewing the arguments of both sides, handed down a carefully prepared opinion, in which he refused to grant the requested mandamuses and fully sustained the action of Governor Stone in his vetoes of the two resolutions. He held that "a proposed amendment to the constitution must be presented to the governor for his approval or disapproval." He quoted extensively from provisions of the constitution to sustain this position.

"No satisfactory reason has been presented why this view should not obtain," remarked Judge Weiss. "Nothing can be predicated upon the fact that the mode of procedure to amend that instrument is in a separate article. The method to bring an amendment into being is by a resolution, to be agreed to by a majority of the members elected to each house, and the same method is prescribed in section 26, article 3, to repass an order, resolution or vote disapproved by the executive. In both instances and cases the vote must be taken by yeas and nays and entered on the journals of the respective houses. This construction tends to preserve the unity and continuity of the constitution, and provides, in requiring executive action upon every resolution, that which is certainly a praiseworthy feature—an additional safeguard against hasty and possibly ill considered legislation and amendment."

The court also held that the secretary of the commonwealth ought not to be required to contract for advertising of proposed amendments, when no appropriation was made by the legislature for this purpose. Judge Weiss, in support of this view, enumerated several cases, both under the national and state governments, where officials have been sustained in refusing to make contracts involving the expenditure of money for which no appropriation had been made.

Thus was an heroic governor vindicated, a few notoriety seeking reformers suppressed, and a bitter and revengeful insurgent newspaper syndicate repudiated.

And the Tammany financial backers of the expensive voting machine are wiser, if poorer men.

A Sadly Lost Dime.

When last in New York, Carnegie had a bitter experience with a messenger boy, whose tardiness in delivering a business message came near upsetting a deal of great importance. Referring to this incident while at dinner with friends that evening, he told of an office boy who worked for him many years ago when he was of far less importance in the commercial world.

"James," said Mr. Carnegie, "was a willing boy, but his ability as a stutterer was simply wonderful, and I often found it more convenient to attend to little errands myself than to wait for his explanations. One day a neighbor wanted to send a nice note clear across the city, and I permitted James to carry it for him. The trip was a long one, and James was gone quite three hours. When he returned, I asked him how much he had charged for his services.

"'Fi-fi-fi-fi-fi-fi-fi-fifteen c-c-c-cents!' was the gasping reply.

"'Why didn't you make it a quarter?' I asked.

"'I c-c-c-c-could-could-couldn't s-s-s-s-say it,' he replied, with tears as well as hyphens in his voice.

"Right then I made up my mind never to give any one my services without first making sure that I could recite my price without stuttering, and I never have."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Return of the Rations.

In the civil war our soldiers faced privation and hunger. A little story in H. Clay Trumbull's book, "War Memories of a Chaplain," tells of the spirit in which they sometimes did it.

While before Petersburg doing siege work in the summer of 1864, our men had wormy hard tack served out to them. It was a severe trial to the men. Breaking open the biscuits and finding live worms in them, they would throw the pieces in the trenches, although the orders were to keep the trenches clean.

A brigade officer of the day, seeing some of these scraps along our front, called out sharply to our men:

"Throw that hard tack out of the trenches." Then, as the men promptly gathered it up, he added, "Don't you know that you're no business to throw hard tack in the trenches?"

Out from the injured soldier heart there came the reasonable explanation, "We've thrown it out two or three times, sir, but it crawls back."

A Strange Test of Manhood.

The ancient Clan Macleod used to exercise a strange test to prove the manhood of their chieftains. At Dunvegan castle, on the island of Skye, there is preserved the large horn known as "Rory More's Horn." This capacious vessel holds rather more than a bottle and a half of liquor. According to the old custom, every laird of Macleod was obliged on his coming of age to fill this horn with claret and without once laying it down to drain it to the dregs. This was taken as a proof of his manhood, and he was then deemed a worthy successor to the lairds of the past.

Deceitful.

"Men are queer animals," said the pessimist. "They are all more or less deceitful."

"Oh, I don't believe that!" replied the optimist. "I think there are plenty of people who strive to be honest. I know I do, and I don't give myself credit for being any better than the majority of men."

"Then why do you ask me how my health is every time we meet and stand around and look bored if I tell you?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Things He Doesn't Know.

