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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXV. NO. 26. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1886. WHOLE NO. 1847.

UTTERLY DISCOURAGED

expresses the feeling of many victims of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and nervous or sick headache. Having tried numberless so-called remedies, and physicians of all schools, without relief, there seems to be no hope. Many such have as a last resort tried Athlophoros, and to their surprise and joy have found that it was a safe, sure and quick cure. Athlophoros is not an experiment; thousands have been cured by its use and they testify as to its value.

Shekomeko, Dutchess Co. N. Y., Aug. 20, '85.

I took Athlophoros according to directions; it caused a ringing in my ear that was not pleasant, it operated on my bowels, causing a slower and firmer stool, and constipated my bowels. When the last dose was taken I did not think much of the medicine; the next day my lameness was better, and continued getting less until it left me. My ear rings as much as any, back, shoulders and neck, as it has been for eight months. I was advised to try Athlophoros by my neighbor, Wm. Jackson, who had taken a bottle of it for a severe attack of lameness in his shoulder and arm. He said "it drove the lameness right out of me; my head felt strong, and my heart almost stopped beating; I thought I would die, but I came out all right, and have not had any lameness since." ANON BRIGGS.

Phelps, N. Y., August 13, 1886.

I am a practicing physician; I prescribed Athlophoros in a case of inveterate rheumatism of the right shoulder and arm. This case had been of weeks standing—yes months—and resisted medicine carefully selected, also the use of electric treatment. One bottle removed all the trouble. The case remains well, now over a year since using the medicine. G. C. PRICHARD, M. D.

Every druggist sells and keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is $1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.

For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, &c., Athlophoros Pills are unequaled.

One of our prominent business men recently took several doses of Wei De Lowepe' Norman Balsam for a severe cough and cold and is now so thoroughly convinced of its merits that he would use no other. C. N. Bord sells it, and will refund the money in any case of disappointment.

EXCELSIOR
COOK STOVES
ALWAYS SATISFACTORY.
EIGHTEEN SIZES AND KINDS.
All Purchasers can be Suited!
MANUFACTURED BY
L. A. SHEPHERD & CO. BALTO. MD.,
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R. B. Schell & Co.,
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Competent judges pronounce Wei De Lowepe' Norman Balsam superior to all other remedies for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, and throat, chest and lung diseases. Sold and guaranteed by C. N. Bord.

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Your Patronage Is Respectfully Solicited.
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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Phillip Ling, dec'd, late of Brothersvalley Township, Somerset Co., Pa.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement to the undersigned Executor of Thursday, the 2nd day of December, 1886, at his residence near Buckstown, in Shade township, Somerset Co., Pa.

PEARSON LINS,
nov17. Executor of Philip Ling, dec'd.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned as legatees, creditors or otherwise, that the following accounts have passed register, and that the same will be presented for confirmation and allowance at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset on Thursday, December 9, 1886:

First and final account of Solomon Snyder, Administrator of Adam B. Snyder, dec'd.

First and final account of Tyranus Eichner, Administratrix of Conrad Eichner, dec'd.

First and final account of Daniel Spangler, Exr. of Isabella Brittain.

Account of Matthias Bowman, Guardian of Samuel Bert and Mary Bert, minor children of Thomas Bert, dec'd.

Second account of John C. Reitz, Exr. of John Ware, dec'd.

Account of Samuel Frost, Admr. &c. of Wilson C. Hicks, dec'd.

Account of R. H. Patterson, Exr. of Joseph Ferner, dec'd.

First and final account of Daniel Figer, Administrator of Sarah Beckman, dec'd.

Register's Office, Nov. 24, 1886. CHAS. C. SHAFER, Register.

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Energetic, reliable men to sell the choicest Fruit and Ornamental Nursery Stock, on salary or liberal commission, in our territory. Permanent. Steady employment throughout the year. Business quickly learned. Send for terms.

GLENN BROS., Nurserymen,
Oct1-12. Rochester, N. Y.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Joseph Emmert, deceased, late of Paint Township, Somerset County, Pa.

Letters of Administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Friday, the 24th day of December, 1886, at the residence of E. J. Emmert, in Paint township.

