IN A POCKET.

"Well, Well," said good Adonijah Courtney, raising his eyes heavenward. "Providence has indeed afflicted us; but should we mourn as those without hope? Nay, surely not, since all flesh is weak and unable to meet and withstand temptation in its own strength; and our dear boy, Lionel, still gives us hope of his repentance. All is not lost, sister Keziah," and he pressed his spinster companion's withered and trembling hand reassuringly, as he bade his pretty, tearful niece (the culprit's sister) to re-read the letter of confession that had that evening burst like a bombshell in their midst and caused the good and simple-minded great sorrow and anxiety of mind.

Lily Courtney held her brother's singularly jerky and illegibly written epistle open before her. Indeed she had never closed it since it came, but continued to pour over its shaky characters in the vague hope of gleaming a ray of light to illumine the murky record. At her uncle's request, she tried hard to swallow the painful lump that had been apparently growing in her throat ever since her startled mind took in the wretched tidings. She was a gentle, shy-mannered girl, of great personal beauty and equal modesty; but her strong, and as yet untried trait of character was unselfish devotion. She loved the dear old pair who had received her brother and herself in their early orphanage, and who had given every energy and thought to the education and moral training of the otherwise friendless children. Without ever having been outside of Greenville—since she came there a little girl ten years before—Lily knew quite well that her aunt and uncle were singularly innocent and unworldly people, and though she could not help but fall into many of their primitive ways and illogical views, she was quite sure that neither of them was fitted to start out in winter and travel to the great city where her poor dear brother was in trouble. She had quite resolved from the first that she would go to him herself, and when her voice trembled and the choaking sensation oppressed her most as she read on, it was then the conflict between her native timidity and courageous sense of duty occurred.

The note was dated a day or two before Christmas and written in pencil so badly that it was difficult to read. Its style, too, was unlike Lionel's; in fact, there was no way to account for its abrupt and uneven character except the true one. The dreadful snares and temptations of that frightful city, against which the elder pair, who had never passed a night in its poluted air, who had so faithfully warned him—had seized him in their illusive grasp. He had succumbed; he had strayed and fallen from grace; some evil being had robbed him, and now contrite and helpless, he called homeward for relief. His scrawling epistle ran thus:

"MY DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT:—I don't want Lily to be alarmed (it was she that opened the note), so I include her. I have had a misfortune—I trusted myself in these slippery ways. I was a fool not to listen to counsel—but I thought I knew it all; the result is, I became lost, grew confused and fell. Do not alarm yourself, dear aunt and uncle; I might have been much worse. As it is, in the confusion, I lost my pocketbook. The people among whom, on coming to myself, I proved to be, are not of the class for me to remain dependent on for a single day. Please send or come. I inclose address. Regret to alarm you.

With love,

LIONEL."

In a different hand was a complicated direction, which Lily carefully detached and put it in her pocketbook.

That was the first step taken—the rest followed quickly:

"Uncle and aunt, I am going to the city. My mind is made up so please don't say, No. You, dear uncle, are suffering with one of your worst attacks of rheumatism, and aunt's head is threatened with her regular January neuralgia. Martha is needed to look after you both, and Simon can't leave the barn, poor old man. As for me, I was nine years old when I was there last, but I remember the streets perfectly. I could even go to this place"—she pointed to the direction in the pocketbook—"after a little studying of the localities."

She spoke so confident, looked so brave, and withal so hopeful that the good couple could only accept her strength of purpose as providential, and "sent" for the trying occasion.

* * * * * *

It was over. On Christmas day she sat in the centre of the middle car—safest place in case of accidents.

The cold air had frozen the tears on her cheeks; she looked through the blurred window at the dark outline of the old family carriage which Simon was driving up the lane homeward, and sent the venerable occupants a silent kiss pressed against the unsympathetic glass.

The train was a full one; at every station new people came in, and at the second place from Greenville, a gentleman of excellent appearance and pleasing manners came in and found no vacant place except the one beside Lily.

