The Somerset Herald.

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The Somerset Herald

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ULYSSES.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

One sunset I beheld an Eagle flying
'Mong the lone mountains of the Hebrides—
Faintly he faltered on, half spent and dying,
Between the kindled crags, the darkening seas.

Before the wind he sail'd on feeble pinions.
From chasm to chasm, from lonely peak to peak;
King had he been for years of those dominions,
And kingly seem'd he still, tho' worn and weak.

Piteous it was to see that bird imperial,
Whose flight had known no bounds, whose strength no chain,
Drinking in desolation to his burial
Somewhere in those cold regions of the rain.

Yet have I lived to see a sight more sorry,
Hero in the mighty land where men are free,
The eagle-warrior, lone with all his glory,
Floating thro' clouds, close to a sunless sea!

The shape that on the wind of tribulation
Hover'd, and ruled the tempest like its lord,
The soldier-hero who redeemed a Nation,
And cut man's chains asunder with his sword.

The silent leader, who arose victorious
Out of a flood of hate, a sea of death.
Now, fallen on darkness and a time inglorious,
Flutters so near the ground, with failing breath!

Oh, God! it seems but only yestereven
The trumpet of Euroclydon was blown,
The storm cloud gathered and the fiery levin
Lighted the world and flashed from zone to zone.

'Mid sounds of lamentation and of weeping,
Cries of the waking who had slept so long
Upcircling swiftly, thro' the tempest sweeping,
The eagle rose, with flight supreme and strong.

His voice was in the storm above the thunder;
His war-cry thrill'd the land from shore to shore:
Not till the battle-cloud was cloven asunder,
He sought his eyrie, and looked down once more!

Feeble and weary, yet thro' all disaster
Silent and self contain'd, serene and proud
Master of men and of his own soul master—
Behold him drifting now from cloud to cloud!

So wearily his slow, sad flight he urges,
Unrestful, fearless-eyed as heretofore;
Then pauses, calmly list'ning to the surges,
Thund'ring so near on some eternal shore.

The people raise their pitying eyes to view him;
Weary he is and weak, yet will not rest,
Tho' Washington is brightly beckoning to him
From the yet widening blue of yonder West!

But lo! a Form, with radiant robes around her,
Uprises, follow'd by a shadowy train,
Crowns him with love who once with glory crowned her,
Blesses the hands that broke her last strong chain!

Smile, then, Ulysses! Tho' thy Troy hath ended,
Tho' all thy life's long Odyssey is done,
By Lincoln and the martyr-hosts attended
Columbia kneels, before her soldier-son!

What tho' a little space, when homeward sailing,
Thou saw'st the treacherous Isles where Syrens dwell?
The sweetest songs they sang were unavailing
To keep God's warrior underneath their spell.

Thou wast not made to herd with things polluted,
Grasp dust of gold, and fawn at Circe's knee;
Thy flight was sunward, not thro' chasms sooted
With leaves that fall from Mammon's upas-tree?

Rest, Wanderer, in the sun, Columbia kisses
Her soldier's honor'd brow, and clears its gloom—
And this white lily of love she brings Ulysses,
Was plucked upon thy brother Lincoln's tomb!

New York Tribune, March 15, 1885.

NICHOLAS AND CHARLOTTE.

A LOVE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

The betrothal and marriage of the Princess Charlotte, of Russia, with Nicholas, who was then a Grand Duke, but afterward became Emperor of Russia, forms one of the sweetest and most romantic episodes in the world of European courts which is usually so devoid of love and romance, and would, on that account alone, deserve being remembered, quite regardless of the historical interest which will henceforth adhere to all the members of the family of the conqueror of France.

