

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 25, 1891.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

The fire upon the hearth is low
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits, here and there,
The firelight shadows flitting go,
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from the farther room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."
And, somehow, with that low prayer,
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thoughts go back to distant years
And linger with a dear one there;
And as I hear the child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me,
Crouched at her side I seemed to be,
And held my mother's hands again.
Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of my mother's face!
Yes, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone,
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."
—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

A SHODDY SONG.

If a body meet a body,
Clothing all a-tryin' to wear,
What can you expect of shoddy—
Need a body cry?
If a body meet a body,
With a purse that's full,
There can be no use of shoddy—
Rich men can wear wool.
If a tax laid on by tariff
Keep out wool we need,
Why should a tax-payer wear if
Clothing makers heed—
Heed and then import more shoddy
Only good for show,
And make clothes to hide a body—
How should poor folks know?
If the clothing turned to shoddy,
Tainted long ago,
Should breed harm for anybody,
And the victim good,
Reason down beneath the sod, he
Might prefer what's good!
—New York World.

THAT PRETTY LITTLE SIMPLETON.

BY VIRGIE F. HAZEN.

What a silly little thing she was,
But how pretty! All smiles and dimples,
Rosy cheeks and fluffy brown
hair, shading laughing blue eyes! I
thought, as I sat opposite her that day
in the street car, and heard her girlish
prattle, that I had never seen such a
combination of silliness and prettiness.
Her silly chatter provoked me desperately,
for I was intensely interested in
an article in the last Medical Journal,
which had direct bearing on a complicated
case I was going that morning
to treat. An accident that morning to
one of my horses and a stupid blunder
of my coachman had forced me to take
the car, and I felt as cross as a bear,
and looked so, I know, for when I
caught her eye she tossed her silly little
head and turned away with a pout.
I heard enough about papa, balls,
the opera etc., to guess that she was an
idolized, only child and something of a
belle. As I was too old to ignore
the vacuum in her pretty head, for the
sake of the pretty face, I was much re-
lieved when Dora Copperfield—as I
mentally styled her—and her friend
left the car. It was strange, but after
the first chance meeting, I was constantly
meeting Dora. I caught
glimpses of her nestling down in the
cushions, as her carriage dashed with a
flash and a glitter by my office. At the
opera the fates threw me in her neigh-
borhood. She was a fat, pompous-
looking middle-aged man, whom I
took to be "papa." I mentally dubbed
him "old money-bags," and hated
him as heartily as I did his daughter—
he looked so complacent and listened
with such evident relish to her cease-
less, silly prattle.

One day I was summoned in great
haste to the bedside of a patient whom
I had attended a few times before.
She and her daughter lived in a quarter
of the city which my practice sel-
dom called me, and among people I
only served for sweet charity's sake.
Though these two were as poor as
many I attended free I could not dare
refuse the fee they promptly tendered
after each visit. Of them I knew noth-
ing further than that they were
ladies. There was a proud, independ-
ent, dignified reticence that com-
manded my respect. I was much at-
tracted by them both; the mother was
refined and gentle, and bore with for-
titude her sufferings; the daughter was
beautiful, proud, dignified, and brave-
ly independent. I was anxious to
help them, but the opportunity for do-
ing so delicately and without the risk
of offending had never yet presented
itself, and not for my right hand would
I have offended their brave, proud re-
fined poverty. But on this visit the
evidences of poverty were even greater.
The room was very bare; evidently
they had been forced to pawn many
necessary articles. The daughter was
very pale and thin, and something like
despair shone in the beautiful dark
eyes. I found Mrs. Trevor very weak
and low. After I had prescribed for
her I sat like "Micawber," hoping
"something would turn up"—that
there would be some opening in
the conversation where I might safely
offer aid. I could not leave them in
such destitution. I must help them—
this was not their place and sphere, and
they must be lifted out by some means.
The mother was too weak to talk, and
Miss was too much absorbed in her
own sad thoughts for conversation, so
I must take the dilemma by the horns.

