DISRUPTED DEMOCRACY.

Guffey in a Bad Way to Work With Republican Insurgents.

HIS PARTY SADLY WRECKED.

Insincerity of the Bolters' Claims Exposed in a Frantic Tirade Against Democrats Who Refused to Support Creasy.

(Special Correspondence.)

Philadelphia, Nov. 28.—The political wiseacres were treated to a rare spectacle this week in the convocation of the wise men of the Democracy of Pennsylvania represented by the members of the executive committee of the Democratic state committee, alongwith Colonel James Madison Guffey, the ambitious millionaire, who represents the Democratic party of the Keystone state in the Democratic national committee. They met in this city and it was announced that they came to investigate the causes of the falling off of the Democratic vote at the recent election in Philadelphia. Before they left town they had a bigger job on their hands. They found it necessary to inquire into the reasons why the Democratic voters in "certain counties"—which meant nearly all of them—did not go to the polls and cast their ballots for William T. Creasy, who posed before the voters of Pennsylvania in the late campaign as a "farmer." His posing was not, however, a great success. The people soon became aware of the fact that he is what is known as a "political farmer." He was out for office and the farm came in for subsequent consideration.

But be that as it may, many Democrats did not vote for him.

Colonel Guffey got his lieutenants here to talk the whole matter over and figure out where Colonel Guffey "was at" in his aspirations to go to the United States senate from Republican Pennsylvania. With the Democratic party in such a bad shape Colonel Guffey was at a loss to see how he could take advantage of the support of the Republican insurgents under the leadership of the Flinn-Martins.

A CHANGED PROGRAM.

The original program of the Guffeyites was to clean out the Philadelphia Democracy. But they were called down by Chairman Donnelly, of the Democratic committee of this city. He pointed out that the small vote for Creasy in Philadelphia was proportionately no worse than the returns from Colonel Guffey's own county of Allegheny showed, and that Lancaster and other counties of the state were quite as emphatic in turning down the Democratic candidate for state treasurer, who thought he could be elected because he was smiled upon by the Wanamakers, the Flinns, the Martins and the others who have gone outside of the Republican organization, either to get office or seek revenge upon the men who have been chosen by the Republican voters of the state to manage their organization.

The executive committee of the Democratic state committee will accordingly appoint a committee to investigate the causes of the falling off of the Democratic vote in "certain counties of the state."

And it will be found that Democrats as well as Republicans were disgusted with the "unholy alliance" of the Democratic leaders with the repudiated Republican insurgents.

THE OTHER SIDE.

The insincerity of the political preachings of the Flinn-Martins and their Democratic allies in Pennsylvania politics is again exposed in the wild rantings of the Democratic organ of Mr. Creasy's home county over the crushing rebuke administered by the people to the men at the head of the campaig of phariseeism from which this state has just emerged. Mr. Creasy, a Bryanite Democr-, went up and down the state call g upon Republicans to desert thei party candidate and vote for him. In this canvass he was assisted by all the Flinn-Martins of the so-called Republican insurgent combine. These Republican bolters, while still professing to be Republicans, contributed time and money to the cause of the Democratic nominee for state treasurer. They w re indignant when they were accused of treachery and disloyalty to the Republican party. Mr. Creasy's champions, with an assumed possession of all the virtues, sought to make the people believe that it was no act of party disloyalty for a Republican to vote for Mr. Creasy and cut Colonel Barnett, because, although they admitted that Colonel Barnett was nominated by the Republican state convention without a single vote being cast against him, they said he was the candidate for "the machine." For this alleged reason Colonel Barnett was not entitled to the support of the Republican voters, despite the fact that their duly chosen representatives in convention assembled had nominated him unanimously.

This preaching of Creasy and the combination of Flinn-Martins does not seem to have borne much fruit in the Republican party. Of course, many politicians attached to the old combine cut Barnett and voted for Creasy, but considering the character of the campaign waged for many weeks and the immense sums of money spent to defeat Colonel Barnett, the cutting done was quite immaterial.

DEMOCRATIC INSURGENTS DENOUNCED.

But the hypocrisy of the men who were working up this boom for Creasy is revealed by the outburst of indignation that has come from the Democratic organ in Creasy's own county, of which he was at one time editor, the Democratic Sentinel, of Bloomsburg. It appears that some of the Democrats among his neighbors took Mr. Creasy and his insurgent allies at their word, and concluded that if it was not treasonable for Republicans to cut the regularly nominated candidate for state treasurer, it could not be wrong for Democrats to go outside of their party and vote for Colonel Barnett. This many of them seem to have done, for the Creasy organ is frantic with rage over their having taken Creasy seriously and cut their ticket.

