TOM THUMB ABROAD.

THE FAMOUS DWARF'S VISIT TO ENGLAND IN 1844.

Barnum's Clever Advertising In the London Newspapers—The Yankee Midget Was a Great Success and a Prime Favorite With Royalty.

In St. Nicholas Mary Shears Roberts recounts the successes of the famous dwarf Tom Thumb. There have been smaller dwarfs, but none brighter or more intelligent than our tiny Yankee, who was never more than three feet tall. He was born in Bridgeport, Conn., in 1832 or thereabouts, of "poor but honest parents." His real name was Charles S. Stratton, and although his relatives always called him Charley he was known to the world at large as the one and only "General Tom Thumb." Under the management of Mr. P. T. Barnum our small hero traveled all over and all around the earth, making two colossal fortunes, one for himself and one for his manager. On Jan. 18, 1844, he set sail for Europe to try his fascinations on kings and queens and princes.

In those days a voyage across the Atlantic was a much more important event than it is now, and you may rest assured that Mr. Barnum made great capital of this 19 days' journey. The party consisted of the manager, the "General," his parents, his tutor and a French naturalist, and a brass band escorted them to Sandy Hook. This fact was duly heralded in the London newspapers, to which was added the statement that "on leaving New York the dwarf was escorted to the packet by no less than 10,000 persons."

Soon after arriving in London Mr. Barnum and his charge called at the office of The Illustrated London News. The first portrait of Tom Thumb taken in England appears in that journal, dated Feb. 24, 1844. There are two cuts. In the first he is seen standing on a chair by a table, which serves to emphasize his diminutive size. The second picture is very good and is called "The American Dwarf at the Princess Theater." He is represented as being on the stage before the footlights parodying the walk and manners of Napoleon. Tom Thumb's performances at the Princess theater made such a "hit" that Mr. Barnum next engaged Egyptian hall, Piccadilly, whither thronged many visitors of rank and fashion.

The American minister, the Hon. Edward Everett, was very kind to his countrymen, and it was at his house that Mr. Barnum met a certain Mr. Murray, master of the queen's household. On the day following one of the Queen's Life guards appeared before Mr. Barnum with a note containing an invitation from the queen to General Tom Thumb and his guardian, Mr. Barnum, to appear at Buckingham palace on a specified evening.

In retiring from the royal presence Mr. Barnum attempted to follow the example set by the lord in waiting by backing out. The gallery was of great length, and the gentlemen with long strides made rapid progress, but Tom Thumb's short legs left him far behind—or before. Seeing that he was losing ground, he turned and ran a few steps, then resumed the process of "backing." Again losing ground, he repeated the performance, to the great amusement of the royal spectators. The queen soon sent another summons, and the "General," with his guardian, made a second visit to the palace, being received in the yellow drawing room. A third visit was soon paid to Buckingham palace, and this time the queen's uncle, Leopold, king of the Belgians, was present and was greatly amused, asking many questions, and Queen Victoria, desiring the "General" to sing, inquired what song he preferred. "Yankee Doodle," was the prompt reply. All present laughed heartily, and her majesty said: "That is a very pretty song, 'General.' Sing it, if you please." And he did.

The British public was now fairly excited. From March 29 to July 29 the levees of the little "General" at Egyptian hall were continually crowded.

One afternoon, attired in a court dress, consisting of a handsomely embroidered velvet coat, short breeches, white satin vest, white silk stockings, pumps, wig, cocked hat and dress sword, he went to Marlborough House, the residence of Queen Adelaide, widow of William IV.

"Why, 'General,'" said the queen dowager, "I think you look very smart today." "I guess I do," he answered contentedly. Before he left the queen took him up on her lap, saying: "I see you have no watch. Will you permit me to give you one?" "I should like it very much," was the answer. And a few weeks after he was again invited to Marlborough House, where many children of the nobility were present, and Queen Adelaide gave him a beautiful but tiny watch and chain.

He received many other presents from various people, and these were all placed under a glass case and exhibited at the receptions. The Duke of Wellington frequently looked in upon the little man, and on one occasion, when the small "General," with folded arms and knitted brow, was strutting up and down, imitating Napoleon, the big general, Wellington, laughingly inquired, "Of what are you thinking, my little man?" "I am thinking, sir, of the battle of Waterloo," was the prompt reply, the little features never losing their serious expression.

Making Distinctions.

"Do you know much about music?"

