

RISKED LIFE AND LOST.

The Man Who Permitted Doctors to Bore Into His Stomach.

Ferdinand Pietrich, the man who sold himself to South American surgeons, is dead. Here is the story: Last August a man named Chalabstein advertised in the New York papers for a man who would consent to go down to Guayaquil, Ecuador, and there submit to an experimental operation by two South American doctors. Chalabstein acted as agent for these physicians. It was illustrative of the hard times that more than 120 answers were received.

The operation in question was simply an incision in the stomach, through which the action of the gastric juices might be observed. The cavity thus made was about the size of a hazel nut. Tubes of gold and silver were inserted, and through these the nourishment taken by the patient was observed. The digestive process being marked by the aid of an electric light. Incidental to the operation certain chemical substances were administered to the patient through the tubes in combination with each other.

Among the 120 persons who answered the advertisement was a well knit, powerful fellow who had been a sailor. He was about 5 feet 8 inches in height, weighed about 150 pounds, looked hard and wiry and was active as a cat. Chalabstein decided that he would do. His name was Ferdinand Pietrich. The first week in September Pietrich sailed for Guayaquil. There for four or five weeks he remained under medical care in preparation for the ordeal, and it was the second or third week in October before the chief surgeon, Dr. Adele Ajacico, ventured to perform the operation.

COWED BY A REDHOT IRON.

Lonnie Victoria Was Then Whipped, and Her Mate Nero Did His Tricks.

A few persons saw a thrilling exhibition at the London zoo before the regular performance began the other afternoon. Mile. Beatrice, who was recently bitten in the face by the lion Nero, went into his cage for the first time since then. Nero was in an ugly temper, and his mate, Victoria, when the woman tamer stropped upon the steps leading into the cage, sprang against the door and remained in front of it with uplifted paw and mouth wide open.

Mile. Beatrice tried to drive the lions back with a whip, but Victoria bit and struck at the whip and roared with rage. A blank cartridge discharged squarely in her mouth by Mile. Beatrice intensified the brute's rage. Manager Francis Ferrer then brought an iron bar redhot at one end. A touch of this had the desired effect, and Victoria withdrew to the other end of the cage, and Mile. Beatrice entered. She whipped the lions severely. Nero roared, but he was as much in fear of the hot iron as Victoria. Half a dozen attendants covered the two lions with revolvers loaded with blank cartridges while Mile. Beatrice made Nero go through his tricks. She omitted the kissing net, in the performance of which she was bitten three weeks ago. She will always carry the scars of that bite. Nero is 4 years old, and always appeared perfectly docile until his attack upon Mile. Beatrice.—London Standard.

THE BIGGEST WHEEL.

The English Are to Build One That Will Surpass the Ferris.

English writers just now are glowing over the fact that the great wheel, which is now being built at Earl's court according to the plans of Lieutenant J. W. Graydon is to be considerably larger than the Ferris wheel which was shown at the World's fair in Chicago. The British wheel will be 300 feet in diameter, whereas the Ferris wheel measured only 200 feet across. It will be able to hold 1,600 persons, and the Ferris wheel could accommodate only 1,368 at a time.

The big wheel at Earl's court is also different from the Ferris wheel in respect to the towers which support the axle on each side of the wheel. They will be over 170 feet high, and four stories will contain saloons and will be connected with outside elevators as well as staircases. The steel axle, which is seven feet in diameter, will have a passage through it.

Of course it is expected that the masses in London will avail themselves of this opportunity to enjoy a new recreation. The carriages and cars will be so arranged that each one will hold 40 persons and may be entered at eight different places. Each turn of the wheel will take about 20 minutes, and there will be five stops. The wheel will be probably in operation some time in July or August.

China's Boy Emperor in Danger.

A letter dated Peking speaks of the dispute felt among the Chinese as to the ruler of the empire. The letter says: "The approaching celebration of the sixtieth birthday of the empress dowager promises to be a great event. Millions are being spent in preparation, but the country can ill afford the money. There is so much feeling that the air is full of rumors that there is to be a change of emperors. The present young fellow was not the rightful heir, but was put on the throne by intrigue. Many high officials, it is said, propose, as he has no son yet, to displace him and substitute one from another branch of the same family.

