PRAISE FOR PENROSE.

A Suggestion of Pennsylvania's Young Senator For National Chairman.

HE IS NOT A CANDIDATE.

Senator Sullivan, a Democrat, and Senator Wolcott, a Republican, Publicly Declare For the Seating of Colonel Quay by the United States Senate.

(Special Correspondence.)

Harrisburg, Nov. 21.—The fact that United States Senator Boies Penrose yesterday left for Washington, where he will establish headquarters for the winter session of congress, has moved the seat of political activity, as far as the seating of Colonel Quay is concerned, to the national capital. Senator Penrose has been a conspicuous figure in the public eye during the last ten days owing to the mention of his name in connection with the chirmanship of the Republican national committee to succeed Senator Hanna. A number of leading newspapers throughout the country have had very complimentary mention of the young and popular senator from Pennsylvania in this connection. The New York Tribune, that stalwart Republican organ, has been one of the most persistent in presenting arguments in favor of the selection of an active and progressive young Republican to fill the responsible post of national chairman for the coming campaign and has boomed Penrose as its first choice. The fact has been referred to that Senator Penrose has made many friends among the influential Republicans of both the senate and the house at Washington, and that he could count upon the hearty co-operaton of all elements of the party in lining up the Republican hosts for the presidential canvass.

M'KINLEY AND PENROSE.

While appreciating these very flattering references to himself, Senator Penrose has announced that he is not an aspirant for the party leadership in the coming canvass and that he will be entirely satisfied to work for the renomination and the re-election of President McKinley in the ranks of the Republican organization. The close personal relations which exist between the president and Senator Penrose have been frequently commented upon by correspondents of newspapers outside of the borders of Pennsylvania. Senator Penrose, it will be recalled, was the first of the party leaders in the state to publicly declare in favor of Major McKinley's nomination for president, and throughout his administration there have been few more welcome visitors at the White House. It is pleasing to the friends of the brilliant young Pennsylvania senator that his strong personality and his many admirable qualities should be recognized by leading Republicans of the country, and especially by the president.

The suggestion of Senator Penrose, among others, for the national chairmanship was prompted by the report that Senator Hanna wished to be relieved of the executive work of the coming campaign, though he would be of course deeply interested in the success of the canvass. It is not improbable that Senator Hanna will again be induced to lead the fight for President McKinley, and if he does it is safe to predict that he will leave nothing undone to get out the Republican vote in every state n the union.

A DEMOCRAT FOR QUAY.

The last week has brought a number of the national leaders of both parties to Washington to be ready for the opening of congress. Naturally Pennsylvanians are interested in the opinions of the members of the senate upon the question of what action will be taken upon Governor Stone's certificate of appointment of Colonel Quay to the vacancy in the senate from this state.

United States Senator W. V. Sullivan, of Mississippi, has arrived in Washington and will remain there until the opening of congress. Senator Sullivan is a member of the national Democratic executive committee and stands high in the councils of his party. It will be recalled that his affirmative vote in the senate last winter saved the peace treaty from defeat. In conversing upon the queston of the appointment of Colonel Quay Senator Sullivan said:

"I heartily favor the seating of Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, on the strength of his credentials of appointment by Governor Stone.

"As a Democrat, I believe in abiding by party rules, and unless a caucus of Democratic senators decides against supporting Senator Quay, which action I think is decidedly improbable, I shall certainly record my vote in his favor.

"I have a great admiration for his wonderful abilities, and I do not believe that he has been justly treated by his political enemies in Pennsylvania. In fact, I am inclined to think that he has been the victim of bitter persecution, and I for one will be glad to aid in his vindication."

Senator Sullivan's views are shared by many other Democratic senators, and it can be asserted on excellent authority that no Democratic caucus that may be called will adopt any resolution inimical to Senator Quay.

THE ELOQUENT WOLCOTT SPEAKS

There is no stronger personality in the senate than Senator Wolcott, of Colorado. He is the finest orator in either branch of congress, and is a power on the Republican side. President McKinley has shown confidence in his abilities by appointing him one of the commissioners to go abroad and secure, if possible, an international agreement on the subject of bimetallism, and his report on the work of the commission was an able and statesmanlike document.

Senator Wolcott did not hesitate to give his views regarding the right of Colonel Quay to a seat in the senate on Governor Stone's credentials. He expressed himself in his usual positive and straightforward manner.

"I have very little to say on that subject," said Senator Wolcott, "but I want to state right here that I care nothing at all about senatorial precedents. I shall take the greatest possible pleasure in voting to seat Senator Quay. I am familiar with his distinguished services in the past, and I think the country needs him."

When asked for his views concerning the recent state elections throughout the country Senator Wolcott said:

"The general result of the elections is to make certain the renomination and re-election of President McKinley. Whatever the vote may have been in the far western states it was not a victory for anti-imperialism, but a distinct personal triumph for Mr. Bryan. To my mind it is evident that Bryan will be renominated upon a platform which will stand for anti-imperialism in the east and 16 to 1 in the west."

