WHIMS OF SEA-SICK PEOPLE. **A MAN OF THE PEOPLE**

REFUSES TO POSE IN FULL DRESS FOR SOCIETY.

Major Henry Ziegenhein of St. Louis Taught to Scorn the Queer Customs of Wearing Swallow Tailed Coats and White Necktles.

stand he took. He always wears a

Prince Albert, and he says that he was

married in such a coat; was inaugu-

rated in such a coat and has worn a

similar garment at all functions where

up now. He is "a man of the people."

izens who knew him before his induc-

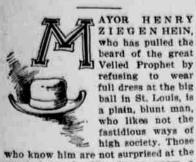
what his callers have to say, and an-

a smile on his lips and a merry twin-

white linen and a plain black tie. There

born.

His tastes are few and simple.



if he had as many sovereigns as there were cures for sea-sickness. Every person who sails with him knows just how to act when the "go roundand-round sort of feeling" begins to assert itself, and there are so many cer-tain remedies that mal de mer ought long ago to have lost its terrors. During a very rough trip across the Atlantic, a well-dressed gentleman sat down in the center of the wave-washed

The captain of a big liner says that he should consider himself a rich man

deck, produced a photograph, and stared hard at it for hours. Passengers who were in a condition to notice his strange conduct thought he was gazing upon the face of his best girl, and winked knowingly at one another; but their surmise was an erroneous one. The photograph was really a representation of the gentleman's worst en-emy, and he firmly believed that, if he glared at it long enough the bitter thought aroused in his mind by the sight of it would ward off sea-sickness. Fix your mind upon some one you he explained, "and you will hate," never be ill while at sea."

his office has demanded his attendance. There was a wild commotion on and that he does not propose to give it board another yessel one morning, for was born in St. Louis county and the captain found that some thief had has always resided either in the counbroken into his cabin that night and ty or city. His wife, also, is from the stolen his best uniform. A hue and cry was at once raised, and the rough county and there his children were sailors, secretly enjoying the joke, The fact that he is the chief executive questioned every one on board, not has not changed him, and today he visits and dines with the humble citeven sparing the first-class passengers. At last, however, the missing uniform walked unsteadily from the tion into office. When the mayor is in cook's galley, and the person inside his office at the city hall he is always made a bee line for the bulwarks. "I always thought the togs captains wore unapproachable. As a general rule he stands in the reception-room, hears were a preventative of sea-sickness,' he stuttered, "but I'm afraid I've been swers them at once. During the hot weather he received visitors in his laboring under a delusion. Tell the skipper I'll let him have 'em back in half a minute-they're no good to me." shirt sleeves and in very warm weather left off his vest. He is over six feet in height, smooth shaven and with full, fat florid face. There is usually One of the sailors on a vessel outward bound for India rushed on deck with a livid face, and startled the captain by stating that seven passengers kle in his eye. He dresses modestly, wearing a Prince Albert coat, with trousers and vest of similar cloth; had been found dead in their berths. instantly assuming that there had been foul play; the captain aroused the doctor, and they went together to visit the is but one oddity and that is his hat. His hats are patterned after those of stricken sleeping places. To all ap-pearance the frightened sailor had spoken the truth for passengers lay the Quakers of Penn's day, and the



MAYOR ZIEGENHEIM.



A Bad Dream.

My foot's asleep! My foot's asleep! Oh, dear! What shall I do? It's dreaming of a hundred pins That prick me through and through. It's dreaming of a hornet's pest,

With forty thousand stings; It's dreaming of a million sparks— The flery, burning things!

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I'm punished well, Twas very wrong, I know, To sit so long upon the floor, And dilly-dally so.

Grimms' Fairy Tales were in my hand, The duster in my lap: And so my foot improved the time To take a little nap, – Kate Lawren

-Kate Lawrence.

The Story of the Sticklebacks Dear to the heart of all juvenile shermen is the three spined stickleback. This little fish is held in great repute by all naturalists on account of his unfishlike habit of building a nest and watching over the young fishes.