Farmer Medders—What's yer son Hiram goin ter do when he gits through college?

Farmer Cornfossel—He's goin ter stay right here on the farm till he sorter begins ter realize that they's one or two things he don't know.—San Francisco Examiner.

MEXICAN ASSASSINS.

THE MURDEROUS REVOLT IN THE TAOS VALLEY.

Out of the Seventeen Americans Who Were Trapped by the Mexicans Only One Escaped Death Either by Fire or Bullet.

John Albert, who ended his days at Walsenburg, Colo., had exciting adventures in every section west of the Mississippi. He saw two wars and took an active share in the Indian uprisings, yet when on his deathbed he was asked to dictate to a reporter the scene he considered most exciting in his life he chose a theme with which few if any of his countrymen are acquainted.

The revolt in the Taos valley, if ever it came to the ears of the authorities, was never universally disseminated. It appears on no page of common history, and, although for horror it compares favorably with the massacre at the Alamo, no novelist has seen fit to make it a central theme.

The section now known as New Mexico was formally taken possession of by the Americans in the spring of 1846. General Kearny was at that time in command of the invading forces. He made his headquarters at Santa Fe and remained in active superintendence for more than a year. At the expiration of that period the growing need of troops on the Pacific coast led to his withdrawal to Lower California. He left two regiments with a military governor in charge. Charles Bent, with a handful of men, was left to guard Santa Fe. The Mexican governor, General Armijo, had fled on the advance of the hated Yankees. His people, no matter what their secret thoughts might be, had been the most peaceable of subjects, yet the body of the army had not been gone two months before the Americans saw that trouble was imminent.

The only man who escaped has told the story more graphically than any pen can portray it. Arroyo Honda was a town of some 1,200 inhabitants, mostly Mexicans and Pueblo Indians. It lay in the Santa Fe district, but too far away for aid to come. The total of Americans in the place was 17, most of whom were rough trappers and mountaineers. The entire town turned out to an impromptu mass meeting on the plaza. It was decided to revolt and return to the Mexican authority. Well knowing that the band of Yankees, although comparatively insignificant in numbers, would resist such a step to the last, it was determined to shoot all on sight. For this purpose the mob spread through the town. But through some source or other Governor Bent had received a tip. He sent off to Santa Fe for help and then, gathering his little band about him, fled to the only refuge the place afforded.

"The next morning," said John Albert, "they commenced the attack by sending in to us a flag of truce, demanding our arms and ammunition and an unconditional surrender of ourselves. I told the boys they could do as they pleased, but I knew treachery would lead us to certain death in the end, and I was going to die with my gun in my hands and not be murdered like a common dog.

"This was the turning point in the matter, and they all concluded to fight it out as best they could. The men who came to make a treaty with us went back. Their forces were secreted behind the brow of a hill near by us, and one of them, after a manner of the wild Indians in opening a battle, came to the top of the ridge and danced a jig and sang a song of defiance. I knew the time had come, and the sooner the bloody work commenced the sooner we would know our fate.

"We of the mountaineers had collected in a building of considerable size and the only one in the place that was two stories in height. The dancing Indian was within gunshot, and I killed him. Billy Austin stood close behind me, and when another man came to drag the body back Austin shot him. By this time my gun was loaded, and I killed a third man. Then the hurrah commenced, and the air was filled with bullets from the guns in the hands of the men who lay behind the top of the hill. The bullets rattled against the house like hail. There was not a window left in it. Although we saw we were in a trap, we fought on.

"When the sun was setting, the Mexicans made a furious charge and set fire to the house we were in and got under the walls of other buildings. Soon everything was ablaze. The uproar of the yelling fiends on the outside and the excitement of the men on the inner side was deafening. We tried to escape by digging through the floor down into the granary. The house was filling with Mexicans, and everything was in confusion. Fortunately for me in the confusion I escaped from the house. I don't know how many shots were fired at me, but none took effect. I had a bullet in my clothes, one cut off the brim of my hat, and another cut the band, and I lost it from my head. In the excitement I forgot my coat and was out in the world alone without coat, hat or friends and with 140 miles of mountain road between me and safety."

