THE TREE OF LIFE.

Plant Patience in the Garden of thy Soul!
The Roots are bitter, but the Fruits are sweet;
And when, at last, it stands a Tree complete,
Beneath its tender Shade the burning Heat
And Burden of the Day shall lose Control—
Plant Patience in the Garden of thy Soul!
—Henry Austin, in Harper's Weekly.

THE CRUISE —OF— The "White Dove."

By Charles Moreau Harger.

Wonder and delight thrilled the Mangold boys when the railroad gang reached the edge of the prairie claim. For days, almost for weeks, the slow approach of the laborers had been watched. First, just above the horizon, then creeping across the level plain—it seemed that they would never come.

Rob, Tad and roly-poly Link stood in line, gazing curiously as the wielders of pick and shovel crossed the boundary of the farm.

"Want a ride, bubs?" called one of the men, motioning toward the flat push car standing on the newly laid track.

"Course we do," and the three boys soon sat on the long car, their six bare brown legs hanging off, while the men trundled them along the track toward the piles of rails and ties.

That was the beginning. The men stayed for a long time on the Mangold claim, for there were along the creek bluffs and hills to work through. The boys fairly lived beside the track and pushed the now little used flat car back and forth enjoying the novel plaything.

"Wish we had an engine," remarked Tad one summer day, gazing away to the north; "its such hard work pushing."

There were no grades on the line from the bluffs northward and the boys richly earned all the rides they secured.

Rob, a wide-hatted and brown-cheeked lad of 14, had and idea. Perhaps it came because of the seafaring ancestors back in Maine, the family's native state.

"I knew," he exclaimed; "let's put up a sail!"

A shout arose from the trio and a council was held as they sat on the edge of the battered car platform.

"What can we make it of and where can we get it?" asked Tad, rather indefinitely.

Rob thought a minute. Then he whispered something to the others and a series of chuckles and leg-slappings followed. The three hurried through the prairie grass homeward. Father had gone to the county-seat town 20 miles away; mother was patiently finishing the week's ironing in the summer kitchen.

Cautiously Rob led the way to the little unplanted granary where were kept the implements and tools belonging to the farm. Over the plows and binders he crawled until he came to a pile of brown sacks—long, close-woven and soiled. When the sheep were sheered in the spring the fleeces were packed in such receptacles, trampled down by Rob's bare feet. A few of the sacks had been left and were tossed on the granary floor, forming one of the favorite resting places of the three boys.

"Just the thing," declared Rob, holding one high in the air, and when Tad had joined him they quickly ripped and stitched and had before them several large squares of bagging.

"Now for a mast." Nothing is quite so scarce on the prairie claim, long miles from a lumber yard, as a stick of timber. But the granary itself was a resource. Climbing among the rafters, Rob found a long narrow board which he thought would do and could be spared. Down it came clattering to the floor.

Days of labor followed before the sail was completed. With a picture from a magazine as a guide, with some cord and wire for fastenings, Rob measured and sewed, and dreamed of the sea, almost making himself believe that he was to guide an obedient sloop over blue waters.

When it was ready he lifted the odd apparatus against the granary wall. There were three timbers—the upright mast and the crosspieces holding the big and nearly square sail.

"We'll call it the 'White Dove,'" announced Rob.

'But it ain't white," protested Tad.

"Never mind—that was the name of grandpa's boat and he sailed to the Newfoundland banks in it."

So the "White Dove" it was. Next was to come the launching.

The hills and a curve in the railroad made opportunity for the young navigator. One day, when father was again in town, they toiled toward the track—Rob burdened with the sail rolled tight and Tad laboriously dragging the timbers.

Up and down the track they looked—to the southwest it wound into the bluffs where the men were making the dirt fly; to the north it stretched away until it was lost in the shimmering haze of the horizon.

"Quick, Tad, bring it on," were Capt. Rob's orders, and the equipment of the land sloop began. The task was more difficult than they had thought, but patiently they labored and contrived, all the time forgetful of their sufferings or of the danger of being discovered.

Little Link had been left behind. Big tears made white paths through the dirt on his round cheeks, but he was loyal to the adventurers, who had told him that he would be in the way at the launching, but might go some other time. He crawled among the plows and binders to the remainder of the pile of sacks and sobbed himself to sleep.

It was one of those "hot-wind" days known only on the prairies. Like furnace breaths the air came out of the southwest, curling the blades of corn and wilting the morning-glory vines that sheltered the cabin windows. It was the second day of the "hot-wind"—"There will be one more and then rain," said the farmers.

But at the Mangold cabin there was something besides the wind or possible crop failure to alarm the tired mother. Mrs. Mangold looked out of the window several times, marking the closeness of the atmosphere, but she saw nothing in the hazy sky to frighten her. At mid-afternoon she became more uneasy and went out of doors to the south side of the house.

