A RAZORBACK HUNT.

ROUNDING UP THE HOGS IS LIVELY AND EXCITING WORK.

The Experience of One Rancher Who, Instead of Doing His Butchering Out In the Hills, Attempted to Drive His Hogs to Market.

While it is generally accounted that the sheep and Angora goat furnish most of the revenues to the rancher in the broken and wooded country south of the Staked plains and west of the Colorado river, it is nevertheless a fact that the razorback hog contributes a fair share. Probably there is no country anywhere better adapted to the production of cheap pork. The hills are covered with cedar and a great variety of scrub oak trees, and the canyons and river valleys are heavily wooded with pecan and Spanish walnut, so that there is always an abundance of excellent mast, and it might be mentioned that the cedar berries are considered equal to corn in lard producing qualities.

With this sort of feed, which is always abundant, the expense of care and feeding is removed, the animals simply running at large over the country, so that the only outlay required is that of the first cost of a few head for a start. Running loose in this way they are not subject to the diseases common to the hog in the sty or feed lot, and, being excellent fighters, they hold their own with the wolves and other wild animals which prey on the sheep and goats. Thus they multiply very rapidly.

In order to get the benefit of the increase in his stock, however, it is necessary for the rancher to get his mark on the pigs. As this, owing to the roughness of the country and the wildness of the sows, is no small task, it is generally the custom for all the hog owners in a given section to turn out together with their dogs and practically "round up" the range.

Compared with one of these "hog hunts" a cattle "round up" is a quiet and commonplace affair. On the morning appointed the dogs are turned loose and started out on a hog trail, and the men ride after them just as on a wolf chase. As the pigs cannot hold out very long one of them is soon caught, and his squeals bring back the rest of the bunch to his aid. As soon as the pig is free the sows form a circle around the pigs, from which they now and then dash out at their tormentors and all the while grunting like the rattling of a hundred old wagons. By the time the uproar has reached its full height the hunters ride up and kiss the dogs on to seize the sows. When one is caught, two men go to the assistance of the dog, one with a club to beat off the other hogs, the other with a bit of rope to tie the one seized. When all of them have thus been put out of the way of fighting, the pigs are caught and marked. Then the sows are given their liberty, and the dogs start out on a new trail. When it happens that there are hogs belonging to several different men, the pigs are simply divided.

While the work of "marking" is more like sport than labor it is not less exciting than that of getting the hogs ready for market, for as it is impossible to drive them any distance—even to the corrals at the ranches—it is necessary simply to butcher them out in the hills.

So along in the early part of the winter, after the new mast has fallen and the hogs are as fat as they will get, the ranchers load their wagons with salt, grub, kettles and lard cans, take their dogs and Winchesters and strike out for the hills. They make camp near some spring or water hole and then begin the work of "killing," which includes the rendering of the lard and salting of the meat. It is like a great hunt. Whenever a wagon load of lard and meat has been put up it is taken to the nearest ranch and left there until the "killing" season is over; then it is loaded again and freighted to the nearest railroad point, where it is sold at the market price.

It is said that only one man in that country ever tried driving his hogs to market. That was "Uncle" Ben Pepper, who lives a few miles above Junction City, on the South Llano river. He had, he supposed, about 200 head of fat hogs, and the idea of that "killing" worried him. So he hired all the men in the country, got all the dogs in Kimble and Edwards counties and "rounded up" all the hogs to be found. It was, of course, impossible to keep the herd together, and as it scattered Ben ordered his men to separate a little and keep moving toward Kerrville.

At noon on the fourth day the line was within half a mile of the Guadalloupe river, the men were half a mile apart and every dog worn out. Then Ben decided that he would like to know how many hogs he had, as after passing the Guadalloupe it would be impossible to see them in the open again. So he ordered the ends of the line to swing in and close up toward the river. It was nearly sunset when the circle was completed, and he climbed into a tall pecan so as to get a better view of the hogs when they should come swarming out into the river. He watched intently until night was falling; then he saw a lean, old sow emerge from the bushes and go down to drink, and a moment later the drivers began coming out. He nearly fell out of the tree. He has never tried driving since.—Kansas City Journal.

The Widow's Advantage.

Grimes—The chances are in favor of a widow marrying again against a single woman getting a husband.