"Not a great deal," answered Mr. Rufshod. "But I've managed to figure out that if you hear anything in a theater at the cost of $5 per seat it's art, and if somebody sings the same thing in an adjacent flat or hammers it out on a piano it's an infernal racket. I'm getting on."—Washington Star.

The Fence Will Stay.

Two Atchison men decided recently that their property would look better with no dividing fence between and took it down. It was down a week when both women agreed to make their husbands put up the fence again. They had had no trouble, but a talk in the back yard without a fence to lean on was like meat without salt. The fence is up to stay.—Atchison Globe.

His Eyesight Good.

Large Lady—Could you see me across the street, officer?

New Policeman—Shure, ma'am; it's th' tolms th' distance Oi could see yez.—Chicago News.

A Grave Request.

A solicitor in a Georgia court is responsible for the following:

He overheard a conversation between his cook and a nurse, who were discussing a recent funeral of a member of their race, at which there had been a great profusion of flowers. The nurse said:

"When I die, don't plant no flowers on my grave, but plant a good old watermelon vine, and when it gets ripe you come dar, and don't you eat it, but jes' bus' it on de grave and let dat good old juice dribble down through de ground."—Youth's Companion.

Not Particular as to Weapons.

The waiter girl knew a thing or two about table etiquette, so she sniffed scornfully as she said, "It's not our custom to serve a knife with pie."

"No?" remarked the patron in surprise. "Then bring me an ax."—Philadelphia Record.

A bride must feel rather cheap when a relative gives her away.—Chicago News.

The British empire embraces 2,000 rivers.

THE PAGE'S DIFFICULTY.

He Told His Troubles Right Out at the Wedding.

A good story comes from Atlanta, but the incident happened several seasons ago. The occasion was a swell church wedding. The edifice had been gloriously decorated. The bride, surrounded by a company of pages, flower girls and maids of honor, was slowly passing down the aisle, while the prospective bridegroom and his best man and the officiating clergyman were taking their places. The church organ was pealing forth the sounds as of joyous wedding bells. Fashionable people dressed for the occasion occupied the seats of the handsome church.

It so happened that one of the pages had in the rush of business preparatory to dressing for the occasion been turned over to the care of a nurse. As he proceeded down the main aisle of the church in company with the other youngsters, who in white satin suits were doing the honors of each respective household, he suddenly espied his mother seated in one of the pews.

At this point the organist began playing softly as the wedding party passed to the altar. Then, above the gentle strains of music clear as a bird could be heard the voice of the aforesaid small boy.

"Mamma," he shrilly cried, "nurse put on my panties wrong side before, and I can't hardly walk!"

Of course the horrified mamma could do nothing but blush scarlet, but lifted a prayer that the young scion would keep still from that time on. And he did and received a hearty kiss from the bride at the close of the ceremony. This is a true story and can be vouched for by those who attended the wedding.—Galesburg (Ga.) Mail.

ANCIENT ARITHMETIC.

Examples That Were Used In Egypt 3,600 Years Ago.

Probably the oldest copy book for home lessons in arithmetic was recently unearthed in Egypt. The papyrus, which was found in excellent condition, dates from the period about 1700 B. C.—that is, about 100 years before the time of Moses, or almost 3,600 years ago. It proves that the Egyptians had a thorough knowledge of elementary mathematics almost to the extent of our own. The papyrus has a long heading, "Direction how to attain the knowledge of all dark things," etc. Numerous examples show that their principal operations with entire units and fractions were made by means of addition and multiplication. Subtractions and divisions were not known in their present form, but correct results were obtained nevertheless.

Equations are also found in the papyrus. Among the examples given is this one: Ten measures of barley are to be divided among ten persons in such a manner that each subsequent person receives one-eighth of a measure less than the one before him. Another example given is: There are seven men, each one has seven cats, each cat has eaten seven mice, each mouse has eaten seven grains of barley, each grain of barley would, if cultivated, have yielded seven measures of barley. How much barley has been lost in that way?

The papyrus also contains calculations of area, the calculation of the area of a circle and its transformation into a square, and finally calculations of the cubic measurements of pyramids.—Philadelphia Record.

The Fate of Admiral Byng.

Admiral John Byng was the fourth son of the Earl of Torrington and served in the British navy, rising to be admiral of the red in 1748, when he was 44 years old. In 1756 he was sent with a badly equipped fleet to relieve Minorca, threatened by the French. He reached Minorca after the French had got there. His second in command, Rear Admiral West, drove them back, while Byng kept his ships out of action. In a day or two he sailed to Gibraltar, leaving Minorca to its fate. He was tried for treachery and cowardice, but acquitted. The court martial convicted him of not having done his best to relieve the island, and under the application of article 12 of the British naval code of those days he was condemned to be shot. The ministers took him as a scapegoat, and he was shot on the quarter deck of his own flagship, the Monarque, in Portsmouth harbor on March 14, 1757.

