INDIAN CRADLE SONG.

Swing thee low in thy cradle soft,
Deep in the dusky wood;
Swing thee low and swing aloft,—
Sleep, as a papoose should;
For, safe in your little birchen nest,
Qu. will come, and peace and rest,
If the little papoose is good.

The coyote howls on the prairie cold,
And the owlet hoots in the tree;
And the big moon shines on the little child
As it slumbers peacefully.
So swing thee high in thy little nest,
And swing thee low and take the rest
That the night-wind brings to thee.

The father lies on the fragrant ground,
Dreaming of the hunt and fight;
And the pine-leaves rustle with mournful sound
All through the solemn night.
But the little papoose in his birchen nest
Is swinging low as he takes his rest,
Till the sun brings the morning light.
—Detroit Free Press.

A Brave Struggle.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

David Morgan settled upon the Monongahela river, more than a hundred years ago, and erected his cabin in the wilderness, three or four miles from the nearest settlement.

He had been a splendid type of the pioneer—stalwart, powerful, active, and an unerring shot with the rifle, but he was now 70 years of age. He knew the risk he ran from Indians, but he was brave, and the spot where he located was so admirable in every respect that he believed other settlers would speedily follow, thus steadily lessen the danger, until it should cease altogether.

Morgan was warranted in his theory, for common report placed the red men so far to the west that it looked unreasonable to count upon their venturing into this neighborhood; but the aborigines had a disagreeable habit of making their appearance where they were not desired.

One morning, Morgan, having sent two of his children to do some work in a neighboring field, became uneasy over their long absence, and started in quest of them. Of course, he carried his rifle, for such was the custom of every pioneer in venturing the briefest distance from home.

Reaching the field, the old gentleman was inexpressibly relieved to observe his youngsters at work, and he sat upon the fence a few minutes to watch and give them necessary directions. It was while thus employed that he made the alarming discovery that two Indians were standing a short distance off, talking and gesticulating in such a fashion that there could be no doubt they were planning the capture or death of the little ones.

The father instantly called to his children to run home as fast as they could, while he would cover their retreat with his rifle. The house was almost a mile distant, but the children, terrified almost out of their wits, immediately started on a run for home.

They were soon beyond danger, and the Indians turned their whole attention to the pioneer himself.

A score of years before, Morgan could not have been overtaken by any red-skin, but he was now too old to run fast. However, as the only resource, he struck a bee-line for home, and ran a considerable distance, with a fleetness which astonished himself; but he couldn't keep it up and he speedily realized that he was only postponing a deadly hand-to-hand encounter.

Another frightful disadvantage under which the old man was laboring was the woods through which he was running consisted of thin scattered trees nearly all of which were too small in size to afford shelter. Thus he was shut off from crouching behind one of the trunks, placing his hat on the end of his ramrod, and drawing the shots of his enemies, in accordance with the fashion of men, when placed in similar peril.

But in dashing through the woods, the panting fugitive passed a large walnut tree, which he immediately saw was the very thing he needed. To reach it, it was necessary to wheel about and run back a rod or two. He did so.

The Indians failed to understand the meaning of the movement. It looked as if the venerable gentleman had suddenly changed his mind, and concluded to assume the aggressive. The result was that the red-skins were so terrified that they turned also, and dodged in among a lot of saplings where they made desperate efforts to shelter themselves. It is not impossible that if Morgan had continued his retrograde movement his enemies would have kept up their flight, but he prudently concluded to stick to the shelter of the walnut tree.

At this day, it is hard to say whether his next proceeding was a ruse or not; but when he saw the frantic efforts of the Indians to hide behind the "sleek, slim saplings," he raised his rifle and blazed away. From that point forward one of the noble red-men failed to display any interest in the proceedings.

The survivor, instead of showing enough courage to wait until Morgan could reload his piece, immediately sprang from shelter and advanced upon the pioneer, with the evident purpose of disposing of him before he could reload.

This compelled the old man to take to his heels again, for he did not possess even a knife with which to defend himself. The short respite he had gained gave him his wind, and he made good time for a short distance; but his pursuer was a young athlete, who gained rapidly, until within 20 yards, then fired a shot that missed the fugitive.

This left the combatants upon somewhat more equal terms, though the old gentleman was quite exhausted from his severe running; but, nothing daunted, he clenched his rifle, and awaited the onslaught of the Indian, who drew a tomahawk and began dancing about and brandishing the weapon.