Princess Charlotte was born in the year 1798, and was the eldest daughter of King Frederick William the Third of Prussia and his beautiful and accomplished wife, Queen Louisa. Her early childhood elapsed amid scenes of terror and humiliation for the royal family of Prussia, and nobody would at that time have ventured to predict for her the brilliant career which Providence kept in store for this child, born and brought up under such fatal auspices. We might indeed make an exception in favor of her mother, who, with that prophetic intuition which seems to have been the distinguishing feature of that high-minded woman, wrote one day to her father, the Duke of Mecklenburg, the following lines about his daughter:

"Charlotte is given to silence and reserve, but under the apparent coolness she conceals a warm and loving heart. Her indifference and pride are but the dullest outside of a diamond of the purest water, which some day will shine forth in its brilliant luster. Her bearings and models are noble and dignified. She has but a few friends, but these few are warmly attached to her. I know her value, and predict for her a brilliant future, if she lives long enough."

The young Princess was indeed a very frail and delicate creaeure, one of those tender flowers which seem to wait for the kind hand of the gardener to transplant them into a warmer clime. She was charming and handsome, but her beauty was rather that of a pale lily than that of a blooming rose.

Charlotte was just 16, when, in the year 1814, the grand Duke Nicholas, on his way to the camp of the allied armies in France, passed through Berlin and was warmly welcomed as an honored guest at the royal palace.

The description those who saw and knew the Grand Duke at that time have given of the incomparable graces of his person and mind, make it easy for us to imagine that the heart of a young girl, just budding into womanhood, was captivated and charmed by him at first sight.

Well he might have said, like Caesar, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

The Princess fell in love with him, and fortunately for her, the young Grand Duke returned her love fully as passionately.

The Grand Duke Nicholas had the reputation of being one of the handsomest, if not the very handsomest man of the times; and his majestic and stately form, which measured no less than six feet and two inches, was considered unparallelled in beauty not only in Russia, but in all Europe.

He was vigorous, strong, full of life and health, with broad shoulders and chest, while his small hands and feet were of the most aristocratic elegance. His whole figure realized the perfect model of manly and commanding beauty, which the genius of a sculptor of antiquity has immortalized under the features of Apollo Belvidere.

His features were of the Grecian cast—forehead and nose formed a straight line—and large, blue, sincere eyes showed a singular combination of composure, sternness, self-reliance and pride, among which it would haye been difficult for the observer to name the predominant expression.

Those who have looked closely and attentively into these remarkable eyes would have easily believed that their threatening glance would suffice to suppress a rebellion, to terrify and disarm a murderer, or to frighten away a supplicant. But there would have been but few to believe that the sternness of those eyes could be entirely softened so as to beam forth nothing but love and kindness.

Among those few, however, was the young Prussian Princess, who had drunk deep in their intoxicating fervor. It is true that she was the only person in the world in whose presence Olympian gravity of his features gave way to a radiant cheerfulness, which made his manly beauty perfectly irresistible.

In such moments his magnificent brow, always the seat of meditation and thought, exhibited the serene beauty and Attic grace of a young Athenian; the serious Pericles seemed, by the invisible wand ot a magician, to have been transplanted into the Youthful Alcibiades.

At this time, however, the matchless personal charms of the Grand Duke were enhanced by political prospects of the most exalted character. He was not eventually considered an heir to the imperial crown of Russia. It is true, Alexander the First, his brother had no children, but in case of his death, which could not be expected soon, the Grand Duke Constantine was to inherit the throne of Peter the Great, and leave to Nicholas at best but the position of a Prince of the first blood. Nevertheless, Frederick William, charmed alike by the beauty and intellect of his guest, and by the hope of uniting the sovereign houses of Prussia and Russia by the close ties of family union, greeted the prospect of a marriage between the Grand Duke and his daughter with enthusiasm, especially when he discovered that the young folks themselves were fond of each other.

The King then delicately insinuated to his daughter that, if she had taken a liking to the Grand Duke, and had reason to believe that the Prince entertained similar feelings toward her, that their marriage would meet with no objection on his part.