SENATOR HOAR'S POSITION.

There is nothing in the way of precedent in the Quay case that need bother any one. If these election cases had invariably been settled on their merits there would be something in precedent to follow, but every one knows that as a rule they have not been so settled. Seating a senator on merit means that the constitution of the United States shall decide. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, is absolutely right in his analysis of the constitution. Mr. Hoar is a conservative man—altogether too conservative, perhaps, to be thoroughly in touch with the activities of modern progress—but he has always been a careful student of the constitution, and there is no greater stickler in all congress upon constitutional points. In his opinion the constitution does not contemplate leaving a seat vacant in the senate. For that reason a governor is given the power to appoint if for any reason whatever a vacancy occurs, the intention of the constitution being that the states shall always have their full representation. Mr. Hoar will vote for Colonel Quay as he has voted in similar cases heretofore, and if the Quay case were to be decided strictly according to his contruction of the constitution there would be no vacancy in Pennsylvania.

The trouble has been that in deciding election cases partisanship has usually controlled. It is either a question of party politics or else some question like silver has divided the votes. The recent cases in the west, from Montana and Washington, were decided, not on their merits, but from party policies. There is nothing in precedent established only through partisan motives that need cause any trouble for Colonel Quay's friends.

The interviews with Senators Sullivan and Wolcott have been telegraphed to the principal newspapers of the country, and with these pronounced sentiments coming from representatives of both political parties, there have been many editorials from Republican and Democratic editors predicting the prompt seating by the senate of the former Republican national chairman upon the governor's commission.

A HERO OF THE MINE.

He Risked His Life to Save That of a Fellow Workman.

Heber Franklin, a young man employed at the Clear Creek mine, is as much a hero as any man who ever braved death on the battlefield. Franklin sought not glory, but to save a human life. There was a fire in the mine. The men were called out. Then they were about to shut off the air in order to stop the flames, when it was learned that a lone miner was working deep in the mine beyond the point where the fire started and was then raging with growing strength. Here is the story of the subsequent events:

Foreman Thomas immediately called for volunteers to go with him into the mine to rescue the man. Several attempts were made by different ones, but they were driven back by the flames, and the cry of "Powder!" caused a hasty retreat.

Finally Heber Franklin, a young man whose work keeps him on the outside, said, "I will go." And accompanying Foreman Thomas he pressed on through the fire and found the man working away tamping a hole, entirely unconscious of the danger threatening him. They succeeded in getting out of the mine safely, when the fan was shut off and the dip closed up. The rescue was an act of great bravery on the part of Franklin, as his work kept him on the outside and he was unacquainted with the exact lay of the land inside, and the danger of suffocation from black damp was great. He was the only man of the many standing by whose nerve did not desert him.

It is stated upon good authority that ten minutes more of lost time would have resulted in the death of the miner who was at work and possibly a great loss to the company, as the supply of air could not be cut off while there was any hope of rescue, and this would have tended to feed the flames.—Salt Lake Herald.

WASHINGTON'S LAST YEARS.

His Happy Life With His Wife at Mount Vernon.

At the time of his retirement to Mount Vernon, after the expiration of his term as president, "the tall figure of Washington was only slightly bent and he was still supposed to weigh upward of 200 pounds," writes William Perrine of "The Last Years of Washington's Life" in The Ladies' Home Journal.

"Excepting his gray hair and his false teeth and some trouble in hearing there was little of the usual appearance of age in his muscular person, his gait and his strong, pockmarked face. He was affable and merry with his best friends, but while he had the true hospitality of a southern gentleman in inviting every visitor from a distance to his table or to a bed over night, his politeness was generally formal. Yet if he particularly enjoyed the conversation of a guest he would pay him the compliment of listening to him until after 9 o'clock, or even of lighting him with the candle to a bedroom for the night.

Mrs. Washington at this time was a healthy, pleasant and unostentatious little woman, still showing traces of good looks and with seldom any other thought than of playing respectably her role of mistress of the house of a country gentleman, of caring for the negroes or of amusing herself with her knitting. She had great pride in her recipe for making 'cherry bounce,' and on a midsummer day she cut out 32 pairs of breeches for the men working on the farm. She had said that she and the general felt like children just released from school when he left the presidency, and she told of her satisfaction in settling down again to the 'duties of an old fashioned Virginia housekeeper, steady as a clock, busy as a bee and cheerful as a cricket.'"

London Word Butchers.

Time is required by an American car to accustom itself to English "as she is spoke" in London. The cockney who had no difficulty of corrupting the Norman French, making Route de Roy "Rotten row" and Marie le Bon "Marylebone" and Beauchamp, who was one of the principal lieutenants of the Conqueror and was rewarded with the lands at Warwick, into "Beecham" would readily call High Holborne "'Ighobon" and Ludgate Hill "Lugut'ill." Indeed the English of the cab and bus driver, bright as they are in their own employments, is not readily understood. One has to ask a bus conductor more than once as to the identity of the place to which he is bound, for in calling out the names there isn't the faintest resemblance to what he considers the proper pronunciation.