E. J. EMMERT,
nov10. Administrator.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY, A. D. 1622.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"And now," said the Governor, gazing abroad
on the piled up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and
covered the meadows o'er,
"Tis meet that we render praise because of
this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be
thanked for his sun and rain.

"And therefore, I, Wm. Bradford, (by the
grace of God to-day,
And the franchise of this good people) Governor
of Plymouth, say
Thro' virtue of vested power—we shall gather
with one accord,
And hold, in the month November, thanksgiving
with the Lord.

"He hath granted us peace and plenty, and
the quiet we've sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept
him from doing wrong;
And unto our Feast the Sachem shall be bidden
that he may know
We worship his over-great Spirit who maketh
the harvests grow.

"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters;
there is hunting of all degrees;
And fishermen, take your tackle, and scour
for spoil, the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your
delicate crafts employ,
To honor our First Thanksgiving, and make
it a Feast of joy.

"We fall of the fruits and dainties so close to
our hand in Devon;
—Ah, they are the lightest losses we suffer,
for sake of Heaven!
But see, in our open clearings, how golden
the pulons lie;
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give
us the Pumpkin-Pie."

So, bravely the preparations went on for the
autumn Feast;
The deer and the bear were slaughtered;
wild game from the greatest to least
Was heaped in the Colony cabin; brown
homebrew served for wine,
And the plum and grape of the forest, for orange,
and peach, and pine.

At length came the day appointed; the snow
had begun to fall,
But the clang from the meeting-house belfry
rang merrily out for all;
And summoned the folk of Plymouth, who
hastened with glad accord
To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently
thanked the Lord.

In his seat sat Governor Bradford; men, matrons, and maidens fair;
Miles Standish, with all his soldiers, with
corselet and sword, were there;
And sobbing and tears and gladness had each
in its turn the sway,
For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish o'er
shadowed Thanksgiving Day.

And when Massasoit, the Sachem, sat down
with his hundred leaves
And ate of the varied riches of garden and
woods and waves.
And looked on the gathered harvest—with
a blow on his brawny chest,
He muttered, "The good Great Spirit loves
His white children best!"

And then, as the feast was ended with,
gravely official air,
The Governor drew his breadsword out from
its scabbard there,
And smiting the trencher near him, he cried
in heroic way,
"Hail! Pie of the Pumkin; I dub thee Prince
of Thanksgiving Day!"

—*Wide Awake.*

"CAPTAIN KATY."

"Only three months, Katy, and, God willing, I'll be with you again. If this voyage is as prosperous as the last I can afford to buy a farm and settle down with a dear little wife of my own. And our house shall be big enough to hold the dear old father, and Charley, and Mabel."

"Oh, George!"

That was all the young girl could say for a moment. She was not given to crying, but a tear would roll down her cheek in spite of her efforts to keep it back. The young sailor put his arm around her as he said in a tone of half playful entreaty:

"Come Katy, Captain Katy, show yourself worthy of the name your good father gives you. Promise me you will keep up a brave heart while I am gone."

"Yes, George, you need not be afraid. I couldn't help breaking down a little to think how good you are. But I mean to be brave, and, as you say, the three months will soon pass by."

Katy Darrow spoke up courageously, hiding in her brave little heart a secret uneasiness she had felt for days. Arm-in-arm the young lovers came out from the grove where they had been strolling and walked slowly in the direction of Mr. Darrow's house.

A moment or two after a man who had concealed himself near them and heard every word of their interview, stole cautiously out and looked after the retreating figures with a malignant expression. He was forty, at least, rather handsome than otherwise, but with something mean and sinister-looking about his face.

"I'd like to choke him!" he said under his breath. "That he should step in between us, when I felt so sure of her, too. The prettiest girl and the brightest girl in the village, and the only one I cared to marry. You feel very sure of her, don't you, my boy! But you don't know what a hold I have on her father, and you may just bet your life I'll use my power. Katy is so fond of the old man that she'd make most any sacrifice for his sake."

The following evening a cosy group was gathered in Mr. Darrow's parlor. Charley, a bright-faced ten-year-old boy, sat in a big arm-chair looking over a picture book with his little sister, who was curled up beside him. Their father lay on a lounge listening to Katy, who was playing softly on the piano.