GOOD READING FOR REPUBLICANS

The Sentinel boldly charges that men who hold office through Democratic votes were disloyal to Creasy at the recent election.

Among other things, The Sentinel says:

"Duty and common honesty demand that we speak plainly. About the first duty the Democracy of Columbia county has to perform is to weed out the traitors, and the sooner the weeding out process begins the better for the party and the people. Talk about ingratitude. Men holding high official positions have actually combined with the Republicans or quietly stabbed the party in the back. It may be that men who so far forget themselves are happy over their efforts to disorganize, but all honest and straightforward men will place the proper standard upon their principles and honor.

"It don't pay to be dishonest in politics. If a Democrat can't be square with his party while in office he should be man enough to go squarely over to the Republicans, so the public may know where to find him."

It is suggested that at the next meeting of the Flinn-Martins Mr. Creasy be invited to be present in order that he may read the above editorial comment for the benefit of the Republican officeholders, Flinn and Martin, and the other bolting members of the legislature and the corps of Republican officeholders, headed by former Governor Hastings, who have been cooperating with the Democracy for the last two years.

How many of them will follow the advice from this Creasy organ and "go squarely over" to the Democratic party?

PASSING OF M'MANES.

The death of James McManes, the veteran Republican leader, was part of the history of the last week. In earlier days his political power in Philadelphia was great. He made and unmade candidates for office, and he was ever in the thick of the fight. He will be remembered for his executive ability as a leader, and now that old animosities have been forgotten, there will be few even among those who fought him hardest who will not say a kind word for him.

An Observing Puppy.

A rector writes from Honiton, England, to The Spectator to record an instance of a very high order of intelligence in an animal, of a power of reasoning as distinct from any acquired instinct:

"I have a bullpup, aged 10 months, and a bulldog 4 years old, both of which live in the house and are great pets. A short time ago my wife was ill, and, though the older dog, owing to his quiet and sedate way, was allowed to enter her room, the puppy was never admitted. The nurse could always tell which dog was at the door, because the older dog gave one single and gentle scratch and then remained quiet, while the puppy scratched violently and frequently and whined. The puppy apparently could not understand why she was not admitted, and felt her exclusion sorely.

"One day she scratched furiously as usual. No notice was taken. Presently she was heard going flop-flop down stairs. In a few minutes the single gentle scratch of the old dog was heard, the door was opened, and there were both dogs, and, strange to say, from that time the puppy so imitated the scratch of the other dog that it was impossible to tell which was at the door. Undoubtedly the puppy went and asked the old dog to show her how he gained admission. How else can one explain the fact?"

Lighting a Cigar.

According to an observant Philadelphian whose business is to sell cigars, the careless smoker is largely responsible for the big dividends match manufacturers enjoy.

"Just watch it any time," he remarked a few days ago, "and see if I am not correct. The average smoker of a cigar will talk or think regardless of his weed until it goes out. Then he will suddenly discover the absence of the fire which makes a cigar enjoyable. Out from his pocket comes a match, and in an instant it has been struck and the lighted lucifer placed against the cigar end.

"In his eagerness to get another light, however, the smoker has, in nine cases out of ten, forgotten to knock the ashes off his weed. As a result the flame from the match fails to penetrate the ash heap, and the match flame doesn't cut any figure. I've seen it so many times that I don't laugh at it any more, but it must be funny to casual onlookers. After this when your cigars go out before they are consumed be sure and knock the ashes off before trying to relight them. Then you will stand a fair chance of securing another light and at the same time put a kink in the profits of the matchmakers."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

An Insect Tragedy.

There is something really pathetic in the way a mother butterfly builds a nest for her children. In the first place, the little home where the eggs are deposited represents a great deal of sacrifice, for it is lined with several layers of down plucked from the mother's own soft body. The eggs having been laid carefully upon this luxurious, pretty couch are protected by an equally pretty coverlet made of the same material.

These butterfly bedclothes are often arranged with an intricacy that is quite curious and perplexing. Sometimes a bed is made so that each separate delicate hair stands upright, thus giving the entire nest the appearance of a little brush of downy fur. Then again, the eggs are laid spirally round a tiny branch, and, as the covering follows their course, the effect resembles the busy tail of a fox, only the nest is more beautiful than the "brush" of the finest fox that ever roamed over country.

The building of this downy nest is the latest earthly labor of the mother butterfly, for by the time it is completed her own delicate body is denuded of its natural covering, and there is nothing left for her to do but die, a sacrifice which she promptly and heroically makes in the interest of the coming butterfly generation.

Some Odd Names.