The painted warrior looked dreadful in prancing around, whooping and flourishing the glittering tomahawk, while at the same time, he continued edging closer and closer to his victim. But Morgan manfully stood his ground, with his rifle clubbed, until the dreaded tomahawk was about to descend. Then he threw himself slightly forward and brought down the butt of his gun, the two blows being simultaneous, and took effect.

The stock of the rifle was shattered upon the bronzed skull, and the edge of the tomahawk was broken against the barrel of the piece, after cutting two fingers from Morgan's left hand.

Without any delay, the red man reached down to draw his knife, when Morgan, with a view of preventing it, grappled and threw him to the ground. Here a terrific struggle took place, in which none but nature's weapons were used. Morgan in his day was a skillful pugilist and wrestler, and for a brief while he was master of the situation; but his waning strength soon gave away the advantage, and the Indian rolled him underneath.

The red man had been guilty of some thievery before reaching this spot, for he wore a woman's apron tied around his waist. He had tied it on with great care, so that it was not torn away, although it got slewed around once or twice during the struggle.

The Indian planted one knee on the breast of Morgan, and then let out a series of yells, which were heard at the house, nearly a mile distant. Having given vent to his feelings in that fashion, he reached for the knife at his girdle.

And in doing so, he received a warning against the sin of thievery. The knife was so much confined by the apron-string that he was perplexed. While the Indian was tugging awkwardly at it, Morgan got one of his dusky fingers between his teeth and bit like a vise.

The yells of exultation were now changed to roars of pain, and the Indian tried desperately to jerk the finger from its torturing imprisonment, while at the same time he continued vaguely grasping for his knife. Convinced that this weapon must finally decide the contest, Morgan made equally desperate efforts to obtain it, and it thus happened that both clutched it at the same time, the white man by the handle and the red one by the blade.

Morgan, feeling the knife slowly slipping from his grasp under the pull of his adversary, shut down harder with his teeth upon the finger. The Indian gave a spasmodic gasp; the knife was dexterously twitched from his hand, which was severely cut, and both adversaries sprang to their feet.

Morgan, however, had secured the knife. That now being the only weapon between them, he made the best use of it. The first blow struck a bone and accomplished nothing, but the second was a disastrous one, and the Indian sagged heavily downward. The pioneer fell with him, and followed up the blow, until the Indian was effectually finished. Morgan was so exhausted that when he staggered to his feet he could scarcely stand. As soon as he regained enough strength he started for home, hurrying as fast as possible. His family were immeasurably relieved to see him alive, even though wounded; for the panting children had brought the terrible tale with them, and the sound of the rifle-reports apprised them of the fight under way.

Although Morgan lived several miles from the settlement, yet he had a few neighbors dwelling nearer by. When his fingers were dressed, he and some members of the family started out in different directions, until all the neighbors were roused and gathered at his house. It was then found that nearly a dozen were on hand, and they set out at once for the scene of the struggle.

Reaching the saplings where the Indians made their first stand, they discovered the first lying dead, killed by the shot of Morgan, fired from behind the walnut tree; but the other, much to their astonishment, had vanished.

Making their way to the spot where the final struggle took place the settlers saw evidences of its frightful character. The ground was stamped and torn, and blood was scattered all around.

"Here is the trail," said one, pointing a little to one side; "and it doesn't look as if there'll be any trouble in following it."

There could be no difficulty indeed, for the green sward was marked too plainly with crimson, and the men walked along over the trail until it led them to a fallen tree-top, where the miserable Indian had dragged himself. He was endeavoring to dress the would with the stolen apron about his waist.

As the men came up, he extended his hand, and said in broken English:

"How do, broder—how do, broder!"

But the settlers were in no sentimental mood, and, conceiving the Indian to be mortally wounded, they did that which they would have done had he been uninjured—put him beyond all possibility of further suffering or harm.—Saturday Night.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Life is more than a living.

Righteousness usually cures rags.

Comforters do not make reformers.

The falling leaves enrich the living plant.

What we can is the measure of what we ought.

The plea of consistency often means cowardice.

A competent pilot may be a sad wreck in himself.

The love of truth is the only way to the light of truth.

There is no harm in the tongue when work keeps pace with word.

