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H. M. KIMMELL. H. S. KIMMELL. DR. E. M. KIMMELL & SON offer their professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. One of the members of the firm can at all times, unless professionally engaged, be found at their office, on Main Street, east of the Diamond.

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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.

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GOOD WORDS FOR ALL.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own,
Remember those with houses of glass
Should never throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
Than talk of those who sin;
Yes, brethren, we commence at home,
And from that point begin.
We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults, and who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know
Have fifty to their one.
I'll tell you of a better plan,
That I find works quite well;
To try my own defects to cure,
Ere others faults to tell.
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me tell
The faults of others go.
Then let us all when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm our work may do
To those we little know.
Remember sometimes curses like
Our chickens, roost at home;
Don't speak of others faults until
We have none of our own.

BY THE LAKE

"What!" said Mrs. Haven, almost in a shriek.

"It true," said her husband. "The are coming to visit us—every one of 'em! My sister Caroline, because the Scarborough hotels are too intolerably hot for endurance; cousin Herbert Haller, because he is an æsthete, and wants to study nature from a level hitherto untrodden; Mrs. Johnson, because the children don't get well after the whooping-cough; aunt Sadie, on account of a difficulty with her landlady on the subject of poodle dogs; and uncle Jenks because he has never visited us, and wants to know what my wife is like."

"Dear me," faintly gasped Mary Haven, looking around her pretty sitting room, draped in pink chintz, fragrant with fresh flowers, and decorated with gilt bird cages, water color sketches and Kensington embroidery; "what am I to do?"

"Do?" repeated her husband, who was intent on clipping off the end of his cigar, so that it should draw satisfactorily. "There is but one thing to do—let 'em come."

"All at once?"

"Yes, all at once."

"And I with only one girl, and the thermometer at ninety in the shade, and the painters in possession of the second story," hysterically cried the lady.

"Couldn't be a better combination of circumstances, my dear," said Mr. Haven,

"I don't believe these people care a straw about seeing me," said Mrs. Haven, ready to burst into tears.

"Neither do I," said her husband.

"It's only on account of their convenience, the hot weather, and the high prices at the hotels," added Mrs. Haven.

"Hugh, I've a great mind to commit suicide."

"Don't do that, my dear," said Mr. Haven. "I can suggest a better plan. I was just thinking, do you know—"

"Of telegraphing to the city for a new force of servants, a box of provisions from Fortnum & Masyn's, half a dozen cots, with hair mattresses and bedding to match?" eagerly interrupted the lady.

"Nothing of the sort," interrupted Mr. Haven, serenely eying the distant landscape through the amethyst rays of cigar smoke, "Of moving."

"Moving, Hugh?"

"To the little cottage by the lake," Mr. Haven explained.

"Only for a few days, merely on account of repairs at the house.

"Paint upsets my digestion, and the sound of a carpenter's hammer sets my teeth on edge.

"Besides, Hodge, the contractor, can work a good deal faster if we're all out of the way."

"But, Hugh, the cottage is nothing on earth but a camping-out place, with board floors, and not a particle of plaster or paint about it, Remonstrated Mary.

"What of that, my love?" said the imperturbable husband.

"Our friends don't come, as I take it, to admire fresco and gilding, but to enjoy our society."

"They'll think we live there always," said Mrs. Haven, with corrugated brow.

"That is precisely what I wish them to think, my dear."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Haven.

"You follow my meaning?"

"I—think—I begin—to," said she, with an amused light beginning to sparkle in her eyes.

"Yes, dear, perhaps it would be a good plan to move—just while the repairs are in progress."

And she hurried up stairs to pack a few necessaries at once.

The cottage by Windermere was not an imposing edifice.

There was plenty of room in it, such as it was, but the floors were of rude pine boards, the windows were undraped, and the furniture was such as was adapted merely to the wants of camping parties who were prepared to rough it after the most primitive fashion, and when Mrs. Caroline Montague Prout drove up to the door in a break heavily laden with trunks, she stared through her gold eye-glasses in a most ridiculous manner at the rude porch, the shutterless windows, and the unpainted wood settees on the grass.