The Way Out.

"So you refuse to give me the money?" said the prodigal son.

"Not another cent do you get," replied the stern parent.

"Then here goes," said the youth as he seized a silver mounted pistol from his father's desk.

"Unhappy boy!" cried the old man, "would you take your life?"

"No," replied the son. "I'm going to loan this to my 'uncle.'"—Chicago News.

Up to the New Standard.

"I understand you are looking for a servant," said the girl.

"Oh, dear, no," answered the lady of the house. "When I was first married I was foolish enough to occasionally look for a servant, but I got over that. I'm looking for a general supervisor of the household now."—Chicago Post.

Ready Answer.

"Papa, what is the meaning of the word 'candelabra?'" asked Sammy Snaggs, who was doing his "home work."

"That's easy, Sammy," replied Mr. Snaggs. "The word explains itself. A candy laborer is a workman in a candy factory."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

This old world at best is only an anvil and life a sort of Plutonian blacksmith, that, with varying blows, strikes us into form. The blow that hurts us most may shape us best.

I never listen to calumnies, because if they are untrue I run the risk of being deceived, and if they are true, of hating people not worth thinking about.—Montesquieu.

MARTIN LOSES AGAIN.

Philadelphia Insurgent Leader Gets a Bad Setback.

I. W. DURHAM WINS OUT.

Wanamakerism In Its Latest Form, Though Recent Defeats Have Been Very Disappointing and Demoralizing.

(Special Correspondence.)

Philadelphia, Nov. 21.—Another evidence of the fact that the old Martin combine, which was for years in control of public affairs and the Republican organization in this city, is no longer potential was given this week when a large majority of the Republican members of common council united in signing a pledge to vote for the election of George McCurdy for president of that body. Mr. McCurdy is a progressive Philadelphian who follows the leadership of Israel W. Durham, and who has no time for the Martin outfit. He is a stalwart Republican, has no sympathy with the insurgents, and was one of the most active of the young Republicans who brought about the election of Samuel H. Ashbridge as mayor. The position of president of common council is a very influential one, and it has long been an asset in the political combination of which Martin was the acknowledged leader. Since Martin has joined hands politically with the Wanamaker-Flinn-Hastings combine in state politics he has been steadily losing ground in this city. The signing of the pledge for McCurdy means his success in the Republican caucus, and nothing can prevent his election.

Having lost the mayor and now losing the president of councils, Martin is practically put out of business.

Martin, who became immensely wealthy through his leadership of the Republican organization in this city, is now posing as a statesman. With Flinn, of Allegheny, and Hastings, of Centre, both of whom have also made big fortunes since they entered politics, Martin has tied his political future to the Wanamaker personal advancement movement, of which the people of Pennsylvania have had some experience during the last few years.

Wanamakerism has not had a popular boom in the Keystone state. But with a determination characteristic of the rich man with political ambitions to satisfy, the warfare upon the Republican organization is to be kept up.

BOLTERS' LATEST MOVE.

The Wanamaker-Martin-Flinn insurgents have drawn up a memorial to the United States senate, protesting against the seating of Colonel Quay upon Governor Stone's certificate of appointment. They were unable to carry out their project in the legislature to elect an insurgent or even a Democrat to the United States senate—that is, anybody but Colonel Quay. They were overwhelmingly beaten afterward in the canvass for delegates to the Republican state convention, the vote being nearly five to one against them. When the friends of Colonel Quay in the convention nominated Colonel Barnett, and they opened the insurgent and Democratic batteries of personal abuse upon this gallant soldier, they were ignominously routed by the people at the polls.

BARNETT'S BIG MAJORITY.

General Reeder, who as chairman of the Republican committee managed the late contest, was in town this week when the official returns were received from Harrisburg. He was naturally pleased with the figures. Barnett's official plurality was 110,488.

For the first time in three campaigns was the Republican target of the insurgent and Democratic guns given a clear majority of all the votes cast at the election. Mr. Beacom, the candidate for state treasurer in 1897; Colonel Stone, the nominee for governor last year, and Colonel Barnett, the Republican candidate this fall, were each subjected to scandalous assaults from this insurgent cabal. Although they were all elected, in 1897 Beacom, of all the votes cast at that election, was in the minority by 10,169. Though Colonel Stone won in his fight for the governorship, he lacked 19,303 of having a majority of the votes polled at that election. But then, after the insurgents' exhibition of party treachery in bolting the Republican caucus on the United States senatorship in the legislature, and their continued disloyalty in opposing the Republican candidate for state treasurer, and espousing the cause of Creasy, a Bryanite, the Republicans of Pennsylvania elected Colonel Barnett state treasurer and gave him a majority of 89,922 over the combined votes of the Democratic, Prohibitionist and Populist and Union Reform party candidates, with the insurgent vote for Creasy, Democrat, thrown in.