"Have you been taking wine as I
prescribed, Mrs. Trevor? You are
much weaker than when I saw you
last, and I had hoped the wine would
have built up your strength."
Miss Trevor seemed to struggle with
herself. A burning blush suffused
her face and neck. At last she raised
her head proudly, and with a defiant
air looked me full and steadily in the
eyes as she said in a low voice without a
quiver:

"No, Dr. Heathcote. We were not
able to follow your prescription fully.
The wine you sent mother was of great
benefit to her, and I was able to supple-
ment it, also, until last week, when she
was taken much worse, requiring my

unremitting attention, which forced
me to stop sewing, my only means of
support. But I had just finished some
work for a young lady, and as she
owed me \$20, I trusted to that to tide
me over, until I could resume work.
But I have been unable to collect the
money, and we are penniless."
Bravely said, my beautiful Spartan!
I thought, as I looked at the fine, pale
face with its troubled eyes. The Spar-
tan youth, with the wolf gnawing at
his vitals, suffered less than you did in
making this confession. Behind that
marble calmness, my beautiful Galatea
what a Vesuvius must be throbbing
and seething in your heart and brain!
Injuries and injustice that you can't
forget—neglect and coldness from
those who should have befriended!

"Yes, doctor," said Mrs. Trevor,
"Helen kept her troubles from me as
long as she could, and has allowed me
to want for nothing, but failing to col-
lect the money due her has been a
great hardship. The poor child has
not tasted food since yesterday."
She covered her face with her hands
and the tears trickled down through
the thin fingers.

I turned like one shot and stared at
that beautiful girl, standing so quiet
and composed. Staring! starving!
She, fit to be a queen, and suffering
for bread! I stalked like a caged lion
up and down the narrow room.
"Oh, the heartless rich! The cold,
heartless rich!"

"More thoughtless than heartless, I
think, Dr. Heathcote."
I stopped short as the cool, even
tone fell on my ear, and marching up
to her took both her hands in mine. I
was old enough to be her father.

"Helen, why didn't you come to me?
Why didn't you come to me?"
The tears came to her eyes—the
first I had seen there.

"We are such strangers to you. I
would not have presumed—"
"Strangers be hanged! Excuse me,
Helen. But, my child you are too
proud! There comes a time in the
life of most, when we must accept help
—when pride must be laid aside and
we must stoop! Independence is a
very fine thing, my dear, but the proud-
ly independent man is not the happy
man. He who can find pleasure in re-
ceiving as well as giving is the one
who gets the most good out of
life, because closer drawn to his fellow
man. Now, my dear, I'm going to
get wine for your mother and nourish-
ing food for you."

She put out her hand protestingly,
and again that blush of humbled
pride mounted her face.

"Your mother's life depends upon
timely aid. You and I can have our
reckoning by and by. I will look in
again this afternoon."
Soon I had sent up wine, fruits and
well prepared food to Helen and her
mother. I could not dismiss them
from my mind for a moment during
my round of visits. I could understand
the agony of humiliation that poor
girl was suffering—as well as the fear
and sorrow hanging over her from her
mother's illness. Poverty had not
been long with them; it was apparent
that their better days had been recent.
Then as I thought how that rich girl's
thoughtless, heartless indifference and
neglect to pay her had aggravated
Helen's shame and grief, my indigna-
tion knew no bounds, and when I
reached Mrs. Trevor's humble room
that afternoon I had worked myself in-
to a furor of anger against that un-
known transgressor, Helen's late em-
ployer. I was boiling over with rage,
which increased, if possible, when I
found Mrs. Trevor worse and noted
Helen's troubled, anxious face. After
doing all I could for my patient, who
soon fell into a doze, I called Helen
out to the hall.

"Helen, give me the name and ad-
dress of the person that owes you."
She looked at me inquiringly as I
took out my note book and pencil, but
said:

"Miss Floy Garrison, 210 L
avenue."
I wrote it down hurriedly and with-
out another word was on my way to
find this girl. I had but one thought
—to bring her to see the sorrow she
had caused. It might teach her a les-
son and cause her to feel a little of the
shame and mortification Helen had to
endure.

When I drew up before 210 L
avenue a carriage stood before the
door and a party of four stood ready to
enter. A slender middle-aged lady, a
fine-looking young man, "old money-
bags" and Dora Copperfield! Ribbons
flying, curls blowing, draperies flutter-
ing and merry laughter.