The most suggestive and inviting name I saw was that of a druggist in North Dakota. It was U. R. Welcome, his first name being Urias. Across the street was another man with a funny name. He bore the euphonious cognomen John Stonepounder. In the next town I found a man who was so fat that the name of Abraham Crumpacker seemed especially fitting. But there was a woman in the town who went him one better. Her name was Emily Freshbread.

In the next town I got so interested in queer names that I soon heard of a speedy individual called Sarah Deerhoof. In that same town there is a man named Henry Bookstruck. Ever after that I was on the lookout. On the train I met David Newsalt and Millie Newlove. The man with the most warlike name I ran against was Abraham Saltpeter. In one town I found a man who had a very poetic name. It was Seabright Sunbloom. But the last name I struck finished me. It seemed like a direct command to cease my sacrilegious monkeying with people's names. I took it as a warning and quit. A. Quickfinish. And what do you suppose his partner's name was? It was W. K. Goforth.—St. Paul Dispatch.

An Intelligent Censor.

No play may be publicly performed in England until it has been passed upon and agreed to by the stage censor. A certificate must be secured from the lord chamberlain. The lord chamberlain himself does not, of course, read all the plays submitted to him, but the work is passed on to the examiner of plays, who is not always a man of education or discretion and who in many cases has been suspected of letting things pass because managers have made it profitable to him to close his eyes to supposed faults.

The story is told of one of these examiners who was moved to strike out "drunk as a lord" in one of the plays submitted to him. There used to be an old rule that the word "heaven" should be substituted in stage lines wherever the name of any of the persons of the Trinity came up. So this clever examiner changed the line to read "as drunk as a heaven."

The penalty for disobeying the examiner is a fine of $250, which may be levied on any person connected with the forbidden performance—callboy as well as star.

Real Greatness.

An exchange gives this story of a pompous member of parliament who attended an agricultural show in Dublin. He arrived late and found himself on the outskirts of a huge crowd.

Being anxious to obtain a good view for himself and a lady friend who accompanied him, and presuming that he was well known to the spectators, he tapped a burly coal porter on the shoulder and peremptorily demanded, "Make way there."

"Garn, who are you pushin?" was the unexpected response.

"Do you know who I am, sir?" cried the indignant M. P. "I am a representative of the people."

"Yah," growled the porter, as he stood unmoved, "but we're the bloomin people themselves."

Pooling the Youngsters.

Mrs. Grimes—How in the world do you get rid of all your stale bread? I have to throw lots of mine away.

Mrs. Smarte—There is no need for you to do that. Why not do as I do? I just hide it away from the children.

Mrs. Grimes—Hide it away from the children? What then?

Mrs. Smarte—Then the children find it and eat up every morsel of it.—Boston Transcript.

ARE LOOKING AHEAD.

Pennsylvania Republicans Lining Up For the National Campaign.

NO TIME FOR INSURGENTS.

Masses of the Voters Not Ready to Be Associated With the Democracy on the Eve of a Great Presidential Battle.

(Special Correspondence.)

Harrisburg, Nov. 28.—During the last week there have been a number of prominent Republicans here from different sections of the state on both official and private business, and an opportunity has been afforded for sounding them as to the sentiment in the Republican party in their respective localities. The opinion was unanimous that the stalwarts are everywhere in a happy frame of mind as the result of the late election, and that the party organization was never in a more healthy condition to begin a presidential campaign. The success of so many county tickets where the outcome of the last election had been regarded as doubtful, was most gratifying, and now the closing up of the lines for the next year's fight with the Democracy indicates a better feeling among Republicans throughout the commonwealth. The complete route of the Democrats and their insurgent allies at the election fairly dazed the leaders of the bolting Republican contingent. They have been trying ever since to reform their lines and to get themselves together. They have found that while a few disgruntled and disappointed ex-officeholders, who still have aspirations in the same direction, are getting together in Philadelphia under the Flinn-Martin leadership, with Wanamaker money bags behind them, they are woefully lacking in followers. Republicans of the rank and file want to stand by the party organization with a presidential campaign coming on, and they have no idea of joining an insurgent outfit which must co-operate with the Democracy if they hope to make any showing at the polls whatever. The Republicans of the interior counties realize that the only road to preferment is through their organization, and they look over the long li.. of distinguished party leaders and see that they all found success through loyalty to their party organization.

ROOSEVELT A STALWART.