Albert wandered for three days over the mountains without food and exposed to the bitter cold. He reached the American lines at last, the first to bring news of the uprising. Of course, when a regiment arrived on the scene the Taos valley quickly quieted. It was not long after that that the Mexican war broke out. One-half of that nation was transferred to Uncle Sam, in consideration of which old scores were wiped out. No penalties were exacted for the Arroyo Honda massacre, yet it must go down as one of the most horrible in our western annals.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Odd Tendencies of Slang.

A writer in the Journal des Debats complains of the process of degradation which is going on in the French language. The peasantry, for instance, frequently speak of the ass, a humble partner in their daily toil, as "the minister," and other words of dignified import are applied to equally humble, if not actually base, uses.

The same tendency, however, appears, to be showing itself in Germany, where the title "monarch" passes current in modern slang as a designation for tramps and footpads. The other day a noncommissioned officer in charge of barracks at Danzig addressed this term to a troublesome private just as a captain happened to be passing. The latter at once reported the incident, and the barrack master was brought before the magistrates on a charge of "leze majesty."

Evidence was adduced to prove that in east Prussia "rascal" and "monarch" were convertible terms, so that the court acquitted the prisoner, although he loses his rank and his pension.

A Valuable Truckload.

Perhaps as costly a commodity as any that is carried in considerable quantities in truckloads is Sumatra tobacco, such as is used for cigar wrappers. Sumatra wrappers cost from $1 to $2 a pound, and the import duty on them is $1.85 a pound. This tobacco is imported in small, compact bales weighing 170 or 180 pounds each. Duty paid Sumatra would be worth about $600 a bale, and there can be carried on a truck fifty bales or more; so that a 50 bale truckload of such tobacco would be worth about $30,000.—New York Sun.

Best of His Industry.

Mrs. de Cohen—I hear you've got a very industrious husband.

Laundress—Yes, mum; he's always finding something for me to do.—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

How to Open a New Book.

Hold the book with its back on a smooth or covered table; let the front board down, then the other, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few leaves at the back, then a few at the front, and so go on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections till you reach the center of the volume. Do this two or three times and you will obtain the best results. Open the volume violently or carelessly in any one place and you will likely break the back and cause a start in the leaves. Never force the back. If it does not yield to gentle opening rely upon it the back is too tightly or strongly lined.

A connoisseur many years ago, an excellent customer of mine, who thought he knew perfectly how to handle books, came into my office when I had an expensive binding just brought from the bindery ready to be sent home. He, before my eyes, took hold of the volume, and tightly holding the leaves in each hand, instead of allowing them free play, violently opened it in the center and exclaimed, "How beautifully your bindings open!" I almost fainted. He had broken the back of the volume, and it had to be rebound.—"Modern Bookbinding Practically Considered," by William Matthews.

Got the Wrong Woman.

A pastime which obtains among the farm classes of Korea, known as the "packing off of widows," consists of a raid by some disconsolate widower and his friends on some village known to contain a young widow, the forcible abduction of the lady in question and her marriage to the widower. An instance of this kind has recently come to our notice. A widower living in one of the villages of Kangwha with 11 friends went to a hamlet close to the walls of Kangwha city where a widow lived and seized and carried off, after somewhat of a battle, a young lady. It so happened, however, that they had mistaken the house and unfortunately got hold of the wrong lady. Early the next morning an indignant posse came in pursuit, but the men who had committed the dastardly deed succeeded in eluding them. The young lady, however, was rescued, and after the house of the widower and its contents had been completely demolished she was escorted home in triumph by her husband and his friends.—Kobe Chronicle.

Hook Swinging In Bengal.

The people of Gangutia, in Bengal, have a barbarous practice called hook swinging. They deck themselves out with garlands, and then assemble together to undergo the most horrible torture. A wire about a quarter of an inch in diameter and seven feet long is pierced through the tongue, and then the wretched being will dance for over half an hour with the wire still hanging through the tongue.

Some of them form themselves into a row and are then sewed together by a wire needle threaded with cord. They are sewed by the arms and look like herrings on a wire when ready for the hook.

It is thought that the victims are drugged considerably beforehand, owing to the sullen, dazed expression they wear throughout, but sometimes one or two faint and are with great difficulty brought round again.

When Home Is Sweet.

