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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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DYSPEPSIA.

Is that misery experienced when we suddenly become aware that we possess a diseased arrangement called a stomach. The stomach is the reservoir from which every fibre and tissue must be nourished, and any trouble with it is soon felt throughout the whole system. Among a Dozen Dyspeptics, no two will have the same predominant symptoms. Dyspeptics of active mental power and a bilious temperament are subject to SICK HEADACHES; those, fleshy and phlegmatic have CONSTIPATION, while the thin and nervous are sleepless to GLOOMY FOREBODINGS. Some dyspeptics are wonderfully forgetful; others have great irritability of temper.

Whatever form Dyspepsia may take, one thing is certain

The Underlying Cause is in the LIVER,

and one thing more is equally certain, no one will remain a dyspeptic who will

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

IT WILL CORRECT ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, EXPEL FOUL GASES, ALLAY IRRITATION, ASSIST DIGESTION, and, at the same time

Start the Liver to Working, when all Other Troubles Soon Disappear.

"My wife was a confirmed dyspeptic. Sometimes years ago he had a fine of P. Simmons, of Augusta, she was induced to try Simmons Liver Regulator. I feel grateful for the relief it has given her, as," and all who read this are, or are afflicted in any way whether chronic or otherwise use Simmons Liver Regulator and I feel confident health will be restored to all who will be advised."
—Wm. M. Elton, Fort Valley, Ga.
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Respectfully,
BIESECKER & SNYDER.

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To offer such values at all times to our customers has been our aim and this has been our line of policy right through. We mean to continue it and hope to succeed in our efforts still.
A Question of Value represents a *matter of profit*—a gain or loss.
To most of us this is a matter of considerable importance and interest.
The Stocks we offer the purchasing public contain almost everything in the different lines to be found, and ample enough to suit all tastes, even the most fastidious. This much as to *assortment and variety.*
The Goods are the Best.—By this we mean the best for the price; if low priced goods are wanted we can offer these, too, and up to the very finest grades. *The Prices.*—Well, upon this item we risk our reputation. The prime question with us in the purchase and sale of goods, is not how *MUCH* can be obtained for an article, but for how *LITTLE* can it be sold.
These are the Terms they—*Plenty of Light and Room for your Comfort, Best Qualities in all Lines, Largest Assortments, Lowest Prices.*
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Plenty of room for your accommodation.
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Samples of the newest and choicest styles of goods as they come in, will be cheerfully sent to any address upon request.
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A PIN.

Oh, I know a certain woman who is reckoned with the good,
But she fills me with more terror that a raging lion would.
The little chills run up and down my spine where'er we meet,
Though she seems a gentle creature, and she's very trim and neat.
And she has a thousand virtues, and not one acknowledged sin.
But she is the sort of person you could liken to a pin.
And she pricks you, and she sticks you in a way that can't be said—
When you seek for what has hurt you, why, you cannot find the head.
But she fills you with discomfort and exasperating pain—
If anybody asks you why, you really can't explain.
A pin is such a tiny thing—of that there is no doubt—
Yet when it's sticking in your flesh, you're in misery till it's out!
She is wonderfully observing—when she meets a pretty girl
She is always sure to tell her if her "bang" is out of curl,
And she is so sympathetic; to her friend, who's much admired,
She is often heard remarking, "Dear, you look so worn and tired!"
And she is a careful critic; for on yesterday she eyed
The new dress I was airing with a woman's natural pride.
And she said, "Oh, how becoming!" and then softly added, "It
Is really a misfortune that the basque is such a fit."
Then she said, "If you had heard me yesterday, I'm sure, my friend,
You would say I am a champion who knows how to defend."
And she left me with the feeling—most unpleasant I aver—
That the whole world would despise me if it had not been for her.
Whenever I encounter her, in such a nameless way
She gives me the impression I am at my worst that day.
And the hat that was imported (and that cost me half a some,)
With just one glance from her round eyes becomes a bowery bonnet.
She is always bright and smiling, sharp and shining for a thrust—
Use does not seem to blunt her point, nor does she gather rust—
Oh! I wish some hapless specimen of mankind would begin
To tidy up the world for me, by picking up this pin.
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox in July Century.*

MY TWIN BROTHER.

