

MIRACULOUS RESCUE.

OF TWO OF THE TOURISTS WHO FELL OVER A MATTERHORN PRECIPICE.

The grim Matterhorn, standing in its cloud-capped majesty, has claimed no more victims to its fascination and only a miraculous accident prevented the number from being four. It is another costly tribute to the dangerous delights of mountain climbing.

Not a season passes without its list of terrible deaths; scarcely a day without an accident.

And yet the fascination of a snow-

And, instead of heeding the warnings of experienced engineers, tourists are crowding the neighboring hotels and are swarming up the mountain side, peering into the great clefts that have already opened among the rocks. If the crash should come now the death list would be appalling.

The rocks may give warning enough before they fall to enable the tourists to get out of the way, but then again they may not and the engineers say



FROM A SKETCH MADE BY A MEMBER OF THE PARTY

crowned mountain peak is too strong for the average tourist to resist.

This most recent fatality occurred only a few weeks ago and caused the death of Dr. Black and Miss Bell, both of London.

Two other members of their party, Miss Trow and the guide, Carrel, were badly injured, but by a miracle escaped death.

A landslide was the cause of it—one of those treacherous accidents that are constantly occurring in all mountains.

The party was well on its way to the peak of the Matterhorn when the ground beneath them began to give way.

There was no salvation for them. The iron-shod poles could find nothing by which to hold; slowly the ground began to sink beneath the climbers and, with the others looking helplessly on, the four doomed ones slid over the edge of the precipice and dashed upon the crags below.

It was a sheer fall of thousands of feet.

Below them jagged peaks of rock jutted out and seemed almost to reach for them.

Dr. Black and Miss Bell were probably killed instantly.

The escape of the other two was miraculous.

Carrel, the guide, struck upon a ledge of rock and an instant later the lifeless body of one of the women fell beside him.

There, for hours, they lay with the weight of the other two bodies pulling taut the rope about their waists and aid reached them just in time to revive the dying spark of life.

The accident was, of course, a shock to all who heard it, but it did not act as a warning.

Parties of mountain climbers are today struggling toward the peak of the Matterhorn and the tragic death of Dr. Black and Miss Bell will be put down in the list of accidents that are not likely to happen again.

And now, at almost any moment, we may hear of an accident even greater in horror than this one.

The Roche de la Clusette is likely to topple over into the busy valley of the Travers any day and send thousands of tons of rock and earth hurtling upon the people below.

WAR ON CATAPILLARS.

Corps of Tree Defenders Organized to Destroy the Pest.

Fairmount park, Philadelphia, has a caterpillar corps composed of men who do nothing but scrub down the shade trees and kill the dislodged insects. The implement used is simply an ordinary scrubbing brush nailed to a long pole, and it takes considerable endurance to keep up such work all day. As soon as the caterpillars touch the ground they start to climb the tree again, and the men have to step lively to kill all the fallen ones. Said one of

them the other day, according to the Philadelphia Record: "This is the only really effective way of getting rid of the pests. I have tried other ways, but they were no good. Take tar traps, for instance. I have watched caterpillars wriggle their way out of their fur, leaving it in the tar. Poisons, instead of killing them, seem to make them fat. I took one of these lotions to a drug store, where I had bought it, and told the man it was worthless. 'Just pour some of it down a caterpillar's throat and see if he doesn't die,' said the druggist. 'You're foolish,' I

Everything was wildly astonishing to them. They had imagined that the Koran contained all the wisdom and knowledge of the world, yet here was the telephone, the electrotype, the printing press. The place was a veritable enchanter's castle to them. They would never have believed in the telephone if I had not called up their hotel and got one of their own party at the end of the wire. The dervish who had come along was bold as well as pious. When he heard that his friend five miles away was talking through the instrument he made a dash at it. He was greatly excited and yelled in a megaphone voice. He thought we were tricking him, but here was his friend talking Arabic. He rolled his eyes at me in a despairing manner and then began a search for devils, being quite convinced that the phone was an invention of Satan.

Cleaning Piano Keys.

To keep piano keys clean and prevent the discoloration of the ivory, dampen a piece of muslin with alcohol and with it rub the keys. The alcohol can do no damage, and if frequently applied the keys will stand in want of no other treatment, but if they have already begun to turn yellow rub them with cotton flannel wet with cologne water. Even old and discolored ivory may be rejuvenated, no matter what the cause of discoloration or of how long standing. An acid applied repeatedly will usually restore the keys to their original whiteness. Cotton flannel cloths wet with a saturated solution of oxalic acid and water and laid upon the keys will remove all stains. Care should always be taken in the use of such a bleacher as this that it does not touch anything from which the color is not to be removed, for it does not work with great certainty.—Chicago News.