Burns—That is because a widow is content to regard men as pretty much all alike, while a single woman wastes her time trying to find one who is different from all others.—Boston Transcript.

No Butler For Him.

There is a wealthy but very hard headed citizen of Detroit who has no hesitancy in telling this story on himself:

"If there's anything on earth grinds me it is to plunge into the social swim. I'd far rather plunge into an ice cold bath. One of these here steel pen coats makes me want to go out and hide in the hayloft, and a standin collar puts me into a grouch for a week after I've worn it.

"But you know how women are. They'll stand right by you when livin is up hill work, skimp, hustle and save, but once they get money they want a show for it, and the bigger the show the better. Things sorter come my way in pine, and I cleaned up a neat little pile. I just grinned at carriages, horses, a coachman, a lot of servants a smookin round the house, receptions, theater parties and all that sort of thing.

"But when they rung in a genuine butler on me I had a warm conversation with mamma and the girls. It didn't do a mite of good. They talked me clean off my feet, and the butler came. I could have got away passably with the president of the United States, but that fellow, stiff backed, high headed, looking superiorlike and never smilin 'less it was to stab you, riled me awful. One day while sittin in the library I heard him tell one of the maids he was goin to resign. 'What for?' she asked. 'The last lady as called took me for the barbarian'—that's me.

"For years I dealt with raftsmen and lumbermen. I paid his bill for six weeks in the hospital, and his wages too. We keep no butler."—Detroit Free Press.

The late Dr. Campbell Black of Glasgow, eminent as a physician and clinical lecturer, was fond of saying that "medicine is no more an exact science than millinery."

A UNIQUE CEREMONY.

Gloucester's Annual Funeral For Her Lost Fishermen.

With each returning February there is held in the ancient wave dashed town of Gloucester, Mass., a ceremony solemn in motive, impressive in form and absolutely unique in origin and character. It is Gloucester's day of mourning for her sons who, during the preceding 12 months, have gone down to death on the distant fishing grounds. Headed by the clergy and commonalty and by bereft relatives, the people of the town march in long and slow procession to the appointed place of meeting, where, during the remainder of the brief winter's day, in chant and prayer and formal addresses, the sorrow in which all share finds fitting and touching expression.

Everybody who lives in Gloucester is interested in the fishing industry, and so it falls out that the city's life is about equally made up of intervals of joy and sorrow. When summer opens, the general tone of public feeling is bright and hopeful, but at the end of the season, as the fishers come in, some with flags at half mast, others bearing fateful news, the whole town is depressed.

All the residents show a concern in the sailors who are lost and in the welfare of their families. Even the citizens of fortune in Gloucester, who suffer no personal bereavement, have been brought closely into touch with the poor fishing families through repeated tragedies at sea. The scenes in the fishing quarters during the late fall and winter months, when news of death is brought by almost every returning boat, are most pathetic. Sometimes the news comes with a shock; at others, wives and children wait for weeks in anxiety, and never know the details of the fate of their loved ones.—Truth.

TRAPPED BY LETTER.

Evildoers Are All Anxious to Hear From the Women They Love.

"It is queer what risks some men will take to get a letter from a woman they love," said an official of the general delivery department of the postoffice. "Criminals who can be found in no other way are often arrested when they call for mail at the general delivery window. Generally the men call for letters written by some woman.

"Along close to the holidays last year a Pinkerton detective came to the office and waited for three days and nights for a man wanted in the east. The detective knew that before the murder he was accused of committing the man had corresponded with a woman in the east. The detective had been waiting three days, when he received word to go to Columbus, O., as there was a letter at that office for the man. He went and had not been there long when the man made his appearance. The detective arrested him at once and proceeded to Cleveland, where the prisoner was tried and sentenced to death.

"Another instance was where not long ago the authorities were looking for a man accused of committing some big crime and had no clew at all as to where he was. So every postoffice in the country was sent word to look out for a letter for that man. Some time after one came to our office, and we at once notified the authorities. A detective came on immediately, and when the man asked for his mail he was at once arrested."—Indianapolis News.

Firing Big Guns.

The bigger the gun the shorter its life. Those monsters, the 110 ton guns, cannot be reckoned upon to fire more than 60 full charge rounds without becoming quite useless. The 67 ton gun can fire 105 rounds, while the 6 inch breechloader is good for 400 or 450 full charge rounds.

