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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXXII. NO 44. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1884. WHOLE NO. 1709.

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MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

I married one evening in autumn,
A rosy-cheeked, rollicking girl;
Her eyes were as bright as midsummer,
Her teeth were like pebbles of pearl.
The presents were early presented,
As handsome as ever I saw;
But donors quite frequently whispered:
"Beware of your mother-in-law."

I rented a one-story cottage,
Just out of the noise of the town,
And happy as orioles mated,
We settled contentedly down.
And somehow it presently happened
That bundles and dainties I saw
Pass into the door of our kitchen,
Sweet gifts from my mother-in-law.

Sometimes when my labor was heavy,
And wages exceedingly low,
I sank on my pillow discouraged,
Bewailing my trials and woe;
But trouble was suddenly lifted,
And icy ill-humor would thaw,
When round rolling dollars would jingle
From the hand of my mother-in-law.

But once on a cold winter morning,
When snow mantled valley and hill,
The wife I had cherished so fondly,
Lay silent and speechless and still,
And I with two wee little children,
Was left in the world all alone,
To long for a smile that had vanished,
To weep for a face that had gone.

I thought of the sorrows about me,
I thought of the varied past,
And wondered what hand in the future
Would fondle my darlings at last;
And lo, like an angel from Heaven,
Through torrents of tear-drops I saw,
A form bending down to my babies,
The form of my mother-in-law.

THE GIRL'S CHOICE.

Judge Wallman, one of the best known justices occupying the U. S. circuit bench, after listening to a party of lawyers the other day, lighted his pipe, leaned back in an easy chair and said:

"Gentlemen, your stories of courtship and marriage are quite interesting and romantic, but I believe that it is reserved for me to tell you of a love affair which, I am inclined to think, will teach you that the common-place marriages of every day life are not worthy of a place in our most prosaic novels or even our spirited conversations. Quite a number of years ago, just after the war, I was appointed judge of a southern circuit. I attended very strictly to the discharge of my duty, and although very fond of ladies' society, yet in my rounds I met very few representatives of the fair sex who in the least impressed me. One day, during an overflow, I crossed the river about 25 miles away from my regular beat, and the stream was so swollen that by the time I had landed the sun had gone down and darkness had spread itself over the face of the earth, and, so far as I could discern, the bosom of the water. I did not find a road when I landed, and made inquiry of the ferryman, who, in effect, declared that he had never made geography a study and that I must take care of myself. Of course I intended to abide by the extremity of such advice, and after thanking my "water-side character" for information which, to say the least, was self-apparent, I turned, I knew not where, and began a solitary journey through the woods. I had not gone far when I came upon a large log house, surrounded by a well-kept fence and almost covered by a thick growth of wild vines. I was assailed at the gate by an army of dogs. Their fury brought out an old man who drove them away and in a voice of touching kindness asked me what I wanted. I explained my misfortunes attendant upon high water; that I was a federal judge endeavoring to reach the appointment. He very cordially invited me into the house.

"A jedge or a constable is welcome at my house at sich a time as this," he said, throwing more wood on the fire. "I've been cotched out myself and I know what it is. So you are a jedge?"

"Yes, I am a judge, holding the office under the United States Government."

"That means you ain't a State jedge?"

"Yes."

"Wall, it don't make any difference, I wouldn't help a State jedge no quicker than I would you. Myra, see if there is anything to eat in the house."

I looked up and the girl to whom he spoke stood near me. She moved away immediaeely after being addressed, but not so soon that I failed to note the extreme beauty of her face. I saw her wealth of bright, firelight-reflecting hair, her glorious depth of eye, her ruddy tall-of-the-year cheek and raspberry mouth. She seemed to pay no attention to me but obeyed witho it hesitation. Presently she re-appeared and announced that there was something to eat in the house and that it was spread on the table.

