PHILADELPHIA FOR QUAY AND PENROSE.

Republican City Committee Formally Transferred to Their Friends.

WANAMAKER-MARTIN MEN CRUSHED.

Republican Voters Turn Down Representatives of the So-Called Business Men's Republican League at the Primaries.

(Special Correspondence.)

Philadelphia, Jan. 16.—With the reorganization of the Republican city committee yesterday the complete victory of the Quay-Penrose element in the Republican party of this city was forcibly expressed. The will of the Republican voters was indicated at the primary election last Tuesday and the ward committees elected representatives to the city committee who are in accord with the stalwart element. There are 41 wards in this city, and from all but seven of these wards friends of the Quay-Penrose leadership were chosen to the city committee. It was demonstrated yesterday that the city organization will hereafter be overwhelmingly in favor of maintaining the regular Republican organization of the state, of which General Frank Reeder is chairman, and which sustains the administration of Governor William A. Stone and will support Quay and Penrose in national politics. All of the ten delegates elected in this city to the Republican national convention will co-operate with the state organization, as even the one delegate picked out by Martin—Manufacturer Bromley, is a stalwart Republican.

Republicans of Philadelphia do not appear to be eager to help Martin get back at Quay, nor do they seem to grow wildly enthusiastic over Wanamaker's ambition, regardless of expense, to shine as a member of the United States senate.

A BEGGARLY SHOWING.

A grand total of nine delegates out of the 88 to the state convention from Philadelphia (Wanamaker's own city) is the full strength of the Martin-Wanamaker combine against Quay, developed as the result of the appeal to the Republican voters at last Tuesday's primaries.

The most significant feature of the delegate election returns came from the fashionable suburb of Germantown, where many of the most prosperous business men reside. The fight against the Quay forces in these districts was led by the secretary of the so-called Business Men's Republican League, which since it espoused the cause of Wanamaker has dwindled in membership until it includes but few more than the manufacturers and merchants who sell goods to the merchant prince's big department stores. They are, of course, staunch Wanamaker men, and the names of many of them appear attached to frequent anti-Quay pronunciamentos, which are issued from this league for publication in the newspapers which carry the immense Wanamaker advertisements. William T. Tilden, the secretary of this league, and a rampant anti-Quay man, and State Senator Henry, who has been a constant visitor to Washington recently, working against the seating of Colonel Quay in the United States senate, were both defeated at the primary election and full fledged Quay adherents were elected. Senator Henry, throughout his entire senatorial district, did not succeed in electing a single anti-Quay delegate to the state convention. There was gloom at the headquarters of the Business Men's League when the news was received that the conventions had all been controlled by the Quay men in the districts in which they counted on as their strongholds.

The importance of the capture of all but nine of the delegates to the state convention may be appreciated when it is known that outside of Pittsburg there will scarcely be a corporal's guard of anti-Quay delegates in the coming state convention. The cities of Harrisburg, Altoona, Scranton, Reading, Allentown, Wilkesbarre, Lancaster and many of the smaller towns will all go on record as supporting Colonel Quay, and the country districts where Quay has always been strongest will be sure to follow the lead of those that have already been heard from.

WILL REPEAT ITS INDORSEMENT.

The Republican state convention which nominated Colonel Barnett, who was elected state treasurer in November, indorsed the action of Governor Stone in appointing Colonel Quay to the vacancy in the United States senate, and the action of Philadelphia's district conventions leaves no room to doubt that a similar resolution could be passed at the coming state convention by a large majority.

The Quay issue was brought prominently to the front in the Republican city convention which met in Industrial Hall. Ten candidates were named for magistrates. The convention was absolutely in the control of the Quay-Penrose element. They could nominate any one they pleased. It is almost superfluous to say that they were not kindly disposed toward Magistrate Jermon, before whom Senator Quay's political enemies had him arraigned in the celebrated conspiracy case. Though Quay's counsel then and there produced evidence to show the conspiracy back of the prosecution and protested that the arrests were made purely to injure him politically and to help his political opponents, Magistrate Jermon, to the great delight of all the Wanamakerites, held Colonel Quay for court, and it was thus made impossible for him to secure the vindication he received by the verdict of the jury until the next day after the legislature adjourned, with the deadlock on the United States senatorship unbroken. The minority of the Republicans, followers of Martin, of this city, and Flinn, the boss of the Pittsburg machine, with the Wanamaker newspaper influence backing them, held their combination with the Democrats and prevented an election of senator.