A Text That Caught.

The following extraordinary coincidence occurred at Tinwald recently: A young preacher, who has lately married, was planned to take the morning service, but, by a misreading of the plan, he mistook his appointment for an evening one. Consequently the congregation gathered on the Sunday morning waited in vain for his appearance. Thereupon one of the office bearers of the church present undertook the service. Totally unaware that the absent preacher had recently married, he electrified and amused his audience by announcing as his text, "He has married a wife, and therefore he cannot come."—New Zealand Herald.

The Business For Him.

Little Charles—Sister told mamma yesterday you was born to be a politician.

Mr. Skimpley—A politician? I wonder why she thinks so.

Little Charles—She says you can do so much talkin without committin yourself.—Chicago Times-Herald.

People who suffer from heat in the hands and feet can obtain speedy and easy relief from the same by putting inside their stockings and gloves a small portion of very fine oatmeal.

Prisoners in the penitentiary are about the only ones that live up to their convictions.—Kansas City Star.

An Alien From Arkansas.

"When I was on the bench," relates Judge J. J. Du Bose, "we were once making up a special jury for a murder trial. The lawyers were examining the venire, and I wasn't paying much attention to what was going on till one of the lawyers attracted my attention by saying:

"'Your honor, this man is incompetent for jury service. He's a foreigner.'

"I looked at the man under examination and didn't think he looked like a foreigner. He looked, anyway, like he was acclimated. So I asked him:

"'Have you ever been naturalized?'

"'No, sir,' he answered.

"'And you say you're a foreigner and not naturalized? What country are you a native of?'

"'Arkansas.'

"Well, everybody in the courtroom laughed. I told the man he could go. He wasn't much of a 'foreigner,' but too much to sit on a jury in my court."—Memphis Scimitar.

Secret Drawers.

"Most people seem to think," says a maker of furniture, "that secret drawers and hidden receptacles in furniture only exist in novels and plays, but this is by no means so. I very frequently take orders for such items, and I employ a clever woman designer, who shows positive genius in planning places of concealment, which no amount of tapping or measuring could reveal. In most cases, even were the hollow receptacle discovered, the woodwork around would have to be cut away, so complex are the fastenings. Most of the orders come from women—and rich people, of course—and I have no doubt that a desire to hide articles from too curious servants dictates the orders."—New York Tribune.

The word Asia is derived from the Sanskrit Ushas, meaning the land of the morning dawn.

THE MOHAVE INDIANS

THEY ARE THE MOST SUPERSTITIOUS OF ALL OUR RED MEN.

After Death Their Spirits, They Say, Are Carried to Heaven In the Smoke From Their Burning Bodies—Those Not Burned Turn to Owls.

J. K. Meekinson, formerly a government special agent, says that the Mohaves are the most superstitious tribe of North American Indians.

"The Mohaves," said he, "believe in a god Mat-o-we-lia. He is the maker of all things. He has a son, whom they call Mas-zam-ho, who is king of the departed spirits. Mat-o-we-lia, they say, conducts the movements of the sun, moon and stars. He sends the rain and the sunshine and decides whether the season shall bring feast or famine. He guards the hunting ground. Mas-zam-ho has full charge of affairs in heaven, or White Mountain, as they call it.

"They believe that the spirit dead go up to White Mountain in smoke and that all the personal property destroyed in the flames with the deceased will go with him. There pots are constantly boiling, filled with the choicest things to eat. They invariably cremate their dead that Mas-zam-ho may be appeased, and the funeral pyre is made ready for the corpse as soon as life is extinct, in order that the spirit journey to White Mountain may be accelerated.

"I witnessed about 12 months ago the cremation of an influential subchief, whose death was deeply mourned. The funeral pyre was made near the temporary village, just off the reservation at Fort Mohave. Shortly after nightfall all the inhabitants of the village gathered about the pyre. The body, wrapped in a gorgeous Mohave blanket, with the fringes artistically worked in beads, was carried on the shoulders of four braves from the lodge to the platform of inflammable firewood.

