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SOMERSET, PA.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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Is Life Worth Living?

That depends upon the Liver, for if the Liver is inactive the whole system is out of order—the breath is bad, digestion poor, head dull or aching, energy and hopefulness gone, the spirits are depressed, a heavy weight exists after eating, with general despondency and the blues. The Liver is the housekeeper of the health; and a harmless simple remedy that acts like Nature, does not constipate afterwards or require constant taking, does not interfere with business or pleasure during its use, makes Simmons Liver Regulator a medical perfection.

I have tested its virtues personally, and know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Throbbing Headache, it is the best medicine the world ever saw. Have tried forty other remedies before Simmons Liver Regulator, and none of them gave more than temporary relief, but the Regulator not only relieved, but cured.
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SUCCESSORS TO C. N. HOYD.
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You can depend on having your
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We guarantee satisfaction, and, if you have had trouble in this direction, give us a call.
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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 pence*—a gain or loss.
To most of us this is a matter of considerable importance and interest.
The Stock we offer the purchasing public contains 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 items then—*Plenty of Light and Room for your Comfort, Best Qualities in all Lines, Largest Assortments, Lowest Prices.*
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Everybody is looking now *for Hot Weather Dry Goods.* We can give you excellent assortments in way of
FRENCH and DOMESTIC SATINES
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HOMELY TRUTHS.

The man who promptly pays his bill
The merchant's heart with pleasure fills.

The butcher does a rushing trade,
Who trims his meat before its weighed.

The coalman has a conquest won
O'er self, who gives an honest ton.

For other's comfort naught he cares
Who at the play a tall hat wears.

They're on the road to success
Who spends no time in idleness.

The man who safe his secrets keeps,
Upon an easy pillow sleeps.

Men's good opinions are his
Who greatful for a favor is.

No fault o'er find with those who sing,
For song is prayer upon the wing.
—*Boston Courier.*

THE STOLEN LETTERS.

The first sound that I can remember hearing was the slam of a door; I presume it roused me from my stupor, or whatever my previous state might have been; then I heard my brother-in-law say:

"Shut those windows, please; there's draught enough to kill a dozen well people! And Kitty, have one of the servants bring that little air-tight stove down from the truck-room, and see that there is a gentle fire kept up here at least until midday to-morrow. I will be back in a few moments."

I had been trying to open my lips to say something, to ask why I was lying in my bed at this hour of the day, or to request my sister Kitty to put another blanket on the bed; but I could not utter a word. While I was wondering what ailed me and why I felt so queer, one of the servants, who had entered with the little stove, said to her companion:

"Sure an' the masther's that quare! Niver before did I hear of any one wanting to kape a dead man warrum; begorra some o' thim gets warrum enough where they're gone, but not the likes o' Masther Fred."

Why has Nora such a sound of tears in her voice?

"An' why, I wonder, didn't some o' thim miserable spalpeens round in the back street git runned over an' kilt, instead o' him," Nora continued. "It will about kill his sister."

A cold chill came over me; who were they talking about? Sure no one could believe that I was dead! A score of weird tales which I had read came rushing into my mind—how people had been buried alive; how dear ones had permitted husband, brother, father, even mother or even child, to be neglected as past hope; and how, after infinite suffering, the supposed corpse has struggled free from the coffin and winding sheet and come home again; and I thought, too, of the many who have never been able to free themselves, and I would have shuddered if I could have moved a muscle or even an eyelash; but I was as immovable as any corpse.

In what seemed a century I again heard my sister's voice. Considering that her only brother was supposed to be dead before her eyes, I thought she seemed very blithe.

"Oh, Otto," she said to her husband, "then do you think that Fred is really dead?"

"No more dead than I am, my dear; he had evidently received a severe blow on the head which rendered him senseless and has thrown him into a sort of trance or cataleptic state; I have just been to see Dr. Burke, and he says it is very probable, anyway, Kitty, and I insist that the room be kept warm, quiet and comfortable; if alive he is weak and this place, when I come into it, was cold enough to have frozen any invalid; and then, on the other hand, if he is not alive it will do no harm to have the temperature a little high, for any sign of decay will settle his condition beyond a doubt—and until I am quite positive he is dead I will give him the benefit of a doubt."