The reason of this is that the terrific heat and corroding effect of the powder wear away the bore at the chamber end, and then the shell does not catch the rifling.

There is nothing for it then but to send the gun to the factory and have the barrel bored and lined with a new tube.

Eighty shots from a 110 pound gun would be good business in any war. Where the inconvenience arises is in the fact that during peace the men cannot practice as much as desirable. Still there is a way out of it to a certain extent, for it is found that a half charge, which is sufficient for practice, wears out a gun only one-fourth as fast as a full charge, and even in a way a three-quarter charge is powerful enough.

Now a 110 ton gun, though it can fire only 80 full charges, can fire 190 three-quarter charges and 320 half charges.—New York Telegram.

Seasickness.

A stewardess, after 15 years' service on one of the transatlantic liners—and an opinion on the subject from a person in her position is undoubtedly to be respected—has this to say about seasickness: "Almost everybody is a little sick, but a great many more persons could be less sick than they are if they would only be careful for a day or two before they sail. Lots of folks going off to Europe eat big dinners and luncheons for two or three days before they start, and as soon as they get the motion of the waves they have really a billous attack. Sometimes when the crossing is very rough and I have been a little careless in my diet I feel the motion myself, but never when I take proper care. At the slightest dizziness or nausea I stop eating anything at all for eight or ten hours, and above all I never touch tea at that time. It is the overeating usually before they come on board that makes all the trouble."—New York Post.

An Overcautious Wife.

An incident occurred at the redemption bureau of the treasury which ought to be a warning to wives. A woman in New England placed $48 in bank bills in the oven of the kitchen stove in order to hide it from her husband. She forgot to take it out, and in the morning he kindled a hot fire and reduced the money to a crisp before his wife remembered where it was. She picked up the ashes, enough to half fill a wineglass, put them in a little box and sent them down to Washington to be redeemed. The experts, by the use of magnifying glasses, identified the bills to the amount of $30 and sent her that money, but it cost her $12 to fool her husband, and she will probably not try it again.—Chicago Record.

The Road to Convalescence.

A woman will be in bed all morning and go to a whist party in the afternoon. She will be genuinely sick all day and go like a martyr to a card party at night. The plea that her absence might inconvenience her hostess is considered sufficient excuse. A man with an ache goes to bed and roars. It would be interesting to learn which is the shorter route to recovery.—Atchison Globe.

One Fault.

Miss Crochet (after an attack upon the piano)—How do you like that? It is a song without words.

Fogg—It would be absolutely perfect if it had no other thing.

Miss Crochet—What's that, pray?

Fogg—If it was also without music.—Boston Transcript.

A Hint.

"Did you see that story about the man who got a needle in his arm while trying to kiss a girl?" he asked.

"No," she replied, and then she added fervently, "but, thank heaven, I never learned to sew!"—Chicago Post.

HE LOVED TO FIGHT.

A LITTLE MAN WHO WOULD RATHER SHOOT THAN EAT.

Odds Didn't Figure With Jack Watson When He Concluded to Go Into a Melee, and His Nerve Once Saved an Innocent Man.

"The gamest man and the best fighter that I ever knew—and I've known quite a number in my day—was little Jack Watson of California," remarked Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada one day in Washington when he was in a story telling mood to a party of interested listeners.

"Watson had been a member of Jack Hayes' famous company, and, though he didn't weigh over 120 pounds and in height measured but 5 feet 6 inches, he would fight at the drop of a hat the biggest man that ever breathed. I don't know what state gave him birth, but he was a native of the south, and all the pioneers of Texas knew him well.

"The little chap didn't provoke difficulties, but I verily believe he enjoyed fighting for its own sake, and odds didn't figure with him once he concluded to go into a melee. His long suit was shooting, and a deadlier shot never fingered a revolver.

"I shall never forget the first time that Jack Watson and I met, for the circumstance was of the sort that burns itself upon a man's memory. I was riding into a mining camp in Nevada county and stopped at a watering trough to let my beast drink. About the same time a stranger of very diminutive stature rode up, and while our animals refreshed themselves we engaged in some casual conversation. The stranger was Watson.

"Before we exchanged half a dozen sentences our attention was attracted by a great noise, and, looking around, we saw at least 200 men coming our way with a prisoner. The prisoner was a remarkably fine looking man, but his captors had stripped him to the waist, and the evident intention was to flog him.