But the young Princess, although secretly delighted in a hope which fully responded to the secret wishes of her heart, was either too proud or too bashful to confess to her father her love for the Grand Duke, who had not yet made any declaration to her.

In this manner the day approached on which the Grand Duke was to leave Berlin. On the eve of his departure a grand gala supper was given in his honor, at the royal palace, and, by the way of accident or policy, the young Princess Charlotte was seated by the side of her distinguished admirer.

The Grand Duke was uncommonly taciturn during the evening. His forehead was clouded, and his gloomy eyes seemed to follow in space vague phantoms flitting before his imagination. Repeatedly he neglected to reply to questions addressed to him; and when he was asked to respond to a toast which one of the royal Princes had proposed in his honor, he seemed to awake from a profound dream which had entirely withdrawn him from his surroundings.

Suddenly, as if by a mighty effort of his will, he turned to his fair neighbor and whispered, so as only to be understood by her:

"So I shall leave Berlin to-morrow!"

He paused abruptly and looked at the Princess, as if he were waiting for an answer which expressed sorrow and grief on her part. But the Princess was fully as proud as the Grand Duke, and overcoming the violent throbbing of her heart, she said very politely to him:

"We are all very sorry to see Your Imperial Highness leave us so soon. Would it not have been possible for you to defer your departure?"

"You will all be very sorry?" muttered the Grand Duke, not entirely satisfied by the vagueness of sorrow which these words of the Princess implied. "But you in particular, madam," he added, after some hesitation; "for it will depend on you alone whether I shall stay here or depart."

"Ah!" replied Charlotte, with her sweetest smile; "and what have I to do to keep Your Imperial Highness here?"

"You must permit me to address my admiration and homage to you."

"Is that all?"

"And you must encourage me to please you."

"That is much more difficult," said the Princess, with a deep blush but at the same time her eyes beamed forth so much affection and delight that the Prince could see at a glance that his fondest hopes had been realized beforehand.

"During my short stay at Berlin," the Grand Duke continued, in the same tone of voice, "I have taken pains to study your character and your affections; and this study has satisfied me that you would render me happy; while on the other hand, I have qualities which would secure your own happiness."

The Princess was overcome by emotion, and in her confusion did not know what to answer. At last she said:

"But here, in the presence of the whole court, at the public table, you put such a question to me!"

"Oh!" replied the Prince, "you need not make any verbal reply. It will be sufficient for you to give me some pledge of your affection. I see there on your hand a small ring, whose possession would make me very happy. Give it to me?"

"What do you think of? Here, in the presence of a hundred spectators?"

"Ah, it can be easily done without being seen by anybody. Now we are chatting so quietly with each other there is not one among the guests who suspects in the least what we are speaking about; press the ring into a morsel of bread and leave it on the table. I will take the talisman and nobody will notice it."

"The ring is really a talisman."

"I expected so. May I hope to hear its history?"

"Why not? My first governess was a Swiss lady by the name of Wildermatt. Once she went to Switzerland to eater upon an inheritance which had been bequeathed to her by a distant relative. When she came back to Berlin a few weeks afterward, she showed me quite a collection of pretty and costly jewelry, which formed a part of the inheritance. "This is a curious ring," said I to her as I put this little old fashioned ring on my finger. "Does it not look queer and cunning? Perhaps it is an old relic or talisman, and may have been worn centuries ago by a pious lady who had received it from her knight, starting for the Holy Land." I tried to take the ring from my finger again, but I could not get it off; for I was a little fleshier then than now," said Charlotte, smilingly. "My governess insisted on my keeping the ring as a souvenir. I accepted the present, and the ring has been on my finger since. Some time afterward, when I was contemplating its strange workmanship, I succeeded in pulling it from my finger, and was much surprised at seeing engraved on the inside some words, which though nearly rubbed out by the wear of time, were still legible. Now, Your Imperial Highness, what do you think were the words engraved upon it? I think when you hear them you will take some interest in the ring."