After this emphatic rebuke from the Republican voters the insurgents, or at least their selfish leaders, who knew only personal politics, set out again to have an organized fight against the Republican organization and with a purpose to unite with any party or faction to elect their candidates for the legislature where they are defeated in Republican conventions.

THE FOX AND THE EDITOR.

These insurgents make a great ado in Wanamaker newspapers, but when it comes to getting the votes of the people they cut a small figure.

Apropos of these full page advertisements in certain Philadelphia newspapers and the similarity of the political reports in their news columns, this story of the "Fox and the Editor" made interesting reading in the Evening Call:

An editor sat at his desk with compressed lips, flashing eyes, all the while dipping his pen in gall. A fox perching himself on the window sill thus began:

"You are working yourself into a frenzy these days over politics. What is up?"

"What is up!" exclaimed the editor. Everything is up. Reform, everything to destroy the Republican organization, and cash—plenty of it, too."

"I thought you editors worked only for the good of the people," replied the fox.

"So we do!" shouted the editor, "when the good of the people is our good."

Oh, I see," said the fox, with a merry twinkle in his eye; "yourselves first—the people last."

"Of course, of course," rejoined the editor, with a lordly flourish of his pen. "Business is business. I work for cash, whether for reform or any other old thing. Go in for what pays, is my motto. And so long as the people are not on to my game it works like a charm."

"And that is the reason just now," continued the fox, "why you are writing with might and main to wreck the Republican organization. It pays."

"Now you've hit it square," replied the editor, with an approving smile. "Do you suppose I am foolish enough to write anything my leading advertisers would not approve? If you think so, go chase yourself, Mr. Fox."

"But, persisted the fox, "you claim to be a Republican?"

"So I am, or was, or expect to be, but I never lose sight of my cash drawer. Money makes the mare go in this business as well as in every other," replied the editor. "You see I am very frank with you."

"Yes, more frank with me than with your readers," said the fox, with a malicious smile.

"My readers cannot object to reform in politics," replied the editor with a sarcastic grin. "Under the guise of reform I can help lick the Republican organization, put cash in my drawer and be a political leader myself. It's a great game I am playing—tails I win and heads the people lose. See?"

"But you won't win," replied the fox."

"Why not?"

"Because the people are already on to your game," laughed the fox.

"You remind me of my own experience last night. I was sitting by a hencoop praying, with one eyeopen on a fat hen inside. The farmer came upon me. 'What are you doing here?' he asked. 'It's strange, said I, 'that a fellow can't spend a few moments in silent prayer without being disturbed.' But the farmer, quick as a flash, shied a club at me and locked the door of the coop."

The editor lifted his inkstand with a sudden movement, but the fox was nowhere to be seen.

A Raise In Salary.

Some years ago Collis P. Huntington's private secretary, Mr. Miles, asked for an increase of salary.

"Do you need any more money?" asked Mr. Huntington thoughtfully.

"No, sir, I don't exactly need it," replied Mr. Miles, "but, still, I'd be glad to be getting a little more."

"Ah—hum-m-m," mused his employer. "Can you get along without the advance for the present?"

"Oh, yes," answered the secretary, "I guess so," and the matter was dropped.

A couple of years later a new boy appeared at the Miles home, and the secretary thought the time propitious to renew the application. "Why, my dear sir," said Mr. Huntington when he heard him through, "I raised your salary when you asked me before."

"I never heard anything about it," said the secretary in amazement.

"Probably not," returned Mr. Huntington. "In fact, I used that money to buy a piece of property for you. I'd just let it stand for awhile if I were you."

Mr. Miles thanked him warmly and retired somewhat mystified. Shortly after Mr. Huntington called him into his private office. "By the way, Miles," he said, "I have sold that real estate of yours at a pretty good advance. Here is the check."

The amount was $50,000. The property was part of a large section purchased by the railway king as an investment for his wife.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Live Bird on Her Hat.

One Chicago girl's hat made a sensation in the women's lunchroom at the Auditorium yesterday. She came in from Michigan avenue and stopped for a moment in the parlor. While there she noticed a young sparrow flutter in through the open window and wheel once or twice around the room. She felt it brush against her hat in its flight, but thought no more of it and passed on into the lunchroom. She had picked up the bill of fare and was reading it when she felt that some one was watching her, and, glancing around, she discovered that she was a focusing point for all the eyes in the immediate vicinity.

Of course she blushed and colored up and began to wonder at the cause of the people's interest. Just then the waiter, who had been hovering around, noticed her confusion and, bending down, whispered, "Pahdon me, miss, but dah's a live buhd on yo' hat."

And then instead of going into hysterics she calmly said: "Thank you. Will you please shoo it off?"

And the waiter "shooed" the sparrow toward a nearby window, while the owner of the hat fixed it on straight and proceeded to order her luncheon.—Chicago News.

Good He Didn't Accept.

During the second Dreyfus court martial, M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, ex-president of the civil section of the cour de cassation, who was bitter against the accused captain, received a very polite letter dated from the Chateau de Prefargier, near Neuchatel, in Switzerland, and signed, "A de Prefargier," praising him for his efforts in the Dreyfus case and inviting him to come and stay at the writer's residence.