When I arose on the morning of my twentieth birthday, and nodded merrily to my own reflection in the glass, the bright young face that laughed back at me was that of a handsome, happy, and very fortunate girl.

"Good morning, Miss Lydia Searle," I said. "And if all goes well with us you won't be Miss Lydia Searle at all this time next year, but Mrs. Harry Hatten instead."

It wanted but three weeks of my wedding-day. I was as happy as I was busy just then, for I loved the man whose bride I was so soon to become, with all a young girl's warm, untried affection.

"Better than any one in the world but Tom," I thought. "And surely nobody ever could or ought to be dearer to me than Tom."

Tom was my twin brother. The usual strong affection existing between twins was exceptionally powerful in our case—from circumstances.

One of us was born strong and robust, and the other frail and small. Notwithstanding my sex, I was the favored one by nature, while Tom was the weakly twin.

That was the first of his misfortune, which naturally gave him a claim on me, and at the same time attached him to me and made him cling to me as a heartier, manlier boy would not have done. The second misfortune was that he resembled our father.

Poor fellow! As if he could help that! And yet Uncle Elliott resented it in him just as if he had been to blame for it.

"Not a fraction of my money shall go to the second Tom Searle," he used to say.

And he kept his word. He had adopted us at poor mother's death. Our father had died years before. He gave us both a good education, and got Tom a position in a bank; but when he died—just a year before that twentieth birthday of mine—I was his sole heiress.

It grieved me terribly. I loved Tom better far than myself, and would have shared anything with him; but he was proud, poor dear, and wouldn't hear of such a thing.

So the best I could do was to spend as much money upon him as possible, and lend him all he wanted to use. He had no objection to that, because, as he would say:

"Some of these days, when I'm partner in the bank, I'll pay it all back again, Lyddy."

And, of course, it was quite probable that some day he would be partner, since I was about to be married to the banker's only son and heir.

I was puzzled sometimes to know what Tom did with so much money; he had "speculations on hand," he told me. I thought that perhaps he was rather extravagant, too—perhaps inclined to be wild.

"He is so young and so handsome," I thought.

I was always making excuses for him to myself; but, of course, common sense taught me that if he would be steadier, and attend to business better, his chances of promotion at the bank would be improved.

As I thought of him on that birthday morning—of course, it was his birthday too—the face in the glass ceased to smile, and a new anxiety crept into my thoughts, I was thinking of the night before.

Tom had acted very strangely. I had lain awake a long time thinking of it last night and a vague uneasiness smote me as I remembered it now; what could have ailed him?

He had come in, at about ten o'clock, to the little parlor where Harry and I were sitting together, and had remained with us, restless, agitated, nervous, and showing so plainly that he wished to see me alone, that presently Harry, half vexed, half amused, took the hint and left us.

And then he asked me for money.

No trifling sum, either. He implored me, almost wildly, to "give him six hundred pounds, then and there, for God's sake!"

He almost took my breath away. I had no such sum of money in the house, of course, nor could I get it on such short notice. My fortune consisted of real estate, from which I derived a moderate income, and a few thousands in ready money, which, what with Tom's extravagance, and my own preparations for my marriage, were nearly gone.

Quite aghast at his agitation, as well as at his request, I explained to him the utter impossibility of compliance. He said not a word, but dropped into a seat, and sat looking at me as if stupefied.

Every vestige of color had gone from his fair, handsome face, and the delicate, clear-cut features looked haggard and careworn. A pang shot through my heart as I saw his distress. I ceased to care or wonder what the money was wanted for. I knelt beside him:

"I'll get it for you to-morrow," I said, "if I have to mortgage my property; don't despair; only wait until to-morrow, my dear."

As my hand touched his he started and looked down at me. He was never very strong or brave—never fit to battle with trouble. It seemed to have crushed him now; tears fell from his eyes upon my face.

"Never mind!" he moaned. "Poor Lyddy! Poor girl!" he patted my hand fondly. "I know you'd give it to me if you could. Ah, I've been a bad brother to you, dear. Say you forgive me to-night!"

And of course I said so—said so weeping. His manner distressed me so; but I did not know what there was to forgive.