"Following the pallbearers came the women and children and near relatives. The family group crouched near the pyre. The chief of the medicine men offered first words of praise and thanks to Mat-o-we-lia for making the elements favorable to an easy passage and then a supplication to Mas-zam-ho to receive the spirit of the departed chieftain with due honors at White Mountain.

"Then the dead body was placed on the pyre, the fire was lighted, the crackling flames swept fiercely up about the corpse, and the spirit was on its way to its eternal home on White Mountain. Friends and relatives chanted songs of lamentation and moaned piteously while the flames devoured the body. At short intervals the four pallbearers cast upon the flames personal property of the deceased in the expectation of its going up in smoke with him to White Mountain, thereby adding to his comfort.

"The mourners also contributed some of their choicest personal belongings, so that in his new and eternal home the absent one might have about him remembrances of their affection. To the women of the immediate family was granted the privilege of contributing portions of their hair to the flames. After the incineration was complete Mohave etiquette forbade the friends and relatives to eat salt or wash themselves for four days.

"It is a belief firmly fixed in the Mohave mind that all Mohaves who die and are not cremated turn into owls. When an owl is heard hooting at night near their village, they think it is the spirit of some dead Mohave returned. If by chance an owl falls into their hands, the bird is properly cremated, in the belief that the wandering spirit of its Mohave occupant will thereby be quieted and thus enabled to approach Mas-zam-ho, confident that its petition to be allowed to enter the promised land and thereafter rest in peace among the other good Indians of White Mountain cannot be refused.

"Until very recently the Mohaves held yearly a mourning festival. It was the annual burning of personal property in honor of the departed members of the tribe. At the hour deemed most propitious by the medicine men to both Mat-o-we-lia and to Mas-zam-ho the Mohaves assembled in an open spot near their village, a high knoll usually being selected. The pyre had been prepared as though for the cremation of the dead. When the fire was hottest, each member of the tribe contributed to the flames some bit of personal property held in choice esteem.

"As the thick smoke floated skyward the mourning Indians were consoled for the loss of objects of personal adornment, apparel or of hunting implements by their firm belief that the curling smoke rings were wafted straight to Mas-zam-ho, king of the departed spirits, and that their loved ones on White Mountain were soon in possession of these proofs of their lasting love and remembrance.

"Under the influence of their agents the Mohaves have abandoned the annual sacrifice to the dead, and, except at Needles, off the reservation, it is not now observed."—Washington Letter in New York Sun.

Dancing.

In the earlier ages dancing was advocated as a cure for sickness. Lycurgus brought back from India and Egypt to Lacedaemonia notions of medico-religious dances and enacted that the Spartan youth should be brought up gracefully and symmetrically. In Greece Socrates commended dancing with a view to educating the mind and body, for he looked on it as a health giving device.

Somebody remarks that they who sneer at golf knew nothing about it. But it may also be said that many who know nothing about the game are most enthusiastic in its praise.—Boston Transcript.

A Considerate Father.

The Impecunious Son—It was rather hard for you, father, not to send me any money when I was so much in need of it.

The Thoughtful Father—It was my desire to send you ample means immediately, but it was such a pleasure to read your letters asking for remittances—so finely worded, you know—that I could not deny myself the satisfaction of having more and more of them.—Boston Transcript.

Fitly Named.

Seeker—That's quite a fine horse you've been buying. What have you named him?

Sageman—Great Bargain.

Seeker—Ah! Great Bargain, eh? Then it was another of your shrewd investments?

Sageman—Oh, that had nothing to do with the name. I call him Great Bargain because my wife can drive him.—Boston Courier.

Amber is found all along the Prussian shores of the Baltic, but principally in the peninsula of Samland. All amber found everywhere is state property, but the state cannot mine amber without the permission of the owner of the ground.

In the Imperial library at Calcutta more than 10,000 volumes on Indian affairs are brought together and classified.

America's Position Among Nations.

An English traveler who has recently been in this country remarks, in making a comparison between the principal great nations of the world, that "holy Russia is a formidable idea, Great Britain is a picturesque and pregnant idea, but the United States is a self conscious, clearly defined and heroically vindicated idea, in whose further vindication the whole world is concerned."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE OLD TIME BELLE.

The Busy Modern Girlhood Smiles Over Her Trivial Interests.

An extract from the "journal of a young lady of fashion" several centuries ago makes one feel quite relieved that it is not really a part of elegant living nowadays to keep journals, remarks an exchange. Poor little faded journal! The delicate little hand that penned those cramped lines, maybe, was given to "John Grey." For romance's sake, let's hope that it was.