"This isn't The Solitudes!" she said. "Drive on, man! You have made a mistake."

"This 'ere's where Lawyer Haven's folks live," said the man, leisurely chewing a straw.

"Guess it's enough of a 'solitude' to suit anybody."

"I thought it was a picturesque, cottage," said Mrs. Montagu Prout in accent of the keenest disappointment.

But at this moment Mrs. Haven hurried to the door.

"I think you must be my husband's sister Caroline," said she graciously, "Do come in."

"But where are the trunks to go?" said the fashionable widow, who had dazzled the eyes of the Scarborough world with her numerous changes of toilet during the last fortnight.

"You can put them in the shed at the back of the barn," said Mrs. Haven.

"I don't think they will quite go up the stairway."

Mr. Haller arrived later in the day—a long-haired, sallow-complexioned young man, in a violet velveteen suit, followed by a countryman carrying his portable easel, color-cases, traveling library, and writing desk.

He knocked loudly at the door of the cottage with the ivory knob of his cane.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Haven lives?" said he.

"This is the place," said the hostess.

"This?" echoed Mr. Haller.

"You are cousin Herbert, I suppose?"

"Walk in. My husband will come by the evening train. Allow me to show you to your room. It is rather small; but we are expecting a good deal of company, and I dare say you won't mind a little inconvenience.

And she left him in a seven-by-nine apartment under the eaves, where he could not stand upright, except just in the middle of the room, and where the three pane window was close to the floor.

"Humph!" soliloquised the æsthete, looking around him, "this isn't at all what I expected."

Mary Haven had scarcely got down stairs and resumed the manufacture of raspberry pies, when shouts and cries in various keys announced the coming of Mrs. Johnson and her four children from the nearest station.

"Is this cousin Hugo's house, ma?" said Adelaide, the eldest, discontentedly.

"It ain't nothin' but a shanty," loudly proclaimed Alexander Gustavus, the second hope of the family.

"There ain't no paint on it," said Helen Louise.

"Lemme get out! lemme get out!" cried Juletta, "and play in that lovely black mud where that frog is sitting."

Mrs. Johnson sailed in with a scarlet face and a perturbed look.

"I'm afraid, cousin Mary," said she, "that we shall inconvenience you. There don't seem to be much accommodation here."

"Oh, there's plenty of room up in the garret, such as it is," said Mrs. Haven, smiling.

"Of course, one expects to lead a gipsy sort of life in a place like this; and the lake will be so nice for the little dears to play in, if only they are a little careful, for it's so lucky you are here, cousin Johnson, to help me with the pies and bread, for I'm not a very experienced housekeeper, and—"

"I thought you kept two or three servants," said Mrs. Johnson, frigidly.

"I have only one young girl just at present," said Mrs. Haven; "and, of course, when there's so much company, there's a great deal to do.

"Oh! there comes an old lady with a sweet little dog."

She glanced out of the open doorway.

"Goodness me! if it ain't that intolerable old aunt Sadie, with her inevitable dog," groaned Mrs. Johnson, as a fat elderly lady toiled up the path, in a scarlet shawl and a black lace hat.

"Bless me!" said aunt Sadie, purple with the heat and dripping with perspiration, "you don' never mean to say, niece Haven, that this 'ere's the place I've heard tell of on the lake—what d'ye call it?"

"It is where we live at present," said Mrs. Haven, quietly.

"I'm downright sorry I left the hotel at the railroad," said aunt Sadie, sadly.

"I ain't used to these unplastered houses, and I'm most sure Trip will catch a bad cold."

Uncle Jenks was the last one to come—a shrewd, brown-faced old man, in a gray suit, and with keen eyes like an eagle.

He looked around him and seemed to take in the situation at once.

"No servants, eh?" said he.

"Well, it's lucky I came.

"I'm pretty handy to fetch water and split wood, and help about generally; and you're pretty slim, my dear, to do all the work of this house with only a young bit of a girl to help you."

"So Hugh has'nt done real well in business?

"I've a little money uninvested myself, and I don't know as I could do better with it than to lend it to my sister's son."