For an instant it seemed that all her strength would leave her; her face paled and she gave a despairing cry for help.

Extending in a long line east to west and driven by the fierce wind came a ribbon of fire that ate up the dry prairie grass and was bounding forward as if rejoicing in its freedom. It was a mile away—was there time to escape?

To the barn and sheds she ran, calling "Rob! Tad! Link!"

Not a voice answered. Wild in her terror, she returned to the house, seized a few keepsakes and again went out of doors. Where could the boys be?

The granary! To it she hurried and her cry rang through the building: "Oh, Rob! Tad! Link!"

Sleepily, Link answered from his bed on the wool sacks, "What do you want?"

In an instant his mother was by his side, almost carrying him to the open air.

"Where—where are the boys?"

"Sallin' th' 'White Dove.'"

Link was almost afraid to tell lest he should lose his promised ride, but the look in his mother's face decided him.

"Where—what do you mean?"

He pointed to the north. She could see two small forms standing on the low car, struggling with a flapping cloth, evidently too large for their strength.

"Come!" and half dragging the roly-poly Link she raced over the plain toward the track. The fire line had swung in an irregular curve, and, while it skirted the bluffs in one direction and was dying out in the short grass of the hills behind which the men were working, it blazed more fiercely than ever to the southeast and east. She could not find safety in any direction but to the north. Behind the frightened mother the flames leaped gleefully.

Rob and Tad, toiling with the unwieldy said, had not noticed the fire, nor did they see their mother until she was by their side. Then they started guiltily.

"We ain't hurtin' any—"began Rob but he glanced at his mother's face and all thought of excuses vanished.

"Come, boys, run," she gasped, looking along the track, wondering if the narrow stretch of fresh earth would save them.

She made a start over the ties, still holding to Link's hand, when Rob spoke: "Let's get on the car—and you help us."

"And sail it," added Tad.

It was a new idea, but the quickened wits of the woman gasped it. Lifting little Link to the splinter-covered platform of the car, she helped Rob with the sail while Tad clambered aboard.

With her assistance the heavy crosspiece and its burden of bagging was hoisted. Then each held a lower corner of the cloth, while with the hot wind, heated more intensely by the blaze a few rods away, it filled and bulged and strained.

Rob slid to the ground and pushed the car until it was under way. Then to his seat. Glory! The wind was carrying them faster—faster—faster!

Following a slough, the fire had run ahead in places and now blazed on both sides of the track a mile ahead. With pace increasing and with the rattling wheels drowning all attempts at talking, they approached the fiery trial. Mrs. Mangold hid Link's curly head in her dress and threw her apron over her own. But Rob and Tad braved it through like soldiers, scorning protection.

For an instant smoke blinded them, little darts of flame were here and there, the sail was in danger, Rob and Tad lost courage and bowed their faces to their knees; then they rushed out into the clear air again, and the fire was behind—one tall pillar of smoke far away telling of their cabin home's destruction.

Swifter and swifter whirled the wheels of the little car, tighter clung the mother to Link's chubby form. Mrs. Mangold's hair streamed loose in the wind. The sail rounded beautifully and they were pushed forward at a rate that would have been a delight under different circumstances and even then gave Rob and Tad a thrill of pleasure.

Ten-miles away was the village of Manchester.

As they passed the little depot the agent came out waving his hands frantically. Peering under the sail in front of the car, sure enough they could see danger—the daily train from the north was coming!

Rob looked at the mother. She shouted the one word: "Jump!"

Rob and Tad tumbled off on the fresh earth on one side while the mother, clasping Link, went off the other, none being much hurt.

The car plunged forward with little slackened speed. In vain the engineer tried to stop and get away from the queer-looking thing bearing down upon him.

A clank, a crash, a crackling of timbers, and the "White Dove" lay partly in the ditch, partly impaled on the engine's front. Its cruise was over.—Chicago Record.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Saying and doing are two things.—Henry.

For pity melts the mind to love.—Dryden.

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.—Young.

Second thoughts, they say, are best.—Dryden.

None but the brave deserve the fair.—Dryden.

Oaths are but words, and words but wind.—Butler.

In needful dangers, ever chose the least.—Chapman.

A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas.—Tennyson.

For hope is but the dream of those who wake.—Prior.

Mistaken blessings prove the greatest curse.—Somerville.

All men think all men mortal but themselves.—Young.

Like our shadow our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.—Young.

A well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one.—Carlyle.

A bad excuse, they say, is better than none at all.—Stephen Gosson.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.—Washington Irving.

It is a maxim with me that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.—Richard Bentley.

He who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem.—Milton.

In enlisting for the cavalry recruiting officers never accept an enlistment from a man who weighs over 165 pounds, while for infantry or artillery recruits who weigh up to 190 pounds are accepted.

AN ARMY WONDER.

