The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their paper will be held responsible for the subscription.

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THE SOMERSET HERALD,
Somerset, Pa.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXV. NO. 5. SOMERSET, PA., JULY 14, 1886. WHOLE NO. 1826.

LONG SUFFERING
From Stone in the Kidney.

It is by no means strange that Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., should have received the following letter. By reading it you will see in one minute why James Andrews was thankful:

Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR: Until within a recent date, I had for several years suffered greatly from gravel, called by the doctors Brick-dust Sediment. For about a year past this sediment has not passed off in the usual quantity, but has accumulated, causing me untold pain. Having heard of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, I tried it, and after using about one and one-half bottles, I voided a stone from the bladder, of an oval shape, 7-16 of an inch long, and rough on its surface. I send you the largest piece, that you may see of what it is composed. Since then I have felt no pain. I now consider myself cured, and I cannot express my thankfulness and gratitude for so signal a deliverance from a terrible disease. You have my consent to use this letter, should you wish to do so, for the benefit of other sufferers.

Yours truly,
JAMES ANDREWS,
No. 39 Marshal St., Ida Hill, Troy, N. Y.

Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" is especially offered as a trustworthy specific for the cure of Kidney and Liver complaints, Constipation and all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood.

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PURELY VEGETABLE.

TESTIMONIALS.

To all suffering from Sick Headache and Biliousness:
Have been a victim to the above for years, and after trying various remedies, my only success was in the use of SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, which never failed to relieve me in 12 hours, and I can assure those suffering from the above that they would be greatly relieved by its use. I speak not for myself, but for my whole family.
Yours Respectfully,
"J. M. FILLMAN, Selma, Alabama."

We have tested its virtues personally, and know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Throbbing Headache, it is the best medicine the world ever saw. We have tried forty other remedies before SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, but none of them gave us more than temporary relief; but the Regulator not only relieved, but cured us.—Ed. Telegraph and Messenger, Macon, Ga.

BILIOUS COLIC.
"SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR cured me of a case of long standing Bilious Colic after all other medicines failed. I think it one of the best medicines I ever used.
T. J. LANIER, Petersburg, Va.

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphan's Court of Somerset County, Pa., in the estate of Jonas Shaulis, dec'd, to ascertain advancements and make a distribution of the funds in the hands of the Administrator of the said deceased, to and among those legally entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Somerset Borough, on Wednesday, the 21st day of July, 1886, at 9 o'clock A. M., at which time and place all parties having claims against said estate must present them, or be debarred from coming in upon said fund.

DENNIS MEYERS,
June23 Auditor.

IN CONFIDENCE.

You ask about Walter's engagement.
Of course we don't like it, my dear.
Although she is awfully pretty,
And worth twenty thousand a year.

Her great grandpapa was a butcher,
Or soap man—I don't quite know which;
But in the last three generations
They've grown to be stunningly rich.

They've a place 'way out on North Broad Street,
Magnificent inside and out;
If money could purchase a rec's cur,
They'd have one, I haven't a doubt.

Where was it he met her? In Europe.
It couldn't have happened at home.
You know that I wrote you last winter
He sailed on the City of Rome.

It seems that they travelled together,
And when they came home in the fall
The mischief was done past preventing;
'Twas a terrible shock to us all.

Her trousseau's from Paris, and gorgeous;
Almost too so for my taste.
The clasp to her garters are diamonds;
I cannot approve of such waste.

She's to have a new house on West Walnut,
Grandly furnished from attic to hall;
Of course, if they'd stayed on North Broad Street,
We couldn't ask people to call.

As it is, though, no doubt we can float her—
We're all on The Book, you know, dear—
And when once she's in The Assembly,
She'll make her own way, I don't fear.

And Walter is perfectly happy;
I grant she is charming, and yet
It's terribly hard to forgive him
For marrying out of our set.

PACK PEDDLER'S STORIES.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE HOUSE OF BENDER, THE NOTED KANSAS MURDERER.

"I have been a pack peddler for more than twenty years," said the old man, as he whiffed away at his pipe to get it lit, and you may suppose I have met with some stirring adventures. I have traveled a great deal in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota, and for weeks, and months I have been on the alert, not only to preserve the contents of my pack, but to defend my life. My line of trade has been Yankee notions, with jewelry added. I have had with me at one time as much as $2,000 worth of gold and silver watches, ear-rings, finger-rings, &c. I have sat on a log beside a highway in Kansas and sold $400 worth of stock to three or four men, and I have disposed of $50 worth of ladies' jewelry at a pioneer cabin which had neither floors nor partitions.

