

A PITCHER OF COLD WATER.
"It is such a pity," said Mrs. Lee, and she turned her eyes toward the girl, who was looking out upon the road, a small, blue-eyed, cherub-like creature.
A man had just passed, and it was of him that she spoke.
"A greater pity for his wife and children," replied Mrs. Lee's sister.
"Oh, dear! It's a pity for all of them," said Mrs. Lee, in quite a troubled voice.
"Why doesn't the man drink cold water when he is dry, and not pour burning liquor down his throat? I've thought more than once of meeting him with a cool glass of water as he came by, hoping he would turn back to his shop and not keep on to Huber's tavern."
"That would be too pointed," said the sister.
"It might do good," Mrs. Lee went on. "Suppose he did feel a little annoyed, he would hardly refuse the cool drink, and once taken he might not feel so strongly drawn toward Huber's tavern."
The next time she saw him coming she offered the drink again, and with a pleasant word, and asked about his wife and children, and about that I felt interested. I'm sure, sister, good would come from it."
The sister did not feel so hopeful. "It will take more than a glass of water to satisfy his fiery thirst, and then, you know, that Barclay is easily offended. He would understand just what you meant, I fear, and grow angry and abusive."
"I don't believe it would make him angry to offer him a cool drink of water."
The child, who had been listening to her mother and aunt, said this quite earnestly.
The two women looked at each other but did not answer her.
Mr. Barclay was a carpenter. He had been working for the week would take a glass of liquor now and then. This led him into the company of those who visit taverns, and by them he was often drawn away from shop and home. So neglect of business was added to the vice of drinking, and the carpenter's way in the world turned downward.
Mr. Barclay had seven children. The youngest was named Fanny, and she was just four years old. He was very fond of her, and often struggled with his appetite on her account. Many times she would go to the window and forward before the tavern door, love for Fanny pleading against love for rum, and trying him to spend the few pennies in his pocket for a toy, or some candies, instead of beer. But the dreadful thirst for drink had always got the mastery. For man.
On the morning after Mrs. Lee and her sister were talking about him, it happened that Mr. Barclay was without a penny in his pocket. What was he to do? Not a single glass of liquor could be had at Huber's tavern, for he was in debt there, and that had refused to take him until the debt was paid. But how was he to go through all that day without a drink? The very thought quickened his craving thirst.
He opened a bureau drawer to get a handkerchief, when something met his eyes that made him pause with a strange expression of face.
He stood gazing with an irresolute air, and then shutting the drawer quickly turned away and walked to the other side of the room. For some time he remained there, his back to the drawer.
A litter struggle was going on in his mind. Alas! he was not strong enough for this conflict.
Slowly, step by step, listening, looking just like a thief, Mr. Barclay returned to the bureau, and opened the drawer.
What did he bring forth? It was a little wooden box, only a few inches square; he had made it himself of fine dark wood for his dear little Fanny.
The pennies were few, but all she had received for many months were in this box. She was sitting on the floor, and he was looking at her father at Christmas.
A desperate look was in Mr. Barclay's face as he clutched the box. He hurriedly he took from his pocket a small screw-driver, and in a minute or two the lid was off.
Half the pennies were emptied into his pocket, and then the lid replaced and the box returned to the drawer.
He had scarcely taken a breath when the box was in his hand. Now he sat down, like one suddenly robbed of strength, and he looked at the dark flush went of his face, and he looked pale and guilty.
"Papa!" it was Fanny herself. The loving child came in and put her arms around his neck. He felt as crushed in a vice. It was as much as he could do to keep from pushing her with strong arms away.
"Are you sick, papa?" The child had caught a glimpse of his pale, disturbed countenance.
"I don't feel very well," he answered. His voice had so strange a sound to his own ears that it seemed as if some one else were speaking.
"I'm so sorry," and Fanny drew her arms tighter around his neck, kissing him.
This was more than the wretched man could bear. Rising hurriedly, and almost shaking off his child, he left the house and started for the shop.
He did not go to work immediately, but sat down on his bench. He had no heart for work just then.