"Come," he said, and conducted me to the dining room. Although I was very hungry, yet I think that my appetite could have been satisfied by allowing my eyes to feast on the beautiful girl who attended the repast. The spare ribs and back bone and mashed potatoes were excellent, I admit, but that magnificent face which bent above it all, far exceeded any banquet that I had ever seen.

"Myra," said the old man, after we had gone in and taken position before the fire, "hand around the pipes."

The pipes were brought in and filled with natural leaf tobacco. We puffed and puffed and talked and puffed. I told my experience and the old man told his. I had been a captain under Uncle Sam. Jefferson Davis had made him a colonel. The old man had no family except Myra, his daughter. He seemed as devoted to her, and quite as much dependent upon her as Mr. Wickliff was upon Agnes. I had been so much interested in the conversation, and especially with the occasional glances cast at Myra, that I did not think to ask the old man his name until just about the time we were ready to go to bed.

"My name is Jassmire," he said; "I was wonderin' ef you was ever goin' to ask me, an' hanged ef I'd a told you ef you hadn't. Hope you'll sleep well."

I bade him a cordial good night, and with one more glance at the beautiful girl, I followed the negro boy, who appeared with a lighted candle.

I scarcely remember any of the conversation of the next morning. I know that I saw a beautiful face, that I sat down when an elfin little hand drew out a chair, that I heard the music of a sweet voice, and when I left I looked into a pair of eyes, direct in earnestness. I don't know how I told the old man good bye. I don't know that I thanked him for his kindness, even after he refused to accept pay. I don't know how I mounted my horse, whether I climbed on like all awkward judges do, or whether I was lifted into the air by admiration for the girl and sat down on the saddle. The truth is, I don't know anything about it, except that after awhile, how long I'll be hanged if I know, I found myself riding along the road, deep in the contemplation of a divinely drawn picture which the very sunlight itself framed and hung before me.

The routine of court duty was very dull after this, and I longed for the time when I could wander back to the old log house, which to me held such enchantment. Previously I had lamented the fact that I had remained a bachelor, but now I was glad, because I had found an ideal. I don't know how many sentimental decisions I made during that session of court, but I don't think that it would shed the light of very much credit on my judicial career if the condition of the country should arise and demand a statement.

After awhile I went back to the old log house. I found the old man just the same. He welcomed me as if he had never seen me before, but with rapture I noticed that the girl spoke as though she had seen me before, and that she was glad to see me again. This time I was determined not to leave so soon, and, the truth is, I lingered several days. I walked by the river with the beautiful creature, and helped her gather the kindling at night. I roamed with her morning, night and noontide, and together we chased the rabbit and squirrel and even the fox, with all his slyness, didn't always escape our prowess and skill. Not among all the neighbors was there such a "girling," and I, for myself, had never seen one to compare with her beauty, her grace and her voice. When I spoke of my leaving, the old man objected, and even the girl slightly demurred, but I told them that business of pressing importance was claiming attention from the North to the South. But the beautiful girl with rosy lips pouting, declared in a way that would have paralyzed Paul, that I was so restless and wanted to leave them because, as she thought, I had found them all dull. I made a great effort to go without showing the slightest emotion on my part, you know, and when the old man seemed so very anxious that I should remain, I decided that I'd better go and return within a few days. I didn't care to overdo it, you understand. Well, I went away, not because I really had any business, but because I did not care to injure my chances, for by this time, you may know, I was dead in love with Myra.

I couldn't remain away but a short time. When I returned they were all glad to see me. Myra, it seemed to me, wanted to kiss me, and I would have kissed her but I didn't have a good chance. She was more lovely than ever, and when at night we walked out under the stars I felt that she loved me. I dreamed of her. Her glowing acquaintance with books pleased me, for I knew she studied for my sake. The old man, too, seemed changed toward me. He spoke when we were alone of family affairs, and told me how glad he was that I had come to visit him. I saw that he knew that I was in love with his daughter, and with thankfulness I noted that he encouraged my suit. One night, after Myra had gone to her room, and while the old man and I sat by the fire, the old fellow removed his gaze from the glowing coals and, looking at me, said:

"Myra is the best girl in the worl'."