Thus he spoke, cheery and kind, while Mrs. Montague Prout fanned herself, cousin Herbert Haller did battle with the flies and wasps, Mrs. Johnson followed her four children about in ceaseless terror lest they should be drowned, and aunt Sadie felt her dog's pulse and groaned over the heat.

One night at the cottage settled she question of "to stay or not to stay," in the mind of Mrs. Haven's guests.

"I never slept in such a hot place in my life," said Mrs. Johnson.

"The bed was not long enough for me to stretch myself out in, and the eaves touched my forehead," said cousin Herbert.

"The owls hooted all night in the woods," said aunt Sadie, "and kept dear little Trip barking until he was hoarse."

"I would'nt stay here if you would pay me a hundred pounds a week," said Mrs. Montague Prout, thinking of her pink silk party-dresses, and twelve buttoned kid gloves.

"Well," said uncle Jenks, drily, "it ain't just the location I should have selected for a summer residence, but I ain't going off to leave Hugh and his wife while I can manage to be useful to them."

So the company departed, with various adieus and insincere protestations of regard, and only uncle Jenks was left; and then Mr. Haven tood his cigar out from between his lips.

"Uncle Jenks," said he, "suppose we go up and see how the carpenters and painters are getting along with the conservatory up at the house."

"At what house?" seid uncle Jenks.

"Mine."

"Don't you live here?" asked uncle Jenks.

"Not all the time," said Mr. Haven, smiling.

"We only came here to accommodate such of our relations as merely desired to make a convenience of us."

"Oh!" said uncle Jenks, a slow smile beginning to break over his face.

And Mary Haven confessed that her husband's advice had proved excellent.

Uncle Jenks, the one of the troop who really cared two straws for them, was with them still—the rest had all been frightened away by the rusticities of the Windermere cottage.

"And I wish them *bon voyage*," said Mr. Haven.

"So do I," agreed Mary.

The Husband Poisoners.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Standard* gives some further particulars respecting the extraordinary trial in Hungary. He states that Thekla Popov, the peasant woman who is being tried on a charge of aiding and abetting upwards of one hundred women in poisoning their husbands, is a very remarkable character—destined to occupy a position at once unique and picturesque in the annals of crime. She is a gipsy, and is now some seventy years of age. She lived in a little village named Melencze, and it may almost be said that murder was her trade. People say she had her agents and emissaries, whose business it was to keep up her "connection," and it must have been a horrid and gruesome spectacle to see the grizzly hag seated in her arm chair every day receiving her customers during business hours and giving them the diabolical advice and aid they sought. They were nearly all married women from the neighboring country side, eager, for some reason or other, to get rid of husbands who obstinately refused to die in the ordinary course of nature, but who, by Theckla's friendly offices, might be made amenable to the resources of art. These wretches paid the old gipsy a fee of from fifty to a hundred florins for each bottle of poison they bought, and they were duly instructed by her in the safest methods of its "exhibition.". Thekla Popov's clients were, however, not always married women. Sometimes she had dealings with young girls who quarreled with their sweethearts, and who from jealousy or rage had determined to kill them. This womans' terrible trade prospered amazingly for two years. She excited no suspicion, because the drugs she administered acted slowly, though surely, and in their effects stimulated symptoms of disease. Even now that the bodies of some of her victims have been exhumed they show no signs of poisoning, though the stomachs are eaten away.

The first case that set people on the alert was that one of Jocza Kukin, a rich peasant, who died at Melencze two months ago. Ugly rumors about his death were spread, and the gossips whispered mysterious hints of foul play. There was in consequence an inquest, but the most careful post mortem examination failed to reveal any trace of poisoning in his case. The whole story was slipping out of the memories of the villagers, when, suddenly, a dreadful revelation was made. A gipsy girl, the daughter of old Thekla Popov came before the court of Gross Bedskerek, and horrified it by the tale she had to tell. She confessed that she had given the wife of Jocza Kukin a bottle of some red liquid poison prepared by her mother. She had done this by her mother's instructions. Having had a quarrel with her respected parent over some property, she determined to betray her. Thekla Popov's daughter further declared that she had actually seen Kukin's wife pour this poison into his coffee, and she told her mother what she knew and had seen. To this the old gipsy replied, "One day I will poison you unless you hold your tongue."