I had always liked and respected my grave brother-in-law; now I loved him. How I blessed him for his words! That he was a mule for obstinacy—no, never again would I call him obstinate, but firm!

I certainly was weak, for I either dozed now or had a faint turn, for the next thing I knew the room was warm, a soft scarlet shawl was spread over my feet, as I could see through my half-closed eyes, the curtains were drawn down, and the house was delightfully still. My sister seemed to have been persuading her husband into giving a grudging consent to something, for he was saying: "Well, have your own way, Kitty; I can't pretend to fathom the minds of you women, and you may be right; I do not like the girl myself, and I think our Fred is thrown away on her. But then, you see there never was but one woman in the world to me."

"You are the best man in the universe, Otto! I hope you are right, and that our dear Fred can hear what we say," answered my sister, kissing me very tenderly.

"If he can," answered Otto, laying his firm cool hand on my forehead, "he knows that he is to be cared for, and that no harm shall come to him if Otto Kramer can defend him."

Alas! my tear-ducts too were paralyzed and the tears which I felt rise in them could go no further.

Kitty now spread a large white quilt over me, letting it hang straight and smooth, and then she and Otto left the room. I had faith in them, and again I allowed myself to lapse into a state of unconsciousness, from which I was aroused by a voice which I knew right well—the voice of Feroline Palmer, my betrothed; she was saying, calmly:

"I will be glad, Mrs. Kramer, if you will leave me quite alone with—with Fred for a few moments; give me just five minutes! I know you have never liked me, but surely you will not refuse the last request I will ever make of you."

What could she mean? Could Kitty have been so heartless as not to tell her that Otto knew I was still alive? Kitty and she were not good friends, for my sister showed plainly that she did not think Lina (whom she always spoke of by her full name, Feroline) half good enough for me; but I was of a different opinion. In my eyes Lina was not cold, but only full of pure, maidenly reticence; that she was at all mercenary was, to me, disproved by the fact that Harold Carter, the matrimonial prize of our town, had not been able to win her from me, though everybody could see that he was head-over heels in love with her.

"Very well," answered my sister in the tone of a woman convinced against her will, "I will leave you now, and return in five minutes."

As Kitty shut the door behind her I felt a glow of pleasurable anticipation come over me; I said to myself that surely the warm kiss which Lina would give her dead lover would break this strange thrall that held me as in a vice, and that I would seem to come back to the life I had never left. Fancy my surprise then, to find that when she drew near my bed it was not to give me my kiss, but to gaze calmly upon me and say, in an audible whisper:

"Free at last! Now if I can only get those idiotic letters of mine, I can easily convince Harold and the world that I never, even at first, even returned any of the wild fancy Fred bothered me with. I wonder if, had I never seen Harold, I could have ever brought myself to care two straws for Fred Montieth? But time passes."

So saying she drew from her pocket a little key, which I at once recognized. In the earlier days of my courtship, when Lina was as yet not quite won, I had had two oaken boxes made and fitted with very peculiar locks; one of these I had given to Lina for her to keep her treasures (my letters, a lock of hair, etc.) in, and had used the other myself for a similar purpose, as well she knew. She only could unlock my box, for no other key but my own would have any effect upon it. She quickly went to my table where the box was placed, and opening it she hastily snatched from it the thick packet of her own letters, a bow of blue ribbon, an old glove, and one or two pictures, and thrust them into her pocket. Then she came to me, and taking my hand in hers drew from it a ring she had once given me, and in its place put the one like it which I had given her; the only difference in the two was in the inscriptions within him.

I was so astonished, so curious, that I forgot my disappointment in regard to the kiss, but listened with eagerness to what she would say now that Kitty came back to the room.

"I suppose you have wondered, Mrs. Kramer, to see me so calm about your brother's death, but the truth is that we came to the conclusion, only this very morning, that we were unsuited to one another—you knew that he was coming away from my house when he was run over, did you not? Yes, I thought so.—Well, he had just returned my letters to me, and in his presence I had burned his to me. He had been pleased for some time to be jealous of the attention Mr. Carter paid me, and I had at last owned that if I were free I should accept Mr. Carter. Of course, under these circumstances you cannot expect me to bewail Fred's death, nor wear mourning for him. Indeed, I don't see why I need go to his funeral. I believe I'll go and visit my cousins in Albany until it's all over. I speak thus plainly to you because I know there has never been any love lost between us two."