A most conspicuous case in recent years is that of Theodore Roosevelt, who, while undoubtedly a sincere reformer, was quick to realize that i could accomplish most good throu the medium of the Republican organization to which he owed allegiance. While some of the notoriety seeking reformers, who have never accomplished anything practical, are still maligning Senator Platt in the Empire state, Roosevelt has, with Platt's aid, brought about many reforms in the government of New York state. He has found that Platt is not half as bad as the professional reformers would have the people believe and that his services can frequently be utilized to the advantage of the citizens of his native state.

The men who are waging war upon Colonel Quay in this state are also, through the Wanamaker newspapers of Philadelphia, attacking Senator Platt of New York and Senator Hanna of Ohio, and they find nothing good to commend in the administration of President McKinley. Editorial assaults upon the McKinley administration are becoming quite as conspicuous and as frequent as attacks upon Colonel Quay, and Senators Platt and Hanna are roasted almost every day. How these men can expect Republicans to follow their selfish and insurgent leadership, when the welfare of the Republican party in the country demands that there shall be a harmonious organization to start the battles of next year, is a mystery to practical minds.

Because Platt and Hanna appreciate the strength of Quay and his ability to help the Republican national campaign next year, they are made the subjects of bitter personal abuse in Wanamaker newspapers.

QUAY'S STRENGTH AT WASHINGTON.

A special dispatch from Washington reviewing the situation as to the proposed seating of Colonel Quay by the United States senate, says:

"Colonel M. S. Quay will undoubtedly be seated by the United States senate. It will only require a majority vote to accomplish this result, but it can be positively stated that two-thirds of the total membership of the senate will be recorded in his favor. In other words, out of the 86 senators Colonel Quay will be supported by about 60. The names of all the senators who will vote to seat the distinguished Pennsylvanian are in the possession of Senator Quay's intimate friends here, but they will not be made public at present for the reason that quite a number of the pledges of support have been given in confidence.

"One factor that has materially contributed to the large vote which Colonel Quay will receive has been the methods employed by the insurgent leaders in Pennsylvania to accomplish his defeat. A distinguished Democratic senator from the south, who is a close student of state politics, said tonight that he had but recently made up his mind to vote in favor of Quay.

WILL VOTE FOR QUAY.

"'I have always voted against seating gubernatorial appointees when the legislature has failed to elect,' said the senator, 'but I have decided to do otherwise in the Pennsylvania case. My vote this time shall be cast to rebuke the money power in politics. I see by the newspapers that a crowd of disgruntled politicians, most of whom have fattened at the public crib for years and have thereby accumulated fortunes, are perfecting an organization in Philadelphia having for its purpose the defeat of Senator Quay in the next legislature. It has been published and not denied that, aided by a certain very wealthy merchant prince who has for many years nursed senatorial ambitions, they propose to raise a vast sum of money, estimated at not less than half a million dollars, with which to conduct their campaign against a man who has admittedly done more for the state of Pennsylvania than any senator who has ever represented the Keystone commonwealth.

"'Such an enormous amount of money for a purely political purpose can be nothing more or less than a corruption fund, and I believe that the men who inspired this fund deserve to be rebuked. I shall vote to give Pennsylvania its full representation, and I am satisfied from my conversations with other senators that the methods and characters of Quay's opponents will be an important determining feature with many of my Democratic colleagues in deciding how they shall vote on the floor of the senate, and I shall frankly say to my associates and the whole country that I am voting for Senator Quay in preference to Mr. Wanamaker.'

"The senator who gave utterance to these sentiments is one of the best known public men in the country, and his views are largely representative of the feeling on both sides of the chamber. In fact, it is freely predicted by Senator Quay's friends here that if the insurgents carry out their threat of sending a committee to Washington to protest against seating him they will only succeed in intensifying the sentiment for him and solidifying his support. The appearance of such a committee here, they say, will give his champions in the senate a chance to expose the reform pretenses of the Martin-Flinn brand of politicians, and will thus aid the senator's cause."

STONE STANDS BY DEWEY.

An incident of the week was the emphatic manner in which Governor Stone expressed himself in condemnation of the attempts of some of the yellow journals of the country to create a sentiment against Admiral Dewey on account of his having transferred the house with which he was presented. If there is one striking characteristic in the makeup of Pennsylvania's stalwart and big hearted governor it is his love of his home life. He is devoted to his wife and children and is never more pleased than when he is surrounded by members of his family. He is not given to running around to social functions, and he avoids occasions of this character, except where he feels it his absolute duty as the representative of the state government to be present.

When asked his opinion of the attacks upon Admiral Dewey Governor Stone said:

"I am disappointe with the criticism on Admiral De , for deeding the house and lot given to him to his wife. I do not think the people understand or appreciate the motive which led him to make this deed. I believe that the Admiral was entirely right in giving the property to his wife, and I believe that instead of condemning him he should be sustained and approved.

