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MINE AND MILL SUPPLIES,

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Assets—\$179,000,000. Surplus—\$15,000,000.

Office next door to Bell's Clothing Store, PATTON, PA.

KING OF NO KINGDOM.

THE ROMANTIC LIFE OF MAHARAJAH DHULEEP SINGH.

The People Congratulate the British, who removed to England with an Allowance, Tried to Kill the King, but Was Nipped and Forgotten by the Queen.

A decade ago Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, who died in Paris recently, was a well known figure in London, whose photograph was on sale in the shop windows. He was born in 1838, the son of Maharajah Singh, the ruler of the Punjab. But during the Indian rebellion he was the founder of the Sikh Kingdom and the cause of so much trouble to England. There have been two Sikh wars in the last half century in which the relatives of Maharajah Singh figured. The first was in 1847, when a Sikh army of 60,000 men invaded the queen's Indian empire and fought four pitched battles, the final result being the retreat of the invaders across the Sutlej and the surrender of Lahore to the British. By the terms of the peace Dhuleep Singh, the infant son of Ranjett, was recognized as rajah.

The second Sikh war broke out in 1848, but it proved to be short lived, the British forces under Lord Gough succeeding in destroying the Sikh army and in capturing Punjab to the queen's possessions. As a result of this young Dhuleep Singh received an allowance of £50,000 from his conquerors.

He, with his mother, moved to England, became a Christian, and on his estate in Suffolk cultivated the habits of an English gentleman. He was an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, who used annually to spend part of the shooting season at Dhuleep's country home. The maharajah's first wife was a little Syrian maid whom he met in Cairo in 1864, when on his way back from Bombay, where he had gone to take back to his native soil the body of his mother that it might be there cremated. The maharajah died in 1887, and a couple of years later—in 1889—he married in Paris Miss Ada Douglas Wetherill. Dhuleep watched closely the advance of Russia into Asia, and when he thought the proper time had come he renounced Christianity and issued a manifesto to the Sikh nation claiming the throne of his father. But his renunciation of the crown of Bala Nantik was resented by the British authorities and he was the son of his mother through an intrigue with one of the rajah's water carriers—had long since estranged the feelings of the people, and if it had been possible to create a Sikh rebellion in the Land of the Five Rivers there were other princes better able than this maharajah to lead such an enterprise.

The British made short work of his pretensions. He was traveling with leisurely dignity on his great mission in a P. & O. steamer, when at Aden he was informed that a return passage had been secured for him, and that he would not be permitted to land in India. A Sikh rebellion would have been a serious matter for England, for never were the British forces more evenly fought in the battlefields of Mooltan, Chitral and Chitral.

There were at that time about 10 regiments of Sikhs in the Indian army, acknowledged by British officers to be the finest in the service, and in most of the Punjab regiments were a very large proportion of Sikh soldiers. After his abortive attempt to stir up the Sikhs into rebellion against British rule, Dhuleep went to Russia, thinking to enlist the sympathy of the czar in his behalf, but his greeting was not overwarm. So the king without a country established himself in cosmopolitan Paris, where he lived up to the time of his death. Life on the continent seemed to amuse him somewhat, but domestic affairs of the oriental Christian, and an hereditary predisposition to polygamy asserted itself. The maharajah recently expressed deep regret for the course of hostility which he had pursued toward England, and her Majesty, on the advice of her ministers, was graciously pleased to accord her pardon to him.

General Dick Taylor of Louisiana used to tell a story of an encounter with Dhuleep. While he was staying in 1871 at Sandringham with the Prince of Wales, the maharajah was of the party. One morning Taylor arose early and strolled out into the grounds to a small summer house, in which there was a Hindu idol brought back from India by the prince. As he came near he saw someone, who proved to be Dhuleep, standing in front of the idol awaiting certain movements, evidently of worship. The truth probably is that Singh never had abandoned the true faith of his fathers.

The religion of the Sikhs was founded by Nanak, who died in 1539, and who left for the guidance of his followers an inspired volume bearing the very unimpressive title of the "Guruth." This book is held in great reverence and is carried every morning in solemn state to the Golden Temple of Immortality at Amritsar, where it is venerated by some 2,000,000 or 4,000,000 of people. When Europeans visit the temple, they are required to remove their shoes. An exception, however, was made in the case of the Prince of Wales.

The tomb of Ranjett Singh, the father of Dhuleep, is at Lahore, the capital of the province of Punjab. It is a white structure with a dome and five minarets. Ranjett's mausoleum is in the center of the building, under the dome. On the top of the tomb is a white space surrounded by five white pillars carved in stone. The white space is in memory of the great rajah, and the pillars that of his five wives, who throw themselves on his funeral pyre. The mother of Dhuleep Singh declined the honor of being burned alive.—New York Times.

GOOD INDIAN CROW DOG.

His Escape and Return After He Had Been Sentenced to Death.