Of course this statement caused Thekla Popov and the widow of Kukin to be arrested. They, however, denied the charge brought against them. Oddly enough, the Judge, by a clever ruse not quite in keeping with English notions of fair play to accused prisoners, managed to hear the two women talking the affair over in jail. Among other things he overheard was Kukin's widow saying to her accomplice, "Well, I am young and pretty. He was old and ugly; why should he not die?" The Judge after that had little doubt that the prisoners were guilty. They were therefore put on trial and the clew thus unexpectedly placed in the hands of the authorities was actively followed up. Strange discoveries were soon made, showing that from the woman Thekla Popov as a centre a vast and complex ramification of crime extended far and wide throughout the community. The trial has been deferred for several weeks so that the bodies of men supposed to have been murdered by their wives may be exhumed and subjected to post-mortem examination.

Lady Beautifiers.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.

Accidentally Shot in the Back.

JOHNSTOWN, Sept. 7.—A loaded pistol was discharged while in the pocket of Thomas Burket, a young man employed on a Cambria Iron Company locomotive to-day. The ball struck him in the back and has not yet been extracted.

The Coming Campaign.

In little more than two months the people of Pennsylvania will be called upon to decide what shall be the public policy of the State for the next four years and possibly for a longer period. There are at present but two parties that can, with any degree of assurance, lay claim to the high privilege of moulding and directing this policy. There are other factions or parties in the field at this time, but none of them can possibly pretend or even hope to gain sufficient strength to place them in control of the State Government. In this condition of affairs it is incumbent upon every good citizen to ask what are the respective principles of the opposing parties—what are their antecedents and what the possible future policy of any that may be placed in power.

The Republican party has had control of the State Government for over twenty years, and in that time has done nothing which should forfeit the confidence of the voters of Pennsylvania, but, on the contrary, has made a record that stands unsurpassed if not unequaled by that of any other party which has been entrusted with the management of this great Commonwealth.

This great party of the past brought into existence by the necessities of a Nation, is again before the people asking for a continuance of its power. There can be no middle ground in this contest. Its result will be either Gov. Beaver or Gov. Pattison. The talk of success under Stewart is as idle as the clatter about purification of the party this year by defeat, and its reuniting next year stronger and better. Once defeated and disorganized, years may not repair the injury, and those who are instrumental in its defeat, yet professedly strong in its principles, will bitterly regret the folly of their course. The bitterest taunt that can be thrust at those of independent, bolting tendencies is that they are not Republicans in principle. While professing to be struggling for a principle akin to that of their fellow Republicans, they yet seek to throttle and choke that party which has the only possible chance of carrying out that which they pretend to be contending for. This fight is claimed to be not one against principle but one purely against methods. Where do methods originate and how do they gain strength? If brought into existence by selfish and imperious men is it not the fault of the people if they grow and flourish? It is the proud boast of American Republicanism that all power emenates from the people, and if offensive methods creep in the fault is with them. How many of these so-called reformers watch the primaries as carefully as they endeavor to find fault with that which is done in conventions by those of like faith with themselves. If their efforts for reform were made at the beginning the result might be more in accordance with their liking.

What cause of complaint can any Republican have with the regular State ticket, which he is asked to support in the coming contest. Dare any one say that the convention which placed it in nomination was composed of delegates not fairly and honorably chosen? Dare any one say that it did not fairly represent the sentiment of the electors by whom it was chosen? Seldom has any candidate received the proud distinction of being placed at the head of the Republican ticket without a single opposing candidate or a single dissenting vote. Gen. Beaver to-day bears this proud distinction of a nomination unsought and unchallenged by any of his fellow Republicans in convention. Can Mr. Stewart say as much? If Mr. Stewart desires to reform party methods let him endeavor to do it in some other way, and in opposition to some other man, who stands in different relation to the people of Pennsylvania than Gen. Beaver. Not a candidate of the so called bosses, Mr. Stewart seeks to make capital out of the fact that Gen. Beaver receives their support. These gentlemen should be allowed the same freedom of opinion and preference which Mr. Stewart claims for himself and their support when exercised in a legitimate way is as truly republican, and as valuable as any which he might give. Does any one suppose that if Mr. Cameron had given his aid to Mr. Stewart, that this distinguished gentleman would have objected to it? His previous acts and solicitations of public preferment seem to point in a different direction.