"Oh, Jim Barclay!" he cried out at last, in a tone of mingled shame and surprise, "that you should come to this!"
He got up and walked about like one bewildered. Just then a man rode up to the door of his shop. "Is that shutter ready for me?" he asked.
"It will be done to-morrow," answered the carpenter, hardly noticing what was said to him.
"Just what you told me yesterday," said the man roughly.
"That's it, Jim Barclay," he added, "there's no dependence in you any longer, and I shall take my work somewhere else."
He was in no mood to bear patiently a hard speech from any one; so he replied as roughly and the customer rode off in anger.
Barclay stood looking after him, his excitement gradually cooling until the blindness of passion was gone.
"Foolish every way!" he muttered, leaning slowly to his work bench and taking a pipe.
"It wasn't so once. No dependence in Jim Barclay."
He was hurt by the accusation. The time was when no mechanic in the neighborhood could be more depended upon.
If Barclay promised a piece of work, it was sure to be ready. Alas how changed! He was just as fair in

promise now—just as sincere perhaps when his word was given, but in performance he was altogether different. He would start in earnest every day and get on very well until the desire for liquor grew strong enough to tempt him off to Huber's tavern for a drink. After that no one could count on him.
Some panels of the finished scenes and surroundings that gave her many beautiful days. She had her range of all forest, and grew up healthy, blooming, and brown. She became skillful with rifle and rod, and spent much of her time hunting and fishing. Her parents loved her, well knowing that she was abundantly able to take care of herself. She bore an unblemished reputation in all the woods around, and was as chaste as Diana. Such was her life and as Diane she was 18 years old. At that age she had an affair of the heart which her parents did not approve, and told her so. She was as much as to say, "The object of your affection is a worthless young man named Johnson, the son of a neighboring woodsman."
Johnson often roamed with her on her hunting and fishing excursions, and the liking between them was mutual. At last her parents, who were slightly forbade her to meet him. This order shut her out of her range of woods, for he was always at her heels. The next day she left home with her rifle and did not return. That was 22 years ago. The woods and streams were sacred to her. Johnson, who was a carpenter, had been looking for her in Philadelphia and New York and other cities. So she was nowhere to be found—dead or alive. Her parents finally gave her up for dead, or lost to them, and at the end of two years discontinued the search. Johnson frequently visited his old haunts in the forest, but the woods of Tioga knew Katie Hanson no more.
In the winter of 1876, Col. Grant Wilson, of Philadelphia, met Major James Hopkins, formerly of Ohio, in Cuba. Mrs. Hopkins married in Gen. Thomas during the war, and was the owner of a fine plantation in the interior. Col. Wilson accepted Major Hopkins' invitation to visit him at his home, and became acquainted with Mrs. Hopkins and her two children. They made it pleasant for Wilson during his stay in Cuba. Mrs. Hopkins was a handsome, bright woman, and all were happy. When Col. Wilson was about leaving the Hopkins took him into their confidence by revealing some passages of their history, and entrusting him with a message and an errand to the United States.
Col. Wilson recently visited Tioga county and hunted up the family of Elijah Hanson. He asked the old man if he had a daughter Katie. He had, but she was dead, he said, and her 22 years ago. Then Wilson had a tale to tell which caused a great rejoicing among the Hansons, old and young. He told them that Katie Hanson was alive and well—that she was the wife of Major James Hopkins, a rich planter of Cuba, and the mother of two beautiful children, and was even then preparing to visit the old home in the Tioga woods during the present summer. So the Hansons must make ready for the Hopkins. But how did Katie Hanson ever get to Cuba and become a Hopkins, was a question that puzzled the old folks and young folks, and Col. Wilson was fully empowered and prepared to answer it. He had the story from Katie Hanson's own lips, in substance as follows:
"When her father ordered her to accompany him to Cuba, she rebelled in her heart, and refused to obey. She could see no way but away from home, and she took it with her rifle on her shoulder. That night she slept in the woods. The next day she came to a hunter's cabin, and the hunters were out. She took a seat of her coat and dressed herself in their skins, and her short hair and bronzed face favored the disguise. She wandered on her way aimless of her future, save to put miles between herself and her home, and reached Dunkirk. Some occupation became necessary, and she took the position of a cook in her captain's kitchen at Buffalo and Detroit. She liked the life for a time, but was frightened out of it by reading an advertisement offering a reward for any information concerning Katie Hanson, and minutely describing her features. That was the end of it.