Now, there was not one word of truth in what Lina had said! And you may imagine how her story surprised me. What with being considered dead when I was keenly alive to all that was going on around me, and with hearing such a remarkable tale, I had no chance to be broken-hearted over the defection of my lady-love.

So I had been run over. Well, it was something to have learned that much. I had a faint memory of starting to cross a street, and then a shout, a rush, a blow—and then nothing until I heard my brother-in-law utter the words already quoted. But my surprises were not at an end. The statement thus calmly given by Lina was scarcely out of her mouth when my door was again opened and Theresa Ainsleigh entered. My sister welcomed her cordially; she and Kity were very intimate, and she was as much at home in our house as any one of us were. The greetings exchanged between her and Lina were, however, of an icy character. While Kitty and Lina were saying a few parting nothings, Theresa drew near my bed, and I saw, to my surprise, that her eyes were full of tears, which would not be stayed but swelled up until they dropped upon my unresponsive hand; yet Lina had not showed a trace of feeling! I had a queer sensation, as if I were assisting at some spectacle, and were an invisible auditor at that.

As the door closed behind Lina, Theresa threw herself on her knees and sobbed aloud:

"Oh, Fred, why were you taken? My darling, my darling!"

Here was a revelation. Theresa loved me! So it was for my sake she had refused more than one capital offer, and I had simply set her down as cold and old-maidish. She was a clear little thing, anyway.

Kitty has since said that she, too, was so astonished, she did not know what to do first; suddenly she remembered that perhaps I could hear all that was going on, and if so, maybe I would at last appreciate Theresa as she deserved, so she would not, just now, undeceive her.

Theresa confirmed Kitty in this intention by rising and pressing a long, warm kiss on my stone lips, and hastening from the room.

In the intervals of consciousness which came to me I had leisure to meditate upon the two girls. I blamed myself for being hard-hearted because I could not feel sorrow at Lina's loss which seemed to me that I ought to experience; and Theresa's bright eyes and sweet mouth would rise before my mental vision in a most unaccustomed way. I really felt quite grateful to Kity for what was sure was a little surifice on her part to convince me how little Lina had actually cared for me, although her scheme had succeeded beyond her wildest hopes.

A few hours convinced all my physicians that the Angel of Death had not been sent for me and, though I was till for several weeks, I was at last restored to my usual health. In the days of my convalescence Theresa frequently came to read or sing to me, and my eyes now being open to her virtues, I found myself getting seriously in love with her.

One day I was surprised by her saying:

"By-the way, Theresa, when is my old sweetheart, Feroline Palmer going to be married?"

"What, hasn't Kitty told you? Her engagement to Harold Carter was broken off in less than a fortnight; it turned out he was already married, though seperated from his wife, and her father made such a talk about it that Harold disappeared."

And left Lina in the lurch, eh? Well, she got her pay for jilting me much sooner than I fancied she would. Why do you look so surprised? Did you believe the story she told Kitty? There was not a word of truth in it.

"But you had your own ring on, and the box where you kept your letters was unlocked and empty, Kitty said' She looked into things to see if she was misjudging Feroline in what she had said.

"Oh, Lina was cute; she took her letters and changed the rings when she was left alone with her so-called dead love," I replied cautiously.

"Oh, Fred, you m ust not be so unjust, so bitter! Probably that blow on your head made you forget what happened that morning; she is free now," and Theresa gave a faint sigh, and I saw the corner of her mouth droop.

"Yes, she's free, and likely to remain so; she can't play her game forever—she is a cold-hearted, mercenary flirt?"

Theresa thoughtfuy words were induced by wounded pride, so she tried to console me.

Feroline has been to inquire for you ever so many times, and I told Kitty that I thought she ought to bring her up to see you."

"No, no!" thought I; Kitty knows better; she knows by my silence about her that I have lost my interest in her.

These were my thoughts, but as I said not a word, Theresa continued:

"She sent you those lovely roses which you have been admiring."

