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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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THE WIND AT THE DOOR.

Often to my door
Comes a twilight visitor.
When the mountain summer day
From our valley takes his way,
And the journeying shadows stride
Over the green mountain side,
Down the clove among the trees
Moves the ghostly wandering breeze.
With the first stars on the crest
And the pale light in the west
He comes up the dark ravine
Where no traveler is seen.
Yet his coming makes a stir
In the house of Ash and Fir.
"Master, is't in our abode
You will tarry on the road?"
"Nay, I like your roof tree well,
But with you I may not dwell."
Birches whisper at their sill
As he passes up the hill,
"Stranger, underneath our boughs
There is ample room to house."
"Friends, I have another quest
Than your cool abiding rest."
And the fluttering Aspen knows
Whose step by her doorway goes—
"Honor, lord, thy silver tree
And the chamber laid for thee."
"Nay, I must be faring on,
For tonight I seek my own.
Breath of the red dust is he
And a wayfarer like me;
Here a moment and then lost
On a trail confused and crossed.
And I gently would surprise
Recognition in his eyes;
Touch his hand and talk with him
When the forest light is dim,
Taking counsel with the lord
Of the utterable word."
Hark, did you hear some one try
The west window furtively
And then move among the leaves
In the shadow of the eaves?
The reed curtain at the door
Rustled; there's my visitor
Who comes searching for his kin.
"Enter, brother, I'm within."
—Bliss Carman in Scribner's.

A BELATED OPPORTUNITY.

March was coming in like a bedraggled lion, when Alonzo Jackson, the stage driver, drew up in front of Miss Jane Parmalee's gate and sat patiently waiting until she should make her appearance. The wind roared through the leafless trees, and Alonzo's rubber coat resounded with the beating of the heavy rain.

"Shouldn't wonder if she backed out, after all," he mused, stooping to let his hat brim discharge its pent-up flood. "Ain't many women who would start out in a storm like this, just to go a-visitin', if they had made all their arrangements and wrote they was comin'."

But all doubts as Miss Jane Parmalee's strength of will to carry out what she had determined to do were presently dispelled by the appearance of that spinster at the door of her cottage, with a large glazed traveling bag in one hand and an umbrella in the other She set the bag down on the stone doorsteep, spread the expansive folds of the umbrella over her head, took a key from her pocket, and carefully locked the door. The stage driver got down from his wagon, opened the gate and came rustling up the gravel walk in his rubber coat.

"No need of your comin' for that satchel, 'Lonzo," cried Miss Parmalee through the roaring wind, as she turned and put the key in her pocket, after a final test of the locked door. "I've got a free hand, and I reckon I could carry it all right."

"Mebbe you could," replied Alonzo cheerfully, "of course you could Jane; but 't ain't my way to let lady passengers tote their own baggage."

The quiet familiarity with which Alonzo Jackson addressed Miss Parmalee as "Jane" and her quiet, unsurprised acceptance of it bespoke a closeness of friendship which was well understood in the community, and which had now lasted for twenty years or more—ever since they were "young folks" and Alonzo had been said to be "waiting on" pretty Jane Parmalee.

Everybody supposed that they would get engaged and married in due time, like other young couples with marked preference for one another. But years passed, and for some reason Alonzo failed to "get to the point."

Some said it was because the awkward, bashful boy could not summon up enough courage actually to pop the question. Others declared it was because he was jealous of a young fellow from the city, who had boarded with Jane's aunt during the summer, and used occasionally to see Jane home from church or take her to a Sunday-school picnic. At any rate, time passed without any formal declaration from Alonzo; and in the meanwhile Jane's parents died, and she went to live with her widowed aunt.

Then her aunt died also, and Jane was left alone in the world, for a brother who was a miner in the far West. Jane converted the little property that had been left her into money, and bought a small cottage on the outskirts of the village, where she now lived in genuine old-maid fashion.

Alonzo, who was 43 years old, still lived with his aged parents, and cared for them. For ten years he had driven the stage between Gilead and Gilead Station—where a remote corner of the township was intersected by a railroad.

He had never been to see Jane Parmalee since she moved into her own cottage, but they were still "Lonzo" and "Jane" to each other whenever they met, and the memory of a faded romance did not seem to embitter their present friendship. Jane indeed sometimes wondered, with a choking sensation in her throat, why Alonzo Jackson had never asked her to be his wife, but she had long since got over the keen anguish of her girlhood disappointment, and schooled herself to believe that since God willed it so, it was "all for the best."