"I believe that the wife ought to own the home where the family live and that husbands and fathers ought to be encouraged in deeding the homestead to the wife. She is naturally the queen of the home and should have title to the possession.

"The unpatriotic act which some see in the admiral's deed to his wife has no foundation. A man is none the less a patriot and lover of his country because he makes the home where his wife and children live secure in the wife against his business enterprises and too frequent improvident speculations.

"I believe that the convention of mothers recently assembled in Lancaster missed their opportunity for benefiting women by not passing a resolution commending the admiral for his act and thereby encourage men who are fortunate enough to have wives and homes to put the title in the wife and make it secure against possible unfortunate business enterprises and speculations.

"I do not mean by that that a man should be encouraged in putting his property in his wife's name, but where he has a home that he owns his first duty is to his wife and children, and the title to that, at least, should be and remain in the wife. Dewey has set an example which it would be well for husbands and fathers to follow."

BROOM CORN SEED.

Tradition Says Franklin Planted the First One In This Country.

Every housewife is supposed to know how to handle a broom, but it is safe to say that not one in ten has any clear idea of what her sweeping utensil is made of or how it is made or where the material came from. Brooms are made from the heads or brushes of the broom corn, a first cousin to our common field corn. And in this connection is told a very pleasant little fairy story concerning Benjamin Franklin. "Poor Richard," by the way, seems to have been about the biggest jack of all trades that ever helped the United States to become the richest and most powerful nation of the world. If this story is true, he is the patron saint of the housewife and the broommaker, as well as a kite-flier, lightning catcher, printer, publisher, editor, author, philosopher, statesman and other things "too numerous to mention."

Broom corn first grew in India. From there it was carried to Europe. The story goes that Dr. Franklin was examining a whisk broom that had been brought over from England in the days before we had any broom corn of our own. He found a single seed on the broom, picked it off, planted it and raised a stalk of corn from which is descended, so to speak, all of the broom corn of the United States.

However this may be, broom corn grows much like its first cousin, our maize, which originated here. The head is larger, however, and the seeds grow on the head instead of in ears. The heads are cut off, leaving about six inches of stalk, and the seeds are scraped off by a machine, which does a clean job and does not injure the panicles. The seeds are valuable in a way. They are fed to horses and poultry and ground into meal for cattle. In the making of the brooms, the corn is put around a handle of basswood or soft maple turned in a lathe. Each layer is wound tight with twine or wire until the desired size is attained. The broom is then pressed out flat and sewed to keep it in that shape. Whisk brooms are made in the same way.—Buffalo Express.

AN EFFECT OF LIGHTNING.

Damaged a Pair of Eyes That Were Large and Bright.

Through the brotherhood of affliction that comes from wearing glasses in one of their various forms a popular official of the Rapid Transit company told in conversation the other day of a curious reason why he wore prescription helps to eyesight. "It was because I was struck by lightning," he said. "It was when I was in my teens. I sat between an open window and an open door and there was a flash. The last I can remember is a sense of having an envelope of light around me. I was picked up insensible and those who first saw me say that smoke issued from my mouth and nose. All thought I was dead, but I slowly recovered and soon seemed to be as well as before the heavenly visitation.

"The serious effects of the shock, however, developed in my eyes. Their largeness and brilliancy had been often commended on by my friends, but these more or less desirable features had been destroyed by the electric fluid. The pupils and the irises contracted and I found a great difficulty in my vision. An expert oculist examined the eyes and gave some scientific name to the difficulty. That's another story. I only know that I can see and am glad to be alive.

"One effect remains, however, that is rather curious. Most people who have been struck by lightning are fearful of being struck again. Not so with me. I'm not nervous even in the height of an electrical storm, but I confess I'm not anxious to sit in a room at such a time where there are two openings into the disturbance. That would be inviting destruction."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Fair Bargain.

"Every man should learn to say 'no,'" she said, for she was a strong minded young woman and had well defined views on the temperance question. "Many a young man has been ruined because of his inability to say 'no.'"

"And every woman," he returned, "should learn to say 'yes.' Many a young man of excellent promise has been brought to that condition of mind where he is disinclined to say 'no' owing to the disinclination of some girl to say 'yes.' Let us, therefore, endeavor to correct our own faults. Before asking us to say 'no' you should learn to say 'yes.'"

After a few minutes given to the consideration of the question she confessed her ability to say "yes." It is just as well to hang on to a young man who is smart enough to make such fallacious arguments sound plausible.—Chicago Post.

Paved With Human Skulls.