He wore a handsome sable collar round his overcoat; in Lily's startled eye it seemed like a partial mask to his face, and when pointing to the seat, he bowed his request to be allowed to share it, she assented with a start and immediately placed her hand protectingly over her coat-pocket where her money was. She had merely turned her face once toward the newcomer; that once, however, was quite sufficient to show her a pure, oval outline, eyes soft as velvet and lovely brown in color, a straight nose and a mobile, red-lipped mouth—a little compressed and formal in its set—but sweet as an opening bud in June.

Apparantly the stranger was susceptable to female loveliness; he threw off his fur wrapping, adjusted his coatcollar and gave a becoming touch to his hat. He was young and good-looking, and seemed decidedly drawn toward the face that had been quickly averted from his view.

Lily looked steadily out of the window and tried to think of her dear, but unfortunate brother, who left home to enjoy a brief holiday before choosing a profession and so soon falling into life's "slippery way."

"What a pity it is that evil lurks under the most pleasing exteriors," she said to herself, with a sigh, and then she took a furtive peep, out of the corner of her eye at her handsome companion, which caused her to sigh again.

Yes, but he was very prepossessing, but it, was of just such as that she had always been told to beware. Evil delighted to put on an illuring guise; but it was to entrap the unwary, and a charming, smiling exterior was too frequently the mask of the tempter.

Those solemn warnings all recurred to her mind faithfully, but somehow they gave her no great pleasure.

"It is a pity!" she said, and looked out on the wintry prospect, with a fine sharp snow siling through the gray air and the bare tree boughs shivering in the wind.

The shawl that Aunt Keziah's thoughtfulness had added to her niece's wrappings slipped off her knee upon the floor; the observant stranger quickly stooped to lift it. Lily bent down also; their faces nearly met and both were forced to smile.

"I beg your pardon?" said Lily mechanically. Oh, how her face flushed the minute after! She had been first to speak, and had actually addressed herself to a stranger?

"I am the one to apologize! I am very awkward, I am sure!" cried the young man, elaborately repiacing the wrapper.

Lily recovered her self possession, bowed coldly, and again took refuge in peering into the gloomy outer world.

Suddenly without a note of preparation, they shot into a huge dark tunnel. The transition from day to night was so swift that Lily almost screamed, and, do what she would to recover from the shock, her heart kept beating so that she could scarely breathe.

Here was a situation totally unlooked for. Neither her aunt nor her uncle had prepared her mind for this—alone in the darkness, at the mercy of this deceptive and wily stranger, who had no doubt many subtile, mechanical contrivances ot command for extracting pocketbooks from the possession of country victims!

Her breath came shorter; she fancied she a'ready felt something touch her pocket. She was no coward—no, she would not submit to lose her treasure—those crisp green notes of large denomination that were to save Lionel, and put him straight in the paths of rectitude once more. The thought gave her courage; she slipped her hand softly along the thick beaver cloth, plunged it quickly into the pocket and caught a man's hand firmly in her own! Ah! well, it was done, and she had it in a strong tight grip from which, strange to say, it made no effort to free itself; but, though triumphant, no one could ever tell what that act of justice, that defense of right, had cost her!

As she held the guilty member prisoner, her tender woman's heart softened and plead for the offender against her sterner judgment. It was a struggle and a hard one—he might be young in crime, the victim of tempation, of untoward circumstances; she would not give him over to punishment; she would rather shield him from retribution; but she must protect her money.

A pale, grayish atmosphere about them lasts an instant, then out they flash into the clear, bright day, upon which the laggard, wintry sun had just poured a welcome flood of light, showing clearly to her own horrified vision, and the deeply meditative gaze of her companion her little hand thrust deep into his coat-pocket, which closely adjoined her own, and clinched with all the force of its pretty pinkish fingers around his quietly imprisoned digits.

There are some things that happen in eveaybody's life of which the one mostly concerned knowns nothing. Lily Courtney never could tell till her dying day how her hand got out of her neighbor's pocket. She somehow came to herself by-and-bye in a dazed way, her forehead resting against the window-glass, and a succession of crimson blushes chased each other over her burning cheeks. Covertly and by slow degrees she looked around. The seat was empty, the suspected pickpocket—of whom she would never think without heartfelt shame—had left her to her rumination.

They were not very agreeable ones. She had been taught that we could not be too suspicious—she was ready henceforth to deny the assertion entirely.