Fewer wives would sit lonesomely at home while their husbands roam elsewhere in search of entertainment if more wives realized that home should be something besides a clean place to eat and sleep in. Men "hate" women's tea parties and large show functions, but they like dinner and supper parties. Many families refrain from entertaining because they cannot do so on an expensive scale. It is, however, possible to give small dinners and suppers that are both enjoyable and inexpensive. Ask people who either do or will like each other, and if you wish the women to have a good time have just as many men guests as women guests. If the men are to have a good time, make sure that some of the women are pretty and flattering. Men like to be flattered. Oh, yes, they do.—Gentlewoman.

Boiled Rice.

Thomas Murray, the noted chef, says many cooks do not know how to do so simple a thing as to boil rice properly. Each grain of rice, he says, should be distinct, whole, but at the same time tender. To accomplish this, a small quantity of rice should be boiled in a large pot nearly filled with water. Put it into cold water and a little salt and boil rapidly for 20 or 30 minutes. Test the grains occasionally, and when a slight pressure between the thumb and forefinger will crush them they are done. If allowed to boil till the grains burst or boiled in a small quantity of water, the grains will stick together. When done, drain off the water and set the rice on the range, where it will keep warm.—Exchange.

Hay Crops on Ice.

Farmers who live in the vicinity of Muskego lake, in southeastern Wisconsin, derive a profitable income from the lake each winter by harvesting hay on the ice. The shallowness of the water in the lake bed causes the grass growing on the bottom to project considerably above the surface, and when the ice forms the hay can be cut with great ease, though it cannot be got at the rest of the year on account of the boggy nature of the lake bottom.

While the population of France has increased only 10 per cent in the last 50 years, the number of state officials, according to M. Turquan, shows an increase of 121 per cent.

The shopgirl would enjoy her job better if she learned to sit on the counter when not busy.—Galveston News.

A Laugh on Lord Kelvin.

A good story is related of Lord Kelvins' lecturing methods at the Glasgow university. As a professor of science he can use long words in such formidable array as would make a dictionary break its binding with horror. During a course of lectures once on magnetism, for instance, he defined an ideal magnet as "an infinitely long, infinitely thin, uniform and uniformly and longitudinally magnetized bar," and the misguided students vociferously cheered, which caused the professor to say, "Silence!" This definition was made and cheered, with the usual reprimand, frequently during the lectures. Once, near the conclusion, however, the students did not cheer, but Lord Kelvin, from force of habit, rapped out "Silence!" the same as before.

Good Horse Sense.

The Mexican burros ascertain where to dig for water by closely observing the surface of the ground. One observer writes:

"We had found water in an arroya of a sufficient quantity to make coffee, when we saw three burros searching for water. They passed several damp places, examining the ground closely, when the leader halted near us and began to paw a hole in the hot, dry sand. Having dug a hole something over a foot in depth, he backed out and watched it intently. To our surprise it soon began to fill with water. Then he advanced, took a drink and stepped aside for his companions to drink. When they went away, we drank from their well and found the water to be much cooler than any we had found for many a day. There is no witchcraft about Mexican burros, but they have good horse sense."

The entire collection of coins and medals in the British museum consists of nearly 250,000 specimens.

An Ugly Story of Uruguay.

Here is one of Robert Crawford's stories about Uruguay: "Two men surprised a farmer and his wife in their little hut while it was broad daylight. The man was seized and bound, and the two villains proceeded to torture him to make him disclose the hiding place of his hoard. The wife begged and pleaded as the horrors increased, the man proving obdurate.

"Finally she said she would tell them where the treasure was if they would follow her. One of the two accordingly went over to the chest in the corner with her. She opened it, fumbling about inside of it for a moment until she found what she was looking for. In another moment the thief at her side was dead and his fellow covered by a large revolver in the hands of a small but eager woman of the people. He got away before she could quite make up her mind to shoot him too.

"Then the husband was released and the neighbors, some miles away, called in. Word was finally taken to the central police authority of the state; the officers came, viewed the dead thief—and identified him as their attorney general. It is not unlikely," Mr. Crawford adds, "that his accomplice was the judge of the criminal court."

A Miraculous Escape.

It happened that in the last month of the reign of Charles I a certain ship chandler of London was foolish enough to busy himself over a barrel of gunpowder with a lighted candle in his hand. He paid the price of his folly. A spark fell into the gunpowder and the place was blown up.