"You needn't tell me that," said I, "for I know it."

"Her husban' will be a happy man."

"A glorious man," I assented.

"I hope that you'll not regret the day when you came here."

"I know that I shall never do so, Myra and I understand each other."

"You do?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am glad of it. Myra is slew to speak out and I am glad that you know it. Speakin' on the subject might shock her. Well, good night," and he grasped my hand warmly.

That night I could not sleep. I knew that the old man understood my great love for his daughter, and with a thrill I saw that it met with his approval.

Next morning I was determined to ask him for her, so, after breakfast, when he invited me to take a walk with him, I thought that he had divined my intention. Myra, too, seemed to know that something was likely to pass between us, for she shook her fist in a charming way at me when we left the house. I looked back and saw her peeping at me, with such deep fixed love in her glances, that I thought I ought to go back and kiss her, but I turned to the old man and talked to him about his hogs and sheep. I decided to ask him for the girl, and although I knew he would willingly consent to our marriage, yet it was a difficult matter. "When I get to that tree," I mused, looking ahead, "I will ask him." Just as we came to the tree he stopped and said:

"You've knowed my darter for some time."

"Yes, sir."

"Not such a long time, it's true, but so long we almos' look on you as one of the family."

"I am proud of it."

"Thank you, sir. Well, now I'll tell you. My darter is going to be married next week, and I want you to be with us."

"To whom?" I gasped.

"To a ferryman down here. She's been engaged to him a long time."

I said nothing as we returned, but when I found the girl alone I said:

"Don't you know that I love you devotedly?"

"Of course I never knew it, Judge."

"But I do, and want you to be my wife."

"Judge, I can't. I am going to marry Tom Patrall, the ferryman. I know you are a good man and I don't want you to think I won't marry you because you are a judge. Position makes no difference with me, and if I loved a man I would marry him, even if he was a judge, just as soon as I would a ferryman, and I hope you will understand that position has not influenced this case, for even though you are a judge, I must say that you have ever conducted yourself as a perfect gentleman."

"Why didn't you tell her that you had been a captain in the army?" said one of the listeners.

"I did," replied the judge, "but she said that the ferryman had been a teamster, and that while she would just as leave marry a captain as a teamster, yet she was compelled to turn to her ferryman lover, and now when I tell my wife of the choice, she says, 'Yes, the girl was right in taking the ferryman?'"

Experiments With Bats.

"If you ever want to study a hibernating animal, by all means take a bat," said the naturalist, "as they are most easily handled. I have made some experiments, with very interesting results. Last winter I placed one in a vacuum receiver and kept it there for half an hour, the creature not waking up and showing that suspension of the faculties was almost absolute, and the most careful use of the stethoscope barely showed life, even that sometimes failing. The same bat, suspended in a vacuum glass, was afterwards surrounded by gas that if the animal was in its normal condition, would be immediately fatal, but so sound was this remarkable sleep that it had no effect upon it; even pure air that had surrounded it for hours when carefully examined and analyzed did not show that it had even been breathed by the animal. An instrument has been invented, however, that shows the respiration, each delicate movement being marked by an index."

"About how much oxygen does a bat consume in this state?"

"Individuals differ greatly," was the reply. "One which I examined consumed ninety-two cubic inches in twenty-four hours, while others use much less."

"The numbers of bats that hibernate together," continued the speaker, "is marvelous, and not many miles from Philadelphia, a most remarkable instance was shown not a long time since. A gentleman connected with the Diplomatic Corps at Washington purchased a house that had not been occupied for many years. On the first night in the house, upon lighting the lamp, they were deluged with a swarm of bats, that seemed to dart from every crack and crevice of the room, to the terror of the entire household. The assemblage increased as the night wore on, ultimately driving the inmates out of doors. The next day a determined attack was commenced upon them. The roof of an L of the building was broken in, disclosing a scene almost incredible. The remains and guano of bats were piled upon the floor of the garret to a depth of four feet, and out of the orifice rushed a throng of bats composed of thousands. In fact in his report to the Smithsonian, the gentleman expressed the opinion that there were at least half a million."