They are a very pugnacious race, the sticklebacks, dearly loving a fight, and should they be unable to pick a quarrel with some other members of the aquatic world they get up a battle among themselves.

When about to build a nest, the male fish carries in his mouth bits of weed and plant stems to the spot where he intends to make his home. He then proceeds to cement the pieces of weed together by means of a mucus excreted from his month or body.

The floor of the nest is made first, and then the sides and top are con-structed. The nest completed, Mr. Stickleback, who has now a very handsome appearance, sallies forth in search of a wife. The lady of his heart's de-sire found, Mr. Stickleback, by dint of much coaxing and not a little chasing, induces her to enter the nest. Here she deposits her eggs and de

camps, leaving her unhappy husband to watch over the eggs and, when hatched, bring up the young sticklebacks.

This he does most conscientiously, mounting guard over the little nest containing the bright yellow colored eggs, attacking and driving away all would be intruders. -- Trenton (N. J.) American.

A Rat That Reasoned.

J. G. Wood, naturalist, tells us that the rat is intelligent to a degree. To this fact, he says, any professional rat catcher will bear witness, "for to catch an old rat is a feat that taxes human intellect to the utmost,' know of two boys who made the ex-periment, and who now fully agree with Professor Wood.

They wanted to capture an old rat that lived in the barn. One of this rat's long passages ran underneath the building and opened at the back into a shady corner of the barnyard. This seemed to be the old fellow's favorite doorway. The boys had often seen him dart across the yard and vanish through it. They thought therefore that this was the place where

they might hope to take him. So one alternoon they bought a vap, temptingly baited with a piece of smoked cheese, and placed it a few feet from the wall, directly facing the hole. Then they climbed a nearby tree, from which they could observe all that might happen without being themselves seen.

The trap was on the parap, only ordinary red wooden monsetrap, only The trap was on the plan of the was the usual hole for the rat's head to enter, and the cheese firmly on the little trigger, which on being jerked would cause the spring to fly up and choke the victim. about half an hour the boys heard a faint scratch on the gravel beneath. The rat had come to the door of his passage and was glancing cau-tionsly around. No one was in sight. Nothing stirred. He gazed longingly at the cheese. The boys held their breath as they watched and leaned forward in their eagerness. Oh, if he would only be quick! Something might happen to frighten him off. But the old rat was in no hurry. Age had taught him many things and made him crafty. He stayed just in-side his hole and considered the matter roughly. He smiled quietly behind his long, gray whiskers at the thought of anyone supposing that he would be taken in by a simple trick like that. He knew from the very first that it was a trap and studied it only to discover how it was worked. In a few moments he again came from his hole slowly, cautionsly, as before and deliberately inspected the trap from all sides. Perfectly satisfied that he knew all about it, he returned to the front, Then, to the utter amazement of the two boys, he placed himself with his tail instead of his head toward the trap's opening. He looked around to see that he was in the correct position and then, by vigorously kicking his hind legs, sent a shower of pebbles

Down by the bars through which the cows passed into the sunny pas-ture on the other side of the fence, Jimmy loved to sit where he could watch Joe, the hired man, drive the cows to and from the barn.

A little ways from the bars. A little ways from the bars was a tall post, part of this fence, and here Jimmy would perch for hours at a time, even when Joe and the cows were not near, and he watched the little fishes in the tiny brook which, at this spot, stole under the fence. When any of his friends came to his house and asked for him, his mother would always say: "Oh, you'll find him down by the

fence-post at the edge of the pasture." So the boys began to call him "Fence Post Jimmy," but he did not care in the least.

Now there were many things he saw Now there were many things he saw there to delight him. First of all, the fishes. One day while watching them he found that there were other living creatures in the water, and he made a list of them, so he could tell his grand pa, for old Mr. Anderson knew many fine stories about the things Jimmy saw, and could give each creature its right name when the boy had described it to him. As grandpa was too feeble to walk down to this place Jimmy kept his eyes and ears open that he might carefully tell what he saw and heard. Many discoveries were made in one summer. There were the frogs which Jimmy was able to watch from the time when the jelly-like eggs hatched into polliwogs up to the time when Mr. Frog hopped up on a stone with his brand-new legs and sounded his first croak.