"I say, Katy," said Charley, suddenly.

"Well?" without turning her head.

"Do you like that Mr. Mumford?"

"Well, not particularly. Why do you ask me?"

"'Cause I don't want you to like him. I used to think he was pretty nice, but I can't bear him now."

"What has he done to you, child?"

"Oh, he's always asking me questions about you and George, and trying to find out everything. This morning, as I was going to school, he overtook me in his carriage. He asked me to jump in, as he was going right by the school house and he would drop me there. I was glad to get a ride, but felt sorry quick enough. He asked me if George had gone and if you felt bad and cried a good deal, but I wouldn't tell him yes or no. Just then we came to his house. You know how big and handsome it is Katie? Well, he asked me if I wouldn't like to live there and be his little brother, and have a pony of my own to ride on. I'd like a pony first-rate, but I am sure I don't want him for my brother; so I told him I'd rather stay with my own folks. Then he asked would I like to come if you came too, and father and Mabel."

"It is time for May to be in bed," said Katy, starting up suddenly, a red spot of anger in each cheek. "Come, baby, kiss papa and Charley good night."

She carried off the little blue-eyed maiden, who was somewhat loth to leave the pleasant parlor. Mr. Darrow arose with a disturbed look and, seating himself by the table, took up a paper and tried to read. But he soon gave up the attempt, and leaning back in his chair, closed his eyes with a weary sigh.

He was a man over sixty, with silver hair and a pale, gentle, refined face. Years ago, having failed in business, he bought a farm and removed thither with his family. There his second wife had died, leaving two children, over whom Katy, their half-sister, watched with motherly devotion.

Mr. Darrow was generally liked, his disposition was so kind, yet his neighbors looked upon him with some contempt as a "fancy farmer, one who got his farming out of books." They prophesied that he would "come to grief" sooner or later.

"Charley, find my his father rather dull company, soon followed his sisters, and Mr. Darrow was left to his own melancholy musings. They were interrupted by Katy, who came in, her brisk, cheery self again. Standing by her father's chair, she began stroking his hair lovingly from his forehead.

"Dear father, have you anything on your mind?" she asked. "You don't seem like yourself lately."

Mr. Darrow hesitated.

"I have tried to keep it from you, little daughter, but you will have to know it sooner or later."

Katy seated herself on a footstool at his feet, and gazed intently into his face.

"Do tell me at once. You think me so young, but you must remember I'm twenty next month, and already call myself an elderly female."

"And you are such a capable little housekeeper," said her father, laying his hand fondly on the small, graceful head with its crown of glossy, black hair. "Well, I wish I could keep it from you, but I don't see how that is possible any longer."

So he told her his troubles and found some relief in unburdening himself to his little confidant. Katy listened intently, betraying no emotion except that her cheek paled a little as she heard that Mr. Mumford had for some time held a mortgage on their house.

"It does seem hard that I can't raise such a paltry sum as $400," he concluded.

"Mr. Mumford has been very kind, I must say, not pressing his claim since the foreclosure. But I can't bear to be indebted to him—"

"No, indeed!" said Katy, decidedly. "We must devise some way to pay off that old mortgage."

She fell into a brown study, while her father watched her with a half-amused, half-troubled air.

"I have thought of something," she exclaimed suddenly. "Summer boarders!"

"Summer boarders! My child, what a care it would be for you! And what attractions could we offer them on this dull farm?"

"The location is lovely," Katy went on with enthusiasm, already framing an advertisement in her mind. "Right in the heart of the Berkshire hill, within ten minutes' walk of that graceful little sheet of water, Crystal Lake. No flies, no mosquitoes, no malaria. All that is perfectly true; we'd take them out riding and give them all the milk and fresh eggs they wanted. I think we had better advertise at once, as it is the 20th of May, and I will write to dear Mrs. Wilbur, who will be likely to know of the people—"

"But who is to do the cooking for these summer boarders? They are apt to expect the best of fare at the most moderate prices."

"Janet, you know, makes delightful bread and biscuit," said Katy, "and I can cook all kinds of meat and vegetables in capital style. The cake and pastry and other fancy dishes I would undertake myself. Oh, I would give them a good table, and in return would expect good prices."