I was wiser before that birthday was half over, though the knowledge seemed the greatest calamity of my life.

"Something has gone wrong at the bank," Harry told me. He broke the bitter news to me as gently as he could, and with a grave, pale face. "Six hundred pounds, which had been entrusted to Tom to deliver somewhere several weeks ago, had not been accounted for and—there were errors, too, in his accounts—"

I heard no more. Insensibility snatched me for a while from the agony of Tom's ruin and my own disgrace.

For must not his sister share his dishonor? I felt that bitterly at first—I who had been so proud of him. But by-and-by indignation, shame, anger, all gave place to love and love's anxiety. Tom was missing.

What mattered it to me that he had sinned? He was still my brother, and I loved him.

I had not waited for that, however, before taking steps to shield him from the consequences of his crime.

Mr. Hatton was merciful. He had no wish to bring public disgrace upon the family of his old friend—upon the girl whom his own son was engaged to marry.

I was permitted to make up the deficit in the bank's accounts. In order to do so, and for another reason, I instructed my lawyers to dispose of my property. And that other reason was a letter from Tom, received just one week from his departure.

A pitiful letter—the outcry of a penitent and almost broken heart. He had not appropriated the six hundred pounds, thank God! but he had been out and drinking, with the money in his possession, and had been robbed of it.

Oh, how grateful I was! Every other misfortune in the world might be borne with patience now, since Tom was not dishonest.

He confessed to me a thousand indiscretions, follies, sins; told me of many and serious debts that he had left behind him. Most startling of all, he told me he was married, and implored me to seek out and protect his wife and child.

Tom's wife and child! Who was she? After the first surprise was over, I found myself longing to see my new sister and the little one.

I went to the address Tom had sent me—went with a carriage to bring my new relations home. Disappointment met me. Mrs. Searle and her child had gone.

"They were behind with their rent," said the landlady, and the husband went away, so I couldn't keep her. She left to-day.

I returned home discouraged. I did not want to see or speak to any one just then, so it was peculiarly annoying to find that a young woman, whom I had employed to do sewing more than a year ago, had called, and was waiting to see me.

I went down to her. She arose to meet me as I entered the parlor. Little Eva Robinson! I remembered the girl well—a pretty, gentle, timid creature.

I started when I saw that she had an infant in her arms.

"Why, what is this?" I cried.

"My baby," she said, timidly. "I've married since I saw you last, miss."

I sat down, and bade her do the same, and then asked her what I could do to serve her.

For all answer she burst into a passion of tears, and, rising suddenly, came and laid the infant in my lap.

"Have mercy on me!" she cried, falling on her knees. "This is your brother's child and mine, and I—I am his wife!"

I was a proud girl, and this blow was a heavy one. My brother, so handsome, such a favorite, so unfit for wife and child—he might have married so advantageously, I thought, and here I was called upon to welcome as a sister my own sewing girl.

But I did. I may have shrunk from her for an instant, perhaps, in the first surprise, but next minute the thought of that other disgrace, which Tom had not brought on himself and me, returned to me, and in my gratitude at escaping that I could not murmur.

She was a dear little thing, too, after all; and the baby charming. Ah, I had reason to be thankful for the comfort of their presence soon. For the very next day, meeting an acquaintance in the street, she said:

"And so I hear that your marriage is postponed, my dear."

My heart sank down like lead.

"Who informed you?" I asked, quietly.

"Your intended bridegroom, Mr. Harry Hatton, himself. Is it not true?"

"Perfectly true," I answered.

"And postponed until when?"

"Indefinitely."

I wrote the same day to Harry:

"You desire your freedom; take it. You will never be called upon to fulfill your engagement with me."

And he took me at my word.

He called, certainly, and made a pretense of explanation and regret. The almost entire loss of my fortune had influenced his father, not himself; but my brother's conduct—"

I stopped him there.

"Tom was innocent," I said; "and what he lost I have restored. You have acknowledged that there was nothing wrong in his accounts. You need seek no excuse in his conduct, sir."

He lost his temper.

"Do you excuse his destruction of an innocent girl, and abandonment of her and her child?" he said.

With one quick movement I threw open the folding doors, and showed him Eva and her son.