M. de Beaurepaire replied in his usual flowery style, saying he would continue the struggle as long as he had strength, and that he would remain at the breach like a valiant soldier to set an example of duty to God and the fatherland, even should he stand alone. He did not positively decline the invitation, holding out hopes that some day he might be free to accept it.

The Chateau de Prefargier is the lunatic asylum for Neuchatel.—St. Paul's Budget.

Man's Million Years.

According to the conclusions of Mr. A. H. Keane, a well known English ethnologist, the first creatures that could properly be called men appeared on the earth in what geologists know as the pliocene period, somewhere about a million years ago. The precursor of man, Mr. Keane thinks, was some such apelike creature as the Pithecanthropus erectus, discovered by Dr. Dubois in Java a few years ago. Four varieties of men were developed: Homo ethiopicus in Africa south of the equator, Homo mongolicus in central Asia, Homo americanus in the new world and Homo caucasicus in northern Africa. From these the existing races are descended.

Deceptive Covers.

It is safest, in London secondhand bookstalls at least, to look into a book before buying it. A London bookseller has confessed in court that he and others had the habit of "buying up old books and sticking covers on 'em." It appears that the plaintiff had found on buying "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist" that there was never a word about Nicholas and Oliver in them.

How He Got It.

"I," said the gruff old merchant to the young man who wanted to go away for a week, "have worked here for 22 years without a vacation."

"Yes, I know it. That's why I want to get away. But for the horrible example you present I might be willing to work on and on without a"—

Let it suffice to say that he got his vacation.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Impressed.

"Isn't it awe inspiring," said the youth with tendencies toward the sublime, "to think of this earth rushing forward on its track, superior to all human direction and beyond all restraint?"

"Yes," answered the fair girl softly after a long pause. "It makes me think of my new automobile."—Washington Star.

A Dog Story.

Animals have sentiment, and they do reason. Lord Sandwich had two intelligent, companionable little white dogs. He was fond of both. They were much attached to him and devoted to each other. One white pet fell sick, and he watched over the little creature. But no care sufficed to save it, and it died. The loving master said that he himself would bury the dog, and he did so. The living Pomeranian stood by, grieving as sincerely as the bereaved master. But the survivor could never again endure Lord Sandwich, shunned him and was utterly irreconcilable for all time. He thought that the master had killed and buried his canine comrade.—London News.

One Too Many For the Dean.

A well known dean of Norwich tells the following good story against himself:

Some few weeks ago he came to a stile in a field which was occupied by a farm lad, who was eating his bread and bacon lunch.

The boy made no attempt to allow his reverence to pass, so was duly lectured for his lack of manners.

"You seem, my lad, to be better fed than taught."

"Very like," answered the lad, slicing off a piece of bacon, "for ye teaches Oi, but Oi feeds meself."—London Answers.

A Famous Distillery.

The poor receive all the profits of one of the most famous distilleries in the world, that which is connected with the monastery of St. Bruno, in the department of Dauphine, which is better known as La Grande Chartreuse. The distillery itself is a considerable distance from the monastery, but it stands on land belonging to the order, although the French government has a claim over it.

The monks of St. Bruno, although they are sworn to poverty, have control of an industry which produces about $150,000 a year profit. Of this one-third goes as a contribution to the fund known as Peter's pence. Another portion is devoted to the maintenance of hospitals, and the remainder is devoted to subsidizing poor churches throughout France and to the personal relief of poor applicants, without distinction of church or creed. It is interesting to note that those who have control of this lucrative business are expressly forbidden by their vows to carry on a trade which could result in a profit to themselves.

Many attempts have been made to purchase the business, one notably by the Rothschilds, but all have failed, because the heads of the order consider that they are not justified in selling the business to a firm that would make a personal profit by it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Know When They Have Enough.

The llama, that docile animal which was the beast of burden in Peru in prehistoric times and played the part that was assigned to his cousin, the camel, in Egypt and Arabia, is still seen in large numbers in the mountain districts, but he cannot live in the warmer latitudes along the coast. He is docile, enduring and sure footed. He can go a long time without water and food and chews the cud of contentment when other animals are in distress because of the temperature of the rarefied atmosphere found in the Andean plateaus.

A llama will carry 100 pounds and no more, and if you add an ounce to his load he will lie down and wait until it is taken off. He knows when he has enough, and there is no use in trying to argue with him. The native Indians have learned this by the experience of generations, and when a llama lies down they immediately unstrap and diminish his burden without making any fuss about it. Then, when he is satisfied that he has been given no more than his share, he climbs on to his hoofs again and follows the mountain trail for days and weeks at a time without murmuring or slipping or forgetting his good manners.—Chicago Record.

A Rather Novel Complaint.