Decay of the Dude.

Artemus Ward, returning to the "buzzum ov his family, at Baldwinsville, Injeanny," found his daughter sitting at the piano singing "Why Do the Summer Roses Fade?" and he hazarded the opinion—"bekoz it's thare little biz—let 'em fade."

Whether this is the correct answer to the conundrum or not, it is certain that all fresh, tender sound things, must wilt away and vanish.

So we are now notified that the Dude must go.

Just as we have really learned to know him, to become familiar with his simple little ways, and his harmless idiocies of manner and costume we are informed that fashion has decreed his extinction. He has had his little day of bud and blossom, and is now fading into the sere and yellow leaf.

Already the major part of the true Dudes have abandoned most of the distinctive garb and uniform of the order. The rolled-brim hat, the white gaiters, the toothpick shoes, and the abbreviated "top coat," are no longer signs whereby we may know with any degree of certainty the youth of between twenty and twenty-seven, whose inheritance of money and brains is clearly out of proportion.

The impecunious dry-goods clerk, and even the low-salaried elevator boy has "caught on" to these peculiarities of personal attire, and now appears arrayed as erstwhile were the listless and languid young drones whose daily bread and fine raiment were provided for them by their fathers' frugality and thrift.

This is sufficient. The Dude's complacency was never ruffled in the least by the merciless flood of ridicule poured out upon him, but he fades like morning frosts at the first sun, when he finds his little peculiarities successfully imitated by "cads" who commit the crime of earning their own living.

Not that we are rid of the young man himself. We shall always have him, as long as rich men go on doing as they have done since the beginning of time—that is, expending all their brains in getting wealth, and having none left to communicate to their offspring. The only difference will be that next year they will not be called Dudes, but be designated by some other bit of slang, just as they will be distinguished by some other extravagances of dress and deportment.—*Toledo Blade.*

Old Hens.

The old hen seems to be attacked from all quarters, and the objections to her are based upon two reasons, the first of which is that a hen will not lay as many eggs after the first year she begins laying, and the second is that disease is more liable among old hens than pullets. The first objection is not always a potent one, and very often the hens lay better during the third year than the second. Much depends upon the time of hatching the pullets. The pullet hatched as late as May will be badly beaten her first season of laying by the old hen, and if she commences her second year it will be with disadvantage of moulting when the weather is cold. Old hens have been known to lay well and regularly until well advanced in age, and the calculation which has been made by some genius and given forth that old hens are unprofitable as layers, has been accepted more on faith than observation. Our experience teaches that some old hens will lay more than pullets, and that some pullets will lay more than old hens. The trouble with old hens is that they are liable to become too fat on very high feed, but if they are fed with judgment they will equal the pullets without doubt. So far as being more liable to disease than pullets there are also exceptions, and if the matter can be given a fair test it will be found that the chances are equal.

As to which are better for breeding, we venture to say that more eggs will hatch that are laid by old hens than by pullets, and this is a great deal in favor of the old hens. We think hens should be kept until the spring in which they become three years old, not that they are then useless, but because the pullets have reached a more mature age and this plan of dividing the hen into three periods, instead of two, will no doubt be found better. The breed, also, has something to do with the merits of pullets and old hens. A Leghorn or Hamburg pullet will lay more eggs in a year than an old hen of the Brahma, Cochin or Plymouth Rock breeds, but an old hen of the Leghorn breed will also lay more than the pullets of the larger breeds. Crossed hens will often be found good layers for a long period, but the cross should be a judicious one. —*Canada Farmers' Advocate.*

Stock Management.