Mix all your grief with gratitude and it will taste of the latter.

The man who gets on in life is the one who knows when to stand fast.

Every man deceives himself more successfully than he deceives others.

It is always easier to weep over the wanderer than to keep him at home.

The great man has greatness in him before the occasion brings it out.
—Ram's Horn.

After the Battle.

Miles away from succor, near the road, lay a British Tommy, with glistening eyes and burning fever, his head propped up on a deserted sand hill, and the hot sun of noonday pouring into his upturned face. "They told me, sir, the wagons 'ud pick me up, but I hain't seen no wagons, sir." "Yes, I feel bad; I've mortal pains, sir, in my back and head." Poor fellow, he had no water and no food; not that the latter mattered much, for he was too far gone to eat. We left him water, and cheered him up a little with the hope that wagons would pass by. All night long, alone on the empty veldt, saturated with the heavy dews and chilled to the marrow with biting winds of darkness, and now under the scorching sun of day. He did not know if they would find him all alone, so far away, and yet he answered, uncomplainingly: "Yes, sir! I'm glad of that, sir!"
—William Dinwiddie, in Harper's Weekly.

The Extent of His Activity.

"Your Charlie seems to be an active little fellow, Mrs. Dobbs."

"Active? I put a clean shirt waist on him, and in five minutes he makes it look as if he had worn it a week!"—Indianapolis Journal

CHILDREN'S COLUMN

The Cats' Tea Party.

Five pretty little pussy-cats, invited out to tea,
Cried: "Mother, let us go—oh, do! for good we'll surely be.
We'll wear our bibs and hold our things as you have shown us how—
Spoons in our right paws, cups in left—and make a pretty bow;
We'll always say, 'Yes, if you please,' and 'Only half of that.'"
"Then go, my darling children," said the happy mother cat.
The pretty little pussy-cats went out that night to tea;
Their heads were smooth and glossy black; their tails were swinging free;
They held their things as they had learned, and tried to be polite—
With snowy bibs beneath their chins they were a pretty sight.
But ah! alas for manners good, and coats as soft as silk!
The moment that the little kits were asked to take some milk
They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow, and—oh, what do you think? They put their noses in the cups, and all began to drink!
Yes, every naughty little kit set up a mew for more;
Then knocked the teacups over quick, and scampered through the door.
—Our Dumb Animals.

Saved by a Collie Dog.

Mr. Robert Macdougall, one of the meteorologists at Ben Nevis Observatory, had a most exciting experience when climbing that mountain the other day. His only companion in the ascent was a collie dog, to whom, he says, he owes his life. When maneuvering on a snow-slide about 1000 feet above the half-way station, Mr. Macdougall lost his footing; and, as the surface of the snow was glazed and hard, he was soon being whirled down a gully at an alarming pace, sometimes head foremost, at others the reverse. It was at this juncture that the dog's sagacity came in. As soon as Mr. Macdougall began to slide, it caught his coat with its teeth, and greatly impeded the downward progress. The dog ultimately guided him to a place of safety, after the twain had slid down on the snow for nearly 1000 feet. Strange to say, neither observer nor dog was much hurt; and the former, breaking open the door of the half-way hut, lit a fire. Here he was found by a search party, half asleep, with the dog watching over him.—Christian Register.

Liberal Compensation.

The author of "Inside Our Gate" tells of an exciting encounter between the family dog and an unexpected caller, and of the various and unexpected results which followed it.

Don was a very mild dog, but one morning, as he lay at the kitchen door a "vegetable man," suddenly turning the corner startled him from his nap. He flew at the man, caught him by the trousers, and ripped one leg nearly up to the waist. The man shrieked, and that sent Hilda flying into the parlor.

My mother taking for granted that the man was bitten, and that he was very angry, ventured to the door to ask about it.

There stood the vegetable man, holding the cloth about his leg, and when he saw her he asked in a very mild tone if she would please lend him a thread and needle.

"I really must apologize," he said, "for coming so suddenly upon the dog. He is quite excusable; but I regret this rent, because I have on my best pants. My wife insisted on my wearing them, as I was coming to the village; but it can't be helped now."

Hilda gave him a stout thread and needle, and he sat on the back step and "sewed himself up."

Meanwhile my mother, quite taken aback by his mild manner, sought out a pair of my oldest brother's trousers, brought them to the man, and gave him two dollars.