So Miss empty head was the culprit.
I was not surprised at all. If I had
been a knight of the middle ages I
would have snatched her in my arms
and rushed away with her, and after
showing her the trouble and sorrow
she had caused, immured her in a dun-
geon deep and dark, but as it was the
practical nineteenth century, I must ob-
serve the conventionalities. So, while
thirsting for revenge, I had to smirch
and bow and introduce myself.

Yes "old money-bags" knew Dr.
Heathcote quite well by reputation.
Glad to meet him, "This" pointing to
the middle-aged lady, "was his wife;
the young lady was his daughter Floy,
and this his nephews, Mr. Philip Ever-
ett, from the South."

I then politely requested Miss Gar-
rison to accompany me to see a patient
who was very low, who knew her, and
in whom she would be interested.
Floy looked inquiringly at papa, who
said: "Yes, go."

Not a word was spoken during the
drive, but when we stood in Helen's
room I pointed to Mrs. Trevor's wast-
ed form and said:
"Behold your work."
"Oh, what do you mean?"
The blue eyes were round and fright-
ened and the roses had faded from her
cheeks. I turned sternly upon her and
said:
"I mean that a girl as young and
beautiful as yourself, as well born and
as well-bred, has been reduced to a
dreadful poverty—a poverty such as

you have never seen, but have cried
over in novels; she has been strug-
gling bravely to keep back want and
trouble from an invalid mother, while
you are going to parties and balls;
but out of your plenty you couldn't
spare the pitiful \$20 she had earned by
hard work. It would have been a
small fortune to her and saved her
heartaches and humiliation terrible to
her proud nature!"

"Forgive me, oh, forgive me, Miss
Trevor, for my cruel, thoughtless, care-
lessness!"
She was crying and clinging to Hel-
en, who stood away.

"I have been so wickedly thought-
less! I did not know there was so
much want and suffering in the world!
Can you ever forgive me?"
But before Helen could speak, there
was a loud knock at the door, and
when I opened it, Col. Garrison and
Mr. Philip Everett stood before me.
Col. Garrison explained that after I
had left them with Floy he grew un-
easy, thinking he had been too precipi-
tate in giving his consent for her to
accompany me, fearing my patient might
be suffering from some contagious dis-
ease.

Here Floy threw wide open the door,
and coming into the hall, threw herself
into her father's arms and sobbed out
the whole sad story.

But what was the matter with Hel-
en? Was she about to faint? She
steadied herself with one hand against
a chair, while the other was pressed to
her heart; her face was deadly pale,
and her wide-stretched eyes were rivet-
ed upon Mr. Everett, who when he
caught sight of her through the open
door stepped forward with a glad cry
of "Helen!" His manly handsome
face was radiant with happiness, and I
heard him say:

"Found at last! I have searched
every where for you, Helen!"
"Can you still—"
"Do I still love you? Oh, Helen,
how can you ask!"

And unmindful of all she fell into
his arms and wept out her sorrows and
griefs upon his heart. I closed the
door, and Col. Garrison, Floy and I
discreetly withdrew farther into the
hall.

After a few moments Mr. Everett
and Helen came out. At last my
beautiful Galatea was endowed with
life. A look of happiness such as I
had never seen there before shown in
"the dark eyes." Then Mr. Everett, in
a manly straightforward way, told their
story. He and Miss Trevor had been
children together in a far distant South-
western city, and became engaged soon af-
ter both had left school, but after the
death of Helen's father, nearly a year
before, an unfortunate misunderstanding
arose, which separated them, and
Helen and her mother quietly left the
city leaving no trace behind them, and
all these months he had been search-
ing for them. Then that little simpleton,
Floy, proved her head not quite empty
by saying:

"Papa, Mrs. Trevor and Helen must
go home with us, where we may re-
pair if possible, the wrong I did them."
And it was done just as Miss Rattle-
brain proposed, and she proved herself
the most faithful, untrusting, and de-
voted of nurses—the most unselfish
and loving of friends and cousins; and
before the wedding day came around,
she and Helen were as devoted as sis-
ters, and when that day did come old
Money-bags was the most generous of
uncles. And when Helen kissed me
good bye that day, she said with hap-
py tears in her pretty dark eyes:

"Dr. Heathcote, I will never cease
to love and bless you! The brightest
day of my life except this, is that on
which you rushed Floy in upon her
avenging Nemesis!"