"I wish I had been robbed rather than have put my hand——" she could go no further even in thought. A blush always interrupted her, "I hope I may never, never see that gentleman again!" She declared, energetically; yet even as she said so, she knew she did not quite mean it. There was time for no further mental conflict—thank goodness, there was the city! It was two in the afternoon.

Lily was just in that mood when one ceases to be confidential even with oneself. She would not acknowledge that she saw the stranger as she crossed the depot; she would not admit that she was dubious about the the direction she should take to reach her brother; in fine, she was vexed and chagrined, uncertain and excited, and could not recognize herself as the resolute young heroine who had left Greenville that morning, relying on a store of good counsel backed by her own sagacity.

At a little distance from the station she hailed a car, after carefully reading its lettered sides. When she consulted the conductor, she learned she was being carried out of her way, and with a shouted line or two of directions ringing about her she descended and took another with a varied but unsatisfactory result. She wished she had not imbibed a prejudice against hacks and their drivers as being the accessories of mysterious disappearances she had read of in those awful city papers; but, tired and distracted as she was, after two hours' aimless car-changing and mistaking of points of the compass, she still could not trust herself, with night approaching to one of those conveyances. She resolved rather to go on foot, asking her way block by block, and she swallowed back her tears and set out sturdily despite the cold. She forgot to be hungry, and was at last fairly on her way.

Then she saw—she could not tell just with what feeling—directly in advance of her the gentleman with the sable collar going the same way. After a time she ceased to ask and followed him blindly. She was half-benumbed now, and she murmured to herself: "I began by suspecting him—now I trust him in the dark!" True enough, night was on; they were turning into mean little streets, having come back in the neighborhood of the depot. A handsome carriage—whose driver seemed to have waited for the stranger—stood at the corner and received a gesture of direction from him. All three—he, Lily and the carriage, paused at a narrow door. It bore the number, and was in the street that Lionel had sent to Greenville. The gentleman knocked then stood back for his companion to enter; the door opened into a close, dirty room, where poor Lionel lay, on an untidy settee, in the act of being made ready for removal by a kind and genial old gentleman, a little hasty in temper, it seemed for he called out at sight of the young man whose pocket Lily had explored: "Well, you've got her at last, have you, Frank Bentley! I've waited long enough, I should say, and this poor boy suffering from a fracture and fever in a place like this. The people who picked him up insensible off the ice out beyond in the next street, have been very kind," he added to the German shoemaker and his wife who stood by. "You found him with his head cut by his fall, his pocket book lost or stolen, and carried him here where he wrote home—and this morning got his senses sufficiently about him to send for me, which was what he should have done at first." The doctor—for he was the doctor with whom Lionel had it in mind to study by-and-bye—talked on in this strain to relieve an evident embarrassment.

Young Dr. Bently, his son, explained, while the sister and brother indulged in a singularly fervent embrace, considering that they had but been two days separated, that he had received his father's message per family servant on his arrival at the depot at two o'clock, but that he was detained by a pressing and most imperattve engagement—(he did not explain that said engagement was his own resolution to follow respectfully and unseen to her destination the pretty timid little Lily of Greenville, who had, by the odd process of entering his pocket stolen his heart. Such things will do to keep, as will Lily's pleased amazement at the family misinterpretation of poor Lionel's letter, written in pain and fever. He, too, proud of his early recollections of the city ways, started on foot over its icy pavements and met with a physical, and a moral fall. That little mistake was explained and laughed over, but Lily did not want hers to share the same fate——to keep it secret she even bribed Frank Bently.

Once he threatened—"Oh, do not tell about my hand!" she whispered entreatingly.

"I won't if you will give it to me," was the answer, in the same key.

Well—Aunt Keziah liked him, Uncle Adonijah found him suitable, and they were married on Christmas eve.—a year after her adventure "in a pocket!"

Arlette, The Child Martyr.