But have Mr. Stewart's efforts been directed solely at what he calls objectionable methods? Do his acts bear him out? If anything objectional could be found in the nomination of Gen. Beaver, did not he as well as all others have an opportunity of correcting it. What more could anyone ask, what more could be offered than the peace proposition of the regular Republican committee. It was so simple, fair and plain that none could be misled. Nothing more than that both candidates should step down from the heads of the Republican tickets, and that the people should decide who should lead the Republican party in the coming contest. Yet Mr. Stewart and his colleagues haughtily reject this, and say to the Republicans of Pennsylvania that they shall not place in nomination the man of their choice, a man whose personal character none dare smirch, and whose shattered body attests the sincerity of his principles. If there is any more refined system of bossism than the position assumed by these honorable gentlemen it has yet to be developed.

The issues in this campaign are plain and simple and must be decided before long. If republican supremacy must go down and democracy become triumphant in the state, those who cast their votes in support of a gallant soldier and a tried Republican, will have no cause for regret at their sourse, but will rather wonder at the folly of those who seemed solely bent on their own destruction and that of the Republican party.

But we have no fear that those who have heretofore been steadfast in their political faith will at this time be so forgetful of all the past, and thoughtless of the future as to surrender the Republican stronghold of Pennsylvania to the Democracy and possibly imperiling the result in 1884; but believe they will again assert their confidence in Republicanism by electing Gen. Beaver, and in the future make needed reforms by legitimate methods.—*Star and Sentinel.*

Climate of the Nile Delta.

The military operations in Egypt have recently invested the climate of the Nile delta with so much interest that the results of a seven years' series of observations made under the auspices of the Austrian Meterological Society in that region have been published in England. It appears from these reliable data that the hottest weather of the year occurs in the Nile delta at the end of September and in the first half of October, so that Sir Garnet Wolseley's troops have yet to pass through the most trying climatic ordeal of the campaign. At Alexandria the highest recorded temperature is 103 degrees, but at Cairo the maximum exceeds 116, and the daily alternations of heat, which, perhaps, most severely test the health of an army, are also considerably greater. "Though the coast of the Nile delta receives a few winter showers," says Keith Johnson, "there is only an average of thirteen rainy days in the year at Cairo, in the apex of the delta." The Austrian meteorological series shows that the average rainfall, while nothing at all in the three summer months, is scarcely appreciable in September even at Alexandria. It is, of course, useless for Arabi Bey to hope for any serious discomfiture of the British army by exposure to the severe autumn climate of Egypt. But, as the maximum rise of the Nile generally occurs in October at Cairo, and the British troops will increasingly suffer until then from the terrible heat, the decisive operations of the campaign may be considerably delayed. The Russian army in its advance towards Khiva in the campaign of 1839-40 experienced vicissitudes of temperature from a heat of over 100 degrees to a cold of 45 degrees below zero, and Khiva owed its safety to the climate of the neighboring deserts. But the present case is very different, and the issue in the Nile Valley must be decided by other than natural forces.

Condition of the Crops.

WASHINGTON, September 12.—The September report of the Department of Agriculture on the condition of cotton shows an improvement since the first of August in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Texas, and some deterioration in South Carolina, Georgia and States of the gulf coast to Louisiana inclusive. The general average of August was 94; of Septemoer 92; the same as September of 1880, and higher than any other season for ten years.