"My darling, you would grow pale and thin under your burdens—"

"Now, father, I am young and strong, and you know I just love all kinds of housework, and to be at the head of affairs and make things go!"

Her father looked down thoughtfully into the odd, attractive little face upturned to his. Katy was as brown as a gypsy, with great flashing black eyes, a piquant nose, and a most decided little mouth. She was self-reliant to a fault; she loved to control others, yet was seldom disposed to yield her opinion to theirs. Christian though she was, she needed to be taught her own weakness, her dependence upon God! Must the lesson come through bitter suffering?

Her father winced as the thought crossed his mind. How gladly he would have endured any trial any privation, if by this means his children could have escaped them.

"What makes you look so sober, father?" she continued. "We have at least five rooms we can give up, and they will look very well with a little renovating. Besides, you shall have every cent I earn from my music scholars till the mortgage is paid off. Now, father, not one word. Just think of all you have done for me; You trust your little Captain Katy, and she will pull you out of this slough before many months are over."

"Well, Minervy, I'm powerful sorry, but I don't see but the poor child will have to marry him. Long as we expected Mr. George back why it's natural she should hold off; but, lor', he's dead and drowned, poor fellow, and they can't go on livin' in this yer way."

Janet, the old colored servant, concluded with a mournful shake of her head, and again turned her eyes, guarded by immense blue spectacles, on the stocking she was mending.

"And so the summer boarders clared out when May tuck sick with the fever?"

"Lor', yes, they run as if the plagues of Egypt was after 'em. Charley, he cum down a week later; and Miss Katy, she shet herself up with 'em for weeks. She said she'd had the fever and wasn't a bit afeared. I think they all got sort of desput, for Mr. Darrow, he just took hold on the farm and worked fit to kill hisself. Lor', he ain't got the strength for it, and them damp, cold days in July did the business for him. When Katy came down stairs she found him all crooked up with rheumatics, an' thar he's laid abed ever since."

"Well, what a sight of things has happened since I went away. Pore Miss Katy! Do you spose she's quite give Mr. George up?"

"If she ain't she's a little goose, for he should have been home three months ago, an' thar's cum no word from him or the ship. But there's Mr. Mumford—he ain't just the one I'd a picked up for her; but he washups the ground she treads on, an' he'd dress her up like the king's daughter, in wrought gold and raiment of needlework. And he told me hisself that he'd take her father and the children home to his big, splendid house an' do for 'em as if they were his own if she'd marry him. Thar he is, I'll be bound!" as the door bell rang loudly. She hastened to admit the visitor, but as she went she broke out unconsciously in the words of a negro hymn:

"Dar's de Saith a-knockin' at de do'
Oh, my soul!"

The caller was Mr. Mumford, and as Janet announced his name to our heroine she said in a hurried tone:

"Now, Miss Katy, be a good chile an' gib your hand to Hr. Mumford for your poor father's sake. It'll be the death ob him if he's turned out in de cold 'an' de snow, wid dat rheumatic affection on him."

Katy answered neither by word nor look, but walked slowly into the parlor, where her unwelcome visitor was awaiting her.

Poor little Captain Katy! Her cheeks have grown thinner and have lost their healthy color. A look of patient sadness has replaced the bright, self-reliant expression that used to characterize her face. Mr. Mumford scarcely waits for her to seat herself ere he breaks out in a determined tone:

"Katy, I've come, as I told you I would a week ago, to get my final answer."

"I gave it to you a week ago, Mr. Mumford, and I hope that you will be generous, and not press me any more."

"Tell me one thing, Katy Darrow—do you still hope that George Manning will come back? because, if you do, it's the wildest hope a girl ever indulged in. Every soul but you believes he's in the bottom of the ocean."

The cruel words cut Katy to the heart; she turned deathly pale as she replied:

"And if I had a little hope left, why should you be so cruel as to wish to take it away?"

She hid her face, quite overcome for a moment, but Mr. Mumford went on roughly:

"Because it's sheer romantic nonsense, and perhaps hinders you from marrying a man who loves you ten times better than that beardless youngster ever could. Oh, Katy"—with a change of tone—"if you will give yourself to me I'll soon bring back the color to those pale cheeks. Your father shall have every comfort and I'll bring up the children as if they were my own. Come, will you say yes?"