Nearly seven hundred years ago, on a cold, rainy evening, five persons stood together in a little room in one of the poorest streets in the city of Cologne. There were four men and a little girl. It was plain they were hiding, for chilly as it was, they dare not light a fire. At last the bitter cold was more than they could bear, so they ventured to make a small fire. They had scarcely begun to warm themselves, when soldiers burst in and seized them all. They were taken to prison, and soon brought before the judges. Then it was found that their only crime was that they worshiped God, and would not pray to the Virgin Mary or the saints. They were condemned to be burnt to death; but a pardon was offered them if they would not forsake Christ. Three of the men answered at once they could not be unfaithful to their Lord. The fourth, named Robert, hesitated, he was the father of the little girl, Arlette, and her mother had been dead many weeks. But soon he decided like the rest. The judges coaxed an threatened Arlette. They told her they could not save her from being burnt alive, unless she promised to leave her father's religion. She answered steadily, "I cannot forsake the faith." In less than a week the five were led out to the place of execution. The four men were tied each to a stake, and fagots heaped round them. They placed Arlette against a stake, but did not tie her. Then they set fire to the fagots, and some kind-hearted man pulled the little girl away, and said he would save her from the dreadful death, and bring her up not to serve her father's God. "I cannot forsake the faith," said Arlette again. And before they could stop her, she had run to her father and caught hold of his hand. In a few moments, Robert and Arlette were in heaven together.

You and I may be thankful that we have not to bear a cross like Arlette; but we can love the Saviour as well as she did, and be as firm as she was in refusing to do anything that will grieve him.—*Early Days.*

Worth Remembering.

Now that good times are again upon us, before indulging in extravagant show, it is worth remembering that no one can enjoy the pleasantest surroundings if in bad health. There are hundreds of miserable people going about to-day with disordered stomach, liver or kidneys, or a dry hacking cough, and one foot in the grave, when a 50 ct. bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic would do them more good than all the expensive doctors and quack medicines they have ever tried. It always makes the blood pure and rich, and will build you up and give you good health at little cost. Read of it in another column. j. 12

Death from Grief.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, Jan. 24.—Edward Backus, a prominent young attorney of Independence, has been missing some days, and search failed to discover his whereabouts. On Saturday his dead body was found on his wife's grave. In his hand he held a large revolver, one barrel being empty. A large bullet hole in his forehead showed where the missing ball was. Some weeks ago his newly-wedded wife died, and he became downhearted, and to end his misery took his own life at her grave.

Mrs. Partington Says:

Don't take any of the quack rostrums, as they are regimental to the human cistern; but put you trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dilapidation, costive habits and all comic diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe extract of tripod fever. They are the *ne plus ultra* of medicines.—*Boston Globe*

When Greece was in her glory tramps were unknown. If a man started out to be one he was recognized as a philosopher and given a fat position in the government.

Timber Lots.

Not every man who owns a timber lot manages it to the best possible advantage. It seems easy enough, at first thought, to take care of this kind of land. Most people who have had no experience with it would feel sure that it required less than half the skill which is needed to carry on an ordinary farm. But experience is a great teacher and frequently makes unexpected and astonishing revelations. Most men who assume the care of wooded lands find sooner or later that, in order to turn everything at a time and in a manner which will be the most profitable, they need all the ability and skill they possess. It is not very hard to cut off everything that has grown, and put it into the market; but it is a difficult matter to cut at just the right time what should be removed and leave what should remain. There are two opposite directions, in one of which there is a strong libility to err.

Many owners of timber lots cut wood and timber clean wherever they go, and without waiting until the trees reach anything like maturity. This course involves a great waste. All clean cutting must involve loss, if the land is to be kept for growing wood or timber; for it involves the removal of a great many young trees, which are worth nothing of any consequence for wood, but which, having got well started, are in a condition to rapidly increase in value. If the old trees were taken out and the sprouts and young trees allowed to grow, a perpetual wood lot could be easily maintained. But, if everything is cut clean, it will take many years for the growth of anything large enough for wood, and still longer for timber trees to grow. Some people, who do not cut everything, are yearly cutting trees which, though large enough to be of some value, are yet growing rapidly and can only be cut at a great sacrifice; for when a tree has reached a trunk diameter of six or eight inches it has attained a stage at which it makes a much more rapid growth than ever before. Five years added to the age of such a tree insures a large addition to its size and value. At this stage trees seem to grow as much in one year as they do in five of their early life. To cut trees then is like keeping a lot of pullets until they begin to lay, and then, just at the point at which they begin to do something toward paying the expenses of their keeping, killing and selling them for poultry. Everyone can see that this would be a foolish operation, because up to this point considerable expense has been incurred and no income received. To kill the pullets then makes sure of cutting off all receipts from eggs, and the small sum obtained for the meat is far less than would be received for this purpose if they were kept until they were larger and fatter.