"Did she?" I exclaimed, eagerly.—"Please hand them to me."

Theresa did so fully expecting to see me press them to my lips, and not at all anticipating that I would take and fling them into the bright fire which glowed in the grate before me.

"Why, Fred!" she cried, in amazement.

"There goes her gift, and there goes my fancy for her, if there was any of it left, that is. That blow on my thick skull Tressie, convinced my dull intellect that I had been mistaking pinch-back for gold. What a fool I was to have looked at Lina when you were still unmarried, and therefore free to be loved."

"Fred!" gasped Theresa; but I checked her flow of words by the usual means that lovers employ.

When Kitty came into the room a little later to see about my luncheon, the arch-hypocrite pretended to be immensely surprised to see the close embrace in which she found the two of us; but a glance which we exchanged over Tressie's unconscious head told me that I had heard all that was going on in the hours when I was left for dead.

But she kept my secret, and it was not until Theresa and I had been married two years that the secret was revealed. Kitty, at that time, also told Lina what her share in the matter had been, and the two women have not spoken since.

Care of The Health.

A good illustration of the changes of temperature to which the body may be subjected in a brief interval may be found on any warm day in early summer when a strong north or easterly wind is blowing.

On such a day an individual sitting in the full blaze of the sun, and well sheltered from the wind, may fell positively "not," while another, equally well protected from the wind, but sheltered also from the sun, may feel but comfortably warm; a third exposed to the full blast of the wind, to the rapid passage over the body of a cooler air, may reasonably complain of being chilled.

Now it so happens that the disorders that depend upon what is known as catching cold depend for the most part upon sudden changes of temperature. Against these evils of sudden change woolen undergarments afford a trustworthy protection. They isolate the body. They prevent it from being influenced by the abrupt changes of temperature that are active around. Their properties are such that they become the poorest exponents of those changes.

Linen and cotton, on the other hand, good conductors of heat, are susceptible of modifications of temperature. They render the body injuriously accordant with the condition of the surrounding atmosphere, and would encourage it to take part in all the changes of temperature to which the atmosphere is susceptible.

These, then, are among the reasons why it is recommended that at all times woolen materials should be word next to the skin, and from these facts it will be understood why woolen clothing is advised for those who visit the Arctic regions, while it forms the best material for underdress for such as are exposed to the Tropics.—*The Book of Health.*

Doesn't Like to Hear.

"No, Mr. Smith; but I will be a sister to you."

"Good morning. I am introducing a work which should be in every library."

"Sorry, dear boy, but I can't let you have the amount, for I'm dead broke myself."

"Charles, it is half past three o'clock; where have you been until this hour?"

"Mr. De Browne, your service will not be required after Saturday night."

"You want to marry my daughter, eh? Well, young man, what are your expectations?"

"Here is the milliner's bill, Algy—only $75."

"I say, Jenkins I heard a good story to-day, and I must tell it to you."

"O, Alfred, what do you think! I received a letter from dear mamma this morning, and she's coming to spend a month with us."

"When will you be ready to return that $10, Robinson? This is the fifth time I have asked you for it."

"If ye plaze, sorr, Miss Heavyswell tould me to tell ye she's not at home."

"And fifthly, dear brethren—"

"You are a moderate drinker, eh? Now my dear sir, let me direct you to a few statistics."—*Tid Bits.*

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

When looking for lodgings inquire within, or go without.

Prohibition in Kansas.

The statement that the city of Atchison, Kansas, was compelled to dismiss its police force, dispense with the services of firemen, and the use of gas and electric lights, because the revenue derived from saloons was cut off by the enactment of Prohibition, having been published all over the country, Governor John A. Martin has felt called upon to give the public a letter in which he reviews the history and results of Prohibition in that State. It is an array of facts that are full of interest to those awake to the necessity of a removal of the fountain of all iniquity from our fair land. "The prohibition amendment to our Constitution was adopted in the autumn of 1880, and the first laws to enforce it went into effect in May 1881. The war to banish the saloons was for some years partially successful. The amendment had been adopted by a very meager majority, and the public sentiment in all our large cities was overwhelmingly against it. As late as January, 1885, saloons were open in fully thirty of the larger cities of Kansas, including Topeka, the capital of the State. But steadily and surely the public sentiment against them spread and intensified. The small majority that had voted for the amendment was reinforced, first by those law representing citizens who are always willing to subordinate their personal opinions to the majesty of law; and, second, by an equally large number who, observing the practical results following the abolition of saloons in cities and towns, became convinced that Kansas would be a more prosperous, happier and in all respects a better community of people if it had no open saloon within its borders. So the sentiment of Kansas against the liquor traffic has grown and strengthened, until, to-day I very much doubt whether, of its 300,000 male voters more than 75,000 would, if they could, invite back and reinstate the saloon.