"No, Mr. Mumford.

"Would you, if you were sure George Manning was dead?"

"No, never! If you must have the plain answer, there it is."

"And you call yourself a dutiful daughter and a Christian? You are the most obstinate girl I ever saw, Katy Darrow; but I will let you know that my will is as strong as yours! If you don't give me a different answer in an hour's time, you've seen the last of me. Your father and the rest of you will be turned out of this house as quick as it can be sold. Then, perhaps, you'll wish you hadn't treated me so scurvifully."

"How can you be so cruel? If you'll only wait awhile, I may be able to pay you the money."

"Hang the money; it's not the money I want, but you!"

He waited a moment, hoping something from her appeal to him, then took up his hat and went out.

In a few minutes Janet entered the parlor. She found her young mistress lying on the lounge, her face buried in her hands.

"Bress you, chile, you ain't sent him away?"

"No; he'll be back—only too soon. Oh, why don't God help me?"

"Honey, perhaps he wants you to gib up your will for your poor ole father's sake. You's allers been too self-willed; you 'lows dat yourself."

"I know that, and I've been taught my lesson, Janet. But it can't be God's will that I should do wrong, and it would be a crime for me to marry Mr. Mumford, feeling toward him as I do. And he's cruel, and—"

"Stop chile, for pity's sake! It's 'cause he lubs you so dat he's so determined. An' think of your ole, sick father, bein' carted off to the poor house?"

"He won't be, Janet. This house will be sold to pay off the mortgage, and we shall have what is left over. Father said so."

"And how long will it last? and where will you go in the meantime? It'll kill yer father to be toted out in dis weather, an' de ground all sno w."

Katy groaned. Her father's pale, wasted face seemed to rise up before her in mute appeal, and for a moment she hesitated.

"Come, honey, he's waitin' jest outside; he couldn't bar to leave you in such distress. You've only to speak de word, an' he'll come to you."

But without waiting for that "word," Mr. Mumford stepped into the room.

"Well, is little 'Captain Katy' ready to surrender?" he asked, reaching out his hand with a smile.

"No, no," with a shudder, and putting up her hands as if to push him from her. "Go away! I can't bear the sight of you!"

"You can't, eh?" said Mr. Mumford furiously. "I'll get even with you for that speech, Katy Darrow! You'll repent of this."

He went out, slamming the door behind him. Janet was about to speak, but Katy turned upon her with flashing eyes.

"How dare you intrigue with that man and try to work upon my feelings for my father? I would not thought it of you, Janet."

She went to her own room, and threw herself on her knees by the bed. When she arose her face was more composed, though still very pale, and she said:

"I've done right, and I'm sure God will not forsake us. Poor father, he must not know it to-night."

"Katy," called her father feebly, from an adjoining room.

She went softly in."

"Was that Mr. Mumford who went out just now?"

"Yes, father."

"And we are to be turned out?"

"Oh, father, have I been a cruel daughter to you?"

"No, you have been my own brave, true-hearted child! Don't be afraid—the Lord will not forsake us. Must I get up?" he added in a confused way, making an effort to rise.

"Not to-night, poor father," said Katy, the tears running down her cheeks. "Lie down and compose yourself. I must speak to Janet."

She passed into the dining-room opposite; but before she could reach the kitchen door Janet appeared. She was trembling from head to foot, and said in an agitated voice:

"Oh, Miss Katy!"

"Be quiet, Janet. Come into the kitchen, where my father will not hear us."

"No, no, Miss Katy; not yet, honey. Wait till I tells you something—"

"Mr. Mumford is not there?" in a tone of displeasure.

"No, nor nobody like him. Oh, Miss Katy, whom would you rather see than anybody else in the world?"

"Janet, oh, Janet, what do you mean?" She caught hold of her for support.

"Chile, you nebber gib up hope, did you? an' you was wiser dan de rest ob us. Thar, thar, she's gwine ter faint. Come to her, quick, Mr. George."

But Katy had not fainted, though all strength seemed to go out of her. Like one in a happy dream, she felt herself lifted in those strong arms and laid upon the lounge.