There is another extreme to which some owners of wood lands go, which involves about as much loss as the course which has just been described. These men let their timber stand too long, and it becomes injured by the effects of age and its inevitable tendency to decay. The writer has in his mind what was once a splendid grove. It was owned by an old gentleman, who had grown up on the farm containing the grove and whose more than fourscore years dated back to the early life of the trees. In his later years he spoke somewhat sadly of this grove. He knew that the trees were as valuable as they ever would be, and that self-interest dictated their removal; but his affections clung to the old trees, and he determined that they should stand until he was gone. After his death some wagon manufacturers bought the timber and took it from the land. Many a farmer in that community felt a sense of personal loss when those splendid old oaks were removed; yet it was found that the trees had stood far too long for their highest value to be obtained. Many of them had decayed at the stump and bore the marks of injuries inflicted by age. Another piece of wood land, containing a large number of heavy and splendid trees, comes to mind. A few years ago these trees would have been valuable for shipbuilding and for many other purposes; but the owner declined to sell them, and they now remain on his lot monuments to his unwise delay. Probably they would not now sell for more than half what they would have brought fifteen years ago, and the interest on a large sum of money which might have been obtained for them has been lost. Here there was no excuse as in the other instance, as this is merely a common though valuable wood lot. And there are many owners of timber lands in which there are many trees which have passed their prime and are now rapidly on the decline. The loss involved in allowing these trees to stand is very great. They should be removed at once, and the young trees which are growing up around them should thus be given a chance to obtain sunshine and plant-rood which they need for rapid development.

A good method in the management of timber-lots, is to cut out crooked and defective trees, even though they are small. In their growth these poor specimens use materials which if secured by better trees, would prove valuable. The "survival of the fittest" should not be left to slow operations of nature, but should be secured by the prompt action of the owner of the land. Except for special purposes, where such a course seems necessary, trees should not be cut until they are fully developed, or have reached that size which is best adapted to the purpose for which they are designed. But when they have become well matured they should be removed. They will never be any better, and will, if allowed to remain, soon depreciate in value. Besides, if they are promptly taken away, the young trees which remain will grow more rapdly and be enabled to keep up a regular succession of good spicimens of timber.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Supreme Bench.

WASHINGTON, January 26.—The President sent to the Senate to-day the nomination of Stanley Mathews, of Ohio, to be Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, vice Justice Swayne resigned.

Much to the suprise of his friends some opposition was made by Republican Senators to Mr. Matthew's nomination, and the matter was laid over. There are good grounds for the belief that his confirmation will be fought for some days, but just what it is based upon Senators are loath to admit.

When is stealing justifiable? When a blacksmith steels an axe.

A Parable.

The following first appeared in a California paper.

Then shall the Kingdom of Satan be likened to a grain of tobacco seed; which, though exceedingly small, being cast into the ground grew; and became a great plant and spread its leaves rank and broad, so that huge and vile worms formed a habitation thereon. And it came to pass in the course of time that the sons of men looked upon it, and thought it beautiful to look upon; and much to be desired to make lads look big and manly. So they put forth their hand and did chew thereof. And some it made sick. And it farther came to pass that those who chewed it became weak and unmanly, and said: We are enslaved, and can't cease from chewing it. And the mouths of all enslaved became foul; and they were seized with a violent spitting; and they did spit even in ladies' parlors, and in the house of God. And the people of God were greatly plagued thereby. And in the course of time it came also to pass that others snuffed it into the noses of them; and they were taken suddenly with fits, and they did sneeze with a great and mighty sneeze, insomuch that their eyes filled with tears, and they did look exceedingly silly. And yet others cunningly wrought the leaves thereof into rolls, and did set fire to one end thereof, and did suck vehemently at the other end thereof, and did look very grave and calf like; and the smoke ascended up.