One argument of the whiskey interest—viz: that saloons promote the prosperity and growth of a communities—has been answered in Kansas by the convincing logic of facts. In 1886 the population of this State, as shown by the census was 996,096; in March, 1886, as shown by the State census, it was, 1,405,738; and it is now fully 1,650,000. In 1880 Kansas had only 3,104 miles of railway within her borders; on the first of March last the State Board of Railroad Assessors reported 6,208 miles for taxation, and from 600 to 800 miles will be added to this aggregate before the close of the year.

MORE STATISTICS.

In 1880 the assessed value of all the real and personal property of the State aggregated only $160,891,689; on the first of March, 1886, the total was $277,575,953, and for the present fiscal year the returns thus far indicate a total of $300,000,000. In 1880 there were 5,313 school houses, 2,514 churches and 347 newspapers in Kansas. There are now fully 8,500 school houses, 3,500 churches and 700 newspapers. In 1880 only twenty-five towns and cities had a population in excess of a 1000 each; in 1887 more than 200 towns have each over 1000 inhabitants, fully twenty-five have over 20,000. In 1880 only 7,768,000 acres were planted in crops; this year the area planted exceeds 16,000,000 acres. In 1880 the value of farm products of Kansas was only $74,521,000; for 1886 their value was over $264,000,000. For the fiscal year 1880 the percentage of State taxation was 5½ mills; for the present fiscal year the total percentge levied for all State purposes is only 4½ mills.

During the past two years and a half I have organized seventeen counties in the western section of the State, and census takers have been appointed over four other counties, leaving only two counties remaining to be organized.

The cities and towns of Kansas, with hardly an exception, have kept pace in growth and prosperity with this marvelous development of the State. Many of them have doubled their population during the last year. And it is a remarkable fact several cities and towns languished and stood still until they abolished their saloons, and from that date until the present time their growth and prosperity has equaled and in some instances surpassed that of other places of equal natural advantages.

Summing up the facts of the census refute and confound those who assert that the prosperity of any community is promoted by the presence of saloons. So far as Kansas and all her cities and towns are concerned, the reverse of this assertion, is true. The most wonderful era of prosperity of material, moral and intellectual development, of growth in country cities and towns, ever witnessed on the American continent, has been illustrated in Kansas during the six years since the temperance amendment was adopted, and especially during the just two years, the period of its most energetic and complete enforcement."

"Died Like A Gentleman."

One of the most interesting incidents of the late war is told of Gen. Lytle just before he received his fatal wound at Chickamauga. He made his brilliant charge into the midst of the enemy, where all chances of retreat were cut off. Suddenly he thrust his hand into his coat pocket, drew forth a pair of kid gloves and began putting them on. Asked by an aid the reason for this movement so unexpected under such thrilling circumstances, the general answered: "Don't you see that we are surrounded, and that there are but two alternatives left us—to die or surrender? For my part, I propose to die like a gentleman." He drew on his gloves and soon after fell. Those who knew General Lytle in Cincinnati knew him to be almost punctilious about the appointments of a gentleman, but no one ever supposed him capable of such incomparable coolness.—*Cleveland Leader.*

ALL MEDICAL AUTHORITIES agree that catarrh is no more nor less than an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nasal air passages. Nasal catarrh and all catarrhal affections of the head are not diseases of the blood, and it is a serious mistake to treat them as such. No conscientious physician ever attempts to do so. It is held by eminent medical men that sooner or later a specific will be found for every disease from which humanity suffers. The facts justify us in assuming that for catarrh at least a positive cure already exists in Ely's Cream Balm.