"On two different occasions I ate dinner at the cabin of old Bender, the Kansas fiend. On the first occasion the old man was away, and I saw only two women about the place. Six months later, when I called again, it was about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Then I saw old Bender for the first time. I have heard him described as a pleasant-faced old man whom no one would suspect, but I tell you the very first look at him put me on my guard. For the first time in a year I felt that my life was in danger. The same two slatternly women were about the house, and there was a young man whom I took to be old Bender's son. This young man disappeared soon after I arrived, but whether he hid in the house or rode off across the prairie I never knew. Bender's women purchased about $2 worth of notions, and the old man dickered with me for an hour over a gold watch. It seems that he had but a small stock of cash, but he offered me personal property in exchange. He had three or four silver watches, all of which had been carried, two or three revolvers, two bosom pins, made of lumps of pure gold, and three or four pairs of valuable cuff buttons. We had nearly effected an exchange, when he suddenly decided to leave the matter open until after dinner.

"Months afterward, when the discoveries of his crimes came out, I thought the matter over, and could remember just how nicely he played me. Without seeming to interrogate me for information, he asked how long a trip I had made, what success I had met with, who I was, where I lived, and whom I knew in that locality. The old murderer was figuring up the chances of my being missed in case he put an end to me, and he had a curiosity beforehand to know what the harvest would be. While I told you that I did not like his looks, and that I had a creepy feeling in his presence, I had no idea of an attempt to murder by daylight, and in the manner he was planning for. I had a trusty revolver, and I had the courage to defend myself. Had I met him out on the prairie, or had we been jogging together along some lonely highway, I should have been prepared to pull my pistol at his first movement.

Dinner was announced soon after 12 o'clock. I took my pack with me into the dining-room, where I found the table set for one. There were three rooms in the house. The front room was a general sitting-room and office combined. Bender kept a sort of tavern, you know, and travelers had this front room. The next room back was the dining room and family room combined. There was a bedroom leading off. On the walls of this family room were a few old-fashioned prints in old-fashioned frames, a shelf on which stood a clock, and a few scant evidences of the presence of women. The back room was the kitchen.

"I had my eyes wide open when I entered the dining room, and the very first thing I noticed was that the table was set lengthwise of the room, and that my chair and plate had been so placed that my back would be toward the kitchen door, which was not over five or six feet away. Had it been at the other end my back would have been toward the office door. The first move I made was to turn the chair around to the side and sit down. I now faced the bedroom door, and had the other doors to my right and left, while there was no window behind me. The younger woman was in the room, and she looked at me in a queer, strange way as I upset the arrangements she had perfected. Bender did not look into the room for two or three minutes, and then retired without speaking. A minute later he passed around the house and entered the kitchen by the back door. While I could not see him, I heard him and the woman whispering together, and I caught the words as spoken by her:

"'I tell you he did it himself!'

"I could not catch a word from him, and directly he went out and she came in with the rest of the edibles. Her face was flushed, and her manner very nervous. She put on a plate of bread and a platter of meat, and then went out for the coffee. As she set the cup and saucer on the board she partly upset the cup, and spilled half the contents on the table.

"'Excuse me—I'm sorry,' she said, as I shoved back to keep the hot liquid from dripping on my legs.

"'Never mind—no harm done,' I replied.

"'It was so careless of me. You had better change your seat to the end, while I sop it up.'

"'Oh, don't mind. I'm not hungry, and shall eat but a few mouthfuls, any way. I forgot to tell you that I preferred water to coffee.'

"'But you—you—'

"'I'm all right.'

"She gave me one of the queerest looks I ever got, first flushing up and then turning pale. Spilling that coffee was a put-up job to get my back to the kitchen door. I suspected it then; a few months after I had plenty of horrible proofs. Before the meal was finished old Bender looked in from the kitchen door and drew back, and when I shoved away and entered the office he was not there and did not show up for five minutes. When I went to dinner a double-barreled shotgun stood in a corner of the office. When I came out it was gone. The old man came in after awhile, and it was easy to see that he had to force himself to converse. I paid him for the meal and was ready to go. It was a lonely road I had to travel, with no other house for miles, and it suddenly struck me that the younger man had gone on to lie in ambush and shoot me in case I escaped assassination at the house. For a minute I quite lost my sand, and you can judge what a relief it was to me to see a team drive up with three men in the vehicle and room for one more. They stopped to water the horses and chat a few moments and readily gave me a lift on my way. I did not impart my suspicions to them, and it was not until the horrible stories came out that I felt sure in my own mind what a exceedingly close call I had had.

"Do I know what became of old Bender and his family? You remember that they fled the country, or that the papers so reported, and for months we used to hear from one locality and another of the fugitives being seen or captured. I have reason to believe they never got out of the State, nor yet a hundred miles from that lone tavern on the prairie with its horrible cellar underneath and its graveyard in the rear. Bands of men were riding in this or that direction, bent on vengeance, and one of these overhauled the party. I have been told this on the best authority. As Bender had shown no mercy toward the unsuspecting travelers who were shot in the back from that kitchen door as they ate at his table, none was shown to him or his. They were wiped out, and planted where their bodies will never be turned up to the light of day."