"Before I could hardly realize what was happening Watson spoke up, 'Dare you go in with me and stop these men?' It seemed bravado, but there was a ring in the small one's voice that sounded like business, and I, being young and foolish, answered, 'I dare.'

"We rushed after the mob at racing speed, and when I got close enough to the leaders I yelled at the top of my lungs: 'Hold on, boys; you've got the wrong man!'

"This was an inspiration, for I really knew nothing of the case, but I hated to see such a magnificent looking fellow undergo the humiliation of a public beating. But my cry caused a halt, and with Watson beside me I repeated that they had the wrong man and, still using my highest notes, called for the appointment of a committee.

"It is curious how easily a mob is sometimes swayed. In less than ten minutes this one, previously so impassioned, had calmed down and was listening quietly to the investigations of the committee, of which I had been made chairman.

"It seems that the prisoner was, as I apprehended, a respectable and worthy man, and he had letters upon him that vouched for his integrity. He had been accused of stealing $200 in gold by a miner, but we not only established his innocence, but started an examination that led to the discovery of the real thief.

"After this I saw Jack no more till one day in San Francisco, when I found him in a most wretched condition. He had gone to a political meeting where he was persona non grata, and there was immediate trouble. Jack killed two men, but was himself almost riddled with bullets. An old negro took me to him, and I found him in an apparently dying condition. If he had one bullet hole in him, he had 20. He had no doctor, no nurse, no food, no friend but the old darky.

"I got him a room in a good hotel and the best physician money could hire. The doctor thought he had a bare chance to live, but was very dubious of his pulling through. His nerve saved him, and in a few weeks he was going around as game as ever.

"The next news of Jack came from Pasadena. He had gone to a ball and, aspiring to the favor of the belle of the town, roused the enmity of a dozen young gallants. The shooting began while the function was still in progress, but it was a bad day for Jack Watson's assailants, for when the firing ceased there were five of them corpses, while he escaped unhurt.

"Jack finally became a member of the legislature and, strange to say, died a peaceful death, respected and loved by all his neighbors."—Washington Post.

A Little Bit Too Sensitive.

This cold, hard world has few souls as sensitive as a young man who killed himself in Paris the other day. His home was in Lyons, and his father had given to him 30,000 francs, or $6,000, to establish a branch office of their business in Paris. After he had been in Paris for several days his letters home ceased, and he disappeared from the little circle of friends that he had made. He had seemed a quiet, steady fellow, and he had chosen his new associates with discretion. When they missed him they wrote to his father, supposing that he knew where his son was. The father, however, was ignorant of the young man's whereabouts, and the police were summoned and a search made of his apartments. On the bed in his room was found his dead body, with a note by his side, which said:

"I have lost 25,000 francs of the sum that my father intrusted to me, and as I would not have it believed that I have squandered the money I am killing myself." This furnished a clew, but nothing more could be learned for several days. Finally, when searching the rooms for the young man's property, his pocketbook, with the 25,000 francs, was found in a corner of the bureau drawer, where he had put it and then forgotten.

Did She Get the Hat?

It was a mean trick, of course, and some day she will doubtless get even with him.

She saw him take a piece of paper from his pocket, carefully fold it up, put it in an envelope and then place the envelope in one of the far corners of the drawer of the library table.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing of any consequence," he replied.

Now, if he had simply thrown it carelessly into the drawer she would have thought nothing of it, but the care he took to put it clear over in the far corner and the fact that he seemed ill at ease after he found that his action had been observed aroused her curiosity. She wondered what it was, and she reasoned with herself that he had said it was "nothing of importance," so he would have nobody but himself to blame if she took a look at it. She was justified in inferring from his words that there was no reason why she should not. And this is what she read scribbled on a piece of paper:

"I'll bet you a new hat your curiosity will not permit you to let this alone."

It was a terrible predicament in which to place a woman. How could she claim the new hat without giving herself away?—Chicago Post.

A Long Wait.

Thomas Nelson Page's entrance into literature was discouraging. He sent the short story called "Marse Chan" to The Century. It was accepted. Then Page waited, just waited. Six years later the tale was printed. It made a hit, and after that things came easily.—New York World.

Nassau's Big Tree.