"I am under great obligations to you, ma'am," said he. "These pants I have on only cost $3.50 and the pair you have given me are worth fully that. I am afraid my wife will think I have over-reached you. You must let me give you a basket of pears."

My mother insisted on buying the pears, and the man went off in high spirits, saying, "Don't blame the dog; he was entirely excusable, entirely."

Some weeks after this my brother couldn't find a certain pair of trousers that he wanted to wear. They were almost new, he said, and he was sure he left them in his closet when he went to the city. My mother opened her eyes at me.

"Were they expensive trousers?" she asked.

"No," said he, "I only paid $12 for them; but they were new and I liked them."

The tale of those trousers became a family mystery.

Making the Best of It.

When grandma came into the nursery, she saw Ted staring out of the window with a scowl on his forehead. Mary Estha was lying stretched out on the floor, drumming her heels up and down; and Dick was pulling the cat's tail.

"What's the matter, Teddy?" she asked, sitting down in her chair and beginning her knitting.

"Oh, this rain is such a bother!" said Ted. "I was going over to John's to make a birdhouse, and I took my tools over last night to have them there; and now I can't go because I've got a cold and it rains."

"I saw a carpenter making a mud house the other morning without tools," began grandma; and the three children came over, and clustered around her chair.

"And that wasn't all," she went on. "He had no arms, and he made it with his head."

"He acted very odd, too," said grandma, lifting Dick up on her lap. "First he rubbed his floor in, and he sang a funny little song as he did it. Then he went off for more mud. When he got back, he walked in every direction but the right one, and I thought he had lost his way; but really I think he wanted to make me stop watching him, for he finally got there, and he went on building, always singing his queer little song. After his pile of mud was large enough, he pressed his head against one end until he had bored a little round room in it. I thought it must be hard work; but he always sang, and seemed determined to make the best of it."

"Where is his home?" asked Dick.

"Out in the roof of the back porch," said grandma. So they all scampered off to find it.

"Oh, yes!" said Ted, pointing up in one corner. "There it is. It is a mud-dauber's nest."

"It's a wasp's, I think," said Dick.

"Well, a mud-dauber is a wasp," said Ted, laughing. "That's built better than I could do with tools," went on Ted. "I believe I'll make the best of it, too."

So, when grandma saw them again, Ted was mending Mary Estha's doll's head, which had waited a long time for the glue medicine, Mary Esther was sewing on her doll's quilt, and Dick was rubbing up the nickel parts of their bicycle; and they sang so hard and worked so steadily that, when the dinner-bell rang, they were surprised to find the rain all stopped and the sun shining.—Uplook.

How a Balky Horse Was Conquered.

A sound, young horse to be had almost for a song—but a worm lurked in the peach—the worm of balkiness. "Not cannot always make im go, sometime not having pulling empty wagon, and dot sometime coming down hill before coming up," patiently explained the honest old Finn, who owned him.

Elsie looked at the horse thoughtfully. In some points he resembled her mental picture of Black Beauty.

Yes, she would buy him and trust to kindness and patience to overcome his balkiness.

All went well the first week. Elsie drove to the village several times and the horse behaved so well his new mistress began to think he had been maligned.

"I'll be back in two hours, mamma," said Elsie one afternoon as she drove out of the yard, but this time she had reckoned without her horse.

When about half a mile from home, Jet, without any provocation, threw up his head defiantly and refused to take another step. In vain Elsie coaxed and urged. Jet remained obdurate. Elsie took him by the bridle to lead him, but he planted his feet more firmly, tossed his head and threw back his lips in a fiendish grin. After an hour of soothing and fondling Jet started off sulkily, prancing and jumping sidewise. The mode of treatment was new to him. His former master had always whipped him soundly during these little exhibitions, and in the end Jet had triumphed, for, having exhausted his master's patience, he would be released from the wagon and returned to the stable.

Elsie had many exhibitions of Jet's contrariness, and she learned by observation to read the signs of a storm before it broke upon her. Twitching and dropping of the ears, the light, high lifting of the feet were unfavorable omens. When these symptoms were noticed in time a few kinds words and a little fondling often exorcised the evil spirit possessing the horse.

Elsie's brother urged stronger and more heroic measures, but Elsie wished to triumph through kindness, if such a course were possible.