Then there were the little lizards and caddisworms, crabs hiding under stones, snails carrying their houses along in the mud, water-spiders, pinfish and fanny squirming bugs and waterbeetles. Dragonflies and butterflies, bees

and birds flew about. Fence-Post tower and a mud-wasp showed Jimmy how she made her house. Right be-fore his eyes she went to the edge of the water, gathered the mud, and to his surprise began building her home on the under side of a large stone not far away.

Brown, fuzzy caterpillars crawled along the rails, and a bright-colored worm spun a soft nest in a knot-hole of the post, closed the door and went to sleep for its long nap. Other sights of this sort Jimmy saw,

and soon became well acquainted with these new friends, from the little ants and spiders on the fence to the big tond that lived in the grass and came out sometimes to catch flies.

Thus Jimmy amused himself. He was never lonely when he had no one to play with, for here he had so many new friends. He learned to be gentle with all dumb creatures, and the last time I heard from him he had taken some of the boys into his secret, and was giving them lessons in all he had learned from his Fence-Post tower.-

A Sand Storm.

In crossing that part of Arabia known as Yemen, an English traveler a few years ago encountered a storm of sand. He describes the unpleasant incident in a vivid manner.

The stinging sensation as the sand struck one's hands and face was most painful. Calling a halt, we crawled under some thick bushes, the men hurriedly arranging a strip of canvas so as to gain the most protection from its scanty folds. We were just in time, for the wind increased in strength and became a gale. The sand, which till now had been but thin, commenced wairling in clouds until the air was dark with it. Huddling together, we tied our turbans over our mouths and waited for a cessation.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS

A Supply of Ladders. One of the most important things in harvesting fruit is to have a good sup-ply of ladders. The modern methods of pruning trees do not require the long and inconvenient ladders that were formerly used by leaning them against the tree and picking the fruit from the outside. This always had the effect of destroying many small limbs and stripping the bark from larger ones where the ladder rested. Light, self-supporting ladders that can be set under trees, so that the picker need not climb through them, are what are needed. The saving in fruit by picking from these self-supporting lad-ders will repay their cost any year when the fruit crop is abundant.

Why Young Ment is Best.

Almost everybody likes best the meat of young animals. But the rea-son why does not appear to be so generally understood. It will be said, of course, that the young chicken is more tender and delicate, and has a sweeter flavor than the old fowl, and the same also of the young pig or lamb as compared with the old one of the same species. The truth seems to be that the young animals' meat is best because it has never been either pinched and starved, nor been sur-feited by overfeeding. As proof of this we have seen runt pigs killed which had been stunted still more by overfeeding with corn, as every farmer knows is liable to happen. The pigs were sickly, or at least had so poor appetites that they would eat very little, and were at last killed, as it assumed impactible to make them it seemed impossible to make them grow. There was fat enough in such pigs, but it never seemed to us pigs, but it never seemed to us wholesome fat, and we would much prefer a cut from a thrifty pig that preiched 150 to 200 pounds. It is a weighed 150 to 200 pounds. It is a lesson that all feeders have to learn, that only by keeping the digestive or-gans in good condition and making the animal fatten rapidly can gain be profitably made or the meat thus pro-duced be wholesome, and of the best quality.

Loss by Breakage of Milk Bottles.

The operation of the Wisconsin dairy school creamery and pasteuriz-ing department during the entire year affords an opportunity not only for continual experiments and factory pupil instruction, but for obtaining sta-tistics and information in regard to many practical creamery and dairy matters. In reply to an inquiry re-garding the loss from breakage and disappearance of glass bottles used for retailing milk and cream, we were able from our records to obtain some evidence on this question.