One of Our Phillippine Privates Is a Versatile Chap.

In any company of volunteers almost every trade, profession and accomplishment is likely to be represented, but few soldiers combine them all. There was one such man in the Philippines, and Lietuenant Schlesinger of Louisville met him. We quote the Commercial.

"The most versatile chap I ever saw," said the lieutenant, "was a private who was on duty in Manila. His name was Sawtell. There seemed to be nothing on earth that he couldn't do or hadn't done at some time.

"One day it happened that an officer in the garrison wanted his hair cut, and the regular company barber was not to be found—out on furlough, or something. Sawtell volunteered to do the job.

"'Why were you ever a barber?' asked the officer.

"'Yes, I was a barber for three years,' said Sawtell.

"A few days later the same officer took a notion that he wanted a certain dish prepared. He and the rest of us were tired of 'dead hen,' as the ubiquitous chicken is disdainfully called in the Philippines.

"'I can prepare it, sir,' said Sawtell, saluting.

"'Did you ever cook?' the officer asked.

"'Yes, sir; two years' experience,

"And that dish was a wonder. Three days later the colonel's horse threw a shoe. The colonel wanted it replaced at once.

"'I'll do it, sir,' said Sawtell. 'I was a blacksmith for a year and a half.'

"He did it well, as he did everything. By this time the officers had begun to look upon Sawtell as a phenomenon; therefore, when our captain developed a bad toothache, he sent for him.

"'Did you ever pull a tooth?' he asked.

"'Oh, yes,' said Sawtell, saluting. 'I studied dentistry two years.'

"And he pulled the tooth.

"Finally time was hanging somewhat heavily upon our hands, and one of the men suggested a concert of some kind. We sent for Sawtell in a body to ask him if he knew anything about singing.

"'I was leading tenor with a minstrel show for a season,' he replied.

"As a result of his manifold accomplishments, Sawtell was easily the most popular man in garrison. Whenever anything went wrong somebody, said 'Send for Sawtell,' and Sawtell always fixed it. Therefore, the colonel one day was deeply annoyed to receive a warrant from 'Frisco for Sawtell's apprehension, accompanied by a letter stating that he was wanted in Nevada for some crime, I forget what. The colonel called Sawtell before him.

"'Sawtell, I have received a warrant for your arrest,' he said.

"'Yes, sir,' and Sawtell saulted.

"'You have become a valuable man here, and I hate to lose you,' said the colonel, 'particularly as you will have to go to prison.'

"'Oh, that's all right, sir," said Sawtell. 'I've spent four years in prison.'

"I challenge any one to produce that man's equal for versatility," the lieutenant concluded.

Street Car Lullaby.

The baby was restless and the pretty, young mother bounced it up and down, held it to the window, snapped her fingers and smothered the youngster's face with kisses, but the only result was that the plaintive cries became shrieks. The men in the Darby car looked annoyed; some of them scowled, while an old bachelor swore under his breath. The women passengers stopped chatting and cas sympathetic glances at the young mother. One suggested that perhaps it was a pin; another advised that the infant be given a drink of water. The baby kept right on shrieking. A motherly looking woman started in to talk "tootsywootsy," and a baldheaded man held out his hand to attract the infant's gaze. The motorman told the conductor to get off and buy the baby a stick of candy. It was a hot night and everyone forgot the heat in their anxiety for the troubles of the pretty, young mother.

Finally some one whistling was heard. The note was soft and plaintive. The women looked scandalized and the men grinned, but the whistling kept right on from the pursed up cherry red lips of the young mother. The shrieks gradually subsided and soon the infant dropped off to sleep, while the strains of "The Red, White and Blue" mingled with the buzz of the air brake and the grind of the wheels. "Well. I'll be bumped," remarked the baldheaded man as he dropped off the car at Sixty-first street.—Philadelphia Record.

Helen of Troy's Secret.

Tradition says that no woman who ever lived had such a beautiful complexion as Helen of Troy, and now we are informed she attained this distinction by using a very simple salve or lotion on her skin. The ingredients of this salve are an egg, a citron and some seltzer water. How the beauteous Helen contrived to obtain seltzer water we are not told, but the discoverer of the recipe assures us that a water very similar to it was well known in ancient times. The citron, after being cut in two lengthwise, is freed from its pulp and the two halves are put together so as to form a small cup, into which the yolk of the egg is poured after being carefully separated from the white.

The mixture is allowed to stand for an hour and is then put on the face, where it should remain for half an hour, after which time it may be removed by spraying the skin with the contents of a siphon of seltzer water. By repeating this operation daily wrinkles will soon be removed and the complexion will become fair and brilliant.

Discovered by Small Telescopes.