LEARNING THROUGH NECESSITY.

Chicago's Lesson Conned From the Coal Famine Caused by the Strike.

Under the old rule that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good" the coal famine has taught Chicago at least one useful lesson. Haven't the residents of this town observed that the skies have been clearer of late? Haven't they taken notice of the fact that the peaks of foggy mornings have not been so thick and impenetrable darkness, deeply clouded with banks of floating smoke, from which the black and sooty flakes fell on the victims in the shaded streets? Well, they asked themselves the reason for it?

In June, 1894, for the first time in years persons ascending the Masonic Temple or Auditorium tower were enabled to see on a working day the green stumps of Garfield park far to the west and the big rambling building of Packington at the stock yards, four miles to the southwest. They were visible through a veil of smoke, it is true, but it was a veil, and not a wall of foggy, impenetrable darkness. The same stacks that had coughed out volcanic columns of dense smoke now sent the faintest gray wreaths curling upward. It was like Sunday.

Had the factories been closed and the fires banked? Was there less demand for working power in the big buildings. No to both questions.

The fact was that coal had become very scarce and the price had increased. Every man who burned coal was having it fed into the fire boxes a mere spoonful at a time, so as to make the supply last as long as possible. In other words, he was getting almost perfect combustion, and consequently there was little, if any, smoke pouring out of the stacks. He was getting the full value of his coal, and this, it might seem, would be a good thing for him to do whether or not there was a coal famine.

To some minds the late improvements in smoke consumers is proof positively that if furnaces were fed economically at all times the smoke would almost disappear. It is the reckless smoker who stuffs the furnace and then takes a long rest who causes most of the suffering. He did his duty when the coal famine began because his employer metaphorically stood over him with a club to show that he was not to be trifled with. The smoke-stack reformed, as did its neighbors. Temporarily, at least, the horror was abated, and the prolonged strike of the miners did that much good.—Chicago Record.

THE SODA FOUNTAIN.

Some of the Dangers of Using It as a General Prescription Center.

"Nervousness is as much a ail as anything else," said Dr. Egbert Dixon of Buffalo, "and the modern soda fountain has more to do with the increase of the mania than anything else. In days of old when soda water was first added to the waters of the druggist it was devoted entirely to satisfying the public taste for something cool, sweet and refreshing. Fruit strips of a harmless character were filled up to a proper degree of goodness, bubbling, and the result of the soda water fountain was a commendable one.

"Nowadays it is devoted to bromes, nervines and lots of other things that are made from the deadliest sort of drugs, while they are hung with signs inviting people to become their own physicians by trying some of the countless nostrums which are alleged to cure anything from a headache to an ingrown hair. The result is an almost incurably small space of time. The tired individual sees one of the nervous signs and mistakes his weariness for nervousness and straightway proceeds to doctor himself with something, he knows not what, but which, on account of its powerful properties, braces him up and makes him feel bright.

"The natural result follows. He takes some more of the soda water, and in a month or so his system is on the road to general breaking up. Drugging one's self at a soda fountain is dangerous, and, as I said in the beginning, nervousness is largely a ail. If supposed sufferers from nervous attacks would only go out and split wood for half an hour, if men, or take a brisk walk, if women, and then take a bath and take a nap, there wouldn't be so much heart trouble. This silly notion of nervousness being our national disease.—Washington Star.

Another Calamity Straw.

Many people are considerably agitated over a mysterious circumstance which is thought to indicate disaster. It is the appearance of the letter B plainly imprinted upon blades of oats growing in fields. Acres and acres in all parts of the county have been found to be thus curiously marked. It is claimed that the only other times the letter was ever found on oats in this manner was just before the war of 1812 and the late civil war, and that the B stands for "bloodshed," which may now be looked for again. Each blade is marked, the letter, about half an inch long, being as it seems, pressed into the leaf and discernible on the other side.—Fera (Ind.) Dispatch.