"I should like to go to the village this afternoon, but my wheel is broken," said Frank one sultry day.

"Take Jet; he has been in the best of humor lately," said Elsie.

"Keep on the right side of him," she cautioned, laughingly, as Frank drove off.

An hour later Frank came up the road afoot.

"Where, oh, where is Jet?" cried Elsie in alarm, for well she knew Frank's hasty, intolerant temper.

"Down in the field. I wanted to unhitch him, but the vicious thing will not let me get near him. You see it was this way. I wanted to cross the stream and he began to cut up without any provocation, and I—well, before I knew it I struck him."

Frank's face reddened as he saw the reproach in Elsie's eyes. "He is always afraid crossing water. With a little patience it would have gone all right. I know, though, just how you felt. I have often felt that way, but I think it best to try to control myself before assuming control of an animal. Well, never mind. I'll go down with you, and I'm going to take him to town if I possibly can. It will never do to give in to him now," was Elsie's decision.

Jet, standing near a big stump, snorted angrily as he caught sight of Frank, but his whole mien changed as if by magic when he spied Elsie. He whinned entreatingly, and when she reached his side he rubbed his head affectionately against her. Without appearing to notice that anything was the matter, Elsie went up to the horse, took his quivering head in her hands and talked to him, gently rubbing his head, or patting his nose, until he forgot about his bad temper and allowed Frank to do with him what he liked. She has now used him over a year, and his balkiness has grown to be a thing of the past.

"That whipping did some good," Frank often asserts, "It did not make him go, but it showed him the difference between my treatment and yours. Ever since he has known enough to appreciate you, and not attempt his tricks in your presence."

"He taught you a lesson, also," Elsie retorts. "I have often noticed you striving to curb that unruly temper of yours."

"You are right, Elsie. Those words of yours about learning to control one's self hit me badly. That lesson alone was worth the price of your horse."

"It was worth more than $75, then, for I refused that for him last week," answers Elsie.—A. M. Dollinger, in Pets and Animals.

Called the Bet Off.

Mrs. Brown one morning went from the breakfast table to the telephone in the hall to order some things from the butcher.

"Hello," said Mrs. Brown, "is this Mr. Baby's?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Mrs. Brown's residence. Will you please send me a large thick steak by 4 o'clock?"

The boy employed in the butcher's shop happened to answer the telephone, and promptly responded:

"Well, you just bet your sweet life I will."

"Do you know, sir, to whom you are speaking?" indignantly inquired Mrs. Brown.

"Sure, I do," said the boy. "You're Jenny, Mrs. Brown's cook."

"You are mistaken, young man. You are speaking with Mrs. Brown herself."

"Is that so?" replied the boy. "Then in that case, madam, we'll call the bet off."

A Horrid Alternative.

She—I will give my answer in a month.

He—But I won't be able to stay away from you for a month.

She—Then go and ask papa now and you won't be able to get around here for a month.—Judge.

It is estimated that the armor for the new battleships for the German navy will cost $65,000,000.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Burglars Rob a Deaf and Blind Man—Electric Road from Charleroi to Washington. Prohibitionists Oppose Fusion.

Pensions granted last week: Henry F. Stauffer, McDonald, $6; David E. Conrad, Houtzdale, $10; Henry Crimpenshaw, Glade Run, $6; renewal, Layton Morris, Leetsdale, $6; increase, William Baker, Sharpsburg, $12; James D. Leech, McDonald, $10; Joseph Coty, West Alexander, $10; Robert L. Marohman, Bridgeville, $6; George T. Hartrey, Springdale, $6; Anna E. Brought, Lewistown, $8; Frederick Deyche, Meadville, $6; George Shaffer, West End, $10; Tobias Fisher, Berlin, $12; Marshall Silbaugh, Hopewell, $8; Thomas A. Pridean, Smith Mill, $15; William F. Young, McKeesport, $8; Elizabeth Marshall, Uniontown, $8.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the convention of the Western Pennsylvania Firemen's Association, to be held at New Kensington, August 14 to 17. The citizens have liberally contributed, and at the present time nearly $3,500 is in the hands of the treasurer, with considerable more to come in. The reception committee has already filed entrances from companies that will aggregate 3,000 firemen, and the others to be heard from will bring the number to about 4,000. Preparations are being made for the entertainment of fully 25,000 visitors during the convention.