"I have also been a pack peddlar for years," said the man who had a decided limp in his gait, and who seemed to be about 45 years old, "and I have had my fair share of adventures with the rest of the fraternity. For years I have traveled in Tennessee, the Carolinas and Georgia, and my line of goods has been cutlery. I have sometimes carried pins, needles, and thread but more as an accommodation than from any hope of profit. My line includes razors, shears, scissors, pocket knives, table knives, and forks. Sometimes I add a few sheath knives, which are bought by lawless characters, and sometimes I omit them, according to the route I have laid out.

"On two or three occasions my life has been put in peril by the cupidity of others, but the closest shave I ever had was in the mountains of Tennessee, about 50 miles from Knoxville. I had sold my stock pretty well down, and had about $300 with me, when, one afternoon an hour before sunset, the approach of a terrific thunderstorm drove me to seek the shelter of a roadside cabin. It was a lonely place, on a lonely mountain road, and the time was in 1867. While the war had long been over, as of course you know, there was a good deal of bitterness among the mountaineers of Tennessee, and there was a great many men who had not yet settled down to anything like work. As I was not in the war on either side, and am English born, I got along very well with the fire-eaters; but the fact was every day before me that there were plenty of lawless characters, both Union and rebel who, wouldn't hesitate to put me out of the way for what my pack contained, no matter what principle I upheld. But for the coming storm I should have continued on for a couple of hours. I did not like the looks of the place. It was a story and a half log house, situated several rods off the road, and there was something in the house and its surroundings which made me hesitate to ask for hospitality. However, a July thunderstorm was creeping up, covering the whole west with darkness, and the thunder was rolling and reverberating from hill to hill as I knocked on the casing of the open door. The voice of a woman bade me enter. She was a person at least forty years old, large and muscular, and her countenance was anything but prepossessing. It wore a sullen, sulky expression, and the gray eyes which sized me up had no gleam of womanly kindness in them. I explained that I was a traveler who craved shelter from the storm, and she sullenly replied:

"'You are welcome to sit down.'

"Five minutes later the rain was falling in torrents, and it grew so dark that the woman had to light a candle. The cabin had but one room below. In this was a bed, bureau, and other furniture, and the cooking was done in a fireplace. At one end of the fireplace a rough ladder led to the loft above. The interior of the house was neither inviting nor repelling, but I certainly did not like the woman. It was all of twenty minutes after I sat down before she spoke another word, and then it was to ask what my pack contained. I opened it in explanation, and told her I was on my way to Knoxville to replenish stock from goods ordered shipped to that point. I presented her with a common pair of shears, and there was a sudden change in her demeanor. She became smiling and talkative, and, as the storm showed no sign of abating, she began to prepare supper, and observed that I must not think of continuing my journey before morning. When I asked one question, she asked five. She wanted to know where I was from, how much a stock of goods cost, whom I knew at Knoxville, and a great many other things. In return she told me that she was a widow, had a son twenty years old, who had gone to mill, and that they had a hard time to make a living.

While the change in her demeanor was agreeable in one sense, I could not get rid of the idea that the change was forced. While her lips uttered pleasant words, her eyes gave them the lie. We had a fair supper, during which she bore the burden of conversation, and it was then seen that I must remain through the night. While the thunder had passed away the rain fell in a steady pour, and the night was as black as tar. She said that the storm would delay her son, but that he was certain to be home before midnight. She cleared away the table, sat down with some sewing, and asked me so many things about the outside world that I knew she had some time lived in better circumstances and had been fairly well educated. She gradually led the conversation back to my vocation, and carelessly remarked as she bent over her sewing:

"'One in your business should go well armed.'

"'Perhaps some of them do,' I replied, 'though I have never seen occasion for weapons of any sort.'

"'If you—you wanted to part with your revolver perhaps my son would buy it. He is very anxious to secure such a weapon.'

"She did not dare look me in the face, and her hands shook as she waited for me to reply.

"'My revolver—ha, ha! I'm afraid no one would accept the walking stick in the corner over there for a shooting-iron.'

"'But you have a knife,' she persisted, making a great effort to raise her eyes.

"'Yes, this,' I answered, as I exhibited a pocket-knife.

"That ended the conversation in that direction. From that moment the woman seemed very busy with her thoughts and conversation lagged. On two or three occasions when I addressed her she started up in a nervous way, and asked me to repeat the interrogation. At ten o'clock I signified my desire to retire for the night. She took the candle and ascended to the loft, and I heard her pulling the bedstead about and tramping around.