In Nassau, the capital city of the Bahama islands, they say "the tree in the public square"—not the trees. Now the public square of Nassau is quite as large as that of most cities of the size, but there is only one tree in it, and that tree literally fills the square and spreads its shade over all the public buildings in the neighborhood. For it is the largest tree in the world at its base, although it is hardly taller than a three story house. It is variously known as a ceiba or a silk cotton tree, but the people of the low islands of the West Indies call it the hurricane tree; for no matter how hard the wind blows it cannot disturb the mighty, buttressed trunk of the ceiba.

Its trunk throws out great curving, windlike braces, some of them 20 feet wide and nearly as high. These extend into the ground on all sides and brace the tree against all attack, while the great branches spread a thick shade overhead. In the tropic sunshine of midsummer, hundreds, even thousands, of people may gather in the cool of its shadow. No one knows how old the great tree is, but it must have been growing hundreds, if not thousands, of years. A very old picture in the library at Nassau shows the tree as big as it is at present, and even the oldest negro in the island cannot remember when it was a bit smaller.—Washington Post.

Tom Corwin's Ready Wit.

Governor John Brough was once matched against Corwin and in his speech said:

"Gentlemen, my honored opponent himself, while he preaches advocacy of home industry, has a carriage at home which he got in England; had it shipped across the water to him. How is that for supporting home industry and labor?"

When Corwin came to the stand, he made a great show of embarrassment. He stammered and began slowly:

"Well, gentlemen, you have heard what my friend Mr. Brough has to say about my carriage. I plead guilty to the charge, and I have only two things to say in my defense. The first is that the carriage came to me from an English ancestor as an heirloom, and I had to take it. Again, I have not used it for seven years, and it has been standing in my back yard all that time, and the chickens have converted it into a roost. Now, gentlemen," with a steady look at Brough, "I have nothing further to say in my defense, but I would like to know how Brough knows anything about my carriage if he has not been visiting my henroost!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Mile a Minute Down the Alps.

The spot in the Swiss Alps that attracts the winter sportsmen of Europe is the Cresta run, at St. Moritz, which is just one mile in length. The tobogganing season here begins about the middle of November, when the first snow falls. The condition of the run is not left to chance, but the slide is prepared under the direction of a committee. Swiss toboggans in contrast to the Canadian ones, made entirely of wood, are raised on runners shod with iron or steel. The expert rider lies prone upon the toboggan, head foremost, both hands grasping the framework at the sides and both feet employed in steering. Iron spikes are secured to the toes of the boots, and by trailing one or the other foot along the ground the big sled may be guided. But as this fashion of steering tends to diminish the speed the most skilled riders use the feet as little as possible and depend upon shifting the position. Though the Cresta run is a mile in length, the whole distance may be covered in 70 seconds. At the steepest point a mile a minute is made.

The Dangerous End.

An Ass once enveloped Himself in a Lion's Skin, hoping that he would thereby Escape Annoyance from the Rest of the Brute Creation.

But seeing a Tiger approaching, and fearing his inability to look as fierce as his Assumed Character required, he at once turned his back toward the Tiger and remained Motionless.

"Ah!" said the Tiger to himself, "for once mine ancient Enemy, the Lion, has relaxed his usual Vigilance. I'll steal upon him from Behind, and there'll be a Funeral in the morning."

But his Vicious Spring was met by the Heels of the Ass, and lo! the Tiger had Predicted his own Funeral.

Moral.—It's usually Policy to Attack the Enemy in the Rear, but there are Exceptions to every Rule. Always remember, in dealing with an Ass (human or otherwise), that the end containing his Brains is less Dangerous than the one furnished with Heels.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Finding a Mine.

Two cowboys and several sticks of dynamite very suddenly and unexpectedly discovered the Hualipi mines near Kingman, A. T. The cowboys were on their way across the territory, and they had with them several sticks of dynamite, to be used when they reached the Colorado river. One day they camped some seven miles north of where Kingman now is. They left the dynamite among some bowlders at a distance from the camp for safe keeping. The day was unusually hot, and in some unaccountable way the dynamite went off. The cowboys hurried to the place of explosion, and even their inexperienced eyes saw that the dynamite had blown a gold mine into their pockets. As high as $25,000 a month has been taken out of this mine.—Philadelphia Times.

No industry except that of cloth manufacture has contributed so much to the comfort and advancement of man as that of glassmaking, which is one of the oldest of technical industries. Its earliest home was Egypt.