It is more often than not that the smaller telescopes startle us with the sudden discovery of some new celestial body. Indeed, the instrument by which the German astronomer recently discovered the new planet Eros at the Urania observatory in Berlin cannot be described as one of the gigantic ones. Before the discovery of Eros the nearest planet to the earth was Venus, which at certain times approached our globe to within 25,000,000 miles. Eros, however, our nearest neighbor in space, is about 13,000,000 miles distant. With only a six-inch refractor Dr. Swift has also discovered some eight comets at the Lowe observatory.—Boston Globe.

Weight of Your Hat.

The average silk hat, size 7 1-8, weighs five ounces; the average stiff derby hat of the same size, weighs four and a half ounces; the average straw hat of the same size weighs two and one-quarter ounces.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Washington County Banker Found Guilty of Embezzement—Shelby Tube Co. Plant to be Rebuilt.

Among those granted pensions last week were: John Slater, Etna, $12; Mary E. Wordell, West Brownsville, $8; Mary E. Lawrence, Sharon, $12; Alson N. Squires, Eldred, $6; David Blair, Saltsburg, $10; William Stewart, Port Royal, $10; Abraham Goss, Philipsburg, $8; Thomas F. McCarty, Conneautville, $6; Lindsey Currie, Cheswick, $12; Alexander C. Miller, Apollo, $10; Aaron Eakman, Export, $10; James Stitt, Natrona, $6; David A. Coons, Gallitzin, $10; Mary A. Rose, Oakmont, $8; Mary E. Lingenfelter, East Freedom, $8; Edwin Girish, Beaver, $6; James A. Morrow, Pitcairn, $10; Lemuel P. Worden, Meyersburg, $17; Eden Hutchison, Philipsburg, $8; Mary J. Odell, Mansfield, $12.

After the refusal of the supervisors of South Strabane township, Washington county, to build the sample road near the county home, under the direction of the government, George W. Cameron, C. M. Berry and W. M. Davis, farmers of the same township, met and agreed to accept the proposition of the government for a sample road, the expense to be met by private subscription.

Arrangements have been completed for the removal of three sheet mills of the Republic Iron and Steel Company from Sharon to Vandergrift.

The Sharon works of the National Steel Company is engaged on the contract of turning out 4,000 tons of steel blooms for Germany. A movement is on foot to increase the size of the town.

Allegheny College, Meadville, is to have an observatory, the gift of Mrs. Mary M. Newton, of Batavia, Ill., whose husband was a student there in the '40s.

Joseph Kelly, who lives on the farm of the late Sabina Beer, near Madison, Westmoreland county, in whose house was found $16,000 in cash in an old chest a week ago, made another find of about a half peck of gold, silver and paper money which was secreted in an old chimney and which will aggregate as much if not more than that found a week ago in the old chest.

Collins Hamilton, who has served half of his 40 years in prison and who was but recently released from the Western Penitentiary, has again run athwart the law, having just been arrested for robbing and beating an aged farmer, William Rinkle, who lives on Laurel Hill, above Laughlinstown, Westmoreland county, where Hamilton has lately been living, close to his old haunts.

Mable Walder, of Pymatuning township, Mercer county, was awakened the other night by a peculiar noise in her bed. She awakened her father and upon investigation discovered a garter snake about 14 inches long coiled up in one of the springs. It is supposed the reptile crawled up the vines at the side of the house and then dropped into her room.

State Treasurer Barnett's report for August shows a balance of $6,527,108.43 in the general fund and $2,252,455.09 in the sinking fund. Col. Barnett has already paid out about $15,000 of the school fund appropriation for the current fiscal year, and he will begin next week to distribute the fund at the rate of $1,000,000 a month.

A company of farmers has been organized for the purpose of developing coal lands in the vicinity of Georgetown and Hookstown, Beaver county. Several test holes have been sunken, and coal found which is said to be almost if not quite as good as the Pittsburg coal seam in such depth of vein as to amply justify its development.

A sensation was created at Breedtown, Venango county, by the arrest of Rev. C. E. Porterfield, pastor of the Baptist Church, on a serious charge on the information of a 16-year-old girl named Goehring, a member of Rev. Mr. Porterfield's flock. Porterfield is about 30 years of age and has a wife and two children.

It has been announced that the plant of the Danville Bessemer Company, of Danville, has been purchased by the Lake Superior Iron and Steel Company, of Sault Ste. Marie, Canada. The steel rail mills will be dismantled and the machinery shipped to the Canadian works. The purchase does not include the plate mill.

Dr. F. M. Clark, of Erie, has removed a lizard from the stomach of Mrs. Mary Saurborn, aged 65 years. Nearly a year ago, after swallowing some water, Mrs. Saurborn felt the presence of some foreign substance in her stomach, which at intervals has caused intense pain. The lizard was three inches long.

Officials of the Shelby Tube Company, whose plant was destroyed by fire some weeks ago, have decided to rebuild. It is the purpose of the company to expend from $200,000 to $300,000 in the new plant, which will be used in the manufacture of novelties and specialties.