Before Philip left with his wife he
told me, at Helen's request, what he
told no one else—the story of their
poverty and separation. Helen's father
had been Philip's guardian, and after
his death it was found that he had
appropriated and squandered the whole
of Philip's fine fortune. Philip tried to
keep this from Helen, but in some way
she learned it, and her grief, mortifica-
tion and despair were terrible to see.
She thought that Philip would scorn
to marry the daughter of a dishonest
man. So after she and her mother
had settled their small fortune
upon Philip—for both felt keenly the
disgrace, and wished to make what re-
paration they could—they quietly left
the city, giving Philip no hint of their
destination.

"I knew she was a heroine?" I said,
as I slipped Philip on the back.

Mrs. Trevor remained with the Gar-
rison until Philip returned from his
brief trip, then she went with them to
their cozy home that Col. Garrison gave
Philip on his wedding day. My gift to
my beautiful girl was a complete silver
service and a horse and phaeton; so I
see the bright, happy face every day or
so as she drives by and nods and smiles
at me.

Well, it is always the unexpected
that happens. When that boy of mine
Walter Heathcote, came back from
college, ready for a partnership with
his father, what should he do but
fall in love with that pretty little sim-
pleton, Floy Garrison, and make her
Mrs. Heathcote before I could say
Jack Robinson!

LOST CONFIDENCE.—"No," says Mrs.
Sharp to her husband, "you cannot
fool me; it was 1 o'clock this morning
when you came home."
"Now, Mary, it was surely not later
than 12 o'clock."
"I say so; for I was awake when you
came and looked at my watch and it
was just 1 o'clock."
"Well, all right, Mary, if you believe
your old nickel plated 95 cent watch
more than you do me I have nothing
further to say."

I was troubled with catarrh for
seven years previous to commencing the
use of Ely's Cream Balm. It has done
for me what other so called cures have
failed to do—cured me. The effect of
the Balm seemed magical. Clarence L.
Huff, Biddeford, Me.

Knowles Reminiscences.

It Was He Who Lashed Farragut to the Rigging at Mobile.

From the New York Times.

Among the group of sailors stationed
at the United States naval academy for
the inspection of the cadets in splicing,
knotting, and the various forms of mar-
lin-spike seamanship, is a weather-beat-
en, bronzed-faced old fellow with a
record. His name is Richard Knowles,
or, as he is better known to the fledgling
officers, plain Dick.

Dick holds the rate of signal quar-
termaster in the navy, and this rate he got
while serving with no less a personage
than the great Farragut himself. When
the battle of Mobile bay opened on that
bright August morning in 1864
Dick was serving aboard the flagship
Hartford, and to him fell the honor of
lashing the great admiral in the rigging.
Dick was a smart man-of-war's man
in those days. At least such of the old
tars who are now living say so, for they
have been heard to declare that Dick
Knowles was one of the "finest chaps
aloft," they ever "clapped eyes on." To
use the old sailor's mode of putting it,
"Dick Knowles could start from sheer
pouf and reach the main yard before the
rest of the lubbers were over the rim of
the top."

On the day of the famous battle Far-
ragut's flagship, the Hartford, steamed
into the fight with the Metocomet lash-
ed on her port side. In order to see bet-
ter the admiral climbed up on the port
main rail in order to have a view of the
Metocomet's deck as well as his own. At
the outset a fresh breeze accompanied
the ships into the fight, which soon
changed, however, as is usual on the
occasion of heavy firing, to a dead calm.
Farragut found the smoke of the guns
obscuring his view of Fort Morgan, and
unconsciously climbed, little by little,
one ratline after another, up the main
rigging until he was observed by his
staff to be close under the futlock shroud.
Captain Drayton, the captain of the
Hartford, and Farragut's chief of staff,
becoming fearful that some shot might
carry away a shroud and hurl the ad-
miral to the deck, turned to Knowles,
who was then acting as signal quar-
termaster, and ordered him to take a piece
of "small stuff" and "jump up there
and lash the admiral."