Judge A. J. Plowman of Dandwood, S. D., obtained a national renown in 1883 when he defended Crow Dog for the murder of Spotted Tail. The memory of Mr. Plowman's plucky legal fight in which he proved that the United States courts were not bound to execute the murderer of a peaceful Indian, is still fresh in the minds of the legal fraternity throughout the west.

In speaking of the matter Judge Plowman related an incident of the trial which has never before appeared in public print. "After Crow Dog had been sentenced to be hanged," said the eminent jurist, "I went to Washington to lay the case before the supreme court of the United States. I returned to Dandwood, however, to see to the execution of the sentence. While in the nation's capital I was surprised to receive a telegram announcing that Crow Dog had escaped from prison. I returned to the reservation after I had completed my business at Washington, and then I learned for the first time the cause which prompted the famous Indian to escape. It seems that he was walking in the corridor of the jail one day when a porter told him that he would not be permitted to pay the penalty of his crime and that the supreme court would not uphold it. He caused 'how Dog' to be made up for him and he escaped. He was walking in the corridor of the jail one day when a porter told him that he would not be permitted to pay the penalty of his crime and that the supreme court would not uphold it. He caused 'how Dog' to be made up for him and he escaped. He was walking in the corridor of the jail one day when a porter told him that he would not be permitted to pay the penalty of his crime and that the supreme court would not uphold it. He caused 'how Dog' to be made up for him and he escaped.

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THOUGHTLESS MINISTERS.

The Cheeky Drummer Catches Two Ministers on a Simple Preparation.

Abashed at nothing, a commercial traveler in the south once propounded a question to a couple of clergymen, whom he encountered on a railroad train, which illustrates how easily a man may be tripped on a simple little catch problem. The drummer entered into a conversation with the ministers and entertained them amusingly with his brilliant conversation, touching upon all subjects. Gradually the topics changed, until at last the talk was of the Holy Land.

"Speaking of the Holy Land," said the graceless commercial man, "I was quite interested to read in a New York paper recently that a party of explorers in Palestine had discovered a huge heap of bones, which, from their size and quantity, are supposed to be of the children which Herod ordered killed. They were found in a cave, which had been closed for centuries, which accounts for their preservation."

"Indeed!" replied one of the clergymen, much interested. "I had not heard of it. It is certainly a surprising discovery."

"Yes," continued the drummer, "and oddly enough, while nearly half of the bones were bleached white, the rest were as black as ebony."

"Remarkable," speculated the clergyman who had already spoken, while the other looked at the drummer suspiciously.

"What is your theory?" he continued. "Do you think it possible that the bleached bones could be of males and the black of females?"

"Possibly," replied the more communicative clergyman. "I am not an anatomist, however, and can't say what effects long exposure has on the bones of the sexes."

"And you," persisted the drummer to the other. "What is your opinion? Do you think it possible that the white bones belong to male infants and the black to female, or vice versa? That is the problem that the doctors are discussing."

"Really," replied the other, "I don't know; but, possibly, never first put it to me. I am not a doctor, and I am not a physiologist, and the black of the female."

Shortly after this the clergymen reached their destination and left the train. Just as it was about to start the drummer, who had been chuckling to himself, the merchant, thrust into the hand of one of the clerics, upon which was written the words:

"Excuse me if I suggest that you read your Bible hereafter with greater care. Had you done so in the past, you would have known that boys' bones would never be ordered slain by Herod."—New York Herald.

The ways and means of insurance agents for securing customers are many and varied. The modus operandi seems to be to get the victim interested and then bombard him with arguments, questions and statistics, and it is in the first that the real genius of the business comes in.

A merchant was writing at his desk the other day when two of his craft entered. Being well dressed and prosperous looking, he rose to receive them and inquired their business.

"I want," said one, "to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Booker, who is a well known gentleman living here, and special agent for the Binstler Life Insurance company."

"I am pleased to meet Mr. Booker," returned the merchant, "but I really don't know that I'm acquainted with you."

"Indeed," said the first, "Booker, old man, introduced me."

Booker did, and the merchant, seeing the trick, burst out into hearty guffaws and was soon inquired by the two friends, who, if they had entered in the ordinary style and stated their business, would probably have been shown the door.—London Tit-Bits.

Ivory Carving in China and Japan.

In China and Japan ivory has been carved, the ivory bills inclosed inside one another being specially noted. Many theories have been formed as to how these bills have been cut. Perhaps the probable one is that a ball of ivory was taken, around the upper and lower ends of which four small holes were carved out, gradually diminishing in size toward the center until the axis of the one hole met the axis of the other or lower one at right angles in the center of the ball, and that then small tools were inserted and a thin layer of ivory, forming a part of a circle from one hole to its lower corresponding one, was cut and hoisted from the whole mass. So, gradually cutting from one hole to the next one, a complete inner circle was eventually formed, the circles themselves afterward being cut into the required pattern.—Chambers' Journal.

One of the Best.