Calculating our experience on a basis of 10,000 quarts per year or about thirty quarts per day, we find that to retail this amount will require some 750 bottles. If the product is cream, customers will prefer pints rather than quarts. This is especially true in the summer because the smaller quantity will be more likely smaller quantity will be more likely to be used up before it sours. It will also be found that to do this amount of business there will be about 150 bottles in circulation among custom-ers, and 100 will be in use at the dairy, either ready for sale or empty, and on hand to be need as media

and on hand, to be used as needed. At the end of the year there will be left about 250 of the 750 bottles, and the 500 that have disappeared will probably go as follows: One-half of them the customers will pay for, one-third will be broken and the remaining one-sixth will unaccountably disappear. If the bottles cost nine cents each, the bottle account loss per 10,000 quarts sold will amount to nearly \$25.-Professor E. H. Farrington, Wisconsin Dairy School.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

FUGITIVE RETURNS.

Defaulting President of the Meystone Bank Returns to Philadelphia After an Absence of Seven Years.

Gideon W. Marsh, the fugility presi-dent of the Keystone national bank, of Philadelphia, which collapsed on March 20, 1891, returned to that city last week after an absence of over seven years, and surrendered himself to his bondsman, William H. Wana-maker. The closing of the Keystone and created a tremendous senation at the time and the developments im-mediately subsequent thereto resulted in the sentencing to long terms of im-prisonment of John Bardsley, then city treasurer of Philadelphia, and Charles Lawrence, the cashier of the bank. Both have now completed their sen-tences.

tences. The following pensions were granted Inst week: Samuel Monatha, Chambersburg, 18; Harvey J. Kiskadden, New Caslle, 38; Thomas Harkley, Morgan, Canonsburg, 58; William H. Young, McKeesport, 50; Samuel W. Morgan, Canonsburg, 58; John McCul-lough, Waynesboro, 88; Samuel Sny-der, Petersburg, Huntingdon, 56 to 510; George W. Jeffries, Venetia, Washing-ten, 55; John Vancamp, Knoxdale, Jefferson, 58 to 517; Joseph Hassenplug, (dead), Milroy, Milflin, 56 to 510; George W. Jeffries, Venetia, Washing-ten, 55; John Vancamp, Knoxdale, Jefferson, 58 to 517; Joseph Hassenplug, (dead), Milroy, Milflin, 56 to 512; Allen H. Wood, Athens, 814 to 52; John Sa-ger, Jr., New Mayville, Charlon, 512 to 517; David Moyer, Leechburg, 512; Ly-dia Hassenplug, Milroy, 58; minors of James S. Collins, Pittsburg, 510; Anna Catharine Michael, Tarentum, 58; John Dawson, Allegheny, 512; William H. Bentley, Coatesville, 58; John Oskins, Braddock, 58; D. Porter Leeonard, Claysville, Washinston, 55; to 513; Will-lam C. Knox, Ligonier, 54 to 517; Jo-seph E. McCobe, Beaver Falls, 56 to 50; Charles Bruner, Williamsport, 55 to 58; George W. Threiked, Lewis-town, 310 to 517; Eliza M. Romig, Milroy, Midmin, 85; William R. Bartley, Bellefonte, 56; Thomas Watson, Pittsburg, 58; James For-sythe, Monongahela, 51; John Carns, Upton, Franklin 58 to 510; John Houpt, Marion, 512 to 510; John Houpt, Marionville, 512 to 510; John Houpt, Schult, Hong John Kouz, 18 to 51; E