On this stormy March day Jane Parmalee was going to Gilead station, to take the train for Lancaster, where lived her life-long friend, Susan Rich, in a pleasant home whose welcome Jane had often gratefully tasted. The day and train having been set, Jane would as soon have thought of betraying her friend's confidence as failing to arrive at the precise hour named in her letter. Fidelity was the bed rock of her character. It seem as if Alonzo Jackson might have known this, as he sat in the rain before her gate.

Jane was the only passenger that morning. She sat on the middle seat under her big umbrella, and Alonzo chatted intermittently with her over his left shoulder, as they jogged along through the storm. One would never have suspected that these two sober, middle-aged persons had been lovers in the sweet days gone by.

When they reached the covered bridge over the river, it seemed as if all the clouds of heaven had opened their sluice-gates tother. A perfect torrent of rain was falling.

"'Lonzo' can't you stop for a few minutes in the bridge, till the worst of this shower is over?" asked Jane. "My new bunnit is gittin' awfully damp. The rain drives right through this umbrel."

"Lemme see," said Alonzo, consulting his watch. "Yes, I guess so. We've got twenty minutes to spare, and it does rain middling hard. My! but the river is high, ain't it? A little more and it would be over the floor boards of the bridge."

Alonzo drove to the middle of the gloomy covered bridge and then stopped his horses. Then he and Jane sat listening to the thunder of the storm over their heads.

"The bridge kind of quivers, doesn't it?" said Jane.

"Yes, it does seem to joggle some," replied Alonzo. "The water's up to the floor beams and pushes kind of hard against 'em. But I don't believe—"

Just then the steady vibration of the bridge increased to a sort of convulsive shudder. The structure suddenly lurched, gave a grinding slide, grated off its stone piers, and went whirling down stream with the current.

Jane uttered a cry of terror and caught hold of Alonzo's arm. He could feel her whole body tremble. The sensation sent a strange thrill through him. His lethargic nature at last was stirred.

"There—there!" he said, soothingly. "Don't you be afraid, Jane. There ain't real danger. The bridge ain't a-going to sink. We'll ground against the shore somewhere, and then I can drive right out again."

But the bridge tossed and spun and careened, and the muddy water raced along the floor. Jane began to sob like a frightened child.

"Come, come," said Alonzo, drawing the reins hard as iron over the plunging horses with his right hand. "Don't be scared. I'll—there!"

His left arms reached over the back of the seat and slid around Jane Parmalee's waist, her head dropped on his shoulder, her best bonnet heedless of the drippings of the old felt hat. "There now—there now—there now!" murmured the strong man tenderly. "Oh, Jane, if something of this sort had only happened twenty years ago!"

"Yes," whispered Jane, all of a tremble still, but not with terror. "But it has happened, 'Lonzo, and that's enough for me!"—Chicago News.

Useful Hints.

A ten-cent tube of white lead will mend any quantity of broken china. Put a small quantity of white lead on the broken edges, bind firmly with a string, and set away for a few weeks to dry. If not thoroughly dry the pieces will not stay cemented when put in water. Any amount of washing can not dislodge the pieces when once thoroughly dried before using. Care must be taken to let nothing greasy touch the broken edges before applying the lead.

For cleaning cutlery use ashes made from pine wood and sift through a fine sieve; rub gently with soft woolen cloth and use castile soap; rinse in warm water and dry with soft linen cloth. For fine cutlery that is not used often I have found this preparation to be good: Take a piece of leaf fat from the pork; render and strain through a flannel cloth; use no salt, as it will rust; will keep best in a glass jar. Put a small portion of this on a flannel cloth about six inches square; rub the blades and wrap carefully in tissue or waxed paper separately.

In baking cake or muffins in gem pans, it should be remembered that if there is not quite enough batter to fill all the set, a little water should be put in each one of the empty ones before they are put into the oven.

A drop of kerosene or sweet oil, a little candle tallow, or a slight application of soap, will stop the squeak of door-hinges or chairs.