And the cultivation thereof became a great and mighty business in the land; and the merchantmen waxed rich by the commerce thereof. And it came to pass that the people of God defiled themselves therewith; even the poor who could not buy shoes, nor bread, nor books for the little ones, spent their money for it. And the Lord was displeased therewith, and said: "Wherefore this waste? and why do these little ones lack bread and shoes and books? Turn now your fields into corn and wheat and put this evil thing far from you; and defile not yourselves any more."

But with one accord they all exclaimed: "We cannot cease from chewing, snuffing, and puffing—we are slaves!"

How to Make Hens Lay.

Having occasion recently to visit a friend in Northern New Hampshire, who has the reputation of making money through the keeping of hens, I found his method of operations somewhat as follows:

The hen-house was in the basement of a workshop building, with windows facing the south. The size of the room where the hens were kept was about fourteen by twenty. The fowls were of the Brown Leghorn variety, and numbered about sixty birds. Although the room seemed small, considering the number of fowls, yet, by means of good ventilation, it answered its purpose well. As we entered the room, the oder of onions attracted my attention.

"Do you give onions to your hens?" I asked.

'Yes. Onions make good green food for hens during the winter. As I had a quantity on hand, unfit for market, I am feeding them out in this way to good advantage."

"How do you feed your hens during the month?"

'In the morning I give them a dough made of bran and boiled potatoes. At intervals of two or three days I put cayenne pepper with this mixture. At noon I feed such scraps as are left at my table. In the evening I give my fowls about two quarts of whole corn, believing that this grain remains longer in the craw than any other. Twice a week I feed them meat. I buy cheap mutton, chopping up bones and all before feeding. Every day I furnish a supply of pure warm water, also keeping before them at all times a pan of ground oyster-shell."

"Do your hens pay you a good profit?"

"Most certainly. The net profit from my hens more than pay our grocer's bills. There is no guess work about this statement, as I keep an exact account, showing the debts and credits in full detail.—A correspondent in the *American Cultivator.*

Keep Sheep

At least a few sheep should be kept on every farm. No kind of stock is more profitable. In starting a flock, a few superior animals should be chosen instead of double the number of inferior ones. The increased value of a flock range from good sheep, will greatly exceed the increased cost of a few good ones to start with, over what inferior ones would have cost. Start with good sheep and keep them good or make them better by generous keeping. If one intends to half starve his sheep he might as well begin with half starved ones, as they would be more likely to "hold their own" than those used to better keeping. Sheep keeping, however, is not profitable when the starving process is adopted, and we would not recommend it to farmers who practice any such methods. When good sheep are purchased to start with and are well kept, sheep keeping is profitable, beneficial to the farm, and is to be commended.

An Ancient Dame.

WASHINGTON, January 26.—A certificate of the death of Mrs Sally Hunter, aged 115 years, has been received at the Health Office. Mrs. Hunter was born in Westmoreland county, Va., in 1766, and belonged to the Washington estate, being one of the servants manumitted by the General's will. She lived in that county until the war, when she and her children came to this city, where she has since resided. This is supposed to be the last servant of Geo. Washington.

Fall of Coal.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., January 27.—The largest fall of top coal and rock ever known in this valley, occurred in the Empire mines yesterday afternoon, when two thousand tons fell, burying two miners, Morris Evan and his son Thomas. Hundreds of men are at work digging for the bodies. The cause of the fall is not yet known.

Health, hope and happiness are restored by the use of LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. It is a positively cure for all those diseases from which women suffer so much. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet.

What fish have their eyes nearest together? The smallest.

Brudder Gardner on Poverty.

"I war axed by a white man de odder day," remarked the old man as he whiped off the end of his nose, "how much poultry dis club would send out to de poor fer deir Christmas dinner. When I told him we shouldn't send as much as one wing ob a lean pullet he abused me as selfish an' hard hearted, an' preached me a long sermon on charity. Now let me say a few remarks. In de fust place, poo' people are jist as much a fixture in dis world as de sun or moon. Dey has allus been an' allus will be. I nebber yit foun' a poo' man who wanted to better his condishen dat he didn't hab lots of chances to do so. It am no mo' de bizness ob de sun to shine fo' one sartin class. If de poo' expect it, it am bekase ob deir cheek. Let me ax you what good it does fur a family who am libin' on meal an' bacon an' tea to find a big Christmas turkey on de table? Ten times out o' 'leven it will be sold to de nearest grocery or s'loon.