Autos in a Thunderstorm.

"Is an autocar safe in a thunderstorm?" The answer to this question is, generally speaking, in the affirmative. Although an autocar contains a comparatively large mass of metal, it could not take, and would not invite, the discharge of a cloud such as would be dangerous. It would invite such a discharge, and would probably be wrecked by the discharge, if it formed part of the discharge path to a conducting mass below. Such a conducting mass would be the wet ground of a large level field, under which a bed of clay existed, so that the wet could not get away. A path like this might also be formed in certain special cases on a wet road, but they would be rare. For safety, then, in a thunderstorm the autocar should keep right out in the open and on the hardest bit of road that can be found.—Chicago News.

Seamen Displaced by Machinery.

The old wooden battleship Vermont, which it is proposed to discontinue as the receiving ship of the Brooklyn navy yard, when in commission in the 50's carried a complement of 1,100 officers and men. The new battleships, although much larger and infinitely more powerful, do not require crews to exceed 600 men. To such an extent does machinery displace human labor.—Chicago Chronicle.

Qualified.

"I see you advertise for some one to run your trust," said the young man to the magnate, "and I wish to apply for the position."

"Have you ever had any experience running trusts?" inquired the magnate with interest.

"No," replied the young man, "but I ran a bucketshop which robbed the people for five years."—Ohio State Journal.

IN SCHOOL.



Teacher—Johnnie, what did George Washington say when his father asked him why he cut down the cherry tree?
Johnnie—He said, "come, pop, let's bury the hatchet."

said, "You've got to catch your caterpillar first to do that, and after you've caught him you might as well stamp on him, and then you know he's dead."

How He Gained Experience.

She (receiving a cycle lesson, naively)—I suppose you learned how to teach girls to ride while your seven sisters were learning? He (with arms around her)—Oh, yes, I saw how their fellows taught them!—Brooklyn Eagle.

A square foot of honeycomb contains about 9,000 cells.

Fads of Collectors

MOST OF THEM ARE INDEED CURIOUS

Of all mild forms of mental eccentricity, the mania for "collecting" for collecting's sake is the most widespread and, as a rule, the least harmful. France, as might be expected, is the collectors' own country. In a population of about 39,000,000 there are 3,000,000 collectors. The French have a mania for collecting in every line except families. Even the offer of large prizes to fathers and mothers for the largest collection of children cannot make that sort of collecting popular or fashionable. But when it comes to buttons or corks, why, that is another matter. One Frenchman has a much-prized collection of corks labeled and classified with the greatest care—souvenirs of hundreds of dinners, luncheons and suppers with his friends. Another wraps, which somehow seems to be about "the limit" for pure uselessness. Then there is a collection of birds' eyes which another Paris dandy shows with vast pride and vaunts as being superior in interest to a collection of suspenders possessed by a hated rival collector. Paris, however, inclines to the suspenders. One collector boasts of a collection of garters contributed by popular actresses and another of a collection of funeral invitations, such as are sent out in France after a death. The French poster collectors are innumerable, and there is one man who has a mania for gathering up old advertising bills and posters, which he obtains by constantly haunting the shops of the city, especially the grocery shops. In thrifty France the luxury and extravagance of paper bags for carrying articles home from the shops are almost unknown. The grocer, the huckster and the fruiterer use old newspapers, leaves from old ledgers—any piece of old paper big enough to wrap their goods in. This collector, Dublin by name, goes about the shops fussing over these wrapping papers, and when he finds anything like a poster or an advertising bill he buys a cent's worth of something and has it wrapped up in his "find."

The Princess Maud of England has a collection of elephant's tusks, walrus teeth and the teeth of alligators. Bismarck used to collect thermometers—a harmless fad, but a strange one for

a "man of blood and iron." It would have seemed much more appropriate had Bismarck collected the elephants' tusks and alligators' teeth and the Princess Maud had gone in for the thermometers. But that is one peculiarity of collectors—they never collect what you would expect them to.

Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, who prides herself on her knowledge of art and literature, has a fancy for collecting perfume bottles, and the Queen Dowager of Italy collects old shoes. The modern teapot collectors—and their name is legion—are fathered in their fad by George IV. of odorous memory, who was the first collector of the sort of whom there is any record. Meyerbeer's brother collected theater tickets and programs until he died, out and out insane. His body was wrapped in the papers and had collected, and, as in life he had been figuratively buried in his collection, so in death he was literally buried in it.—New York Press.