"Making the trip to Detroit she left her position and went to Cincinnati—still farther from home. She had a fancy for boating and engaged on a Ohio river steamer, where she remained until the breaking out of the war. As no one had ever suspected her sex in an endeavor to enlist and joined an Ohio regiment, and participated in all the engagements of Gen. Thomas' division. She was promoted to sergeant in her company in 1863, and as a soldier behaved herself altogether well. But she had attracted the attention of her captain and it is also rather likely the captain had attracted her attention, too. At any rate one day when he met her alone he told her that he suspected her to be a woman, and the suddenness of the insinuation caused her to betray herself in the answer she made. She begged the captain to keep her secret, but he evidently wanted her a woman and out of the ranks, and reported the facts to the general, who sent her to the rear and ordered her to resume her proper attire.
"This change in her condition and position was not in good time, too, for she became a hospital nurse, and soon had the care of the wounded captain, and all was well. The captain was promoted to the rank of major, and at the close of the war Major James Hopkins and Katie Hanson were married. Major Hopkins' family in Ohio refused to recognize his wife on account of the peculiar romance of her career. She had saved \$900 from her steamboat earnings, which she drew out of a Cincinnati bank, and with this she went to Cuba and prospered. Major James Hopkins and his children will sail for New York in August, and the Pennsylvania Diosa, after many strange adventures, will revisit her home in the woods of Tioga."

What Time is it?
When an ordinary man wakes up in the middle of the night the first thing he does is to wonder what time it is. He generally wonders for two or three minutes in vain; then he crosses his wife and asks her if she knows. As a general thing she does not. This only whets his appetite to ascertain the exact hour and minute. It does not matter whether he has the hour of the next day to sleep, but to arise with the lark, he wants to know exactly where he is chronologically located.
"Have the cars stopped running yet, Maria?" he asks.
"Don't know," she grunts sleepily.
"I think it must be near three," he continues.
"Oh, go to sleep!" she snarls back.
"The first thing you know, you'll wake Oscar Jeremiah up; he's kinder restless at night," he says.
Thus bombarded by his wife's rhetoric he remains silent for a short period, but the desire to know what what time it is returns and gnaws at him like a mental tapeworm. He can't rest; every time he closes his eyes they involuntarily fly open like roving sentries, and the terrible agony is kept up.
Finally his wife gets out of patience and yells:
"Do you want to know what time it is?"
"I do," he replies, with joy.
"The exact hour and minute?"
He hesitates for the affirmative.
"Well, then, you had better get up and take a look at the clock. That's the surest way."
What a world of night this uxorial revelation throws upon him. And now he lies there and wonders why he did not think of this before. The bed is nice and warm, and it is pretty hard to get up, but he does.
He wants to know what time it is, that's what he wants, and he's going to find out, and when he gets back, and his wife asks him the result of his trip down stairs, he'll tell her that the clock says it is 2:50.
Oscar Jeremiah up, that's what he'll do. He'll just show her whether she owns all the satire of the establishment or not.
So he gets up, draws on his trousers, and feels his way down stairs. When he reaches the clock, he is so tired that he is almost ready to go to bed. He looks at the clock and he sticks it in the face of the clock! The clock has stopped. He is no wiser than before. The feeling which steals over him cannot be adequately described. Then he crawls back to bed and worries himself into a sleep which remains unbroken until his wife calls him to make the fire—*Norristown Herald.*

Too Much Gramming.
One of the crying evils of our time in America is a fundamental misconception of the true functions of education. It is very generally assumed among us that education consists chiefly in the knowledge of facts, and that all facts are valuable for educational purposes. Early in our national existence we took up the educational hobby and have ridden it long and vigorously. No commonplace is so dear to the popular imagination as that which "points with pride" to the vast system of common schools the world has ever seen, and traces an intimate connection between our free institutions and our free schools. In no respect is the superiority of republican America over the effete monarchies of the Old World superior to be more incontestable than in the quantity and quality of the education imparted by our public schools.