At Gwandu, in Africa, which contains between 10,000 and 15,000 inhabitants, the town, which is oval in shape, is surrounded by a palisade of tree poles, the top of every pole being crowned with a human skull. There are six gates, and the approach to each gate is laid with a pavement of human skulls, the tops being the only parts that show above ground. More than 2,000 skulls are used in the pavement leading up to each gate. The pavement is of snowy whiteness and polished to the smoothness of ivory by the daily passage of hundreds of naked feet.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Never.

Did you ever look over a book on human ailments that you could not make one of them at least fit your case, even though you thought you were quite well when you began reading?—Philadelphia Times.

Don't be fooled twice in t.. same way.—Atchison Globe.

THE FINAL SMASH UP

MANY PREDICTIONS CONCERNING THE END OF THE WORLD.

These Prophecies Have Startled the Inhabitants of This Old Earth From as Far Back as the Year 1000—The Fear of Comets.

In 1521 Jean Stofler, a German, plunged Europe into terror by predicting a universal deluge in 1524 "owing to the conjunction of several planets in a watery sign"—the watery signs are Cancer, Scorpio and Pisces. At his ominous words thousands fled to the mountains, and others took refuge in boats. Awinol, a doctor of law and canon of Toulouse, even built a sort of ark on four pillars as a haven of refuge. There was no need of such excitement. No flood came. On the contrary, the season was even calmer and drier than usual. Stofler had, indeed, made a serious blunder and one for which many of his fellow astrologers, including Cardau, never pardoned him.

Stofler, however, is only one in a long list of prophets whose predictions in regard to the end of the world have proved utterly false. As far back as the year 1000 many communities in Europe were driven half distracted by rumors that the day of judgment was close at hand, and again, in 1186, whole cities were paralyzed with fright for the same reason. Now and again during the latter part of the middle ages the same extraordinary phenomenon was witnessed, though in a lesser degree, and ever since the modern revival of occultism there have not been wanting erratic prophets of the Jean Stofler type.

Years ago a Mr. Baxter created a sensation in England by his prediction that the world would certainly come to an end in 1887. Thousands believed in him, and great was their surprise when they discovered that he was mistaken. Yet such is the credulity of human nature that their faith in him remained unshaken, and, no matter what year he selected as the final one of the world's existence, they accepted his prediction as gospel truth.

Equally bold, though doubtless not as popular as Baxter, is the Abbe Dupin, cure of the village of Dion, in France, and author of a book with the following extraordinary title: "The grand coup or universal cataclysm will ravage the world between the 19th and 21st of September, 1896, according to the Scriptures. The prophecies of the Old and New Testaments compare with those of the fathers and with the secrets of La Salette, in which is foretold the great war which will destroy nine-tenths of the human race, the coming of antichrist and his reign, after which the church will triumph over her enemies and the reign of Christ begin on earth." The author fixed September, 1896, as the time when the great "coup," as he called it, would take place, but he added that if it did not take place then it would certainly occur before the close of 1899.

The appearance of comets has frequently given rise to similar predictions. This was the case when the famous comet of 1680 appeared. Whiston ascribed the deluge to its former appearance, and such an excitement did it cause among all classes of the people that Bayle wrote a treatise to prove the absurdity of belief founded on these portents. Mme. de Levigne, writing at the same time, said:

"We have a comet of enormous size. Its tail is the most beautiful object conceivable. Every person of note is alarmed and believes that heaven, interested in their fate, sends them a warning in this comet. They say that the courtiers of Cardinal Mazarin, who is despaired of by his physicians, believe this prodigy is in honor of his passing away and tell him of the terror with which it has inspired them. He had the sense to laugh at them and to reply facetiously that the comet did him too much honor."

M. Camille Flammarion, the distinguished French astronomer, says on the same subject: "In this century predictions concerning the end of the world have several times been associated with comets. It was announced that the comet of Biela, for example, would intersect the world's orbit on Oct. 29, 1832, which did as predicted. There was great excitement. Once more the end of things was declared at hand. Humanity was threatened. What was going to happen? The orbit—that is to say, the path of the earth—had been confounded with the earth itself. The latter was not to reach that point of its orbit traversed by the comet until Nov. 30, more than a month after the comet's passage, and the latter was at no time to be within 20,000,000 leagues of us. Once more we got off with a good fright."

In his entertaining book, "La Fin du Monde," M. Flammarion gives a graphic description of a collision between the earth and a comet which is to take place some time in the twenty-fifth century. "These two heavenly bodies, the earth and the comet," he writes, "will meet like two trains rushing headlong upon each other with resistless momentum, as if impelled to mutual destruction by an insatiable rage. But in the present instance the velocity of shock will be 865 times greater than that of two express trains having each a speed of 100 kilometers per hour."—New York Herald.