The farmer should keep enough stock to consume all the hay, grain and surplus produce that is raised on the farm, as by so doing he will generally get a better price for what he raises, and it will be much easier marketed. The farmer should guard against overstocking, which is a prominent fault with those farmers who estimate their profits by the number of cows and hogs they have without regard to the condition they are in. Care should be exercised in the selection of stock. Having commenced, it costs much to retrace one's steps. The farmer who expends his money for poor, degenerate stock simply because they are cheap can be called anything but prudent, and has surely spent his money almost, if not quite, uselessly. First determine what breed of stock suits you best, and after you have commenced, stick to your line of breeding. Do not be influenced by all that you may hear or read and keep changing. Don't buy indifferent stock because they have a good pedigree, believing what some may tell you, viz: That they have good blood in them, but that they have had bad usage, and that by caring for them rightly you may breed them up. Do not practice in-and-in breeding, for few make a success, although fine stock are produced by those who know how far to carry it. Always feed well but do not overfeed. Do not spoil your best stock by overfeeding in order to compete for a premium. Provide good shelter for your stock. It is absurd to suppose that stock will do well exposed to all extremes without a shelter. Some will winter and lay on fat, but they will fatten a good deal faster, and with less food, when they have a good warm shed. Do not invest a dollar in stock unless you intend to take good care of it, summer and winter, hot or cold. When they need your care give it to them.

A Confederate Anecdote.

General Joseph E. Johnston, who commanded the Confederate forces engaged in resisting the advance upon Atlanta, once narrated the following incident, which well illustrated the impression Sherman had made upon the minds of the Southern soldiery at that time as commander of resources and ready expedients.

Johnson stood on Kenesaw mountain watching with his glass the movement of his enemy's wagon trains on the great plain to the northward. A staff officer came riding up with the news that the rebel cavalry had got in the rear of Sherman's army and had burned a number of railroad bridges. The officer had been forced to make a detour of two days to get around the Union army. Scarcely had he finished speaking when a whistle was heard, and a moving train appeared in the distance, showing that Sherman had already re-built the bridges and reopened his communications. Walking past a group of soldiers lounging in the shade, a few minutes later, the General overheard them discussing Sherman's chances of success. Said one of them:

"We'll make it a Moscow campaign and destroy his whole army."

"How can you make it a Moscow campaign without any snow?" asked his less enthusiastic comrade.

"I mean that we'll cut his communications, destroy everything, and starve him out. We'll burn all the bridges."

"Don't you know that he carries duplicate bridges along with him?"

"Well we'll blow up the big tunnel."

"Oh, hell!" exclaimed the other man, with a look of disgust, "you don't know old Tecumseh Sherman. He's got a duplicate tunnel, too."

General Kilpatrick's Horse.

Speaking of horses, we are reminded of an incident related to us by General Kilpatrick, showing on the part of a horse retentive memory, prompt recognition of his master's voice, and a joy little less than human at hearing the familiar tones after a long separation. Old Sport, the General's favorite war horse, bore his master gallantly on long and perilous rides and in the thick of many a desperate fight, himself more than once feeling the prick of rebel steel and the sting of rebel lead. Subsequent to the war General Kilpatrick was sent to South America. He left the old horse at the farm, with orders that he should be kindly cared for. Returning after an absence of several years, the General reached his home near night, and was for some time occupied in exchanging greetings with his family and friends. He did not, however, long neglect to inquire after the old horse. Learning that Sport was at pasture in a distant field, the General sent for him, and a little later was told that his favorite stood securely tied to a post at the entrance of the grounds some distance away. The General hastened out on to the piazza, from whence, peering through the evening shadows, he descried the form of the old veteran, who stood demurely gnawing at the post. Just the one word, "Sport!" rang out over the lawn. Like an echo came back the answering neigh. With a snort and a bound the old charger snapped the halter as if it had been a thread, cleared the fence with a leap, and, with arched neck and ears proudly erect, spurned the intervening turf like a race horse until he stood by the piazza, where with joyful whinny he laid his head upon his master's breast. Added the General: "We hugged and caressed each other like lovers, and I am not ashamed to say that no welcome I received that day warmed my heart more than that of Old Sport.—*Ellenville Journal.*

Bill Arp on Women.