Marion Christy, the 16-year-old daughter of Frank Christy, of Greenville, has the distinction of being the only woman who has swam the Conneaut lake. The daring feat was watched by a large crowd of people. For 50 minutes she battled with the waves.

The new mining community of Ellsworth has been made a borough by the court, being carved out of a part of Somerset township, Washington county, the decree of the court being filed in the office of the clerk of courts Tuesday.

Mrs. Grestner has brought suit against Alexander McClain, late mine boss at the Pittsburg Coal Company's mines at McGovern, Washington county, charging him with criminal negligence in causing the death of her husband early in July.

Farmers have given notice that on September 1 they will advance the wholesale price of milk to Altoona dairymen from $1 per 100 pounds to $1.25, and that on November 1 a still further advance of 25 per hundred pounds would be made.

At a largely attended meeting in Wilkesbarre of the Wholesale Merchants and Millers' Association resolutions were adopted deploring the threatened anthracite coal strike and pointing out to the miners what they might expect from a long lockout.

The school board at Washington has decided to hold only half-day sessions of the high school during the coming winter.

Towns along the Kiskiminetas river will be connected with Greensburg and other Westmoreland county towns by a trolley line from Apollo to Jeannette, the right of way for which has been secured.

"Guilty in manner and form as indicted." This was the verdict returned by the jury against Samuel Hazlett, of Washington. For the second time the aged banker is found guilty of embezzlement as a banker.

The Commissioners of Warren county have decided to collect no bicycle tax this year, nor hereafter until the constitutionality of the State sidepath law, which levies a tax of $1, is established

French papers are chuckling over an alleged feat of Admiral Gervais during recent maneuvers of the French fleet. He is said to have slipped through the straits of Gibraltar at night without being noticed by British observers on the rock.

The rarest fish is the ribbon fish. Only 16 specimens have been recorded in the last century. It is an inhabitant of the great depths of the ocean.

Honolulu is beginning to be invaded by the American drummer as it has never been before.

MINES AND MINERS.

What Mine Inspector Carroll Says About the Maryland Coal Fields — Machine Mining Not Satisfactory.

State Mine Inspector James Carroll has been very busy with his duties since the coal miners' strike ended in the George Creek region. On George Creek alone there are over 30 mine openings. Most of the mines are in the big vein and many of them are nearly worked out. At Koontz mine there is what is called a four-foot vein, but they are getting out 32 inches of coal, with a streak of false coal about four inches thick in that, and still some of the miners seem to be making fair wages in it. It seems that when a man gets used to small veins he can do nearly as well as in the big veins. But miners will not learn how to work them if they can help it. They think the big vein is the only coal to dig. Inspector Carroll does not think machine mining will be satisfactory in the Cumberland region, and will probably eventually be abandoned. It is, too, a source of constant friction between the men and their employers, for even at the price the company pays them, a cent and a sixth above the Pennsylvania scale, the men can hardly make wages behind the machine. There is one great difference between coal here and in Pennsylvania. There the machine does the mining and the men shoot down the coal and load it. Here shooting cannot be allowed because the powder smoke would make the air too thick to work, and the bottoms, about two feet nine inches thick, have to be taken up by the loaders at the same price they are paid for loading, 35 cents a ton. From a company standpoint the machines are probably no more satisfactory than from the view of the miner, for the coal here is decidedly dangerous to cut into as far as the machines go and slow running is necessary. Only about three rooms, or 40 tons, can be cut in a day. Such an output to a machine is too small a profit on their cost, maintenance and the pay of the men who work them."

Speaking of the coal yet to be mined in the region Mr. Carroll says there is a good bit of big vein coal near Midland, but not so much anywhere else. The small vein seems to be plentiful in the lower end of the valley, from Barton up.

When asked if there was much trouble with gas in Maryland mines he replied that it depends on the time of year. Most of the mines being drifts are ventilated naturally, the air being conducted by a system of brattrices and air doors, following the tendency of air to rise as it warms. This has the objection of failing, particularly during summers, but works very well in winter. In some parts of several George's creek mines the men cannot mine when the wind blows certain directions, owing to proximity of older workings, from which the gas is forced into the rooms and entries. It is supposed the damp is responsible for the horrible cases of "miners' asthma," which makes life a burden for many of our older men. But in most of the mines the companies for their own benefit try to keep the air clear by mechanical means, because they cannot get coal unless they do.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

A Weekly Review of the Happenings Throughout the World of Labor in This and Other Countries.

There are now 7,000 Paris coachmen on strike.

A big strike is impending in the anthracite coal region in Pennsylvania.

Silk weavers at Shanghai, China, are out of work and threaten an outbreak.

Textile industries in Germany are deteriorating, 2,000 operatives being idle at Aachen.