This, however, was a time when the newspapers of Philadelphia, which carry a daily full page advertisement of Wanamaker's shops on their back pages, failed to influence the Republicans of the Quaker City. For the last month the columns of these journals have fairly teemed with fulsome praise of Magistrate Jermon and the influences back of Jermon were manifest in the booming of this aspirant for renomination. Wanamaker's daily newspaper and that owned by a son-in-law of the ambitious merchant were most persistent champions of the magistrate who held Senator Quay for court. Every one of the five morning papers and two of the afternoon journals which have been assailing Colonel Quay made Jermon a particular favorite of all the candidates seeking renomination.

JERMON SNOWED UNDER.

The Republican convention placed its estimate of the influence of this newspaper booming on a ballot taken by the delegates elected by the Republican voters. Adam C. Ackerman, who is a member of the legislature, who went into the Republican caucus and voted for Colonel Quay for the United States senate, and who in the long drawn out contest voted for Quay on every ballot until the adjournment of the session, was placed upon the ticket for magistrate, with 902 votes to his credit, while Jermon, with the prestige of being now on the bench, had but 35 votes in the convention. This crushing defeat of Jermon is generally regarded as a direct shot at the Wanamaker faction.

Former President Pro Tem. of the Senate Hon. John C. Grady, who was chairman of the joint Republican caucus on the United States senatorship at the recent session of the legislature and who, on adjourning that caucus, said, "I herewith declare Hon. Matthew Stanley Quay to be the unanimous nominee of the Republican party for United States senator from Pennsylvania," in reviewing the action of the Philadelphia conventions said: "The friends and supporters of Colonel Quay have certainly good reason to be gratified at the result of the voting at the Republican primary elections last Tuesday, and the expression given to the will of the party by the conventions. It is a vindication and an indorsement of the most emphatic kind of the action of those Republicans who, as members of the legislature of Pennsylvania, stood to the last by the unanimous nominee of their party's caucus for United States senator."

QUAY'S STRENGTH IN PENNSYLVANIA.

"With very few exceptions the delegates elected to the Republican state convention to the Republican state convention are in accord with the present leadership of the Republican party in Pennsylvania, and in entire sympathy with the action of the last Republican state convention, which, by an overwhelming vote, indorsed the action of Governor Stone in appointing Matthew Stanley Quay to the vacancy in the United States senate, occasioned by the failure of the legislature to elect. A great majority of the Republicans are in entire harmony with their party organization, and despite the efforts of the so-called insurgents they elected Colonel William A. Stone to the governorship. Colonel James E. Barnett, the brave commander of the "fighting Tenth Pennsylvania regiment," who, last fall, with the laurels still fresh upon his brow from glorious work in fighting the insurgents in the Philippines, was called upon to confront a horde of political guerrillas in his native state, whose sole reasons for opposing his election as state treasurer were that he was a friend of Colonel Quay and the fear that his election might strengthen Quay and thwart the political ambitions of his Republican opponents. Well, the Republicans of Pennsylvania passed upon that issue, and when the election returns came in Colonel Barnett, an avowed Quay supporter, was found to have received a plurality of 109,831. He was the first Republican candidate in several years to receive a majority of all the votes cast in this state, receiving 85,512 more votes than the Democratic, Prohibition and scattering votes combined.

"The people of Pennsylvania have more than once shown, as Philadelphia did today, their contempt for the methods employed in these anti-Quay campaigns. When the Republican national convention meets in this city in June next Colonel Quay will be found at the head of the Pennsylvania delegation to that convention, and by more than a three-fourths vote he will be chosen to again represent this state on the Republican national committee. The opposition to Quay, as it was to Governor Stone and Colonel Barnett, is largely to be found in certain newspapers."

The Barber Shop Boss.

"You're next, sir," said the boss barber, indicating a fat man who was buried behind a newspaper. "I'll wait for awhile," replied the fat man. "I'm in no hurry." As another man climbed into the vacant chair the fat man leaned over to another customer who was waiting his turn and confided that he was in a hurry, a deuced hurry, but he would rather lose his turn than be shaved by the proprietor of the shop.

"It isn't that I have any grievance against this particular barber," he went on, "but I shun all boss barbers as I would a plague. In the first place, he patronizes you, and, in the second place, he is invariably the worst barber in the shop. Then, too, it takes him about twice as long. He will lather one side of your face and then go over to the desk to make change for a customer who is going out, for he is generally his own cashier. He considers it his duty to exchange airy persiflage with each customer as he leaves the shop, and by the time he gets back to you your face is caked in cold lather.

"This usually happens four or five times while you are getting shaved, and you may consider yourself lucky if a salesman for a perfumery or soap house doesn't come in to talk up his wares. In that event you are bound to be kept waiting for 10 or 15 minutes, and when you are finally shaved your peace of mind is destroyed for the rest of the day. No boss barbers in mine. I know 'em too well, and I wait every time."—Exchange.