A corps of engineers is at work surveying a route for a railroad from Castle Shannon to a point on the Monongahela & Washington railroad a short distance below Bentleysville, Washington county. The course from Castle Shannon is southeasterly and the region penetrated is a remarkably fertile one, much of it being coal-producing territory. The line is to be about 20 miles in length and it will really be the only short line to Pittsburg from the Ellsworth coal works in the Somerset field.

One of the largest coal deals ever made by a single individual was recently made by John Kerr, of Greensburg, to J. M. Steck, representing the river coal combine. The block sold contains 50,000 acres, the land optioned being in Amwell, South Franklin, North Franklin, Morris, East and West Finley and Buffalo townships in Washington county and Washington and Morris townships in Greene county.

Some one entered the house of Archibald Black, an old man, who is nearly deaf and blind, living east of Chicora, and stole $900 in cash, a check for $5,000 on a Butler bank and some valuable papers from their place of concealment behind a loose brick in the chimney wall. The check was afterwards found in an orchard. A barrel of whisky in the cellar was left untouched.

The Lawrence county commissioners have decided not to pay the $2,300 asked for by the Perkins detective agency, of Pittsburg, for work in the John Blevins' murder case. The commissioners say that they did not hire the Perkins people, and never in any way authorized them to go to work. The refusal to pay meets with the general approval of the citizens.

Application has been made to the governor by John A. Guiler and E. C. Higbee, of Connellsville, and Arthur Lorentz, E. D. Leonard and Hugo Lorentz, of Meyersdale, for a charter for the Meyersdale Brewing Company. Artificial ice-making machinery will also be installed, and it is said the plant will cost over $50,000.

In a card Harvey Martin, of New Castle, People's party candidate for District Attorney, says: "I am a straight Republican, have never voted for a Democrat, never split my ticket, and do not propose to begin now." He was to have been a fusion candidate for the office and it was expected that the Democrats would endorse him Saturday.

The Prohibition party of Blair county, which numbers an exceptionally large voting part of the population, has come out with an urgent address requesting all members of the party to support their own ticket and platform at the coming general election, and to extend no aid whatsoever to any independent political movements.

A circular has been sent out from the headquarters of the United Mine Workers of America for a convention of organized and unorganized miners to be held in Clearfield on August 9, to devise ways and means for assisting the miners of the Maryland district in prolonging their strike.

While making excavations for a sewer, west of Union station, at Pittsburg, the workmen came upon a large quantity of heavy sawed timber, put in place there years ago in building a canal lock. The timber was in almost a perfect state of preservation, though it must have been underground for fully 75 years.

Dr. H. R. Brightbill, Saxton, Bedford county, was completely paralyzed by lightning which struck a tree a few yards ahead of him while driving. The horse was transfixed to the spot, and after much effort the animal was made to move. Dr. Brightbill is in a serious condition.

Over 1,200 iron workers employed at the Lebanon works of the American Iron and Steel Manufacturing Company went on strike Tuesday afternoon in consequence of posted notices stating that from August 1 the wages of puddlers would be reduced from $4 to $3 a ton.

A movement is on foot to build an electric road from Charleroi to Washington. Charleroi will vote $75,000 to the proposed road, and it is expected that Washington will subscribe a like amount. It is to run through Ellsworth and over the old National pike to Washington.

The postoffice at Yoders, Washington county, has been discontinued and mail sent to Hackneys.

A new company, the Lawton troop, has been organized at Connellsville. It has 52 members, nearly all of whom are old members of Company D and Company M. They will offer their services, in case of war with China.

Philip G. Hathaway, a Harrisburg fireman, who was stabbed a dozen times by Andrew Marsh Banks, a fellow-fireman, died in a hospital. The stabbing occurred during a quarrel over a game of cards.

Pittsburg men have purchased 10 acres of sandstone near Mineral Ridge and will erect a factory to crush the stone for glass making. Later a glass factory will be built.

The construction of the big reservoir of the Manufacturers' Water Company, on Quemahoning creek, which has caused so much excitement in Johnstown, will be a great undertaking. It will require a year's time to finish the work, 400 men being employed.

At Scranton an unknown man attired in woman's clothes finding little Sarah Reese alone in her home, tied her to a chair and cut her hair off close to her head.