"Allow me to introduce you to my brother's wife and child, whom he left in my protection."

But his words had made me uneasy. That evening, seated with the baby on my lap, I asked Eva where she had been married.

"Alas!" she cried, "if I only knew! Tom took me to church in a carriage. It was in this very city, but I don't know where. It was because I had no certificate of my marriage, that I dare not go to my brother—my dear, noble brother—who has struggled so hard, and made himself, unaided, an honorable position and a name. I know that a cruel slander concerning me has been carried to him that must almost have broken his heart."

I took her hands away from her face and kissed her.

"We'll find the church," I said. "There must be no slander about my dear brother's wife."

And I did find it, after a few days' search. Then I got John Robinson's address—he was a lawyer, I found—and requested him to call on me.

He came, a wonderfully grave, handsome man, with something singularly manly and impressive about him. In my heart I thought:

"No wonder Eva wept at thought of his displeasure. He is worth pleasing, surely."

I took him to the parlor.

"I wish to reconcile you to your sister," I said. "She is my brother's wife."

Then I left them together. After an hour or more, Eva came for me.

"John wants to say good-bye before he goes," said she.

He took my hand in his, and looked into my eyes.

"You are a good woman," he said, earnestly. "May God bless you, and make you as truly happy as you have to-day made me!"

There was something in his mere look and tone—strength, a truth, a thorough reliability—that gave me comfort, somehow, I found myself thinking:

"If it had been my fate to love such a man as that, I should be nearer happiness than I am to-day."

But I kept my thoughts to myself. Only from that hour I was sensible that I regretted my lost hopes and happiness for their own sake, far more than I mourned for the false lover on whom they were founded.

One week later all my property was sold. I had paid off Tom's debts; and, accompanied by his wife and child, joined him in a distant home.

There we began life anew. I had a small income still, and Tom obtained a lucrative position. The lesson of the past was not lost upon him. The sacrifice I had made was not in vain. Dear Tom was a changed man—changed for the better. Whatever I had lost, had been his gain.

And what had I lost? The money I counted less than nothing; and Harry Hatton's love was not worth a regret. What was it, then? I sighed for the trust betrayed—the glamour and illusion gone from life so early.

"Oh, to be well and truly loved!" I thought. And then—my thoughts never went back to Harry.

Another filled them. Strange impression that man had made upon me; seen only once, never to be forgotten. I thought of him constantly; and heard from him, through Eva, every now and then.

"What is your brother's wife like, Eva?" I asked her once, just to try her.

"He has none," she answered. "I know what I should wish her to be like, though."

And her eyes dwelt on me in a way that made my tell-tale color rise.

A few days afterward she came to me laughing.

"I told John of your question, and only hear what he says."

She read aloud:

"Tell Lydia my wife (that is to be, I hope,) resides in your city. I hope to visit you before long, and introduce her to you."

And he did. With the merry Christmas season John came. I think that was the very happiest season of my life. Of course you guess how it all ended. I smile now, looking back and remembering that I fancied once I loved another than John.

That was a dream, but this reality. All my sacrifices have been well repaid, and all my loss was gain; I realize that every time I hear pretty Eva speak of me—as I first spoke of her—as "my brother's wife."

He Heard it.

"Boy!" called a patrolman on Antoine street as he hurried into the alley to find a lad coming out of a back gate, "did you hear that report of a gun?"

"You bet!" was the reply.

"Where was it?"

"In our back yard."

"Who fired it?"

"I did, and don't keep me here any longer! Dad was in the woodshed when I fired at a cat, and the way he is cussing and thrashing around I guess I missed the cat by about six feet.

A Remarkable Trip.

[New York Times, July 12, 1887.]

Hon. Wolfe Rahill, of Chicago, looking for all the world as though he had just issued from the proverbial band-box, was stumbled over last night at the Windsor Hotel, where he was engaged in searching the tape line for the last quotation for July wheat. The set of Mr. Rahill's claw-hammer coat was faultless; his shirt-bosom, from the front of which a lustrous opal shot forth moonlike rays, was immaculate and unrumpled; while his trousers, marked by that latest freak of gentlemanly folly, the Prince of Wales crease, fitted him in a way that at once filled with envy all the heavy swells of Gotham who were buzzing about the wide corridors.