The floor was of undressed and unmatched boards, and the light of her candle could be plainly made out. When she came down she handed me the candle, and hoped I would sleep soundly. As was my invariable custom, I took my pack along with me, and climbed the ladder to find myself in a long, low room, lighted by a window at either end. The bed was at the further end, and the lower sash of the window was up its full height. From the window to the bed was a distance of about four feet. Notwithstanding the rain, the chamber was close and sultry, and for this reason the woman had raised the window, and for this reason I left it up. I placed my pack on the foot of the bed, blew out the light, and sat down to think. The widow had acted in a suspicious manner, and yet there was nothing, when I came to think it all over, which really condemned her. I won't admit that I was a bit alarmed, but I found myself trembling at some unseen and undefined danger. It was a curious position to be placed in—to feel no fear, and yet be shaking as if some fear was upon you. I looked out of the window, but the night was so black that I made out nothing. I lighted a match and looked under the bed, which had a valance around it, but there was not even a box or basket hidden under it.

"I think I sat by the window a full hour before deciding to go to bed, and then I simply pulled of my coat and boots and lay down on the outside, fully determined to remain awake for a couple of hours, at least. I had a trusty revolver with me, and I felt certain in my own mind that any one who attacked me in an open manner would find me a tough customer. There was no movement whatever from below. The clock struck 11 soon after I got into bed, and I was wide awake when it struck 12. I never felt less inclined to sleep, but I had certainly dozed off when a noise at the open window aroused me. I listened until sure that some one or something was there, and then I swung my legs off the bed to face around. As my feet touched the floor there was a flash of fire and a loud report, and by the momentary light I saw the head and shoulders of a man outside of the window. I had my revolver in my hand, and the flash of his weapon had scarcely passed away when I gave him a bullet. I heard a fall outside, and I sprang to the window; I felt the ends of a ladder which had been raised. It was only then that I knew his bullet had hit me in the calf of the leg, though the excitement kept the pain almost subdued. I gave the ladder a heave, and heard it go crashing down, and then drew away from the window for fear of being fired on. Just then the clock struck one.

"There had been an attempt to murder me. Was the would-be murderer the widow's son? If not, the firing must have aroused her, and she should have called out. If so, had I killed him? Would it be safe for me to go down stairs? Wouldn't the mother secure the weapon and fire upon me as I descended the ladder? There was no let-up to the rain nor did the darkness break away. I decided to remain where I was till daylight, providing I was lift undisturbed. From that time until day broke I heard no sound to alarm me. I sat in a chair, revolver in hand, and the pain from my wound making me cringe; and if ever mortal man was glad to see the darkness fade away it was the person before you. The rain ceased about half-past two, but I made no attempt to get to the window and look out until daylight was strong enough to enable me to see everything plainly. The ladder was lying on the ground, but nothing was to be seen of my midnight visitor. I took up my pack and limped to the open trap-door in the floor, but no one was stirring. With a good deal of an effort I descended to the ground floor half expecting to be attacked, but the house was deserted and the back door open. I washed and dressed my wound as well as I could, helped myself to something to eat, and hobbled off down the road until I reached a cabin, where a mule and cart could be hired.

"What did I do about the cold-blooded attempt to murder me? Nothing at all. If I had made complaint I should have been detained for weeks or months as a witness, and I could not have sworn to the identity of the man at the window, nor to any circumstances that would have convicted the woman. I gave out that it was an accident, and though it was not a serious wound, it gave me this limp for life.

Twenty Years Ago.

The gratifying announcement that Henry Watterson, Editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, is recovering from his illness, recalls the fact that when he was in New York city he related the following story about his experience in Cincinnati:

"I arrived in Cincinnati one blustering winter night, a ragged, hungry stranger, just out of the rebel army. I had just enough money to pay for a night's lodging. How well I remember wandering about the streets of the city, wondering what the next day would bring me. I believed that I had ability as a journalist, and I was satisfied that if I had an opportunity I could prove it. I was in the act several times of entering the different morning newspapers and applying for work, but I was so downhearted that I did not have the courage to do so. I took a good sleep that night, but did not get up until late the next day. My case was a desperate one, and I felt that I must secure employment. I never felt more determined in my life. I felt as if I could face the sternest editor in the land without a quiver. In this frame of mind I started to make a tour of the various offices.

"At the first office the editor, in a blunt way said that his staff was crowded and then resumed his work. I visited all the newspapers with the same result, except the *Times* office, that paper had a large job-printing office attached to it, which did a great deal of theatrical printing. I also noticed that the paper had a miserably written dramatic column. I called on Col. Starbuck, the editor and proprietor, and asked if there were any vacancies on his staff.

"There are never any vacancies on a good paper, but there is always room for a good man," said the colonel.