There is no record anywhere in any history of a happy married state where a man had more than one wife. Lamech had two, but the scripture says nothing more about him. Adam didn't have but one, and Noah one, and they started the business of peopling the world. Old Father Abraham had one, and when he took another on the sly, old Aunt Sarah got after him and she flailed out the second one with a thrash pole and run her off. Jacob had two, and if ever a man deserved two he did; but they didn't get along well, even though they were sisters. Moses didn't have but one. King David had several, but he was cursed with 'em, and actually committed murder to get one of 'em, and lived in anguish ever after, for he said, "My sin is ever before me." Old Solomon must have had a fearful time of it, for he had a thousand, and they kept him so harrassed and bedeviled that he flew to his inkstand and wrote that he had found one good man, but a good woman in a thousand he had not found. Of course not. How could a woman be good when she was only a thousandth part of a wife? But Solomon repented of his folly and said it was all vanity, and advised all men to "live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest," and to "beware of strange women." I never think of those surplus wives who are sealed to the Mormons without a feeling of sadness and pity, for every new one caused the others a pang of shame. They are all in prison, and their dependence is like that of the caged bird that tamely looks to its keeper for food. There is no escape, for woman is a proud creature, and will suffer in silence rather than parade her folly to the world. Did you ever notice how a woman will suffer and be strong, especially if she has a child or children to keep her company?—"Bill Arp," in Atlanta *Constitution.*

Women and Cosmetic.

It is stated in the columns of a medical journal of recent publication that the use of arsenic as a cosmetic is attaining dangerous popularity in fashionable circles, both here and abroad. There are many women says the New York *Evening Post*, who consider a good complexion one of the chief desideratums life can offer, and one to be obtained at almost any cost. It is no secret that the poison, when taken in specific doses or quantities, has the effect of clearing the skin and rendering it soft and exquisitely transparent, but the after consequences of its prolonged use ought to be considered, for they are sufficiently weighty and alarming to deter even the greatest aspirant after loveliness from tampering with so deadly a beautifier. It is presumed that no woman would be rash enough to deliberately swallow arsenic except under professional supervision, and it is said that some medical advisers in this and other cities, at the request of their fair but foolish patients, give arsenic unscrupulously in the form of prescriptions, which the unsuspecting chemist makes up, unconscious of the object for which the dangerous mineral is administered. This is a very lamentable declaration, yet, if it is true, as an outspoken but very sensible physician of experience lately remarked, "These fair fools will not only purify their complexions, but they will eventually purify the world by getting out of it. They will soon lie forever at rest from all the vanities of this world with countenances as white as the most fastidious could possibly desire.

The St. Louis, Mo., *Post-Dispatch* says that Mrs. Phœbe Rice, 1208 Madison street, a sister of Hon. H. Clay Sexton, Chief St. Louis Fire Department, had been a sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism for seven years; the muscles of her hands and limbs were contracted, and she used crutches. By a single application of St. Jacobs Oil she was benefitted instantaneously and finally completely cured.

Boys and Bears.

Ellenville correspondence New York *Tribune*: The Nevesink region sends in the story that a bark peeler attempted to capture a pair of cubs a few days ago, snugly stowed away in a hollow stump. He took them up in his arms and was hurrying away with them, when the mother approached. Thinking that he might outrun her and reach a house that was distant about half a mile, the barkpeeler kept the cubs in his arms and ran. The old bear gained on him rapidly, however, and he put down one of the cubs, hoping that the mother would stop with it long enough to allow him to get beyond her reach with the other one. She stopped; finding only one of her cubs had been released she rushed after him again. He saw that it would be impossible for him to reach the house before the mother would be upon him, and he dropped the other cub. This satisfied the old bear. A party of armed men subsequently went in search of the bears, but had not captured them at last accounts.