The famous gardens of Versailles have cost 48,000,000.

Baths and Fatigue.

Professor K. Beerwald says that when the body is fatigued or the brain has been overtaxed by excessive mental work it is very wrong to take a cold bath. Such a bath excites, he says, and if we add this to the already excited state of the body the result seems rejuvenating for the moment, but very soon the tension becomes too great, and the body cannot be forced to do more work.

According to the professor, a warm bath is the only kind to be applied when one wishes to recover from fatigue, and the longer a tired body remains in a bath of, say, 70 degrees the quieter become the strained nerves and the easier follows the sought for rest.

In the morning, after a good night's rest, a cold bath is very invigorating, but at no time during the day, if the nerves are strained, should it be repeated.

Cautious Procedure.

"Colonel, if you called a man a liar, you would surely expect a fight, would you not?" asked the stranger from the north.

"No, sah," replied the colonel. "We don't call a man a liah down heah until we have shot him fust, sah, so full of lies that there is no fight in him, sah."—Indianapolis Press.

Less, Sometimes.

We don't want to say anything against the girls, but when one gets married nowadays it doesn't seem to make any more housework for the mother than she had before her daughter's departure.—Atchison Globe.

A nation's flag represents its sovereignty and is prominently displayed in all army and navy battles. To "strike the flag" is to lower the national colors in token of submission to the opposing forces.

A MEMORY OF BROOK FARM

Hawthorne In a Pillow Fight With Two Girls.

I do not recollect Hawthorne's talking much at the table, says Mrs. Ora Gannett Sedgwick in The Atlantic in "A Girl of Sixteen at Brook Farm." Indeed he was a very taciturn man. One day, tired of seeing him sitting immovable on the sofa in the hall, as I was learning some verses to recite at the evening class for recitation formed by Charles A. Dana, I daringly took my book, pushed it into his hands and said, "Will you hear my poetry, Mr. Hawthorne?" He gave me a sidelong glance from his very shy eyes, took the book and most kindly heard me. After that he was on the sofa every week to hear me recite.

He was one evening alone in the hall, sitting on a chair at the farther end, when my roommate, Ellen Slade, and myself were going up stairs. She whispered to me, "Let's throw the sofa pillows at Mr. Hawthorne." Reaching over the banisters, we each took a cushion and threw it. Quick as a flash he put out his hand, seized a broom that was hanging near him, wielded off our cushions and threw them back with sure aim. As fast as we could throw them at him he returned them with effect, hitting us every time, while we could hit only the broom. He must have been very quick in his movements. Through it all not a word was spoken. We laughed and laughed, and his eyes shone and twinkled like stars with laughter. Wonderful eyes they were, and when anything witty was said I always looked quickly at Mr. Hawthorne, for his dark eyes lighted up as if flames were suddenly kindled behind them, and then the smile came down to his lips.

We laughed merrily and went off to bed, vanquished, without a word. I suppose Mr. Hawthorne's face must have worn that wonderful smile, which always seemed suddenly kindled behind his eyes, twinkled there for a second and then ran swiftly over his intensely grave face.

WOOD PULP POULTICES.

Their Ready Application Is Only One of Their Many Advantages.

A United States naval surgeon advocates the substitution of wood pulp sheets for flaxseed meal, etc., in making poultices. He cuts a sheet of the pulp to a size approximate to the surface to be covered, soaks the sheet in hot water until it has become thoroughly softened, then wrings it out very lightly and applies. The wood pulp sheet will absorb and hold from four to five times its weight of water and, since heat and moisture are the desiderata in poultices, this furnishes them in simple, cleanly form. No cloths are needed, no cooking, no stirring and spreading on cloth—just a soaking in hot water. And the nicest part is the total absence of the mess inevitable in making flaxseed meal poultices, although there is, too, a great economy of time and trouble. It is sometimes advisable to put a piece of oiled muslin over the sheet to help retain the heat and moisture.

When the poultice begins to get cold, take it off, wring out the water and soak it again in hot water, and so on indefinitely. The surgeon has used the same sheet of pulp wood for two days' poulticing, in the hands of an ignorant man at that, his instructions to him being "to soak the plaster in hot water whenever it got cold and put it on again." By the way, every physician who has had the annoyance and trouble of being compelled to leave the all important matter of poulticing to an ignorant person will appreciate a way that will allow no loophole for mistakes and failures.—Philadelphia Record.