An hour later they were sitting together in her father's room. With a radiant face the old man lay there, looking from, one to the other.

"I don't see how my letters failed to reach you," said George. "I wrote you after I was rescued, and two other times."

"Oh, George, why didn't you come right home?"

"Because I wanted to come home a rich man, and I have. But it just breaks me all up to think how you have both suffered. That Mumford shall hear a piece of my mind to-morrow!" with a stern frown.

"Oh, George, let us try and forgive him poor, miserable man."

"Captain Katy 'held the fort' gallantly, didn't she, George?" said the old man, looking proudly at her.

"Yes, and when the enemy was firing his hottest. But the campaign is gloriously ended."

"Now that the commanding officer has come to the rescue," said Katy, archly.

The Ruler of China.

The present emperor of China, whose reign over the flowery land is only now about to begin, was called to the government of that country under highly unusual circumstances. The Emperor Tung-Che having died without issue the succession to the Chinese throne passed out of the direct line, and a cousin of the deceased monarch, scarcely 4 years old, was chosen in his place under the title of Kwang-sen, or "Succession of Glory."

Kwang-sen will take over the reins of government at the beginning of the Chinese new year, now near at hand. The act of formal assumption will be preceded by the sacrifice of the winter solstice, which is performed before sunrise on the morning of the 21st of December at the alter of heaven. The emperor kneels in front of the table of the shangtis (heaven), in which position he is regarded as being in the center of the universe. In his prayer he acknowledges that he is inferior to heaven and to heaven alone. A bullock is then offered as a sacrifice.

The ascent of the throne and the marriage of the emperor take place in the following year. In is with these ceremonies that the official life of Kwang-sen really begins. To say that it is a life made up of a continual round of ceremonial observances is to describe its confinement but inadequately. The emperor's hours, even his minutes, have all special duties appointed to them, from his earliest childhood down to the moment of his death. Kwang-sen proposes and his board of rites disposes, and so a monarch who claims to be lord of the universe and only inferior to heaven may well be the most miserable monarch alive.

Cats in Great Britain.

The number of cats in the United Kingdom is estimated at fully 7,000,000. A change this from the olden days when cats were scarce in Britain that stringent laws were passed for the punishment of any persons who killed or stole them. In those times the cats belonging to royalty were specially protected, and if any one killed one of the mousers that guarded the Prince's granary he had to pay a fine of as much wheat as would cover the cat when hung up by the tail, with its head touching the floor. Any one who has ever had occasion to make a heap of wheat will know that, in the case of a good-sized cat this would mean no small quanity.

Why Her Nose Was Cold.

It was a horrid old uncle of two dear young creatures who kissed them both on meeting them at a tennis party.

"Ah, Jennie," he exclaimed, as he pressed his lips to those of one girl "you did well to put on your thick under clothes, as your mother advised."

Then he smacked the other one's pretty mouth and exclaimed:

"And you, Maria, are foolish for not having done the same thing."

"I'd be pleased to know, uncle," retorted Maria, "how you found out so much about invisible things without peeping through the keyhole?"

"Simple enough," he ex laimed, "your nose is cold, and Jennie's is warm; I am a reasoner."—*Boston Post.*

How Gettysburg Was Lost.

General E. M. Law of South Carolina, writing in the December *Century* of his experiences at Gettysburg, tells of a proposition he made to General Hood for an attack on the Union left, and says: "I found General Hood on the ridge where his line had been formed, communicated to him the information I had obtained, and pointed out the ease with which a movement by the right flank might be made. He coincided fully in my views, but said that his orders were positive to attack in front, as soon as the left of the corps should get into position. I therefore entered a formal protest against a direct attack, on the grounds: 1. That the great natural strength of the enemy's position in our front rendered the result of a direct assault extremely uncertain. 2. That, even if successful, the victory would be purchased at too great a sacrifice of life, and our troops would be in no condition to improve it. 3. That a front attack was unnecessary,—the occupation of Round Top during the night by moving upon it from the south, and the extension of our right wing from that point across the enemy's left and rear, being not only practicable, but easy. 4. That such a movement would compel a change of front on the part of the enemy, the abandonment of his strong position on the heights, and force him to attack us in position.