"I shall never forget that reply, and is one I have always made to applicants for position on the *Courier-Journal*. I told Col. Starbuck that I thought I could improve upon his dramatic column, and proposed to write it for nothing if he would give me 25 per cent. commission on all the printing and advertisements I secured from the theatres. He declined the proposition. As I was about to leave he turned to me and said he would give me $12 a week to perform that service. What a change came over me. I immediately felt myself rich. I told him I would accept it.

He then said that I must not feel offended if at the end of the week he found I did not suit, and he dismissed me. I knew I would suit, for I knew the full extent of my abilities, and I told him that if I was not competent I should consider it an offense if he did not discharge me.

"This was the first of the week, and I started in that day. I never undertook a task with more enthusiasm. I attended the theatres every night. Before the end of the week Col. Starbuck expressed his approval.

Saturday afternoon I went to the theaters to collect the money for printing and advertising due the *Times*. At the National theatre after collecting the money, I was handed an envelope addressed to me. Supposing it contained an item of news or a ticket, I put it in my pocket unopened. At Pike's another envelope bearing my name was presented to me, and the same thing occurred at Wood's theatre. When I returned to the office I opened the envelopes, and found the ones presented to me at the National and Pike's each contained $10. The one received at Wood's contained $5. I told Col. Starbuck the circumstances and tendered him the money. He said that it did not belong to him and he would not accept it. I said it certainly did not belong to me, and that I would not accept it. I returned the donation to the theatrical managers. They said the money had been given in consideration of the favorable notices I had given their performers.

"Col. Starbuck a short time afterward made me managing editor."

Beverages for Children.

Mothers are often at a loss as to whether to give their children tea and coffee or not. If they drink it themselves, their children cannot understand why they too may not have some. At first they are given weak tea, mostly sugar and milk, but this is only a stepping stone to that which is stronger. Our own advice to mothers is always to bring up their children without tea or coffee. Milk, water and many juices of fruits are more pleasing to their palates and not injurious to their nervous systems. Tea and coffee are both, in their essence, poisonous. The fact is becoming more and more admitted by men who study the subject from a standpoint of science. They excite the nervous system unduly, and, to some extent, injure the digestive processes—both things children should avoid. They are frequently causes—unsuspected often—in adults of irregular action of the heart, sleeplessness, headache and other disagreeable symptoms. Can they do less to the more delicate organisms of the young? Parents are not always so wise as they should be in teaching the young what is for their good. We have seen a father, meaning well, find so much fault with a boy for some failure of obedience to hygienic law that the boy became defiant and rebellious: he learned not only to hate his father but also his teachings. Can anything be worse, or an occasion of greater domestic unhappiness? If there is one art more neglected than another it is such a wise preparation for motherhood and its duties as shall make control and training of the young a delight to both parent and child.—*Herald of Health.*

In the United States Senate, during a recent debate, Senator Vest, of Missouri, paid a high tribute to the merits of St. Jacobs Oil. Other prominent men have also found it prompt in its cure of rheumatism and neuralgia. Price, 50 cents a bottle.

The Female Clerks.

There are 4,000 women in the Government departments at Washington, says a local correspondent, and many of the best looking and most intelligent ladies of the capital are so employed. They come, as a rule, from good families. Many of them are the widows of noted Generals, the daughters of ex-Governors and ex-Congressmen, and now and then you will find the relative of a President or a Cabinet Minister. Many of them have traveled widely, and the great majority are educated and refined ladies. They do all kinds of work, and receive salaries ranging from $720 to $1,800 a year. As money counters they are much more expert than the men, and the rapidity with which they can count thousands upon thousands of dollars without making a mistake makes your brain whirl as you watch them. These money counters get about $75 a month, and they count millions of dollars every month. At one side of each one on the table lie great piles of greenbacks, done into packages as they come from the press. I am speaking now of the Redemption Bureau of the Treasury. These bills are old and dirty. The strip of paper around each package of 100 bills states where they came from, and who counted them in the country. The young lady takes this off, and moistening her fingers with a wet sponge in front of her, she counts the bills like lightning, and, if the package is not right, she reports so to the chief, and the banks from which the bills come must stand the loss. The girls seldom make a mistake, and if they do so or pass a counterfeit without noting it, they must make the mistake good, and the amount is taken out of their salary. They can tell, however a bad bill simply by feeling it, and a bank cashier will make a hundred mistakes where they make one.

Not long ago one of these young lady counters was engaged upon a lot of $100 notes. She had been dropping the scraps on the floor besides her in a pile after verifying the count. While she was counting a package she would lay this scrap, marked with the name of the bank which sent it, on the table beside her. At last she came to a package that contained only ninety-nine notes, and on looking for the scrap was terrified to find that it had fallen among the others. She was sure she knew the name of the bank, but she could not prove it. The bank was notified and refused to acknowledge the mistake, and the poor girl was forced to pay the $100.