A Warm Weather Drink.

Here is a recipe for soda water powders, which are considered excellent for allaying thirst in warm weather. Have put in blue paper 30 grains of carbonate of soda, in white paper 35 grains of tartaric acid. Dissolve the soda powder in half a glass of water and stir into the acid and drink while effervescing. If you desire a stronger drink, make it out of sugar, boiled in water and flavor as you like. Dissolve the soda in the sirup.—Washington Star.

Evil.

Evil is evil because it is unnatural. A vine which should bear olive berries—an eye to which blue seems yellow—would be diseased. An unnatural mother, an unnatural son, an unnatural act, are the strongest terms of condemnation.—F. W. Robertson.

FOR GOOD HEALTH.

Suggestions as to the Uses and Luxury of the Daily Baths in Summer Weather.

Every 24 hours the human body loses an amount of heat by radiation from the surface during perspiration. But, contrary to what might seem probable at first thought, this loss is oftener advantageous than otherwise.

In this way an escape pipe, so to speak, is provided for the human mechanism, and just as the escape pipe of a steam engine is self regulating, so fortunately the radiation of the heat from the surface of the body is under the control of the nervous system.

When the fact is made apparent to the nerve centers that the temperature of the body is getting too high, notice is immediately sent along the nerves to open wider the blood vessels at the surface of the body, with the result that the blood flows nearer the surface, the sweat glands are stimulated to increased action, more water is excreted by them, and with the water goes off the heat.

Since it is by this means largely that the high and low of the body in health as well as in disease is got rid of, it is clearly very important, especially at this time of the year, that the pores of the skin should never be allowed to become clogged.

With the increased amount of dust in the atmosphere and its natural propensity for adhering to the perspiring body the daily bath becomes more of a necessity during the summer months than at any other time of the year. One should take great care, however, that the body temperature is reduced as nearly as possible to normal before the bath is taken. If the temperature be somewhat high and the body perspiring freely, the danger of taking cold will be increased by reason of the sudden congestion of the blood in the dilated vessels at the surface of the body.

PRINTING SPEECHES.

Members of the Present Congress Have Broken the Record in This Respect.

There is no industry which is not in the last stages of decay, says the Record and division of the government printing office, which has charge of printing congressional speeches for distribution. There has never been a congress when the presses were so devotedly pressed for this purpose. Already over 5,000,000 speeches have been sent out over the country under congressional franks, and the number is piling up daily until by the close of the session it is expected that it will far exceed any record which has hitherto been made. Tom Johnson alone gave an order for 1,000,000 copies of his speech on the income tax in the tariff bill. He leads the record.

But in the number of speeches ordered by other congressmen Burrows heads the list. Over 200,000 copies of his tariff speech have been issued, and he has taken very few himself. Most of the speeches are sent to western farming communities by Republican representatives. Reed's speech at the close of the tariff debate is not printed by the government printing office, but by one of the private concerns in Washington, and this has just about equalled that of Burrows. There is a great demand for Wilson's speech on the Democratic side, and tens of thousands of copies of the speech of Crisp are ordered. In the first senate 20,000 copies of Senator Lodge's speech have gone out, many senators franking them to the college students in their states. Senator Morrill's speech is also in great demand, and his speech during the debate on the tariff has gained a wide circulation. The efforts of Voorhees and Mills, which opened and closed respectively the general debate in the senate, have been circulated almost as widely by Republicans as by Democrats.—Boston Advertiser.

"Bissell" Postoffice.