The Change in New England.

New England, after boasting for nearly half a century of having been the seed bed of the Republic, supplying the bulk of the population of a dozen new States and the brain and enterprise of twice that number of prosperous cities, finds itself at last a good deal the worse for this phenomenal drain upon its native stock. While it is true that New England, as a whole, has increased steadily in population through every decade since the founding of the present Federal Government, the increase in the past thirty or forty years has been entirely the result of a heavy foreign immigration. The census of 1880 showed an increase in the population of Vermont of less than two thousand in ten years, or about one-half of one per cent. New Hampshire fared a little better, owing to the immigration of Canadians to its factory towns. The increase in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island was very considerable, but was confined almost exclusively to the cities and manufacturing centres. The hill towns, or purely agricultural districts, from which the stock that settled Northern Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska originally came, showed a marked and uniform decline. During the last decade 148 of the 348 cities and towns of Massachusetts show a loss in population of 21,806, or 9.4 per cent.—Similar losses can be shown in the purely agricultural portions of every New England State except Rhode Island.

Worse than the loss in numbers is the loss in the quality of the population. The young and vigorous of the native population have evidently agreed with Mrs. Stowe in the opinion that Connecticut and the rest of New England for that matter, was a good place to emigrate from. The old and the decrepit are left, and as a consequence farms have been abandoned, houses once the dwelling places of large and thrifty families have fallen into decay, churches have been closed, the number of schools reduced, as well as the efficiency of those which still remain, and a general air of decay pervades whole sections once thrifty and prosperous. This condition is vouched for by such newspapers as the Springfield *Republican* and the New York *Evening Post*, authorities that can neither be questioned nor charged with any prejudice against New England. The facts are patent to anybody who will make a trip through the outlying portions of the New England States.

The causes that have led to this retrogression are various. The opening of great railway lines is one of them. Towns once busy and prosperous, situated along old and well known thoroughfares over which stage coaches and freight wagons ran a half a century ago, have been isolated or side-tracked by the railways which diverted traffic and travel into entirely new channels. New England is not alone, however, in this sort of experience. New York and some other Middle States can furnish parallel instances of once prosperous towns falling into decay because a railway passing within a few miles caused the establishment of new towns which drew the business away from the old and left them to fall into ruin. The opening of the fertile lands of the West to settlement was another source of the depletion of the agricultural population of New England. Cultivating the sterile hills of New England was always heroic business, in which the work was constant and exhaustive and the returns meagre. The young men who wanted to be farmers naturally preferred to cultivate the soil of the fertile Mississippi Valley, and thither they emigrated by hundred's of thousands to become rich and prosperous, leaving few behind them with the necessary force and stamina to keep their New England hillsides in a good state of cultivation. The tendency to leave the farm for the cities and marts of trade has also had its effect in New England as elsewhere, and when one takes a comprehensive view of the changes, both industrial and social, which a half century has wrought, the deterioration of the hill towns of New England is hardly a matter for surprise.

A Romantic Story.

Said a florist the other day: "Last spring I used to notice a couple going by here—a fine manly young fellow, and a girl pretty and dainty, with lovely brown hair and dark blue eyes. They didn't know each other, but when the young man went to business the girl was sure to be somewhere around where she could see him. She lived right around the corner, and she used to come in here and pretend to be examining the flowers as he passed. Then she would look up and watch him as he went down the street. One day as he went by she looked up and said to me: "Oh, what a sunny hat,' and then carelessly as she began picking among the flowers: "I wonder who he is." I came very near laughing, for the previous day the young fellow had been in to ask me who she was, and he had sent her some flowers. About a week afterward she came in with a friend, and I heard her telling the friend how somebody had been sending her flowers every morning and she did wish she could find out who it was.

"Well the best part of it all came afterward. One morning he came in as usual, and the gardener took him back into the conservatory. While he was there the girl entered looking toward the window. Presently he turned, and as he started for the door briskly he said: "Well, send these flowers as usual up to 24 —— street." Neither knew the other was near, and hearing the number of her house mentioned she turned around and they met face to face. Well, I never saw such an embarrassed couple in all my days. She had a big Jacqueminot near her face, and it would have been hard to tell which was redder, the rose or her cheeks. She turned to the flowers and he passed out. They didn't come any more, but not long ago I saw them going by together. They both looked in, and when they saw me he laughed and she blushed.—*Boston Traveler.*

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A Cruel Folly.