"Ah! and pray what were they?"

"The words engraved upon the inside were, "Empress of Russia." This ring had undoubtedly been presented by an Empress of Russia, to the relatives of Mrs. Wildermatt, for I was told that both this lady and her mother had formerly belonged to the household of the Czarina, your most august grandmother."

"This is really remarkable," said the Grand Duke, thoughtfully. "I am quite superstitious, and I am really inclined to regard this ring, if I should be happy enough to receive it from you as a pledge of your love, as an omen of auspicious significance."

In answer to this second and even more direct appeal to her heart, the Princess took a small piece of bread played carelessly with it and managed to pass the ring into the soft crumbs. Then she dropped it playfully on the table quite close to the plate of her neighbor. And, after this adroit exhibition of her skill as an actress, she continued to eat as unconcernedly as if she had performed the most trivial action of her life.

With the same apparent coolness and indifference the Grand Duke picked up the bread inclosing the ring, took the latter out of its ingenious envelope and concealed it in his breast, for it was too small to fit any of his fingers. It was this ring—both the pledge of Charlotte's love and the auspicious omen of his own elevation to the imperial dignity—which Nicholas wore on a golden chain around his neck to the very last day of his life, and which, if we are not mistaken, has even descended with him into the vault of his ancestors.

Three years afterward Princess Charlotte, then only 19 years of age, and in the full splendor of beauty and happiness, made her entry into St. Petersburg by the side of her husband, whose eye had never looked prouder and whose Olympian brow had never been more serene than at this happiest moment of his life. As he looked down upon the vast multitude who had flocked together from all parts of the vast empire to greet the young Princess with shouts and rejoicings, and then again upon his fair young bride, perhaps the inscription upon the ring recurred to his mind; for, bending his head close to the ear of Charlotte he whispered: "Now Empress of the heart, and some day, perhaps, Empress of the realm."

At this moment the procession reached the main entrance of the Winter Palace, where Alexander I., the Emperor, came to meet his beautiful sister-in-law and conducted her into the sumptuous drawing-rooms of the magnificent palace of the Czars.

Who would believe that eight short years afterward the brilliant young Emperor had breathed his last, and that Nicholas and Charlotte would succeed to the throne of Russia? Truly the inscription on the engagement ring had proved prophetic.

Jim Fisk's Door Boy.

The New York *Sun* says: Peter Donoghue has been made assistant paymaster of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company, in place of Fred Wright, resigned. When Col. Fisk was at the head of the Erie, Peter was his messenger and door boy. One day Peter had instructions from Fisk to let no one in to see him. During the day a big, determined-looking man called and asked in a peculiar, falsetto voice to see Col. Fisk. Peter told the man that the Colonel could not be seen. The visitor said it was highly important and necessary that he should have Fisk's ear for a few minutes. Peter stood firm to his declaration that no one could see the boss of Erie. The man persisted and, seeing that the youthful guardian of Prince of Erie's door was not to be changed in his determination put the boy impatiently aside, and said:

"Here, boy; I'm John Morrissey, and must see Col. Fisk.

He then pushed by and passed toward the door. But Peter Donoghue wasn't there to be used that way.

"I don't care if you are John Morrissey!" he exclaimed, as the broad back of the famous ex-prize-fighting Congressman loomed in front of him, "you can't go in there!"

With these words Peter jumped forward and, with a spring like a cat lit square on Morrissey's back. He climbed up it like a squirrel, threw both arms around the Congressman's neck and hung on for dear life, shutting off Morrissey's wind, and fetching him up with a turn.

Morrissey shook the boy off with difficulty, and at first seemed inclined to pulverize him, but as he looked down at the pugnacious little fellow standing in a determined attitude between him and Col. Fisk's door the humor of the situation struck him, and he burst out laughing.

"All right, have it your own way. I'll call again to-morrow," said he, and he walked out of the office. He had been gone but a few minutes when Fisk called Peter, and told him to let John Morrissey in if he called.