under the falling rock. Coving had his under the falling rock. Coving had his leg broken in five places, and Cineskes had two ribs broken. Mrs. M. Templeton, of Scottdale, had a peculiar experience recently. A blood vessel on her ankle burst and began to bleed rapidly. In a short time she be-came unconscious and pulse and breathing stopped. A physician pro-nounced her dead. After lying in this state, for an hour or more she began to breathe. Medical aid was again se-cured, and she is now in a fair way to recovery. cured, and she is now in a fair way to recovery. Frank Williams, aged 14, and John Arthurs, aged 15, got into a scuille on the street at Beaver Falls the other night. Williams drew a knife and thrust the blade into Arthur's ab-domen, making a horrible gash. Ar-thurs became unconscious, while Wil-liams, holding the bloody knife fied in the darkness. The wounded iad was sent to the hospital in a very critical condition. Eugene Wendman of East Hebron, near Stroudsburg, was found dead last condition. Eugene Wendman of East Hebron, near Stroudsburg, was found dead last week near his home, half imbedded in quicksand. Beside him was found a hastily written note which toid that he had been unable to extricate himself and that he was suffering terribly form hunger and thirst. Wendman said he was about to make a prayer for re-lief. He leaves a family. A long hidden deficiency, reaching about 557,000, has been discovered in the accounts of the late John H. Alle-man, cáshier of the First National bank of Hanover, who died about three weeks ago. The books have been in the hands of an expert accountant since Alleman's death, and the shortage was thus revealed. A Jahnsonburg, near Bradford, the public schools have been closed on ac-count of a diphtheria epidemic. Fully 70 cases of the disease it wyfous stagas are being treated there. In several outer towns near there diphtheria is also mervalent. Samuel McBride, a wealthy Union this home near New Castle a few days ago.

pleadings of his wife and the gibes of his friends will not make him change it. His hat is famous in St. Louis.

AN INTERESTING KAFFIR.

The Rev. Simon P. Sihlall of Tembuland, who returned recently to South Africa from England, is doubtless the most interesting Kaffir who has visited England for some years. He was the first Kaffir to matriculate at the Cape university, and also the first to represent officially the churches of South Africa at the Congregational union of England and Wales. This he did in May last. Mr. Sihlali, who



THE REV. SIMON P. SIHLALI. was educated at Lovedale, was ordain-ed in 1884 at Graaff-Reinet, entering two years later on his work in Tembu-He has been instrumental in ring the erection of six places of ship and schools, and his church s membershp of 600 persons. Dur-this brief stay in England friends we subscribed over \$2,500 toward the metion of a permanent church at Sol-mon's Vale, the center of his field of shors, for which the chief Mgudiws are presented a site.

t few women have time to is

white and still, not a sign betraying that life still remained to them.

The doctor examined them, and then went away with a frown on his face, returning shortly with a dapper little Frenchman, who had made himself a favorite with every one.

"This gentleman will be able to set your mind at rest, captain," remarked the doctor, and the Frenchman, with a careless smile, rapidly proceeded to rouse all the quiescent passengers. It seemed that he was a professional hypnotist, and that for a fee of one guinea he agreed to send any one who feared to undergo the pangs of seasickness into a sound mesmeric sleep But for the doctor's interference, he said, his patients would have slumbered until the shores of India were sighted.

A Morocco Dainty. There is no accounting for tastes. What suits the palate of one may be little esteemed by another. An English traveler and sportsman had recommended to him, when he was in Morocco, a variety of game which he would not be very keen for at home. His informant was a soldier, for no foreigner is allowed to travel in that country without such attendance. He began telling marvelous stories of the game in the neighborhood, of the sultan's army, and of his own importance. One remark on cooking-for he was a gourmand-is worth repeating. "There is," he said, "only one kind of game worth eating in Morocco-wildcat. Its taste is as the taste of all other varicties of game mixed. When once you have tasted wildcat, never will you eat anything again with pleasure." Probably not; I should think it enough to poison most people, but I dared not say so. I merely proposed in a weak voice that I preferred owl stewed with mustard and sand. He said that ought to be good, too, but he had never tried it.

Membership of the Legion of Honon. More than 50,000 Franchines belong to the Legion of Honor. Thirty-two thousand of these are connected with the army. The rest are sivilians.

rattling against the wire. Suddenly there was a snap. Some of the pebbles had gone through the opening and struck the cheese. In another instant the old rat had turned, grabbed the cheese from the now

Fonce-Post Jimmy.