There is now a "Bissell" postoffice in nearly every state in the Union. When Mr. Bissell was appointed postmaster general, not a single postoffice in the country was honored by the name of "Bissell." Mr. Bissell has since corrected this singular omission on the part of former postmaster generals, and when the Postal Guide was printed last December had already added an even dozen "Bissell" to the post-office nomenclature of the country. He has been steadily progressing ever since, and there are now probably between 20 and 25 post-offices so designated. In some cases the naming of a postoffice from the postmaster general is pure synecdoche. Often, however, the name is suggested by the department in cases where there is any difficulty over the selection of a proper title for an office. In The Postal Guide printed last December there are 25 "Cleveland" and 19 "Grover's." The "Bissell" offices will eventually outnumber all others.—Indianapolis Journal.

Lambs at the Bargain Counter.

The sale of live lambs at a department store in Lexington street, Hartford, is a novelty that makes out of sheep as not as gentle as the little one that belonged to Mary, and some amusing scenes were caused by the animals struggling to release themselves from their captives. Those who bought the lambs were required to take them away themselves. Ladies, who were the principal buyers, managed to do this by grasping the little creatures in both arms. Nearly every one of the lambs, it is said, was bought to be kept as a pet.—Baltimore Sun.

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A Trouser Episode.

My journalistic friend on The Boston Herald.

A dignified and elderly spinster who sits at an editorial desk in town was asked by the manager of her paper the other day if she knew of any poor but deserving person who would like a pair of his discarded trousers and replied that her furnace man would doubtless hail them with joy. Accordingly a morning or two later she found on her desk a brown paper labeled plainly, "Old trousers for Miss W.—a furnace man." At night she carried the parcel home in her hands, together with an other smaller package.

Sitting in the trolley car between a couple of gentlemen, she noticed that one of them seemed to be much amused about something in her lap.

What was her horror and disgust, on looking down, to observe that she had another, concealing the last part of the inscription, so that it read in bold black script, "Old trousers for Miss W.—a furnace man."—Boston Globe.

A Visitor Who Was Terribly Scared During a Call at the White House.

Colonel Clark E. Carr of Galatzburg, who was minister to Denmark under the Harrison administration, was in Washington one day when Lincoln was president.

"I'm going to the White House to see Abe," said Owen Lovejoy to Carr as they met in front of the treasury building. Carr went with him. They were shown into the president's working room, and soon after Lincoln came in. He wore a long garment which might have been cut from a bathroom pattern or the cover of a parrot's shoe. His hair was more frizzled than usual and the carpet slippers were worn down and without heels. The condition and appearance of the presidential history were such as would have made Jerry Simpson envious, provided the stories they told on Jerry were true, which they never were. The president gave his callers an Illinois greeting and then shooed up one of the slippers.

"You knew I had the smallpox," said Lincoln in a cold blooded manner. Lovejoy said yes and proceeded to talk about other matters, while Carr's few hairs had inclinations to stand up, and he moved about in his chair as if it contained dynamite. The visit over, the caller passed out. Once in the air, Clark asked Lovejoy:

"Did you know the president had the smallpox when we went there?" "Certainly," was the answer. "You know he's recovered," declared Carr. "Why didn't you say so?" "I've had it," replied Lovejoy, "and I'm supposed to have it."

"Well, I never had it!" roared Carr. "But if I do have it now I want you to give me a certificate that I caught the disease from Abe Lincoln. That will be something."

A "Bismarck" Magazine.