The following extract from a communication to *Forest and Stream* is of more than passing interest to all who catch (or try to catch) fish, all who eat fish, and all who dislike wanton cruelty, especially when it is directly opposed to their selfish interests—and these three classes ought to embrace pretty much everybody. Anglers can just as easily treat fish with decent humanity as with barbarous cruelty, and certainly ought to do so when they know that the fish are enough better eating to pay for it.

"In Russia and Japan, fish are injured as little as possible, for they are usually preserved alive in a tank until wanted for the table; then, if it be in a hotel, they are exhibited alive to the guests and instantly killed. In some parts of our own country this matter is equally understood; for instance, in Annapolis, Md., no housekeeper will buy fish that are not alive and active, and hence the market dealers keep them in large tanks until wanted.

"On a yachting cruise off the east end of Long Island I learned how to treat and cook a fish. Our captain instantly killed the first bluefish caught, dressed it, cut it into broad strips crosswise, salted them, and then dropped them into boiling fat; then he let them boil a few doughnuts say half an hour, until the expectant guests howled with impatient longing and stomachic pain. The result was a fish meal that seemed a new revelation, for I never ate such fish before. It was brown and crisp and done all through—that's the secret. Upon returning home I reformed the raw-fish-loving sable cook, but somehow the taste of that blue fish didn't materialize. At first I attributed it all to fresh sea air, etc., but finally, by experiment I found that fish allowed to die slowly deteriorate more than those killed speedily, and then the bluefish came again in almost his original toothsomeness.

"Thus much for the case, viewed from a purely selfish standpoint. Is there no other reason for not torturing a fish in extracting the hook, and also for killing him at once? Let us reason together. Has a fish no reason we are bound to respect? Putting ourselves in the place of a fish, how would we like to have a huge barbed hook turned and twisted in, and finally pulled out of our lungs, throat, eyes, etc.? Fish have not our highly developed nervous system, but we should remember that wherever red blood is there is sensitiveness, and in general the degree of sensitiveness corresponds with the quantity of blood in a given area or quantity of tissue or flesh. Now, a fish's throat and its surrounding parts are full of red blood; and it ought to be clear to any one, from that fact alone, that the pain following a piercing, rupture, or tearing of these tissues or blood vessels must cause pain or even agony to a fish.

"I lately discovered a work entitled 'The Art of Fishing,' etc., by Oliver Raymond, L. L. B., printed in London by the Queens printers, which treats of cruelty to fish in this wise:

"Kill the fish directly after you shall have caught him. By killing the fish at once, you not only curtail his suffering but you secure to yourself a better fish. For, fish killed on the instant they are caught, eat finer than when left to die a lingering death. Should you wish to know why, I will tell you, and may the information work on the feelings of those merciless fishermen who leave their fish, when caught, to die by slow degrees, either half smother in their panniers, or strung on a stick, with their torn and bleeding gills hanging down by their tormentor's sides. A fish which dies by slow degrees wastes itself, and why? From pain and suffering! If you observe them, they seem to sigh, their flesh becomes flabby—so much so that when they are dressed they have lost, in a measure that firmness which a sudden death like that I have mentioned would have spread over the whole flesh. Thus there are two reasons why the fish captured, whether by net or hook, should be killed immediately—the more important of the two, that he suffers no unnecessary pain; the other less important, that he will eat the better.' To kill fish quickly the author recommends this plan:—"Be provided with a staff about a foot long, which you can carry in your side pocket; with this give the fish a smart blow on the back of the head, close to the neck, and he will be dead in an instant. You may then take the hook out of his mouth, but not before, if you would follow my merciful directions.

"So much for Mr. Raymond; but whenever his plan is inconvenient I would suggest this substitute; namely, put a forefinger in the fish's mouth and the thumb just behind his head, then give a sudden bend backward, which will snap his backbone and instantly end his sufferings.

Alph