When it am cooked and eaten it's sartin to make some one sick. Gibben' ole cloze to de poo' makes 'em lazy. If a man kin git his liben' widout work, what's de use ob workin'? Every meal sot out for a tramp goes to prove to dat man dat hard work am only for dull men. You can't find me ten cases of sufferin' poverty in Detroit whar de sufferers am not directly 'sponsible fur deir condishun, an' what dey couldn't improve if dey would. Charity means ty forgive faults in your fellow men. It doan' mean feedin' loafers and lazy boneses. Dis club will help a widow or an orphan, but when it comes to the gineral poo' dey shall have neither smypathy nor aid. If de Lord had intended dat one-half de world should work hard to support de odder half loafin' aroun' we should have got de news long 'nuff affore dis time."

Women on the Bench.

Some years ago the emminent lawyer Henry W. Paine, of Massachusetts tried a case for a lady client, but did not receive a decision in his favor, although justice and equity would have warranted it. As he and his client were leaving the Court-room, the lady, who is well known as an exponent of woman's rights, said to him:

"That was rank injustice."

"Certainly, madam," Mr. Paine replied.

"Mr. Paine," the lady continued, "when we women get a chance to sit on that bench, such injustice will not be possible."

With one of his rich, rare smiles the great lawyer said:

"Madam I never expect to see a greater set of old women than are at present on the Massachusetts Supreme Court bench.

How He Got Out.

When a young businessman of Detroit, recently married, returned home the other day at his usual dinner hour, his young wife surprised him by saying: "Well, you got out, did you?" "Got out?" replied the husband. "Out of what?" "Why, out of the station. Weren't you in the Central station?" was the wife's response. "What kind of a stiff are you giving me, any way?" demanded the husband. Imagine his indignation when his innocent wife of a few months drew from her bosom the following note and handed it to him:

"Central Station—Dear Tilly: I am in trouble from trying to prevent the arrest of a friend. Send me ten dollars per bearer."

Your own Bob.

The ten dollars and the young man who got it have not since been heard from.

Bombarding a Hotel.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 26.—A special from Lompec, Santa Barbara county, states that some parties, at present not known, tried to blow up the Lompoc Hotel, Monday night, by throwing four bombshells through the widows. Only one exploded. It bursted the doors, windows and partitions, causing great confusion. Two were tossed in the sleeping room of Mr. and Mrs. Butehard, but did not explode. One in the billiard room also failed to explode. Had they all exploded, the building would have been completely destroyed and several lives lost. The size of the bombshells was two feet two inches in circumference, and weighed nearly six pounds each.

A Foolish Mistake.

Don't make the mistake of confounding a remedy of acknowledged merit with the numerous quack medicines that are now so common. We speak from experience when we say that Parker's Ginger Tonic is a sterling health restorative and will do all that is claimed for it. We have used it ourselves with the happiest results for Rheumatism and when worn out by overwork. See adv.—*Times.*

Salt in Sowing.

Some French as well as some German authorities recommend the use of salt at the rate of one hundred and fifty pounds per acre for clover and other leguminous plants; for wheat and flax, two hundred and fifty pounds; and for barley and potatoes, three hundred pounds—to be sown broad cast in the spring season, before the herbage has attained any considerable growth.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nineteen, twentieths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitter is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs.—*Maine Farmer.*

A lover, who was slighted by the females, very modestly asked a young lady, "if she would let him spend an evening with her?" "No," she angrily replied, "that's what I won't." "Why," replied he, "you needn't be so fussy; I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one, when I can't go anywhere else."

Pennsylvania sends oak timber to England.

"As the twig is bent," the boy is fully inclined to shoot out at the door.

When is a boat like a heap of snow? When it is a-drift

When is a wall like a fish? When it is scaled.

☞Subscribe for the HERALD.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is today recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM' LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

FOR SALE BY
C. N. BOYD,
DRUGGIST,
Somerset, Pa.