As the natural result of this widespread and pernicious error a system of educational gramming has made its way and now reigns supreme in our schools, colleges and female seminaries. During the first half of the century the error was confined within narrow proportions, from the fact that the recent gigantic achievements of scientific discovery had not then been made, and that the sciences were popularized. But since the close of our civil war our educators have taken a new departure and proclaimed all knowledge to be their specialty. As the years indefinitely devoted to education prove inadequate for the mastery of the sciences, an augmenting list of sciences a growing number is exerted upon the pupils to induce them to pursue many studies at once and to devote nearly their whole time to their books.
The unfortunate pupils are distracted by the multiplicity of the tasks to be mastered, and at last become physically and mentally by the strain upon their faculties. In some rural districts it is not uncommon to see babies of four and five years of age confined for six hours within school rooms, and the chances are that they are expected also to attend the Sunday school and hear one or two sermons each week. All this is wrong, thoroughly and radically wrong. Education does not consist in the accumulation of facts, and it may be safely asserted that our schools and colleges prove absolutely useless to the pupils in their subsequent careers.
A pressing necessity of the time is an "Association for the Suppression of Useless Knowledge," which shall eliminate from our course of study more than half the branches which are now taught therein. Every study which can thus be suppressed is a clear gain to true education. The best educated man or woman is not the one who has the largest assortment of facts at command, but the one who has mastered the problem. "What knowledge is most useful?" and remains contentedly ignorant of a thousand things in knowing which the half-educated workman takes especial pride.
The great want of our children under seven years is to be let alone, and not troubled with facts or maxims which will be remembered. We must change our idea in respect to education and recognize that a healthy, hearty boy or girl of eight or nine years of age is an adept at all the sports of childhood is far better educated than the infant prodigy who knows the boundaries of the continent of Asia, and who can recite the capitals of every country in the world, but cares nothing for the ball or hoop. Three hours' confinement in school, say from nine to twelve in the morning, is amply sufficient for the children in our primary schools,

and if any afternoon attendance is required it might advantageously take the form of open-air rambles with their teachers. This method, once established would develop the faculties of teachers as well as pupils and lay the basis of a scientific instruction by object lessons and familiar conversation which would render the pursuit of education a personal source of interest and delight.
American Tobacco.
During February Congress reduced the rate of the tax on tobacco thirty-three per cent.—from twenty-four to sixteen cents per pound.
The late convention of manufacturers at Cincinnati decided, however, not to reduce the price of manufactured tobacco more than six cents a pound for the best, and not more than half that amount for inferior qualities; but expressed the conviction that the government will lose less by the reduction than it can gain by the increased production and that the commercial importance of the interest concerned is rarely considered. It is very great, and holds its own in spite of the rivalry of other countries.
The plant, it is generally known, is a native of tropical America. It first entered Europe from San Domingo through Portugal, in 1520, and was known in France in 1572, or quite a dozen years before Sir Walter Raleigh's second colony, under Sir Richard Greenville, enabled its promoters to win the glory of introducing the potato at every point. From that time the cultivation has spread around the world and the use has extended very far beyond the cultivation.
The cultivation on this continent reaches from Canada to southern Paraguay; in Europe from northern Germany to the Mediterranean; and extends over much of Africa and across a large part of Asia, and reaches to the contiguous islands of each of these great territorial divisions.
Notwithstanding this vast spread in production and use, passing that of the potato at every point, the cultivation and fabrication in the United States have grown almost as though the plant was limited to our geography. The yield varies with the soil, climate and attention given—from six hundred to a thousand pounds per acre, averaging about eight hundred and fifty pounds. In 1900, 10,000,000 bags of 1200 pounds each, or 12,000,000,000 pounds, of which we export about 250,000,000 hogsheads and consume the residue.