"It beats the world," Mr. Rahill remarked, looking up from the paper ribbon that he held between his thumb and fore-finger, "it is the greatest accomplishment of the century."

"The Chicago wheat deal?" queried his listener, in a vain effort to catch his drift.

"Nonsense!" he returned, dropping the line, and thrusting both hands into his trouser's pockets. "The Chicago wheat deal is an old story. The same thing has been done over and over again. No, sir; I was speaking of the train on which I left Chicago last evening, and on which I came into Jersey City to-night—one of the new Vestibuled Trains that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just put on between the two cities. It's the novelty of the age, it's the—but stop, let me tell you about it, and you yourself will have to hunt for terms sufficiently glowing to describe it. I came back to Chicago yesterday afternoon, after a business trip west as far as Omaha. I was dusty, dirty, and weary, and I longed for nothing so much as a bath and a good, sound sleep. I was tired of the rumble and rattle of the cars, the flying cinders, the cramped sitting posture, the dust over everything, the railroad lunch-rooms and the railroad sandwiches. I made up my mind that I would settle down in Chicago and never stir out of it again until I had to. Well, what do you suppose happened? When at 4 o'clock I rushed into my office in State street, and dropped into my chair, there among the letters on my desk before me I found an invitation to a friend's wedding in New York. Time, to-night: 7.30. I railed at my unlucky stars. Much as I despised railroad traveling, I would have gone double the distance to have seen that man married. In days gone by we were as Damon and Pythias. I stated the case to my partner and growled like seven bears because I had not come home a day earlier.

"'Well,' said my partner, after a moments' hesitation, 'if you'd stop growling and hustle about a little you might get there yet.'"

"Man alive!" I exclaimed, 'You're crazy. The Pennsylvania Railroad's New York and Chicago Limited, which makes the fastest time of any train east, leaves in less than an hour, and does not arrive in New York until 7 o'clock to-morrow night. The wedding takes place in a church somewhere up Madison avenue. Now, how in the name of Heaven could I get shaved, put on a dress suit, and ride to the church in half an hour?'

"'You're behind the century,' said Tom—Tom's my partner, you know. 'Trust this matter to me, and I'll have you there before the organist strikes up the wedding march, or you can call on me for 10,000 bushels of July wheat at 70.'

"Well, I just put myself trustingly into his hands. The first thing he did was to start a messenger off to my house with my satchel, with instructions to put in my dress clothes and two changes of underwear, and to be at the Union Station at 5 o'clock sharp. The next thing he did was to secure a section for me on the Pennsylvania's Vestibuled Train for that afternoon; and it was only by luck that he got it. Everything, I believe, had been engaged for days ahead, but somebody, who couldn't go, brought back his ticket, and so I was saved. At 5 o'clock, still dusty, dirty and weary, I climbed into the most luxurious car it has ever been my good fortune to ride in. I found that the section of which I was the lucky possessor for the trip, was a little, deliciously upholstered drawing-room, with cushions and hangings of a tint that I think I have seen described somewhere as crushed strawberry. The fittings were of satin wood, and the ceiling was decorated in silver. There were silvered lighting arrangements, too. Not gas brackets, my friend, for that whole train is illuminated by electricity. Well, I found that there was a toilet-room connected with that section or mine, which, together with the section, could be cut off from the rest of the train, and so if I wanted privacy I could have all I wanted. I did want it, because I had a number of letters with me that I had found at the office and that I had no time to read carefully before I started. I shut myself in for a while with my letters, after washing my face and hands, and getting the porter to give me a thorough brushing.

Then I became aware of the fact that I was hungry, and so I made inquiry as to the dining car. It was forward, I was told, and so I strolled thither, passing through another car on my way. Although we were running at the rate of fifty miles an hour, there was no necessity of catching hold of the seats to steady myself as I went. That train glided along as smoothly as a sleigh on polished runners over hard-packed snow, and I walked from one end of it as I walk through this corridor. I found the rest of the sleeping car in which I was located was upholstered in *gendarme* blue, with woodwork of Hungarian mahogany and was a delightful change from what I had been used to on the western roads. The vestibule arrangement I found to be a most charming innovation. In passing from car to car, there was no banging to of the door with one hand, holding one's hat to keep it from flying off, and then making a grab for the handle of the next car, in mortal terror of being swung from the platform. No, sir! It was a step over a carpeted vestibule, between velvet curtains which hid from view the rubber joints that connected the two cars.