Scored on McCullough.

"The late John McCullough, the tragedian, was a great friend of mine," said Comedian Crane, "and when in this city used always to live at the Gilsey House. One day I went there to call on him and, he being out, left my card, upon which, underneath my name, by way of a joke, I wrote in large letters the word 'Actor.' The next day I was passing McCullough on the street when he stopped me with 'Say, Billy, what do you mean by leaving a card in my box with such an infernal lie as that written on it?'

"I got even with him, however, later. McCullough was inordinately fond of the game of seven up, and one evening I had the satisfaction of beating him nine straight games. Bright and early the following morning I again left my card for him at his hotel, this time writing below my name 'Seven up player.' When I saw McCullough later in the day, I jollied him with 'That wasn't any lie I put on my card this morning, was it, John? And he evidently saw the point, for he didn't reply to my question."—New York Tribune.

The Best at the Bottom.

Speaking of poison murders, a native of Maine told of a peculiar crime that occurred in his state. This was the case of a man who had tired of his wife, and in order to rid himself of her in the shortest and most expeditious manner possible he determined upon her death. Divorce, while a feasible method, appealed not to his frugal mind, since it involved a large initiatory expense from counsel fees and a continuous one from alimony.

So on murder he resolved, arsenic as the agent to effect it, and the method through which to introduce the poison into the stomach of his victim without arousing her suspicions the usually innocuous and popular lemonade.

At the trial it was proved that he carried through his plans with skill and finesse, but after the deadly lemonade had been drunk by his too trusting spouse, noticing that some of the precipitate remained in the bottom of the glass, he stirred it well up and again handed it to his victim with a loving smile, at the same time remarking, "But the best's at the bottom, my dear."

How Shrapnel Operates.

Shrapnel shell is a beautiful and ingenious missile. It consists of a hollow, elongated shell, with a bursting charge of powder at the base and filled with from 200 to 600 half inch bullets, according to the size of the gun. It is fitted with a time fuse, which is "set" to fire the bursting charge at a given number of seconds after the shell has left the gun. The bursting charge in turn blows the head off the shell and sends forward the 200 to 600 bullets, which continue their course in a conical shower on to the ground.

Grontund's Comparison.

Laurence Grontund, the socialistic writer who ended his days in New York, was a thorough pessimist. One evening, after he had denounced the modern industrial system in savage terms, a friend remarked:

"It is not so bad as Russian despotism, is it?"

"Not quite. The former is the worst possible; the latter the worst conceivable."

Kaffir Greeting.

"Sakn bona" are the first words a stranger learns of the Kaffir vocabulary. The expression is the common form of salutation used by the natives, and its literal translation is, "I see you." It is considered a mark of respect not to give the greeting immediately, the delay showing the reverence in which the native holds his visitor.—Philadelphia Record.

THE CHARIOT OF OLD

A GRIM REMINDER OF THE COMBATS OF THE HEROIC PERIOD.

This Vehicle Was Used in the Days of Antiquity For the Battle, the Chase, in Processions and in Games—How It Was Constructed.

The chariot was used in antiquity for the battle, the chase, in public processions and in games. It had two wheels and was drawn by two horses, and when one or two horses were added they were attached to each side of the main pair by a side trace, fastened to the front of the chariot.

These chariots have only come down to us in fragments, with the exception of the one in the archæological museum of Florence, which is a unique example of a war chariot, the so called "Biga di Frassino," found by Rossellineo in a Thebes tomb. It is certainly as old as the fourteenth century B. C. It is probably a trophy obtained in the north by some Egyptian warrior.

There is an entire absence of metal in the construction. Immediately on the axle, without springs of any kind, rests the basket, or body, of the chariot, which consisted of a floor to stand on and a semicircular guard around the front and about half the height of the driver. It is entirely open at the back, so that the combatants might leap to the ground and up again, as became necessary by the exigencies of action. There was no seat, and generally in war chariots there was only room for the combatant and his charioteer to stand in.

The pole, as in the present instance, was usually attached to the middle of the axle, although to outward appearances it looked as though it sprang from the front of the basket. At the end of the pole was the yoke, which looked like a ram's horns. Depending from this by leather thongs was a Y shaped piece, which probably took the place of the modern horse collar. Probably broad bands were also fitted around the chest of the animals.

Besides the harness of each horse there were a bridle and a pair of reins somewhat in the same style as are in use at the present day. These were made of leather and were ornamented with studs of ivory and metal. The reins were passed through rings attached to the collar and were long enough to be tied around the waist of the charioteer in case of his having to defend himself.