It is calculated that more than 62,000 acres are constantly devoted to this crop, and that every day raises some 1,000,000 more. More than a quarter of a million persons are employed in the agriculture alone; over one hundred thousand are occupied in the various stages of preparation, and a third more are employed in the retail trade than in the cultivation. Three years ago the value of the crop, as exported to the United States, was \$105,758,000, of which Pennsylvania produced 30,000 cases, estimated superior to the residue, and worth \$1,000,000.
The value of the leaf exported is placed at \$25,000,000 annually. The internal revenue tax derived from 1050 manufacturers has amounted to \$26,000,000 annually, excluding the sum derived from cigars and licenses; and altogether all the advantages to labor, transportation and domestic as well as foreign trade cannot be exactly computed, but it is evident from the facts recited that they are numerous.
The superiority of American tobacco has been established everywhere. The Cuban, a limited amount, is preferred for fine cigars, but this preference has caused a large importation of that leaf, which, after fabrication, is now exported to Europe, where it vies with the best of the famous Vuelta Abajo. For general use none grown anywhere else is at all comparable. The Manila leaf, like the Havana, is weak and unpalatable, and contains essential virtues. The action of the Cincinnati convention shows the conviction of manufacturers that the demand will grow. That belief rests upon good grounds, and as the country derives more than \$25,000,000 annually from the export of leaf, and is increasing its export of manufactured tobacco, and has such advantages for making that increment more rapid and more influential in its foreign exchanges, as well as in its domestic industries, we may reasonably expect practical results from this reduced taxation at an early day, which will be seen and felt over a very broad field.
The effect in Pennsylvania should and doubtless will be considerable.—*Phila. North American.*

Found Dead in a Pond.
POTTSVILLE, N. Y., June 23.—Edward Lee, a farmer, who resides near Burgall, Dutchess county, was found dead in Shaw's pond yesterday, with both eyes blackened, a severe bruise on the nose, and a cut over the eye. It is believed he was foully dealt with and an investigation is in progress.
"All of which is new," said the big steam driven "circulator" in the lumber. "Part of which I was," replied the scolding.
Very few men acquire wealth in such a manner as to receive substantial pleasure from it.

M. T. HELMBOLD'S
COMPOUND
Fluid Extract
BUCHU,
PHARMACEUTICAL
A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL
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OF THE
BLADDER & KIDNEYS.
For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest and Head, Itch of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin.
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Epilepsy,
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Paralysis,
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Spinal Diseases,
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Deafness,
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Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bland Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.
Helmbold's Buchu
Invigorates the Stomach.
And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.
A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.
Price \$1 Per Bottle,
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Delivered to any address free from observation.
"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling, by answering the following questions:
1. Give your name and post-office address, county and State, and your nearest express office.
2. Your age and sex?
3. Occupation?
4. Married or single?
5. Height, weight, now and in health?
6. How long have you been sick?
7. Your complexion, color of hair and eyes?
8. Have you a stooping or erect gait?
9. Relate without reservation all you know about your case. Enclose one dollar as a consultation fee. Your letter will then receive our attention, and we will give you the nature of your disease and our candid opinion concerning a cure.
Competent Physicians attend to correspondence. All letters should be addressed to Dispensary, 1217 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
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Druggist and Chemist,
Philadelphia, Pa.
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ED. B. SCULL,
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Send a Penny Postal Card, specifying what is desired, and by return mail you will receive, postage paid, samples of the newest styles of Goods, with the widths and lowest city prices, besides full particulars about ordering.
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THE HINDY PASTE, STOVE
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Having secured the process of Mr. W. M. Morgan's woolen mill, we are now manufacturing a superior quality of woolen goods, and we are prepared to receive orders for the same. We are also manufacturing a superior quality of woolen goods, and we are prepared to receive orders for the same.
Woolen Goods
Blankets, Satinets, Jeans, Repellants, Flannels, Coverlets, Garrets, Yarns, &c.
TRADE FOR WOOL
Our goods are made from the best wool, and we are prepared to receive orders for the same. We are also manufacturing a superior quality of woolen goods, and we are prepared to receive orders for the same.
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