An English traveler once met a companion, sitting in a state of the most woeful despair and apparently near the last agonies, by the side of one of the mountain lakes of Switzerland. He inquired the cause of his sufferings. "Oh," said the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty and took a large draft of the clear water of the lake and then sat down on this stone to consult my guidebook. To my astonishment, I found that the water of this lake is very poisonous! Oh, I am a gone man—I feel it running all over me. I have only a few minutes to live! Remember me to"—

"Let me see the guidebook," said his friend. Turning to the passage, he found, "L'eau du lac est bien poissoneuse" ("The water of this lake abounds in fish").

"Is that the meaning of it?"

"Certainly."

The dying man looked up with a radiant countenance. "What would have become of you," said his friend, "if I had not met you?"

"I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language."

A Study In Hose.

The girl behind the counter said to the young man who appeared as though he knew just what he wanted to buy, "What can I do for you?"

"I was going to buy a nice pair of stockings for a woman. This is the right department?"

"Yes. What material and what size?"

"I thought I might leave that to you, as we are sort of related in our calling."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I'm a fireman—the man with the hose, don't you see? As the head of this department you're the woman with the hose. I haven't the slightest idea of what I want or what it should be or what it should cost."

"For your wife?"

"No; I hoe my own row."

"So do I," she laughed, "and as a hosier."

"They're for my sister. And that's all I know about the whole thing. She's smaller than I am, but larger than you."

"I take eights."

"Then I should think she'd take sixteens."

He laughed to hear her laugh, and a whole row of customers waited.

"It's the best hose attachment you ever made," he thought to himself, and so it proved, for the cards are out and they are furnishing a regular birdcage of a flat in the north end.—Detroit Free Press.

A Modest Hero.

Not long ago a French chroniqueur—Montmirail of the Paris Gaulois—encountered in a little village of the south of France a gardener who wore, pinned on his clean Sunday blouse, the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Naturally, the newspaper man desired to know how he got it. The gardener, who, like many of his trade, seemed to be a silent man, was averse to meeting an old and wearisome demand, but finally he began:

"Oh, I don't know how I did get it! I was at Bazeilles with the rest of the battery. All the officers were killed, then down went all the noncommissioned officers. Bang! bang! bang! By and by all the soldiers were down but me. I had fired the last shot and naturally was doing what I could to stand off the Bavarians.

"Well, a general came, and says he, 'Where's your officers?'

"'All down,' says I.

"'Where's your gunners?' says he.

"'All down but me,' says I.

"'And you've been fighting here all alone?' says he.

"'I couldn't let 'em come and get the guns, could I?' I says. And then he up and put this ribbon on me, probably because there was nobody else there to put it on."

Chesterfield's Wit.

Lord Chesterfield was never at a loss for a polite retort. Once he proposed a person as proper to fill a place of great trust, but which the king himself was determined should be filled by another. The council, however, resolved not to indulge the king, for fear of a dangerous precedent, and it was Lord Chesterfield's business to present the grant of office for the king's signature. Not to incense his majesty by asking him abruptly, he, with accents of great humility, begged to know with whose name his majesty would be pleased to have the blanks filled up.

"With the devil's!" replied the king in a paroxysm of rage.

"And shall the instrument," said the earl coolly, "run as usual, 'Our trusty and well beloved cousin and counselor?'" At this repartee the king laughed and with great good humor signed the grant.

When you unload your pocketbook in a good cause, you also remove a load from your conscience. You feel better, and so does every one concerned.—Denver News.

Inquiring Boy—Ma, what did the moths eat before Adam and Eve wore clothes?

A Chinese Dooley.

Two Irishmen stood at Gates avenue and Bedford street discussing a Chinese laundry sign.

"Kin ye say it, Pat?"

"Where?"

"There. Don't ye say it?"

"Oh, Oi do now."

"Well, they say a Chinaman's furst name is his last name. Do ye blave it, Pat?"

"Yis."

"Then rade it backward."

"But rade it furrud furst, an it spells Lee Dew."

"But rade it backward, man."

"D-e-w, Do; L-e-e, Le—Dooley."

"Roight ye are, Pat, an Dooley is a foine old Irish name, but it's the furst toime in me loife Oi iver heerd of a Chinese with an Oirish name. He ought to hang, the spalpeen."—New York Press.

His Style.

"I have been considering your application for an editorial position," said the managing editor, "and I sent for you today that I might get some idea of your style."

"Just so," replied the bright young man. "Well, you will observe, I am wearing a blue suit, plain, but well cut, and a brown soft hat; quite the proper thing for this time of the year. Will I do?"

In Cuba.

In Cuba the kitchens are always on the roof or in the courtyards back of the house. Only twice a day does the Cuban housewife or servant prepare meals—at 10 o'clock, when she enters the kitchen to make ready 11 o'clock breakfast, and at 6 o'clock to cook the dinner, which is served at 8.

Those Loving Girls.

Tody—Jennie tells me young Woodby proposed to her last night.

Viola—I don't think I know him. Is he well off?

Tody—He certainly is. She refused him.—Chicago News.

Effect of Opulence.