Ayer's

Cathartic Pills

Combine the choicest cathartic principles in medicine, in proportions accurately adjusted to secure activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. They are the result of years of careful study and practical experiment, and are the most effectual remedy yet discovered for diseases caused by derangement of the stomach, liver, and bowels, which require prompt and effectual treatment. AYER'S PILLS are specially applicable to this class of diseases. They act directly on the digestive and assimilative processes, and restore regular healthy action. Their extensive use by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, is one of the many proofs of their value as a safe, sure, and perfectly reliable purgative medicine. Being compounded of the concentrated virtues of purely vegetable substances, they are positively free from calomel or any injurious properties, and can be administered to children with perfect safety.

AYER'S PILLS are an effectual cure for Constipation or Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach and Breath, Dizziness, Headache, Loss of Memory, Numbness, Biliousness, Jaundice, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, Colic, Gripes, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Gout, Piles, Disorders of the Liver, and all other diseases resulting from a disordered state of the digestive apparatus.

As a Dinner Pill they have no equal.

While gentle in their action, these PILLS are the most thorough and searching cathartic that can be employed, and never fail to act upon the bowels are inflamed, and then their influence is healing. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs; they operate to purify and enrich the blood, and impart renewed health and vigor to the whole system.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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C. N. BOYD,
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Somerset, Pa.

Profitable Reading for Everybody

Business men and women, teachers, mechanics, farmers, ministers, mothers, and all who are tired out by the constant toil and worry of your work, don't drink intoxicating bitters, but use

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Are you suffering from Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or with Bowel, Kidney, Liver or Urinary complaints, you can be cured by using

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

If you are wasting away with Consumption, female weakness or any sickness; if you have a painful cough or bad cold, you will find sure relief in

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

If you are enfeebled by disease, old age or dissipation, and your system needs invigorating, or if you have pimples and blotches, and your blood needs purifying, you can always depend on

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Made from Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia, and many other of the best medicines known it is the Best Health and Strength Restorer Ever Used, and is far superior to Bitters, Essences of Ginger and other Tonics, as it never intoxicates, and combines the best curative properties of all.

It Has Saved Hundreds of Lives; It May Save Yours.

Buy a 50c. bottle of your druggist, and to avoid counterfeits be sure our signature is on the outside wrapper. HOSTER & Co., Chemists, N. Y.

Parker's Hair Balsam. Elegantly Perfumed. Perfectly Harmless.

The Best & Most Economical Hair Dressing

Containing only ingredients that are beneficial to the hair and scalp, the BALSAM will be found far more satisfactory than any other preparation.

It Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair to the original youthful color and is warranted to remove dandruff, prevent baldness and stop falling of the hair. *Sold by druggists at 50 cents.*

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C. N. BOYD,
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HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.

Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

FOR SALE BY
C. N. BOYD,
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Somerset, Pa.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

Estate of John A. Snyder late of Milford Twp., Somerset County, Pa., dec'd.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will please present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Wednesday, March 16, 1881, at the store of J. B. Snyder, in Somerset borough.

J. B. SNYDER,
GEO. B. SNYDER,
Administrators.

Feb. 2

JOHN F. BLYMYER,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints

OILS, &C., &C.

The following is a partial list of Goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Adzes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Files, Hammers, &c., Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buggy Trees, Bits, and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors. Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is very large and comprises very elegant styles. Ditstons Circular, Muley and Cross-cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds. Shovels, Forks, Spades, Rakes, Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Snaths, Sledges, Cast Steel, Mason Hammers, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Looking Glasses, Washboards, Clothes Wringers, Meat Screws, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope of all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Trace Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust, and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, &c.

DOOR-LOCKS, HINGES, SCREWS, LATCHES, DOOR-KNOBS

and everything in the builder's line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder, Safety Fuse, &c.

The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE.

"No. 3, BAER'S BLOCK."

January 2, 1880. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

Eyes! Eyes! Eyes

If you wish to preserve your sight get a pair of Spectacles or Eye Glasses that suit you eyes. I have the finest stock of Glasses in the County and will guarantee satisfaction.

EYE GLASSES in Rubber Frames and FRAMELESS Eye Glasses,

Spectacles, Nearsighted Glasses, Colored Glasses, Shooting Glasses, Goggles. Anything not in stock will be ordered when desired. Goods will be exchanged if not suitable. Those who need glasses should call and examine my stock.

C. N. BOYD,
Druggist,
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