Two thousand vestmakers in New York City have won their strike for higher wages and a 10-hour day.

The Republic Iron Company, Muncie, Ind., has notified its nut and bolt workers of a reduction of 15 per cent.

Officers of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific have instructed their Chicago agents to send 2,000 laborers if possible.

Nearly 4,000 employes of the glass tableware factories of the National Glass Company, Pittsburg, have returned to work.

Sweet's Steel Company, of Syracuse, N. Y., has made a cut in wages averaging about 12 per cent. Depression is the given cause.

It is recorded of Thomas Figg, a postman at Tring, England, who has just retired on a pension, that in the course of 40 years of service he has walked 200,000 miles.

The secretary of one of the largest copper manufactories in New York uses as a paper weight a die for a copper coin struck for the famous campaign between Andrew Jackson and the United States Bank. It has been used on the secretary's desk for 35 years.

John N. Parsons. General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, who has been president of the National Association of Letter Carriers since its organization declined a renomination to devote all his time to the K. of L.

During a tremendous thunderstorm at Bellefontaine, O., recently the house of Tobias Kerr was struck by lightning. Everyone in the family was more or less stunned by the shock. On coming to they were amazed to find that a bureau had been moved from one room into another.

The new electric locomotives for the steepest portions of the Jungfrau Mountain Railway will be the most powerful electric rack-wheel locomotives ever constructed. The two motors will each have 125 horse power and will make 800 revolutions per minute driving the toothed wheels.

After several conferences the Order of Railway Telegraphers has been organized by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and has secured a readjustment of the wage schedule and conditions which mean an advance to the majority of the 2,000 operators employed on the system.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

A cement trust is organizing in Germany.

A new coal and oil field of 6,500 acres has been discovered in Oregon.

The entire south side of Long Island has become a prey to pestiferous fleas and red ants.

Germany has begun the direct importation of South African wool, owing to the Boer war.

Steam power is to be superseded by electricity in the government dock yards at Kiel, Germany.

Denver, Col., has a population of 133,859, as against 106,713 in 1890, an increase of 25.44 per cent.

The Sultan has ordered a committee to investigate the recent massacre of Armenians in the Sassam districts of Asiatic Turkey.

Governor Pingree, of Michigan, has issued a signed statement to the effect that he will vote for the re-elecion of President McKinley.

Roumania, in a note to Bulgaria, demanded punishment for alleged blackmailers and expressed doubt of the latter country's good faith.

The commander of the Colombian Government forces accused the foreign consuls of favoring the rebels in the recent troubles on the Isthmus.

At a recent Cabinet meeting King Victor of Italy intimated to the Ministers that he did not desire that any special laws agains the anarchists should be enacted.

Representative George Henry White, of North Carolina, the only colored man in Congress, has announced that he would not be a candidate for reelection and declared that he would leave that State and take up his residence in some Northern State.

By a recent court decision, all squatters on the 60-foot strip along Nome Beach, Alaska, must vacate.

More pianos are said to be owned by Chicago firemen than by any other body of men getting the same pay.

PORTABLE FIRES RESORTED TO.

New Fuel That Will Help the Poor Man in London.

"Fires from door to door" is the latest scheme to circumvent the machinations of the coal kings in London.

The workingman is to have the benefit of fuel which, brought to his door at 1½d per block, will supply the heat for his breakfast and will obviate the necessity of wasting time and coal.

Down in Battersea an enterprising firm, called the Ruby Fire Company, has started works, where thousands upon thousands of little "fuelettes" are being made for the coming trade. These are rapidly combustible and will last an hour and a half, so that for three halfpence the poor man may have a warming fire on getting up in the morning and also enough heat to prepare his breakfast. Three halfpence worth of coal would not begin to do this.

A Daily Mail representative had a chat the other day with Mr. J. Stevens, who built the Battersea works. He said:

"We have only been working a fortnight, but already we are turning out 10,000 packages of fuel per day.

"Arrangements have been made for the installation of more machinery, and next week we shall be making 20,000 'fires.'

"The fuel cones are made of the best coal, with resin and pitch, but the percentage of pitch is so small that there is very little smoke.

"One great difficulty is in the distribution of these 'fires.' At present we have far more orders than we can execute, but we are willing to deliver the 'fuelettes' within a five-mile radius of Battersea."—London Mail.

The Route to the Pole.

Although the eastern coast of Greenland is much nearer to Europe that the western, it is really much more inaccessible to explorers and far less is known about it. The eastern side of that continent is colder than the other. A small branch of the Gulf Stream flows up the western coast and mitigates the severity of the temperature. That route to the Pole, therefore, has proved the most popular with explorers. Brainerd and Lockwood were thus enabled to carry the American flag to above the 83d parallel of latitude. Peary chose this path as the most promising. And the Norwegian, Sverdrup, who followed him up to the Arctic regions two summers ago, did likewise.—New York Tribune.