"7 o'clock—Went to walk with the lady, my mother, in the courtyard.

"10 o'clock—Went to dinner; John Grey, a most comely youth—but what is that to me? A virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little and stole a great many tender looks at me; said women would never be handsome, in his opinion, who were not good natured. I hope my temper is not intolerable. * * * Rose from the table; the company all desirous of walking in the fields; John Grey would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hands with vehemence. I cannot say I should have any objections to John Grey; he plays at prison bars as well as any of the country gentlemen and is remarkably dutiful to his parents, my lord and lady, and never misses church on Sunday."

A sample of poetry dedicated to "a young lady" shows what women were served with in the way of literature:

And he whose lot is blessed,
As only man's can be,
Will find too sure a rest
On earth with thee.
Where all is bright and fair
And sorry joys entomb,
Thou'rt be transplanted there
And ever bloom.

O ye shades of our ancestresses! What would you think of the contents of some of our library shelves? What would you think of the rosy cheeked girl who would consider such poetry as you read simply too insipid and stupid for any use?—Baltimore Herald.

MACREADY ON THE STAGE.

The Tragedian Was Not a Pleasant Man to Act With.

Macready was a dreadful man to act with. You had the pleasant sensation of knowing that you were doing nothing that he wanted you to do, though following strictly his instructions. He would press you down with his hand on your head and tell you in an undertone to stand up. Mr. Macready was a terribly nervous actor. Any little thing which happened unexpectedly irritated him beyond endurance.

One night at the Park "Macbeth" was the play. Mrs. Sloman, an old fashioned actress, dressed Lady Macbeth in the manner which prevailed in her early life, in black velvet, point lace and pearl beads. In the murder scene part of his dress caught on the tassels of her pearl girdle. The string broke, the beads fell to the floor softly with a pretty rhythmic sound, distinctly heard through the intense silence of the scene.

This so exasperated Mr. Macready that he was almost frantic, until, with the final lines of the scene, "Wake, Duncan with the knocking, oh! Would thou couldst," he threw Mrs. Sloman off the stage, with words which I hope were unheard by the public and were certainly unfit for publication.—"Autobiographical Sketches," by Mrs. John Drew, in Scribner's.

A City With Two Carriages.

There are only two carriages in town. One belongs to the archbishop, and the other carriage is the property of the government and one of the perquisites that pertain to the presidential power. It is an ordinary landau, imported from Paris in pieces and put together by local talent, and a native artist has painted upon the panels of the doors a brilliant reproduction of the coat of arms of the republic, about a foot square, in the national colors—green, yellow and red. This is greatly admired by the populace, who see the carriage only occasionally, on state occasions, when it is drawn by four big black horses wearing harness heavily mounted with silver and decorated with rosettes, tassels and streamers of the national colors.—La Paz (Bolivia) Cor. Chicago Record.

An Illustrious Newsboy.

The guests at my table at the luncheon were Professors Gneist and Hoffman and Von Bunsen. While thus refreshing ourselves, both physically and mentally, Hoffman told the following story of Faraday, whom he had known very intimately. They were walking one day together through the streets of London, where both were then professors, when Faraday stopped a newsboy and bought a paper. Hoffman asked him why, with his house supplied regularly with all the papers he needed, he stopped to buy a paper from a boy in the street. Faraday replied, "I was once a newsboy myself and sold papers on the street."—John Bigelow's Recollections in Century.

Where It Was Needed.

McSwitters—No, I don't want the encyclopedia.

Agent—Do you know any one around here who might?

McSwitters—The man next door. He's one of those fellows who know it all.—Syracuse Herald.

Kind Words.

Kind words are like music to the world: they have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes. No one has ever been converted by a sarcasm; crushed, perhaps, if the sarcasm was clever enough, but never made better.

Across the Division Fence.

First Lady—I'd lick ye in a minute only I wouldn't dirty me hands on ye!

Second Lady—Course ye wouldn't. Ye'd clean 'em.

The riot call was sent in about three minutes later.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Passing of the "Hayseed."

Who does not know him, with his goat-like beard, his wispy hair, his "galluses" of homely cut, his trousers evolved by the seeming aid of a buzz saw, his voice of an impossible nasality, his speech uncouth, his gestures ungainly, his greenness amazing? Who has not seen him on the stage of the the vaudeville farce or outlined by the overworked caricaturist? No one.

We are familiar with him from absurd hat to ludicrous footwear, and have been for years. Who sees him on the streets of Northwestern cities today? No one.