Although it is well to have a supply of sweet herbs kept separately, a bottle ready mixed should also be prepared, as they save much trouble and can always be used when called for by the general term sweet herbs. These usually consists of equal parts of lemon, thyme, marjoram and savory, and two parts parsley dried by heat. Sun-dried parsley is tasteless.

Great Salt Lake Lake Shrinking.

The level of Great Salt Lake, Utah, is reported to be steadily falling, on account of the large volume of water tributary to it, which is now absorbed by irrigation enterprises, says the "Geographical Record." The Jordan and Bear Rivers, City Creek and other tributaries rise in the mountains to the east and, before they were intercepted by irrigation ditches, poured into the lake the year round about 10,000 cubic feet a second.

It is interesting to learn that a similar condition now exists in the Dead Sea, Palestine. That sea was formerly much larger than at present, as is shown by the old beaches, stretching at various levels along the basin. Since the middle of the century its level has been very slowly rising, till quite recently, but now it is falling. This shrinkage of Great Salt Lake, not to natural cause, but to the increasing quantity of water taken from the Jordan and smaller streams by farmers, who are diverting all they can get to their lands. Some of the salt deposits covering the bottom of the lake may now be seen above the water in the shallower places and near the shores.

But even if this shrinkage should go on steadily it would take a long time to dry up the waters, for the lake is over 2300 feet deep in the northern part of the basin.

Monarch over pain. Burns, cuts, sprains, stings. Instant relief. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. At any drug store.

Loneliest of Lighthouses.

The hightest point used by the lighthouse department of the United States government as a signal station is a precipitous rock in the northwestern part of Oregon called Tillamook Rock. Its great height and perilous situation tend to make this rock the most avoided one on the government list, and it is only after a long and careful search that men are found who are willing to go as keepers to the station.

Tillamook Rock Light Station is in the Thirteenth lighthouse district, which includes the coast and rivers of Oregon, Washington and Alaska. It is situated in the midst of the surging Pacific, with 90 feet depth of water on all sides, at the great storm center off Tillamook Head.

It is 18 miles south of the entrance to the Columbia river, and one mile southwest by half a mile west from Tillamook Head, on the Oregon coast. The water near Tillamook had such a strong and uncertain current that vessels unacquainted with the coast are warned not to attempt the passage. The rock, which has a summit of 80 feet above the sea level, is an irregular column of basalt, apparently separated from Tillamook Head, on the mainland, by untold centuries of erosion prior to the days when the sea was receding on the Pacific and encroaching upon the land on the Atlantic.

The reason for the difficulty in securing keepers for Tillamook is said to be that a man not only risks his life in accepting the position, but his reason. At present a keeper and four assistants are provided for the double purpose of dividing the watches and mitigating the awful isolation that tends toward unseating the reason. The mere monotony of seeing the same face (of a man of course,) day in and day out for months and years, amid the same wild scene and in the same narrow treadmill of labor, is irritating. It begets dislike by its very annoyance of monotony. It is so different when the face is that of a woman—a wife.

But the wife is not permitted to live there. The keeper and his assistants are cut off from all social ties. This wild waste of water and fierce storms of Tillamook forbid a woman's residsiding on the rock.

Upon the east side Tillamook's summit is 40 feet wide, narrowing to its west side for a distance of 60 feet, and from that point extending 40 feet further in a sharp and abrupt ledge, where it is only 40 feet in width. The rock is precipitous on all sides, except on the east, where it slopes up at an angle of 20 degrees. The summit, except the sharp ledge on the west side, is inclosed all around its ledge by a strong iron railing. The dwelling house is in the center of the summit. It faces to the east. It is a stone and cement structure, held down by great iron bolts. The stone tower rests on the rock and shoots up from the center of the dwelling. The inclosure of this wild sea-girt house contains some 7,000 square feet, or less than two acres in area. The focal plate of the light is 136 feet above sea level. Yet this Pacific ocean, when in its angriest mood, oftimes dashes its waves against the plate glass inclosing the light and hurls gigantic rocks high above and drops them upon the home of those faithful but helpless guardians of the storm-tossed mariner.

The keeper's dwelling is a square, one-story building of stone for outer walls, and brick, iron and wood for interior, with rectangular extension for the duplicate siren apparatus. The light was first shown on February 1, 1881, the building having been begun October 21, 1879, and completed under circumstances of the greatest peril.