Undisputed.

First Lawyer—You are a liar and a swindler.

Second Lawyer—You are a liar and a blackguard.

The Court (softly)—Come, gentlemen, let's get down to the disputed points of the case.—Philadelphia North American.

The Buccaneers.

The original "boucaniers" were a wild and picturesque gang. To the waist they were generally clothed in a sunburned and weather beaten skin, and they wore pantaloons of a coarse linen, dyed and stiffened with the blood of bulls and pigs and held up by a belt of rawhide, stuck full of deadly knives. Their apparel terminated with pigskin boots and no stockings, and they carried a long barreled firelock, loaded with ounce balls of lead.

They were animated with a common hatred of the Spaniard, which in their eyes justified any attack upon his person or property, and by a wild sort of attachment to each other in their perilous lives, which led to their being known as the "Brethren of the Coast."

When the Spaniards drove them into the career of marauders upon the sea, the word buccaneer took a new meaning, though they were also known as freebooters. This was a mongrel English word, "buiten" being Dutch and "bueten" German for plunder. Of this word the French made "tribuster," with the s silent, and then softened it to "flibustier," which the Spaniards modified into filibustero. So we finally got the word back, with a new meaning and a special application as "filibuster."—"The West Indies," by Amos Kidder Fiske.

Rough on the Minister.

Sir William Long tells a story of an old Scotch lady who could not abide long sermons. She was hobbling out of the kirk one Sunday when a coachman, who was waiting for his people, asked her, "Is the minister dune wi' his sermon?"

"He was dune lang syne," said the old lady impatiently, "but we wauna stop!"

The Festal Hour.

"How happy the Dabney-Joneses look this evening. It must be their wedding anniversary."

"No; they've got their old cook back."—Detroit Free Press.

A Chess Genius.

When Lasker, previous to the 1899 chess international tournament, visited Manchester he was opposed in a simultaneous performance by an unknown player, who had obtained permission from the club secretary to take a board against the champion. The player put up quite a fair game, but was finally mated. Then he inquired of Lasker to know wherein he had erred in the conduct of the play.

"Well," said Lasker, "your play has been somewhat peculiar. I notice that you have not once moved your knights."

"No," replied the player, "the fact is that I have not as yet quite mastered the move of the knights, so I thought it safer not to move them at all."

The stranger had unconsciously conceded his famous adversary the odds of two knights, not to mention the handicap of his cramped position.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Best Twenty Books.

"The 20 best books in the world," according to a consensus of replies recently published in London Truth, are as follows: The Bible, Shakespeare, Homer, "Paradise Lost," "Vanity Fair," Dante, "The Pilgrim's Progress," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," "Ivanhoe," "Robinson Crusoe," Carlyle's "French Revolution," "The Imitation of Christ," Boswell's Johnson, "Pickwick," Tennyson, "The Arabian Nights," Virgil, Moliere, "David Copperfield" and "The Vicar of Wakefield." In this selection the books are supposed to rank in the order named.

Has It Bad.

"Why, I didn't know she had the golf craze."

"You didn't? Oh, it's a terrible case. Seems to have struck in. She sold her canaries awhile ago and won't have anything but bobolinks in the house now."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Dunned With a Purpose.

Debtor—Don't be so anxious to collect this bill. I'm not going to run away.

Creditor—But I am.—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

All tired out—
Once a day's work didn't use him up so—
Now he comes home with an aching back, aching head, aching limbs, feeling tired, miserable, discouraged.
It's the kidneys.
The backache is kidney ache, tired kidneys—
They are not filtering the blood as they should—are leaving the uric acid and other poisons in the system—
The kidneys must be strengthened—
Well kidneys make a well man.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Make well kidneys—they are not a new medicine—not an experiment—they've been tested and thousands endorse their merit. Here's a case of it:

Mr. T. W. Otto, of 924 Seventeenth street, furniture dealer, Altoona, Pa., says:

"In 1896 I gave a testimonial to Doan's Kidney Pills, after having successfully used that remedy when all others had failed to cure me. I have remained quite free from the kidney trouble of which they cured me three years ago, and I can as strongly recommend them now as I did then, for I have not felt the need of a kidney remedy since. With me they proved as permanent as they were effective."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

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

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, Oct. 4, 1899.