The corn crop in all the region south of Pennsylvania and the Ohio river is in high condition in every State except West Virginia, represented by 100 or higher figures. In many districts of the South the crop is reported the best in twenty years. In the New England States there has been a very sharp decline, except in Vermont—from 81 to 75 in Maine, 95 to 62 in New Hampshire, 87 to 70 in Massachusetts, 93 to 70 in Rhode Island, and from 96 to 65 in Connecticut. A decline of eight points in New York and New Jersey and four in Pennsylvania is indicated. The loss in all these States is due to drought, which has been especially severe in New England. There has been abundant rain in all the other States. In the corn growing States of the Ohio valley the prospects average very nearly as at last report; general average of condition 83, same as in August. Last year there was a decline from 77 in August to 60 in September. In 1881 the September average was 91. If early frosts do not injure the crop the product will be materially larger than last year, but the heavy production of 1879 and 1880 cannot be approached under the most favorable circumstances.

The oats crop when harvested was in unusually high condition, yielding heavily in threshing; general average 100, very few States falling below that figure, among them New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia.

The rye crop was also above the average in nearly all the States, and harvested in good condition.

The general average for tobacco is 89; in Pennsylvania 88, Maryland 92, Virginia 93, Kentucky 91, Ohio 65, Missouri 93.

A woman with a market basket on her arm and a big bouquet of flowers in her hand, was waiting at the ferry dock when a man of pleasant address approached her and said:

"Madam, that is a very fine nosegay."

"Yes sir."

"I think it is the finest one I ever saw, and I have been in twenty-seven different States."

"Yes sir,"

"There is a pansy hiding itself behind the rose. According to the language of flowers the pansy stands for: 'Darling I cannot live without you.' I likewise observe the rose bud. The language of a rose bud is: 'I'm looking for a husband.' Madam, do you understand the language of flowers."

"Yes sir."

"What is the language of that tulip?"

"The tulip says, sir, if you don't stump along with your brazen impudence, I'll have you walk into the cooler!" was the firm reply. He stumped.

A darkey, after falling from a two-story window, and striking head first on the pavement, got up and said to an alarmed spectator: "I 'clar' to goodness, if I fell anoder story I'd a broke dat stone."

The Place to Study the Stocking Question at a Watering Place.

"Next time you visit a bathing resort," says a lady contributor to the San Francisco Chronicle, "look at the dozen different limbs splashing around, and you will realize that to properly study the stocking question you should begin at a watering place.

"When Miss Slimshanks goes in bathing she wears ringed stockings. This is not because she is a belle, but because those kind make her legs look larger.

Longitudinal stripes, on the contrary, are the especial property of women of forty who are fair and fat; and streaked and spreckled hose are generally worn by those who do not understand the real power of a pretty leg.

The girl with a real pretty limb incases it in a plain tint—flesh, rose or light blue. That shows the full contour and outline against the water back-ground.

"The same rule that applies to bathing custom and costumes applies to every-day life. For this reason: A girl, when she bathes, dresses her leg for show. So she does in ordinary every-day life. The only difference is that in one case she shows it and in the other she don't.

"A glimpse of dainty black boot capped, by a few inches of snowy stocking vanishing amid mysterious and rustling masses of whitest skirting more enthralls men than the glance at a flirting eye or a ruby lip.

"Neglected wives, let me give you a point: Incase yourselves in a dainty wrapper, and have it open six inches from the bottom, so you can show your feet. Put on a pretty, low-cut slipper, and spend more taste upon the stockings you wear than the ribbons in your hair.

"Show these feet unostentatiously, in fact, bashfully, to the lord of the house; keep them before his eyes; dress yourself so upon every opportunity, and keep it up, and then, mark my words no other woman can touch his fickle heart.

"When poets like Swinburne, Tennyson and Oscar Wilde sing 'kissing the dainty, soft white feet' of the women they betray their sex. Men do like pretty feet and legs, and will to the end of the world."

Accommodating.

In the wild Western neighborhood the sound of a church-going bell had never been heard; notice was given that the Rev. Mr. A——, a distinguished Presbyterian divine, would preach on a certain day.

The natives who consisted of those hardy pioneers who have preceded civilization, came to hear him. They had an indistinct idea that "preaching" was something to be heard, and all attended to hear it.

After the service had begun, a raw-boned hunter, with rifle in hand, and all the accoutrements of the chase about him, entered and took the only vacant seat—a