Curious Historical Document.

The charter in which the church was first granted tithes in England is a curious historical document. A literal translation follows: "I, Ethelwolfe, by the grace of God, King of the West Saxons with the advice of the Bishops, Earls and all persons of distinction in my dominions, have, for the health of my soul, the good of my people, and the prosperity of my kingdom, taken the honourable resolution of granting the tenth part of the lands throughout my whole kingdom to the Church and Ministers of religion, to be enjoyed by them, with all the privilege of a free tenure, and discharged from all the incumbrances incident to lay-fees. This grant has been made by us in honour of Jesus Christ, the Blessed Virgin, and all Saints, and out of regard to the Paseal solemnity, and that Almighty God might vouchsafe his blessings on us and on our posterity. Dated at Wilton, Ann. Dom. 854, at the Feast of Easter."

Geological Time.

An ingenious theory for the estimation of the time of the various geological periods has been propounded by an engineer whose work on western railroads takes him into primitive country. He says that in one great depression in Wyoming the trees have been recording the rate of erosion of the slopes for about 300 years so accurately that the data to be obtained by a careful study of them will be a factor of extreme importance in enabling scientists to convert geological time into years. While he has not yet had time to collect those data properly, he makes the rough deduction that, according to their records the pliocene and pleistocene periods would represent about 1,500,000 years, and that, on this basis, the cenizoic time would be about 4,000,000 years. This would mean that all geological time from the beginning of the Cambrian epoch would be 64,000,000 years.

His Own.

Ostend (reading a book of poems)—Pa, when was the romantic age?

Pa—When I was 20, Ostend.—Chicago News.

Ninety years in the penitentiary was the sentence given John Heyslip, a horse trainer, found guilty of murder in the second degree at Kansas City, Mo.

D. L. Bander, heir to a $100,000 estate at Cortland, N. Y., threw himself in front of a train at Chicago, Ill., and was killed.

SOME persons say it is natural for them to lose flesh during summer. But losing flesh is losing ground. Can you afford to approach another winter in this weakened condition?

Coughs and colds, weak throats and lungs, come quickest to those who are thin in flesh, to those easily chilled, to those who have poor circulation and feeble digestion.

Scott's Emulsion

of *cod liver oil with hypophosphites* does just as much good in summer as in winter. It makes flesh in August as well as April. You certainly need as strong nerves in July as in January. And your weak throat and lungs should be healed and strengthened without delay.

All Druggists, 50c. and $1.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

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A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.
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Pumpkin Seed
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Wintergreen Flavor.
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
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The Kind You Have Always Bought
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BEST VALUE WRITING MACHINE.
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Also Webster's Collegiate Dictionary with a Scottish Glossary, etc. "First class in quality, second class in size."
GET THE BEST

A "Practical" Joke.

An Irishman took a contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about 25 feet down, he came one morning and found it caved in—filled nearly to the top.

Pat looked cautiously round and saw that no one was near, then took off his hat and coat and hung them on the windlass, crawled into some bushes and waited events. In a short time the citizens discovered that the well had caved in, and, seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass, they supposed he was at the bottom of the excavation.

Only a few hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the eager citizens had reached the bottom and were wondering where the body was Pat came walking out of the bushes and good naturedly thanked them for relieving him of a sorry job.

Some of the tired diggers were disgusted, but the joke was too good to allow of anything more than a hearty laugh, which soon followed.—London Answers.

The Eskimo's Liver.

Does every one know in what notable physical particulars the Eskimos who live in the far north differ from us temperate zone people? It will be remembered that half a dozen or more Eskimos came to New York from the arctic zone with one of Lieutenant Peary's homing parties. Most of them died presently of pneumonia, to the distress and somewhat to the indignation of the public. Of several of them careful autopsies were made and, not a little to the excitement of our medical world, it was discovered that the Eskimo intestine was about four feet shorter than ours is, and that his liver was not shaped like what we have been used to call a human liver, but was more like that of a dog. The Eskimo, apparently, is so constructed that he can live and thrive under such conditions and on such a diet as he can command at home.—Harper's Weekly.

That Coal Scuttle.