The trouble was that the man who did the mischief was not the only one to perish. Fifty houses were wrecked, and the number of people who were killed was not known.

In one house among the 50 a mother had put her baby into its cradle to sleep before the explosion occurred. What became of the mother no one ever knew, but what became of the baby was very widely known.

The next morning there was found upon the leads of the Church of All Hallows a young child in a cradle, baby and cradle being entirely uninjured by the explosion that had lifted both to such a giddy height.

It was never learned who the child was, but she was adopted by a gentleman of the parish and grew to womanhood. She must surely all her life have had a peculiar interest in that church.—Sir Walter Besant's "London."

Ice Explosions In Siberia.

A recent Siberian traveler relates: "At Sadonsk in the intensely cold nights the silence was sometimes broken by a loud report as of a cannon. This was the bursting of one of the ice bubbles in the river, a phenomenon I had neither heard nor read of before. The streams coming down from the hills were frozen on the surface some six to nine inches thick. The water beneath flowed faster than it could escape, and the pressure, on the principal of a hydraulic press, became irresistible. First, the elasticity of the ice was seen by the rising of circular mounds from six to eight feet in diameter and from four to five feet high. The bursting point came at last with a report like an explosion. The water escaped, but soon froze again. I have seen scores of these ice hillocks in a few versts of the river."

A Bridge of Coffins.

When the British forces were marching to Peking in 1860, after the capture of the Taku forts, one of the rivers became so swollen with the heavy rains that it was rendered almost impassable. While in this quandary a bright idea suddenly struck one of our officers. Being well aware that the Chinese generally order their coffins years in advance and keep them on the premises and also that they are perfectly airtight, he consulted with his brother officers, with the result that orders were given to search all the houses of the village and collect every coffin. With the aid of a few empty casks the soldiers constructed a pontoon bridge of coffins sufficiently strong to bear the artillery, and the river was thus passed in safety.

Polly at the Phone.

One West Madison street druggist lost a customer through his fondness for pets. He has a large green parrot, and the cage is hung near the telephone, with the result that Polly has become quite proficient in "telephone talk" and furnishes much amusement to the customers who have the time to stop and listen.

The other day a stylishly dressed young lady came rustling into the store and asked permission to use the phone. The druggist pointed to the rear of the store, and she started in that direction. The store was rather dark, and when she heard some one apparently talking into the receiver she seated herself on a chair to wait.

"Hello central—hello, hello—yes, give me four-double-eight express. Yes, hello; who is that? Oh, yes; what, yes; hello, I say; no, I didn't get that; is that so? Well, goodby; ring off. Hello, central; hello, hello; give me"—and so on and so on through several repetitions.

Then she rose and advanced with a stately air to the clerk and asked if he thought "that person" intended to use the telephone all day.

"Why, that's only the parrot; he"—

But the front door had slammed before he could finish his sentence.—Chicago News.

Wanted to See That Foot.

On the principle that to some persons even old stories are new, this one, of the royal princelings of England, is given in Mr. G. W. E. Russell's recent book, "Collections and Recollections:"

An English gentleman who had a deformed foot was going to visit the queen at Osborne, and before his arrival the queen and Prince Albert debated whether it would be well to warn the Prince of Wales and the princess royal of his physical peculiarity, so as to avoid their making embarrassing remarks, or to leave it to their own good feeling.

The latter course was adopted. Lord —— duly arrived. The foot elicited no remark from the royal children, and the visit passed off with success. Next day the princess royal asked the queen:

"Where is Lord ——?"

"He has gone back to London, dear."

"Oh, what a pity! He had promised to show Bertie and me his foot!"

They had caught him in a quiet spot and made their own terms with the captive.

His Half Way Scheme.

Not long ago a Pittsburg life insurance agent persuaded a Chinaman to take out a policy of $5,000. The latter had no clear idea of the transaction, but understood that on paying the premiums promptly he would be entitled to $5,000 some time. He began bothering the agent for the money after a couple of weeks had passed, and the agent tried to explain to him that he would have to die before he could get it. The Chinaman fell down a cellarway and was badly hurt. His friends tried to attend to him without calling in a doctor. When they did call one in two days later, the doctor was angry. "Why didn't you call me sooner?" he asked. "This man is half dead now."