How the girls were courted in the old Puritan days, and the difficulties, now unknown to marriage, are delightfully described by Alice Morse Earle in the August Ladies' Home Journal, which article is put next to a snake story by Max O'Rell, reminiscent of his life on a bush of Australia, and which he calls "My First Snake." Julia Bond Valentine's charming story, "The Whistling Girl," is the subject of the most exquisite illustrations by Irving R. Wiles. Sketches, with portraits of "Four Famous Young Authors," Richard Harding Davis, Rudyard Kipling, John Kendrick Bangs and Jerome K. Jerome, comprises the biography of the number. Mr. Howells' literary biography, which he has applied named "My Literary Passions," continue to grow in interest and charm. John Gilmer Speed writes of "Mud-Imprisoned Women," making a strong plea, in behalf of women, for the improvement of country roads. Frank R. Stockton continues to amuse with Potomac's letters to her old mistress, as does Mr. A. B. Frost, the original "Rudder Orange" artist with his clever illustrations. Edward W. Bok writes "The Boy in the Office," and Grace Ellery Channing of "Politeness in Two Countries." The clever and funny Brownies are at Newport, and their escapades at that fashionable resort are exceedingly amusing. Florence Morse writes of the advantages and disadvantages of "Suburban Life for Women," and Mrs. Garret Webster gives a very novel idea for a summer fair under the title "The New Athletic Carnival." Mrs. Mallon writes of "Dainty Styling in Linen" and "The Art of Dressing Hair." Miss Scovill's "Suggestions for Mothers" are valuable, as is the column devoted to "Musical Helps and Hints." Altogether this August issue, with its pretty summer cover by Alice Barber Stephens, is a particularly dainty issue, and no woman can afford to be without it. Sold by the Curtis Publishing company, of Philadelphia, for ten cents per number and one dollar per year.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dr. C. E. Becher, city drug store.

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Fifth Avenue, below Beck's Hotel, will serve good meals at all hours. Keeps everything to be had in a first-class restaurant. Oysters served in every style. We make a specialty of OYSTERS IN THE HALF SHELL.

J. F. MCKENRICK.

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

EDINBURGH, PA. Will attend to all business with promptness and fidelity. Office opposite the Mountain House.

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Mahaffey, Clearfield Co., Pa. Accommodations first-class. Best of Liquors and Wines at the bar. Stabling attached.

GEORGE FERGUSON, Prop'r.

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STONE MASON.

Mellon Avenue, PATTON, PA. I am prepared to do all kinds of work in my line at reasonable prices. Contracts taken and estimates furnished when desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call.

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Seasonably tickets for sale for all the leading lines. Foreign travel payable in the principal cities of the old world.

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Is the best fire-resisting plaster.

Always ready for use in any season.

Does not hold gases or disease germs.

Is the par excellence for patching.

Can be papered as soon as dry.

Is recommended by all the leading architects who have used it in this country and England.

Will give you a solid wall.

Of itself will not crack, swell or shrink.

Will not cleave off when used as directed, even in case of leakage.

Will give you a warm house.

Does not ruin wall-work by loading it with moisture.

Admits of carpenters following plasterers in a few days.

Is capable of every variety of finish.

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Also the Catholic Church St. Augustin.

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A Modern Hotel, heated by steam—entirely new—sample rooms—lively in connection—first-class in every respect—headquarters for Commercial men.

Good Bar in connection.

P. R. R. Time Tables.

In effect May 27th, 1894.

Main Line, Leave Crosson—Eastward. See Shore Express, week days, 6:30 a. m. Atlantic Association, week days, 7:00 a. m. Express daily, 7:30 a. m. Atlantic Association, daily, 8:00 a. m. Mail Express, daily, 8:15 a. m. Philadelphia Express, daily, 8:30 a. m.

Main Line, Leave Crosson—Westward. Johnstown Avon, week days, 8:15 a. m. North Express, daily, 8:30 a. m. West Passenger, daily, 8:30 p. m. Mail Train, daily, 1:30 p. m. Post Line, daily, 1:30 p. m. Johnstown Avon, week days, 3:30 p. m.

CAMBRIA AND CLEARFIELD.

Northward. Morning train for Patton and Crosson leaves Mahaffey at 6:45 a. m. La Jone, 6:50. Westover, 6:55. Garway, for Hastings 6:55. Hastings, 6:55. Garway, for Crosson 7:00. Patton, 7:00. Bradley Junction, 7:00. Keaford, 7:05. arriving at Crosson at 7:15 a. m. Afternoon train for Patton and Crosson leaves Mahaffey at 1:00 p. m. La Jone, 1:05. Westover, 1:10. Garway, for Hastings 1:10. Hastings, 1:10. Garway, for Crosson 1:15. Patton, 1:15. Bradley Junction, 1:15. Keaford, 1:20. arriving at Crosson at 1:30 p. m.

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