The wheels and body were usually of wood, strengthened in places with bronze or iron. The wheels had from four to eight spokes, and the tires were of bronze or iron (in the present instance ash was used), and the pins which secured the fellies were of fossil bone.

This description applied to the chariots of almost any of the nations of antiquity, the difference consisting chiefly in the mountings. Thus the chariots of the Egyptians and Assyrians, with whom the bow was the principal arm of attack, were richly mounted with quivers full of arrows, while those of the Greeks, who used the spear, were plain except as regards mere decorations. The Persians and the ancient Britons used a class of chariots having the wheels mounted with sharp, sickle shaped blades, which cut to pieces whatever came in their way. This was probably the invention of the Persians.

The use of the battle chariot really belongs to the heroic period. The warrior, standing by the side of his charioteer, was driven in front of the line to invite hostile warriors to single combat. After the strategic skill of a commander superseded the demands on his personal valor the chariot was transferred from the battlefield to the hippodrome, where alone its original form was preserved. The description of the Homeric battle chariot, therefore, to a great extent also applies to the historic chariot of the race course.

The small diameter of the chariot wheel may be explained from the desire of preventing the chariot from being opposed by the impediments in the battlefield, such as debris or dead bodies. The rim was usually formed of four fellies, into which the four spokes were let. The upper rail, which was of either wood or metal, varied greatly in form and was intended to be grasped by the warrior on jumping on to the chariot, while the front part served for fastening the reins and the traces of the "wheel horses." In the Roman triumphal chariot a covering of leather served to ward off missiles, and later on the sides were composed of strong boards.

Unfortunately we know very little of the vehicles of everyday use in those days. They nearly all seem to be a variety of what we now term the "gig."—Scientific American.

BOOKS' NARROW ESCAPES.

Virgil's "Æneid," Works of Aristotle and Talmud Saved by Good Luck.

Three of the greatest books in the world have narrowly escaped destruction, the "Æneid" of Virgil, the works of Aristotle and the great body of Jewish tradition represented by the Talmud.

It is recorded that Virgil on his deathbed sought to burn the only copy of the "Æneid," as he had not revised it, and when he was foiled in this he ordered his executors, Varro and Tucca, not to give it to the world, a direction which was disregarded by order of the Emperor Augustus.

The works of Aristotle suffered from neglect. They lay many years buried in a cellar, and when, by mere accident, they were at last unearthed, they were so damaged by damp and dirt that in many passages they are hopelessly corrupt. How great would have been the loss of this work to the human race may be judged from the fact that everything that was known in the middle ages of the arts and sciences was derived directly from these writings.

The Talmud nearly became extinct through persecution. The possession of the Talmud, by a long series of edicts extending over many centuries, was made penal, and the book itself was burned. No fewer than 24 wagon loads of Talmud manuscript were burned in France in 1244.—Stray Stories.

The Model's Hard Trial.

Miss Siddal had a trying experience. In order that the artist might get the proper set of the garments in water and the right atmosphere and aqueous effects, she had to lie in a large bath filled with water, which was kept at an even temperature by lamps placed beneath. One day, just as the picture was nearly finished, the lamps went out unnoticed by the artist, who was so intensely absorbed in his work that he thought of nothing else, and the poor lady was kept floating in the cold water till she was nearly benumbed. She herself never complained of this, but the result was that she contracted a severe cold, and her father, an auctioneer at Oxford, wrote to Millais, threatening him with an action of £50 damages for his carelessness. Millais paid the doctor's bill, and Miss Siddal, quickly recovering, was none the worse for her cold bath.—Life of Sir John Millais.

Tommy's Speech.

Sue (who has just been asked to play something on the piano)—I really can't play anything.

Tommy—But, I say, Sue, why don't you play that piece you spoke to me about?

Sue—What piece?

Tommy—Why, that one you told me to ask you to play when we had company 'cause you knew it better'n any of the others. I forget the name!

Then Tommy was sent to bed.—Kansas City Independent.

THE QUEER CRUSTACEAN.

Interesting Characteristics of Lobsters and Turtles.

Lobsters, when young and frivolous, change their shells several times a year, but as they grow older and, presumably, more sedate they are content with a new suit every summer. The lobster is his own tailor, and persons who have watched the process say that the difficulty seems to lie in getting rid of the old garb and not in fitting the new. First he is attacked by a series of convulsions lasting for several days. During these a faint line of breakage appears down the middle of the back, which gradually grows broader with every spasm. The headpiece is the first to break entirely, and suddenly a violent effort enables the lobster to withdraw his head, leaving the larger part of his eyes in the shell. After a rest of a few hours the struggle begins again, and the shoulders, or large claws, emerge, with effort so exhausting that nearly a day is required for recuperation.