All goods are alike to Putnam Fadeless Dyes, as they color all fibers at one boiling. Sold by all druggists.

Chinese Mob Dispersed by Rain.

This fear of the Chinese of rainstorms has had a peculiar effect upon their mobs and armies. At the time of the massacre of 1870 at Tien-Tsin the mob, after it had burned the French Consulate, the cathedral and convent, had destroyed the orphanage of the Sisters of Charity and had murdered the Consul, all the sisters and several priests, started toward the other settlement, determined to put all foreigners to death. The cathedral behind them was in flames, and the mob, fresh from the torture of nuns, was hungry for blood. They started down the Taku road with frenzied shouts and the beating of drums and gongs, when suddenly it began to rain. That was the end of the massacre. The crowd covered their heads and scattered.—Leslie's Weekly.

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.

A shell weighing about 70 pounds explodes into a shower of 1,200 pieces.

Women Think About This

In addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are communicating with

A Woman

A woman whose experience in treating female ills is greater than that of any living person, male or female.

She has fifty thousand such testimonial letters as we are constantly publishing showing that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is daily relieving hundreds of suffering women.

Every woman knows some woman Mrs. Pinkham has restored to health.

Mrs. Pinkham makes no statements she cannot prove. Her advice is free.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

OLD SWEDES CHURCH.

During Two Hundred and Sixty Years Not a Sunday Service Was Omitted.

The history of Old Swedes, or Gloria Dei, as the church's true name is, goes back to a blackhouse—the blockhouse of Wicaco. This building, in 1677, certain Swedish colonists dedicated as a church, because the existing Swedish church at Tinicum was too far away from them. Jacobus Fabritius was the first pastor, and on Trinity Sunday he preached to the Swedes his first sermon. The blockhouse upon the site of which the church stands was a little wooden fort, with loopholes through which to "wing" approaching enemies. The men of the congregation then brought their guns to service, "ostensibly," the historian says, "to shoot wild game that they might meet on the road." And even after the blockhouse had been dedicated, a number of women, their husbands being away, once took refuge in it from an attacking party of Indians, and, as they had been soap making when attacked, they used kettles of boiling soap for their defense and with these kept the red men off till help arrived, says the Boston "Transcript." Fabritius died in 1692, after serving the church for fourteen years, during the last nine of which he was blind. The congregation was poor, and paid him little, it would seem, for in the colonial records appear his application to the council, June 19, 1685, for a permit to open and keep an inn. The council refused to let him do this, and so he took up fish curing. William Penn, in a letter to his steward, said: "You may procure fine smoked shads of the old priest." An interesting reference to the old church is made by Longfellow in "Evangeline," when describing the Sunday morning scene, toward the close of the poem; he speaks of "the sound of psalms sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco." For many years the congregation of Old Swedes has belonged to the Episcopal communion.

CHUNKS OF WISDOM FROM BOYS.

Some Gems in the Way of Recent Answers at the English Schools.

There are some curious answers by boys in English public schools. On one occasion the English constitution was described thus: "The English constitution is a very comprehensive style of governing, founded on the innumerable laws of England. In early Briton times there were no laws, but people walked about naked, and painted blew (sic) all over with wode (sic). In Saxon times there were not above from six to a dozen laws altogether, wherefore there were not any lawyers needed. But now there are so many laws that men have to learn them for a business. The main body of people could never find time to learn all the laws of England."

The execution of Charles I. is dealt with in the following manner: "Charles I. had his own opinion of how to be a King. He did not think common Englishmen's idea was much of a King at all. He said they wanted to tell him what a King is. But he said they must leave it to him to show them rather. This angered people. So Cardinal Wolseley, Sir Isaac Newton, Sir George Wombwell and General Lesley had him tried by the Inns of Court for exceeding himself, and put to death in the presence of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, where the Aquarium now stands."

Another boy thus tackles the theory of the tides: "The tides are a fight between the earth and the moon. All water tends towards the moon, because there is no water in the moon, and nature abhors a vacuum. Gravitation at the earth keeps the water from rising all the way to the moon. I forget whether the sun joins in this fight."

But the next boy is a real wit: "A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box. They have a way of pumping out the air. When all the air and everything else is shut out, naturally they are able to shut in nothing, where the air was before."—London Saturday Review.

HOW FORTUNES ARE TO BE MADE.

The Late C. P. Huntington Said it is by the Chemistry of Manufactures.