The Evolution of Nations.

The following eloquent passage is from an article by Dr. Felix L. Oswald in *Popular Science Monthly:* The doctrine of evolution recognizes the fact that the development of social and physical organisms is not an unbroken march of progress. Advancement alternates with pauses, as day with night, or life with death; the phenomena of progressive life roll through the cycles of germination, maturity, and decay. In the household of Nature every grave is a cradle; the mold of every fallen tree furthers the growth of new trees. Grecian colonies flourished on the ruins of Troy, Persian provinces on the ruins of Babylon, Macedonian kingdoms on the grave of the Persian Empire; Roman legionaries inherited the wealth and the culture of conquered Greece. The conquerors of Rome were the noblest, stoutest, and manliest races of the Caucasian world; freemen, in love with health and Nature, yet withal with poetry, glory, honor, justice, and honest thrift. They planted their banners in the garden-lands of the West; and their empires, gilt by the morning light of a new era, were founded under auspices far happier than those of the Arabian satrapies in the worn-out soil of the East. In less than five hundred years after the establishment of their political independence, the civilization of the Greeks, the Romans, and the Arabs, had developed its fairest flowers—industry, commercial activity, art, liberal education, flourishing schools of philosophy, poetry, and natural science. Five hundred years after the triumph of the Gothic conquerors we find their empires groaning under a concentration of all scourges. The day-star of civilization had set in utter night; the proud nations of the West had sunk in poverty, bigotry, general ignorance, cruel abasement of the lower classes, squalid misery of domestic life, systematic suppression of political, personal, and intellectual liberty.

Wasn't in the Commandments.

The other noon as a Michigan avenue grocer was carefully sorting over a lot of apples to hide the soft spots from the public, a man with a pencil in one hand and a piece of paper in the other hurriedly entered and said:

"Say, you know that old saying about a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush?"

"Yes."

"Well, whereabouts in the Scriptures is it? Feller down street wants to bet me it's in Genesis, and I'm dead certain it's in Luke. Say, help me out and I'll whack up with you."

"Well, now," slowly answered the grocer, "I've read it a hundred times, but just where it is I can not say."

"Try and think."

He puckered up his mouth, drew down his left eye, and carefully passed an apple from one hand to the other, but he couldn't get there.

"I know it isn't in the commandments," he mused, "but I'll be hanged if I can locate it."

"Sorry—very sorry," said the other. "I'll have to take the bluff and let the fellow pass on."

He went off and had been gone about ten minutes when the grocer discovered that two hams which had been hanging near the alley door were missing. It was plain enough that he had been "worked" to keep his attention attracted, and when he realized this the way he began at chapter first of the good book and banged things clear down to the last page was so awful to hear that a policeman had to disperse the crowd which gathered.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Flowers in winter can be kept fresh for a week or two. Lay them in a shallow pan or bowl with their stems in a very little water in the evening, and cover them with a very damp towel. In the morning they can be arranged in vases for the day. The stems can be cut a little daily.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The deepest well in the world is at Homewood, Pa., and is 6000 feet below the surface.

The lack of fragrance in the flowers of California is thought to be due to the dryness of the climate.

The use of natural gas as a fuel is an important factor in the production of cheap iron in Western Pennsylvania.

Danger signals are used in the mining centres of England to make known such atmospheric changes as may affect the workings of the mines.

By diamond drills at Schladebach, Prussia, in search for coal, a depth of 4500 feet has been reached. The Government bore the expense, $20,000, and the work occupied three and a half years. At the bottom the temperature is 48° centegrade, confirming the idea that the heat increases as we descend into the earth.

Thread has recently been made from the bolls of milkweed, which is said to have had the consistency and tenacity of flax or linen thread. The fibre is long, easily carded, and can be adapted to spinning on an ordinary flax spinner. Easily grown, the plant, hitherto a worthless weed, may prove a rival to the cotton of the South.

An anti-insect fabric has been patented by Mr. John P. Regan, of New York city. It is made by first steeping the fabric in a solution of tobacco and cascarilla bark macerated in benzine, then drying and steeping in tobacco, cascarilla bark and hot water, the fabric to be used in trunk linings, etc., as a protection from moths or other insects.

For a green transparent varnish for metals, grind a small quantity of Chinese blue with double the quantity of finely-powdered chromate of potash (it requires the most elaborate grinding; add a sufficient quantity of copal varnish thinned with turpentine. The tone may be altered by adding more or less of one or the other ingredients.

A fine lustrous polish for delicate cabinet work can be made as follows: Half pint of linseed oil, half pint of old ale, the white of an egg and one ounce spirits of salt (muriatic acid). Shake well before using. A little to be applied to the face of a soft linen pad and lightly rubbed for a minute or two over the article to be restored, which should first be rubbed off with an old silk handkerchief. It will keep any length of time.