On the northwesterly side of the rock, upon a sloping ledge, a wide, level platform or landing place has been constructed for transferring freight and passengers. The cage is four and one-half feet square and two feet deep, made of wooden slats closely put together. Ropes strongly bind each corner, into which iron bolts with eyeballs are inserted for attachment to the derrick.

The derrick raises the cage some 40 feet, and when the station boat is used the cage is omitted and the entire outfit is derricked up to the platform to crest the ascent is at an angle of 25 degrees, and the distance is 48 feet.

A tramway with tramcar takes up the freight. Three tanks with 14,451 gallons capacity, and one cistern, 17,957 gallons capacity, supply the station with water, that in the tanks being used for the fog signals and that in the cisterns being for the dwelling house. Once a miniature garden six feet square enlivened the scene with memories of home and furnished summer vegetables. Its soil, six inches in depth, was brought from Tongue Point, on Astoria peninsula.

During the winter this soil was boxed up and stowed away in a safe place. For two summers this idyllic status lasted, but the great tornado of 1894 washed the boxes into the sea.

The redeeming feature of Tillamook Station is its elysian zephyr, known as the chinook wind, flowing with perennial delight from the northwest in summer and imparting unequaled longevity and coming in at winter from the southwest with healing on its wings.

An Epidemic of Whooping Cough.

Last winter during an epidemic of whooping cough my children contracted the disease, having severe coughing spells. We had used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy very successfully for croup and naturally turned to it at that time and found it relieved the cough and effected a complete cure.—JOHN E. CLIFFORD, Proprietor Norwood House, Norwood, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

The largest hospital in Europe is at Moscow, and has 7,000 beds. Its staff consists of 96 physicians and 900 nurses, and about 15,000 patients are cared for every year.

"It was almost a miracle. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me of a terrible breaking out all over the body. I am very grateful." Miss Julia Filbridge, West Cornwell, Conn.

"I consider it not only a pleasure but a duty I owe to my neighbors to tell about the wonderful cure effected in my case by the timely use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I was taken very badly with flux and procured a bottle of this remedy. A few doses of it effected a permanent cure. I take pleasure in recommending it to others suffering from that dreadful disease.—J. W. LYNCH, Dorr, W. Va. This remedy is sold by all druggists.

Irish Wit and the Queen's Visit.

An old woman selling oranges contrived as the royal procession drew near to push a little nearer the barrier.

"Stand back, you wid the basket!" shouted the policeman.

"Arrah," replied the old body at once, 'mebbe her reverince 'd like an orange—chape enough, too, an' by the token I'll give her one all for nothin'.

"Stand back, will ye, her majesty does not want yer oranges. Everybody knows"—the policeman fell back on his imagination—"everybody knows she hates oranges."

"Then glory be to God, 'tis the color of thim she hates; she's a tidy sowl afther all. I wish I had some green oranges."

Another tale runs:

"Drive me to a good hotel, jarvey."

"Well, sir; which do ye want?"

"Any will do so long as I can get a room."

"Then axin' yer lave, sir, ys'd bether go across and throw stones at a peeler."

"Why?"

"Ye'd get locked up then, sir, an' 'tis the only way to get a room in Dublin this night, sir. Heav'n be praised!"

There is a newsman on Kingstown Pier well known to all travelers across the channel. It seems that when the queen was last in Ireland forty-nine years ago, he had the honor of supplying her with morning papers. Accordingly Dave Stevens presented himself again with a formidable array of journals, for his stock in trade has increased enormously in the meantime. One of the gentlemen in attendance reminded her majesty of the circumstance, and she sent for a morning paper, inclosing a soverign with a message to the effect that David might keep the rest for himself.

"And which newspaper did she buy?" asked the newsman's interviewer.

"I' like a lawyer, sur; all that takes place between my customers an' myself is sacret, an' I wouldn't tell ye for a handful o' soverigns—but that would surprise you if ye knew."

The interviewer's curiosity is still unsatiated.—Liverpool Post.

Spraying Trees.

Spray with Paris green, as generally recommended, about one week after the blossoms fall, or in time to get the calyx cups well filled with the poison, so that they may close over and hold it there.

Spray again with Paris green and Bordeaux mixture combined, or with kerosene emulsion, about June 1, or, better still, observe carefully and apply this when the eggs are being laid on the leaves.