In these days when so many excuses are used to obtain entrance to dwelling houses and burglars carry off everything possible it is as well to be careful. Therefore when a servant recently informed her mistress that a strange man had called and said that he had come to "measure for a coal scuttle" the mistress was naturally alarmed. The man came again, however, bringing with him three others, and then it appeared that he had come to put in an electric wire and box for messenger service. What he really meant to tell the servant in the first place was that he had come to measure for the "call box." He had apparently broadened it into "coal box," and the servant had repeated it as "coal scuttle."—New York Mail and Express.

Man is as full of good and evil as an egg is full of meat.—H. A. Kendall.

The same vices which are huge and insupportable in others we do not feel in ourselves.—La Bruyere.

THE CLEANSING AND HEALING CURE FOR
CATARRH
is
Ely's Cream Balm
Easy and pleasant to use. Contains no injurious drug.
It is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once.
It opens and Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation, Heals and Protects the membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial size, 10 cents by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.
CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH HAYFEVER COLD IN HEAD ELY BROS.
COLD IN HEAD

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT

CORRECTED WEEKLY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday Feb 28th.

Apples	per bu	40-50c
	dried, lb	4c
	evaporated lb	12c
Apple Butter	per gal	40 to 50c
	roll, per lb	20c
Butter	fresh keg, per lb	5c
	creamery, per lb	28c
Beeswax	per lb	28c
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	5c
	green, per lb	15c
Coffee	roasted, per lb	15 to 18c
Cement	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.60 to 1.70
	Portland, per bbl	$2.50 to 4.00
Cornmeal	per lb	1½c
Eggs	per doz	15c
Fish, lake herring	½ bbl	per 70 lb $2.75
	¼ bbl	per 30 lb $1.65
Honey, white clover	per lb	20c
Lard	per lb	7 to 10c
Lime	per bbl	$1.60
Molasses	N. O. per gal	60c
Onions	per bus	60 to 75c
Potatoes	per bus	35 to 50c
Peaches	evaporated, per lb	8 to 10c
Prunes	per lb	8 to 10c
Salt	N. Y., per bbl	$1.25
	Pittsburg, per bbl	1.25
	Dairy, ½ bus sacks	25c
	" ¼ " "	20c
	" 4 bus sacks	$1.25
	ground alum, 180 lb sacks	90c
Sugar	maple, per lb	7 to 10c
	imported yellow, per lb	5c
	white, A, per lb	5¾-5¾c
	granulated, per lb	6¼-6¼c
	Coffee, or pulverized, per lb	5c
Syrup	per gal	50c
	maple, per gal	40 to 50c
Stoneware	per gallon	5c
Tallow	per lb	5 to 6c
Vinegar	per gal	25 to 30c
Seeds	timothy, per bus	$2.50
	clover, per bus	35.00 to 60.00
	" crimson, per bus	
	" alsike, per bus	
	" alsyke, per bus	
Millet, German	per bus	
Grain	Rye, white beardless, per bus	1.25
	buckwheat, per bus	45c
	corn shelled, per bus	45 to 48c
	oats, per bus	35 to 37c
	rye, per bus	50c
& Feed	wheat, per bus	65c
	bran, per 100 lb	80c
	corn and oats chop, per 100 lb	85c
Flour	flour, roller process, per bbl	3.90
	" spring patent and fancy	
	high grade	$4.00
	flour, lower grade per 140 lb	$1.35-1.40
Middlings	white, per 100 lb	80c
	red, per 100 lb	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 1:20 p. m.

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

SOUTHWARD.

*Mail.—Johnstown 8:30 a. m., Hooversville 9:00 Stoystown 9:24, Somerset 9:52 Rockwood 10:15.

Express.—Johnstown 1:00 p. m., Hooversville 2:03, Stoystown 2:47, Somerset 3:15, Rockwood 3:40.

*Daily.

F. D. UNDERWOOD, General Manager.
D. R. 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	4:11	a. m.
Southwestern Express	8:01	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:35	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:20	"
Way Passenger	2:51	p. m.
Pittsburg Express	4:33	"
Mail	9:51	"
Fast Line	9:41	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:05	"

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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It resuires a good selected stock and a neatly arranged store room to do a brisk business.

WE HAVE BOTH OF THEM.

Pure Drugs I make it a point to keep my large line of Drugs in a Pure fresh and good condition. In the way of

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