The Greek Government is to build the Corinth Canal; width on the surface of the water, twenty-two metres; width of the two entrances, fifty to sixty metres. About 1000 men are now at work on the canal, and the sea now flows into the same with a depth of water of five metres for about 500 metres on each side of the isthmus. The eventual depth of the canal is to be eight metres. About one-fourth of the whole excavation has been done.

Some of the soldering fluids used are injurious to tools and also to parts that have been laid on the bench where such fluids have been used. The following recipe will do the work as well, and will not rust and tarnish any more than water will: Take two ounces of alcohol and put it into a bottle, and add about a teaspoonful of chloride of zinc, and shake until dissolved. Use it in the same manner as the muriate of zinc, or muriatic acid and zinc. It has no bad smell.

Gelatinized benzine is prepared as follows: One hundred and twenty parts of white soap are dissolved in a liter bottle in 180 parts of hot water, 30 parts of spirits of ammonia added, and the whole brought with water to three-quarters liter, then filled up with benzine and well shaken through. One tablespoonful of this solution is mixed in a one-quarter liter bottle with a little benzine. With this gelatine any stain may be removed without injury to the most delicate colors. The gelatinized benzine volatilizes with difficulty.

The *Milling World* gives the following recipe for preparing a wax varnish for walls: "One gallon white dammar varnish, five ounces of white wax, one half-gallon of turpentine. Melt the wax in a steam kettle, to avoid darkening it, and when completely melted add the turpentine. Let the mixture cool somewhat and then add the dammar varnish. If the varnish, when dried, is too glossy, add more wax. Prime the wall with pure oil, without addition; on this place four coats of the color, flat, over which place the varnish. Do not stipple, as laps or brush marks will disappear in a short time. Plenty of wax insures a dead flat that will bear stenciling upon."

It is reported that Mr. Nordenfelt, the inventor of the well-known machine gun, has discovered that solid castings of wrought-iron or mild steel may be obtained without changing the intrinsic quality of the metal by the addition of the metal aluminium, either alone or in the shape of an alloy. The aluminium makes the molten metal more liquid; thus the gases in the metal pass easily away, the metal runs smoothly into the molds and a more perfect product is obtained. Even a minute quantity of metallic aluminium added to the molten iron has an appreciable influence. Perfect castings of considerable ductility and great tensile strength have been made from the softest wrought-iron.

Bather's cramp is made the subject of an article in the *Popular Science News*. The conclusion is reached that although the intimate nature of muscular cramps and the precise mode in which they are established are still unknown, sufficient data on the subject enable us to recognize the chief conditions of their causation, which are as follows: A peculiar individual susceptibility; the shock of cold applied to the general surface of the body; prolonged muscular exertion, and forcible and sudden muscular exertion, especially in the direction of the extremities. The disorder is very apt to rise in persons of irritable temperament, attacks persons of middle age oftner than the young, men oftner than women, and the robust oftener than the weakly, and occurs oftner in hot climates than in cold. Its most powerful and avoidable cause is the immersion of the body while heated in water of a relatively low temperature.

Aluminium, which only a short time since was so rare a metal as to be found mainly in cabinets, is now produced in such quantities as to have given rise to excessive manufacturing [illegible] absolute freedom [illegible] tion render[illegible] pur[illegible] of water, acids or damp atmos[illegible] for that reason prominence [illegible] the list of manufactures to w[illegible] now habitually applied to artic[illegible] door use in which an ornament[illegible] is desired. Among the articles [illegible] the metal has been found spe[illegible] viceable, apart from white-m[illegible] ware, may be mentioned ships' [illegible] yacht-sheathing, ships' fitting[illegible] bits and harness fittings, rail wa[illegible] handles, locks, keys, chains, [illegible] wire ropes, tubes, chandelier[illegible] screws, fenders, fire-irons, fish[illegible] trawling ropes, carriage lamps, p[illegible] ver grids, rivets, etc.

Two ancient beverages are being [illegible] duced into Great Britain on acco[illegible] their supposed medicinal virtue[illegible] wine, or lakmi, is made from th[illegible] the date palm. Trees in full vi[illegible] selected for tapping. The juice [illegible] from the wound is conducted by [illegible] into an earthenware pot, and may [illegible] to nearly two gallons daily at fir[illegible] ually sinking to about half th[illegible] tity toward the end of the [illegible] which is seldom allowed to [illegible] month. Much of the "wine" [illegible] fresh, when it resembles sparkli[illegible] but becomes insipid after losing [illegible] bonic acid. Its color is opales[illegible] milky. After undergoing alcoh[illegible] mentation it contains 4.38 per [illegible] alcohol, .22 carbonic acid, an[illegible] mannite. The Moors make [illegible] use of a spirit prepared from the [illegible] which comb is boiled in treat[illegible] wax. This water, being imp[illegible] with honey, is allowed to ferme[illegible] then distilled; the spirit is calle[illegible] ga. It is flavored with anise-se[illegible] nella—that is, fennel acid.