"He's been here," said Peter.

"Where is he?" asked Fisk.

"Well, he was bound to come in against orders, and I put him out," said Peter.

Morrissey told Fisk the story of his encounter with the door boy next day, and several bottles of wine were ordered on the strength of it.

Why She Hated Him.

Two young ladies were overheard talking glibly and confidentially on a suburban train.

"Now, Mary," said one, "tell me why Charley and you quarreled."

"Because he's a ninny, that's why. You know he been coming to see me for about two years, and I could see just as plain as anybody else that he was in love with me. But he didn't seem to have any snap in him, and I got real impatient, just as any girl would have done. A few nights before Christmas he called to see me, and before he went I says: 'Charley, I want to make you a Christmas present, but I want to be sure it will suit you. It is something real nice, warm, useful and ornamental, and will stay with you.' 'A scarf,' says he. 'No, not a scarf,' I said, though it might embrace you.' It weighs about a hundred pounds, and I've heard you thought it very precious.' 'Oh, I know,' he says, 'a bicycle.' By this time I was nearly mad, but I made one more effort. 'Not a bicycle,' I says 'but it can walk, has a mouth, eyes, pretty hair and is very affectionate.' 'Now I know,' he said, and what do you think the ninny guessed? 'A big Newfoundland dog.' I was never so disgusted in my life, and have not seen Charley since. He's treated me awful mean, and now leap year is gone, and I just hate him. Oh, there he is now at the other end of the car. Ain't he sweet? I wish he would come and talk to us."

A Mind Above Trifles.

A large, healthy and equable temperament ought to be able to occupy itself with those questions, the grandeur of which crowds from the mind the multitude of little splenetic emotions, which are like the pricking of poisoned pins. We do not mean to say that a study of logarithms will console the man who is suffering from wounded love, or that a relentless course of logic is a panacea for disappointment and ingratitude. And yet it is true that when the brain is fully absorbed in some work the soreness of the heart ceases for the time to be felt. The question is how to compel a nature not of the strongest to successfully seek this form of distraction. For here it is not the first step only that costs, but every step. The effort of the will has to be incessant. It has to be sustained in the midst of heart-beatings that will not be stilled, and the probability is that when so many perturbations exist the deflection will be great. Besides, the consolation offered by what is generally called pleasure is much easier. Sensual enjoyment can so readily and cheaply be attained, and, at any rate while the senses are young and the colors of life vivid, that temporary relief is certain. Persons of strong and rightly fashioned wills can, of course, easily do what they wish in creating a legitimate self-diversion; but this sort of will does not usually reside, along with lofty intellect, in a nature in which the softer emotions have considerable sway.

CATARRH—For fifteen years I have been troubled with this disgusting disease, which caused severe pain in my head, continual dropping into my throat and unpleasant breath. My sense of smell was very much impaired. By a thorough use for six months of Ely's Cream Balm I have entirely overcome these troubles. J. B. Case, St. Denis Hotel, Broadway and 11th St., N. Y.

An Onery Cuss.

Captain Paul Boyton has opened an aquatic museum in New York. He should secure an old fellow whom he encountered in his float down the Arkansaw river. Just before reaching Red Bluffs, a native, who had never heard of the captain, saw him floating.

"Ef that haint a alligator," said he "I'm a fish."

Springing in a boat he rowed out to investigate. When within speaking distance, the captain, who was afraid of being shot, raised up and called "Halloa!"

"Wall, I'll be dinged!" said the old fellow, ceasing to row, and gazing at the captain, who in his rubber suit, looked like some terrible monster.

"I hev heare o' a heap o' things an' hev seen a few, but you aire the fust talkin' alligator that I ever seed."

The captain, to humor the fellow, and not knowing that his words would enforce conviction, replied:

"Yes, don't many of us talk, but I got the hang of it somehow."