"Did I dine? Well, I should say I did, and sumptuously too, in as pretty a little dining-room—excuse me, car I mean—as man ever sat down in. The table linen was spotless, and the service unexceptionable. There were flowers in a little vase in front of a little mirror over the table between the windows, and whenever I raised my eyes they fell upon a most ornate *bouffe*, that fairly shone with silver, glass and polished brass. This dining car was fitted up in old oak, with blue-green velours hangings and upholstery generally. The dinner cost me a dollar, and it was better than the best dollar-and-a-half dinner I ever ate at a hotel. I had a pint of Pommery too, for which I paid the usual two dollars. I had a cigar after dinner in the smoking car, which, with its stained oak book cases and brackets, its bric-a-brac on the shelves, and its softly cushioned wicker chairs, was more like a comfortable library in some city house, than the interior of a car running across the country at a speed that a few years ago no railroad dared even to attempt. I had some letters to answer, and so I sat down there at a desk and answered them. If I was at a loss for the spelling of a word, a dictionary was at hand, and if I wanted an address, all I had to do was ask a porter for a directory of the city in which the lost party resided. Before I had finished my writing, it was after nine o'clock and we had passed Fort Wayne, and were thundering on towards Crestline, our next stopping place.

"As I was tired I turned in early, and I slept soundly as though I were in my own home. I slept far into the morning and when I woke and went into breakfast, we were somewhere between Pittsburg and Altoona. After breakfast I went into the barber shop and——"

"The barber shop?" interrupted his companion, "Where did you find a barber shop?"

"On the train of course. O, I didn't speak of it before, did I? Well, that's another feature exclusively the property of the Pennsylvania's New York and Chicago Limited. Yes, sir. There is a barber shop there, and a good barber, too. I was shaved without a scratch, had my hair trimmed, and felt as fresh as a field daisy in June. I found a book in the library that interested me until lunch time, and just as I got through luncheon we arrived at Harrisburg, promptly on schedule time—1.55. There I got the New York papers looked over the grain markets, wired an order to my partner to buy 5000 bushels of July wheat for my account, and settled down with a cigar between my teeth for an hour or two with the news of the day. About four o'clock I took my satchel, made my way to the bath-room—Oh! yes: there's a bath-room, too—had a delightfully refreshing bath, put on clean clothes, and donned this black and white attire which you now see. Before I had finished, we had stopped at Broad Street Station, in Philadelphia, for five minutes, and were shooting out over the Schuylkill on the last stage of the journey. Another delicious dinner occupied another hour and more. When I went into the smoking car, we were somewhere between Trenton and New Burnswick, and though there was no perceptible swaying of the train or jolting either, I was told shortly afterwards that we had made the run of twent-five miles between those two points in exactly twenty-seven minutes. Pretty fast going that, eh? Before I finished my second cigar we were in Jersey City. I took the upper ferry, arrived on the New York side at sharp seven o'clock, jumped into a cab and walked into the church to-night in time to get a good seat forward, from which I witnessed my friend's marriage from start to finish.

"My verdict consequently is, that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's new Vestibuled Train beats the world. There's not another road on the face of this globe that could have afforded such a service as that, and I am willing to make any bet on it that you choose to propose."

Then the Hon. Wolfe Rahill made the announcement that he intended to take the Limited back to Chicago at nine o'clock this morning, and bade his friend good-night.

Woman Sufferage in Kansas.

A Graftonite, who was in Kansas during the late election down there, says that he overheard the following conversation in Levenworth:

Miss Smith—Going to vote to-day, Jenny?

Jenny—Yes, indeed.

Miss S.—Who for?

Jenny—Mr. Jones.

Miss S.—Wha-a-a-t! Why, he's a nasty hateful Democrat, and they do say that he smokes and plays billiards, and has even been seen coming out of a saloon.

Jenny—I know all that, but then he has such a long, silky beard and broad shoulders, and he must be six feet four inches high. Oh, he's just too sweet for anything!