Knowles picked up a piece of ratline
line lying under his feet, and in the
twinkle of an eye had skipped up the
main rigging and was tying the old
admiral hard, and fast when Farragut
gruffly demanded what he was doing.
"Making you fast, sir," said Dick.
"And who told you to do so," said
Farragut.

"The captain, sir," Dick replied.
"Oh, all right," said Farragut.
"And with that," said Dick, "the old
man took a hitch with the ratline stiff-
ing himself, while I made fast about him."
During the whole of the fight, Dick
says, the admiral talked with the pilot
who was stationed in the main top.
Every once in a while, though, he
would shout something down to Captain
Drayton, who was always close under-
neath.

"Dick" is an old man now, and if
it were any other man than "Dick"
Knowles he would have been railroaded
long ago to the sailors' home. But
"Dick" prefers to be on active duty, as
he considers it, and what, with teaching
the middies how to splice and growling
at all the new-fangled things of to-day,
"Dick" does do considerable work. The
old fellow is a thorough representative of
that class of splendid seamen now so
rapidly passing away.

In build he is small of stature, and
his face is covered with a great bushy
brown beard, which leaves little else to
show than a pair of small, twinkling
blue eyes. He is never so happy as
when spinning a yarn to some one else,
but the old chap can never be gotten to
talk unless engaged in some work at the
same time. Get him settled down in a
sag corner, and engaged say in "strop-
ping a block," and he is in a fair way to
be wound up. The middies know this,
and they have little trouble in getting
the old fellow started on a twister.

Dick has been a man-of-war's man
all his life, and says that he asks for
nothing better when he dies than to be
wrapped up in the Union Jack and be
buried with his rating badges and med-
als rightly in place.

To "Dick," as to hundreds of the old
men-of-war's men, Farragut was little
short of an idol. Old as he is, Dick
still scowls if any one ever mentions to
him the name of Commodore Foote.
He will tell you, even now, how the
tars on the old Hartford and all the rest
of the ships nearly mutinied when
Foote's regulations came stopping the
gorrations to the men.

"Dick" claims that Farragut was as
mad at the new regulation as were the
bluejackets, and he would give you the
impression that the men felt that Far-
ragut and the seamen were being ill-treat-
ed, instead of the seamen alone.

Approps of the Mobile battle, Lieu-
tenant Watson, who was on Farragut's
staff, quotes the admiral as saying:
"How curious some trifling incident
catches the popular fancy. My being
in the main rigging was a mere accident
owing to the fact that I was driven
stiff by the smoke. The lashing was
the result of your own fears, (Captain
Drayton's) for my safety."

At the close of the war Farragut ad-
ded to the solicitations of Mr. Page to
stand for a historical portrait in the
position in which he was first lashed.

TOMATO FIGS.—Allow one pound of
sugar to two pounds of tomatoes, which
must be the small round or egg-shaped
tomato, either dark red or yellow. Scald
them and remove the skins, being care-
ful not to break them.—Put them in a
preserving kettle, and sprinkle the sug-
ar (having reserved one-third of it)
between the layers. Stew them slowly
until transparent, lift them out very
carefully, one by one, and spread on
large dishes in the sun to dry, sprink-
ling with the reserved sugar and
turning several times while drying. It
may take several days for them to dry;
and you will have to be very careful
not to leave them out in the dew, or
when it is cloudy, as the dampness
will injure them. When they are per-
fectly dry pack them away in boxes or
jars, with a layer of sugar between each
layer of tomatoes.—Table Talk.

He Walked on the Grass.

How Austria's Emperor Was Arrested by a Park Guard.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria

was arrested at Munich recently, for the
first time in his life, while visiting his
daughter. His Majesty, who was not in
uniform, happened to stray absent-mind-
edly across the grass when strolling
through the "English Garden" to the
Regent's Palace.