Mr. Huntington was of the opinion that the field of chemistry applied to commercial ends offered the greatest of the opportunities probably for amassing wealth which will open up in this country in the twentieth century. The great fortunes from the development of the transportation business have been made. Hereafter there is to be more and more distribution of those fortunes. But Mr. Huntington not long ago said that if a chemist were to make a discovery of some combination that would take the place of rubber he would have at his hand a fortune quite as great as that gained by Bessemer when he discovered his cheap process of making steel. In fact, Mr. Huntington declared that if he were a younger man, or were beginning to-day his career, he would go to Africa or South America and undertake the cultivation of rubber, while at thesame time he would keep in close alliance with all the chemists, with the hope that they might be able to make artificial rubber.

So, too, he said that the chemist or the botanist who was able to discover in some leaf or shrub or annual plant just the qualities that are in spruce timber and by a chemical or scientific process, of which he had the trade mark or the secret, was able to deliver a pulp to paper manufacturers as good as that of spruce timber, would not wait long for wealth or enormous wealth, and in gaining great riches for himself would add greatly to the wealth of the world.—Philadelphia Press.

A burglar in New York was baffled and put to fligh by a family parrot that greeted him with a volley of oaths. What added greatly to the desperado's terror was the fact that the oaths were in German.

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.

The marriage license bureau of Philadelphia in June issued 3,000 licenses, which is twice the usual monthly issue.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900

Illinois apples were awarded the first prize at the Paris exposition.

A dyspeptic is never on good terms with himself. Something is always wrong. Get it right by chewing Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

Oklahoma now has a population of about 400,000.

Carter's Ink Is Scientifically compounded of the best materials. If your dealer does not keep it he can get it for you.

It has been computed that there are 100,000 railway locomotives in the world.

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.

Cowley county, Kansas, has a girl coroner.

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

The Boers are losing many horses from cold and lack of food.

We put certain chemicals together, chemicals which have a known result. We make no immoderate claims for them, and we confidently expect them to do what we say they will do.

Ayer's Hair Vigor will make hair grow.

Miss Moore, who is the postmaster at Welchburg, Ky., put this letter in her mail the other day:

"Last summer my hair was thin and short and was falling out profusely. I then began using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and two bottles of it gave me beautiful and glossy hair. My hair is now over a yard long, and my friends all wonder what has made it so thick and heavy."

Now that the secret's out we suppose her friends will stop wondering.

J. C. Ayer Company, Practical Chemists, Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla | Ayer's Hair Vigor
Ayer's Pills | Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Ayer's Ague Cure | Ayer's Comatone

FREY'S VERMIFUGE D. N. Wilt, Sams, Ky., says: Frey's Vermifuge is the best worm destroyer I have ever found. Please send me some right away.

Mrs. B. C. Synan, Gordonsville, Va.: I find Frey's Vermifuge the very best one I have ever used. I write you direct as I cannot find it in the stores, and I must have this kind and no other.

W. E. Fowler, Amesbury, Mass., says: Please send one bottle of your Frey's Vermifuge—cannot get it here. At druggists or by mail for 25 cents.

E. & S. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

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DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

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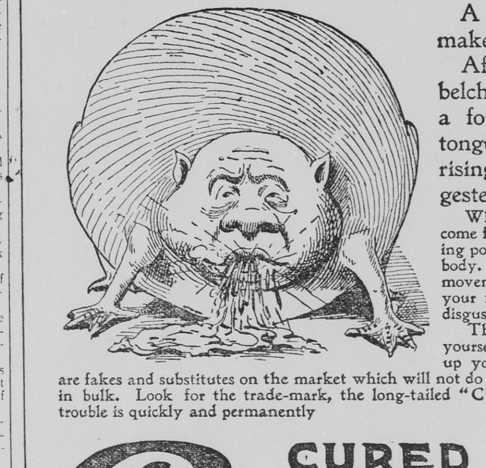

A horrible, slimy monster that makes man's life a misery.

After eating: a bloated belly, belching of gas from the stomach, a foul, ill-smelling scurf on the tongue, dizziness, headache, a sour rising and spitting up of half-digested food,—it's Bowel Bloat.

When the bowels stop working they become filled with putrid, rotting matter, forming poisonous gases that go through the whole body. If you don't have a regular, natural movement of the bowels at least once a day your fate is bowel bloat, with all the nasty, disgusting symptoms that go with it.

There's only one way to set it right. Clean yourself out gently but thoroughly and tone up your bowels with CASCARETS. There are fakes and substitutes on the market which will not do this for you. Cascarets are never sold in bulk. Look for the trade-mark, the long-tailed "C" on the box. Every form of bowel trouble is quickly and permanently

CURED BY Cascarets

Get the genuine if you want results! Tablet is marked "CCC." Cascarets are never sold in bulk, but only and always in the light blue metal box with the long-tailed "C." Look for the trade-mark—the C with a long tail—on the lid!

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

10c. 25c. 50c. ALL DRUGGISTS

CCC This is the genuine tablet, never sold in bulk.

To any needy mortal, suffering from bowel troubles and too poor to buy CASCARETS, we will send a box free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York, mentioning advertisement and paper. 415