Next day the injured man's brother was at the insurance office with a claim for $2,500. "You're not entitled to anything on this," said the insurance agent, "until the man is dead."

"Doctol say him half died," answered the brother. "Why he no glet lat half?"

Pilson—Are you going to take part in that guessing contest?

Dilson—Oh, no: they'd rule me out as a professional.

Pilson—Professional?

Dilson—Yes; you know I am connected with the weather bureau.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

NOT MUCH OF AN EATER.

It Took, So He Said, Very Little to Satisfy Him.

Captain R. W. Morgan, every inch a Welshman himself, likes to tell this story when there is another Welshman in hearing: He went home to dinner one day and found a paper hanger at work in the house. He asked the time, and Captain Morgan told him it was noon.

"I guess I'll knock off and go home to dinner then," the paper hanger remarked.

"Stay and eat with us," the captain said, and the invitation was accepted.

Captain Morgan was attentive to his guest during the meal. He had a prodigious appetite. The captain helped him to roast beef several times, until at last he had some curiosity to see just how much the fellow would eat without crying enough. The game was growing quite interesting when the fellow began to show signs of quitting.

"Will you have some of the plum pudding?" the captain asked him to revive his failing appetite.

"No, thanks," he replied. "I've had enough, I think."

"Oh, take a small piece of the pudding!" the captain urged. "It's genuine English plum pudding and homemade at that."

"Well, I don't mind trying it," he said.

The captain helped him to a section of the pudding weighing about a pound, and he ate it with much relish. Then he shoved his chair away from the table and leaned back for an after dinner chat.

"I'm not much of an eater," he said, not noticing the smile on the captain's face. "It takes very little to satisfy me. Say, you ought to see the Welsh eat."

"Are they hearty eaters?" asked the captain.

"Hearty eaters?" repeated the fellow. "Say, they eat like a lot of hogs."—Pittsburg News.

IT WAS GENUINE.

The Signature of William Shakespeare That Admiral Luce Had.

At the time of the New Orleans exposition, in the winter of 1884-5, Admiral Luce was in command of the north Atlantic squadron and was sent down there to add to the gayety of nations, which no other old seadog could do better than he. Upon his return the flagship was anchored in New York bay, where it was visited by many people. One day a party came aboard which included among others a very pretty girl and a very dignified and learned Englishman. As Admiral Luce was entertaining them in his cabin he asked the pretty girl if she would like to see an original autograph of William Shakespeare.

At this the dignified and learned Englishman pricked up his ears and remarked that he had made a study of the autographs of Shakespeare and was positive there was no authentic example in America. Admiral Luce replied that he was very positive his was authentic and that its genuineness had never been questioned. This made the Britisher quite mad, and he delivered a lecture on the fraudulent autographs and manuscripts that were brought over to America and exhibited as originals.

"Well," replied the admiral, "I am convinced that my autograph of William Shakespeare is genuine, and I am going to have the pleasure of showing it to this young lady." Whereupon he went to his desk, took out his visitor's book, turned back a few pages and then pointed out the signature, "William Shakespeare, mayor of New Orleans, Jan. 12, 1885." The Englishman gave a painful gasp and retired.—Chicago Record.

The Clever Romans.

It seems quite surprising that the ancient Romans did not acquire the art of printing with movable types, inasmuch as they came so very near to it. They had wooden blocks carved with words in reverse, by means of which they stamped those words on pottery, while the latter was as yet unbaked and soft. Incidentally it may be mentioned that they knew the modern method of mending broken pots by means of rivets, and many pieces of pottery thus restored have been dug up.

In ancient Rome there was one daily newspaper, which was written entirely by hand. Furthermore the Roman senate had a publication which corresponds to The Congressional Record, being a report of the daily proceedings of that important legislative body. It likewise was written by hand. Speaking of baked clay, one might mention the fact that the little boys of Rome 2,000 years and more ago were accustomed to play knuckle down with marbles of that material just as children do now.

Goat's Milk.

Modern Medicine says that goat's milk, contrary to the general impressions, differs from cow's milk not in being more digestible, but in being less digestible and less nutritious, although it contains a larger amount of solid matter than cow's milk. It is indeed the most indigestible of all milk.