Scrape the bark and place paper bands around the tree about the last of June, when the larvae are beginning to leave the apple to pupate. Examine these two or three times—a week apart—and destroy the insects found beneath them.

If these methods are not wholly effective, owing to the proximity of neglected orchards or from an unusual abundance of moths, later spraying, with either Paris green and Bordeaux mixture or kerosene emulsion, may do some good, but apparently can not be expected to be wholly effective.

If larvae are still found in the apples in any considerable numbers towards the end of the season, place paper bands around the tree about September 1 or a little earlier. Leave them there until the fruit is gathered from the orchard, then remove and destroy the larvae hibernating beneath them.

Wanted His Ring Back.

Under what circumstances, asks the Westminster Gazette, ought a rejected lover to insist upon the return of the engagement ring from a lady unwilling to yield it up? This is a very old problem and one that hardly permits of one inclusive solving formula. A gentleman at the North London Police Court recently wanted his ring back—it had cost a pound.

"Don't you think," said the magistrate, "that you have had £1 worth of pleasure during the time you walked out with the girl?"

The lover hardly felt able to value his pleasure in this commercial spirit, and would only plead that the engagement ring was given conditionally on it being worn (in due course) with a wedding ring provided by himself. But after some discussion he consented "not to trouble." He is going to try and find another girl—"a better and a prettier one."

The ancients believed that rheumatism was the work of a demon within a man. Any one who has had an attack of sciatic or inflammatory rheumatism will agree that the infliction is demoniac enough to warrant the belief. It has never been claimed that Chamberlain's Pain Balm would cast out demons, but it will cure rheumatism, and hundreds bear testimony to the truth of this statement. One application relieves the pain, and this quick relief which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. For sale by all druggists.

Will Forecast Floods.

The Chief of the United States Weather Bureau contemplates the establishment of a hydrographic division. A system of water forecasts is to be accomplished by means of many stations in different localities, the object being the study of all rivers in the country, and observations relating to precipation and the height of river waters. The stage of water in all rivers is to be reported daily and from data so obtained forcasts for the following twenty-four hours are deduced and telegraphed to the central office at Washington.

In its advanced and chronic form a cold in the head is known as Nasal Catarrh and is the recognized source of other diseases. Having stood the test of continued successful use, Ely's Cream Balm is recognized as a specific for membranal diseases in the nasal passages, and you should resort to this treatment in your own case. It is not drying, does not produce sneezing. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mail. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street New York. Give up prejudice and try it.

Census Queries.

The blank schedules to be used in the next census are now being distributed by the Census Office to the enumerators, who will start to work on June 1. The schedules contain questions which some persons may think prying, purposeless, or excessive in number. But their number and character have been determined by Congress, not by the Census Office, and all of them have been asked in previous censuses. The only important change since 1890 is that some questions have been abandoned.

People are often offended at the question, "How old are you?" and are apt to wonder what use the Government can make of their replies. Taken as a whole the replies are as important as any class of information the Census Office collects. Age returns penetrate and elucidate every other branch of statistical knowledge. They show where child labor is prevalent, and where the proportion of persons able to support themselves is large or small. They reveal the great number of colored children and the short life of the negroes under present conditions. They make it possible to ascertain whether the average length of life is increasing or decreasing, how many men the nation contains who are capable of voting or of bearing arms, and whether the relative number of children is increasing or decreasing.

In Mohammedan or semi-civilized countries like India, householders are often unwilling to answer the question regarding the sex of persons in the house, but in civilized countries where the sexes are regarded as on an equality, such unwillingness does not appear. The answers to the questions show that in nearly all cities the females outnumber the males and that the same is true of most of the States along the Atlantic coast. The belief is widespread that taking the world in general there are more females alive at any given time than males, and that if it were not for immigration there would be more females in the United States than males. But census statistics show that we can not explain the great excess of males (over one and a half million) in the United States by immigration alone, for when the foreign-born are left out of account there are still about 600,000 more males than females.

Few would dispute the necessity for asking questions regarding race. All arguments regarding the future of any particular race in this country, like the Indian, the negro, or the Chinese, must hing upon the returns of the census. With the Indians, moreover, it is of the highest importance to learn what success the policy of the Government has met with in establishing them apart from their tribes and reservations, and whether such Indians are increasing or decreasing.