The Woodstock country is excited over the adventures of four men and a boy with a she bear and three cubs on Friday last. The party was hunting rabbits near the Greene County line. The boy fired at a rabbit he had scared from a brush pile and at the sound of the gun a large bear came out from behind the roots of a fallen tree. She was followed by three cubs and rushed directly at the boy. The bear was only a few steps away, and the boy fired the undischarged barrel of his gun at her, but as it was loaded with fine shot, the effect was only to increase the bear's fury. The boy ran and shouted for help. The four men appeared in time to save the boy, who was being closely pressed by the enraged bear. The guns of the party contained nothing but fine shot, but the men attacked the animal. The cubs huddled together a short distance behind their mother. While the men were firing into the old bear, the boy carried away two of the cubs. The mother discovered the loss of her cubs at once, and broke away after their captor. She had received nine heavy charges of shot however, and was mortally wounded, and fell dead before she had gone many steps.

Home Rest.

Home is a place of rest. If it fails in this it is an utter failure. Rest is not idleness, but recuperation. Inactivity tends to dullness and torpidity; rest produces energy and activity. The methods of rest may widely vary. Reclining on a lounge, sleep at night, or sitting may superinduce rest, but not these alone. Palatable food, specially adapted to the needs of the system, and which will replace the tissues wasted in labor; agreeable conversation, mental exhilaration and other influences tend to rest. Home should always produce freedom from care, and where its conditions are favorable to this it is a place of rest. What these conditions may be, depend on taste, habit and a thousand personal peculiarities; but as a rule, home can be made adapted to them all. A kind greeting, the play and prattle of children, the easy chair, wrapper and slippers, the home interests, the new atmosphere—all tend to soothe and rest. A pleasant table adds to this. The most delightful meal of the day should be at the end of the day. It contributes to the restfulness of home. It should be partaken of leisurely, enjoyably, and be appetizing and good.

A bright home is restful. Rest involves change. Business wearies, and at the end of the day the nerve force of hard workers is greatly reduced. Sensitive nerves are easily jarred. And it is these that need rest. Hence the calling away of the mind from the day's cares, and clothing it with new surroundings so that the past is dissipated and the present is grateful and agreeable, involves the very essence of rest. A home that can provide this is always attractive. It may be plain and rude, or elaborate and costly. In either case, if it meets the unexpressed want of a tired nature, it is home. But if the old cares yield to new, and the irritations of business merely give place to other annoyances at home, it is not a place for rest. It only adds to weariness and irritation. The art of making home homelike is the best that a wife can possess, and if the children are well trained along that line it becomes a spot the dearest on earth.

Stumbling Horses.

The Pittsburg *Stockman*, in a recent issue, says: "Some good horses are addicted to stumbling while walking or moving in a slow trot. A well-versed veterinarian states that there are two causes that would tend to produce this faulty action; such as would be noticed in a tired horse; the other, a weakness of the exterior muscles of the leg, brought about by carrying too much weight on the toe. To effect a cure, he adds, lighten the weight of each front shoe about four ounces; have the toe of the shoe made of steel instead of iron, it will wear longer; have it rounded off about the same as it would be when one-third worn out, in order to prevent tripping; allow one week's rest; have the legs showered for a few minutes at a time with cold water through a hose, in order to create a spray; then rub dry, briskly, from the chest down to the foot. Give walking exercises daily during this week for about an hour twice a day. When you commence driving again omit the slow jog, either walk or send him along at a sharp trot for a mile or two, then walk away, but do not speed for at least several weeks. By this means the habit of stumbling from either of the above causes will be pretty well overcome."

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are suited to every age. Being sugar-coated they are easy to take, and though mild and pleasant in action are thorough and searching in effect. Their efficacy in all disorders of the stomach and bowels is certified to by eminent physicians, prominent clergymen, and many