Miss S.—Well, for that matter, Mr. Brown, his competitor, has the most ravishingly, lovely dark-brown eyes and the pr-r-r-ettiest mustache—yum, yum, yum!

Jenny—Yes, but he's married, and Mr. Jones isn't; besides Mr. Jones belongs to our choir, you know. Just wait a minute till I put in my ballot, and the sweet thing melted into the crowd that surrounded the polls. Returning in a few minutes she remarked, with a scornful jerk of her bangs:

"What do you think, Miss Smith! That detestable old maid of Sal. Simpkins is electioneering for Brown.

Miss S.—No-o-o-o.

Jenny—But I tell you she is. And she has on that horrid old bonnet she wore last Spring, and she hasn't even the sign of a bustle.

Miss S.—Suffering sakes! Well, if Mr. Brown has that kind of following I'll vote for Mr. Jones. The idea of old Sal Simpkins electioneering for anyone! But I think I see what she's up to.

Jenny—What?

Miss S.—Why she's dead in love with that brother of Mr. Brown, and—

Jenny—You don't say so?

Miss S.—But I do say so, and she's just trying to make herself solid with the family.

Jenny—Did you ever! The maneuvering old fright!

And the young ladies drifted up the street, leaving our Graftonite to wonder whether or not woman sufferage is such a glorious boon as has been painted.—*Grafton Herald.*

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

The Training of Children.

The loving instruction of a mother may seem to have been thrown away, but it will appear after many days. "When I was a little child," said a good old man, "my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her, and placed her hand upon my head while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man I traveled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations, but when I would have yielded that some hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the happy days of my infancy; and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart, a voice that was obeyed: "Oh, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against God."

With children you must mix gentleness with firmness. "A man who is learning to play on a trumpet, and a petted child, are two very disagreeable companions." If a mother never has headaches through rebuking her little children she shall have plenty of heartaches when they grow up.

At the same time a mother should not hamper her child with unnecessary, foolish restrictions. It is a great mistake to fancy your boy is made of glass, and to be always telling him not to do this, or not to do that, for fear of breaking himself. On the principle never to give pain unless it is to prevent a greater pain, you should grant every request which is at all reasonable, and let him see that your denial of a thing is for his own good, and not simply to save trouble; but once having duly settled a thing, hold to it. Unless a child learns from the first that his mother's yea is yea, and her nay, nay, it will get into the habit of whining and endeavoring to coax her out of her refusal, and her authority will soon be gone.

Happiness is the natural condition of every normal child, and if the small boy or girl has a peculiar facility for one thing, it is for self entertainment; with certain granted conditions, of course. One if these is physical freedom, and a few rude and simple playthings. Agreeable occupation is a great necessity for children as for adults, and beyond this, almost nothing can be contributed to the real happiness of a child.

"I try so hard to make my children happy," said a mother with a sigh, one day, in despair at her efforts. "Stop trying," said a practical friend at her elbow, "and do as a neighbor of mine does." "Why, she simply lets her children grow and develop naturally. She has always thrown them, as far as practical, upon their own resources, taught them to wait upon themselves, no matter how many servants she had, and to construct their own playthings. When she returns home from an absence they await but one thing—their mother's kiss. Whatever has been bought for them is bestowed when the needed time comes. Nothing exciting is allowed to them at night, and they go to bed and to sleep in a wholesome mental state that insures restful slumber. They are taught to love nature and to feel that there is nothing arrayed so finely as the lily of the field, the bees, and the butterflies; that there is nothing so mean as a lie, nor anything so miserable as disobedience; that it is a disgrace to be sick, and that good health, good teeth, and good temper come from plain food, plenty of sleep, and being good." In order to thrive, children require a certain amount of "letting alone." Supreme faith in the mother, few toys, no finery, plain food, no drugs, and early to bed are the best things for making them happy.—*The Quiver.*

The Farm Workshop.

Have you a workshop on the farm? If not, why not? Many jobs can be done on the farm in less time than it would take to order them of some person, perhaps miles away, and then wait for them or perhaps make another journey after them. Every farmer is not handy with tools, but he may soon become so by their handling, at least to such a degree as to perform job