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SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 1872.

How's Your Liver? Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy liver.

MAKE YOUR MARK. In the quarries should you toll, Make your mark.

A True Story of the War. In 1863 a young maiden, a resident of Stone county, northwest Missouri, married a young man, to whom she had long been engaged.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser. I suppose that Mr. Bowser is the majority of men, putting the like before the public.

Professional Love Making. Lovely Miss Lucinda Tyler went to Farmer Hayseed for the summer. The object of her visit was to secure rest and quiet.

It is to Your Interest TO BUY YOUR DRUGS AND MEDICINES

BITTER-SWEET. Only a girl, blooming with all the freshness of youth, sitting curled up in the bay window, watching for the postman.

Two Good Dog Stories. The other day our Newfoundland dog was playing on the porch with our little girl, four years old, when she opened the gate and went out.

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way? It went from one to another for miles—from crowd to crowd—and they obeyed the command. As the shouting about went on the swirling crowd rippled. They faced the command, who had been drinking champagne and eating sandwiches with officers and myself until 1, and arguing terms of surrender the rest of the night, was mounted on his bay, fresh and clean shaven, riding to Bay, Selah, and well followed. A shabby, low carriage, from which came the sound of pistol, approached, and Bismarck sprang from his horse, letting it go, and bowed low. The leaden-colored, gaunt-eyed, deep-lined man with disheveled moustache, on the carriage, was Napoleon III. Alighting at a weaver's cottage, Napoleon and Bismarck sat down and talked in an undertone, while we stood at the garden gate, the weaver calmly looked on from his window, and a group of troops and provision carts streamed by. Then Bismarck rode back to the Emperor, and Napoleon waited alone, walking back and forth, litigating slightly, and smoking countless cigarettes. The proudest monarch in Europe was cooling his heels at a weaver's cottage, waiting attendance on a Prussian soldier, a group of cuirassiers formed around the cottage, Bismarck returned, and Napoleon was escorted to a ruined house in Selah. Von Moltke had dispelled the obstinacy of the French commander by showing him the German cannon, and the capitulation had been signed. The German monarch came riding down with head proudly erect to visit the bent and broken Napoleon, who came forward with handkerchief at his eyes, while William's face worked strangely. In the shattered house an interview of twenty minutes was held, then Napoleon rode among his troops, and Napoleon spent the night in the bedroom occupied by Bismarck's wife. Before he passed the night in reading, and the book significantly was Bismarck's "Last of the Emperors"—Archibald Forbes.

A Great Scene.

At Selah Emperor William sat on a hill overlooking the battlefield with the American Generals Sheridan and Forester, when the news of the capitulation came, and the French leader of the flag of truce was seen riding back. At dawn the next day, the Emperor, who had been drinking champagne and eating sandwiches with officers and myself until 1, and arguing terms of surrender the rest of the night, was mounted on his bay, fresh and clean shaven, riding to Bay, Selah, and well followed. A shabby, low carriage, from which came the sound of pistol, approached, and Bismarck sprang from his horse, letting it go, and bowed low. The leaden-colored, gaunt-eyed, deep-lined man with disheveled moustache, on the carriage, was Napoleon III. Alighting at a weaver's cottage, Napoleon and Bismarck sat down and talked in an undertone, while we stood at the garden gate, the weaver calmly looked on from his window, and a group of troops and provision carts streamed by. Then Bismarck rode back to the Emperor, and Napoleon waited alone, walking back and forth, litigating slightly, and smoking countless cigarettes. The proudest monarch in Europe was cooling his heels at a weaver's cottage, waiting attendance on a Prussian soldier, a group of cuirassiers formed around the cottage, Bismarck returned, and Napoleon was escorted to a ruined house in Selah. Von Moltke had dispelled the obstinacy of the French commander by showing him the German cannon, and the capitulation had been signed. The German monarch came riding down with head proudly erect to visit the bent and broken Napoleon, who came forward with handkerchief at his eyes, while William's face worked strangely. In the shattered house an interview of twenty minutes was held, then Napoleon rode among his troops, and Napoleon spent the night in the bedroom occupied by Bismarck's wife. Before he passed the night in reading, and the book significantly was Bismarck's "Last of the Emperors"—Archibald Forbes.

Wisdom of the Sages.

What a grand thing it must be to have a good, thorough education, and know all about astronomy and natural history and philosophy and all those things. A painful sense of my own general ignorance always makes me feel very ill at ease in presence of learned people. Not a great while ago, two months, perhaps, I was writing, and happening to glance over my window, saw a hawk make a swoop and catch a poor little English sparrow. The robber, with great insolence, flew to a pine tree close by my window and began his breakfast. I called the Prince, and we watched the hawk devour the little bird. He held the sparrow on the limb of the tree with his talons, and tore off bite after bite with his great beak. He did not pluck a feather before eating. Now and then, when a feather would come to his beak, he would shake it, and the hawk shook it from his beak, but went right on with his meal. He didn't swallow any feathers, but beyond that he paid not the slightest attention to them, simply shaking them off his beak when they got in his way. Half an hour later I read in a most excellent paper the statement that a hawk had eaten a sparrow and an old hunter that "the hawk never begins devouring a bird until he has first carefully plucked every feather out of it." Now if I hadn't read that, you see how ignorant I would have been of a simple fact in natural history. I believe that villain of a hawk acted as he did on purpose to mislead me, to shake to the learned man, he called, as he said, "I don't take the word of a miserable ignorant hawk against that of a great ornithologist? Not I. I may not know much, but I trust that I was a learned ornithologist. I know more about hawks than any hawk that ever bolted a feather—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

The Watch Stops.

"Does it affect a watch to stand near a dynamo machine when it is in motion?" was asked of the superintendent of our electric light station. "Oh, yes; very seriously." "And why?" "Because the works become charged with electricity. The steel absorbs a greater quantity of iron than the brass, and the resultant influence upon the latter metal by the former becomes so great that the wheels lead in clock and watch stops." "Is it dangerous business to work about a dynamo?" "No; we haven't had a serious accident here since the station was established. The lightning, however, sometimes gets a shock, but it is seldom they receive a serious injury." "Why don't you put your wires underground?" "That we will willingly do when some one invents a properly insulated cable. You see the nature of the electric-current is to reach the earth, and if the insulation is not complete, it jumps from the wire and its intensity for service beyond the defect is thereby reduced. It would cost an enormous sum to bury our wires, but it would be a good investment even at that, because we would then escape the nuisance of continually repairing them, as is now the case, and also avoid the constant complaint of people over whose buildings the wires are strung. It is a popular belief that electric lightning wires endanger property from fire, and the moment one of them is run over a house for the first time the owner immediately declares against us, as he thinks we are plotting to cremate him. The records of fire from electric wires you will find to be very small."

Sad Day in a Western Sanctum

Our recent illness was quite a drawback, but no comparison to the sudden failure of our old black pants. They had been our official pants at numerous weddings during seven years. In these same pants we heard James G. Blaine orate at Galesburg; had helped nominate Nease for Congress twice; and was with the constant complainer at Mammouth, at the Cleveland's affliction at Plymouth and Carthage; the admiration of all old settlers at their meetings at Carthage and Plymouth, and had served as when town people visited us on numerous occasions. All we had to do was to dodge into a spare room and slip them on, and we felt as if we had no other garment. But, alas! right in the midst of Elder Blaine's late meetings here they gave way—collapsed in both knees—Carthage, (Ill.) Gazette.

Shiloh's Vitality

Shiloh's Vitality is what you need for Chorea, Rheumatism, Pains, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

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