Florida Lobsters.

Below Miami we have a substitute for the lobster that lives in the crevices of the coral rock till his season comes, and then he sprawls over acres of sand, fat and fine. This Florida sea crawfish is of excellent flavor, grows to four pounds in weight, is abundant and easily taken. He is not only the equal of the lobster, but better, it only remains that he be introduced to the gourmand, with proper preparation and he will immediately become a favorite. We would much prefer to see some Floridian grow rich on this Florida dainty, but if none of us will do so, let the fishers of the North Atlantic come down and take possession; it is not well that such good eating be left to the watery world alone.—Florida Times-Union and Citizen.

A Superabundance of Intellect.

"Has your country any really great thinkers?" asked the tourist, skeptically. "Too many of 'em," answered the Kansas agriculturist. "Every once in a while we run across a man that's masquerading as a farm hand, but who doesn't want to do a thing but think."—Washington Star.

Tokyo a City of Pleasure

In Some Ways Japan's Capital is More Fascinating Than Paris.

Of all the lands in the world none exerts the peculiar fascination of Japan. Others have equal beauty of scenery, greater grandeur, more noble works of art, more interesting problems of society, writes David Starr Jordan in the Humanitarian. But none possesses an equal fascination. No one who has been in the real Japan, which lies outside the treaty ports and the foreign hotels and railways, ever could or ever would forget his experience. No one, if he could, would ever fail to return.

The great secret of this charm lies with the people themselves. They have made a fine art of personal relations. Their acts are those of good taste and good humor. Two cities of about the same size and relative importance are Paris and Tokyo. No two could show a greater contrast in spirit. Both are in a sense cities of pleasure. Tokyo is a city of continuous joyousness, little pleasures drawn from simple things, which leave no sting and draw nothing from future happiness. Paris is feverish and feels the "difference in the morning" and the "hard, fierce lust and cruel deed" which go with the search for pleasure that draws on the future for the joys of the present.

No one who catches the spirit of

Paris can fail to miss the underlying sadness, the pity of it all. The spirit of Tokyo—not of all Tokyo, but of its life as a whole—is as fresh as the song of birds, as "sweet as children's prattle," and it is good to be under its spell.

Paid a Debt 25 Years Old.

After having run for twenty-seven years a debt has been paid to Spriggins, Buck & Co., of Hopkins Place, by J. J. Hohlitzel of Myersdale, Pa. Twenty-seven years ago the latter failed and was unable to pay a large number of creditors, including the Baltimore firm, to whom he owed \$900. "Give me time," he then said, "and I will pay every cent that I owe." And faithfully has the Pennsylvania merchant kept his promise. Year after year, he has toiled, paying off the obligations that he had contracted in former years and cancelling debts with firms that had forgotten all about them. None was more surprised than the Baltimore firm when he walked into the office and announced that he had come to pay the long overdue bill. Beside the \$900 he also paid another sum to cover the lawyer's fees which his creditors contracted when he failed.—New York Sun.

Mourning of the Chinese

Laws on the Subject and the Punishment Inflicted.

If a son, on receiving information of the death of his father or mother, or a wife, suppress such intelligence, and omits to go into lawful mourning for the deceased, such neglect shall be punished with sixty blows and one year's imprisonment. If a son or wife enters into mourning in a lawful manner, but, previous to the expiration of the term, discards the mourning habit, and, forgetful of the loss sustained, plays upon musical instruments and participates in festivities, the punishment shall amount for such offense to eighty blows.

Whoever, on receiving information of the death of any other relative in the first degree than the above mentioned, suppressed the notice of it, and omits to mourn, shall be punished with eighty blows; if, previous to the expiration of the legal period of mourning for such relative, any person casts away the mourning habit and resumes his wonted amusements, he shall be punished with sixty blows. When any officer or other person in the employ of the government has received intelligence of the death of his father or mother, in consequence of which intelligence he is bound to retire from the office during the period of mourning, if, in order to avoid such retirement, he falsely represents the deceased to have been his grandfather, grandmother, uncle, aunt or cousin, he shall suffer punishment of 100 blows, be deposed from office and rendered incapable of again entering into the

public service.—The American Law Review.

Dinner with a Don.