When a man gets beyond wondering where his next meal is coming from, he falls to wondering who his ancestors were.—Detroit Journal.

PUT TO THE TEST.

Public Endorsement is what Counts.

Everybody has their hour of trouble,
But people having any itchiness of the skin
Have many hours of trouble.
Nothing so annoying. Nothing so irritating.
Scratch it, it becomes worse.
Leave it alone and you can hardly stand the misery.
Itchiness comes in many forms.
Eczema and horrid itching piles.
Relief and cure are here at last.
Thousands have put it to the test.
Doan's Ointment cures every form of itchiness of the skin.
Read the following statement.

Mr. D. K. Peters, farmer on Forkes Road, Greensburg, Pa., says: "For six or seven years I suffered so severely from eczema of the skin that I could not lie in bed and rest and the irritation at times nearly set me crazy. I bought Doan's Ointment, applied it and can honestly say that the first half dozen applications removed all the irritation and less than half the 50 cent box cured me. It is now months since I used it and there has been no return of the trouble. I shall always be pleased to recommend Doan's Ointment as a marvelous remedy for healing and soothing all afflictions to which it is applicable."

Doan's Ointment for sale by all dealers, price 50 cents a box. Mailed on receipt of price by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, Oct. 4, 1899.

Apples	per bu	25-40c
	dried, lb	4c
	vaporated lb	8c
Apple Butter, per gal		40 to 50c
Butter	roll, per lb	18c
	fresh keg, per lb	15c
	creamery, per lb	20c
Beeswax, per lb		2c
Bacon	country ham, per lb	10 to 12c
	sugar cured ham, per lb	12-14
	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		18c
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		40 to 60
Potatoes, per bus		35
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, ½ bus sacks	25c
	" ¼ " "	50c
	" 4 bus sacks	$2.25
	ground alum, 180 lb sacks	90c
Sugar	maple, per lb	9 to 10c
	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	$150
	clover, per bus	4.75
	" 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	45c
	corn shelled, per bus	45 to 48c
	oats, per bus	28 to 35c
	rye, per bus	50c
	wheat, per bus	65c
	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 11:45 a. m., Somerset 12 07, Stoyestown 12:33, Hooversville 12 43, Johnstown 1 30 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 4 40 p. m., Somerset 5:02 Stoyestown 5:31, Hooversville 5:42, Johnstown 6 30

SOUTHWARD.

*Mail.—Johnstown 8:20 a.m., Hooversville 9.03 Stoyestown 9:24, Somerset 9:52 Rockwood 10:15.

Express.—Johnstown 1 50 p. m., Hooversville 2 35, Stoyestown 2 47, Somerset 3:15, Rockwood 3 40.

*Daily.

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

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 1899.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

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

WESTWARD.

Western Express	4:21	a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:01	"
Johnstown Accommodation	8:32	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:20	"
Way Passenger	2:51	p. m.
Pittsburg Express	4 33	"
Mail	9:05	"
Fast Line	5:41	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:35	"

EASTWARD

Atlantic Express	4:47	a. m
Sea-shore Express	5:40	"
Altoona Accommodation	8:31	"
Day Express	9:43	"
Main Line Express	10:07	"
Altoona Accommodation	12:02	p. m
Johnstown Accommodation	6:42	"
Philadelphia Express	7:05	"
Fast Line	10 50	"

NON OMNIS MORIAR.

In the teeth of the gale that hurls me back,
In the swirl of the ebb that sucks me down,
I—I, tide by tide and tack by tack,
Threading the Night where fanged rocks frown,

Ere the last star fall, shall have somehow crawl'd
To that Port whence shone no light for me,
Where wrecked, if you will, but unappall'd,
I shall know I am stronger than my Sea!

—Arthur J. Stringer in Bookman.

SAW A DEVILFISH LEAP

An Experience Which the Spectator Does Not Wish to Renew.

When a youngster I was homeward bound from Santa Anna with a cargo of mahogany, and when off Cape Campeche was one calm afternoon leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the blue profound, on the watch for fish, writes a world wide traveler. A gloomy shade came over the bright water, and up rose a fearsome monster, some 18 feet across and in general outline more like a skate or ray than anything else, all except the head.

There, what appeared to be two curling horns, about three feet apart, rose one on each side of the most horrible pair of eyes imaginable. A shark's eyes as he turns sideways under your vessel's counter and looks up to see if any one is coming, are ghastly, green and cruel; but this thing's eyes were all this and much more. I felt that the book of Revelation was incomplete without him, and his gaze haunts me yet.

Although quite sick and [illegible]ldy at the sight of such a bogy, I c[illegible] not move until the awful thing, su[illegible]y waving what seemed like mighty [illegible]ngs, soared up out of the water soundlessly to a height of about six feet, falling again with a thunderous splash that might have been heard for miles. I must have fainted with fright, for the next thing I was conscious of was awakening under the rough doctoring of my shipmates.