During this time he presents a curious spectacle, with head and body completely out of the shell and only the tail inclosed. Then the convulsive movements are resumed, and shell by shell the tail covering is loosened, until, with violent struggles, the tail is free, and the lobster, looking as if he had been boiled, lies down for a sleep of two or three days.

The new suit grows with great rapidity and fits in perfect tailor made style, literally molded to the form.

Like the crab, which is most esteemed when "soft shelled," that is, at precisely this period, which is similar in both, the lobster is regarded by epicures as especially delicious when thus denuded of his shell covering, but as he hides carefully among the rocks he is seldom procurable.—New York Tribune.

AN EXAMPLE OF NERVE.

Warden McClaughry's Experience With an Almost Escaped Prisoner.

"Speaking of nerve," said one of the detectives at headquarters, "reminds me of Chief McClaughry of Chicago. He used to be warden at the state penitentiary down in Joliet, and he had the reputation of being the coolest man in Illinois. He was as shifty as any of the men he had to handle and as quick and calm about it as a regular Sherlock Holmes. Nothing could fenze him.

"One day McClaughry was sitting in his office at just about the time the men were being marched back to their cells from work. He was alone. There was a sound behind him, and, whirling round, he saw a convict who had passed the guard in some way creeping toward him with an ugly looking iron bar in his hand.

"'Don't you stir!' the man whispered. 'I'm going to get out of this if I have to kill you to do it.'

"'Oh,' McClaughry said, 'I thought you were going tomorrow!' The man stared at McClaughry and grunted. 'Wot?' McClaughry simply looked at him as though he didn't care much and said: 'They sent up your dismissal papers this afternoon, that's all. You've been such a model prisoner all the time that they decided to commute your sentence. You can go all right enough if you want to. You're not my prisoner any more. If you want to see your papers—why, I think—they're here in—in the drawer'— And before the poor fool could lift the bar to strike McClaughry had snapped a revolver out of the desk and leveled it at his head."—New York Sun.

Neither Saved Nor Earned.

Railroad people have an arrangement by which they can register the speed of a train. It looks like a steam gauge and is connected with the axle, so that the pointer registers the number of revolutions every minute. There are so many revolutions to the mile, and by an ingenious arrangement the number of miles an hour is shown upon the dial. The apparatus is expensive as well as delicate.

The late Jay Gould was one of the first to adopt it, and shortly after a register was placed in his private car Russell Sage was making a journey with him and inquired what it was. Mr. Gould explained the mechanism and the usefulness of the machine with great care. Mr. Sage was silent for a moment and then, looking up, inquired:

"Does it earn anything?"

"No; I think not," said Mr. Gould, with a smile.

"Does it save anything?"

"No."

"Then I would not have it in my car."—Chicago Record.

LIMITS OF SEED VITALITY.

No Truth In Stories of Germination After Thousands of Years.

"The statement is frequently made in the popular press," said Professor L. H. Pammel, government botanist, "that seeds have retained their vitality for a long time. Thus it is stated that wheat under some conditions has preserved its vitality for 50 or 100 years. It has frequently been stated that wheat taken from Egyptian monuments germinated, but in not a single case is this germination authenticated. Not a single grain taken from an ancient Egyptian sarcophagus and sown by various persons has ever been known to germinate, and the conditions for preserving the seed in these Egyptian monuments are better than in the soil. They are protected from the air and variations of temperature. The experiment which has been most talked of is that of the Count of Sternberg at Prague. He had received the grains from a trustworthy traveler, who told him that they were taken from a sarcophagus. It is said that two of these seeds germinated, but it is a well known fact that impostures are perpetrated by the people who dispose of these seeds. In some cases they have even stripped corn or maize into these sarcophagi.

"Many experiments have been made, not only in this country, but in Europe, to determine the vitality of various grain seeds. Thus, barley retains its vitality better than any other cereal, and this is said to retain its vitality from eight to ten years. In the case of wheat 90 to 100 per cent germinates in from one to four years; in five to seven years, 85 to 87 per cent. In the case of rye the percentage of germination in five years dropped to 55 per cent; in seven years, 36 per cent; nine years, 13 per cent. In the case of corn, I made some experiments a few years ago to determine the vitality and found that corn which was kept in tightly closed vessels at the age of 20 years had lost all its power of germination. Experiments also indicate that corn kept even a few years became largely deteriorated and lost much of its power of germination. Even grass seeds which have been buried at some depth in the soil and in vessels tightly sealed failed to germinate after a dozen or 15 years."—Chicago Chronicle.