A young scientist who visited South America was telling of the hospitality of the citizens of the far-away republic and their method of entertaining their friends. "I was looking over the field in the interest of the Columbian Exposition," said he. "At one time I was stopping at a town 110 miles from the nearest railroad. This town is reached only by pack animals and everything is carried into the place on the backs of the patient beasts. On the day before I left a leading citizen invited me to his house, where he said a reception would be given in my honor. I found about thirty people present. We sat down to a bountiful feast, at the close of which the cigars were brought out and we enjoyed ourselves until daylight, according to the custom of the country. A fine variety of wine was served during the night. The next day I learned that the party consumed 180 bottles of champagne. This wine had been shipped 10,000 miles by water, 250 miles by railway train, and had been packed 110 miles into the town. The cost of transportation was appalling to an American, but the natives seemed to think it a mere bagatelle. The wine for the feast probably cost \$1,500. When a man is a guest of a South American gentleman everything in the house belongs to the guest."—Rocky Mountain News.

The English Are Growing Tall.

"No nation is increasing in height and weight so rapidly as the English," says a British journal. The proof of this is shown in statistics recently collected of the height of 10,000 boys and men. "At the age of 17 these averaged 5 feet 8 inches; at the age of 22, 5 feet 9 inches; at 17 they weighed 10 stone 2 pounds; at 22, 10 stone 13 pounds. In fifty years the average has gone up for the whole nation from 5 feet 7 1/2 inches to 5 feet 8 1/2 inches. The average height of the British upper classes at 30 years of age is 5 feet 8 1/2 inches, of the farm laborers 5 feet 7 3/4 inches. The criminal class brings down the average, as their height is but 5 feet 4-5 inches."

M. Paderewski is Fond of Billiards.

M. Paderewski, like other mortals of less note, has his hobby—namely, billiards. He plays nearly every day when he can spare the time from practicing and composing, and is a very fair cueist. "I think I like billiards," he says, "because it not only exercises my eye and hand, and keeps them in training even when I am amusing myself, but it also produces to me the delicate and refined artistic feelings which I have so often to express on the piano, and when, for instance, I play my favorite Chopin."

WRENCHED FOOT AND ANKLE.

Cured by St. Jacob's OIL.

Gentlemen: A short time ago I severely wrenched my foot and ankle. The injury was very painful, and the consequent inconvenience (being obliged to keep to business), was very trying. A friend recommended St. Jacob's Oil, and I take great pleasure in informing you that one application was sufficient to effect a complete cure. To a busy man, so simple and effective a remedy is invaluable, and I shall lose no opportunity of suggesting the use of St. Jacob's Oil. Yours truly, Henry J. Doirs, Manager the Cycles Co., London, England.

St. Jacob's Oil is safe and sure and never-failing. Conquers pain.

The dinner gown still clings to its very long sleeves or to sleeves ending at the elbow. Some women affect the sleeveless bodice and bare arms for dinner, but the mode is not considered correct.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. ENDISLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

A dog speaks the deaf and dumb language with his tail.

YELLOW CLOTHES ARE UNSIGHTLY. Keep them white with Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

No, it is not paradoxical to call a blind philosopher a seer.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES color more goods, per package, than any other. Sold by druggists, 10c. per package.

An unbecoming costume is not a bad habit that grows upon one.

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

Said the cobbler: "My work is in itself a walking advertisement."

Rheumatism, neuralgia, soreness, pain, sore throat and all bodily suffering relieved at once by Wizard Oil. Internally and externally.

The crazy person who goes to Europe is what they call "gone abroad."

Women Rarely Fail.

To take advantage of a cheap article of household value. But wise women want to know if the low-priced article has merits. Defiance starch costs far less than any other starch and gives far better satisfaction in the laundry. Makes linen look like new. Order at your grocers. Made by Magnetic Starch Co., Omaha, Neb.

A tailor's good presswork is published abroad.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Barbers' union isn't exactly a consolidated gas company.

Agents and solicitors should not fail to read adv. of Household Guest Co. in this paper. Their offer is very liberal.

It is always easier to ridicule a truth than to realize it.

IF YOU USE BALL BLUE.

Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue. Large 3 oz. package only 5 cents.

Women are always better than men in morals.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS COUNTY, ss.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for such and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
FRANK J. CHENEY,
Notary Public.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1898.
[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The loafer is a drone in the industrial hive.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 6th.—The secret of the remarkable success of the Garfield Headache Powders, manufactured here by the Garfield Tea Co., lies in the fact that they are harmless as well as effective; people have confidence in them.

In every locomotive there are about 6,400 different pieces.

\$3.00 PER DAY AND EXPENSES To man with rig to introduce our stock and poultry foods. Advancement when ability is shown. Address, with stamp, for particulars, Boyder Food Co., 7 Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Lucky is the man who makes more money than his wife can spend.

The politeness of a mean man is always more or less disingenuous.