Goat's milk has a peculiar and unpleasant odor and flavor, due to bircic acid or bircine. It contains an excess of fat and is therefore altogether too rich for an infant's diet.

Derided.

An Austin colored waiter told a Boston man at a hotel that in eastern Texas a white man had married a negro woman.

"Was he not derided?" asked the Bostonian in the classic speech of the "Hub of Culture."

"He was, sah," beamed the negro. "Dey rided him out ob town on a rail."—Household Words.

"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.

St. James D. Edgar, 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 at times I had severe attacks that were most virulent. Headaches were frequent and accompanied with dizziness. I faithfully 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.

KELLAR'S GREAT MEMORY.

It Aided the Magician In His Second Sight Tricks.

"The second sight trick as performed on the stage calls for a marvelous memory," said a former theatrical manager. "Some years ago I attended one of Henry Kellar's entertainments with Mrs. Scott Siddons. His lady assistant sat blindfolded on the stage and described different articles which he picked up at random through the audience. When he came near, I simply pointed to a curious little green charm which Mrs. Siddons had loaned to me and I was then wearing on my watch chain.

"'It was a green intaglio,' said the assistant in reply to Kellar's questions; 'a very peculiar little medallion, which was presented to Mrs. Scott Siddons by the sailors of a vessel bound for San Francisco from Australia.'

"We were so astonished that we almost fell out of our seats. After the show we went behind the scenes with Nellie McHenry and some other theatrical folk who happened to be present, and Mrs. Siddons proceeded to corner the magician, who was an old friend. 'Now, Harry,' she said, 'I want you to tell me honestly how you knew about that locket.'

"Kellar laughed. 'You recollect I came over from Australia on the same ship,' he replied, 'and I would certainly know that stone if I saw it in China.'

"He would say no more, and I presume, of course, that he conveyed his information to the stage through his system of cues. But the marvelous part about it was his prompt recognition of the charm on my watch chain. The presentation on shipboard had taken place all of seven or eight years before."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

LIKE THE PROVERBIAL CAT.

How the Professor's Desk Came Back at His Own Expense.

The young lawyer has good taste in antiques and has done much browsing about in search of them. He knows the places in Worcester and the neighboring towns where those who like old furniture and have the money to pay for it may find what will delight their souls. So it was no more than natural, when the professor sold his desk, which was of ancient design, but of doubtful age, and began looking for something better, that he should consult the young lawyer. The man of law was delightfully sympathetic. "I saw just what you want the other day," he said, "but I'm afraid it's gone now. I'll keep my eye out for the next few days."

"Well, if you see anything really good," said the professor, "buy it and hold it for me. It is not safe to let a bargain go too long. Only let me know as soon as you can, so that I won't be buying one too. It would be a great favor."

"Not at all," said the lawyer. "It's a pleasure to buy a good thing, even if you are not to keep it yourself."

In a day or two the professor received a joyful note. The young lawyer's mother had found just what the professor wanted—a beauty, one of those rare old bits that they cannot counterfeit, and such a bargain, only $10. The professor was charmed. He immediately sent his check to the young lawyer with an enthusiastic note of thanks and a request to send up the desk. He was in the hall when it arrived. He tore off the sacking and inspected his prize. It was his old desk that he had sold a few days before for $8.50.—Worcester Gazette.

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	4:55	a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:08	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:32	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:20	"
Way Passenger	2:50	p. m.
Pittsburg Express	4:03	"
Mail	5:41	"
Fast Line	6:11	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:55	"

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	4:18	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	10:50	"

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, July 19, 1899.

Apples	per bu	50-75c
	dried, lb	4c
	evaporated lb	13c
Apple Butter, per gal		40 to 50c
Butter	roll, per lb	15c
	fresh keg, per lb	15c
	creamery, per lb	18c
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	90c
	Lima, per lb	5c
Coffee	green, per lb	15c
	roasted, per lb	19 to 22c
Cement	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.00 to 1.20
	Portland, per bbl	$2.50 to 4.00
Cornmeal, per lb		1½c
Eggs, per doz		12c
Fish, lake herring	½ bbl	per 70 lb $2.70
	⅛ bbl	per 30 lb $1.35
Honey, white clover, per lb		20c