"Wall, I'll be dinged!" exclaimed the old fellow, rowing slowly down the stream. "You must have larnt it from the Yankees."

"Yes."

"How did they do it?"

"Split my tongue."

"It's a pity they hadn't split your blamed head open, fur you'll cause devilment enough, turned loose in this river. Come out on the bank an' let me get a good look at you. I'd like fur my wife to see you, fur she thinks I'm the ugliest thing next to a cat-fish, but blamed if you don't lay over me. Whar you goin,' anyhow?"

"Going back down to the Missisippi."

"Whar you been?"

"Been up to Fort Smith; went up after a school of bass."

"Wall, I'll be dad bobbed if you haint a onery cuss."

'Say, if I come out may I stay all night with you?"

"Yes, go a little furder down an' yer kin git in the bayou an' sleep thar, but min,' if ketch you on my trot-line you're gone up, talk or no talk. Good by, never seed the like o' you befo' an' I hope never to agin," and taking a final look, he mused: "My Lawd, but he's a onery cuss."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Make a Beginning.

We sometimes dream of certain things we would like to do; we even go so far as to plan some things out. But we never begin the execution of them. Once begun, we should be reasonably sure of carrying them on to completion. The real hindrance is the fact that we never begin. Of course, for anything of importance there is need of wise planning. But planning may be so elaborate as to absorb all the energies, and the execution never be undertaken. The men who achieve are those who go ahead, plan or no plan, and do something. The great works of the world have been accomplished because those concerned have started them, made a beginning and carried them through. This is equally true in proportion on a smaller scale in the private sphere. Many of us can accomplish much more than we do by simply going ahead and doing the things that present themselves to be done. This applies, of course, more especially to work aside from but collateral to our ordinary avocation.

The Secret of Power.

Bishop Simpson hit the secret of his power in public speaking when he told an inquirer, "At school the one thing I could not do was to speak. It cost me unspeakable effort to bring myself to attempt it, and I was invariably mortified by my failures. At length, having felt called to the ministry, I sought to forget myself as far as possible, and, banishing all thoughts of oratory, to give myself absolutely up to the task of saying things so that people could readily understand them." His oratory was nature itself—a true and earnest nature, intent on nothing but to carry the truth he was filled with to the hearts of his hearers in the most direct and simple way. His language was choice and idiomatic, Saxon in predominance, but not pedantically Saxon; his manner almost as quiet as that of Wendell Phillips; his voice singularly gentle, yet penetrating.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers.'. Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known, and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at 50c. a bottle by C. N. Boyd.

The prettiest lady in Somerset remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when others had no effect whatever. So to prove this C. N. Boyd will guarantee it to all. Price 50 cents and $1. Trial size free.

A Paris company is making white bricks of a very handsome appearance from the pure silica used in the manufacture of plate-glass. They are lighter in weight than clay bricks, but are not pourous, being subject to hydraulic pressure before the final baking process to which they are subjected. Changes of climate have no effect upon them.

"Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself."

Stockton, Me., boasts of a boy 15 years old who is 6 feet 2 inches tall.

Fashion Notes.

Pearls are the present Parisian fashion on,

The navy blue blouse is revived for little girls' spring wear.

Silver beads are worn in two or more strands, according to the fancy of the wearer.

A miniature swan's head and breast, nestling in feathers, is seen on some French bonnets.

Steel bonnets, with ruby velvet strings and a ruby aigrette, are considered becoming by Parisians.

Artistic copper and other metal work is all the rage now. This work takes the form of lamps, trays, after-dinner coffee sets, etc.

Wax candlesticks or candelabra, are fashionable now in a dining-room where the table is lighted with two or more candelabra, according to its length.

A prettier dress for a young girl in her fresh beauty could not be than a simple tulle made over a taffeta silk skirt. Some of these in white, with a soft surah sash in white, coming colors are most faily like.