Some mothers may shrink from stating the number of children they have had and the number who are living. But from the answers to these questions the country will learn whether the native American population is holding its own, or whether, as some have claimed, it is being gradually supplanted and displaced by the children of recent immigrants.

In the light of such explanations, and only a few of the most important questions have been touched upon, it may perhaps be clear to the public that no question has been ordered by Congress, or has been asked by the Census Office, which, if properly and correctly answered, will not lead to suggestive inferences regarding the American people and their work.

Hetty Green's Great Riches.

"Hetty Green's wealth consists largely of government bonds, railroad stocks and mortgages," writes Leigh Mitchell Hodges of "The Richest Woman in America," in the June Ladies' Home Journal. "She says she is not so fond of government bonds since the finances of the nation have become polluted with politics. Good mortgages of any kind are now her favorite form of investment. If all the mortgages she holds were foreclosed to-morrow, 28 churches of various denominations, in almost as many States, would become hers, and four cemeteries would be added to her real estate. Besides these there would be blocks of great business buildings and splendid city houses, theaters, livery stables and hotels, country residences, farms and ranches, factory buildings, and thousands of acres of valuable land in all parts of the country. Several years ago she made a tour of inspection of all the property on which she held mortgages. She spent two years traveling and stayed at forty hotels in as many cities. Since then she has added largely to her holdings of this kind. The most conservative estimates place Mrs. Green's wealth at $60,000,000, but it is probably more. She, herself, won't discuss the matter, except to say that it is overstated."

Insurance Wanted in a Hurry.

During the progress of a recent fire in Utica, N. Y., when the embers and sparks were flying far and wide, the telephone in one of the uptown offices buzzed frantically. The clerk took it down leisurely, after the manner of clerks, and much to his surprise heard the following confession of faith:

"Say, this is Mr. So-and-so. There is a fire up the railroad tracks and the wind is blowing this way. I would like to get some insurance right away. Can you fix it up so that I can get some from now on?"

What the insurance man said is something different, but it may be said by way of information that the nervous man who had faith in insurance companies was neither burned out nor scorched.

Condition of the Southern Negros.

Owing to the widespread ignorance of industrial conditions in the South it seems necessary to state, with great distinctness and emphasis, that the negro remains, as he has always been, the great industrial factor of the South. He is especially conspicuous, as he has always been, in agriculture. Nearly all Southern landowners derive their income from renting the land to negro tenants, who cultivate the crop under the owner's direction—often under that of an overseer. Not less than 85 per cent. of the negro race are living under these conditions. Therefore, whatever benefits there were formerly to be derived from such occupation and such groups of laborers on a plantation, must exist for the negroes of to-day. The conditions of life are very much the same on these plantations as they were during slavery, except that the owner of the land is not privileged to buy or sell his laborers, but must buy their labor. This he does—on his own terms.

There is not the slightest danger of the Southern negro becoming over educated. In the first place, many of the so-called "colleges" are little more than high schools, and the amount of learning they impart is not likely to make the negro "top heavy," or otherwise injure his capacity for waiting on table. In the second place, the negro masses, except in the towns and cities, have little opportunity to obtain even the rudiments of an education. A public school system of three months' schooling, without textbooks or schoolhouses, and which opens its schools in deserted log cabins or colored meeting houses, five, ten or fifteen miles apart, is not likely to prepare many pupils for the "negro colleges" that Mr. Warner so much dreads. The public schools in the Philippine Islands would probably compare favorably with those provided for negro children in many of our Southern States—that is, for negro children on the plantations, where illiteracy often claims 70 per cent. of the population.

And now a brief word on the increased criminality of the negro. Undoubtedly, prison statistics both North and South tell heavily against the race since it has attained its freedom. But prison statistics tell heavily against any class of people who can be grouped together as pitiful wage-earners and day laborers. They tell heavily against the foreign-element element in our Northern cities, as well as against the negroes. The records of our jails and almshouses in Pennsylvania will substantiate this statement. The reformatories of the State tell a similar tale against the young children of the foreign-born. Are these children and their parents inherently depraved? Or is it merely that the conditions of life in our large cities bear most cruelly on those who are least fitted to overcome their environment?