Chased by a Plant.

One of the most familiar p[illegible] Southern California and Arizo[illegible] tumble-weed. In the fall the gr[illegible] some localities are covered with [illegible] the plant being a low bush, abo[illegible] feet in height, and spreading out [illegible] eral feet in width. So small and [illegible] are the roots that when the plant [illegible] seed the breeze detaches it and th[illegible] goes rolling along like a ball, sc[illegible] its seeds broadcast over the land [illegible] from where it grew. In Arizon[illegible] tumble weed sometimes attains ma[illegible] proportions. I have seen them fi[illegible] across, and so bulky that one would [illegible] ly upset a man when traveling at a [illegible] rate of speed.

The following incident shows tha[illegible] man may be chased by a plant: "I [illegible] traveling through Arizona on horseb[illegible] some years ago," said the narrator, "[illegible] one day found myself in a desert pl[illegible] almost destitute of vegetation. The o[illegible] thing in the way of a shrub were nu[illegible] bers of dead tumble-weeds, many of g[illegible] gantic size, and, curiously enough, the[illegible] were piled in great heaps as if some o[illegible] had hauled them together to burn them[illegible] but as there was no object in doing thi[illegible] I concluded that the wind had done it, and I found later that my supposition was correct.

"I had gone about ten miles in this tumble-weed country when I noticed a storm coming up in the west. There was not the slightest shelter, so I kept along, but finally saw a pile of tumble-weed and made for it, thinking to get under its lee, and I just about made it when the rain commenced. The pile was about ten feet high, and I thought I had a good shelter and dismounted; but I had hardly reached the ground when a gust of wind came and shook the heap as if it had been made of paper, and a big tumble-weed on top rolled off onto the horse. Fortunately I had not left him, and as he leaped back and reared I hung on and in a second I was on his back and not a bit too soon, as then the gale struck, and the way that heap dissolved partnership was a caution to sinners. My horse was wild with fear and darted off, while behind came thirty or forty mammoth tumble-weeds, rolling along like gigantic cannon ball. I never saw such a sight in my life, and I soon found that I was being chased by hundreds of them. I looked back and saw one jump twenty feet into the air as it struck a rock, and every little prominence sent them up where the wind would catch them and bowl them like foot-balls. I dodged several, and at last got out of the squall. I haven't the least doubt that if I had been struck by one of the plants it would have knocked over horse and all—in fact, I heard later of a team that was caught in such a squall and actually bowled over by one of them."—*San Francisco Call.*

Social Relations of Men who Work.

It is a common complaint that handicraftsmen are not admitted into the same social relations as men of letters, merchants, clerks or salesmen. Sometimes this is said to be owing to a contempt for a laborious life, but this is very far from being proved. As a nation we are hard workers—too hard in all departments—and the merchant, and even the scholar, often toils more slavishly than any one in his employment. Probably the social distinction is one of education, nice perception and refinement in manners.

Many a hand-worker earns as much as a clerk, or even a lawyer, and yet his home will not have the same atmosphere, nor be the abode of the same manners—a difference shown in the few books at hand, the poor pictures, the coarse food and the rude customs at the table. This is not because the man has been using a hand tool all day instead of searching titles or selling the products of that same hand-tool, but because, owing to many causes dating far back, there had been an obstinate lack of education, and consequently, of outward delicacy and refinement.

As fast as we obtain in the handicraftsman not only a hard worker, but a hand and head worker—a scientific manual laborer—we shall escape from this injurious social distinction. But it will not be so much social feeling that will rise above it as the handicraftsman himself; for, after all, it is mind and refinement of soul that make gentlehood here. Snobbery does not go far.

Uncle Isom was whitewashing an old, dilapidated house on Whitehall street yesterday. The interior had a ghostly appearance, and a gentleman said to the old negro:

"Isom, ain't you afraid of ghosts?"

"No, sah; dat I ain't, young master," was the reply, as the old man's face looked up with a smile.

"You are not?"

"No, sah. Dar are no ghosts."

"How do you know?"

"Ca'se, sah, when a person dies dey goes to heaben or purgatory, one or de udder."

"Yes."

"An ef dey goes to purgatory dey can't get away; an' ef dey goes to heaben dey don't want to get away an' cum back a scollopin' round' dis world. I'se to ole too let dat meeserien' busness bodder me."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Throat troubles yield promptly to Red Star Cough Cure, as vouched for by U. S. Architect Clark. Its ingredients are purely vegetable, and free from opiates. 25 cents.