Apples	per bu	25-40c
	dried, ℔	3c
	evaporated ℔	12c
Apple Butter, per gal		40 to 50c
Butter	roll, per ℔	18c
	fresh keg, per ℔	15c
	creamery, per ℔	20c
Beeswax per ℔		30
Bacon	country ham, per ℔	10 to 12c
	sugar cured ham, per ℔	12-14
	side, per ℔	6 to 8c
	shoulder, per ℔	10 to 8c
Beans	white navy, per bus	90c
	Lima, per ℔	5c
Coffee	green, per ℔	15c
	roasted, per ℔	16 to 18c
Cement	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.90 to 1.20
	Portland, per bbl	$2.50 to 4.00
Cornmeal, per ℔		1½c
Eggs, per doz		18c
Fish, lake herring	½ bbl	per 70 ℔ $2.70
	¼ bbl	per 30 ℔ $1.35
Honey, white clover, per ℔		20c
Lard, per ℔		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 ℔		8 to 10c
Prunes, per ℔		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	$3.25
	ground alum, 180 ℔ sacks	90c
Sugar	maple, per ℔	9 to 10c
	imported yellow, per ℔	5c
	white, A, per ℔	5¾-6¼c
	granulated, per ℔	5¾-6½c
	Cube, or pulverized, per ℔	6c
Syrup	per gal	35c
	maple, per gal	40 to 65c
Stoneware, gallon		5c
Tallow, per ℔		3 to 5c
Vinegar, per gal		20 to 30c
Seeds	timothy, per bus	$1.50
	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	barley, white beardless, per bus	1.35
	buckwheat, per bus	45c
	corn shelled, per bus	45 to 48c
	oats, per bus	33 to 35c
	rye, per bus	50c
& Feed	wheat, per bus	65c
	bran, per 100 ℔s	85c
	corn and oats chop, per 100 ℔s	85c
Flour	flour, roller process, per bbl	3.80
	" spring patent and fancy	
	high grade	$4.50 $4.75
	flour, lower grade per 140 ℔s	$1.35 $1.40
Middlings	white, per 100 ℔s	85c
	red, per 100 ℔s	85

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch.

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:45 a. m., Somerset 12:07, Stoystown 12:33, Hooversville 12:43, Johnstown 1:15 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 4:40 p. m., Somerset 5:02 Stoyestown 5:31, Hooversville 5:42, Johnstown 6:20.

SOUTHWARD.

*Mail.—Johnstown 8:21 a.m., Hooversville 9:03 Stoyestown 9:38, Someret 9:52 Rockwood 10:15.

Express.—Johnstown 1:55 p. m., Hooversville 2:33, Stoyestown 2:47, Somerset 3:15, Rockwood 3:40.

*Daily.

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

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 1899.

CONDENSED SCHEDULT.

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

WESTWARD.

Western Express	4:11	a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:01	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:52	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:20	"
Way Passenger	2:51	p. m.
Pittsburg Express	4:33	"
Mail	9:05	"
Fast Line	9:41	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:55	"

EASTWARD

Atlantic Express	4:47	a. m
Seashore Express	5:40	"
Altoona Accommodation	8:51	"
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	"

THE WINDOW IN THE TENT.

An Old Soldier's Way of Securing Ventilation When in the Field.

"I never pull down the window at the top to let in a little fresh air when I go to bed," said the old soldier, "without thinking of how we used to open the window in the tents in the army in wartimes. An A tent, seven feet square at the base and running up wedge shaped, to a ridgepole seven feet above the ground, made comfortable enough quarters for four men if you could leave the tent open, which was equivalent to leaving off the front of the house, but if it were cold or rainy and the wind blew on the front of the tent so that you had to close it, why then you wanted ventilation somewhere, and you got it by making an opening in the back of the tent.

"There was a seam, overlapped, running down the middle of the back of the tent from the ridge pole to the ground, and we used to cut the stitches along that seam, up near the top of the tent, and spread the sides apart by putting in a stick six or eight inches long across the middle, making there a diamond shaped opening about a foot long, which served the purpose admirably.

"The men's guns stood at that end of the tent, butts resting on a piece of cracker box, the barrels held in some sort of a holder secured to the tent pole. If the wind changed on some rainy night and came around to blow against the back of the tent, the rain would come in on the guns and on us, and then somebody would get up and shut the window—that is, take the stick out and let the canvas come together again there and then open the tent a little at the other end, at the front.

"This all used to seem kind o' strange, then somehow, though practically it was just what I would have done in the old house at home and just what I'd do here now."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

CECIL RHODES' IDEA.

His Reason For Declining a Drink in the Early Days at Kimberley.

In connection with the foundation of Cecil Rhodes' colossal wealth, there is a story told by an old fellow miner, himself lately a colonial minister of finance, which illustrates at least one trait in the character of the great South African financier and politician.

During the early days of the Kimberley diggings it was the custom when a