"The best compliment I ever had," said a well known lawyer the other day, "was paid by an old lady in an adjacent town, where I once went to take part in a Fourth of July celebration. I was a young man and always avoided myself of every chance I got to sport. That day I was on the programme to read the Declaration of Independence, and I put all the power I had into the lines.

"When the exercises were over, an old lady, who was arrayed in her best, came up to me and said, 'That is one of the best declarations of independence I ever heard; you must have spent a powerful long time writing it.'—Philadelphia Call.

A Contributor's Club.

"Have you a Contributor's Club?" asked the author.

"We have," replied the weary editor, "John, hit him a clip with the hickory!"—Atlanta Constitution.

MINOT LEDGE LIGHTHOUSE.

The Historic Storm Which Wiped the Original Structure Out of Existence.

The lighthouse on Minot's ledge stands within the shadow of a tragedy. It is the second structure erected upon the ledge. The first lighthouse and the five it held were claimed by the sea in 1847 and completed in 1848, it was overwhelmed in the most tragic event in the history of our lighthouse establishment. The structure was an octagonal tower supported upon wrought iron piles strengthened by braces. The piles penetrated five feet into the rock. On the braces, 54½ feet above the rock, the keeper had constructed a platform for the storage of bulky articles and had fastened to the lantern dock, 58 feet above the rock, a 2½ inch hawser, which he had anchored to a seven-ton granite block. Along this hawser articles were hoisted up to the platform and there stored. These improvements were constructed—and fatal, not, however, to the keeper who made them, for he was on shore when the storm which has become historic for its fury burst over the coast.

On Monday, April 14, 1851, there was a strong easterly gale blowing. At that time there were on the tower two assistant keepers and a friend of the principal keeper. The visitor became frightened at the first indication of a storm, and in response to a signal from the tower a boat put off for Cohasset and took him ashore. On Tuesday the wind swung around to the northeast, the most dangerous quarter from which the elements can hurl themselves upon Minot's, as they then rage in the accumulated fury of miles of wind torn sea. By the 16th it had increased to a hurricane, and the tower was so completely buried in the heavy sea that nothing of it could be seen by the crews of anxious watchers at Cohasset. About 5 o'clock in the evening of the 16th the platform was washed away. Then the watchers knew that the water had risen to within seven feet of the tower. At midnight it was seen that the light was burning. It was observed at eight intervals until 19 o'clock that night, when it was finally lost to sight. At 1 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, April 17, just at the turn of the flood, when the counterstraining tide and the rushing hurricane met at Minot's a violent falling of the lighthouse bell was heard. After that no sound rose above the din of the storm. About 6 o'clock in the morning a man walking along the shore saw a chair washed up a little distance toward of him. Examining it, he recognized it as having been in the watchroom of the tower. After this discovery no one had any doubts of the tragedy which had been enacted behind the curtain of the storm. When it lifted, naught was seen over Minot's ledge but the sea, its white crests streaming triumphantly in the gale.

It is believed by those competent to judge of such matters that the destruction of the tower was due to the surface which the platform constructed by the keeper offered to the waves and to the strain of the hawser upon the structure. Every time this hawser was struck by a sea it actually tugged at the tower. There seems at a little doubt that some appropriation by congress for the building of the lighthouse was insufficient by about two-thirds for such a structure as the perilous situation called for.—Custard Kohbe in Century.

Reynolds' Painting Methods.

Some of Reynolds' methods were peculiar. He usually painted his sitters from their reflection in a mirror and not from a direct view. He always remained standing while at work, and rarely signed a portrait.

One notable exception, however, was made in the case of his magnificent portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, which was painted when the master was 60 years old and when Mrs. Siddons was 28. The great actress, failing at first to recognize a sort of embroidery which the artist had added to the edge of her robe, soon perceived that it contained the words, "Joshua Reynolds painted, 1844," whereupon Sir Joshua assured her that that would be proud to have his name go down to posterity on the hem of her garment! Before commencing this picture the artist, instead of posing the sitter himself, requested Mrs. Siddons to give him her own idea of the Tragic Muse, and she immediately assumed the pose in which the picture was painted.—Scribner's Magazine.

Memory.

There are 100 different varieties of memory, and perhaps we cannot altogether choose which we will possess, though every sort, when we have the genius of it, may be cultivated.

To learn anything by heart the best plan is to read a sentence and repeat it without a book, then read the next sentence and repeat the two, and so on. Repetition is of great importance, "five upon five." More is learned and remembered by reading through one book twice than by reading two books once.

After a thing has been learned it must be recalled and gone over at intervals, for the impression will fade away. Dr. M. Oranville says we should "let our own ideas and dust them at times."—Interior.

Her Indignation.

Little woman came out of a store the other day. Her shopping list, and her face was indignation. "The matter?" inquired a net her of the door.

"Just saw a man in there that makes my I went over to the dresser and found him there sitting and letting his wife see I came along, he got up me his seat. And his wife meekly and never said a word but my husband. I snatched him baldhead."—Buffalo Express.

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