The new census report will show that Meadville, including suburbs, has a population of over 16,000. In 1890 the population of the city proper was 9,520.

How Porto Rico May be Developed.

Puerto Rico is an utter stranger to emulation and is not well acquainted with competition. As soon as the highways are constructed it would be wise to divide the island into six or seven districts, with San Juan, Arecibo, Mayaguez, Ponce, Cayey, etc., as the centers of the districts, and institute annual district or county fairs. These people take to carnivals naturally and no doubt they would be a success from the start if properly managed. With prizes of money (or a gaudy decoration) it is possible that some little emulation could be cultivated, to the benefit of the quality of the products of the island.

June shipments of fruit from California averaged 60 carloads a day.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Chinese regiments are recruited in the same manner as British regiments.

Jell-O, the New Dessert,

Pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

A leaf is only a metamorphosed branch and the covering of seeds only a metamorphosed leaf.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Enough gutta percha is made into golf balls every year to insulate an Atlantic cable.

Drugs have their use, but don't store them in your stomach. Beeman's Pepsin Gum aids nature to perform its functions.

More than one-third of all manufactured goods in France are made by women.

Each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE colors either Silk, Wool or Cotton perfectly at one boiling. Sold by all druggists.

A Frenchman named Dufour claims to have found a way of melting and molding quartz like glass.

Carter's Ink

is so good and so cheap that no family can afford to be without it. Is yours Carter's?

A French engineer is trying to apply air in such a way to machinery as to make it serve as a lubricator.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Among the exhibits at the Paris exposition is a set of tea cups, the cheapest of which is valued at $600.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

According to the recent census, the population of the Russian empire is 129,200,000.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Pictures of kin hanging in the parlor look dutiful, but they can't be classed as decorative.—Atchison Globe.

"MY OWN SELF AGAIN."

Mrs. Gates Writes to Mrs. Pinkham, Follows Her Advice and is Made Well.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For nearly two and one-half years I have been in feeble health. After my little child came it seemed I could not get my strength again. I have chills and the severest pains in my limbs and top of head and am almost insensible at times. I also have a pain just to the right of breast bone. It is so severe at times that I cannot lie on my right side. Please write me what you think of my case."—MRS. CLARA GATES, Johns P. O., Miss., April 25, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as advised and now send you a letter for publication. For several years I was in such wretched health that life was almost a burden. I could hardly walk across the floor, was so feeble. Several of our best physicians attended me, but failed to help. I concluded to write to you for advice. In a few days I received such a kind, motherly letter. I followed your instructions and am my 'old self' again. Was greatly benefited before I had used one bottle. May God bless you for what you are doing for suffering women."—MRS. CLARA GATES, Johns P. O., Miss., Oct. 6, 1899.

DINING OUT.

Hostess Sometimes Depends on Hair-Trigger Intellects.

If the hostess can catch no comet, she must be contented with meteoric wits, who make up for real brilliancy by saying what they do say quickly and spontaneously—with the punsters, in short, and such hair-trigger intellects. Failing these, says the presumably humorous Gelett Burgess in Harper's Bazar, the last class above the bores positive are those well meaning diners out who load themselves with stories for a dinner as a soldier goes into an engagement with a belt full of cartridges. They may not get a chance for a shot very often, but, given an opening, their fire is accurate and deadly till the last round is gone, when they are at the mercy of a more inventive wit. Yet even these welterweights have their place at the table, for we must have bread, as well as wine. It was one of Lewis Carroll's pet fancies to have a dinner table in the shape of a ring, and half the guests seated inside upon a platform which revolved slowly around the circle till each one had passed opposite every guest seated on the outside of the table. But this would break up many of the little secret schemes for which the modern dinner is planned, and many a young man would suddenly find himself flirting with the wrong lady across the board. And this last hint carries me from the exoteric to the esoteric charms of the dinner. Here however, you must guess your own way. I dare not tell you precisely what it means when Celestine shifts her glass from left to right of her plate, nor what I answer when I raise my serviette by one corner, for Celestine may dine with you some day, and you may remember. You would better not invite me, anyway, for, though I am not a comet, yet I admit I would be mad enough to upset the claret purposely rather than have nothing exciting happen.

CALIFORNIA PRUNES.

Variety Said to Be Superior to the French Article.