Suddenly he heard a voice behind
him shouting in gruff and angry tone:
"Are you going to get off there or not?"
The Emperor, without dreaming for a
moment that this remarkably courteous
remark was addressed to himself, quietly
proceeded on his way. But before
he had gone many steps he was roughly
seized by the arm by an old one-armed
park guard.

"Am I to speak twice?" he inquired
furiously. "Will you get off the grass,
or am I to arrest you?"
"Does he know who I am?" asked
the sovereign somewhat angrily, and us-
ing the contemptuous third person in-
stead of the second.

"What!" shouted the old soldier, per-
fectly frantic with rage. "You dare to
speak to me in the third person! I'll
teach you a lesson! You're arrested.
Come right along, now, to the guard
house. I'll show you there who I am
and who you are."

With that he clutched hold of the
monarch's arm and commenced walking
him off to the guard house.

The Emperor, who had by this time
recovered his good temper, accompanied
his captor submissively. As they passed
along many of the promenaders, recog-
nizing Francis Joseph, ranged them-
selves on one side of the path and re-
spectively uncovered their heads, after-
ward gazing with open-mouthed astonish-
ment at the extraordinary spectacle.
But the old park guard was far too an-
gry to notice this. The sentries, too,
presented arms, which merely caused
him to look around to see if there was
any officer in the vicinity. It was not,
indeed, until they met Baron Melsen,
one of the principal dignitaries of the
Bavarian Court, that the stubborn and
obscure old park guard obtained any
inkling as to the identity of his prisoner.

The Baron on seeing the Emperor
being thus marched along, was literally
dumbfounded with amazement, and
could only manage to stammer:
"But, your Majesty—"
"Well, you see, Baron, I am under
arrest," laughingly replied the Em-
peror.

On hearing the word "majesty" pro-
nounced the guard had dropped the arm
of his captive as if it had been red-hot
iron, and began to tremble from head to
foot as though afflicted with ague.

"Holy Mother and St. Joseph," he
exclaimed, "what have I done?"
"That's all right, my friend," remark-
ed the Emperor; "but now you have
got to take me right along to the guard
house in order that we may have an op-
portunity of becoming mutually ac-
quainted."

The poor old fellow walked along as
if on his way to the scaffold, with a
look of absolute terror on his wrinkled
face. On reaching the guard house the
Emperor entered the room of the officer
in charge ordering his captor to wait for
him outside. Ten minutes later the old
man was summoned to appear before the
monarch, and in answer to an inquiry
as to what he had to himself only suc-
ceeded in murmuring, brokenly:

"I have served forty years as a soldier
and have been wounded in three cam-
paigns!"
"I am afraid you have lost your post
as park guard, my friend," interrupted
the Emperor, with a smile on his kindly
features, "but if you will present your-
self to my daughter's master of the
household at 7 o'clock to-night I will
see that you receive a more comfortable
berth as one of the doorkeepers of the
palace. You certainly will prove a good
and incorruptible Cerberus."

The old fellow's eyes filled with tears
of gratitude as he saluted and withdrew,
softly muttering to himself:
"Thanks to the Holy Virgin for such
a prisoner.—New York Recorder."

He Likes a Hermit Life.

A few miles from York, Pa., but in a
very secluded mountain glen, lives and
has lived for twenty-one years, one Joel
Strong. He is sixty-two years old, healthy
and remarkably active, and all the
rocky and wooded tract which he calls
"Strong's Park" bears curious evidence
of his handiwork. The stones are piled
in curious cairns, the rocks pressed in
fanciful but picturesque array, and the
trees are trimmed to a wild, roman-
tic taste.

He is a hermit but does not hate his
kind. Indeed he is rather pleasant to
the few who visit him, and is fond of
showing his remarkable agility in climb-
ing. In winter he occupies a rude hut,
in summer he lives entirely out of doors.
He sleeps on a bare board laid on top of
a bench, which in turn is laid on others,
all his couch is raised to a perilous dis-
tance from the ground. His only drink
is water, his food is principally of his
garden. Once a week he takes a thor-
ough bath in a mountain stream, and is
far from being a disagreeable object, as
are many hermits.