Chemisettes of lace, high to the throat or square, with very long transparent sleeves, are now worn with the velvet bodices cut like stays. The bodies are newer than the kid ones and are worn with lace skirts.

Very little ornament is worn in the hair. Matrons wear a small feather fastened with diamonds; younger women wear an artificial flower; the idea is merely to suggest ornament, and not to spoil the contour of the head by overloading it.

The "bang" is doomed. London women and girls who make up fashionable society have entirely abandoned the bang, and all styles of wearing the hair down on the forehead. They brush their hair straight back, showing the whole of the forehead and temples, knot it very carelessly on the very top of the head, and wear it without the faintest suspicion of a curl or crimp.

A bridal dress of plain and silver brocaded satin, with a design of lilies of the valley, has the bodice and train of the brocade, trimmed with duchesse lace. The bodice has the "V" shaped opening filled in with tulle. The underskirt is of plain satin with large plaits, and has a narrow box plaiting around the bottom of the skirt under the plaits. The front breadth is draped long and full, falling in a cascade at the left side.

Making a Hot Bed.

In the first place select a warm southern exposure, high and dry as possible, so that no top water can run through the bed after it is made. Make as long as you like—say six feet long, three feet wide, two feet high on the south side, three feet high on the back part. Set posts at each corner, front ones two feet back ones three feet. Board up the sides and then the ends. Let the top of ends slope down to the lower side. This gives it the slant to the south. (Be careful to make it mouse and rat proof as near as you can.) Next put on the stove a wash-boiler of water to heat boiling hot. Have a good full load of fresh stable manure [be sure and have it fresh as it is often not warm enough otherwise] and fill up the hod-bed until about eight inches from the top. Then take a hoe and pound it down firm, and then more manure if it packs down much, so as to keep it about eight inches from the top. Have your hot water ready. Pour on the manure now. Cover up the manure with four inches of rich dirt, composed of part sand and rotten wood dirt.—Have this even depth; put it down firm. Have two and one-fourth yards of unbleached quilt lining; muslin is thick enough. Tack it to the north edge; then have a light piece of smooth board, six feet long, one inch thick and two inches wide. Tack the other edge to this, bring this canvass down over the hot-bed, smooth, leaving the ends free. Take a common paint brush, proceed as if painting. Have one quart of boiled linseed oil: go over the canvass with the oil once and keep it drawn over the hot-bed over night. Next day roll back the canvass, and see if the dirt is warm, not hot, and if hot, wait until you feel it is warm only. Make a furrow lengthwise at the back for tomatoes, crosswise for cabbage, mango peppers or any other low-growing plant you may wish, being careful not to sow the seed too thick, three inches apart for the rows, and the plants will come up in a short time. When up keep moist, but not very wet, and on fine days roll the canvass back and give the plants the sunshine, pull out all the little weeds as you go along and some of the plants; if too thick they will rot. Take more manure and bank up the north side and end. Keep the canvass down o' nights, and when raining, and if it should be frosty still, cover at night with a thickness or two of old blankets or boards.—*Cor. Toledo Blade.*

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that each druggist is authorized to refund your money by the Proprietor of this wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you. C. N. Boyd has secured the agency for it.

Price 50 cents and $1.00. Trial size free.

Cure for Piles.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, ect. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a common attendant. Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the Tumors, allaying the intense itching, and effecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address. The Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O. Sold by C. N. BOYD, Druggist, Somerset, Pa. dec.3-1y.

Mary S. Conkling, an aged sister of Roscoe Conkling, died at Rochester, N. Y. Thursday.

Mr. E. R. Hoyt, a mechanical engineer at the New Orleans Exposition, was severely injured by a huge derrick pole falling on his foot. He was conveyed to his residence, and after only three applications of St. Jacob's Oil, the swelling and pain disappeared, and he resumed his duties.

A new industry is the manufacture of artificial ivory from bones and scraps of sheepskin.