Red Paint In New England.

As one drives through the country towns all over Maine one can hardly fail to notice the frequent old red barn and oftentimes a whole set of farm buildings painted this conspicuous color. Query was made as to the reason therefor. It seems red paint is cheapest, far cheaper than white lead paint, and so far as serviceableness goes lasts as long and sheds the rain as well. Long may the little red farmhouse brighten our New England landscapes.—Bangor Whig and Courier.

Born to Dominate.

"Mrs. Crowder has been president of [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

A THRILLING SIGHT.

CATCHING AND KILLING THE MONSTER TUNNY FISH.

They Are First Driven Into Enormous Nets in the Mediterranean Sea and Are Then Stabbed and Slashed to Death With Spears.

One of the most thrilling and wonderful sights in the world is that of the tunny fisheries of the Mediterranean sea. The pursuit of these great and swift fishes is not a mere tame operation of netting. It is a fight between man and sea creatures such as is duplicated nowhere except in the whale fisheries. The tunny is a huge mackerel. He is a predaceous fish, and his course through the seas is that of a destroyer without parallel. So deadly is the tunny to the schools of herring and similar food fishes that he is called the herring hog. In our waters he is known more generally as the horse mackerel.

The tunny fisheries are distinctly European, and they are the oldest industry that is known in the Mediterranean sea. To capture them men must band themselves together in large bodies, for fishermen singly could do nothing with these fishes, which grow to a length of ten feet and weigh over half a ton sometimes. Therefore there is a system of co-operation on the coasts that are visited by the tunny, a system which dates back to the Phoenicians, who were great tunny catchers in their time.

The perfection of this system is due, among other things, to the fact that the big fishes have absolutely regular habits. In normal times they can be relied on to make their appearance at certain periods almost to the minute. When they come, it is in huge schools that can be seen afar, for they scour the waters like ships of war, and the leapings of their prey and the leapings of their own bulky bodies beat the deep into white foam and lather.

Since they are so exact in their habits, the fishermen prepare for them always before they arrive. At some designated spot are spread enormous nets, exceedingly deep and made of the strongest of line. These are not designed to catch the tunnies. They are spread out merely to force the fishes to edge in and in until they are led to the real prison net, which is a vast contrivance set in an immense square and powerful enough to defy anything that swims.

As soon as the last of the school has entered this boxlike inclosure the sides of the great net are raised at a signal. At first the imprisoned fishes do not show any signs of alarm, but as the net rises, inch by inch, from the water depths gleaming, swordlike backs appear here and there above the surface, darting with incredible swiftness from side to side of the net. Each instant more of these living blades appear above the surface.

Then the fishes begin to leap. Here one launches himself straight out of the water—500 pounds of glorious life—toward the sky, to crash back into the sea with a daillike blow of sides and tail that makes the ocean echo. Another and another rises and falls back. Soon the scene is as if the abysses of the sea were spouting their inhabitants, for hundreds of immense silver flashing fishes rise everywhere at once within the net.

But now a new element enters. Long, narrow fishing boats push into the inclosure. In them stand brown men with lances and spears and big knives lashed to poles. Then begins a fight that is terrible to see. The men thrust madly into the struggling masses of fishes. The fishes leap and roll and dive and leap again, hammering the sea with tails that churn like the screws of steamships and whiten the waves with foam. Before many minutes boats and men are drenched with bloody water. The surface of the ocean is red. Out of the smoking spray peer faces now and then that are dabbled with blood till they look scarcely human.

Now and then a man slips and falls among the harried fishes. Then there are loud screams from his companions and cries of supplication from him as he calls to his patron saint, for it is no joke to fall among those mighty bodies that are dashing around in their death throes.

So the fight continues till in that inclosed space of sea there is not a fish alive. Every boat is half full of water and loaded down with living silver, where the slim, piratical bodies of the beautiful fishes lie. The inhabitants of the towns near the scene of this fishing make a fete day of the arrival of the tunny, for it means food and employment for many hundreds of men, women and children. The fish is a favorite article of food, especially when salted, and the roe is a great delicacy, which brings fancy prices. The tunnies that are caught off the Italian coasts have to be passed through the custom houses when they are landed, like any other merchandise, and the streets there present a strange appearance then, for on all sides are wheelbarrows full of the shapely, monstrous creatures.—New York Press.

The Road to Success.