Many years ago he loved and married.
His wife died, and he abandoned society
to live alone in the woods. He bought
five acres of this wild land for a trifle,
and in time became so weaned from
social life that for twenty years he has
not known of any occurrence in the
great world, but of late visitors have be-
gun to intrude on him and try to inter-
est him in the rest of mankind.

Salt Rheum with its intense
itching, dry, hot skin, often broken into
painful cracks, and the little watery
pimples, often causes indescribable suf-
fering. Hood's Sarsaparilla has won-
derful power over this disease. It puri-
fies the blood and expels the humor, and
the skin heals without a scar. Send for
book containing many statements of
cures, to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothec-
aries, Lowell, Mass.

"You lost your knife yesterday?"
Well, Tommy, I have found 2 knives,"
said the Sunday school teacher, "Now
tell me which of them is yours."
"Please, mum," replied the honest
boy, "which of them has got the most
blades?"

Bustling Salem.

Its Phenomenal Industrial Development, Its Healthfulness, Public Spirit, and Its Future.

Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

The present year is more than fulfill-
ing the prophecies of 1890 as far as Sa-
lem is concerned, and I would not be
surprised to see the town, since she is
putting on so many frills in the way of
new and modern houses and such an in-
dustrial farthingale, patronizing her
younger sister, Roanoke, if it did not
seem that the two are destined to meet
somewhere on the six miles that inter-
vene between them and embrace and
share the crown of prosperity. Salem
is college-bred, Roanoke College, a
flourishing educational institution is her
Alma Mater. She is religious, having
the advantage of the best of church fa-
cilities, aesthetic, owing to picturesque sur-
roundings, and extremely healthy. Pure
air keeps a constant bloom on her
cheek.

PRACTICAL AND RICH.

But Salem is practical, and being
practical is rich, and growing richer
every day. Her assets are in the very
best and most substantial of securities,
pay big dividends, and are managed by
responsible and sagacious agents. The
riparian rights of Salem are represented
by Roanoke river with its abundant wa-
ter-power, her railroad interests by the
great Norfolk and Western system with
its own spurs and divisions, such as the
Cripple-Creek and New River exten-
sions, and the Shenandoah Valley and
its connections north, south, east and
west, and the Roanoke and Southern,
the dummy line to Roanoke, and the
projected Salem and Southwestern road
and probable extension of the Balti-
more and Ohio from Lexington, and
other interest of this character. The
agricultural tributes are from lands im-
mediately adjacent, which have no su-
perior for fertility.

MINERAL RESOURCES.

Limestone for fluxing can be had al-
most for the picking up, and the unex-
celled coal and coke of the Pocahontas
Flat top region can be delivered at Sa-
lem's industries for \$1.25 per ton less
than fuel costs at Chattanooga and in
the iron districts of North Alabama.
Owing to this fact and the proximity
of raw materials, the highest grades of
foundry iron, basic pig mill iron, &c.,
can be manufactured by the Salem
plants at the minimum cost and far be-
low the expense of putting out such pro-
ducts in Pennsylvania. The ores about
Salem are red hematites, brown hemat-
ites, oxides of manganese, and ferro-
manganese. Sand stones, plastic clays,
&c., also abound. The mountains
round about Salem and also large tracts
in the valleys are timbered with a variety
of woods suitable for wagon-making, ag-
ricultural implements, furniture, &c.

THE FUTURE.

If the future of Salem as a great in-
dustrial centre is not assured, then hun-
dreds of men of sagacity and capital are
blind. These men have not said we will
tell you what to do, but have set an
example, and the money that has been
put into industries here is only an em-
ent of what is to come. Money, brains,
enterprise, and public spirit are here.
The climate cannot be excelled. The
railroad facilities are all that could be
desired. There is a prodigality of raw
material at the doors of the town await-
ing the ingenuity of man to turn it in-
to manufactured products. If that does
not mean continued progress there is no
such thing as the logic of development.
Further it means a continued advance
in values.

"The companies are pushing for-
ward every interest so persistently that
one is at a loss to select the feature of
greatest moment. Here are groups of
neat, modern cottages for workmen,
there is a costly residence of some cap-
italist; there a \$25,000 spacious, solid
brick building of brick