In a modified form he exists in that part of the nation which Bostonese are wont to call "way down East." He also exists to some extent in the New England that is nearer Boston than Maine, while from New York and New Jersey he is not altogether absent. West of a line drawn north and south through Chicago he is rare—at least as an indigenous variety.

The passing of the "hayseed" is desirable. As the farmer becomes more like him of the city he and his children will care less for the so-called delights of metropolitan life, will recognize his innate and indestructible independence, and will be better satisfied with his lot.—Minneapolis Times.

Remarkable Feature of It

"That fact that he has 24 children is not the really remarkable feature of the case."

"Then what is it?"

"The fact that he has been able to support them."—St Louis Post Dispatch.

TWO BLUFFS THAT WON.

A Pleasant Meeting Between the Editor and the Reporter.

Jack Rogers was a newspaper reporter and broke. He had hung around the Dubuque newspaper offices for a job until he had been requested to move on. So he decided to move on to Des Moines. But how to get there was the question. Jack put on his thinking cap, and the result was that two hours later he found himself on a train and the conductor standing by his seat.

"Ticket!" said the conductor.

"See here, conductor," said Jack easily, "my name's Rogers, and I'm a reporter on the Des Moines Air Blast. I'm broke and I'm in a hurry to get back home with a big scoop. You let me ride and the office'll fix it up with you. See?"

"Well," said the conductor, "I guess that'll do all right. The road feels friendly toward The Air Blast. In fact, the editor is in the back coach. Come along and I'll introduce you. If he says you're all right, it goes."

Jack was knocked all in a heap at the turn things had taken, but he had nothing to do but to follow the conductor. They halted in front of a man in the coach, and the conductor said:

"Mr. Smltem, this is Mr. Rogers. He says he's a reporter on your paper, and wants the office to pay for his transportation when he gets to Des Moines."

"How do you do, Mr. Rogers?" said the editor pleasantly, extending his hand. "Glad to see you. Sit down here with me." The conductor didn't wait for any more, but went off.

"Well, this is nice of you," said Jack, too astonished and embarrassed to talk straight. "Of course, I'm not on your paper, but I'm broke and yarned to the conductor, hoping to get a job and square it up later."

"Oh, that's all right, my boy," said the other. "Neither am I on the paper. I'm only riding on the editor's pass."—San Francisco Bulletin.

EGGS BY QUART.

White or Mixed in This Way of Marketing "Hen Fruit."

"Give me a quart of yolks."

"What are whites worth today?"

"Send me up a gallon of mixed."

Such expressions as these will be familiar terms in grocery stores and butcher shops in Kansas City before long. Housewives will make them so, for eggs will be sold by the pint, quart and gallon instead of by the dozen. In fact, the big confectionery establishments of the city buy them by the gallon now. Kitchen economy suggested the scheme, and local packers immediately took it up.

How often it is that a cook will break a dozen or more eggs in order to get the yolks to make a cake. The whites will be thrown away, or vice versa. Why not make a saving of the whites or yolks, as the case may be? was suggested. The packers put the question to the confectioners, and the latter saw the point. Now, when a confectioner wants to make stuff with the yolks he sends to a packing house and buys yolks by the gallon. If he wants to use the whites for something, he sends for them. If he wants to use both, he sends and gets a mixed can. It is predicted that housewives will soon adopt the same method.

With this new system of handling "hen fruit," there is absolutely no loss. The eggshells are even used. They are ground up and sold for chicken feed.—Kansas City Times.

An Ancient Coin.

One of the prized curios of the Philadelphia mint is a coin which is 2,000 years old and which was coined at the ancient mint of that other Philadelphia of the far east mentioned in the Bible. It is still in good condition, and the inscription is perfectly legible. The design on the face of the coin bears a striking resemblance to the Goddess of Liberty of our own currency, and underneath is the one word "Demos," which means "the people." On the other side is the figure of Diana, with her bow arched, and the inscription, "Diana, Friend of the Philadelphians." When this coin was struck off, Philadelphia was the most important city of Lydia. The prize was picked up in Europe by Joseph Mickley, a celebrated Philadelphia violin maker and numismatist of high repute, who presented it to the mint.—Philadelphia Record.

Aptly Designated.

Robert Hilliard, the actor, once brought a young English woman to see "El Capitan." She was much impressed with De Wolff Hopper and remarked: "What a charming man your Mr. Hopper is! Tell me, is he married?"

"Been married three times," was the reply.

"Three times!" she repeated. "And they are all three dead?"