There is a mistaken notion that success in life is achieved only by hard effort. An "education" is not necessary to become successful in life, beyond thorough familiarity with the rudiments. An education comes to an industrious man as naturally as age. Ability to deliver orations is not necessary. Industry and honesty, which are easier than idleness and dishonesty, will achieve success for any man of ordinary ability. Success is easier than failure. Success seldom comes at once; it is a matter of years of good conduct and intelligent work.—Atchison Globe.

Shooting Stars.

Sir Robert Ball, the eminent astronomer, once told an audience that any one who took the trouble to lie on his back on the ground and gaze at a clear night sky would, as his eyes became accustomed to the heavens, soon perceive numbers of shooting stars.

Bottles of perfume, still fresh, and jars of pomade that had not lost its fragrance have been recovered from Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Children have more need of models than of critics.

No Excuse For Chimneys.

Notwithstanding that we have long since ceased to hoist coal to lofty apartments, having abandoned forever the old fashioned fireplace with its soot and cinders, the said fireplace is still with us in every new house that is built. Its open throat leads the same old draft up the chimney, and the same old result follows—colds and cold feet. There is no excuse for a chimney or a fireplace in a modern house heated from the cellar. The gas log is a nuisance and a sham.—New York Press.

No Harrowing Details.

"Here y' are! All about it! Big battle in South Afriky! Horrible slaughter!"

"Say, hold on! Which side got slaughtered?"

"Aw, what's the difference?"—Chicago Record.

Dead Game.

She—Would you be willing to die for me?

He—Why, I'm dying for you now!—Brooklyn Life.

Silence is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity or envy.

The vineyards of Italy cover nearly 8,000,000 acres.

All the emery in the world comes from the little island of Naxos, near Greece.

CHIEFS OF THE SULUS.

Each Has the Power of Life or Death Over His Subjects.

The social system among the Moros is much more primitive than it is among the greater part of the other Philippine races. A chief, or dato, controls a district. He has his own particular followers and his slaves. Besides these he may command all the men of his own district in time of war. He also has the right of life and death over his subjects. For instance, a few weeks before we arrived in Jolo, Dato Jokanine had occasion to execute one of his followers. The man had been intrusted with money belonging to the dato. The first time he came to his chief and said:

"Oh, great and benevolent dato, I have gambled away the money! Forgive me!"

"Very well," said the dato. "See that it does not happen again."

Once more the retainer came, saying:

"Oh, great and benevolent dato, again have I gambled away thy money, and again I beg thee, in thy great mercy, to forgive me!"

"This is the second time I have forgiven thee," said Jokanine, "but the third time, I warn thee, thou shalt die."

Yet again the unfortunate man returned without the money he had collected for the dato.

"Oh, dato," he cried, throwing himself at the feet of his chief, "I have sinned again and taken thy money. Mercy! Mercy!"

"Cut him down," said the dato to one of his men-at-arms. The man offered no resistance and was cut to pieces with one of the great knives of the natives.—Harper's Weekly.

Getting Acquainted.

The family had occupied the dwelling about a day and a half, and the mistress thereof was putting a carpet down in the sitting room when there came a ring at the doorbell.

She hastened to the front door and opened it. A smiling woman greeted her.

"Good morning!" said the caller. "This is Mrs. Murkley, I presume."

"Yes."

"I am Mrs. Pergallup, your next door neighbor."

"Glad to see you. Will you come in?"

"Thanks. I believe I will step in for a little while."

"You will find us all torn up, of course. We haven't begun to get things in shape yet."

"Now, don't you apologize, Mrs. Murkley. I know all about this thing of moving."

"It's an awful job, isn't it?"

"Terrible. I sometimes tell Mr. Pergallup I'd almost rather have a spell of sickness than to move. Two moves are about as bad as a fire. Well, I thought I'd drop in and get acquainted. Could you lend me a cupful of coffee?"—Chicago Tribune.

Full of Crooks.

"Boston is noted for her crooked streets," said the Chicago man.

"Great Scott!" retorted his Hub cousin, who had been held up three times, "there are more crooked streets in Chicago than Boston ever dreamed of."

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAYFEVER ELY BROS.

LOCAL and CLIMATIC

Nothing but a local remedy or change of climate will cure

CATARRH.

The specific is Ely's Cream Balm It is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation, Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. No Mercury. No Injurious Drug. Regular size, 50 cents; Family size, $1.00 at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, Jan. 17 0.