The reformatories for children tell another strange tale which may illustrate my point. The records of those that I have studied show that 50 per cent. of the youthful inmates are either orphans or half-orphans. Does this mean that orphans and half-orphans have a natural bent toward moral depravity?—Caroline H. Pemberton, in Springfield Republican.

Sued the Wrong Man.

There was a funny case tried in the Washington courts recently. A butcher of the name of Nealon had an electric fan in his stall at the market to cool the atmosphere and drive away flies. It was manipulated by a small thumbscrew beneath the counter, and when Nealon discovered that he could charge his body with electricity by placing his hand or foot against the thumbscrew, he indulged in practical jokes upon such of his customers as he thought were amiable enough to endure them. When some handsome young girl or jolly housewife would pick up a leg of lamb or a roast of beef to examine it, Nealon would place his hands upon it, close the circuit, and she would receive an electric shock. Nobody was hurt or badly frightened and Nealon had a good deal of fun for his customers.

One day, however, a man by the name of William Schultz, who had no sense of humor and hates practical jokes, picked up a piece of corned beef from the counter of Nicholas Auth, who had the adjoining stall. Mr. Auth had left his place in charge of neighbor Nealon for a few moments while he went on an errand. On returning Mr. Schultz, who was a regular customer, was dancing about like a wild man and crying for vengeance. It seems that Nealon, with his hunger for fun, had taken hold of the chunk of corned beef which Schultz had picked off Mr. Auth's counter and had given the nervous man a shock from which he claims to have suffered both in body and mind. The butchers tried to soothe him, but he would not be consoled, and went straightway to a lawyer and brought suit for $10,000 damages against Mr. Auth. The case was tried and the jury found for the defendant, on the ground that Mr. Auth had nothing whatever to do with the case. While it was his corned beef, it was Nealon's electricity. Schultz had sued the wrong man.

Cheap Horses.

"Horses were cheap in the West; in fact, you could hardly give them away," writes Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, in the June Ladies' Home Journal. "I remember a stockman came to a friend of mine, speaking in this wise: "I've got six young and middling horses well broke and, considering the hard times, in pretty fair condition. What'll you give me for them?"

"I'll give you ten just like them," said my friend, "and think myself lucky to save the feed and care of four of them."

The offer was not accepted.

At the Sioux Falls Convention "Jerry" Simpson asserted his belief that "Bryan stands head and shoulders above all his compeers." In other words, paradoxical as it may seem, the Boy Orator is much greater than all those who are as great as he is.

He Made 'Em Shet Up.

The people of Moosehead say the most troublesome crowds are the drivers when they come up the railroads to the lake in the spring. All the bile in them seems seething. They know they are bidding good-bye to comfort for a while, and the stimulants seem only to add a raw edge to their general bitter tone of mind, says the Lewiston Journal.

Out of respect for the conductor they usually postpone the inevitable rough-and-tumble until they disembark from the train at West Cove. Then the thumb-chewing promptly commences.

On the contrary, the men who are now coming out of the woods and are filling the beds and streets of Greenville, are in a mellow and jovial mood and the artificial and liquid elation only adds to the general hilarity.

One night 600 men were about the village, and liquor was more or less plenty, coming from some secret but unquenchable source. But there was not even a brawl to disturb the perfect bliss of the evening.

Yes, there was a disturbance, and it was of so picturesque a nature that I'll describe it.

A wee little girl came into the big "men's room" of a boarding house—a forlorn mite in that seethe of tobacco smoke. She stood munching lozenges that she took from a carefully guarded roll of red paper. She stood for a few moments at the elbow of a rough-haired young man who was playing cards and swearing intermittently with great vigor.

When he turned to eject a stream of tobacco juice over the child's head, he espied the roll of lozenges.

"Hello, little gal," said he; "divvy."

The little one held the candy behind her back.

"You want to get over stinginess while you're young, little gal," said the youth, and, seizing the child by the arm, he wrested away the lozenges and gulped at a mouthful the little treasure that she was hoarding. With a child's grief she watched the grinning fellow munch down the candy, and she burst into a wail.

Without a word a long bearded man leaped off the deacon-seat and grabbed the tall youth by the collar. When the fellow went down upon the floor the card table crashed over and the money was scattered to every corner of the room. The long bearded man used his human mop to clean up a considerable area of filth, and then wound up the chastisement by whacking his victim's head on the floor and kicking him violently.

"Ain't no need of killin