Since then I have never seen one leap upward in the daytime. At night, when there is no wind, the sonorous spash is constantly to be heard, although why they make that batlike leap out of their proper element is not easy to understand. It does not seem possible to believe such awe inspiring horrors capable of playing gamboling.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Unreasonable.

"Yes, we're at swords' points," admitted a suburbanite, while discussing a neighbor.

"Fault on both sides, I presume?"

"No, sir, not a bit of it. I've been unfortunate, that's all, and he won't listen to explanations."

"Shot his dog, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did, but it was this way. I heard the whole street in shrieks and rushed to the window. Boys were climbing trees, mothers hustled their babies inside and locked their doors, and down the center of the street came that dog like all possessed. Of course I thought he was mad. So would anybody, and I shot him.

"Come to find out, he'd been rooting into a bumblebees' nest. I'm no expert on mad dogs and told my neighbor so, but he stormed around as though he had bees in his own hair, and I just dropped him.

"What made him madder was that I hit him in the head with an old coal scuttle. I can't see through a tight board fence, can I? I didn't know he was snooking through the alley when I threw the thing away. He was so mad that I didn't recognize his voice. I told him we didn't allow such talk and had him kicked across part of a subdivision before I discovered who he was. Then I apologized, but there's no reason in him."—Detroit Free Press.

He E[illegible] Dem Britishers.

When Ad[illegible]burn's marauders ravaged Ti[illegible]land in 1814, during the war between the United States and Great Britain, they found a different country from the Tilghman's island of today. Then the white population was less than 50. Old George, a Tilghman slave, who afterward belonged to the Harrisons of Long Point, where in his old age he had a comfortable quarter and a boy to wait on him, was one of the victims of Cockburn's marauders and used to tell how "dem ar' Britishers made me run down me own hawg, and not only dat, my young master, dey make me kill 'im and skin 'im, hang um!" And the old negro's heart would burn with indignation at the memory. Old George lived to be a hundred, according to the record of his birth kept by his mother's master, and lived in great comfort in his old age. He died in 1856 on Cedar Point farm, the home then of his last master, the late Theodore P. Harrison of Baltimore.—Baltimore Sun.

Composition on Breathing.

A boy, 14 years old, who was told to write all he could about breathing in a composition, handed in the following:

"Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get outdoors. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeezes the diagram. Girls can't holler or run like boys because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I had rather be a boy so I can run and holler and have a great big diagram."—Detroit Free Press.

His Experience.

Watts—What was the worst storm you ever encountered?

N. Peck—I think it blew at the rate of about 300 words a minute.—Indianapolis Journal.

The cabbage still grows wild in Greece, where it originated. Radishes are native to China, but have been grown in Europe for centuries.

Fat and Lean.

Scientists with the government in Washington assert that American men are bulging in the middle because they eat wheat and oats in one form or another. Men with large stomachs are frequently proud of the distinction. Often they stand with their hands on their hips and their coat tails pushed back. The side elevation may be startling to the beholder or may be entertaining or may engender covetousness. It all depends upon the point of view. But stomachs are largely a matter of food and drink.

If you want flesh about the hips and abdomen eat sugar and starch—wheat, oats, fresh bread, cake, pie, preserves, candy, ice cream, potatoes, heavy soups, fat meat, nuts, butter, cream, oyster patties, goose livers, beans and bananas.

If you are already too large, diet, diet, diet, and then begin all over again. Crucify your appetite; go into a strait jacket; array yourself in sackcloth and ashes. Live on lean meat, eggs, fish and raw cabbage. Drink hot water. Walk five miles before dinner. Starve in the land of plenty. Become irritable. Watch the hungry and fierce look grown into your face. Go to the scales every day. Dream of banquets. In three months your clothing will not fit you. Oh, it's great fun for the tailor and the doctor.—Cleveland Leader.

How He Got Exercise.

Lord Palmerston used a clever expedient for coercing himself into a little regular daily exercise.

It was his custom when in government positions to have his inkstand placed upon a table several yards away from the desk at which he worked, so that he had to walk several paces for each dip of ink.

He attributed his maintenance of sturdy health and jaunty manner under the trying conditions of office routine to this simple practice, as also his habit of performing all work standing.

Snyder's Pharmacy.

It requires 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.

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

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

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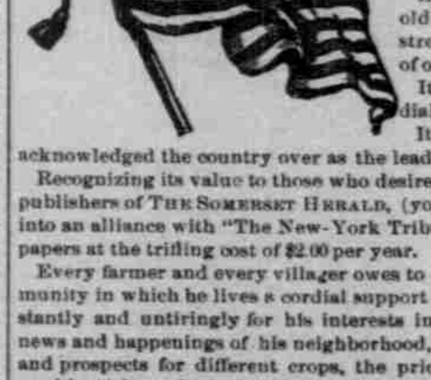

It's a long life, but devotion to the interests and prosperity of the American People has won for it new friends as the years rolled by and the original members of its family passed to their reward, and these admirers are loyal and steadfast to-day, with faith in its teachings, and confidence in the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

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