Apples	per bu	40-50c
	dried, lb	4c
	evaporated lb	12c
Apple Butter, per gal		40 to 50c
Butter	roll, per lb	20c
	fresh, keg, per lb	15 to 20c
	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	8 to 8c
	shoulder, per lb	10 to 8c
Beans	white navy, per bus	$2.00 to $2.25
	Lima, per lb	10c
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		20c
Fish, lake herring	½ bbl	per 70 lb $2.70
	¼ bbl	per 50 lb $1.85
Honey, white clover, per lb		10c
Lard, per lb		7 to 10c
Lime, per bbl		$1.00
Molasses, S. O., per gal		40c
Onions, per bus		40 to 6c
Potatoes, per bus		0 50
Peaches, evaporated, per lb		8 to 10c
Prunes, per lb		8 to 10c
Salt	N. Y., per bbl	$1.25
	Pittsburg, per bbl	1.10
	Dairy, ½ bus sacks	25c
	" ¾ " "	50c
	" 4 bus sacks	$3.25
	ground alum, 180 lb sacks	90c
Syrup	maple, per lb	8 to 10c
	imported yellow, per lb	5c
Sugar	white, A, per lb	5⅞-6¼c
	granulated, per lb	6¼-6½c
	Cube, or pulverized, per lb	8c
	per gal	35c
	maple, per gal	40 to 65c
Stoneware, gallon		5c
Tallow, per lb		3 to 5c
Vinegar, per gal		20 to 30c
Seeds	timothy, per bus	--
	clover, per bus	--
	" crimson, per bus	--
	" alfalfa, per bus	--
	" alsyke, per bus	--
Millet, German, per bus		--
Grain	barley, white beardless, per bus	1.35
	buckwheat, per bus	45c
	corn shelled, per bus	45 to 48c
	oats, per bus	30 to 35c
	rye, per bus	50c
& Feed	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
	flour, lowergrade per 140 lbs	$1.35@1.40
Middlings	white, per 100 lbs	85c
	red, per 100 lbs	85c

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 12:45, Johnstown 1:30 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 4:40 p. m., Somerset 5:02 Stoystown 5:31, Hooversville 5:52, Johnstown 6:30.

SOUTHWARD.

*Mail.—Johnstown 8:20 a.m., Hooversville 9:09 Stoystown 9:34, Somerset 9:52 Rockwood 10:15.

Express.—Johnstown 1:50 p. m., Hooversville 2:35, Stoystown 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	4:31	a. m.
Southwestern Express	8:01	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:32	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:20	"
Way Passenger	2:51	p. m.
Pittsburg Express	4:33	"
Mail	9:05	"
Fast Line	5:11	"
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	10:20	p. m.
Johns own Accommodation	6:42	"
Philadelphia Express	7:05	"
Fast Line	8:00	"

LOOKING INTO A SHOTGUN.

A Bandit's Victim Tells How It Feels to Be Held Up.

"I happen to know how it feels to be held up," said a gentleman who now occupies a position of prominence in local railroad circles. "I acquired my experience as a passenger in a stagecoach about six miles from Tombstone, A. T., in 1884. We had a big load, six men inside, two on the driver's seat and an express messenger on the boot. Every man in the crowd had a revolver, two of the inside passengers had Winchesters across their knees, and the messenger had an 8 bore duck gun that contained nearly a quart of slugs. We were held up at about 4 in the afternoon by a single masked man, who rose suddenly from behind a pile of rocks and covered us with a sawed off shotgun. All the curtains were raised, so there was a fair view of the interior, and when he yelled 'Hands up!' everybody obeyed.

"Then he told us to get out one by one and stand in a row, with our backs to him. I never hated to do anything so badly in my life, but I saw the others going and followed suit. About that time a half grown boy, apparently unarmed, appeared from behind the rocks and took up the collection, which included our joint arsenal. After that we were ordered back, and the chief bandit told the driver to go ahead.

"As far as I know, the robbers were never caught, but what especially impressed me about the episode was the reluctance of any of our party to take the initiative. I was certain the slightest resistance would be successful, but I realized also that the man who made the first move had an excellent chance of being killed, and I suppose all the others felt the same way. Anyhow, it happened exactly as I have narrated it. During the year I lived in Arizona there were eight or nine hold ups on the same road, and in no instance was there any resistance whatever. That taught me that a crowd of average men, gazing into a cocked shotgun, will do just about anything that is suggested."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

COMPANY DINNERS.

They Are Dreaded by Guests and Make the Hostess Nervous.

Writing on "Making Company of Guests," Edward Bok, in The Ladies' Home Journal, considers "it a curious fact that American housewives are so loath to believe that a dinner with fuss and feathers is dreaded by the vast majority of people. The highest compliment we can possibly show a guest at dinner is to let him partake of an ordinary meal, to let him come quietly in and 'be one of the family,' yet this is the very compliment which we withh