According to a statement made by United States Consul Joseph I. Brittain, stationed at Nantes, France, the quality of the California prunes is superior to the French, and the duty is not excessive, being but 10 francs per kilograms, or less than one cent per pound. If the prunes are carefully selected and tastefully packed in substantial boxes, and are always as represented by the samples, there will soon be a much larger demand from this part of France. I was recently shown samples of California apricots packed in five-pound boxes. The first layer was composed of large yellow fruit, while underneath the fruit was not only small and inferior, but it was very irregular in color. The effect of such methods can be imagined. The French people are not easily deceived, and the California fruit dealers who anticipate orders after sending such samples are making serious mistakes. One of the Nantes importers recently received a consignment of California prunes from New York City. He told me he could buy them cheaper in California, but he wished to have them guaranteed by some one with whom he was acquainted; hence the order was given through the New York house. These prunes were nicely packed, but the dealer says he lost about 20 cases in consequence of the boxes having been made from very thin lumber. I measured one of the covers, and found the lumber to be less than one-fourth of an inch in thickness."

Pennsylvania to Buy Valley Forge.

Historic Valley Forge is to become a state park. It is the purpose to take immediate steps toward the purchase of this historic ground by the state of Pennsylvania. A committee has been appointed to correspond with all patriotic societies throughout Pennsylvania, and all Americans who have the good name of Washington at heart are appealed to for the purpose of helping along the crusade. The proprietary rights of the Valley Forge association are not to be infringed upon, for the extensive territory contains many landmarks that are now falling into decay. It is these historic mementos of the revolution which will be taken care of when once the state of Pennsylvania is the overseer of Valley Forge.

Good newspapers are printed at the treaty ports of China.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Ingrowing Nails, Itching, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Sore and Sweating Feet. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, ALLEN S. OLMSTEAD, LeRoy, N. Y.

In Nebraska nowadays the skins of superfluous dogs are tanned and made into gloves.

What Shall We Have For Dessert?

This question arises in the family daily. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in 2 min. No boiling! no baking! Simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At grocers. 10c.

A large quantity of Australasian apples will be put upon the Scotch and English markets this season.

Coated

Look at your tongue. Is it coated?

Then you have a bad taste in your mouth every morning. Your appetite is poor, and food distresses you. You have frequent headaches and are often dizzy. Your stomach is weak and your bowels are always constipated.

There's an old and reliable cure:

Ayer's Pills

Don't take a cathartic dose and then stop. Better take a laxative dose each night, just enough to cause one good free movement the day following.

You feel better the very next day. Your appetite returns, your dyspepsia is cured, your headaches pass away, your tongue clears up, your liver acts well, and your bowels no longer give you trouble.

Price, 25 cents. All druggists.

"I have taken Ayer's Pills for 55 years, and I consider them the best made. One pill does me more good than half a box of any other kind I have ever tried."
MRS. N. L. TALBOT,
March 20, 1899. Arrington, Kans.

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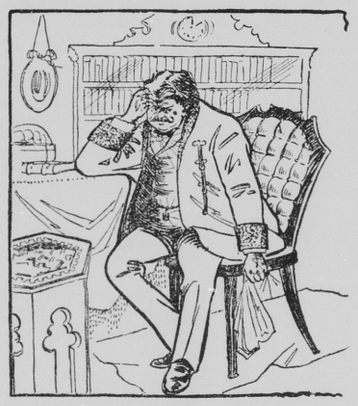

Fight on for wealth, old "Money Bags," your liver is drying up and bowels wearing out, some day you will cry aloud for health, offering all your wealth, but you will not get it because you neglected Nature in your mad rush to get gold. No matter what you do, or what ails you, to-day is the day—every day is the day—to keep watch of Nature's wants—and help your bowels act regularly—*CASCARETS* will help Nature help you. Neglect means bile in the blood, foul breath, and awful pains in the back of the head with a loathing and bad feeling for all that is good in life. Don't care how rich or poor you are, you can't be well if you have bowel trouble, you will be regular if you take *CASCARETS*—get them to-day—*CASCARETS*—in metal box; cost 10 cents; take one, eat it like candy and it will work gently while you sleep. It cures; that means it strengthens the muscular walls of the bowels and gives them new life; then they act regularly and naturally; that is what you want—it is guaranteed to be found in—

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