"No," was the answer; "divorced."

"Ah," she rejoined, "I see! He is a Grass Hopper."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Wood Tar.

Wood tar is still made as it was in 400 B. C. A bark is chosen and a hole dug, into which the wood is placed, covered with turf. A fire is lighted underneath, and the tar slowly drips into the barrels to receive it.

Altruism.

She—George, is that one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday?

He—No; I'm saving those for my friends.

She—You dear, self sacrificing, unselfish man!—Ohio State Journal.

Cupid In a Huff.

"Our engagement is off again."

"What's the matter now?"

"I gave her a belt buckle with my photograph on it, and she uses it to fasten her dog's collar."—Chicago Record.

Dairy Notes.

Much milk requires much feed.

Millet is good to increase the flow of milk.

Do not breed from a cow that has aborted twice.

Don't use beef cows if you want to succeed in dairying.

Cows will not do their best unless well housed and fed.

Are squashes good for milch cows? asks a subscriber. Yes.

Don't expect for skim milk cheese the price that Edam brings.

No successful dairyman allows his cows to be chased by a worthless cur.

It is not always meanness that makes a cow breachy; it is frequently hunger.

If churning is done at too high a temperature the butter will not be perfect.

Milk should be aerated and cooled, if it is expected to keep and please the customer.

When you think the cow has a hollow horn, let the horn alone, but feed to bring up the general system to a healthy condition.

Milking should be done as nearly at the same hour of the day as possible. Cows do better when trained to regularity in milking.

While the people of Great Britain pay $50,000,000 for imported butter, no American dairyman ought to be discouraged.—Farm News.

Unusual Praise

"How good you are!" she exclaimed, gratefully. The actor was visibly affected.

"Say," he said, "couldn't you get a job on some paper as dramatic critic?"—San Francisco Examiner.

The Bowery Critic.

The critic was the most prominent leader of Bowery society. He is slow of speech and hesitates, sometimes painfully, but when he does speak every word hits. He does not go about, as is the manner of less cultivated speakers, but strikes home with few words, mainly figurative. Although he is full of the instinctive aversions and tastes of a man of culture, he is a retired prizefighter and spends most of his time in an uncommonly dirty saloon.

At a ball which this leader of Bowery society gave a "hard walk" took place, in which there were contestants for a prize, to be given to him who was the most natural. Any one who should burlesque the walk of the Bowery tough was to be excluded. If the tough walk was to be given, it was to be given right.

"You must do it on de level," said the leader of society, giving preliminary instructions. "You must give us de real t'ing. 'Tain't no cake walk, dis hard walk. Walk jest as if you was walking on de lane [Bowery] wid yer bundle [girl] on yer arm. Anybody kin look tough, but I want you to look as hard as de real t'ing, de bloke on de Bowery, and no harder."—Atlantic.

"I" and "Me."

The number of cultured, refined, educated people who slip into error in the use of "I" and "me" is large and appears to be continually growing. Their trouble lies in their inability to separate the first person from the third, where both are referred to, as in the expression, "Tom asked he and I if," etc.

I heard a very clever man say yesterday, "George said that him and me were the only two in the store." A lawyer in Pine street, well known as a man of unusual ability, gets it wrong nearly every time by striving hard to get it right. He is so afraid that "my client and I" is incorrect that he compromises on "my client and myself." He knows my "client and me" will not do.

By separating the first and second persons this stumbling block is instantly removed, and even a child cannot err. "George said that him and me were" might fool some people, but "George said that him was" could not trip any one. Neither could "George said that me was." Now, altogether, "George said that he was; George said that I was; therefore George said that he and I were."—New York Press.

Not Wasted on Her.

This happened to the wife of a well known merchant who is rather conspicuous for his devotion to the church. His spouse, dressing one Sunday morning, got into a waist that more than put Joseph's coat in the shade. She was conscious of the color scheme, but decided to ask her husband's and her father's opinions before wearing the garment to church. They agreed, poor men, that she was delightfully dressed and that the waist could hardly be improved upon.

So they went to church, the wife with secret misgivings, which, as the case turned out, were well enough founded, for they were no sooner seated in Grace Episcopal church than the Rev. Dr. Worthington gave out the text, "We will read," the reverend rector said, "from the gospel of St. Matthew, the sixteenth chapter and eighth verse, 'To what purpose is this waste?'"

The good woman collapsed in her pew and never raised her head during the remaining portion of the service.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Saved Two Cents.