Of course that was not his real name. In his mamma's big Bible was written, James Sutton Anderson, but only his parents and relatives called him James, or sometimes Jamie. With his boy friends it was different.

Jimmy was easier to say, so Jimmy it was, and now for the reason why "Fence-Post" was tacked on before the Jimmy.

The desert wind was intensely hot and the burning, gritty grains of sand found their way under one's clothing and into one's ears and eyes until life became almost unendurable. I had seen a sandstorm or two before, but none like this. The poor, grumbling camels lay down and wagged their necks slowly from side to side. Se strong was the sand laden wind that it was impossible for the men to go even as far as the river to get water and our throats were parched with thirst.

Happily this was the only sand storm we experienced on the whole journey, and I hope I may never see another.

Swallowed a Hole.

The other day Jimmy, four years old, found one of those bone-rimmed circles which, I believe, ladies call eyelets, and, while playing in the garden, swallowed it. The family were in the house busily engaged with a work on entomology, when Jimmy ran in, with mouth wide open, and eyes distended to their utmost capacity. His mother caught him by the arm, and t embling with that deep anxiety which only a mother can feel, inquired: "What is the matter? What has

happened ?"

"Water !" gasped little Jimmy, nearly scared to death.

It was brought him, when, after wrinking copiously, he exclaimed-"Oh, mother, I swallowed a hole !" "Swallowed a hole, Jimmy ?" Yes, mother, swallowed a hole, with

a piece of ivory around it !"

Children should be accustomed as soon as possible to sleep in a dark room. Unless they have learned to be afraid of it, the darkness is soothing to the nerves, and the rest is more profound and refreshing than when there is the unconscious stimulation of light. It is particularly desirable for children of a nervous temperament that light should be excluded, yet it is most often the nervous, sensitive child whose imagination has been filled with the shapes 'he dark may hide. - London Mail.

Making Good Corn Stooks. As this is the season for cutting corn

something about the best way of making the stook may be of interest. W never used the so-called "horse" which some used to advise for building the stook around, which was to be withdrawn after the top of the stock had been firmly bound. A good stiff hill of stalks, all the better if it had three to five cars to lean the cut corn against, was always chosen for the centre of the stook. Then we cut hills on each side, standing them up opposite to each other and leaning slightly against the centre hill. In this way the centre became of less importance and could be cut away after the stook was finished without making it sag to either side. Where we were, storms mostly came from the west, so we piled up rather more stalks on the east side in order to prevent it from blowing over that way. For tying the top we usually had corn stalks cut three or four days before, and allowed to wilt. Most of these would bend readily, and by taking two to each stook the top could be bound so that it would not break. If the top band breaks stook is sure soon to lean over or fall to pieces, which means falling on every side. An immense amount of corn is every year lost by defective stooking. The best of of all bands is made from osier willow, and we think every farmer who grows much corn ought also to grow the osier willow for this purpose. One band can be bound around the top, and another a foot lower down, banding it so tight that the stock may be hauled by it when it is necessary to load it on a wagon. - American Culti-

The Wrong Place. "I'll tell you one thing," said Mad-pop to his long-suffering wife, "if Willie does not behave himself I'll give him the worst spanking he ever had. He'll get it in the neck!"

"Do be serious, my dear," replied Mrs. Madpop. "The neck is no place on which to spank a child."—Harper's Bazar.

Camels' milk is said to be very help-ful to consumptives. It is palatable and nourishing.

ago, The rabbit and pheasant season opened auspiciously throughout the Ligonier Valley. Rabbits are said to be plentiful, and reports indicate that the season will be a successful one. Many-hunters are now on the ground. The report of Joseph Carney. Secre-tary of the Board of Directors of the Poor of Beaver county, shows that 603 persons were given relief during the year outside of the almahouse. Of these sets were childred the almahouse. Of these sets were childred the almahouse of the for Shaeffertown, near Lebanon, were of Shaeffertown, near Lebanon, were shughter found a bottle of strychning pills in the house and are them. She died in great agony.

Children and the Dark. vator.