"General Hood called up Captain Hamilton, of his staff, and requested me to repeat the protest to him, and the grounds on which it was made. He then directed Captain Hamilton to find General Longstreet as quickly as possible and deliver the protest, and to say to him that he (Hood) indorsed it fully. Hamilton rode off at once, but in about ten minutes returned, accompanied by a staff-officer of General Longstreet, who said to General Hood, in my hearing: 'General Longstreet order that you begin the attack at once.' Hood turned to me and merely said, 'You hear the orders?' I at once moved my brigade to the assault. I do not know whether the protest ever reached Gederal Lee. From the brief interval that elapsed between the time it was sent General Longstreet and the receipt of the order to begin the attack, I am enclined to think it did not. General Longstreet has since said that he repeatedly advised against a front attack and suggested a movement by our right flank. He may have thought, after the rejection of this advice by General Lee, that it was useless to press the matter further.

"Just here the battle of Gettysburg was lost to the Confederate arms. It is useless to speculate upon the turn affairs might have taken if the Confederate cavalry had been in communication with the rest of the army, and if General Stuart had kept General Lee informed, as he should have done, of the movement of the Federal army. In considering the causes of the Confederate failure on that particular field, we must take the situation just as we find it. And the situation was as follows: The advance of the two armies encountered each other on the 1st of July. An engagement ensued in which the Confederates were victorious. The Federal troops retired through Gettysburg and took position along the heights east of the town—a position which if properly defended was practically impregnable to a direct attack.

"The whole matter then resolves itself into this: General Lee failed at Gettysburg on the 2d and 3d of July because he made his attack precisely when his enemy wanted him to make it and was most fully prepared to receive it. Even had he succeeded in driving the Federal army from its strong position by a general and simultaneous assault along the whole front (which was the only possible chance of success in that direction), he would have found his army in very much the same condition that Pyrrhus found his when, after driving the Romans from the field of Asculum, he exclaimed, 'Another such victory, and I am undone!'"

Something He Forgot.

When Mr. Jenkins went to his bedroom at half-past one, it was with the determination of going to sleep, and with another determination that he would not be interviewed by Mrs. Jenkins. So, as soon as he had entered the door, and deposited his lamp upon the dressing table, he commenced his speech:

"I locked the front door. I put the chain on. I pulled the key out a little bit. The dog is inside. I put the kitten out. I emptied the drip pan of the refrigerator. The cook took the silver to bed with her. I put a cane under the knob of the back hall door. I put the fastenings over the bath-room windows. The parlor fire has coal on. I put the cake-box in the closet. I did not use all the milch. It is not going to rain. Nobody gave me any message for you. I mailed your letters as soon as I got down town. Your mother did not call at the office. Nobody died that we are interested in. Did not hear of a marriage or engagement. I was very busy at the office making out bills. I have hung my clothes over chair backs. I want a new egg for breakfast. I think that is all, and I will now put out the light."

Mr. Jenkins felt that he had hedged against all inquiry, and a triumphant smile was upon his face as he took hold of the gas check, and sighted a line for the bed, when he was earthquaked by a ringing laugh, and the query from Mrs. Jenkins:

"Why didn't you take off your hat."

Sorry He Slept So Well.

Bjones is a very sound sleeper. A thunder shower and a Salvation Army jubilee combined wouldn't begin to wake him.

"It's a blessing to be able to sleep," said one of his friends one day. "I'm sure I envy you your accomplishment."

"Yes," said Bjones, "it's nice at times, but do you know I get worried about it occasionally? I get to thinking sometimes what would happen to me if the end of the world should come some night when I'm asleep. I'm morally sure I shouldn't wake or know anything about it, and the thought of the sensation I should have next day when I woke up and found how I had been left sends a cold chill down my spine and away into the coal cellar of my house when I'm up in the attic."—*Somerville Journal.*

The most stubborn cases of dyspepsia and sick headache yield to the regulating and toning influences of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

A Jolly Farmer's Life.

It is a frequent saying that in the winter a farmer has nothing to do but enjoy himself; that when the blizzards send in their cards he can draw his chair up to the stove, put his feet in the oven, and spend the day in reading the Somerset HERALD and other good papers