Mr. Pneer—You expect to be in San Francisco next week? By the way, you know where my aunt out there lives. I have just written a letter to her. Would you mind delivering it some day as you pass the house?

Mr. Pneer's Friend—No; but I might forget it. I think I'll just put a stamp on it and drop it into the first letter box.

Mr. Pneer—All right. I don't care how you get it to her.—Chicago Tribune.

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, Oct. 4, 1899.

Apples	per bu	25-40c
	dried, ℔	4c
	evaporated ℔	14c
Apple Butter, per gal		40 to 50c
Butter	roll, per ℔	18c
	fresh keg, per ℔	15c
	creamery, per ℔	20c
Beeswax per ℔		25c
Bacon	country ham, per ℔	10 to 12
	sugar cured ham, per ℔	12-14
	side, per ℔	8 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	$1.00 to 1.20
	Portland, per bbl	$2.50 to 4.50
Cornmeal, per ℔		1½c
Eggs, per doz		18c
Fish, lake herring	½ bbl	per 10 ℔ $2.70
	¼ bbl	per 50 ℔ $1.85
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
	" ¾ " "	50c
	" 4 bus sacks	$1.25
	ground alum, 180 ℔ sacks	50c
Sugar	maple, per ℔	9 to 10c
	imported yellow, per ℔	5c
	white, A, per ℔	5¾-6c
	granulated, per ℔	5¾-6¼c
	Cube, or pulverized, per ℔	6c
Syrup	per gal	35c
	maple, per gal	40 to 65c
Stoneware, gallon		8c
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	32 to 35c
	rye, per bus	50c
Hay & 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, Stoyestown 12:33, Hooversville 12:48, Johnstown 1:20 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 4:40 p. m., Somerset 5:02 Stoyestown 5:31, Hooversville 5:47, Johnstown 6:30

SOUTHWARD.

*Mail.—Johnstown 8:20 a.m., Hooversville 9:00 Stoyestown 9:28, 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	4:51	a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:01	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:52	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:30	"
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	9:48	"
Main Line Express	10:07	"
Altoona Accommodation	12:02	p. m
Johnstown Accommodation	6:42	"
Philadelphia Express	7:05	"
Fast Line	10:50	"

The Inquisitive Tongue.

The curiosity of the tongue does not cause the human being so much trouble as the curiosity of the eye. But the tongue, within its limits, is the most curious of all.

Let the dentist make a change in the mouth, let him remove a tooth or replace with his admirable artifice one that has long been absent, let him change the form of a tooth by rounding off a corner or building up a cavity and see what the tongue will do. It will search out that place, taking careful and minute account of the change. Then it will linger near the place. If it is called to other duties, it comes back as soon as they are discharged and feels the changed place all over again, as if it had not explored and rummaged there already.

It makes no difference that these repeated investigations presently cause annoyance to its supposed master, the man. The tongue in nothing more than in this matter proves that it is an unruly member and will not be controlled.

It seems to have an original will and consciousness of its own, and nothing will serve it except the fullest satisfaction of its curiosity. It will wear itself out, perhaps, but it will find out all about the strange change.—Boston Transcript.

The Moon's Atmosphere.

The recent conclusions of the French scientists, MM. Loewy and Puiseux, as to the possible presence of some gaseous envelope on the moon's surface are of very general interest. After giving reasons for concluding that the formidable volcanic eruptions of which the moon has been the theater belong to a recent time in the history of our satellite, they point out that these eruptions must have set at liberty great quantities of gas or vapors, while the diffusion of cinders on the lunar surface to great distances infers a gaseous envelope of a certain density.

Has the time, they ask, which has elapsed since the great eruptions sufficed to bring about the total disappearance of this gaseous envelope? Considering that the already solidified lunar surface could only have absorbed the gases slowly and with difficulty, they conclude that from their examination of the lunar surface there are serious grounds for believing that there exists at the present time a residue of atmosphere of which the detection, surrounded as it is with great difficulties, may yet be realized.

When Jay Gould Wrestled.

John Burroughs, the writer, was in his boyhood days a schoolmate of Jay Gould. To Theodore Dreiser, who tells the story in The New Voice, Mr. Burroughs gave this anecdote of Gould:

He was shrewd, but not a bad fellow at all. I remember that once we had a wrestling match. As we were about even in strength, we agreed to abide by certain rules, taking what we called "holts" in the beginning and not breaking them until one or the other was thrown. I kept to this when we began wrestling, but when Jay realized that he was in danger of losing he broke "holts" and threw me